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tract foreign alliances. If the Transvaal and the Orange River desire real independence they will suffer no hardship from diplomatic isolation. No legitimate purpose would be served by a connexion with any European Power. Foreigners are not really injured by a political monopoly which is rendered innocuous by the English system of freedom of trade. Sir Bartle Frere in a recently published letter expresses a reasonable apprehension of the establishment of a South African settlement by the German Empire. The French are at present more reckless and more dangerous rivals. It may be possible to maintain friendly relations with the Transvaal; but the vassals of an ally or dependent of France would be a constant danger. The mode in which the Colonial Secretary and the Cabinet propose to deal with the Transvaal Convention is for the present properly kept secret. It is satisfactory to learn that in another part of South Africa the Government has not shrunk from resuming responsibility for the control of a territory occupied by natives. A Resident has been appointed for Basutoland, which is now definitely transferred from the Cape Colony to the Crown.

FRANCE AND ITS COLONIES.

IT is now long enough since the storm of Sontay to enable us to estimate the consequences of that feat of arms with some degree of accuracy. As far as they are visible, they can be summed up in a very few words. Admiral Courbet's victory has produced one more inspired article in the "leading journal," and that is all. The Admiral himself has gone back to Hanoi to look after the commissariat, and has taken the greater part of his army with him, leaving a garrison to occupy the captured town. It is apparently becoming the recognized practice in French colonial warfare for a victorious commander to retire after a success. No sooner had General Bouet gained a victory than he was sent off home on a mission, and now Admiral Courbet has been suddenly to convert himself into a commissary-general. Meanwhile, the French army is going to keep quiet until further reinforcements have arrived, and the rainy season has come round again. The Admiral may have good military reasons for not acting on the well-known principle that when you have an Asiatic on the run you should keep him on the run; but it certainly looks as if this is to be a war of fits and starts to the end of the chapter. While the French army is getting its breath again for a further advance on Bac Ninh, the diplomatists will have their turn. In this comparatively peaceful phase of the struggle the Marquess Tseng has made the first move in the shape of a scheme of compromise published in the *Times*. There is scarcely even an affectation of secrecy about the authorship of the article on "China, and the Capture of Sontay," which has appeared in that favoured journal. The views of this document have been considered with much solemnity, and it has been apparently accepted by the English press as an authoritative statement of the policy of the Chinese Empire. The honour is perhaps somewhat prematurely given. Before the Marquess Tseng can expect that the French will consider the terms of the compromise which he suggests, he must first convince them that he is authorized to propose it. Until that is done discussion is little better than waste of time. Now the Marquess Tseng has so acted of late, no doubt involuntarily, as to deprive his declarations of almost all importance. An ambassador who roundly asserts that certain consequences will follow a certain event, and who, when it occurs, is compelled to confess that he has been left without instructions, who then comes forward with a plan for a compromise, prefaced by an explicit confession that his country has no policy until an indefinite number of conflicting authorities have succeeded in making one among them, can scarcely expect to be taken seriously. If the Chinese Ambassador is still waiting to hear what the Tsungli Yamen and the Council of the Imperial Family are going to do now that Sontay has been captured, by what right did he assert that an attack on the town would be considered an act of war? This uncertainty as to the action of the Chinese Government makes it a matter of absolutely no importance whether the Ambassador's scheme for an arrangement was presented to M. Ferry months ago or only last week. The essential point is that there is no reason to suppose that he speaks for anybody but himself. Nothing [illegible] the insulting language of the French press towards him. He has fought his diplomatic fight gallantly and skilfully, but it is fatally obvious that he is poorly supported. M. Ferry will have a perfect right to insist on receiving some satisfactory assurance that the Chinese Government has a policy before he enters into any further negotiations with its Ambassador. However unwise the Tonquin adventure may be, it is not to be supposed that the French will retire before the unsupported threats of the Marquess Tseng. The whole business stands where it has stood for months. The French are still resolved to go on by slow steps, and when they have got a little further we shall see what we shall see.

There is more satisfaction to be got from learning that the Chamber can decide a colonial question on principles of justice and sound policy. It has rejected an iniquitous proposal to expropriate the owners of 400,000 hectares of land in Algeria, and evict the inhabitants in order to make room for French colonists. It was, indeed, proposed to compensate the victims; but they were to be left at the mercy of a French jury, and the whole amount to be set aside for the purpose was 2,000,000*l.*, one of which fund were to be found for assisting the European immigrants. That such a plan should have been rejected by the Chamber is, no doubt, to its honour; but when it is stated in all its naked absurdity, it is hard to realize the state of mind of the Ministry which brought it forward. If M. Jerry had designed to drive the Arabs into rebellion, he could hardly have taken more effectual means to secure success. No native inhabitant of Algeria could have been sure of remaining unmolested for a year if this policy had once been begun. The credit due to the Chamber for its greater wisdom is largely counterbalanced by its tardiness in recognizing the folly and iniquity of what it was being asked to do. The scheme, which is the work of M. Tirman, the Governor-General of Algeria, was made public months ago. It was denounced from the first by M. Leroy Beaulieu with all the vigour and good sense which have secured him the honour of a violent Ministerial opposition to his candidature at Lodève. If Frenchmen took an intelligent interest in colonial affairs, M. Tirman's egregious scheme would have been drummed out of court at its first appearance. But the great majority of Frenchmen neither know nor care anything about their colonies. They have a vague idea that these possessions help to support the dignity of the country, and form a happy hunting-ground for the unfortunates who cannot succeed at home; for the rest they leave everything to the Administration. In the present case the Government has gone too far and has suffered accordingly. It is no offence against charity to suppose that a fair proportion of the majority which voted against the Ministry's Bill were less interested to defend the Algerian Arabs than to save the Budget from the burden of another two millions; but it is something that they were not misled by the specious arguments of M. Ferry and M. Tirman, and Algeria has been saved from being made the subject of a most dangerous experiment. There is no sign that the defeat has affected M. Ferry's position, or will modify his general colonial policy in any way.

In Tunis the French Government is at last beginning to reap the benefits of a highly ingenious policy of obstruction. Ever since M. Cambon succeeded M. Roustan he has steadily acted in such a way as to make all decent government impossible in the Regency, with the object of forcing foreign nations to surrender the right of holding Consular Courts and controlling the Bey's finance. The French Government, in fact, has deliberately adopted in Tunis the policy of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet in Egypt. It has hampered the native rulers, and refused to rule itself. There is, however, one considerable difference between the two cases. Her Majesty's Ministers have fostered anarchy from sheer vacillation, but the French have worked with a perfectly definite aim. They have from the first avowed their intention of retaining Tunis; and it is obvious that, if they are to govern the country, they must get rid of the capitulations by which European nations have provided for the defence of their subjects against the injustice and violence of Oriental methods of administration. At last they have succeeded. The English Government has surrendered its right of holding Consular Courts in Tunis, and it is known that other States will follow our example. It was so much a matter of course that this concession should be made that there is some reason to be surprised at the delay. From the moment that Europe agreed to recognise the

sovereignty of France in Tunis, it must have been prepared to surrender the privileges extorted from the BEY as defences against a barbarian Government. No civilized Western State would submit to the holding of foreign Consular Courts in its dominions. France has adopted a singularly undignified method of gaining its diplomatic victory. England at least, we may believe, would have been ready to treat for a satisfactory arrangement, even though its Maltese subjects had not been injured in their interests by the deliberate obstruction of M. CAMBON. Dignity, however, has long ceased to be a feature of French politics. If the Ministry at Paris think it necessary to keep up the form of a sham native Government in the Regency, that also is among their sovereign rights. We have practically agreed to recognize their possession of Tunis, and it follows as an inevitable consequence that we must be prepared to see British subjects hold in the Regency exactly the same position as they do in other French dominions.

FIRES IN THEATRES.

IT is the business of at least three functionaries to see that theatres are made as nearly fireproof as possible. The first, in rank if not in order, is the Lord Chamberlain; the second is the Inspector nominated by the Insurance Company; and the third is the manager or proprietor of the theatre. Besides these three, there is such a person as Mr. ARTHUR W. C. SHEAN, who writes to the *Times* of Wednesday, and who adds to his name "Captain and Vice-"President Fire Brigade Association, and Consulting Fire "Brigade Engineer." No one can be better qualified. We have thus three people and Mr. SHEAN concerned in the inspection of theatres; and, if there is indeed safety in numbers, we are safe. But what does Mr. SHEAN say? He visited the other night a large London theatre which had been inspected but recently by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN or his deputy. This is the state of things he discovered and reveals:—The fire buckets were in their places, but empty, for the "cleaners must have "been using them"; the fireman in charge was ignorant as to the pressure on the hydrant, never having tried it; a line of hose to extinguish fire in the flies was projected as a future improvement; there were no hand pumps, and no fire-axe ready for cutting away burning scenery; finally, though three firemen are employed in the theatre, they have no system of concerted action and no signal by which to give alarm of fire without alarming the public. The LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S visit was unfortunately timed a few minutes after, instead of before, the arrival of a few lengths of hose, otherwise his decision might have been different. The manager is a cynic, apparently. When Mr. SHEAN asked him "Have you timed your exits?" he calmly replied, "No; but it does not matter to us if the "place is burnt, as the LORD CHAMBERLAIN has passed it." Were he a railway director he could not have shown more indifference to human life and suffering, but we cannot help wishing Mr. SHEAN had gone a little further and given us some better clue to his identity. The quality of cynicism is not sufficient. True, Mr. SHEAN might incur, under our law, a prosecution for libel, but other theatrical managers should subscribe to protect him by an indemnity fund. In the United States the whole truth would have come out. As it is, we have all London theatres more or less injured, in the opinion of the public, and no very obvious remedy possible. The officials of the Chamberlain's Office are already too hard-worked. They cannot go round to find out which is the theatre intended by Mr. SHEAN. "In the event of the burning of a "London theatre with serious loss of life, doubtless," as Mr. SHEAN remarks, "the greatest public indignation would "be manifested." Mr. SHEAN has done perhaps the best he could by writing to the *Times* and putting us on our guard, which, in the present case, however, only means ruining the pleasure of a large number of timid and nervous people, and keeping some of them at home just at the season when theatres put forth their greatest attractions. At the Vienna Electrical Exhibition the other day a wonderful invention was shown to which attention should be called in this country. It has been applied with success at Pesth and various other places. A watchman sits on the stage beside a row of buttons. When he presses one, down comes a vast iron shutter which divides the theatre into two fireproof compartments, and separates the auditorium from the stage. He presses another, and instantly additional means of exit are automatically opened. Lastly, a cascade descends, at the touch of a third button, from a tank on the roof, and pours over the flames. The only omission we note is that of a mechanical watchman. As at present arranged, a touch of the wrong button will add drowning to the other horrors of the situation. But some such contrivance is sadly needed. We are, it is true, forewarned by Mr. SHEAN and many other people, but we are not forearmed. It is the manifest but unpleasant duty of every one who has the power of doing something to arouse public attention not to let this question sleep, but to ventilate it on all possible occasions. What is true of our theatres is still more true of churches, only that churches are seldom crowded oftener than once a week. It is true of concert-halls and meeting-rooms of all kinds. When some awful catastrophe has occurred, some people will say, "I told you so," and perhaps others that "We "ought to reform the Municipality"—which seems at present the remedy for every urban ill. But every theatre in London may be burnt long before a new Municipality has been got into working order; and it is almost certain in the meanwhile that the present law is enough, if it is properly enforced. Clearly it is not properly enforced by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

CUT-THROAT EUCHRE AND POKER.

IN nothing do the national characteristics of a country show themselves more thoroughly than in its sports and games. When at play one must perforce be natural; in the practice of old amusements, or in the invention of new ones, the mind follows its natural bent, and the amusements in their turn react on the mind, and bring out or emphasize the leading traits of character. As with their songs and their proverbs, so would it be easy to predicate the distinguishing characteristics of a people from a study of their national games. Nowhere is this better seen than in America. It is hardly possible to understand, and certainly impossible to appreciate thoroughly, that class of American literature, of which the writings of "Mark Twain" and of Mr. Bret Harte may be taken as types, without some acquaintance with two essentially American games of cards—Euchre and Poker; so completely are Western modes of speech and thought permeated with illustrations drawn from the practice and terminology of these games.

Who, for instance, could understand the description of a luncheon in the *Innocents Abroad*, at which every one "passes," unless he were familiar with the game of euchre? Or who could, without such knowledge, properly appreciate the allusions in the poem of "The Heathen Chinee," in which one player has his sleeve

> Stuffed full of aces and bowers,
> And the same with intent to deceive?

Yet the "Chinee" contrives to score points over his two Californian adversaries until his game is exposed and the catastrophe, brought on by the unfortunate fact that

> At last he put down a right bower,
> Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Euchre, as will be seen below, like most other games of cards requires a good memory and a certain rapidity of judgment in order to secure success, combined, of course, with average luck in the matter of holding high cards. Poker, on the other hand, is a game that demands quite different qualities. You do not even need to hold good cards. Perfect coolness, impassibility of countenance, the finest nerve, keen discrimination, and an almost intuitive perception of the motives of play in others, together with constant variety in your own style of play, so that your adversaries may never be able to draw inferences from it as to your motives—these are the main characteristics of a good poker player. Quite some of the best American stories are about cards, or, at all events, contain allusions to them. The reason that they are the best is that they bring out the national traits and peculiarities. The essence of poker consists in "bluffing," which is the result or expression of that habit of self-assertion which, without intending to impute anything offensive to our kinsmen over the sea, one cannot help remarking as peculiarly American. It is a great mistake to suppose that this arises from a mere vulgar spirit of boastfulness. On the contrary, it was in its origin merely their form of entering their protest against British superciliousness and assumption of superiority, and it has no doubt contributed greatly to making the United States what they have become in the short space of a single century. To go back to our games. Euchre is probably German in its origin, as is proved by the name given to the highest card in the game—the knave of trumps—which is called the right Bower, evidently a corruption of the German Baur, or knave. It may be played by two, three, or four persons. It is in its nature and general rules of play akin to Ecarté; but has several peculiarities which give it a character of its own. It is played with a short pack of thirty-two cards. The principal point to remember is the value of the two Bowers; the highest card is, as has been already said, the right Bower, or knave of trumps, and the next highest the left Bower, or knave of the same colour, *i.e.* if

hearts are trumps the knave of diamonds is the left Bower; and not only is it the second highest card, but it becomes a trump, and you must follow suit with it as such; for instance, if the knave of hearts, being right Bower, is led, and you have the knave of diamonds, but no hearts, you must play the knave of diamonds. It is a little difficult for a beginner to remember that the left Bower is not of the suit which it professes to be, but is a trump. The other cards follow in their usual order of value, the ace of trumps being consequently the third highest. If two persons are playing, the dealer deals five cards to each, and turns up the next one; but this does not necessarily become the trumps card. The first player looks at his hand, and if he thinks himself strong enough in that suit to make the odd trick, he says, "I order it up"; on which the dealer discards face downwards the weakest card in his hand, and the turn-up card becomes confirmed as trumps, and forms part of the dealer's hand. It remains, however, on the table face upwards, to be played by him when necessary. Should the first player not feel himself sufficiently strong in the suit turned up, he says, "I pass"; it then falls to the dealer to approve or not of the card; if he wishes to confirm it as trumps, he discards his weakest card without saying a word, and his adversary then leads; but if the dealer, too, is not strong enough in that suit, he signifies his intention of "passing" by turning the card face downwards; for the game is played with as few words as possible between the players. If the dealer passes, it becomes the turn of the first player to select any suit excepting that originally turned up as trumps, which he announces by saying, "I make so-and-so trumps"; if not strong enough in any, he says, "Pass again." The dealer then in his turn may "make" any suit; or, if he too is weak all round, he throws down his cards, saying, "Pass out," and his adversary then deals afresh. Whichever player "orders up" or "makes" any suit trumps, takes on himself the responsibility of making at least the third, or odd, trick; and should he fail to do so, he is "euchred," and the other player scores double. The game consists of five points; three or four tricks counting one, and all five of them two, as at écarté. When there are four players, the two opposite to each other are partners, and play of course into each other's hands; but if any one feels himself sufficiently strong to make the odd trick by himself, without aid from his partner, he may say, "I play it single"; his partner then lays his hand on the table face downwards, and the player plays alone against the other two, and in this case scores double if he wins, but only loses single if he fails to make the odd trick. A curious variety of the game is three-handed or "cut-throat" euchre. In this the hands are dealt to each of the three players as usual, and each of them scores for himself, on his own account, but whichever of them "orders up," "takes up," or "makes" any suit trumps, has to play that hand alone against the other two, who become for the nonce temporary partners. It will thus be seen that the three are constantly changing partnership or playing single in the course of a single game. The "cut-throat" part of the business does not come in till towards the end of the game. Suppose A. and B. are temporary partners and A. has scored 1 or 2, while B. has scored 3, and C. 3 or less; in this case C. having "made" something trumps is "euchred" if he fails to secure the odd trick; this would add 2 to each of the scores of the others, and A. would thus be 3 or 4 at most, whereas B. would be 5 and therefore win the game. If C., on the other hand, makes the odd trick, he will only add 1 to his score, and will not be out. It is therefore evident that it will better answer A.'s purpose to "cut his own throat" by playing badly on purpose so as to lose the trick for himself and his partner, rather than win it with that partner, and thus lose the game himself. "Cut-throat" euchre, however, at best, must be considered a poor and a badly constructed game; it cannot be right to have to play deliberately to lose; and there must occur conjunctures in which one player must in any case lose; for instance, suppose that A. stands at 2, B. at 4, and C. at 3, and that B. "orders up"; if he wins the trick, he is of course out, and wins the game; while, if the partners A. and C. "euchre" him, A. will only be 4, but C. will be 5; thus, whether A. plays his cards well or ill, he must lose, and he might be in a position to make terms with either of the others as to how he should play, which of course is undesirable. Cut-throat euchre might fairly be cited as another instance of the truth of the old adage that two is company, while three is none.

Poker is essentially a gambling game. In fact, it is impossible to play it for love, as the only check against utter recklessness—namely, the fear of losing your money—would be wanting. Nevertheless, it is not too much to say that the chief excitement of it consists, not so much in winning the stakes as in the pleasure of outwitting your adversary, especially when you have induced him to throw up his hand while you have all the time got a much worse one yourself. A recent American representative, accredited to the Court of St. James's, who was neither a historian nor a poet, favoured London society some ten years ago with a little treatise on the game, and an article in these columns has dealt with the same subject. The game has become, therefore, tolerably well known in England, and it is unnecessary to go at length into its somewhat complicated rules and terminology. Suffice it to say that it is an adaptation of and an improvement on the old-fashioned English game of "brag." Each hand consists of five cards, instead of three, as in its English prototype; so the variety of combinations, and consequent difficulty of forming an estimate of what the other players hold, is infinitely greater. Each player has the opportunity of changing any or all of his cards once; this process, of course, must be carefully watched, so as to gain some indication of what your adversaries are trying for. It is, at best, a very slight and uncertain one that can be thus gained, as an experienced player will discard differently at different times from precisely the same hand, and resort to all sorts of devices to throw his adversaries off the scent. The hands rank in a strictly defined order of value, which is easily mastered; and it is practically impossible that two of the same value should ever be out at the same time. The play simply consists in each player in turn increasing his stake so as to make it equal to the total stake of the last preceding player, and, if he sees fit, he may, whenever it comes to his turn to play, "raise" it by as much as he likes; any one who does not choose to "see the raise"—*i.e.* to cover it with a like amount—can at any time "run," *i.e.* throw down his cards and abandon all claim to share in the pool; whenever the stakes are equal all round, and the last player does not "raise," he can "call"; the best hand shown then takes the pool, but those who do not claim it are not obliged to show, and thereby expose their style of play. Frequently all but one go out; and all the money is taken, without his even showing his hand, by the player who has "gone better" than any one else. Euchre, as we have seen, is played in a grave, sententious manner, as few words being used as possible. "Poker talk," on the contrary, has passed into a proverb; you may say as much as you like "with intent to deceive," the great object being to throw your adversary off his guard. With a really good hand much judgment is required to draw on the others into betting high; if you "raise" too much yourself you may frighten them off prematurely; yet if you bet too cautiously, they may divine that you are trying to egg them on. At one time Poker was played by simply betting on the five cards originally dealt, without the hands being "helped" to any new ones. But this last method, which is called "draw-poker," or even for short alluded to as "a little game of draw," is now the one universally adopted. Since the introduction of the game into Europe, and especially since it has been so much played by English and American ladies at French watering-places, certain abominations, such as "jack pots," and other novel practices, have been introduced. These form no part of the pure and original game, and are regarded as heresies by all true lovers thereof. Poker is unquestionably the national game of America, notwithstanding the fact that base-ball has arrogated to itself that title. Expressions derived from it permeate the whole language, and are familiar among certain classes in the mouths of young and old—from the rough who, in the menacing presence of a hostile "five-shooter," put up his "Arkansas toothpick," with the remark, "A full hand's good by— !" to the child who in the course of a geography lesson met the "School-marm's" question, "What is a strait?" with the prompt reply "Beats two pairs."

UNHISTORICAL SOCIALISM.

SOCIALISM, we are frequently told, is in the air; and it is only the flippancy of the *bourgeois* which remembers that that phrase has two meanings. The great Mr. George is coming to tell us our misdeeds at St. James's Hall next week. There is a new Socialist magazine, with one good poet and some not so good prose writers on its staff; and Mr. Hyndman has written an *Historical Basis of Socialism*, which Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. have published. The title is promising, and invites reading; for, if Socialism has hitherto been a remarkably slippery thing, history, at any rate, offers something to the grasp. We know where to have history; and it is at least probable that we shall know where to have Mr. Hyndman when he becomes historical.

As a matter of fact, there are several results which may be supposed to follow from the reading of his book. A note of his on Bakunin—"Very pretty reading it is for comfortable fathers of snug, respectable, middle-class households"—may or may not define the effect which he himself intended to produce by his own work. It may irritate some people, dismay some people, furnish some with matter for a great deal of cynical amusement. From the last point of view it is certainly a great success. When the cynic finds Mr. Hyndman eulogizing the fifteenth century as a time of something like Paradise for the worker in England, when he finds that worker described as generally owning land and not obliged to fight unless he liked, and (as he foresees long before the quotation turns up) discovers this statement to be justified only by the well-known account of Latimer's father, who "had no land of his own" and who did the King service with man and horse whenever he was called on, the modern Diogenes is fully entitled to laugh. He may repeat his cachinnation if he likes when he finds Mr. Hyndman so accurate as to speak of Sir *James* Ramsden, as to allege that Lord Salisbury has an interest in one of the worst dens of St. Giles's, as to cite Sir James Matheson (who lavished a vast fortune like water on improving the condition of his tenants) among examples of "infamous exactions," and to mention complacently "the records of the Sutherland clearances," as if those records, as regards any hardship inflicted, were not proven lies. It is still pleasanter when Mr. Hyndman is discovered stigmatizing his friend Mr. George's theories as "fundamentally unsound"; and complaining as mildly as it is his nature to complain of anything, that he has read Bakunin and cannot quite make out what the desirable anarchy of that great economist so much as means. Nor is it unfruitful of delight to the wicked man who aims

constantly at the discovery of Mr. Carlyle's blue dahlia—the greatest fool living—to meet with a brother man who dismisses Edmund Burke as having "sold himself to the nobles." When a *soi-disant* economist describes the feudal incidents which were commuted at the Restoration as having been "twenty-five per cent. of the value of the holdings," an historical student, with a turn for sneering, who remembers what these incidents were estimated at and what the rental of their subjects then was, may be pardoned a quiet chuckle. But this is not the line of review that we at this present incline to take. To quote Cœur-de-Lion's words *apud* Sir Walter:—"If we have vantage on our head [which as regards Mr. Hyndman we think we certainly have] we will have none on our hand." We shall for some minutes try to make ourselves as ignorant of the facts of history as Mr. Hyndman is point of detail. We shall treat him as a well-meaning person who has a proposal to make, or who says he has one, and consider without prejudice and without digression what that proposal is.

Unfortunately the most diligent reading of Mr. Hyndman is quite insufficient to discover what we should be only too glad to communicate to our readers. After wading through some five hundred pages of history, according to Mr. Hyndman, we can discover nothing except that whatever is, is wrong. How it is to be set right Mr. Hyndman appears to be utterly unable to tell us. It is not that he does not try. His book is by no means merely what it might be taken as being from its title—a review of the history of England from the Socialist point of view. It is this, no doubt; but it is much more. After Mr. Hyndman has, with innumerable blunders of detail, established the undeniable and (by reasonable economists of the school he calls *bourgeois*) undenied propositions—that after the abolition of villenage, and during the scarcity of labour caused by the Black Death and the Hundred Years' War and the dispute of the Roses, the English labourer and yeoman had palmy times; that the discovery of America, the dissolution of monasteries, and other economic events of the sixteenth century put an end to those times; that the first Poor-law was in effect an acknowledgment of the lien which the English pauper had on the confiscated property of the Church; that the growth of the middle class has relatively depressed the lower—we naturally look to him for some plan which, taking the present as it stands, may make it and keep it, according to his views, a better present and a still better future. We look in vain; though, in fact, half the book is devoted to a rambling discussion of this point. Mr. Hyndman has ransacked Blue-books and newspapers for details of the miseries of the lower classes—which, by the way, he treats as inaccurately and sophistically as he treats history. Thus, to glance in passing at an awkward subject, he constantly asserts that it is misery which produces prostitution—a theory hopelessly unsound from the scientific point of view. He plods laboriously through the German *Rodbertusiaden* to try and get up a theory opposite to the "bourgeois" theory. He gives us in a note the programme of the Democratic Federation for taxing income progressively, nationalizing land, nationalizing labour, nationalizing the money trade, and what not. But how a population which, by his own account, has been created and adjusted by capital and labour economies, is to be adjusted to a state of economies where there are to be practically no capitalists, he does not attempt to explain. Wiser in one sense, and unwiser in another, than the new Fourierists, who sketch elaborate plans of co-operative national subdivision, in which somehow or other everybody is to be forced to produce, and everybody is to be forced to consume, his quota, Mr. Hyndman breathes not one word of the means whereby the new state of things is to be kept in operation. That not merely "all landlords are devils," as the Irishman said the other day, but all capitalists are devils, Mr. Hyndman is quite sure. But what is to be put in the capitalists' and landlords' places he as evidently has no idea. We turn over his pages and examine his citations from the robust Rodbertus and the eminent Engels in vain to discover even a hint of how to solve the great problem of adjusting a people formed, bred, and nourished on the capitalist and industrial system to the hand-to-mouth or patriarchal system. One brief passage only tells us that, in Mr. Hyndman's opinion, the security of individual property is not necessary to induce men to invent, to discover, and so forth. Even in that passage there is no trace of Mr. Hyndman's knowledge, if it exists, of the certain and obvious fact that, though invention and discovery may go on without the spur of gain, the utilization of invention and discovery generally has never taken place without the aid of the industrial and capitalist system which he hates. But if this passage contains no evidence of such saving knowledge, it contains plenty of evidence of destructive ignorance and paralogism. "Wealth," says Mr. Hyndman, "may easily be made as plentiful as water. But its distribution must be for each according to his needs, as the rule will be for each according to his abilities." Here are three propositions, two of which, if not the third, are by experience absurd. But, granting that experience only can show their absurdity, what is to be said of the man who can simultaneously announce the two last? For as surely as any man rules according to his abilities, so surely will the distribution to each not be according to his needs. If the rule of life is that each is to have (apparently by the allotment of some supernatural power) according to his needs, abilities do not come into the problem: and, as soon as abilities come in, woe to the needs. Given a society consisting of a prizefighter and an infant in arms, even with wealth as plentiful as water, it would go hard with the needs of the infant if the abilities of the prizefighter took a fancy to the infant's bottle.

In short, Mr. Hyndman has signally failed. If he were as accurate a relater of the facts of the past as he is an inaccurate, if his arguments in the historical part of his book were as indisputable in premisses and as logical in conclusion as they are baseless in fact and illicit in process, his book would still be subject to one unsurmountable objection. Everybody has heard of Coleridge, who was an excellent talker if he was allowed to start from no premisses and come to no conclusion. Mr. Hyndman is not an excellent economist, not even if he be allowed to start from false premisses and to come to no conclusion. A kinsman (intellectually) of his who is languishing at Astrachan or thereabouts wrote a famous novel entitled *What is to be Done?* That is the Socialist question, no doubt. Mr. Hyndman has not even indicated what is to be done, despite all his Democratic Federation programmes. He has produced no evidence to show, he has not even endeavoured to grapple with the grand objection that the reforms of the Democratic Federation, supposing them to be quietly accepted to-morrow, could not stand for a month. He has shown not the least comprehension of the fact that the present state of society, good or bad, is the result of natural causes, and that to prevent its recurring you must expel nature. He is not even aware, to judge from his own words, that the very anomalies which he produces are in effect the most hopeless condemnation of his theories. He tells us somewhere triumphantly that, according to somebody's statistics, every fisherman nets three hundred pounds worth of fish per annum, and gets only thirty pounds. The fact is extremely dubious, though far from impossible. But it is much more damaging to Mr. Hyndman's position to admit it than to deny it. For who supply the means for equipping the large fishing fleets which at once secure this great mass of fish and by competition cut down the wages of the individual fisherman? The capitalists whom Mr. Hyndman would send to a moral if not a physical *lanterne*. Who built the railways that take the fish hundreds of miles from the point of landing—the steam carriers that enable it to be used instead of wasting? The capitalists. Who buy the fish? The capitalists, small and great, the non-producing inhabitants of Mr. Hyndman's "lounger-towns," the tradesmen, the clerks, the professional men, whom his ideal must surely annihilate. Under the scheme of the Democratic Federation it will be necessary to reconcile the population of the nineteenth century with the economics of the fifteenth. Even the Democratic Federation itself has not proposed anything like the Salt-law of the *ancien régime*, to the effect that any one of a certain income shall buy a certain weight of fish. Fifty Democratic Federations could not get such a law obeyed if they passed it. The same is the case with every industry. The capital fallacy (we beg Mr. Hyndman's pardon for the employment of the odious adjective) of all Socialists, no matter of what colour or kidney, is the notion that a population which is the result and the inevitable equation of a given social state can be adjusted to a state entirely different; that wealth-producing, commodity-desiring, and all the other conditions of the present economic atmosphere will remain undisturbed when that economic atmosphere is exchanged for one entirely different. Mr. Hyndman would like to keep with one hand Mr. Chamberlain the orchid-fancier, the weekly-tradesman's-bookpayer, the salary issuer, and do away with Mr. Chamberlain the screw manufacturer, the fundholder, the drawer of some thousands a year from the State, the owner of a costly house and acres of costly ground. He would like to have his Mr. Chamberlain, and eat him too—a result equally unjust to Mr. Chamberlain and impossible in itself. It is the same with all the opponents of bourgeois economy; they always wish to have their Mr. Chamberlain, and eat him too—to kill the capitalist goose, and yet retain the income of golden eggs. It is hard on Mr. Chamberlain and the goose; but it is, perhaps, harder on the reasonable minority of mankind that in all these centuries the fable of Menenius Agrippa should still be necessary to repeat and not understanded of those to whom it is repeated.

LAZZARONI AND GALANTUOMINI.

THE Lazzaroni who played so great a part in the painting and fiction of an earlier generation have disappeared from the harbour and the mole of Naples. The observant traveller is obliged to omit them from his note-book, the sentimental tourist inquires after them in vain. Even Mr. Cook's enterprise cannot discover and reinstate them, though many of his excursionists resent their absence as a personal injury, and look upon the improved police arrangements of the city as a gross fraud practised upon themselves. In a word, the Lazzaroni of our youth "have had their day and ceased to be." But of late years their name has been applied by many Italian authors to all Neapolitans of the lower class; and, though it can hardly be considered a courteous term, it is a convenient one, and, as it has become current, we may adopt it in this sense without adopting the hostility in which it had its origin.

The very aversion and contempt which to Italian ears the designation implies are characteristic, for nowhere is class feeling so strong and so bitter as in Naples. In other cities the various strata of society merge gradually into one another, here they are divided by a hard and fast line. The old nobility, the middle class, and the populace live side by side, and yet apart; the very sympathy which exists between the two extremes of the social

scale is in great part due to their common dislike of the body that "unites by separating" them. In each of these great divisions there are, of course, distinctions of wealth and position, through which a man of ability and ambition may rise; but he is seldom able to surmount the barriers that divide them from each other, and he rarely desires to do so, for he holds the class immediately above him in profound contempt; he ridicules its pretensions, and abhors its religious and political ideals. It is not a question of wealth, but of caste. Among the Lazzaroni there are men who are in possession of considerable means, yet they still remain true to the dress, the habits, and the opinions of their forefathers; while the poorest Galantuomo, as he styles himself, endeavours to proclaim by his costume and manner that he is not as those among whom he lives. Hence the mutual repulsion is strongest at the very point where it might have been supposed that the two classes would have passed into each other. The distinction between them is obvious to every eye, and it is accentuated in all the relations of life from the smallest to the greatest. The Galantuomo is studious of his personal appearance. His hat, coat, and boots are always carefully brushed, and in as close an approach to the newest fashion as his means will allow. If he is poor, he will submit to a long course of asceticism to provide himself with a walking-stick, and abstain from sundry dinners to procure a pair of gloves. As the Lazzaroni say, "he spends more on hair than salad oil." He loves public places, and frequents the doors of cafés; but it is in a political meeting that he feels he shows himself to the greatest advantage, for there he can display, not only his elegance, but his manliness, by speaking, or at least voting, against the Pope, the Government, and all existing powers. There is a certain inherited sense of danger that lends zest to these safe and harmless exhibitions. He knows that no one in authority will think of calling in question the way in which he speaks and votes; but his father and uncle may very likely have been imprisoned for years because they advocated far less extreme opinions, and his advance beyond their point of view ought, he thinks, to entitle him to share their recognized position as heroes. It certainly is not his fault that there are now no dungeons or galleys to be dared; in despondent hours he sometimes thinks it rather hard that this gate to the temple of fame should have been closed against him, and to do him justice this shabby genteel dandy would probably have borne himself with as much self-conscious grace on a barricade or before a reactionary court as he now does at the door of a theatre.

At home he shows to less advantage. "He leaves his opinions with his shoe dust on the door-mat." Though a Radical, he insists on slavish obedience; though a rationalist, he desires that his wife and daughters should be sincere adherents of the Catholic Church. For their morals he has an especial care. When he goes out, not content with locking them in, he takes away their hats and shoes, so that even if another key were found, it would be impossible for them to make a decent appearance in the streets, and their vanity, he thinks, will prevent them from issuing bare-headed or barefooted. On Sundays and Saints' days, sometimes even daily, they are permitted to go to mass, but on such occasions they are always accompanied by some old woman, who enjoys the confidence of the husband and father. Here, however, he is generally content to set a limit to his authority. The ladies of the household may sit upon their balcony, and there listen to any compliments they can hear, or receive any little presents that may be thrown from the windows above or around. If the head of the family were to be told of such a thing, he would simply whistle, "I have my birds in my cage."

It is difficult to form a clear conception of the Galantuomo's sentiments with respect to religion. While in good health nothing delights him more than a[illegible]ttack on the Church, unless indeed it be a bitter jest about the clergy. As soon as he is seriously ill, however, he sends for the priest as well as the doctor, and it is curious to remark how confirmed invalids of this class will oscillate between blasphemy and devotion, as the symptoms improve or grow threatening. If such a man is restored to health, he of course declares that he only allowed the priest to be called out of consideration for his wife: and so great is the value that Neapolitans of the middle-class attach to external appearances, that it may fairly be questioned whether it is anxiety for his funeral or for his future state that induces the sick man to summon his spiritual adviser.

In all these respects the Lazzaroni differ widely from the middle class. They care little for dress, except in so far as it denotes their station, and prefer a ragged jacket to a gentleman's cast-off coat—not because they object to second-hand clothing, but because any costume but that common to their profession would excite the ridicule of their acquaintances. Their usual life is one of extreme frugality; but they delight in occasional banquets of four or five courses, and on the eve of a great festival they will even pawn their bedding to provide the means for such a feast. Their wives and daughters of course possess a feminine love of finery, but it is shown in a liking for bright colours rather than in an attempt to imitate the fashion of the day. For the South, these women are allowed a large amount of liberty, but their brothers and husbands are inexorable in punishing the smallest abuse of it. Nor will their lovers endure their maiden caprices with anything like the patience a young lady has a right to expect. A peasant or fisherman who has been jilted considers himself bound in honour either to stab his successful rival, or to inflict a gash on the face of his beloved in as public a manner as possible; and elderly women are said to show their scars with a certain pride, as so many indubitable testimonials to their former charms. Unless the girl is very clearly in the right, or has acted strictly in accordance with their orders, none of her male relations will think of avenging such a blow, though in other cases they are only too ready to answer with their knives any insult that may be offered her. For the Lazzaroni are the only class of Neapolitans who acknowledge a woman's right to have a decisive voice in determining her own marriage, and so they leave her to conduct her love affairs on her own responsibility. It might be thought that such a privilege would be valued; yet it is only among the younger women that any desire to rise in the social scale seems to exist. Perhaps it is a mere question of dress after all. They are compelled by custom to walk the streets bare-headed, whereas a Galantuomo would starve rather than allow one of his female relations to appear in public without a hat. To possess such a piece of finery is often a poor girl's highest aspiration. She cannot buy it for herself, for that would expose her to endless ridicule; but if she is in service of any kind and her mistress tells her to wear one, she will look upon the command as more than equivalent to a considerable increase of wages; for then she can say to her sisters and cousins as she puts on the new head-dress, "You see I am obliged to wear it," and at the same time feel that she is rising above them by doing so.

The life of the Lazzaroni, like that of most of us, falls far short of the Christian ideal, yet they are sincere believers in their Church, and are not ashamed of the faith they hold. Though they rarely take an active part in politics, their opinions are clerical; they remember the dethroned dynasty with an affection which others find it difficult to understand, and entertain a half-sentimental and now wholly despairing wish to see it restored. "She alone can do it," an old woman will often say with a sigh, pointing to the gaudy print of the Madonna which is sure to be hanging somewhere near the head of her bed. This feeling does not arise simply from that longing for "the good old times" which is common in every age and country; for in the hour of danger the Lazzaroni have often given convincing proof of their loyalty to their Kings. In Nelson's days, for instance, while the middle class strongly sympathized with the French, they thronged to Cardinal Ruffo's banner, and in 1848 they overthrew by a popular movement the Ministry which the middle class had forced upon the Court, and thus struck the first serious blow at the Italian Revolution. When Garibaldi entered the city, it is true, they joined the crowd that greeted him with enthusiastic cheers; but as soon as the hero had refused to sanction the miracle of the liquefaction by his presence, they withdrew, whispering to each other that he must be guilty of some strange and hidden crime which he knew would be made manifest if he ventured to attend so holy a service. Indeed the more pious among them still regard every increase of taxation as a new penance inflicted on them for their having made common cause with the Liberals, though it was only for so short a time. Thus both their religious and their political convictions are serious enough, though they are often displayed in a grotesque way. On one of their favourite festivals, for instance, they sacrifice birds to the Madonna by bringing them to church with them, and letting them fly as soon as the bells ring for the Gloria. They are fond of attending funeral masses: but on such occasions their prayers, though sincere, are not quite disinterested, as they expect the dead to prove their gratitude by revealing lotto numbers to them in a dream. In evil days they are inclined to trust to Santa Anna rather than to their own exertions, and in the best nights they tremble at the thought of sleeping without a light.

It is not, therefore, difficult to explain the dislike which the Neapolitans of the middle and the lower classes feel for each other. They disagree on the most important points on which men can differ. The contrast between them is obvious at a glance; and there is no action of their daily lives in which it does not appear. They repel each other instinctively, intellectually, and morally. For all practical purposes the men who belong to the middle class are the most important; the whole government and the most important business of the city are in their hands; but for the mere observer the Lazzaroni are more interesting, as they possess an unwritten code of manners and morals which in many respects resembles that of the middle ages more closely than any that is recognized in modern times.

OLD WRITERS AND MODERN READERS.

FIELDING, in his *History of Tom Jones*, after describing "the outside of Sophia," his charming heroine, continues:—"Nor was this beautiful frame disgraced by an inhabitant unworthy of it." Here, however, his description stops short. Her bodily charms he had painted, for he had no other way of bringing them before his reader's eyes. But with her character he dealt in quite another way. "As there are," he writes, "no perfections of the mind which do not discover themselves in that perfect intimacy to which we intend to introduce our reader with this charming young creature, so it is needless to mention them here: nay, it is a kind of tacit affront to our reader's understanding, and may also rob him of that pleasure which he will receive in forming his own judgment of her character."

If to introduce a character with a minute description is an affront to the reader's understanding, it is one that has of late years been very commonly offered. Perhaps our modern novelists

assume that their readers have no understanding; in many cases we should not be prepared to say that in this assumption they are wrong. Be that as it may, neither authors nor readers seem to know anything of that pleasure which Fielding mentions. In fact, to the reading world in general it has, we fear, lost most of its relish. We see that, as regards some of the pleasures of the body, there is on the part of many persons willingness enough to add to their enjoyment by taking a share in the preparations that they need. At no time, perhaps, has there been a greater liking for roughing it, as it is called. A great number of people every year spend their holidays in camping out, and before they eat their dinner sometimes catch it, and very often cook it. Before they can sleep they must first pitch their tent and arrange their own couch. Before they can breakfast, they must light their own fire and boil their own kettle. But with all this activity of the body, there has come an indolence of the mind even in respect of enjoyments. The reader of the present day does not wish, in Lamb's pleasant words, "to cry halves to anything that he finds." He has not indeed any wish we still borrow the thought from *Elia*—to "find." All that he asks is that the author should "bring." He would have every writer like the "true Caledonian," who "brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it." He wants to have all trouble spared him, so that he may make his way through a book with as little effort as is made by an idle man who on a summer's day, without laying hand to oar, is carried in his boat down some stream, as quick-flowing as it is shallow. He knows nothing of that pleasure which Fielding describes which comes to us as we form our own judgment of the character of a hero or a heroine. He asks in all things for the direction of the court. He requires that the judge should sum up before the facts have been set forth, and even before the trial has fairly begun. He would have all the characters labelled like the Greek pictures of old—and carefully labelled too. Each story must begin with a full descriptive catalogue. He must be told what he must look for and what he will find, just as if he were going to spend a day at the Fisheries Exhibition.

No doubt there have been in most ages, if not perhaps in all, readers of this indolent disposition. One of them complained to Johnson that he found Richardson very tedious. "Why, sir," Johnson answered, "if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story as only giving occasion to the sentiment." He used to say of *Clarissa* that "it was the first book in the world for the knowledge it displays of the human heart.' Now to enter into this sentiment, to master this knowledge, an effort, and a long effort, must be made. To the author's lesson the reader must bring an understanding. He must bring patience also. One of Richardson's novels is not to be swallowed down in an afternoon. The sentiment of a long story cannot be seized by one who reads and skips, nor without some trouble can the human heart be studied. There is one great advantage that is afforded by a novel that is written on Fielding's method. It supplies so many more interesting subjects of conversation. When each reader is left to form his own judgment of the hero or heroine there must always be a considerable variety of opinion. Eager discussions can be raised, and characters can be fought over with as much ardour as if they had lived either on the world's great stage or in the next parish. Thus there are many Sophias. There is Fielding's Sophia and there is Tom Jones's Sophia. "But I also have my Sophia," each reader may say; "and you, my dear sir, you also have yours. Yours is not the real Sophia; not, if I may so express myself, Sophia's Sophia; but as a study of character it is not uninteresting." Round a story told on such a plan as this rise much the same discussions as those which endlessly rise round Hamlet. Was the Prince of Denmark wholly mad? Was he partly mad, and partly feigning to be mad? Was he wholly sane? What a loss of interest would there have been had Shakspeare in his *dramatis personæ* entered Hamlet as a mad prince, or a sane prince, or a prince sometimes sane, sometimes mad, and sometimes feigning madness! Fielding, in his *Journey from this World to the Next*, pleasantly describes how he saw "Shakspeare standing between Betterton and Booth, and deciding a difference between those two great actors concerning the placing an accent in one of his lines." In reciting "Put out the light and then put out the light," where was the emphasis to be laid? Being appealed to, Shakspeare said:—"Faith, gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote the line, I have forgot my meaning." In much the same way we could well believe that if Fielding, not in the next world, but in this, had been asked for his own judgment of Sophia's or Jones's character, and if he had given it, and then had been pressed with some apparent contradiction in some particular incident, he might have replied:—"Faith, gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote down the incident that you mention that I have forgotten it. When I did write it, it seemed to me no doubt what the lady or the gentleman would in the circumstances have done. But I leave every one free to form his own judgment. You have all the facts before you, and you are each of you quite as capable as I am of arriving at a just estimate of the characters of my hero and heroine." When we thus take the trouble to form our own judgment, we have moreover this further pleasure, that we are convinced that we are right, and that those who differ from us are wrong. Our self-esteem is pleasantly flattered. But what chance have we of being pleased with our own sagacity when nothing is left by the writer on which it can be exercised? In every work of fancy and imagination a partnership must be established between the author and the reader. But if one does all and leaves nothing for the other to do, it will, we fear, too often prove on the reader's part a kind of sleeping partnership.

In works of a very different order from novels the reader of our time shows the same indolence. As regards these he is too restless to remain contentedly in entire ignorance, and too lazy to arrive at any real knowledge. Hence we have in shoals these handbooks of literature and abridgments of great authors. A man may pass very well through life and know nothing of Pepys, nothing of Boswell, nothing of Horace Walpole's Letters, and nothing of Madame D'Arblay's Diary. But if such works as these are to be known they must be read. They cannot be reduced to an essence. It may be an objection to whipped cream that it takes up so much space; but by any method of compression it would cease to be whipped cream. The common excuse is made that in so busy an age as this there is no time to read such long books. We do not know that this age is so much busier than those that have gone before it. The complaint is a very old one, and even in the present day a good deal of time seems to be rather killed than lived. Be that as it may, if there is not time to read big books, big books cannot be read. But then let us not be tricked into the belief that we can still either enjoy them or know them. A little knowledge, if not a dangerous thing, is in such cases a foolish thing. At all events it often leads its possessor into folly. It tempts him to make a display of knowledge of which he has not the reality. But if there is not time for original works that are big there is at least time for those that are small. If a man is frightened by the size of Boswell, there can be nothing to scare him in the Autobiography of Gibbon. If he dare not try the nine big volumes of Walpole's Letters, he may with good heart attempt the two small ones which contain Swift's Letters to Stella. If in *Tom Jones* and *Sir Charles Grandison* the beginning seems separated by too great a space from the end, a summer day or a winter's evening will be long enough for accompanying either Joseph Andrews or Evelina from their birth to their marriage.

Among all the evils that follow in the train of a regular system of examinations, we know of none greater than a certain habit of indolence which it forms in the mind. It encourages a student—nay, even, in the press of competition it almost forces him to accept his judgments ready-made. He wants to know what others say of a writer, not what the writer himself says. He has no time to take a book home, as it were, and make it part of himself. He never "travels over the mind" of a great author till he becomes as familiar with its beauties and its nooks, its heights, its levels, and its depths as a Cumberland shepherd with the mountains and valleys round about his home. He never looks upon his books as his friends. It is to his head, and not to his heart, that he wishes to take them; and he only cares to keep them there till they have served their purpose at the next examination. How different was the way in which Macaulay and his sister read! "When they were discoursing together," says Mr. Trevelyan, "about a work of history or biography, a bystander would have supposed that they had lived in the times of which the author treated, and had a personal acquaintance with every human being who was mentioned in his pages. Pepys, Addison, Horace Walpole, Dr. Johnson, Madame de Genlis, the Duc de St. Simon [Macaulay, by the way, would have written the Duke of St. Simon], and the several societies in which those worthies moved, excited in their minds precisely the same sort of concern, and gave matter for discussions of exactly the same type, as most people bestow upon the proceedings of their own contemporaries. The past was to them as the present and the fictitious as the actual." Now, though Macaulay's power is given to few indeed, yet many—perhaps most people—have quite enough understanding and imagination from nature to enable them to live from time to time moments, it may be brief moments, both in the past and in the world of fiction and of fancy. A child in his games, as he fills "his humorous stage" with the different persons, shows how natural this is. It is not so much the growth of years that kills in him the habit as education and the scorn of his elder playfellows. The loss is indeed a great one, and the massacre of these simple feelings is a second massacre of the innocents. There is but one way to retain them. We must choose our books wisely, and when we have chosen them we must make a wise use of them. We cannot hope to live in all the ages that are past. The most that any but the most favoured among us can attain is to have one century, or one half-century, in which he has, as it were, his second home, whither he can withdraw himself for a brief space from the troubles and cares of the days in which he lives. But a place of retreat like this is not raised by an idle wish. Effort must be made, and a prolonged effort too. Yet it is a labour that, even while it is being made, is fully repaid. When guides to literature and manuals are all thrown on one side, and we begin "a pleasant loitering journey" through some tract of literature, "thought following thought, and step by step led on," the sense of joyous freedom and of eager curiosity more than supports us. One book leads us to another, and the circle of our friends widens as widens the circle of our knowledge. Then, too, we have that pleasure of which Fielding wrote. Both in the world of men and in the world of fiction we form our own judgments. We almost feel as if we had some share—however small a one—with a favourite author in a favourite book. For, when we find in how different a light some character appears to other readers, we half suspect that he is partly of our own creation. If

the author's claim to the whole were put in, we might each be tempted to say, with a slight change in the poet's line:—"That but half of it was his, and one half of it was mine."

Happily, in such a course of reading as this, we need not be greatly deterred by the cost. Works of great excellence can often be picked up at the bookstalls for less money than is asked for some hash of them that has been just served up. A shilling a volume goes a good way in stocking our shelves, if we think nothing of fashion or the run of modern thought, and only ask that in good type and a fair binding we shall have a work of sterling worth. The young reader is naturally dazzled by the brilliant prospect that rises before him as he surveys the various series of literature that are in course of publication. With great epochs and great minds he hopes to become acquainted at the cost for each of two shillings of his money and a few hours of his time. Let him remember that a few warm friends are better than a host of nodding acquaintances, and let him reflect that, whether among the living or the dead, among men or among books, a friend is only made at the cost of much trouble and of much time.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE association of pleasure with noise is doubtless common to all races in all times. That the ordinary Englishman should like his pleasure accompanied with as much noise as can be procured is, therefore, no matter for surprise. Perhaps, if he had more frequent opportunities for amusing himself, and if the Art of Recreation were intelligently studied and taught, he might "do" with less noise, and have that regulated and brought under some kind of discipline. If, for instance, he could sit in the open air of an evening and hear good music constantly, as may be done in softer climates, he might gradually learn to abhor bad and discordant music. If he heard good singing daily he might distinguish between bawling and singing. As it is, with only his Christmas and Easter weeks and his two days in the summer, he is at holiday-times like a sailor coming ashore after a long cruise, and whether he takes a day at Southend or at the "Robin Hood," or voyages to Margate by boat, he is not happy unless he can symbolize and make manifest his happiness by a great noise. He generally makes this, with his friends, for himself; and it has been generally supposed that his chief joy lies in the making of the noise. But this, we have quite recently discovered, is not the case. There is, though it has hitherto been unsuspected, a joy beyond that of opening the mouth and bawling; that, indeed, is only an instinctive effort to supply the chief ingredient in a day's pleasure when it is wanting. If, however, one pays a visit to the "World's Fair," now being celebrated at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, it will be presently discovered that to have a noise made for him is better, in the holiday-maker's sight, than to make one for himself. In the presence of a really thundering noise he is silent; he does not try to increase or add to it: he receives it in silence; he enjoys it; to sing or shout, or in any way to join in it, would spoil his gratification. To be sure, in order to produce the feeling of full and satisfying content, the noise must be of the very loudest; it must be a noise made up of the thumping of heavy hammers on anvils (this is done on pretence of trying the strength); the rolling of bowls and the falling of skittles on floors; the bawling of showmen; the roaring and bellowing of angry wild animals in cages; the blare of trumpets, horns, and brass bands playing all together, and each playing a different tune; the beating of drums, and the clashing of cymbals; the roll and thunder of organs; the firing of guns and the smashing of bottles; the whistle of steam-engines, and the clatter of miniature trains; and, over and above, the rolling echoes of all these component noises in a hollow and resounding roof. Such a noise as this becomes for the People as a soothing mixture which composes their spirits and tranquillizes their nerves. Their faces, as they wander about the broad hall and listen, are wreathed with smiles and smoothed out with contentment; there is no profane swearing heard, nor any quarrelling or disagreement, or exhibition of temper; all are happy alike. Under the benign influence of Noise, the husband treats his wife with a tender consideration, and carries in his own arms the year-old baby whose placid eyes and infantine smile show that he, too, feels how much more blessed a thing it is to hear a noise than to make one; the little London lover marches about with his little London lass, showing in the soft content visible in his eyes how beautifully a really good honest Row goes with love; in the more favoured parts of the Hall (which of course is the West End), where most of the brass bands are gathered, and the banging is loudest and the organs most hideous, the folk are found jammed together in crowds, which neither push, nor jostle, nor shout, but give themselves over to the enjoyment of the noise, and are carried away in rapture to an imaginary Paradise of Perpetual Row. A few years ago there was a certain preacher who had a church in the Strand; the din of the traffic and the clamour of the street continually disturbed and vexed him, so that he was fain to consider the subject in his sermon; and he was wont to illustrate the subject by reference to the famous crowd which went about crying, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" "as if," he would add, "the louder they bawled the greater she would be." So with this English crowd; the louder the bawling, the greater is their joy.

The arrangements and general plan of the fair have an American air, as of a machine-made thing turned out to order, as, of course, the show really is. There is, to begin with, too much of it for a real fair; and there are omissions which one acquainted with an English country fair of the genuine kind would be ashamed of making. For instance, there is not, so far as could be learned in a single visit, one gingerbread stall in the whole fair, nor is there a stall for toys, nor a bookstall, nor a glove and ribbon stall; in fact, there is no possibility of buying a fairing. Who, in the good old days, would care for a fair unless one could bring home a fairing? Would the memory of a thousand steam whistles satisfy the soul if there was no fairing? Next, there is a magnificent refreshment bar instead of a booth with wooden seats; and instead of a tent with rough boards for dancing, they have got a saloon. There are no targets to fire at for nuts, but bottles hung up in a row; and only barren honour rewards him who breaks a bottle with a lucky shot. There are none of the old-fashioned Aunt Sallies and "shies" with sticks at cocoa-nuts. On the other hand, there is every other possible kind of new-fangled "shy"—Salvation Army figures whose heads are to be knocked off, buckets into which you have to pitch the wooden ball, upright sticks on which you have to pitch a quoit. Then the humble old merry-go-round, with its single circle of horses, worked by hand, is supplanted by the great steam-worked machine, with its triple circle of horses, or, worse still, with the newly-invented circle of yachts, whose motion is artfully contrived to produce as much sea-sickness for twopence as one could get off Margate jetty on a breezy day for eighteenpence. And there are no gipsies, no telling of fortunes, no brown and tattered children running about among the tents, no pot hanging over a fire of sticks, supposed to contain a toothsome stew of stolen poultry, poached pheasant, wired hare, and hedgehog. Fancy a fair without its gipsies! There is, again, no "fun of the fair" in the shape of wooden rattles and penny dolls; but this we need not regret. On the other hand, the shows are overdone. There are not only too many of them, but they should be placed under some kind of management; the showmen should not be left entirely to themselves. Without stinting the visitors of their noise, it might be so arranged that when the performing monkeys are outside, their next-door neighbours, called Richardson's Show (but it is not the Richardson's Show of our childhood) might be performing within; and when the troupe of the Variety Show are dancing on their platform, the Circus people next to them might be performing their unrivalled feats behind their flaring pictures. One does not know who is responsible for the management, if anybody. Perhaps the performers pay for the right to their places; perhaps they get some of the entrance money; perhaps they are simply enjoined to make as much noise as they possibly can. Certainly, they are so energetic that they cannot be mere hirelings, but must have a direct interest in the success of their shows. Only there must be, one thinks, some general manager, who has allotted them their positions, and given them permission to perform; and really a great opportunity is lost, after all the materials for an admirable fair are got together, when they are tossed carelessly into the great hall, there to arrange themselves and do what is right in their own eyes. A fair must certainly have the outward appearance of bustle, life, and competition; there must not be too much stage management; but in an artificial fair there should be some.

The good old rule, found out years ago, and long successfully practised at Bartholomew Fair, that the best part of the performance must take place outside the tent, is, we are glad to say, thoroughly recognized at the Agricultural Hall. The most beautiful marionettes are those which pirouette on the platform beside the organ; the cleverest of the performing monkeys play and swing for everybody to see; Richardson's troupe, outside, appears to be a company numerous enough for Drury Lane; the people of the Variety Show might emulate a Gaiety chorus for numbers and display of legs; there could not be room in any ordinary circus for all the Tom Fools and Jack Puddings doing a clog dance on the platform. After the parade outside the performers vanish, bells ring, the most frantic invitations are made to the crowd to walk up and step within for threepence; but for a time there is no response, and one sadly feels that perhaps the performance may be held to empty benches. The proprietor, however, knows his people; he descends, grasps the nearest lady in the crowd, and shoves her, without asking her consent, up the steps; her friends follow; the populace, like the sheep of the Sieur, Dindenault, go after; the circus or theatre becomes immediately full, and it is not till next day that one remembers how much better they acted outside, and asks why only half-a-dozen appeared in the arena or on the stage, and where were the remaining thirty? In fact, the remaining thirty are supers; no amount of admission threepences could maintain so enormous a troupe if they were all *sociétaires*: the Tom Fools and the ladies in gilt armour and tights are wanted for the outside only; they do not belong to the hereditary clan which, from generation to generation, keeps up the supply of acrobat, circus rider, clown, and buffoon. It is satisfactory to learn from the conductor of the circus that "biz" is very fair—"very fair, indeed." The house, at threepence a head, seems able to hold, when full, about six-and-thirty shillings, so that there must be a good many performances every day to satisfy even a modest estimate of fair business.

Besides the larger entertainments, with their bands and gaily-dressed companies, there are a great number of smaller shows, which perhaps offer "better value for money" than the theatre or the circus. For instance, there is a giant, and a very good giant, too. His birthplace was Dublin; like all giants, he is young—Charles

Dickens long ago found out what becomes of superannuated giants and dwarfs: like all giants, he breaks down in the knees; his head is not so big as it ought to be, considering his length; and if he showed in his expression some approach to interest in the proceedings, it would give a higher tone, so to speak, to the nature of the exhibition. However, he walks round, shakes hands with everybody and goes behind his curtain again. Next to him are the Performing Zulus. There are nine of them, and they have a platform quite as large as an ordinary dining-table for their evolutions. It may be remarked, as a general rule, that whenever there is an exhibition of Caffres, Hottentots, or niggers, every gentleman of African descent who happens to be in the neighbourhood always goes to see it. There was a delightfully black person, a shiny black person, with a skin like a mirror of polished ebony, watching these Zulus; and he bore an expression on his face of interest and wonder at the ways of coloured people, which was very pretty to witness. After the evolutions, the headman, a prince in his own country, went round with a tin box and made a collection and shook hands. In the gallery there was a Bearded Lady in a kind of wooden box, with whom you might shake hands for a penny; but there seemed little eagerness to enjoy that privilege; perhaps bearded ladies have had their day. There were, besides, pigs with two heads and eight legs, and an awful monster of the deep. There was the murder of Carey, and the hanging of O'Donnell. There was a swimming family. There were peepshows, and wax figures; and a wild-beast show, with the most superior and contemptuous Polar bear ever seen; and there was, finally, to take leave of the Fair, a wondrous Lady, in a short frock and bare arms, accompanied by her husband, a dwarf two feet six inches high, with a pale face and grisly beard, and one of her children, who carries the box for coppers. The lady is stout, and appears to be of an intrepid and resolute disposition. Her "claims" for exhibition, however, are based not upon her strength of mind or even on the fact that her husband is a dwarf; but on the wonderful circumstance that she, one out of a million, so to speak, has been privileged to give birth to triplets and has received the Queen's Bounty. She is proud, and with good reason, of this: it gives her a niche in the World's Fair; but she shakes hands with affability, and the child, accompanied by the dwarf, her father, goes round and collects the pence in her tin box. As one comes away from this entertainment, one might make many admirable reflections if it were not for the awful headache it has caused. It is a harmless place: the people are good-natured; they are not drunk. One misses the accompaniments of the old country fair—the grass beneath one's feet, the gipsies and tramps, the cool evening air, the row of booths, and the gaping rustics; and there is not enough management: but the thing is full of go and is cheerful, and might have been much worse. Those who remember Greenwich Fair will remember how very, very much worse it might have been.

PARISIAN CONDUCTORS.

THE interest taken in orchestral music in England has received so much impulse of late, owing to Herr Richter's visits to London, and attention has been so widely called to the conductor's well-nigh limitless powers for good or evil over the instrumentalists who work under him, that it has seemed to us that it might prove interesting to consider the relative qualities of some other famous conductors.

Herr Richter can need no praise of ours, neither need we dwell upon the great debt of gratitude which the English public owes him for the magnificent series of concerts given by him in St. James's Hall. It would be idle to call attention to his extraordinary qualities as a musician; and his rehearsals have been so largely attended that there is no need for us to attempt any explanation of the methods by which he attains to those results which have given him the great name he bears in all places where the love of music exists. We will therefore for the present pass over matters that are well known to the London musical public, and devote most of our attention to work of a similar nature which is being done in Paris. It is a far cry from Herr Richter to M. Pasdeloup, to whom we first turn in considering the Paris conductors, on account of the fact that the Paris of to-day stands largely indebted to him for its musical education. The formation of the popular concerts at the "Cirque d'Hiver" some twenty years ago was a daring experiment, and one which required no ordinary amount of courage and perseverance on the part of its originator. The symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven—although it must be added that the Beethoven symphonies were often presented to the audience in a terribly mutilated and distorted condition—were known to a certain extent to Parisian concert-goers, through the interpretation of the orchestra of the Conservatoire, before M. Pasdeloup began his series of "Concerts populaires." But the Conservatoire concerts necessarily appealed to a strictly limited public, and it remained for M. Pasdeloup to render great music truly popular in Paris. His indomitable pluck and perseverance were made manifest when he undertook to make Wagner known to the French public. As soon as he raised his stick a storm of hisses burst from the audience; catcalls were heard on every side; and carefully-studied imitations of the farmyard, with crowing cocks, pigs in their death agony, and oxen struggling through a narrow gate, were executed with inimitable verve; while the orchestra, unabashed, played steadily on to the end of the score before them. Gradually a change took place. The inability to hear a note played by the orchestra remained the same; but the cause of the pitiless din had altered. A camp of Wagnerites had been slowly formed, whose members did grim battle with all opponents; benches were torn up, hard knocks freely exchanged, and "petits bancs," a missile we can heartily recommend to intending visitors to Paris in the case of disturbance in a theatre, hurtled through the air. At the present time Wagner's name on a programme is enough to ensure the presence of a thoughtful and attentive audience. Let it be remembered that this state of things is mainly owing to M. Pasdeloup's ceaseless patience and perseverance. Of his merits as a conductor we cannot honestly say very much; he invariably fails in the interpretation of Beethoven, and has of late developed a marked tendency towards putting insufficiently rehearsed work before the public. He has a distinctly unfortunate predilection for hurrying through the score before him, and music under his conductorship is often sadly wanting in sympathetic quality. M. Pasdeloup is perhaps most in his element in dealing with the scores of Haydn and of Mozart, and he has been highly successful in producing the works of Lully and Rameau, into which he instils more vigour and life than we usually find in his conducting. We must add that we have in former times heard some of Wagner's music satisfactorily interpreted at the Cirque d'Hiver; but this, owing to various causes which we cannot stop to consider, is no longer the case. M. Pasdeloup's most prominent faults as a conductor are heaviness and want of precision of attack; that these defects are in nowise chargeable to the executants under his command will be at once obvious to those who have seen the electric effect produced upon the orchestra of the "Concerts populaires" when Herr Rubinstein takes the bâton or when M. Heyman carries the musicians along with him, as on an irresistible stream, in Weber's "Concert-stück." M. Pasdeloup, far as he is from being a great conductor, has proved himself to be a great organizer of concerts, and he has spared no pains to introduce first-rate soloists to the public.

The Association Artistique, which gives its concerts at the Théâtre du Châtelet, under the leadership of M. Colonne, is of more recent formation, and has proved, as far as drawing a large public goes, a most successful venture. M. Colonne may be described as a conductor with a *spécialité*, which we need hardly add lies in the interpretation of Berlioz, to whom a certain class of British journalist delights to refer as "the eccentric but talented French composer." It may almost be said that those who have not heard *Roméo et Juliette* and *L'Enfance du Christ* under M. Colonne's direction have not heard them at all. It is hardly possible to account in any other way for the comparative failure of *L'Enfance du Christ* in London under Mr. Hallé's leadership. The lamentable fiasco of *Roméo et Juliette*, placed before the public by Mr. Cusins, has hardly any bearing on the case, as the result might easily have been predicted for very obvious reasons. In dealing with *Roméo et Juliette* M. Colonne shows that he is possessed of a delicate natural instinct for comprehending the intention of the master in this work, which is one of his highest achievements. It would take up more space than we can spare to dwell upon the beauties of the various numbers of this admirable work, and on the conductor's excellent interpretation of them; we must, however, pause to pay our tribute to his firm and delicate handling of the "scherzo de la reine Mab," one of the most exquisitely imagined triumphs of orchestration to be met with in the whole range of music, surpassing the famous "Ballet des sylphes" in its perfect delicacy of conception. In dealing with the tender and beautiful idyl, *L'Enfance du Christ*, M. Colonne proves himself to be the possessor of a poetic sentiment which is rarely to be met with, and which is absolutely necessary for the adequate interpretation of that beautiful poem in music. Of his interpretation of *La Damnation de Faust* it would be difficult to speak too highly. The prelude, with its infinite suggestions of the resurrection of Nature from the first timid, uncertain awakening to the grand burst of joy at the full possession of renewed strength and life, meets with consummate justice at the hands of M. Colonne. In the "Marche Hongroise" he fully realizes Berlioz's intention, of which the master has given us so vivid a description in his Memoirs. We wish that other conductors would exercise as much sobriety in dealing with the opening phrases. It cannot be too much insisted on that noisiness is the worst fault that can be shown in the interpretation of Berlioz. M. Colonne's skill is displayed to the highest advantage in the love passages of Faust and of Marguerite, which seem to us to have been somewhat tamely treated by Mr. Hallé. But, once away from Berlioz, M. Colonne is no longer the same man, and becomes apt to pander to the grossest errors of taste of the Parisian public. Some of the finest compositions of Wagner degenerate in his hands into mere noise; and, with Beethoven's Symphonies before him, he appears to think of nothing but his audience, and to remember only too well that that audience is a French one, delighting in *clinquant* and in being startled by unexpected effects.

The case is far different with M. Lamoureux, the founder of the "Société des Nouveaux Concerts," who is thoroughly incapable of committing any sin against art or of treating lightly the slightest production he may take in hand. Wherever M. Lamoureux's influence has been exerted a remarkable result has been obtained. We are, however, more immediately concerned with the consideration of what has been done by him in connexion with the series of concerts which he inaugurated in

1881 at the Théâtre du Château d'Eau. We need hardly speak of the difficulty of forming a new orchestra by the side of those which already existed in Paris, and we may add that the obstacles in the way of such an enterprise must have been harder to surmount than if the scene of M. Lamoureux's labours had been laid in London. The perfection of his orchestra at the present time in this, which is only his third season, shows the extent of the power he can bring to bear on the object before him. It would be difficult to single out any finer instrument for the interpretation of music than the noble orchestra which is now under M. Lamoureux's command, and it may not be amiss to call attention to the means by which this result has been brought about. M. Lamoureux possesses in common with Herr Richter the great advantage of being an accomplished instrumentalist, and like the great Viennese conductor he has a thorough contempt for fatigue, and is ready to go through any number of rehearsals that may be necessary for achieving faultless execution. Before proceeding to the actual study of a score, M. Lamoureux gives his executants a careful analysis of it, clearing up obscurities and fully explaining the composer's intention, and, as far as it is possible, taking into account the conditions under which the rehearsals take place, each group of instruments is exercised before an ensemble is attempted. But the secret of M. Lamoureux's great success as a *chef d'orchestre* lies in his power of communicating his own enthusiasm to those about him. To fully appreciate his commanding genius as a conductor he should be heard in the interpretation of Beethoven's Symphonies, in which, to our thinking, he attains to a more perfect realization of the intention of that great composer than any other musician we know of. Difficult as it is to choose any one performance for special comment where all is so excellent, we cannot help selecting the Ninth Symphony for particular consideration in this article. His treatment of the first movement is beyond all praise in its sobriety and poetical sympathy with the composer, and is to our thinking one of the greatest triumphs of orchestral interpretation. In the scherzo he has introduced a very slight, but, in our opinion, happy innovation, that of covering the sticks of the drums with flannel, on their first entrance. It may be remarked that neither M. Lamoureux nor Herr Richter follow the tempo indicated by Beethoven in the scherzo, M. Lamoureux taking it a little slower and Herr Richter decidedly faster. In executing such fragments of the works of Wagner as are capable of selection for concerts, M. Lamoureux, though perhaps he is occasionally wanting in the fiery dash which distinguishes Herr Richter, is very admirable, and we doubt if anything could surpass his beautiful rendering of the prelude to *Parsifal*. One of the most interesting events in connexion with the history of the "Nouveaux Concerts" has been the production of a very little known work of John Sebastian Bach's on the 2nd of this month. Before passing to any comment on the manner of its execution it may not be amiss to devote a brief space to the history of the work itself. *Der Streit zwischen Phœbus und Pan; dramma per musica*, of which Picander wrote the libretto, was composed and executed in 1731, and has hardly ever been given since. It is said that Bach's chief intention in this composition was to satirize one Scheibe, who had written some hostile articles on his music, and on whom he took vengeance by representing him in the character of Midas. The sprightly satire of the music, wholly different from Bach's usual style, is exquisitely enjoyable, and we know of nothing more heartily jovial than the chorus with which the work opens. There is a wonderfully effective contrast between the jolly, sensually-happy song of Pan and the noble melody of Phœbus, and much beautiful and lightly-conceived scoring in the part of Momus. Of the grandeur and large writing of the choruses we cannot say too much. Of the execution, with the exception of the singers, we can only say that it was faultless and thoroughly appreciative on the part of the conductor and of the orchestra. In conclusion, we can only hope that M. Lamoureux's intention of revisiting London to conduct a series of classical concerts may be carried out before another year passes.

MORE GHOSTS.

GHOSTS are livelier than ever. In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Herbert Spencer once more declares that ghosts are the origin of religion. It must not, however, be hastily assumed that Mr. Spencer is a believer in ghosts. In the *Contemporary Review* the Bishop of Carlisle "does something for" apparitions. Lastly, Mr. Arthur James Melhuish, F.R.A.S. and F.R.M.S., has published what he calls the "Truth About Ghosts," and probably thinks that he has settled the question of the existence of a bogie. "At Christmas-time," says Mr. Melhuish (whose style is rather American), "one always feels to want something uncanny." The demand for "something uncanny" is supplied by a collection of letters from the canny columns of the *Daily Telegraph*. Last autumn the *Daily Telegraph*, like other papers, was in want of a good stock topic for the silly season. The Parcels Post was, perhaps, exhausted. "Horrible London" had not come up. People were tired of servants and masters, clerks and early marriage, and it had not occurred to any one that O'Donnell was rather a meritorious person, who ought on no account to be hanged. Therefore, in the absence of anything better, a leading article on the "mysterious warning" supposed to be hereditary in the bonny house of Airlie was published in the *Daily Telegraph*. Then appeared a long letter on occult matters in general, by a "Master of Arts," who knew all about Buddhism, and the "Akash," and who may plausibly be conjectured to have an acquaintance with Pushto, "an excellent language to make a man friendly and independent." This learned correspondent cast all the light of Asia that he could on the Hindoo "occultists" and kindred topics. The ball was now kicked off, if we may borrow an expression from football, and there followed a regular "scrimmage" of sceptics and believers. The believers were more numerous than the sceptics, and perhaps may claim a goal. This, at least, seems to be the opinion of Mr. Melhuish. He says the sceptics are dogmatic (a highly improper thing in a sceptic), and not very weighty in argument, while he regards the letters of the believers as "an unequalled body of evidence." If the *Telegraph's* evidence is "unequalled," then the extant testimony for the existence of bogies would scarcely satisfy a jury. We have a lot of well-known tales, sometimes names are given, sometimes they are not. But a name alone does not carry weight, and when we track the suggestion to its inmost cell, we generally find that there is no producible witness at all. Seldom, indeed, will the ghost come into court, like the famous Irish spectre. "Suddenly," says the Hibernian tale, "a dreadful rumbling sound was heard, 'Here am I that was foully murthered.' After that there was no more to be said, and the judge put on the black cap," and condemned the accused on the testimony of the "dreadful rumbling sound."

Mr. Melhuish furnishes the unequalled body of evidence with a preface in which he disputes the ordinary sceptical arguments, with the ordinary replies. "That all apparitions are hallucinations is an axiom of science," says a modern sage, and certainly the hallucination theory has not always been quite fairly pressed. We blame believers for the staleness and paucity of their narratives. If we do that, it is scarcely fair to be always trotting out Sir David Brewster's "Mrs. A.," and the Berlin bookseller Nicolai. In the first place, who *was* Mrs. A.? We don't like Mrs. A.'s security. Mrs. A. certainly would not be accepted as evidence for a ghost. Why should Mrs. A. be accepted as evidence for a hallucination? Again, even if Mrs. A. and Nicolai were real trustworthy people, we get no forwarder. "Here we are," say these authorities; "we were always seeing hallucinations, and we never saw a ghost." "But how does that affect our position?" the seers reply. "We are *not* in the habit of being hallucinated; we have only seen one ghost apiece. It is not a practice with us, as having hallucinations is with you. And our vision of the ghost coincided with the death of the person whose apparition we beheld, while your visions coincided with nothing." Let us be fair, and admit that Mrs. A. and her backers have not the better of this controversy. We may deny that the seers ever saw anything abnormal. But if they did see things, then their position is not on a footing with that of Mrs. A., about whose credibility, or even existence, we have no precise information. Perhaps her name was Arris. Or, finally (and this is a favourite Spiritualist argument), it may as fairly be alleged that Mrs. A. and Nicolai saw ghosts, and thought them illusions, as that the true seers beheld illusions and took them for ghosts.

This reasoning, after all, is like the performances of the Rabelaisian *Chimera Bombinans in vacuo*. We have not attempted to ascertain the credibility of the witnesses either of spectral illusions or real spectres. That hallucinations may and do occur is certain. Scott mentions a famous example. He beheld Lord Byron suddenly in the hall of his house, we forget whether it was at Ashiestiel or Abbotsford. Had Lord Byron chanced to die on the day when Scott saw him, here would have been a splendid coincidence and an excellent ghost. The believers argue that the "coincidences" between apparition and event are too numerous to be explained as chance coincidences. Here, again, if proved true, their argument is not without weight. If men only see apparitions of the living just before the death of the persons seen, then the coincidence of the death completes the marvel. *C'est là le miracle.* But, unluckily, as some of these very letters from the *Telegraph* testify, and as we know to be true, apparitions of the living are beheld when nobody dies and nothing in particular happens at all. Just as those dreams only are remembered and recorded which are fulfilled, so people rarely speak of apparitions with which there is no coincident death. Thus the coincidence is made to seem a far more frequent feature of visionary illusions or appearances than it is in reality. But to return to Scott. Lord Byron did not die when Scott beheld his wraith, and, what is more, the wraith turned out, on inspection, to be a mere arrangement of hats and cloaks in the hall. Such illusions, caused by conditions of light and sight, are common enough. The writer has met on the road what he took to be three or four children leading a white horse. On a nearer approach this phenomenon resolved itself into two men carrying three or four beehives on a long pole. Illusions which have a basis in objective phenomena may even affect several persons at the same moment. There is a perfectly authentic case in which two persons, sitting in the opposite corners of a box at the theatre, saw in the stalls a lady with a severed head in her lap. Again, five or six people walking together saw the figure of a Cavalier of Charles I.'s time stopping the way. This warrior proved to be nothing more martial than a milkmaid. Yet the wrong impression was impressed on five different sets of eyes and brains. Thus hallucinations with an objective basis may be collective. It does not suit with the ideas of psychical researchers (who believe in the extraordinary influence of mind on mind) to deny that hallucinations with no objective basis may be collective

too. Yet they do attempt to deny this, and trust that the appearance of a ghost may be established from the mouths of two or three witnesses. Now, suppose that some one had been with Scott when he saw the false spectre of Byron. Suppose that Scott's companion, like the people in the box at the theatre, had shared a common illusion. In such a case, many persons, instead of saying that Byron turned out to be an arrangement of great-coats, would have averred that Byron "disappeared." Here would have been collective testimony to Byron's wraith, and, if he had died within the year, here would have been collective testimony to a "coincidence."

People are not very particular about dates in those matters. The victim generally dies "the very hour" that his double is seen. But it is hard, if not impossible, to get evidence for this. One of the *Telegraph's* correspondents has a story of an officer who was killed in India, and appeared, at the same time, in three places in England. On the evidence of these apparitions, it is alleged, an error in Lord Clyde's despatch announcing the death was corrected by the Horse Guards! But who is the authority for all this? Only the signature "M.A. of Cambridge," which does not bear very much weight in evidence about matters spiritual. The case of the "Airlie Warning," which started all this flood of anecdote and argument, shows how lax people's ideas of evidence and of what makes coincidence really are. The usual tradition is that a spectral drummer beats a spectral drum, just before the death of members of the house of Airlie. The same legend runs, we believe, in an Irish family. The examples of the phenomena given in "The Truth about Ghosts" are curious. First an English gentleman, on his way to the Tulchan, on August 19, 1849, heard a brass band playing on the ridge of ground in front of him. Lord Airlie died next day. A brass band is not a drummer. If we are to be seriously asked to believe these things, we need an historical investigation. How old is the tradition of the brass band? Is it older than the introduction of brass bands beyond the Highland line? How old is the story of the drummer? Did the drummer resign in favour of the more modern and complicated entertainment? Now turn to the communication of F. H. Grove (p. 9), in which the "Story of the Drummer-boy" is confirmed on the evidence of "a lady," unnamed. Early in the spring of 1845 this lady visited Lord Airlie. On the night of her arrival she heard "a band of music at a distance." Some one told her "It was the drummer-boy you heard." How could a drummer-boy produce the same harmonious effect as "a band of music at a distance"? The boy or the band must be given up, unless we are to understand that the boy took to him seven other boys, worse than himself, and armed with trombones, trumpets, and other noisy instruments of brass. Of course this may have occurred; but how flimsy does the historical student find those narratives! As to the "coincidence," a lady belonging to the family died several months afterwards. The sceptic will ask why one family should be given such a "straight tip" as to when they should insure their lives, while other families are neglected; but this is hardly argument. Oddly enough, the maid of the lady who heard the distant band of music writes to say that she was more favoured, and was "startled by the beating of a drum." She also observes that, on hearing a fife, she expected to see a piper; and perhaps a piper may perform on a fife, when a boy with a drum can produce the effect of a brass band. To complicate matters, it seems that the lady congratulated her host on the possession of "an excellent piper." She seems to have held that a piper caused the sound of a band of music in the distance. In other details the lady's account and the lady's maid's account contradict each other, and a jury would probably be directed to dismiss the evidence of both witnesses from their minds. It does not stand cross examination for a moment, and this is almost always the case. First people have, or fancy they have, some experience of an abnormal kind. Then they half unconsciously embroider it, and supply it with "coincidences." Lastly, they publish it, many years after, to please some ghost society, and by that time the evidence is worth as much as that of an Irish witness to an Irish murderer's *alibi*. That is "the truth about ghosts."

AN APOLOGY FOR MORMONISM.

THIS is an age of apologies and rehabilitations. The blackest characters of history have been sedulously whitewashed—which however generally involves the blackwashing of others hitherto deemed respectable, if not immaculate—and we have been called upon to recognize Nero as a model of domestic affection and Henry VIII. as a singular example of conjugal fidelity. Societies, like individuals, have undergone a similar process of tidying up, to use a homely phrase. Their real or supposed incrustations of dirt have been "mopped with a mop and brushed with a broom," in the forcible language of the *Baby's Début*, till the reputed blackamoor becomes white as driven snow. That there are cases in which a revision, if not a reversal, of popular verdicts was demanded by a fuller and more impartial investigation of facts previously misunderstood or ignored we are far from denying. The Jesuits, for instance, whatever faults are fairly chargeable on them, are not quite the unredeemed villains Protestant imagination had painted them, nor can the Reformers *en masse*—especially the English ones—establish their claim to a place in the hagiology. But still there must be some limits to this crusade against all received opinions. Historical beliefs are not always based on illusion, and a passion for paradox may be as strong and as uncritical as the force of ingrained prejudice. There is less room however for the growth of legendary error as regards events of recent occurrence than in our estimate of those which happened centuries ago, and the Church of Latter Day Saints was founded in 1830. There is room for difference of opinion within certain limits as to the character of Mahomet and of the religion he founded; we should hardly have supposed there was much room for reasonable difference as to the character of Joe Smith. An apologist however has just come forward in the *Nineteenth Century*, in the person of Mr. Barclay, M.P., who intimates that he went to Utah prepared, like his fellows, to curse the Mormons, but who has come away blessing them altogether. His method of arriving at this conclusion is a very simple one. To be sure there are occasional admissions in what he does tell us which would go far, if analysed, to destroy the force of his argument, but it is based on a skilful presentation of one side of the evidence only, as presented to him by friendly witnesses at Utah, and an all but entire omission of the evidence on the other side, which is referred to, if at all, as untrustworthy, or at best "not fully authenticated." He is not of course an advocate for the Mormonite creed, as such, or he would be himself a Mormonite, but he fails apparently to perceive that, if not based on revelation, it is based on vulgar imposture—the history of its origin leaves little room for the charitable hypothesis of sincere enthusiasm—though he does incidentally suggest some of the purely mundane agencies which contributed to its certainly remarkable success. He tells us *e.g.* how "missionaries are despatched to all quarters of the globe," who manage to convoy from 2,000 to 3,000 neophytes a year to Utah. We may illustrate their method of procedure from the history of the Swedish contingent of the Salt Lake Church. As a rule the Scandinavian descendants of the wandering Goths, Jutes, and Norsemen are among the most pacific and sedentary of modern nations, although both in Denmark and Sweden there is perfect freedom of emigration. But of the small numbers who leave these northern parts the larger portion has been drawn to the Mormonite settlement. The Apostles of Utah fixed early on Copenhagen as a promising field of operations, and about 1850 established there both a regular Mormonite hierarchy and a well-managed journal. The Swedish law against abandoning the established Lutheranism rather helped than hindered a propaganda whose first doctrine was expatriation, and for many years there was a large annual influx of Swedish recruits to Utah. In Norway the extent and sterility of the highlands gave point to the promises of the Evangelists of a Western paradise, and from 1846 to 1855 about 3,000 Norwegian emigrants passed annually to the United States. M. Duval gives their own explanation of this fact in words significant of the not purely supernatural attractions of the Mormon Gospel:—"Il est si difficile d'arracher quelque chose aux sables de nos montagnes." It is clear that here the disciples, if not their teachers, had, like the founder of Mormonism, shrewdly calculated that "godliness is gain." The "promised land" of the Saints is thus described:—

> The valley of Salt Lake is 5,000 to 6,000 feet above sea-level, about 600 miles long north and south, and of irregular width, varying from 20 to 50 miles. On the east side the Wasatch range and on the west the Oquirrh Mountains rise abruptly, bare, rugged, and precipitous. To the north the valley is closed in by the mountain ranges, and southwards it rises up to the tableland of Arizona.
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> Twenty miles south of Salt Lake City is Lake Utah, a beautiful sheet of pure water, and from it northwards through the valley flows a considerable stream, called the Jordan, to the Great Salt Lake, which without any outlet fills the bottom of the basin.
>
> The water of the Salt Lake contains about seventeen per cent. of solid matter, chiefly common salt, and is extremely bitter. Its height has varied as much in the last thirty years as nine feet, rising and falling irregularly. At one time the whole valley had been an inland sea, and the old margins are visible along the mountain-sides. One level at which the lake had stood for a long period is 800 feet above the present lake, but as the same margin varies 200 to 300 feet in height, changes have taken place in the level of the land as well as of the water. The lake lies nearly 20 miles north west of Salt Lake City, and is much frequented in summer by bathers, for whose accommodation the Mormons have built a railway. . . .
>
> Salt Lake City is the finest town of its size in the Western States. Instead of the bare, comfortless appearance of many new American towns, a large part of Salt Lake City is embowered in gardens and orchards. Rows of trees both shade and beautify the streets, and the houses have an air of comfort and look of home too frequently wanting in new settlements. Looking southwards from the higher grounds of the city, a chain of villages and hamlets extends along the base of the Wasatch range. At the mouth of every gorge, where a mountain stream struggles out on the plain, the church and schoolhouse of a village peep through the green foliage of the surrounding trees and orchards. Further out on the plain each homestead is surrounded by its grove of trees, an acceptable patch of green in the brown and arid landscape.

It is clear enough then that "Mormonism interests itself as much in the temporal as in the spiritual concerns of its members." To speak more plainly, of "spiritual concerns" it takes no heed at all.

We have said already that Mr. Barclay's line throughout is to state one side of the case, as if it were the whole. Thus he passes rapidly over the early history of Mormonism, giving us the authorized version of Joe Smith's divine commission and subsequent martyrdom, but saying not a word of the odious criminality and violence by which he drew the rough and irregular justice of lynch law on his own head. We are told, again, much of Brigham Young's indisputable capacities and force of character, but not a word of his murders and other crimes. That he was "endowed with extraordinary sagacity and organizing faculty" nobody ever dreamt of disputing. Mormonism, Mr. Barclay assures us, does

not differ at all in its tenets from Christianity, except—it is a pretty considerable exception—"as regards polygamy." It accepts both the Old and New Testament; "its doctrines do not differ essentially from those of other (?) Christians, and *with the exception of polygamy* its morality is that of the New Testament." He seems to forget that it accepts the Book of Mormon also, which practically supersedes both Testaments. He forgets also that, if in the abstract Mormonites, or some of them, profess to accept the New Testament, there are many different ways of interpreting it. Brigham Young is reported to have been asked by a Christian visitor, to whom he made a similar profession, but who knew something of his character and habits, whether he fulfilled the Scriptural precept of praying for his enemies? "Certainly," was the prompt reply, "I pray for them daily, that they may all be damned." With this latitude of interpretation the acceptance of the New Testament may be compatible with all their worst enemies have charged upon the Mormonites. Mr. Barclay expresses a very proper disapproval of "the peculiar institution" of polygamy, but appears to consider it a minor matter, which may be left to adjust itself, and anticipates that in the future it will be quietly dropped.

> Mormonism, apart from polygamy, which seems to me a temporary excrescence, will in my opinion grow, and probably be the religion of the settlers or farming classes in the mountainous country between the great plains east of the Rocky Mountains and California on the west. In those districts irrigation is almost everywhere necessary for cultivation, and, with the scarcity of capital, irrigation works must be executed by co-operation among the settlers. The experience of the Mormons in irrigation and co-operation, coupled with their self-reliant and frugal habits, enables them to surmount difficulties from which outsiders shrink, and their sober and temperate habits specially qualify them for pastoral pursuits, either on their own account or as tenders of the herds and flocks on large ranches, for which only a very large portion of the country is suitable.

Meanwhile, he insists on the superior morality of the Mormonite to the non-Mormonite inhabitants of the Salt Lake City. It is obvious to reply to the latter point that a plurality of wives necessarily acts as a cure, or rather as a substitute, for certain kinds of vice. As to its being quietly dropped hereafter, he must surely have forgotten his own assertion that it is the sole distinctive tenet of Mormonism, which would otherwise differ in no respect from the ordinary forms of Christianity. We have too much respect ourselves for Christianity to agree with that view; but we most entirely believe that polygamy is at once one of the most characteristic institutions and, to many male proselytes, one of the chief attractions of the Church of the Latter Day Saints. That "the celestial law of marriage," first promulgated by Young in 1852, is sanctioned, without being specially dwelt upon, in the Mormon Bible may be true, but in most sects tradition and the personal influence of the founder counts for more than the written standards. Wesleyanism would be very different from what it is if it conformed its teaching and practice exclusively to the four volumes of Wesley's printed Sermons. The Mormonites at all events have announced their resolve to resist to the death all attempts to put down polygamy. As to their theology, the Mormonite Deity is a materialistic parody of the Christian doctrine of the Trinity. The distinction of marriage "for time" and "for eternity," to which Mr. Barclay refers vaguely, but of which he appears to be most imperfectly informed, is no doubt remarkable, and, if it be examined, equally repulsive, but into that we need not enter here. Of the despotic power of the hierarchy he has evidently no idea, though he quotes, without seeming at all to appreciate its force, the statements of Governor Murray, Chief Magistrate of Utah, who apprehends serious political difficulty from this cause. "The people," so runs an official document, "will be as much condemned if they do not obey Brother Brigham as they would be if they disobeyed the Lord God were He here in person. When the Lord comes He will take vengeance on those who do not obey the priesthood. The word of Brother Brigham is the word of the Lord." Both the doctrine of polygamy and the claims of the priesthood have led to schisms, and there are already two secessions from Mormonism, which is barely fifty years old. That they will have sooner or later to choose between abandoning polygamy and abandoning Utah seems pretty clear, and in the former case their very *raison d'être* would be at an end. On what grounds Mr. Barclay argues a great future for them is far from obvious. That he has lent a credulous ear to interested and artful advocates at Utah is sufficiently manifest. That he will induce any well-informed reader to reverse his previous judgment on one of the most baseless and most revolting of modern religious impostures is supremely improbable.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

IN order to visit this Exhibition aright, one should go armed with a good edition of Boswell's *Johnson*. In these days of so-called *éditions de luxe* some enterprising publisher might do worse than bring out the immortal work with prints or photographs of a selection of the pictures now in the Grosvenor Gallery. Besides Johnson himself, with his unwieldy body, his great unhealthy-looking face, and his purblind eyes (97), we see Baretti, who was almost as blind, holding a book close to his nose (73); Burke (65), and Burke's conceited son (93); the Beckfords, father and son (179, 186); David Garrick (143), Warren Hastings (102), Miss Angelica Kaufmann (180), Edward Malone (108), Johnson's negro friend and servant, Francis Barber (42), and Reynolds's negro (15); Charles Rollin, the historian (122); Sheridan, a brilliant picture, well known (30); Lady Thomond (177), Mrs. Gwatkin (34), the nieces of Reynolds; Mrs. Thrale, of course, with her child (127); to say nothing of Reynolds himself, in no fewer than nine portraits, all by his own hand, and a case of relics lent by the descendants of his sister. Besides these objects and pictures, there are portraits of nearly every distinguished person and personage of the "Johnsonian period," from the unpopular Cumberland and Bute down to the too-popular Kitties and Nellies and Perditas who play so large a part in the action of Boswell's drama. Brave warriors and noble ladies, "old men and babes," youths and maidens, all living a hundred years ago, appear alive again now. In the dimness of the winter afternoon they look the less unreal. If it had not been for the Catalogue, with its annotations, a visitor with the slightest tinge of that form of historical sentimentalism which may be called association could not fail to be powerfully affected by the finest show of Sir Joshua's ever gathered into one place. But for the Catalogue—a few minutes' study is enough to dispel any illusions. Those gorgeous nobles, those lovely maidens, those dignified soldiers, those stately dames, were one and all no better than they ought to have been—no better than we are ourselves, at any rate. It comes upon us suddenly, like the close of that celebrated chapter in *Gulliver's Travels*, where the King of Brobdingnag pronounces as his opinion that it doth not appear "that men were ennobled on account of their virtue, that priests were advanced for their piety or learning, soldiers for their conduct or valour, judges for their integrity, senators for their love of their country, or counsellors for their wisdom." This girl with the sweet sad face was so wicked that one of her lovers had her painted as Circe. The fine old gentleman with a view of St. Paul's behind him had thirty children, of whom only one was born in wedlock. This splendid earl with his little son, and various sporting properties around them, was a vicious profligate, and deserted the gentle and beautiful countess whose portrait hangs next in order. It is distressing to read page after page of this kind of gossip. Fortunately there is abundant information of a much more valuable kind. We have the prices paid for many of the portraits. We are told how long the artist was employed on some of them. Anonymous heads are identified and erroneous descriptions corrected. But, besides all this, the annotator, a well-known critic, has gone to the trouble of raking up half-forgotten sins and scandals, and has gone rather to the pages of Walpole and Selwyn for his information than to those of Boswell and his *Johnson*. Before we leave this subject of the Catalogue something should also be said as to the style in which much of it is written. Let us try, for example, to make sense of such a passage as this; it relates to Mrs. Abington:—"Boswell tells us how Johnson boasted of her having 'insisted so much on my coming' when she played *Charlotte* for her benefit in April 1755, and how the doctor went to Drury Lane, with Reynolds and others, 'having secured forty places in the front boxes' and given to Boswell 'the honour to put me in the group.'" No one could possibly gather from this that the affair took place, not in April 1755, but on the 27th March, 1775, and that it was neither Dr. Johnson nor Mrs. Abington who took the forty places, but Sir Joshua Reynolds—in fact it would be almost impossible even to parse the sentence. It is perhaps as well, after this example, that Boswell is not more used in the Catalogue. We may take one more specimen, as it is amusing. Of Mrs. Nesbitt we are given some sadly scandalous particulars, though it is not quite clear whether some of them relate to her or to the Duchess of Kingston or to Lord Bristol. Then the annotator goes on:—"Dying in December 1779 Walpole wrote of him to Lady Upper Ossory, the mother of 'Collina' and 'Sylvia,' Dec. 23, 1779, Lord Coventry (husband of the beautiful 'Gunning girl,' see 'Miss Elizabeth Gunning'), as follows:—'Lord Coventry and Colonel Hervey are Lord Bristol's executors.'" We know that Walpole did not die in 1779, nor were Collina and Sylvia born to Lady Upper Ossory in that year, nor was Lord Coventry ever born to her. In short, nothing but the combination of happy guessing and experience which makes a Shakspearian commentator could unravel some of these extraordinary valuable notes. We observe, however, that Mr. Stephens marks his "Historical Notes" as being "in progress," which we must hope means subject to revision.

Perhaps the first thing which will strike the unprejudiced visitor is the extraordinary variety displayed in the pictures. We dread the sameness which characterizes too often the exhibition of one artist's work. It was painfully oppressive at the Rossetti exhibitions of last year. There is nothing of it here. It would be hard to class more than two, or at most three, pictures together as being in one manner or another. So, too, it may be observed that Reynolds did not go through "periods" like most other great artists. True there was an early, incomplete "Hudson period"; but, once emancipated from its influence, his genius expanded itself in all directions—trying, learning to the last, now bursting into a wholly new style, then reverting to some old method, and bringing it to greater perfection. Reynolds was essentially a learned artist. Even his experiments were conducted on well-founded theories. He had not, it is true, our modern love for the early Italian painters, and possibly knew little of Dürer and his pupils; but he was thoroughly conversant with the works and the styles of Rembrandt, Correggio, Murillo, Rubens, and all the great artists of the post-Raffaellite schools. He avowedly

imitated Vandyke on occasions, and if he did not equal him, came very near it, as in "The First Marquis of Hertford" (37), and in the beautiful portrait of the Duke of Gloucester (53). His grand landscape, the "View from Richmond Hill" (165), must remind every one of Rubens. His nymphs, in gorgeous sunset tints, are nearer to Titian or Giorgione than to the great Flemish artist. But though many of his pictures will remind us of this painter or that, there are quite as many works which are wholly original—works the like of which had never been produced before, and which have been but feebly imitated since. As about nine-tenths of the pictures now exhibited are portraits, we can hardly tell what Reynolds might have attained to as a composer or historical painter. But there are enough of subject pictures here to show that we must not judge him by such comparatively feeble examples as the "Holy Family" in the National Gallery. Of these, incomparably the finest is the "Tragic Muse" (55), lent by the Duke of Westminster, a repetition of the famous picture at Dulwich, and allowed to be in better condition, if not originally a better work. "Master Wynn as the Infant St. John the Baptist" (18) is so completely cleaned away that we can only judge of the composition, which is not very interesting; nor is "Muscipula" (29), in which all Sir Joshua's mannerisms are exaggerated. The child's mouth is quite deformed. The same defect appears, but not to so great a degree, in "Guardian Angels" (36), which is little more than a sketch, and in "Robinetta" (34). The "Nymph" (39), notwithstanding the peculiar mouth, is a lovely picture. She seems to be chiding Cupid, who peers at her from behind a glowing curtain. The splendour of the colour has seldom been excelled by any painter, certainly by none born in this cold climate. With the "Nymph," which Lord Upper Ossory received as a bequest from Reynolds, we should compare "Cymon and Iphigenia" (160), which can be done by standing in the doorway between the two great rooms. There is the same glow, but in a less degree, and the figure is apparently from the same model. Close to it hangs "Moses in the Bulrushes" (155), in which a totally different scale of colour is presented. The child is pale, and lies on a white drapery. Only skill equal to that of Rubens could have successfully surmounted such a difficulty. Above the "Moses" is one of the designs for stained glass of which such magnificent examples appeared in the Royal Academy last year: magnificent, that is, as pictures, but miserable when regarded from the glass-painter's point of view. "The Adoration of the Shepherds" (156) is in a window of New College, Oxford, and shows the curious taste which would have abolished colour in glass in favour of monochromatic chiaro-scuro. The portraits of Reynolds himself and of the mistaken glass-painter give the picture an element of interest it would otherwise sadly want. Comparable only with the "Nymph" and with "Cymon and Iphigenia" is a lovely little picture, "Mrs. Hartley and her Child." It is, of course, really a portrait; but the treatment is so unconventional that it needs a glance at the Catalogue to show that it is not a subject-picture like the "Nymph." The lady holds the child as if he had flown to her, and was whispering a love secret in her ear. The landscape is as pleasing as the figures. Another pair of portraits are treated in a wholly different manner. "The Duchess of Devonshire and her Child" (81) is a scene from real life. It is too familiar from engravings to need description here; but never was maternal pride, never were infant spirits, so represented. Reynolds delighted in trying various methods of attaining the unattainable power of depicting maternity. He approached Raffaelle, perhaps, in the "Mother and Child," which belongs to Sir Richard Wallace, and which, unfortunately, is not in this exhibition. In the Devonshire picture he is himself, and nothing else. In "Mrs. Hartley" there is more than a reminiscence of Correggio. Very quiet but very original is another group of the kind, a group which to most visitors will seem almost as charming as the "Duchess." It is probably, like the others we have noticed, a portrait, but is described in the Catalogue only as a "Mother and Child" (48). The mother clasps her child with both arms, he leans towards her and holds a plait of her hair. The movement of the startled infant and the naturalness of the pose are wonderfully true to nature; so true, so unexpected, and so pleasing, as to amount to something very like poetry. The "Infant Academy" (62) was also a bequest, and has been long at Broadlands. As Mr. Stephens well says, "it comprises one of the most poetic landscape backgrounds Reynolds painted." The children form a charming group, and the colour is most harmonious; but the picture has either been over-cleaned, or should be varnished by some careful hand. On the whole it is slightly disappointing. We must defer a notice of the more ordinary portraits.

PANTOMIME AND PANTOMIMES.

PANTOMIME (so-called) is a national institution. Christmas comes but once a year, but when it comes it brings a thousand (so-called) pantomimes. Harlequins and clowns, viewless all the year beside—disguised as chimney-sweeps, it may be, or publicans—shoot out into publicity like reappearing stars; from unknown regions in mid-air a cloud of columbines descends; creation suddenly grows conscious of the presence of a battalion of pantaloons—mysteriously evolved, appearing from No-Whence and resolving into No-Whither. Out of the ground start legions of imps, crowds of fairies, armies of ballet-girls, myriads of masks. For some ten weeks the British theatre is a place of (so-called) pantomimes—a pandemonium of rallies and processions, of topical songs and mangled policemen and murderous butter-slides. And the odd thing is that pantomime (so-called) is scarcely pantomime at all. Between the two there are abysms of time and circumstance vast as night and deep as Tophet.

Pure pantomime is like poetry in Mr. Arnold's definition, in that it is a criticism of life; it is also like poetry, as outside Mr. Arnold's definition it really is, in that it is an expression of life as well—of life as it ought to be always, and as it sometimes (but too rarely and briefly) is. The scene is the Arcady of faëry; but that is a mere detail. The essential is that here, on the one hand, are Youth and Beauty and Love; and that there, on the other, are Age and Ugliness and Greed, the eternal adversaries. All the rest is a parable of life's progress. There is strife; for existence without battle were a mockery. There is sorrow and trial; for without these pleasure were impossible, and repose no luxury, but an infliction. Of course, too, the more gracious influences have long the worst of things; for Ugliness is desperate and strong, and Age is cunning and relentless, and between them Youth and Beauty are thrust to the wall. But the trial is only for a time. There are Higher Powers—conscious, interested, gifted—to interfere. To these the final victory of Age and Ugliness is a practical immorality too hideous to contemplate; and, at the very nick of time, when the game is up, and the defeat of Beauty and Youth, beloved of the gods, seems inevitable, they step in to the rescue. They may not alter time, nor obliterate what is already written in the roll of Fate; but they can modify circumstance and change the field of action, and they do. A touch of the Good Fairy's wand ("Good Fairy" is an Arcadian translation of "Higher Power"), and Amandus (otherwise Youth) becomes Harlequin, a creature of generous magic, invisible by his mask, irresistible in his bat, gifted with strange and brilliant capacities, a paladin of virtue and right; another, and Amanda (otherwise Beauty) trips forth an Appearance of love and delight, an Aspiration in short petticoats, a visible Ideal—enchanting, elusive, unapproachable save of him she has chosen for her own. As for the Ugly Suitor and the Greedy Sire, they are not transformed, they are only revealed. Their worldly disguise falls from them, and they appear in their quiddity; the one as Clown—bold, impudent, flagrant, a bundle of immoral qualities; the other as Pantaloon—a type of wicked and dishonourable old. And so, under changed conditions, and through fresh woods and pastures new, the old eternal contest is resumed and continued. The victory is Harlequin's, or where would be the moral? But it is only his while he proves himself worthy of his novel attributions. So long as he is himself, he and Columbine are happy as butterflies; they dance, they sport, they embrace, they make light of all the devices of wickedness. When he loses his bat, or puts his mask to improper uses, the Higher Powers grow angry, and he falls into the clutches of his ancient enemies, who fire him from cannons, and bray him in mortars, and do their best to make an end of him. He repents, however, and repenting escapes, and is restored to Columbine. This proves that repentance is a virtue, and youthful heedlessness a not unpardonable sin; also, that Beauty and Youth have only to behave themselves decently to have everything their own way. It must be noted that the moral lesson conveyed in the fate of Pantaloon and Clown is even stronger. These rascals would certainly succeed but for their innate rascality. They are so strong, so daring, so excessively wise, that Harlequin, for all his magic properties, is often at their mercy. There is no doubt that, if they were only not themselves, they might do as they would with him and Columbine too. But their original sinfulness is too much for them. They go out of ambition's way to gratify their evil passions; they cease from working at their main enterprise to pamper and indulge their worst appetites. They cannot look on a string of sausages but they must steal it; on a respectable trader plying his harmless calling without visiting him with burglary; on a minister of law and order without attempting him with greengrocery in the form of missiles and pokers heated terribly red. Theirs is an ideal life; and to many it is most desirable; there are instants in time when it becomes actual and practicable. Then, in a flash, the world we live in changes; the order of things is miraculously reversed; two neophytes, from ordinary mortality, are translated to a state of clownhood; and in an ecstasy of ease and opportunity all manner of excesses are committed and rejoiced in. But let these favoured Ones be warned. "Be virtuous, and you will be happy"; that is the true morality. Harlequin and Columbine are examples; Pantaloon and Clown are warnings. They prosper for a while; but they fail of their great intention, and go miserably to the dogs. Better (in the long run) is an eternity with Columbine than one mad, fleeting instant of triumph, however gaudy and full, with a red-hot-poker or a butter-slide.

Thus much for pure pantomime. In pantomime so-called there is little or nothing of this sweet and generous expression of the essentials of life and conduct. The opening—the drama proper, the preparation for the great allegory of the harlequinade—is but a chaos of legends and interests, a welter of ballets and processions, a wilderness of dances and topical songs and "comic business." The interest of the transformation-scene is centred, not on the four heroes, representatives of eternal principles, but on the trumpery accident of locality to which they have been conveyed.

From the harlequinade the essential idea of flight and pursuit has been completely eliminated; and nothing remains but a pageant of aimless ruffianism, tempered with double and triple hornpipes. Harlequin recks not of the right uses of his bat and his mask; he leaps through clock-faces and letter-boxes not to escape, not to frustrate the knavish tricks of his ancient enemies, but to show his agility; the few traditional gestures which are all that remains to him of the rich inheritance of Fun are entirely insignificant; he can no more mime an idea or an incident than he can dance like Taglioni or pose like Edmund Kean. As fatal is the change which has come upon his partner, the once enchanting Columbine. She is nothing save an accessory; she means no more than that there will be dancing anon. She is no longer Pantaloon's fair daughter, beloved of sweet Youth, desired by unscrupulous Ugliness, favoured of the powers of Good; her magic has departed, and she is only one member of a *pas de deux*. As for Clown and Pantaloon, their case is merely hopeless. They only represent a tradition of horseplay and dishonesty. They have taken to conversation, and the tin-whistle, and feats of tumbling and legerdemain, and the society of performing dogs. Sounding deeper gulfs of depravity, they have even ventured on a change of costume. Grimaldi's wear is not good enough for them; in strange frenzies of apparel, in debauches of paint, they essay pre-eminence, vilely conspicuous. Once, it is said, a Pantaloon (so called) appeared in the habit of Sir Peter Teazle—or it may have been Julius Cæsar—and three days afterwards broke his neck.

At Her Majesty's this year there has been some attempt at a resuscitation of the old tradition, some endeavour to reconstitute the old order and replace the Christmas entertainment on a basis of pure pantomime. Much remains to be done, of course; but there is evidence of a spirit reconstructive and truly conservative, and for so much, at least, we may be grateful. The particular piece of symbolism selected for illustration is that which deals with the adventures of Red Riding Hood. It is complicated—rather foolishly, we think, and quite needlessly—with the legend of Boy Blue; it is traversed and interrupted by a great number of ballets and processions; it suffers from such a tremendous anomaly as a grotesque hero—a Prince Charming turned antic and given over to laughter. But, after a fashion, it is a return to the ways of truth. Its theme is the conflict between good and evil. The drama, in spite of irrelevance and ornamentation, is fairly coherent, and in intention, if not in tone, is tolerably classic. It sets forth the loves of Red Riding Hood and Prince Pelerin; their mortification at the hands of Kantankoros the Usurper and the wizard Maligno; and their final victory by the aid of Sweetlove, the Good Fairy. In the end, there is a certain confusion of ideals, a certain unwarrantable infringement of the old canons. The transformation is correctly inspired, and brought about *secundum artem;* but we are under the impression that Boy Blue, who counts for nothing in the story, is made Harlequin to Red Riding Hood's Columbine, while (as it seemed to us) Prince Pelerin and his servant were told off as Clown and Pantaloon, and Boy Blue's own sweetheart, Rosie Posie, who counts for less than Boy Blue himself, was—or we are greatly mistaken—dragged neck and heels into the medley as Harlequina. If this is not the result of some horrible delusion, but is (as we are disposed to believe) a calm statement of cold, hard fact, it is evident that the reform of pantomime is not much more than begun. Pantomime is nothing if not moral, and where is the morality of this? Why a harlequinade at all, unless to continue and conclude the allegory conveyed in the opening? What is a Harlequina? and why, if Harlequina there must be (which we utterly deny), why not a Pantaloonetta also? why not a Clownina and a Columbinetto at once? After such impieties as these, the impiousness of an "American Facial Clown" (with a new make-up, a turn for conversation, and no acquaintance with first principles) is felt to be a matter almost trivial.

There are many pretty effects in *Red Riding Hood*—that there is no denying. For instance, there is a "Grand Ballet of the Months," which is brightly grouped and dressed, and in which Mlle. Sampietro displays prodigies of agility and skill. Then there is a parody of an operatic finale, which sounds and looks like Meyerbeer gone gorgeously idiotic. Prettiest and most attractive of all, however, are the Kate Greenaway choruses—one of Little Boy Blues, one of tiny Rosie Posies, one of Johnny Stouts. These last, in flat caps with tassels and yellow corduroys buttoned up tight under their armpits, their slates at their backs, a solemn quaintness their peculiar attribute, are simply irresistible. The Boy Blue is Miss Marie Williams; her costume is delightful, and she becomes it admirably. The Red Riding Hood is Miss Victoria Vokes; she acts, works, dances, sings with amazing spirit; her struggle with the Wolf and the Fox (his attendant for the nonce) is a thing to see. Mr. Fred Vokes is, of course, the Prince Pelerin: he is as clever, as nimble, as diverting as ever. His second is Mr. J. T. Powers. This actor, though his style suggests the music-halls a trifle too strongly, is, in his way, a capital pantomimist. He is an agile dancer; his somersaults are singularly quick and neat; the impudence, the cockneyism of his walk, his gestures, his deportment, are perfect. He counts for much in the briskness and brightness of the opening; and in the harlequinade he makes an admirable policeman.

For Her Majesty's, however, Mr. F. W. Green has tried to invent and compose a piece of pure pantomime. For Drury Lane Mr. Blanchard—who could an if he might do better than any—has had to write up to a set of spectacular effects. In *Cinderella* there is very little pantomime indeed. It includes some good masks and devices; there is a certain attempt at preserving the points of the story; the heroine is played by Miss Kate Vaughan, most graceful of presences, an artist in pantomime and the dance; Mr. Harry Payne is the clown—and Mr. Harry Payne, though he has taken to talking, and has otherwise departed from the traditions illustrated by his glorious family, is still one of the best clowns living; the harlequin, though his practice is unsound in some respects, is a good dancer and a real pantomimist, and has studied his personage in the right school. Having said thus much good of *Cinderella*, we have said all we may. The rest is gaudiness and mere processions, *sans* soul, *sans* sense, *sans* taste, *sans* everything. There are quantities of pageants, ballets, and spectacles; there is an abundance of elaborate sets and clever changes; there is as much scene-painter, stage-carpenter, ballet-master, property-man, and manager as possible, and as little dramatist and drama as can well be. We have a crowded hunting-scene which suggests, not Cinderella, but Drury Lane. We have a pageant of nursery heroes and heroines—Gulliver, Orson, Humpty-Dumpty, Miss Muffet, Boy Blue, Goosie Gander, Ali Baba, Aladdin, Prince Azor and the Beauty, Bluebeard, and all the rest of them—which seems inappropriate, and which, for all the lavishness with which it is produced, is certainly tedious and bewildering. We have a transformation scene which ignores the personages of the drama; transforms everything save that which needs transforming, begins with a ballet that is wholly irrelevant, and ends with an apotheosis that is wholly unintelligible. To us, indeed, *Red Riding Hood* at Her Majesty's is in every way far preferable to *Cinderella* at Drury Lane. It is, to begin with, something like a pantomime. Then, while it is not nearly so gaudy and sumptuous as its rival, it is far more original in idea and far prettier in effect. Lastly—if we except the dreadful comic song which is introduced by King Kantankoros—it steers clear of the music-halls. It gives us the Vokeses, the admirable buffoonery of Mr. Powers, the doublet and lace of Boy Blue; and then it stops. In *Cinderella* we have, it is true, the sprightliness of Dot Marie, the capital pantomime of M. Lupino, and the delightful presence and distinction of Miss Vaughan. But over it all is the trail of the Lion Comique; it is traversed by the tedious antics of Messrs. Herbert Campbell and Harry Nicholls. The vulgarity they contrive to import into their performance of the Wicked Sisters would go far to vitiate the best pantomime ever written.

RUSSIAN FINANCE.

THE Russian Government is slow in giving information. It not only denies all freedom to the press, but tries to maintain secrecy respecting all unpleasant social and political events occurring in the Empire, and even as regards the finances, as to which it professes to be in favour of the fullest publicity, its official information is always eleven or twelve months behindhand. A certain delay is inevitable, owing to the immense extent of the Empire, and the want of roads and railways throughout a great part of it. It must obviously take a considerable time to receive and check returns from Transcaucasia, Turkestan, and the banks of the Amoor. Furthermore, the objectionable practice of not closing the Budget at the end of the year causes delay. But when full allowance is made for all this, it is evident that the definitive Budget for 1882 might be in the hands of the public long before December 1883. However, the Controller of the Empire has at length issued his report upon it, and as the ability of Russia to pay its way is a matter of the highest political as well as financial interest, it is desirable carefully to consider this Report. At first sight the results of 1882 are highly satisfactory. There is still a considerable deficit, it is true, but, compared with the years immediately preceding, it is greatly reduced, and therefore suggests satisfactory progress. But a more careful examination leads us to modify the favourable opinion we at first form. The accumulation of deficits year after year since the outbreak of the war against Turkey, and the consequent discredit into which the country fell, induced the Government at the beginning of 1882 to make an earnest effort to reduce expenditure. The heads of the several departments were informed that they must cut down their estimates to the very lowest point; and, as they were thought not to have sufficiently attended to the order, the estimates when sent in were further reduced by the Council of Ministers. The efforts of the Government were not entirely successful, for supplementary estimates afterwards swelled the outlay. But it is fair to remember that in no country in the world where Budgets exist can the administration be carried on without supplementary estimates. If estimates are to be framed before the year begins, they can be worth anything only on condition that those who frame them limit their calculations to what can be foreseen. And as no one can foresee all that may happen during twelve months to come, it is inevitable that there should be supplementary estimates. It would be unfair, then, to object to the Russian Government that its efforts to retrench were futile. The really serious thing is that the supplementary estimates in Russia are usually out of all proportion too large. They have year after year a tendency to increase, suggesting that the desire to make things look pleasant at the beginning of the year leads to an undue cutting down of estimates, and the necessities of the case afterwards swell the supplementary estimates. However, the supplementary estimates in 1882 were kept fairly within bounds. And the efforts of the Government were further aided by the extraordinary cheapness of

provisions. Russia is a purely agricultural country, and its prosperity therefore largely depends upon being able to find a good market for its produce abroad. In 1882, however, it could not find a good market. Prices of all kinds were exceptionally low, and therefore the farmers of Russia were unable to sell their crops advantageously. But the Government benefited from this misfortune to some extent, since the maintenance of the army cost less than it otherwise would have done.

The ordinary expenditure amounted to 71,116,000*l.*, estimating the rouble at 2*s.* for convenience sake; and the ordinary revenue amounted to 70,371,000*l.* There was thus a deficit of 745,000*l.*, or, roughly, three-quarters of a million sterling. In addition to the ordinary expenditure, there was an extraordinary expenditure of somewhat over 2½ millions sterling on account of the railways. And there was a promise to pay the Bank 5 millions sterling for the purpose of withdrawing and cancelling an equivalent amount of notes issued in part payment of the costs of the war against Turkey. Of course this latter sum could not be paid. The Controller of the Empire tells us that he was able to fulfil the promise to the Bank. But we know from the Bank Returns that no notes were cancelled in the year in question; and, therefore, we presume that what the Controller means is that he arranged with the Bank that the payment should be postponed. However, too much importance must not be attached to this point. The debt to the Bank was incurred in part defrayal of the costs of the war against Turkey, and wars of the kind are usually paid for in the first instance by loans. All, therefore, that can be said of the failure of the Russian Government to withdraw 5 millions of these notes is that the country has suffered very severely from the war, and its finances have not yet recovered sufficiently to enable it to begin to redeem the debt then incurred. So, again, regarding the extraordinary expenditure on the railways, nothing more can fairly be urged than that the Russian Government is opening up the communications of the Empire too quickly, considering the financial difficulties in which it is involved. If the resources of the Empire are to be developed, it is clear that railways must be constructed. And it is by no means objectionable that the means of constructing them should be borrowed. All that can fairly be urged is that the Government should be prudent in adding to its debt in this way. The real point to be considered by any one who would judge impartially of the financial condition of Russia is the ordinary expenditure. We have seen that great pressure was brought to bear upon the heads of the spending departments to keep down outlay in the year under review, and that the pressure was aided by the extraordinary cheapness of food and forage. But, nevertheless, we find that even in this year so favoured the attempt failed to establish an equilibrium between income and outlay. There was still an actual deficit of three-quarters of a million sterling. Independently of the cheapness of food and forage, the expenditure was kept down partly by postponing work upon the fortresses and upon the artillery, which has had to be resumed in 1883, and partly by reducing the number of men under arms, a mode of retrenchment which the interests of the Empire require should be carried much further. Compared with the previous year, there was a reduction in expenditure of over 5 millions sterling, and of this reduction by far the greater part was under the head of War. If, however, instead of comparing with the year immediately preceding, we go back to 1873, we find an increase in the expenditure of about 16½ millions sterling. Nearly the whole of this increase is in the charge for the debt and in the cost of the army. The charge for the debt in the ten years increased 99½ per cent., or practically doubled; while the ordinary cost of the army increased 16 per cent. In 1882, as we have seen, the cost of the army was greatly reduced; but in 1881 the ordinary cost of the army exceeded its cost in 1873 by as much as 29 per cent. The charge for the debt, as already stated, doubled in ten years. A portion of the new debt was incurred for the construction of railways and for other useful public works which tend to develop the resources of the country, and in the long run will add to its wealth. But the greater portion of the increase was due to the war against Turkey, and to the enormous increase in the army brought about since the rise of Germany to the first place in Europe. Last year the Ministry of the Interior cost only 6½ millions sterling; the Ministry of Public Instruction less than 3 millions sterling; the Ministry of Communications 1¼ million; and the Ministry of Justice not quite a quarter of a million sterling. The four Ministries together, in fact, cost less than 11½ millions sterling out of a total outlay of over 71 millions sterling. It is evident from these figures that, for the sake of maintaining a foreign policy beset with danger to itself, and of extending the limits of the Empire in all directions, the Russian Government is starving the regular Administration, is neglecting the education of the people, and, in short, is disregarding the true interests of its people. The charge of the debt alone exceeded 20 millions sterling in 1882, and the cost of the army and navy was about 23½ millions sterling, making together 43½ millions sterling out of a total outlay of 71 millions sterling, or about 61 per cent. And in these figures we are not including the cost of the Ministry of Finance, nor the extraordinary expenditure upon the army and navy. Neither are we including the cost to the country of the excessive inconvertible paper money. The war alone caused that paper money to be increased 40 millions sterling, and if there is to be a withdrawal of this increase, the debt must be increased at least as much.

The receipts, as already stated, amounted to 70,371,000*l.*, being an increase over the previous year of somewhat over 5 millions sterling. But the Controller of the Empire frankly admits that a large part of this increase is nominal. Owing to an increase in the duties upon spirits, and to an alteration in the mode of collecting those duties, a portion of the drink revenue for 1881 was not collected until 1882, so that the revenue of the latter year has benefited at the expense of the former. Again, the tobacco duty was raised at the beginning of 1883, and in anticipation of this the manufacture of tobacco was greatly increased in 1882, with the result that the latter year benefited at the expense of the year just ended. Thus, we find that 1882 benefited at the expense of the year immediately preceding, and of the year immediately following, and that thus a portion at least of the increased revenue was temporary, and due to artificial causes. Of the total increase, considerably more than one-half is due to the spirit duties. Since the outbreak of the war with Turkey, the spirit duties have been raised fully 40 per cent., and, as a necessary consequence, the yield has considerably increased. But, as was to have been expected, the consumption of spirits has been considerably checked. As drunkenness was formerly too prevalent in Russia, the ultimate consequence of enforced temperance will doubtless be beneficial to the country from every point of view; but the immediate effect threatens to be prejudicial to the exchequer. Hitherto, as used to be said of ourselves, the Russians have drunk themselves out of their difficulties. Compared with 1873, however, 1882 shows a decided falling off in the consumption of spirits. It would seem, therefore, that a further elevation of the duty would diminish the revenue. Yet, as the expenditure continues to increase, more revenue is required. The effect of constant and rapid increase of the Customs' duties in checking consumption is still more marked. 1882, it is true, showed a considerably larger Customs' revenue than 1881; but, on the other hand, it gave a smaller revenue than 1880, although there had been a considerable increase in the duties in the meantime. When it is recollected that a surtax of 10 per cent. was imposed upon all the Customs' duties in 1882, an increase of less than a million over 1881 and of 350,000*l.* over the average of 1880 and 1881 is exceedingly small, and shows that here also the limit of taxation has really been reached. Furthermore, the personal and the land taxes show a falling off. With the single exception of 1880, they yielded less in 1882 than in any of the previous nine years. The peasants are unable to pay the land-tax, as augmenting arrears prove; and they, as well as the working classes, are also falling into arrear on account of the Poll-tax. Indeed, their difficulties compelled the Government last year to grant concessions in regard to both these taxes. Altogether, in spite of the artificial increase in the spirit duties, the tobacco duties, and one or two other items, the evidence afforded by the Report of the Controller of the Empire goes to confirm what we have lately observed, that the limit of taxation in Russia is nearly, if not quite, reached. The most earnest efforts made by the Government fail, even for a single year, to keep the expenditure down to the level of revenue. And as soon as pressure is relaxed, temporary retrenchment is followed by increased outlay, while additions to taxation check consumption, and the most important taxes unaltered give a diminishing yield.

REVIEWS.

MATERIALS FOR THE HISTORY OF THOMAS BECKET.—VOL. VI.*

THIS volume of *Materials for the History of Thomas Becket*—the sixth volume of the whole collection, the second of the *Epistolæ*—has no introduction beyond a short note explanatory of the appearance of an index at the end. As there is a third volume of the *Epistolæ* to come, and yet another of biography, the place chosen for the index is certainly a strange one. But we learn that it is the place assigned to it by the late editor, Canon Robertson, who was attacked by a sudden and fatal illness as the last sheet was passing through the press. What were his reasons for so placing the index can only be conjectured; but it is suggested that, conscious of failing strength, and apprehending that the remainder of the work would be left for others to finish, he desired to mark off, as by a distinct boundary, that part of the work which he had executed with his own hand. Whatever may have been his motive, it was right to respect his arrangement, and to leave his index in the place he chose for it. But we trust that the editors of the volumes now in preparation will not therefore treat this part of the work as entirely distinct. It will be intolerable to have two volumes of the *Epistolæ* indexed together with four volumes of Lives, while the last volume of *Epistolæ* has an index to itself, or in common with the last volume of biography. Either there must be a common index to the whole eight volumes, or the three volumes of letters must have an index of their own. Perhaps

* *Materials for the History of Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury (Canonized by Pope Alexander III., A.D. 1173).* Edited by James Craigie Robertson, M.A., Canon of Canterbury. Vol. VI. (Epistles CCXXVII.–DXXX.) Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co.; Trübner & Co. Oxford: Parker & Co. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black; Douglas & Foulis. Dublin: Thom & Co. 1882.

it would be well to have both; at any rate, the present index is inadequate as a guide through the mazes of the correspondence. Under the names of the writers we ought to have had lists of their *Epistolæ*, so that one could easily refer to a letter by any given writer, as Herbert of Bosham, or John of Salisbury. Under the head "Herbert of Bosham" we do indeed find a reference to "letters written in the Archbishop's name" in the fifth volume. But there are in the present volume three letters by Herbert in the Archbishop's name, four in the name of other people, and one in his own, to which no reference is given. If we want to pick out his letters, or those of the Archbishop himself, or of John of Salisbury, from among the mass, we have to go through the table of contents, and there we meet constantly with that detestable form "Idem ad eundem," which ought by this time to be abolished. In the case of Ep. ccccviii. this has led to an error, the letter referred to being not from Thomas, the "Idem" in question, but from Pope Alexander. There is also an error in the entry in the index:—"Eudes, Count of Brittany . . . accuses Henry of having seduced his sister." It was the *daughter* of Eudes—"filiam ejus virginem, quam illi pacis obsidem dederat"—by an (illegitimate) half-sister of Henry's mother. We will add the expression of a hope that the editor of the forthcoming volume will be a little more liberal of help in the way of side-notes, of which, as we have observed in a former article, Canon Robertson was very chary. In making these remarks, we have no wish to depreciate the work of the late editor, to whom all students of twelfth-century history and literature owe a deep debt for his having brought into order the hitherto confused and unintelligibly-arranged mass of letters relative to the great controversy between the King and the Archbishop, and whose death before the completion of his valuable labours all must regret. We only suggest that in a few points of detail his plan might be improved upon.

The present portion of the correspondence opens about the middle of 1166 with two letters from John of Salisbury, then still in exile on the Continent, to Master Radulf Niger of Poitiers—in plain English, Ralf Black—written shortly after the famous storm of excommunications at Vézelay. It is evident that Radulf had observed that the excommunicates were not generally shunned as they should be—here the immortal quotation from the *Jackdaw of Rheims* will obtrude itself upon the memory, but we forbear. John of Salisbury takes the matter calmly:—

Quod illi non evitantur quos dominus Cantuariensis denuntiavit excommunicatos, non tam ipsum lædit quam illos qui eis communicant.

In his heart John evidently regretted that the Archbishop had taken such violent action, and he is careful to aver that he had nothing to do with it:—

Ego scio, quod neque in ferenda sententia præsens fui, neque de consilio meo aut de conscientia lata est. Et necdum, Deo teste, quosdam eorum qui notati sunt novi, neque, quod meminerim, vidi.

Then he half promises to use his influence with the Archbishop in favour of one of the excommunicated Royal ministers, Richard of Ilchester, Archdeacon of Poitiers; and in the meanwhile he advises his correspondent upon the delicate question of intercourse with the Archdeacon. The perfect man, he lays down, has no intercourse with the excommunicate, even *in verbi commercio*, save it be to denounce his fault, much less *in mensa, vel in ecclesia et similibus*. But even Elisha the prophet did, out of regard for King Jehoshaphat, reveal the word of the Lord to the idolatrous King of Israel. And then there is the case of Naaman in the house of Rimmon, whence it is manifest "quatenus imperfectos urget interdum reverentia publicæ potestatis." From all which the charitable conclusion is deduced that Radulf Niger may hold intercourse with his Archdeacon in the hope of influencing him for good. The same spiritual precedents, with much the same reasoning, reappear in a similar letter of counsel to the celebrated Parisian professor of canon and civil law, Gerard Pucelle, on the subject of his sojourn at Cologne, one of the strongholds of Frederick Barbarossa's Antipope. Here the case of Naaman is cited rather more doubtfully. Even Naaman, it is observed, felt the necessity of obtaining the Prophet's pardon and prayers beforehand—"Si ergo tantum timuit gentilis, ignarus legis, quantum timere debet philosophus Christianus, doctor legis?" Nevertheless John concludes in favour of his friend's conduct, which had been much discussed, "multis accusantibus, excusantibus paucis":—

Meum itaque consilium est et desiderium, ut inter schismaticos et hæreticos fidem prædictis et pacem, ea sapientia et moderatione quæ prosit ecclesiæ, in cujus fortasse utilitate et salute personam vestram Dominus ad hos barbaros destinavit.

But the subsequent history of Gerard Pucelle goes to prove how dangerous it is to bow down in the house of Rimmon. The result of Gerard's taking up his abode in the schismatical city of Cologne was that he accepted a benefice from the schismatics, and had much ado to put himself right again with the Pope, whose absolution he only obtained on condition of pronouncing a formal condemnation of the schism and giving up the benefice. Thomas of Canterbury himself, though he exerted his influence with the Pope in favour of Gerard Pucelle, writes a stern refusal to the Bishop of Worcester, who after the renewed fulmination of excommunications on Palm Sunday and Ascension Day, 1169, had begged permission "excommunicatis communicare." The letter is a fine piece of fiery rhetoric, and would win our admiration were it not for the remembrance of what, to a modern mind, seems the general unreasonableness of Thomas's proceedings.

On the lay side of the dispute, however, unreasonableness came out in cruel and savage action. Sympathy with King Henry is seriously checked when we are reminded, by a letter from the Archbishop to the Pope, how, by an act of despotism worthy of any Oriental prince, the King drove into exile all the kin of Thomas, clerk and layman, women and children, small and great. Many, writes the Archbishop, have died in exile; many still await the mercy of God, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness. In another letter, from a "quidam amicus," we get the well-known picture of Henry in one of his fits of rage—"solito furore successus"—tearing off his garments, pulling the silk coverlet from his bed, and sitting down and gnawing the straw. The writer goes on to describe the curious incident of the King stopping some Templars who were about to salute Richard of Ilchester, "dicens nolle eos excommunicato osculum dare"—a sign that excommunication was not altogether ineffective. It is unpleasant to read in the next letter how a lad who was intercepted with Papal letters had his eyes nearly gouged out to make him confess from whom he received the papers—"in arcto fuisse positum, digitis ad oculos eruendos appositis usque ad effusionem sanguinis, et aqua calida per os injecta, donec confiteretur se litteras a magistro Heriberto [Herbert of Bosham] accepisse." Further on in the same year, 1166, John of Salisbury, commenting on the silence of his correspondents in England, infers that they are so oppressed that they dare no longer even complain; they are in the case of schoolboys, whose masters flog them first into crying and then into silence. It is touching to see that when John of Salisbury cast about for a parallel to the extreme tyranny of King Henry, it was evidently in his own schoolmasters that he found it.

There are many letters of great interest and importance, ranging over the period from John of Oxford's mission at Rome to the excommunication of the Bishop of London and others in 1169. The much-discussed Papal letter authorizing the Archbishop of York to crown King Henry's son will of course attract the reader's attention. It is here assigned to the date of June 17, 1167, a time when the Pope was in the utmost distress from the siege of Rome by the Emperor, and was therefore probably anxious to retain King Henry's friendship at almost any price. In a note the late editor has observed that the doubts suggested by the absence of the letter from the Vatican MS. "seem to be overpowered by the authority of other MSS." At any rate Lingard went too far in his dogmatic assertion, "It is a manifest forgery." How closely interwoven were the fortunes of the King and the Archbishop with those of the Pope and the Emperor has been set forth by Milman in a passage which will readily recur to the mind on glancing over these letters. We find John of Salisbury inquiring of Gerard Pucelle, "an aliquid postea certum acceperitis de expeditione imperatoris, et vestro Coloniensi" (*i.e.* Reginald, the schismatical Archbishop of Cologne). We read the English Archbishop's rejoicings over the discomfiture, as yet only known by rumour, of the *ex-princeps*—so he styles Frederick—who in the hour of his triumph at Rome has seen his host smitten down by the pestilence. John of Salisbury utters a prayer that He who has repulsed "the Teutonic tyrant" in confusion from the City—"ab Urbe"—will of His grace lead back the King of the English into the right way. Again and again the writers revert to this destruction of Frederick Barbarossa's army by the Roman pestilence, a destruction which impressed men in those days as the destruction of Napoleon's Grand Army by the Russian winter impressed men within our own century. The fate of "Fredericus ex-Augustus," cast down from his high estate, "miser, sed nulli miserabilis," is held up as a warning to King Henry; the Scriptural parallel of Sennacherib is of course frequently cited; and when in 1169 it is rumoured that "the Teutonic tyrant" has the gout, the image with the clay feet which Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream at once suggests itself to John of Salisbury's memory. The epithet "ex-Augustus" applied to Frederick occurs not infrequently; but the *Antipapa*, whom one would expect to find in company with the ex-Augustus, does not, as far as we have seen, appear under that name. "Hæresiarcha Cremensis" is John of Salisbury's description of the Antipope Guy of Crema. It is worth noting that the title *Rex Angliæ*, which later on was formally adopted by King John, was already in use, though it had not yet driven out the older style of *Rex Anglorum*. Thomas, who must have been familiar with points of etiquette, seems to use either form indifferently. The term *ecclesia Anglicana*, which in the next century was to appear in the Great Charter, occurs perpetually, though the *ecclesia Anglorum* known to Pope Gregory and Bæda is also still to be found. On one point we crave for more light. John of Salisbury, still watching with eager interest the waning fortunes of the *schismaticus ex-Augustus*, and predicting that all Frederick's "accomplices"—the whole Imperialist or Ghibelin party, in fact—will fall with him, draws an illustration from the *rithmachia*:—

Nam et in rithmachia ludentium hoc indicat jocus, ubi quoticns auferlur pyramis intercepta, totiens concidunt latera ejus.

Ducange, as the editorial note tells us, has explained that *rythmachia* means *modulorum seu numerorum certamen*, and has referred the inquirer to a chapter of John of Salisbury's *Polycraticus*, "where, however, neither the word, nor any description of the game answering to that in the text, is to be found." Something akin to the building of card-houses would seem to be nearer the mark. We trust that some searcher into antiquity may yet be able to throw light upon the nature of the jocose game of *rith-*

machia, with which—we would fain indulge the fancy—the youthful John of Salisbury may have solaced such moments as he could snatch from the domination of tyrant schoolmasters.

Our last quotation shall be from St. Thomas of Canterbury himself, for the sake of a curious personal allusion which might easily escape the reader if it were not pointed out to him by the editor. King David has uttered a complaint that the drunkards made songs upon him, or, as the Vulgate has it, "in me psallebant qui bibebant vinum." This text Thomas, complaining to Cardinal Otho of his opponents among the bishops, applies to himself, varying it thus—"psallit in nos etiam qui non bibit vinum." At first this seems pointless; but in a note Canon Robertson has suggested the probable allusion. The Archbishop's especial antipathy, Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, was a vegetarian and a total abstainer—"vinum vel carnes non gustans," says William Fitzstephen. Hence the sting of "psallit in nos qui non bibit vinum." The modern reader, unless he happens to be familiar with the mediæval tone of thought, will probably be inclined to censure this fashion of dealing with Scripture as flippant and irreverent for an archbishop and an aspirant to saintship and martyrdom, more especially as there are peculiarly solemn associations connected with the Psalm thus, one may almost say, travestied; and yet in this censure he would be unjust. The devout man of mediæval times was, without a thought of irreverence, as free in his handling of Scriptural phrases and his twisting of texts to fit his own circumstances as ever was the Puritan of later days. The apparent irreverence in both cases springs from that thorough belief in the Bible and in themselves combined which characterized alike the mediæval and the Puritan saint.

JOHN HERRING.*

IT is not enough that a novelist should conceive a powerful situation. Whether he succeeds or not in approaching the perfect type must, in a great measure, depend upon the means by which his characters are developed and the chain of events that lead up to the situation put together. If the means he uses are such as to violate probability, or to make us feel out of sympathy with those of his creations for whom the narration necessarily demands our sympathy and interest, then the story, however good the situation, fails as a whole. This sympathy need not necessarily be a sympathy of approbation; it may be merely a sympathy of comprehension, to borrow De Quincey's distinction. We must be made to understand and feel with a character; for without such comprehension, whether of hero or villain, our interest in the character is forfeited. This seems the fault of *John Herring*, otherwise a very well-told story. The main situation is excellent, the style is rapid and vigorous throughout, while the reflections and comments are full of shrewdness and humour; but the failure in the development of the story is pronounced, and cannot be completely condoned by any of the other virtues which the book possesses in so high a degree. Our sympathy of comprehension is forfeited in both hero and heroine. Both are made when the strain of the plot is upon them to act in such a way that, put ourselves as we will in their places and characters, we cannot conceive the conduct they variously pursue as possible. But before we attempt to justify such a view of the story, let us express our thanks to the author of *John Herring* for so pleasant a book. Those who agree with the view stated above, and wish the book better, cannot but at the same time be delighted with the wit of the comments, the reality and charm of the dialogue, and the correctness of the descriptions. No one who takes up *John Herring* will be likely to lay it aside unread, and even the most inveterate skipper will find in it a spell to chain his wandering eyes.

Let us try to roughly condense the long series of stirring incidents set forth in *John Herring*. There was an old man named Cobbledick (of whom more hereafter) who lived with his daughter inside a cromlech called the Giant's Table on Dartmoor. The girl slept inside, but the old man retired at night to a cider-cask outside, because his dead wife haunted him if he slept within. The cask was tied to one of the upright stones of the cromlech. On the night which begins the story, the cask was being rocked from side to side so as to woo sleep to the eyes of old Cobbledick. Unfortunately, Miss Cobbledick rocked too hard. The cask broke its moorings and went careering down the slope of Dartmoor, spilling old Cobbledick as it went. Still more unfortunately, it took the course of the coach-road from Okehampton, which crossed the moor near the cromlech, and careering along it met a post-chaise with two horses—"leaping at them like a tiger at the throat of its prey," as our author puts it. The coach is, of course, upset, and of course there is some one killed. Who better than the heroine's father? The daughter is thus left to the protection of the third occupant of the carriage, who is naturally a total stranger—a mere fellow-traveller—who has shared the hire of the carriage in the way people used to do fifty years ago, when the event took place. Here John Herring and heroine Mirelle are thus left on the moor together; but it is a long while yet before they will be able to get into the requisite positions of marriage, murder, and suicide. Mirelle, it may be observed at once, is a girl of nineteen; her father's name was Strange, but she prefers the more euphonious appellation of the Countess Garcia de Cantalejo. This was her mother's name, who had married Mr. Strange, a Brazilian diamond merchant, for his money. Soon after her marriage she had brought her little daughter to Paris to educate her and to escape from Mr. Strange, who had unpardonably insulted his wife's dignity by marrying her. The mother lived in the great world of Paris on Mr. Strange's handsome remittances; the daughter was brought up at the Convent of the Sacré Cœur. She did not see much of her mother, but still enough to imbibe the most exalted notions of her own nobility of birth. The result of the good sisters' teachings and her mother's example was to make her a fervent Roman Catholic, firmly believing that her mother was a saint and her father a heretic and a vulgar monster who had taken advantage of her mother's poverty, but that she, at any rate, inherited nothing in the way of race on her father's side. When Mirelle's mother died, her father resolved to come home and settle in England. He went to Paris, took his daughter out of the convent, and brought her to Falmouth. He was on his way to London when the accident occurred. West Wyke was the only house near the scene of the accident—a tumble-down old manor house belonging to the Battishills, a decayed county family. Here the dead man was carried, and here Mirelle and John Herring took shelter. As Mirelle had taken it into her head that John Herring was a commercial traveller, she considered it necessary to treat him with great rudeness, and to regard his protection of her as almost an insult. John Herring nevertheless persevered in his kindness, which was soon to take a warmer colour, and did everything in his power to help Mirelle. He arranged all her affairs, first rescuing the baggage from the hands of old Cobbledick, who was found prowling among the *débris* of the post-chaise. Nothing, however, seemed lost. The will was of course in Mr. Strange's desk. It had been made some years before, and constituted a certain Mr. Trampleasure guardian and trustee of Mirelle till she reached the age of twenty-three. When old Squire Battishill and John Herring discovered this they were thunderstruck, for Trampleasure was a rascally attorney of the most approved type of fiction. He had cheated poor Mr. Battishill almost out of his last penny, and, indeed, the whole of Cornwall and Devon rang with his malpractices. It was pretty certain that Mr. Trampleasure would sink all his ward's money in some bubble mining company such as he delighted to finance. Even if John Herring had wanted to burn the will—and we do not feel sure that he did not—he could not have done so, for as it lay on the table in walked Mr. Trampleasure junior and picked it up. There was therefore no help for it, and Mirelle and her six thousand pounds had to be handed over to Mr. Trampleasure. This was not very pleasant for Mirelle with her high-born feelings, for the Trampleasures were hardly a polished family. Mr. Trampleasure senior was noisy, vulgar, and familiar; Mr. Trampleasure junior's talk was of barmaids; Mrs. Trampleasure was fond of playfully addressing her husband as Mr. Tram; while the girl Orange, though handsome and not aggressively ill-bred, was jealous and vindictive. Though John Herring had pressing business at Exeter, he yet waited at West Wyke and kindly took the trouble to convey Mirelle to the Trampleasures at Launceston. For this Mirelle did not thank him, because, as she gracefully expressed it on one occasion, she thought he was a *commis voyageur*. When he went unthanked away, he put a card into her hand telling her she might always count on his help. She thought he was offering her an advertisement of his business, and received it accordingly. When he had gone Mirelle looked at it, and found he was an officer in a regiment that had served with great distinction at Waterloo. Like Cadsby after he had snubbed the Duke in Mr. Du Maurier's picture, she felt annoyed at this. Mirelle has not been long at Launceston before she begins to fall in love with a certain Captain Trecarrel, who is engaged to marry Miss Orange Trampleasure. This worthy is a blue-eyed captain of militia and a Roman Catholic of old Cornish family, but of very small means. Captain Trecarrel must marry money, and though he sees he has made a conquest of Mirelle, he thinks Miss Orange the safer investment on the whole. John Herring, now over head and ears in love with Mirelle, goes back to West Wyke, and finds that, in helping Mr. Battishill and his daughter Cicely, he will have a fine chance of extending his sphere of usefulness. He resolves to help them; but the task is a difficult one, for Mr. Trampleasure has mortgages on the whole estate, and Mr. Battishill's affairs are in utter confusion. There seems no possibility of saving the estate. It must go, as Trampleasure seems determined to foreclose.

We must now explain the place occupied by the Cobbledicks in the story. Grizzley, the father, and Joyce, the daughter, are represented as complete savages, survivals of neolithic man, who maintain to our day all the manners, habits of thought, and forms of belief which characterized him. The Cobbledicks themselves have a sense of property, and of this they are very proud, as some of their cousins on the moor have not reached this pitch of enlightenment. The author in his preface assures us positively that such people existed in Devonshire till a few years ago. As we are thus denied the opportunity of doubting their existence, we can only humbly remark that they and their manners would look less strange in a novel of Polynesian life. We have, however, no desire to bandy probabilities with the author of *John Herring*, and at any rate the Cobbledicks are excellent vehicles for a good deal of quiet irony at the expense of the antiquarians. The purpose for which the Cobbledicks are introduced into the story becomes

* *John Herring: a West of England Romance.* By the Author of "Mehalah." 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1883.

evident when the girl Joyce, who had attached herself to John Herring (for reasons too long to be given here), shows him where to find a certain tin box—part of Mr. Strange's luggage—which old Grizzley had picked up on the night of the accident and buried inside the cromlech. This puts Mr. John Herring into a difficulty, and he resolves to erect a private and secret Court of Chancery within his own breast, and to nominate himself Mirelle's guardian. That his action is not a right one, the author recognizes by making John Herring's miseries turn on this event; but the folly and want of moral sense in what he does cannot be artistically set right thus, because his action is quite unintelligible, and inconsistent with his character. No man of sense and honour, as Herring is represented, could have acted the fool's part he acts. If he acted from passion his course might possibly be understood; but he does not, he deliberates profoundly. It may be asked, what was he to do? Certainly not what he did do. Are there not courts of law; or could he not have lodged the contents of the box in the hands of some third person? But whether a good answer can be at once found or not does not matter; that is the author's business. If he could not find a satisfactory way out of the difficulty, he should not have created the situation in the way he has. Though it is impossible to take much interest in John Herring himself after he has proved of so unreal a nature, the story still continues full of interesting events. These we will leave our readers to find out for themselves.

It is needless to wish *John Herring* success, for that is secured to any work by the author of *Mehalah*. Still we do so, and wish further that it may not be long before he gives to the world another West of England Romance.

THE PARISH OF TAXWOOD.*

DR. MACDUFF tells a good story of Dr. Chalmers, "the simplicity of whose character was out of accord with the rush and torrent of his magnificent verbiage." On one occasion the great orator had been invited to address a primitive prayer-meeting in a remote Highland parish. The parochial minister begged as a personal favour that the distinguished visitor would speak down to the intelligence of his flock, and use only the simplest words and sentences. Chalmers good-naturedly assented, and began with this easy and unstudied sentence:—"My friends, I have been specially asked, in addressing you to-night, to avoid the technical nomenclature of scholastic theology." So when in one of the first paragraphs of Dr. Macduff's preface we find him talk of "excogitating the series" of papers, we had terrible forebodings of a Scottish formality of pulpit style, with a Homeric interspersion of such sonorous words as the "Mesopotamia" which charmed a venerable parishioner when listening to a candidate for a cure. We are glad to say that we have been most agreeably disappointed. Dr. Macduff has written a delightful little volume, as true to the life as it is picturesque in its subjects. We fancy that we can recognize something of its scenes and scenery, whether they be actually laid in "the presbytery of Forglen" or no; and we are sure, if we may trust early reminiscences, that the types which he illustrates are singularly faithful. Books of the kind, when they are pleasantly and simply written, have a strange fascination, at all events for Scotchmen. We like to refresh our memories of former days by references to such genuinely Scotch authors as "Christopher North" or the late Dr. Norman McLeod. As devoted to the fatherland as Walter Scott, they loved the humbler classes of their fellow-countrymen, and not a few of their descriptions hold a place in our affections with the interior of the Mucklebackit's cottage in *The Antiquary*, or with *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. We shall be inclined to add this unpretentious little volume to the standard authorities on these favourite subjects. In dwelling on the memories of the parish of Taxwood, though it strikes us that the name is not very happily chosen, Dr. Macduff translates us back to an earlier world which is being left behind by modern innovations. It comes to us with a savour of the lavender and strong-smelling herbs which the old women of the parish, in their scarlet cloaks and "mutches"—the mutch, we may say, was an old-fashioned and stiffly-starched cap—used to carry to the kirk by way of anti-soporifics. These ancient matrons, as Dr. Macduff reminds us, used to sit literally at the feet of the minister, and make themselves comfortable on the pulpit steps. He describes the golden age of a fortunate and highly favoured parish, when the railways as yet had hardly broken ground, and where the local and self-concentrated life had still an intense local vitality. The people of Taxwood were fortunate in a "laird" who lived peaceably at home and spent his rental generously among his tenants and neighbours. They were fortunate in a schoolmaster who cherished the lambs of the flock, and who kept them by kindness fairly within bounds when their youthful spirits threatened to become exuberant. They were fortunate in a clergyman who to his spiritual gifts united a considerable share of cultivation with much of the harmless worldly wisdom of the serpent. And they were doubly fortunate in the presence of the minister's sister, who laid everything, from his poultry-yard to his purse, under contribution for her charities, and who went about the homes of the parish like a ministering angel. Unpretending as the pictures may be, to paint those worthy people to the life demands no little shrewdness of observation, considerable power of mental analysis, with a combination of rarer faculties. And in the pictures we have quaint drollery as well as kindly satire; and, while each has some fascination of its own, one at least is wonderfully pathetic.

The minister is, of course, the most prominent figure. As we know nothing of the personal history of Dr. Macduff we cannot say whether there is any self-portraiture in it. If we suspect as much, it is only because we happen to remember that the Doctor has written the romantic *Story of a Shell*; and Mr. Erskine, of Taxwood, is described as possessing a remarkable collection of shells and sea treasures. Once mounted on that favourite hobby of his he was apt to give it the rein, till, "if it were possible that he could ever be voted a bore, it was when a dull phlegmatic company were gathered round the mahogany cabinet," and when he assumed that his listeners were interested like himself. Be that as it may, the Reverend Mr. Erskine was a type of the cultivated Scotch clergyman of the higher class. He had some small means of his own, so that he could indulge in a well-selected library and his sister's calls on his purse could be answered conveniently and promptly. He had the gift of speaking straight to the hearts of his flock, and he brought discretion as well as earnestness to the round of his parochial visitations. But after all, the best of clergymen, however effectively drawn, must be of a somewhat commonplace character. He can be of no particular age or country. A more original type, because it is more strictly Scottish, is the "minister's man." As Dr. Macduff remarks in some of those formal sentences which, notwithstanding prognostications from the preface, are the exception, and not the rule, "This satellite in Scottish manse life occupies a position altogether unique. He is worth little if he does not bulk as an important personage; his importance expanding in compound ratio with advancing years of service." In the first place, he must be of unimpeachable character. He must be an accomplished gardener and a good practical farmer. He must be a capable groom and coachman. And, above all, he must have a certain readiness of diplomatic tact, since he is constantly in relation with members of the congregation who come in search of the minister when the minister may be otherwise engaged. In these circumstances it is hardly in human nature that the man should not strive to become the master. And nothing is more significant of the moral strength of Mr. Erskine than the fact that Dan MacGlashan came to acknowledge his supremacy, although Dan's self-sufficiency and self-assurance were his besetting sins; and though their relations had necessarily begun in his instructing the minister in farming. There is an excellent sketch of Dan doing the honours of the manse, or at all events of its cartsheds and stables, when a deputation of clergymen from the adjoining parishes came for the annual school-examination. Scarcely less important than the minister's factotum was the schoolmaster. Indeed in Scotland the schoolmaster very frequently is, or at least was, a minister who had missed parochial preferment by some lack of oratorical gifts or readiness. When his humiliation as a "stickit stibbler" had been forgotten—*vide* for an explanation of the phrase the story of Dominie Sampson in *Guy Mannering*—he naturally assumed a double portion of self-importance. And, like Mr. McInlay, the teacher of Taxwood, he usually filled a plurality of offices, for which he was pretty sure to be exceptionally well suited, as they conveniently eked out his scanty salary. Thus Mr. McInlay was clerk of the sessions, in which capacity his services were invaluable. But he scarcely figured to so much advantage as precentor or leader of the sacred melodies. He had neither voice nor ear, but, on the other hand, he had chronic attacks of bronchitis. And though the 5*l.* of income attached to the office was of importance to him, and though he was universally beloved and appreciated even by his victims, it became necessary at last to suggest his resignation, when the laird had to charge himself with the delicate duty.

We said that there was a good deal of pathos in the sketches, and nothing is more prettily pathetic than the story of the relations of the laird with the little child of his gardener. That it is one of the actual reminiscences of the author we cannot doubt for a moment. The laird had lost his only son and heir, and, although a couple of daughters were left to console him, yet he had a general craving for affection, and was excessively fond of children. The gardener's little daughter had stolen insensibly into his heart. Neither the old man nor the infant had any consciousness of the social distance between them, and Daisy would slip her tiny hand into his, and become his companion in his strolls among the fruit-trees and flower-beds. The laird loved his dogs, and his dogs loved their master; but they were far more attached to the little girl. It is a delightful touch of natural sentiment, and there is a charming little engraving illustrative of it, in the description of the child's friendship with the most crossgrained member of the kennel. "'Surly' was dull, sulky, vicious, unprepossessing, with clear eyes and hideously underhung," and he even kept his indulgent master at a distance. Like the cynical philosopher whom he resembled in character, Surly lived in a tub, though under compulsion, and nobody dared come within the compass of his chain. But Daisy had cast her innocent spells over him, so that she "was allowed every imaginable liberty, hugging him by the neck, getting inside his huge tub of a domicile (a new, but very faithful, rendering of 'Beauty and the Beast'), the bairn in child-delight bidding the laird defiance from her house of refuge." As the best of us are so often cut off and garnered young, poor Daisy sickens and dies. During

* *The Parish of Taxwood, and some of its older Memories.* By J. R. Macduff, D.D. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1883.

her lingering illness the laird is indefatigable in his attentions to his favourite, bringing her flowers and hot-house grapes by way of offerings of sympathy. He has no heart to follow the funeral train further than the gate of the burial-ground; and "not long after a tombstone, with a slab of white marble inserted, was erected over a tiny grave. There was no name given; only—

TO A LOVED, LOVELY, AND LOVING CHILD,

with the touching Bible words beneath—

And was unto him as a daughter."

Next to the schoolmaster and the minister's man, nothing is more graphic than the sketches of some of the "Mothers in Israel" of the parish. These at least are photographed from the life, for we are told that the heads illustrating the text are striking resemblances, as we can easily believe. Those old ladies had strong individualities of their own, with a quaint and ingenuous habit of expressing themselves. Anecdotes torn away from their context are seldom telling; and yet we may venture to repeat one or two. One of these old women was speaking to the author of a clergyman who had been famous in her younger days. She was expatiating on the richness of his ministerial gifts, and on the figure he made in memorable appearances when he filled the pulpit of Taxwood. The description, graphic throughout, wound up as follows:—"And he was *vicious* at a' times, but espaicially at the saiicraments." While another of a softer spirit expressed herself unconsciously almost like Sir Walter Scott, when, after laying poor John Ballantyne in the Greyfriars Churchyard, he said that thenceforth the sunshine could never seem so bright to him as before. "The first time," said Jenny, "that I cam' out o' my cottage-door, I thocht the grass was nae langer green, the sky nae langer blue, and the sun nae langer gowd. I thocht a' about me was the colour o' ashes." And we think we have said enough to send our readers to a book which, while showing unusual powers of observation, is written with equal simplicity and deep earnestness of feeling.

IN THE COMPANY'S SERVICE.*

THE Indian Mutiny has supplied materials for more than one tolerable novel and the mine is not yet exhausted. But it is perhaps a defect in the story now before us that the scene is laid in a Presidency which was never involved in the general conflagration. The Bombay army, with partial exceptions, did not swell the ranks of the insurgents at Delhi or elsewhere; and the treasuries of Deccan collectorates were not looted, nor had the collectors, as Mr. Bright would put it, to flee for their lives. This deprives the author of the opportunity of dealing with rebellion on a wide scale, or of describing, for instance, the heroism and endurance which practically converted frail palisades and a crumbling Residency into a first-class fortress, proof against all assaults. Still there is no absolute lack of striking episodes and hairbreadth escapes; while accuracy of detail about the station, the fort, the cantonment, and the social life of their residents always imparts liveliness to the narrative. The untravelled Englishman is not ensnared, the Anglo-Indian expert is not offended by misleading dates and titles, by mangled names, or by the union of incompatible functions in a caricature of one and the same official. Then it is always gratifying to have a faithful picture of a training institution that has long got beyond the possibility of revolution, improvement, or decay. We do not recollect any story in which the life of a cadet of the East India Company at Addiscombe has been so well told, since the *Peregrine Pultuney* of the late Sir John Kaye. The career of half a dozen young men at what was once the residence of Lord Liverpool, and then for years became the nursery of captains and politicians, is graphically told. The mixture of school life and military discipline, the competition for the Engineers and the Artillery, in which mathematics and drawing counted for much and the classics for little; where to "get the Engineers" was the grand object of the runners in the race; the irregularities and their penal consequences; the half-yearly examination and parade of acquirement, and the address of the Chairman of the Court of Directors, made half in warning and half in encouragement, could only have been touched on by a man who retained a clear recollection of his early days, and could recall facts without trusting too much on imagination to supply an hiatus. Nor can we doubt that several of the more prominent characters in the tale are sketched from life. The Chairman of the Court, who represented, not the military but the naval element of that body, will easily be recognized. The Lieutenant-Governor of the seminary, the public examiner, the portly sergeant, and Lady Monk, with her brocade and feathers and her pink notes of invitation, are no lay figures. We think the author rather hard on a certain functionary of the India Office, now deceased, who figured on field days, and who is described as a mixture of pomposity and insolence, with the address and manners of a beadle. But the Addiscombe chapter, with its incidental and not incorrect allusions to Haileybury, revives two places which, with all their faults, their "anomalous" and "illogical" and "indefensible" positions, sent forth the soldiers and the civilians who founded and consolidated that Empire of which, by the latest and most enlightened teaching, the average British householder is led to think he ought to be half ashamed.

But the life in cadets' quarters is very soon exchanged for the bungalow and the cantonments of the Western Presidency of India. The principal characters in the story are naturally these same cadets developed into soldiers of the Artillery and the Line. Alan Douglas is one of a large family, who, but for the patronage of a judicious and friendly Director, would have gone into the Church. David Robertson is an eccentric and cynical Scotchman. Denning, though not exactly a Company's hard bargain, is of more humble origin; and we must set down the depreciatory sketch of this personage to the infatuation of the author, who somehow still believes in transmitted worth and the education and feelings of a gentleman born. But the real hero of the story is Norman Farquhar, who takes to a military career as a Brahman to his Sacred Thread, just "misses the Engineers," and—though we are anticipating the end—dies like a soldier in one of the episodes of 1857. To these personages, when they once start on active life in India, must be added Dalmayne the Civil and Superior Judge, by no means a copy of Joe Sedley but a man fully up to his work in ordinary times, and quite equal to the emergency which roused many a one in a black coat to act as if red were its natural colour; Northam, a clear-headed, somewhat sceptical doctor, who does not talk broad Scotch, like the typical surgeon of so many Indian stories; the Rev. Mr. Smythe, a chaplain sleek and comfortable, and an inferior kind of Archdeacon Grantley; Connelly, a sergeant, made thoroughly uncomfortable by being promoted from the ranks to a commission, but, withal, plain-spoken, soldierlike, and honest; and a few other minor characters. The ladies are represented by Mrs. Smythe, the vulgar but good-natured wife of the chaplain; her daughter, neither a professional beauty nor a regular garrison hack; and Margaret Cunynghame, the daughter of the colonel commanding the station, who is a model of grace, dignity, good sense, and filial devotion. The scene is laid mainly at Chotapoor, which, from its fort, cantonment, and other incidents, is certainly not Poona, but might be meant partly for Belgaum or Dharwar. We may observe, without hypercriticism, that the name assigned to this ideal station had better have been compounded of two substantives than of an adjective and a substantive. Rampore, Nagpore, Kishenpore, Doulatpore, Raghunathpore, and many others are examples. Chotapoor, of course, is the little city, but we never heard of that or its opposite Burrapoor in any part of India. The author may plead as a precedent *Dustypore*, but that is admittedly a hybrid. However, given these personages, then a dinner at the commandant's, a ball at the judge's, a cricket match, and some discussion about prospects and promotion follow as a matter of course. But these rather well-worn topics are diversified by the outbreak of the Mutiny. First we have rumours in the bazaar. The behaviour of the natives seems to have changed. Looks of defiance have succeeded to obsequiousness and respect, and we are reminded that little more than thirty years ago men travelled by palanquin and bullock-cart; that there were no telegraphs, though there was a regular monthly communication between England and India; and that the schottische had only just been introduced by some new arrival let loose from a London drawing-room. So the news of the outbreak at Meerut reaches Chotapoor to find the residents not wholly unprepared. The drivers of the batteries of artillery had shown symptoms of insubordination, and officers came to dine at mess with their swords ready for use. A body of armed malcontents headed by two traitorous Sepoys make for the mess-house, but all insurrection is stopped for the time by the activity of a comparatively unimportant character, who most properly cuts down the leading man on the very steps of the verandah. Still the evil spirit is not utterly quelled. The residents deem it advisable to take to the fort, to repair its breaches, and to look up some old guns more calculated to inspire dread in the defenders than in the assailants. The Sepoy regiment at last openly rebels, and shoots down its commanding officer, who, like many others at that period, forfeits his life from a generous and misplaced confidence in the loyalty of those whom he had looked on as his children. Norman Farquhar narrowly escapes the same fate, having gone out hog-hunting in the morning under the feeling that prompted so many of our countrymen at the same trying epoch. The ordinary station life still went on as usual, until the rattle of musketry, the blazing bungalow, and the roar of gaol-birds let loose, announced to the mass of the community that the English rule had ceased for a time. In the fort many of the better qualities of the residents are brought out, much as they are in the shipwreck in Mr. Tom Taylor's play of *The Overland Route*. But, failing the occurrence of some great turning-point in the history of the Presidency, the author has to bring matters to a conclusion. And this is accomplished, not in the very happiest manner, by the following device. A certain contingent, we are told, had been sent from head-quarters, not to relieve the station of Chotapoor, but to co-operate with a force somewhere in Central India, and incidentally to keep down a rising apprehended in one of our districts which bordered on the Nizam's country. This battery falls in, by mere chance, with the rebels already disorganized, and pounds them successfully with what is called round shot in one part of the story and blank cartridges in another. The judge, who, the colonel being struck down with paralysis, has assumed the direction of everything and everybody, military and civil, deems it indispensable to depute some active officer to communicate with this wandering battery, bring it to Chotapoor, and make the station safe. Farquhar starts on this errand, after taking leave of Margaret Cunynghame, who is evidently reserved for some one else; and, as he does not return within the period which the

* *In the Company's Service: a Reminiscence.* London: Allen & Co. 1883.

doctor—*tempora dinumerans*—allows him for getting over the distance, the practised reader will at once conclude that, in the words of the said doctor, "something has gone amiss." So Northam and the line adjutant set out on a cold night and with a waning moon, and come on the battery just as it was engaging the rebel host in earnest and breaking it into fragments. But in joining his friend Alan Douglas and the Artillery camp, Farquhar is hit by a stray bullet, and is soon in the hands of the doctor, and is laid on a camp-bed, from which we are certain he never can rise in health. Many authors would have preferred to make the hero die while performing some deed of "derring do," to use a term of romance—cutting down a Mahratta horseman, for instance, or, with two or three others, charging a whole company of rebels flushed with excitement and "loot." But we gather from divers expressions that poor Farquhar is intended for the gallant but unlucky man of his generation, who dies by a stray shot from an unknown hand, and not even at the capture of a "petty fortress." Farquhar is not the only man of that period who did his duty, died in discharge of it, was hardly ever mentioned in any public order or manifesto, or, if he survived, received neither praise nor "riband to stick in his coat." When Farquhar, removed to the Fort in the splendid palanquin belonging to the chaplain and sent on this errand, is duly cared for but dies with a letter from Margaret Cunynghame in his hand, the other characters are soon disposed of. Margaret herself marries Alan Douglas. The chaplain's daughter accepts the cautious and canny David Robertson. Hambling, the line adjutant, having for once in his life displayed some vigour, sinks back into a club lounger, and shows that life is hardly worth living. Dalmayne, the judge, never marries but retires, makes no boast of his own wisdom and ability in the Mutiny, and has two pretty nieces who manage his house. Northam, the sceptical doctor, writes an excellent book on the pathology and treatment of tropical diseases. Connolly, the sergeant, promoted to be a captain, goes back to his home in Somersetshire. And the progress of civilization dwarfs Chotapoor into a mere wayside station, with a clerk and a few porters. This result, we must say, is the very last thing which ought to have happened to a station which had a history, and a fort, and everything handsome about it. A railway would be far more likely, especially on the plateau of the Deccan, to elevate Chotapoor or any other station, into a popular place, the residence of a Commissioner or a resort for invalids from the damp and heat of the Concan. But we attribute this error to a wish on the author's part to avoid identification of either himself, his characters, or his local scenery. He must not fancy himself a novelist with a power of devising varied plots and skilfully analysing characters; but he had a story to tell about a perilous time in India, one of serious errors partially retrieved, of splendid deeds accomplished by diplomacy and by arms, of fearful odds faced and overcome by dauntless equanimity, and of the attitude taken up by those whom he several times terms the rulers or the master people. He has told it, not ineffectively, and as far as we can judge, without partiality, acerbity, or misrepresentation.

ENGLISH LYRICS.*

SOME little while ago Cardinal Newman, in a correspondence printed in the *Times*, observed how extremely difficult it was to attach any precise definition to the sense of religion. In truth, definitions are perilous things, however necessary to the comfort and well-being of the logicians. We can all remember how many a weary hour our great teacher of lucidity suffered in earlier and ruder times for his confessed inability to define his favourite phrase, *the grand style*—a phrase which many of his critics seemed to ascribe to his own invention, and could in no wise understand. That the thing itself could not be *defined* was allowed; it could only be *spiritually discerned*. In this particular instance the truth of the confession is clear. But in many other instances a great deal of trouble, at any rate, and often some little confusion, might, we suspect, be saved if those who essay to formulate in words the faith that is in them would rest satisfied with a similar vagueness of outline. It not only makes for the teacher's personal safety, in furnishing so shifting and intangible a mark for the shafts of the unbeliever, but it allows him so much wider a range of illustration. If the nameless compiler of this little book, for example, had not pinned himself down so severely to a literal definition, he would have escaped much mystification and inconsistency, and would have gone very much nearer to realize his aim of presenting in one volume the "perfection of English lyrics." The restrictions of time he has imposed on himself are judicious enough. Living writers he has not touched, nor those who have been too lately taken from us to allow of an unbiassed and impersonal judgment. He begins with Wyatt and ends with Beddoes. His book, therefore, covers a space of three centuries and a half, and may be fairly held to have allowed room for the best lyrics as yet written in the English language. But that those other restrictions within which he has chosen to bind himself have granted this room is more disputable.

Let us see how he reads the canon law of lyric poetry:—

> A lyric is a short poem dealing with one thought, essentially melodious in rhythm and structure, and, if a metaphor may be taken from the sister art, a simple air, without progression, variation, or accompaniment. If we wish to make the essentials of a lyric still clearer to ourselves, we shall find we are compelled to do so by negatives. It must not be in blank, nor in heroic verse; save, indeed, where a refrain, and a subtle repetition of the same word, gives lyrical impression, as in Tennyson's "Tears, idle tears," and some of the songs in the *Idylls of the King*. It is not so severe in form as the sonnet; the poet's touch is lighter even when his subject is grave; a dirge like "Lycidas" cannot be accounted such, nor a sustained and lofty poem like "I have led her home" in "Maud." Some of our greatest poets have left no true lyrics, or none into which they have put their best work. Pope's only examples are a burlesque, an imitation of Horace, written when he was a mere child, and a paraphrase, also from the Latin [yet, curiously enough, both of these last two examples are given in this volume designed to present "the perfection of English lyrics"!]. Gray affords us none; no adequately characteristic specimen can be culled from Spenser, or more than one or two from Milton, though the former lived so near in time to Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, lyrists if any were, and the latter has been justly termed "inventor of harmonies," so keen was his sense of song.

That the author of "The Bard" and "The Progress of Poetry" affords no example of the lyric is an assertion which can hardly fail to astonish, perhaps to provoke, the simple-minded reader. But the editor has drawn a hard-and-fast line between the ode and the lyric, though he allows that "those who insist on the original meanings of words may perhaps find it difficult to distinguish" between the two. He cites with approval a modern definition of the *ode* as "any strain of enthusiastic and exalted lyrical verse, directed to a fixed purpose, and dealing progressively with one dignified theme"; and then he goes on to define the *lyric* in the words already quoted. An ode, therefore, must be lyrical; but a lyric is something very different from an ode; just as every goose is an animal, but every animal is not a goose. The distinction strikes us as a little difficult, and more than a little fanciful, though this may, of course, arise from a want of clearness in our own spiritual discernment rather than from any confusion in our editor's notions of words and things. But his own illustrations of his own definitions only serve to increase our perplexity. While justly condemning Pope's absurd "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day," he still, as we have seen, allows it to be a lyric; yet he will not grant this indulgence to Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," written for the same purpose—so at least we presume, for he does not include it in his selections, and we must not suppose him to rate it as a bad piece of work. Again, he prints Campbell's "Hohenlinden," but discards Drayton's "Agincourt"—one of the finest battle-pieces in our language, and a lyric surely if the other be. All narrative and ballad poems are excluded; "Lycidas" must not be printed because it is a dirge; yet we find Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore," which is narrative and ballad, and something of a dirge to boot. Such very subtle distinctions, which we must honestly confess to be quite beyond our comprehension, will hardly tend to clear away the difficulty which is foreseen as likely to cloud the minds of those who "insist on the original meanings of words."

"Form," he says, "is always as important in the true lyric, it is sometimes more important than the thought, and just because the verse should be so flawless, it now and then happens that a false note struck in such a poem mars the whole, while it would pass unnoticed in a more sustained work." This is true, though we cannot think his illustration of the truth very happy. He declares the lines

> Then the might of England flushed
> To anticipate the scene

to be like "a fly in ointment, spoiling the whole of Campbell's 'Battle of the Baltic,' though indeed they are not the only blemishes even in that poem." We should hardly have selected this couplet as the false note in Campbell's poem, though *anticipate* is no doubt a word in which "all the charm of all the Muses" is not conspicuous. The really false note is struck by that terrible mermaid in the last stanza. But form is vital, indeed, to lyric poetry, almost, one feels inclined to say, its essence.

> Take, oh, take those lips away,
> That so sweetly were forsworn.

How difficult to define the peculiar, the ineffable charm of such verse! yet who can be insensible to it?

> When the lamp is shattered,
> The light in the dust lies dead;
> When the cloud is scattered,
> The rainbow's glory is fled.

And again:—

> O world! O life! O time!
> On whose last steps I climb,
> Trembling at that where I had stood before—
> When will return the glory of your prime?
> No more—oh, never more!

What is it but its form which gives the pre-eminence to the "lovely wail" of Shelley, where the thought is so often dim, visionary, and unsubstantial, so often, when you do grasp it, poor and weak, nay, sometimes even commonplace? And to come lower down in the scale, whence but from their form comes the value of Poe's lovely lines:—

> Lo! in you brilliant window-niche
> How statue-like I see thee stand,
> The agate-lamp within thy hand!
> Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
> Are holy land!

And, indeed, of all that exquisite little poem "To Helen"? Even

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* *English Lyrics.* The Parchment Library. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

in the pure ballad for how much the form counts! It is impossible to grant a very high rank in poetry to such verse as

> He turned him right and round about
> All on the Irish shore;
> He gave his bridle reins a shake,
> With, Adieu for evermore;
> My dear,
> Adieu for evermore!

or as—

> O long, long may the ladies sit
> With their fans into their hand,
> Or e'er they see Sir Patrick Spence
> Come sailing to the land.

Yet every one must be conscious of its attraction; an attraction, moreover, which will always, in certain minds and certain moods of mind, outweigh verse of really a far higher and more poetical quality. And this being so, and the editor of this volume allowing that it is so, might he not have done better to draw his definition on somewhat broader lines, to have taken the outward and visible sign of form as his first principle, instead of going so laboriously about to formulate some subtle distinction of which he himself may be conscious, but which he seems hardly able to express very clearly in words? The broad classifications of poetry adopted by the Greeks, epic, dramatic, lyric, and so forth, are the best as they are the simplest; however much we may refine on these, we are hardly likely to improve them. Of the contradictions and perplexities this adherence to the old rule would have saved our editor we have given some idea; but of the larger and more abundant field of illustration it would have given him it is hardly possible to convey any adequate idea otherwise than by saying that a four-fifths of his book might have been altered for the better. No line of Gray has he allowed himself; Milton is represented by two short pieces, the song on May Morning and the Lady's Song from *Comus*; Dryden by but one, and that of all he ever wrote perhaps the one which bears most faintly his image and superscription. Byron and Shelley have not had anything like justice done to them. The former has indeed been allowed his "Oh, snatched away in beauty's bloom," and his "There be none of Beauty's daughters"; but among the half-dozen pieces by which the latter is represented are "The Song to the Men of England" and "The National Anthem," a most inexplicable choice. Wordsworth fares a little better; Scott perhaps worst of all. Shakspeare and the Elizabethans, particularly Herrick, are the most fortunate; but—to keep our gravest indictment to the last—there is not a single word from Burns in the volume, and this in a volume designed to present "the perfection of English lyrics"!

It would be unfair to say that the book does not contain much that is excellent. It is clear that its inadequacy does not arise from the editor's want of reading, nor from his want of appreciating what he reads. Indeed, he has printed many pieces which even earnest and careful lovers of English poetry may very possibly read for the first time, and in this age of little books such a distinction must always count. But it is a distinction that may be pushed too far. Poetry that is really first-rate never grows old, never grows threadbare. On the contrary, the more familiar it is the more deeply do we feel it, the more gladly do we welcome it—

> Ever in its melodious store
> Finding a spell unheard before.

In a work which is designed to prevent the labours of research, to advance the reader by the shortest and easiest road to a knowledge of a special branch of English poetry, it is far more important that the examples should be all of first-rate excellence than that they should be such as are not commonly met with—δὶς ἢ τρὶς τὰ καλά. However, we do not wish to cast another stone at our editor. Within the limits he has allowed himself, let us rather say that he has given many pieces of first-rate excellence, and many that are not commonly met with. But then those limits exist. Cribbed, cabined, and confined within them, no such book, it seems to us, can possibly claim to present "the perfection of English lyrics."

TRANSACTIONS OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.*

THE indefatigable energy and vast linguistic learning of Prince L. L. Bonaparte have lately called forth from the Prime Minister an acknowledgment which is nothing more than his due. That it is an adequate recompense for his work no one could be so foolish as to imagine. The tasks which he has imposed upon himself are precisely those for which there can in strictness of speech be no recompense at all. The Prince addresses himself to an inner and a scanty circle of scholars who have the time and the will to follow him along paths which the majority of philologists are not specially eager to explore; nor is the exact aim of his work always evident at the first glance. Of the vast amount of labour involved in it there is no question; and the present number of the Philological Society's Transactions continues to bear ample evidence of the fact, one-fourth of its whole space being occupied with articles from his pen. A list of initial mutations in living Celtic, Basque, Sardinian, and Italian dialects is followed by another list consisting of words connected with the vine in Latin and the Neo-Latin dialects, and a third which gives the names of European reptiles in the living Neo-Latin languages. The list of vine words is remarkable as showing not only the minuteness of the subdivisions of which technical terminology is capable, but the measure in which the terms of the parent speech have passed away from its younger offshoots. The multiplicity of names employed to denote sheep, deer, or salmon at various stages of their growth seems as nothing in comparison with the number of the kinds and qualities of vines, their produce, the state of the plant, of its fruits, its branches, its suckers, all of which demand a separate sign or label. The vine carried along from tree to tree is in Latin *rumpus, tradux*, or *funetum*. These words seem to be altogether lost in the more modern Italian dialects, some of these substituting the more general term *arbuscillo*, others describing them as *ritorta, catena, pendia*, or *pendana*. The Latin *rumpotinetum*, as denoting a place where vines carried along from tree to tree are planted, has undergone the like fate, and most of the later dialects seem to feel no need of the term.

As with the naming of the vine and its products the stores of alien dialects have been often laid under requisition for a supply of names, so with the reptiles specific names have given way to more general descriptions, and the Italian *testudo* is denoted by the Galician *sapo concho*. The names for the slow-worm are of more than usual interest. In several of the Italian dialects it is designated by the words *orbala, orbiga, orbetto, orbisolo, orbasola*; in others by *cecella, cecilia, cischeglia, cerscheglia*, all however pointing to the inference of the peasantry that because the animal has very small eyes therefore it is blind. Other names for the same reptile, Prince L. L. Bonaparte adds, "are related to French *borgne*, 'one-eyed,' as Rouergois *buerlhe*, Forézien *borgnon* or *bordon*; Jurassien *borne, bône*, and *bouanou*; Messin *bogn*. The phrase 'has no eye,' *n'a d'iuel* is recognized in Cévennois *nadiuel, nadiel*, and *anadiuel*, Rouergois *nadiuel, non duel*; Gascon *anilh*. . . . Poitevin *anguenueil*, the first element of which points to *anguis, snake*."

Another paper on the name Roncesvalles, by the same writer, has a wider interest. The Latin cartularies seem to give *roscida vallis* as the equivalent or explanation of these names, as though there could be no question of the correctness of their interpretation. But the ancient French *Rencesvals, Rencesval, Roncisvals, Renchevax*, and many more, together with the modern French *Ronceveaux*, the Spanish *Roncesvalles*, as well as the Italian and Portuguese forms, show strong likeness of form, and all convey the idea of a valley of brambles, a meaning in which they agree with the Basque name *orreaga* applied to the same place. But the meaning thus obtained differs so materially from "roscida vallis" that it becomes "impossible not to consider the latter as a Latin corruption of the old French word," this word denoting simply a valley full of juniper bushes, just as the Basque *orreaga* is composed of *orre*, juniper, and *aga*, a local suffix indicating plenty. The explanation gives a better picture of the spot where Roland and his Paladins are supposed to have fought their last fight and died than is furnished by a name which speaks of it only as one among a thousand dewy valleys.

In a short paper on the etymology of "surround," Mr. Skeat lays on Milton the blame of misunderstanding a word to which he has so attached a false connotation as to make its removal now impossible. He had himself, it seems, been inclined to derive it from the prefix *sur* and the adjective *round*; but he necessarily rejected Johnson's derivation of it from the French *surronder* as an unscrupulous fiction, there being no such French verb. An English *sur-round* would point to a Latin *super-rotundare*, and as to such a compound it would be difficult to assign any intelligible meaning, his conclusion is that *sur-round*, as it stands, is mere nonsense. Having knocked this notion on the head, Mr. Skeat adds that the earliest examples of the word, which does not occur in Shakspeare or in the Bible, are cited in the dictionaries from Milton, who uses the word seven times, thus leaving little doubt of the facts that he is the author who has made the use of the word common, and that, having misunderstood the word himself, he has misled all his followers. Ten years after his death, Coles's Dictionary of 1684 explains *surround* as "to compass about." Mr. Skeat believes that Coles took this from Milton, the same explanation being found in Phillips, who was Milton's nephew, and probably in all subsequent dictionaries. Before Milton, however, Mr. Skeat finds two remarkable traces of the word:—

> Minsheu, in 1627, notices the word, but does not explain it. He merely says, "Surround, vide to Overflow." Sherwood's Index to Cotgrave gives, "Surround, or overflow, *oultre conler*." Cotgrave himself gives, "*Oultre conler*, to surround or overflow." Now this suggests quite a different idea, and throws us back upon the notion of a Low Latin *superundare* and *suround* with one *r*; we are all well accustomed to the syllable *ound*, from its occurrence in the compound *abound*. *Superundare* is merely a Low Latin equivalent of Latin *ex-undare*, to overflow; so that a new history of the word is thus opened out to us.

Hence, although Johnson's French *surronder* must be cast aside as a fiction, *suronder* remains a real French word, in spite of its having disappeared altogether from modern French, Cotgrave giving "*suronder*, to float upon the waves"—a different meaning, indeed, but one easily evolved out of *superundare*. Cotgrave's interpretation is, however, neither the oldest nor the most usual. Mr. Skeat cites a notable instance of the word occurring in the *Vie de St. Auban*, "Fort est a combattre a flot qu'est surpondé," explained by Atkinson as, "It is difficult to fight against a body of water which is risen high in waves," or, as we might say, against a surging wave. If, then, a man standing on a projecting portion of land finds himself cut off by this surging tide or wave,

* *Transactions of the Philological Society*, 1882-3-4. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

he might speak first of the water as "surunde," and come afterwards to speak of himself as overflowed, thus passing into Milton's sense of simple environment. The spelling of the word from the first with two *r*'s could scarcely fail to encourage the mistake, and Milton made it with a confidence and frequency which make a restoration of the true sense at the present time impossible. The doubling of the *r* Mr. Skeat regards as simply pseudo-phonetic, since it occurs in Cotgrave and Minsheu, before the word had undergone any change in its meaning, such doubling being very common after a short accented vowel, as in *berry, cherry, marrow*.

Another short paper by Mr. Platt urges a formidable indictment against the Bosworth-Toller Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, put forth by the Clarendon Press. The list of errors, both of omission and commission, is seriously large, while the whole plan and execution of the work are, in Mr. Platt's eyes, altogether behind the present state of knowledge of the old speech of our forefathers. The modern dress of this ancient speech is presented in not altogether agreeable form by a paper on "Spoken Portuguese," by Mr. Sweet, and in another on Old English verbs in -egan and their subsequent history by Dr. Murray. Both Dr. Murray and Mr. Sweet employ one of the many modes belonging to the phonetic system which is to make all reading and writing plain and easy for everybody; but they seem to be scarcely consistent with each other. They may, however, for all we know, be trying different methods; but we cannot bring ourselves to think that, even if their method be right, their ear has never misled them. We fail to see why "isolated" should be written or rather pronounced "izolated," for we do not remember to have heard the "z" sound ever introduced into the word. Mr. Sweet tells us, indeed, that "Portugueze spelling is somewhat unsetld, the natural difficulty of symbolising a complicated sound-system being aggravated by the retention of etymological spellings." The phonetic system of spelling seems in like manner to be somewhat in a state of flux. Otherwise, how could such forms as "inflection," "inflectional" appear in any phonetically-written paper? To be sure, their retention may be explained on the ground that they are not instances of etymological spelling; but it is not easy to understand why phonetic writers should depart from their system to perpetuate a blunder which must be traced, not to the ear, but to the eye.

Mr. Alexander Ellis's paper on the delimitation of the English and Welsh languages is full of historical interest. The extent and completeness of the English Conquest are subjects on which much work may yet be expended to good purpose; and the conditions determining the borders of the English and Welsh speech are of the first importance in the inquiry. In Shropshire and Western Herefordshire Mr. Ellis traces the mark of a dialect descended mainly from Welsh people on whom English had been forced, although the effect of time has been such as to render these marks not easily discernible by ordinary observers. Written English, and especially the English of orators, ecclesiastical or civil, Mr. Ellis puts aside as having comparatively little to do with the matter. Its conditions are artificial, and they remove it from the number of dialects in which the laws regulating the growth of language have full play. The dialects of England, Mr. Ellis asserts, are practically unwritten at the present day, the attempts at writing a few of them being rather caricatures than representations; and the prevalence of English speech in a particular district is not established until it is shown that the uneducated speak with each other exclusively in English. The application of this test has resulted in the ascertainment of facts which point chiefly to the future extinction of Welsh speech within the limits of Great Britain. This end is, however, far distant still; and in the meanwhile the inquiries for which Mr. Ellis suggests a plan will, if systematically carried out, be amply rewarded.

RACECOURSE AND COVERT SIDE.*

IT might almost be said that the fonder a man is of sport, the more he dreads books on sporting. Nor is this apparent paradox difficult of explanation. Literary men are not, as a rule, the best sportsmen; on the other hand, when the best sportsmen undertake to write books, their literary powers are often so weak that their works are almost unreadable. Then it is a very rare thing for the most experienced sportsmen—men who hunt six days a week, owners or trainers of large studs of racehorses, celebrated jockeys, or wealthy men who have large deer forests, moors, and covers—to write treatises on hunting, racing, or shooting. Even under the most favourable conditions, a book on sports is apt to be unpleasantly egotistical, and, however good it may be, there are so many points on which sportsmen differ that some one or other is certain to say that its author has written "a lot of nonsense." It was therefore with considerable misgivings that we took up *Racecourse and Covert Side*. Nor did its binding encourage us. On one side is a huntsman, with a powder-horn slung to his waist, in the act of jumping on one of his own hounds; on the other side is a most evil-looking pointer dog, for whose presence we are quite unable to account; and on the back is an elaborate powder-horn suspended from a chain and cord. Usually the cover of a book on sports is the most attractive part of it, so there seemed nothing left to hope for in this instance. But when we opened the book, we found it to be a glorious exception to the general rule. In the first place the type is excellent. Then the illustrations by Mr. John Sturgess are capital. In too many hunting and racing books, the pictures are of one conventional type—the meet, the find, the run, the kill—the start, the race, the finish, and so on; but here we have much originality of subject, and the horses are not represented as doing impossible things, although we must admit that the hunter in the frontispiece is getting an immoderate "crumpler." The attitudes of the horses are very spirited, and the foreshortening is exceedingly good. But we must in fairness say that the illustrations are not better than the letterpress, as is so often the case in sporting works. There are some chapters describing the ordinary course of things in the hunting-field and on the turf which can scarcely entertain people who are familiar with either; but, taken as a whole, this is an unusually happy specimen of a book upon hunting and racing. One virtue of this work is that it is not in the least didactic. Every one who has had any experience of the hunting-field and the racecourse thinks that he can teach more than he can learn on either subject, and those who have had nothing to do with them do not often care to read about them. A book, therefore, that professes to instruct its readers in hunting, riding to hounds, or winning races, is likely to meet with but a cool reception, and Mr. Watson has been careful to avoid this danger.

There are descriptions of many sorts of horses in this volume. In the first chapter we read of a hunter that was advertised for sale as "quiet in the saddle"; for "he was a demon in the stable," and "kicked to pieces any trap that he was harnessed to," so his owner argued that, as every horse must be quiet somewhere, it would be well to give him the benefit of the doubt and describe him as quiet to ride. "But," the speaker adds, "he wasn't." In the same chapter a mount was offered to the author with the assurance that he was "the nicest little horse in the world"; but he turned out upon further inquiry to be "a bit awkward to mount"; "to reach round a bit at you" when you tried to put your foot into the stirrup; to want "holding together"; to have a "wonderfully tender mouth"; and to be awkward when interfered with. Fortunately the writer, by mistake, got on the horse his friend had intended to ride himself, and enjoyed a capital run, while his host got the "crumpler" portrayed in the frontispiece. For the benefit of those who dread such catastrophes, a story is told of a certain Duke of Beaufort who loved hunting but hated jumping. A neighbour of his had exactly the same tastes. The Duke hunted but did not jump, but his neighbour both jumped and hunted. "Jones is an ass," said the Duke. "Look at him now. There he is, and he can't get out. Jones does not like jumping, but he jumps a little, and I see him pounded every day. I never jump at all, and I'm always free to go where I like." How many men might follow the Duke's example with advantage. There is an amusing chapter about another nobleman of a very different stamp, who used to win bets from his friends by what are technically known as "sells"; and, turning from hunting to steeplechasing, we find a story called "Upset," which is admirably told. Another good steeplechasing story is "Rooks and Pigeons," a betting romance, in which the villain is punished and the hero and heroine "marry and live happily for ever afterwards." "The Spotted Horse's Story" is exactly what it professes to be—a good Christmas story. "An Off Chance" is the account of an interesting racing and betting adventure.

There is a capital description of a visit to the famous trainer William Day, the author of a book called *The Racehorse in Training*, which we reviewed in this journal. The writer states that Mr. William Day told him he believed he could have won the Derby when riding Promised Land if he had followed his own inclination and made proper use of his horse, instead of riding a waiting race at the suggestion of his father. Indeed, he spoke much in favour of making the running, or at least of making the best use of a horse from start to finish, and he strongly condemned the "flashy style of winning by short heads that makes jockeys lose so many races nowadays." He said that, although "the public are caught by this sort of thing," many races are thus thrown away. "If the jockey wins, they talk of his wonderful finish, coming just in the nick of time, and, if he is just beaten, they declare that no one else would have got within a head" of the winner, "while all the time, if he had ridden judiciously, he might have won easily by a length and a half, or maybe much further." In an account of "A Day with Tom Cannon," we are told that that celebrated jockey to a great extent shares the opinion of William Day on this point. "You see," said he, "the whole secret of the matter is this—races are not won entirely on the post. You've got to think of winning all the way from the start." William Day told the following anecdote to the author concerning a St. Leger which will be fresh in the memories of most racing men:—

"There was a case in point two or three years ago at Doncaster. 'You had better have a bit on my horse, I'm going to win to-day,' one of the cleverest of our jockeys said to me. 'Well, the horse hasn't done much yet—has he?' I asked. 'No, he hasn't, for I have never quite had my way about riding him, but to-day I have leave to ride him as I think best, and I am certain we shall beat them all,' the jockey said; and he did. There is no harm in mentioning names—I am speaking of Jim Goater and Rayon d'Or."

Cannon made some very sensible remarks to the author about the evil results of the over-use of the whip, especially with young horses. "That unfortunate whip loses such a lot of races for the boys." "No one knows what a number of two-year-olds are

* *Racecourse and Covert Side.* By Alfred E. T. Watson, Author of "Sketches in the Hunting Field" &c. With Illustrations by John Sturgess. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1883.

ruined by the whip and spurs." He describes the nervous condition of a two-year-old, who "ran last week and was hided," ran again the day before yesterday and was hided, "and here he is once more, and he knows that he's got to run and be hided again." Is it to be wondered at that he is "too nervous to put out his full powers," or that, when he goes back to his stable he will neither eat nor drink? Cannon remarked further that when he rides two-year-olds that have once had a flogging at the hands of an unmerciful jockey, he can feel their hearts beating and bumping against his legs through the light racing-saddles; and that when careless jockeys ride these poor young things, the chances are that they get a bad start, and then "out comes that Blessed whip, and so they go whipping and bumping all over the course. Spurs, too, hard at it, though they don't often touch the horse where they want to." In noticing the immense sums obtained by jockeys in these days, the author tells us that, "unless popular rumour errs," one jockey put by a fortune of 100,000*l*, "a handsome figure for a young man of some five or six-and-twenty, who began life in a stable-boy's jacket without a sixpence to call his own." Indeed, popular rumour has put the fortune at a much higher figure, and it is time some limit were placed to the ridiculous sums now given to jockeys. The whole chapter on jockeys is interesting. In speaking of Wood's victory in the last Derby on St. Blaise, the author says that his courageous "dash round the rails" enabled him "to get a forward place which he never lost." Tributes of praise are given to Archer, Fordham, Cannon, &c., and all the principal jockeys and their styles of riding are noticed and criticized. Every judge of racing may not quite agree with the author in his opinions about some of the jockeys mentioned; but, upon the whole, his remarks are very fair.

The chapter called "Behind the Scenes at the Circus," although it has little to do with either the racecourse or the covert side, is decidedly amusing. The author pays a private visit to a large circus, and is lionized by the proprietor, who is a gentleman of considerable originality. Victor Emmanuel, whom he described as "the best fellow in the world," had given him a horse, an elephant, a lion, and a gold watch. "I've often," said he, "had the King in the morning when we were practising in the ring, with the whip in his hand—yes, and the princes holding gates for my wife to jump." Once when he was driving near St. Cloud he picked up on the road "a stout, littlish gentleman,' and gave him "a ride" in his American car. This "littlish" man turned out to be Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, from whom he afterwards received several favours. The greatest fault that a rider can give way to, in this circus-owner's opinion, is "slummocking." When his daughter was training a new horse to jump gates in the ring he said, "Hold him well together; don't let him slummock." He likes Englishmen and Americans, but he thinks that "Germans are too slummocky." Most lady riders, he observes, either hold a horse's head too tight or else let "him slummock all over the place." As we have already said, this chapter has no immediate connexion with either racing or hunting; but, if we are not much mistaken, the proprietor of the circus here described has many horses in his stables that have run on the Turf, and the stories of some of them might prove curious specimens of racecourse history. Perhaps Mr. Watson will write them on some future occasion; and in dismissing his present work we will only say that it is bright, lively, and free from humbug, and that we fully expect it to be popular.

THE QUATRAINS OF OMAR KHAYYÁM.*

THE translation of Omar's Quatrains which now appears side by side with the Persian text was first published by Mr. Whinfield in a separate form a twelvemonth or more ago, and therefore is already known among those who perchance first made the Persian poet's acquaintance in the charming English version of the late Mr. Fitzgerald. Orientalists have now to thank Mr. Whinfield for a critical edition of the Persian text, provided with the needful apparatus of notes and variants.

The success of Mr. Fitzgerald as a translator of verse, whether Persian or Greek, was so universally acknowledged that Mr. Whinfield might well fear comparisons, not entirely to his own advantage, in writing a new verse translation in that same quatrain of ten-syllable lines which the genius of his predecessor had raised to the rank of a recognized English metre. But, as Mr. Whinfield remarks, everything indicated this metre as the proper one, since "there ought to be some degree of metrical conformity between the measure of the original and the translation," and, as regards the said metre, "though it does not exactly correspond with the *Rubá'i*, it very clearly suggests it." Mr. Whinfield further aimed at providing a translation as literal as the structure of the English quatrain would allow. And, therefore, although we are fully alive to the melodious English of the verses which have given to Omar a public more numerous in the West and the Far West than ever was his in the land of Iran, we must bear in mind that Mr. Fitzgerald's is a poetic version rather than a translation, for very often he extracted the pith of a couple of Omar's Quatrains, and then moulded the extract with consummate grace into a single stanza of his own. And this may account for the great differences, both in form and matter, which are to be observed in the subsequent editions of the little book in Roxburghe binding.

Mr. Whinfield's version, if less poetical, is the more exact and scholarly. A prose translation of poetry must needs be unsatisfactory, and especially so of poetry such as Omar's, "where nearly the whole charm consists in the style and the manner, the grace of the expression, and the melody of the versification." And as surely as a warning to others in this respect is the verbose and jejune French prose—useful only as a "crib" to the Persian on the opposite page—which M. Nicolas wrote for his otherwise excellent edition of Omar's works. We are inclined also to agree that, in the choice of a metre, it is as well to eschew the ponderous Alexandrines so extensively used by Herr Bodenstedt and other German translators, though these correspond more nearly with the Persian in the number of the syllables; further, we certainly congratulate our author on keeping throughout to one form of verse, and herein not allowing himself a poetical license which detracts from the value of the German translators' rhythmical verses. In the matter of arrangement, however, Mr. Whinfield would, we think, do well to follow his English and German predecessors rather than keep to the Oriental method of simply stringing the quatrains together, regardless of subject, according to the alphabetical order of the rhyme-letter. Why not have given the quatrains in the order of the classification made in p. xxiii? We should thus find presented in separate sections the "Complaints of Fate," the "Satires," and the "Love-poems," and avoid mingling the "Bucolic" and "Devotional" quatrains with the "Antinomian utterances . . . preaching *ad nauseam* 'Eat and drink (especially drink), for to-morrow we die.'" Again, we should then be able the more easily to compare by their juxtaposition similar quatrains, and this would further bring out the glaring contrasts which are the characteristic feature of Omar's poetry; proving that then, as now, "Nous ne sommes pas plus différents aux autres qu'à nous-mêmes."

In framing a critical text of any popular Oriental poet (such as is and always has been Omar Khayyám), the editor's chief difficulty will arise from the exceeding variety and the discrepancy of the materials. The MSS. are seldom very old, and, though the date is difficult to determine from the writing alone, as regards Omar's works especially it may generally be stated that "the number of quatrains seems to increase in proportion to the modernness of the MS." Of Omar we have already in our libraries the text as lithographed both at Calcutta and at Lucknow, also M. Nicolas's edition, and the fragment left incomplete by Mr. Blockmann. With these four Mr. Whinfield has collated four excellent MSS., and although this edition does not profess to offer a "textus receptus," he here presents us with five hundred well-selected quatrains, of which the large majority may safely be attributed to Omar, and which taken together provide excellent specimens of each of the various classes of quatrains attributed to the poet:—

> The state of the case is this:—Out of all the quatrains passing under Omar's name, hardly any stand alone. Almost every one belongs to a family, more or less numerous, to the other members of which it bears a strong family likeness. One can say with some confidence that all these replicas, paraphrases, and variations of the same ideas can hardly be the work of one and the same hand; but to distinguish with certainty the handiwork of the master from that of his imitators is a task probably beyond the powers of any foreign critic living eight hundred years after the poems in question were written.

And this, alas! must be admitted as the case in the present state of our Oriental scholarship, and with the paucity of our MSS. The character of the language, by itself, offers but an unstable criterion, since literary Persian is written with the same words and phrases whether the verse be composed in the eleventh or the nineteenth century; and of internal evidence there is little or none, seeing that Omar's poetry runs in the old grooves already well worn by his predecessor Avicenna, and used again by numerous successors, such as Afzul Káshi and his imitators. The notes which Mr. Whinfield has appended to the text are very scholarly, and will prove of great service in the elucidation of the many knotty points that were raised by Mr. Blockmann in his *Prosody of the Persians*. Our author has also noted the poetical contractions and peculiarities of metre and scansion, besides marking the *izáfat* wherever that perplexing but important vowel occurs. On this point we specially recommend to Orientalists the remarks on pp. xix, xx, as being extremely apposite, since it is not to be denied that "there is some difference of precept and practice as to the proper way of marking the *izáfat* after the semi-vowels."

In the space at our disposal it is impossible to enter into any exhaustive analysis of Omar's creed. That he was a man of strong religious emotions a very casual reading of his works will clearly show; that he could be neither an Agnostic nor a Materialist, in the sense in which we moderns use these words, is a fact that bears no discussion with any one who knows aught of the philosophy and the history of Islam. "To him, as to other Muhammadans of his time, to deny the existence of the Deity would seem to be tantamount to denying the existence of the world and of himself"; and we are inclined to agree with Mr. Whinfield, who sees in him analogies with Voltaire rather than with Lucretius, especially in the large charity and the kindliness which so often underlie the irreverence and the cynicism. Quatrain 34 is certainly remarkable for the eleventh century after

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* *The Quatrains of Omar Khayyám.* The Persian Text, with English Verse Translation. By E. H. Whinfield, M.A., &c. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

Christ, and remembering that it was written by a contemporary of the sons of William the Conqueror:—

> Pagodas, just as Mosques, are homes of prayer;
> 'Tis prayer that Church-bells chime unto the air;
> Yea, Church and Ka'aba, Rosary and Cross,
> Are all but divers tongues of world-wide prayer.

But he was a man essentially of his own century. Omar Khayyám the mathematician, in philosophy and natural science the pupil of such men as Avicenna and Ghazzáli, had still but a poor opinion of either the capacity of the human understanding or the high destiny of man. In the fifth century of the Hejrah, though from the Oxus to the Orontes the Moslem world was ably ruled by the Great Seljuk Sultans, the instability of worldly greatness and of dynasties was a theme that all men comprehended. The irruption of the Turkish tribes had already begun under the Sultans of Ghazni, and before them had not Persia, lorded over successively by Táhiri or Saffari generals, Samani or Buweyhi emirs, governed the Khalifeh himself in Bagdad? The times might be out of joint; worldliness (*talab un dunya*), and other-worldliness (*talab ul ukharat*), both equally repugnant to Omar's philosophic soul, ruled the day, then as now; and his studies landed him much at the same point where John van Olden-Barneveld came to rest when the latter took as his motto the sage inscription *Nil scire tutissima fides*.

In closing our notice of Mr. Whinfield's latest work, it is a pleasure to give praise to the careful manner in which the text is printed; typographical errors are not numerous, but besides those cited in the errata, the following should be noted. In the *rhyme-words* of Quatrain 78 it would have been more correct, orthographically, to have written *hichast* in one word, or to have inserted the *alif*. In Q. 141, l. 4, read *dárand* for *darand*; in Q. 275, l. 3, for *be-fazmán* read *be-farmán*; and in Q. 277, l. 4, read *báng* for *bábek*. Mr. Whinfield's notes, as we have already remarked, are scholarly and lucid, and the analogies he occasionally points out between the text and passages in Job or Ecclesiastes, or in poets ancient and modern, from Horace to Lord Byron, add an additional interest for the English reader. It may, however, be useful to point out regarding the note to Q. 60, that in *ummid* the *m* is always doubled in the modern usage; and likewise that at the present day *hósh* and *khúsh* (notes to Q. 103 and 112) are both invariably short; lastly, that the Persian for "one" is *yek*, and not *ek*, as written in the note to Q. 346. These, however, are all matters of such minor importance that Mr. Whinfield may feel inclined to remind us that a critic in Persian goes by the name of a *Nuktah-chín*, or a Dot-browser. Before attacking Omar our author made proof of his skill by editing the mystic poem of the "Gulshan-i-Raz," and it is much to be hoped that so competent a scholar may find time now to take up the work left undone through the death of Professor Palmer, and give the world the long-looked-for translation and critical edition of the poems of Háfiz.

CHAP-BOOK CHAPLETS.*

THIS book is unfortunately published without a word of preface, introduction, or explanation of any kind, so that we are left quite in the dark as to the origin of the "suitable sculptures," as to the principle of selection followed in the letterpress, and, for the most part, as to the date, origin, and histories of the ballads chosen for illustration. The volume is got up to imitate a collection of chap-books bound together; the paper and type are meant to suggest the chap-book, but they are of course very much too good; the illustrations are drawn in the style supposed to be dear to our ancestors, with thick outlines and the rudest handling, and are coarsely coloured. There is, however, a dedication of the work to "the great variety of Readers, from the most able to him that can but spell," with an intimation that, although so vast a multitude are invited to read the book, the issue is limited in number. The contents of the volume, so far as letterpress goes, consist of eight ballads—namely, "The Barkeshire Lady's Garland," "The Babes in the Wood," "I know what I know," "Jemmy and Nancy of Yarmouth," "The Taming of a Shrow," "Blew cap for me," "John and Joan," and "George Barnwell." As regards the first, "The Barkeshire Lady's Garland," nothing is said about its history or origin. The tune, to be sure, is given as "The Royal Forester," which is not found under that name in Chappell's Collection, and we are left in complete ignorance of the date of this curious but not very lively composition; nor is it stated where Mr. Crawhall found it. The "Barkeshire Lady" has an estate of 5,000*l.* a year, but is coy and will listen to none of her suitors. Finally, however, she falls in love with a young lawyer, to whom she opens her heart by sending him an anonymous challenge. He keeps the appointment, expecting some adventure, and finds, instead of a jealous rival, a lady in a domino who tells him that she has brought a rapier with her and that he must either fight her or marry her without knowing who she is or seeing her face. This pusillanimous youth, who might without odium have fled from the lady with a rapier, consents to marry her:—

> The sweet pretty Cupids hovered
> Round her eyes—her face was covered
> With a mask—he took her thus
> Just for better or for worse.

Pure doggrell of this kind might have been written yesterday. As for the illustrations, one would like to know if there are any at all among them that are old, or whether Mr. Crawhall has drawn and designed them especially for this volume. The portrait of the "Barkeshire Lady" points with its patches to Queen Anne's reign, but in the arrangement of the hair to a much earlier period. The figure of the bridegroom's friend receiving the wedding favour—he is evidently on his very best behaviour and quite the best man—wears a wig of King William's time and a doublet of Charles I. To be sure in a chap-book one does not look for antiquarian correctness of dress, but one naturally turns to the fashions in order to fix a date. Of the next ballad, "The Babes in the Wood," we are told that the oldest edition known as the "Cruel Uncle" was printed in the year 1670. Presumably, but we cannot be sure, without comparison, because we are not told, this is the text given by Mr. Crawhall. The pictures of the Uncle bargaining with the two ruffians, and of the scattering of the leaves by the Robin, are excellent. The songs of "I know what I know," and "Jemmy and Nancy," might very well, like the "Barkeshire Lady," have been written yesterday for a half-penny broadsheet. How Jemmy was sent to sea to get him out of the way of Nancy; how a lady of Barbadoes made love to Jemmy, and what the Barbadian ladies used to be like; how Jemmy was treacherously thrown overboard and drowned, and how his Ghost walked may be seen here much more beautifully told by the pictures than by the text. The drowning of Jemmy, represented by a bare arm just sinking under the water, is very dramatic. We must, however, enter a protest against the practice of writing remarks of more than dubious wit upon the pictures. Thus, under the drawing of the Ghost the editor actually allows himself to write, "The genuine old article, none of yer table-turning and tambourine tricks here"; and in another place, when he draws the portrait of a beautiful lady, all patches and paint, he writes within the frame, "Talk of raptures, flames, and darts." And once he draws for a tail-piece a well with the legend "*Au reservoir*"!

The ballad called "Blew cap for me," we are informed, is taken from the Roxburghe Collection; but, like "Jemmy and Nancy," might, like the drawings, have been made yesterday. The suitors of every nation who make love to the Scottish lass are admirably drawn, the best perhaps being the Spaniard. This is followed by a very lively ballad called "John and Joan," the story of a couple who were too much alike, and would always do the same thing at the same time:—

> If John his dog had beaten,
> Then Joan would beat her cat.
> If John, in scorn,
> His hand would burn,
> Joan would have burned her hat.
> If John would break a pipkin,
> Then Joan would break a pot.
> Thus he and she
> Did both agree
> To waste all they had got.

It is, however, in the "History of George Barnewell" that Mr. Crawhall displays his full strength. Nowhere, surely, has vice been rendered more repulsive or beauty less attractive. From the first moment when the "gallant dainty dame" digs the astonished and terrified prentice in the ribs unto the last, when, with flaming cheek and doubled fist, she drives him from her presence, there can be but one opinion about Sarah—that as regards her personal experience she was as unfortunate as she was in her moral deficiencies. Further, one cannot but think that George, whose eyes appear to have been opened before the hanging, must have derived some consolation in his last moments from thinking that at least he should never set eyes upon his Sarah any more. As for himself, he is faithfully and feelingly drawn; one recognizes the type; he is sheepish and shy; he is imaginative and short-sighted; he is credulous and amorous. Even the unspeakable Sarah appears to him a sweet and lovely damsel. To sum up, the volume is funny, but of such fun one may very easily have too much. We understand from an announcement at the end of the book that many other "olde ffrendes with newe faces" are in preparation; we beg beforehand for some little information about each, and for a few words of explanation from the editor, especially about the rules, or the absence of rule, as regards the spelling and the supposed period of each drawing.

FENCING AND FENCING MASTERS.*

MUCH has been written in sundry languages, especially French, on the art and practice of arms, and a good store of material has been collected in various forms for the history of the subject. But somehow the history itself has never been written. The nearest approach we know to such a history is the critical outline of previous literature which is prefixed to Possellier's treatise on fencing. Dumas, in the amusing preface he contributed to the work of his friend and master Grisier, touched but only touched the matter. Handbooks on armour and weapons, military histories, and to some little extent the books which treat of duelling under various aspects, fix a point here and give a hint

* *Chap-Book Chaplets.* Adorned with suitable Sculptures. London Field & Tuer. 1883.

* *Histoire de l'Escrime dans tous les temps et dans tous les pays.* Par Emile Mérignac. 1. Antiquité. Paris: Rouquette. 1883.

Un Maître d'armes sous la Restauration. Par Vigeant, Maître d'armes à Paris. Imprimé par Motteroz. Paris: 1883.

there, but that is all. Anecdotic books on duelling are many but, with the exception of such books as *Les Drames de l'Epée*, they are mostly the work of book-makers of the commonest sort and are even remarkably barren of this kind of information. A fair field was therefore open to M. Emile Mérignac when he undertook to discourse at large of the history of fencing from the earliest times. He bears a name that alone commands attention, for his brother is second to none in the profession of arms in Paris, and is the master of a school where the correctness of classical tradition is happily combined with the freedom and vigour of the moderns. Only the first volume of M. Mérignac's work has yet appeared, and it is concerned only with the ancient world. The publishers were mistaken, in our opinion, in producing it in this manner. For we can hardly doubt that, when he comes to things belonging to modern history or within his own knowledge, M. Mérignac will have something really interesting to tell us; and it is not doing himself justice to send forth in advance a volume which is essentially a compilation, and of which it may even be doubted how far it is relevant to the main theme.

There is no authentic definition of what is included in the term "fencing," or *l'escrime*, or the equivalent words in other languages. It may be taken to include the use of any hand-weapon whatever, as distinguished from missile weapons, which gives room for any degree of skill. In this sense it is used by M. Mérignac; and, as far as etymology and literary authority go, there is no exception to be taken. But in modern usage the term is practically confined to the skilled use of the sword, and in particular the thrusting sword; it is implied, moreover, that the sword has to do the work of defence as well as of attack. The modern art of fencing dates, beyond question, from the abandonment of shields and defensive armour. Fencing, in our modern sense, did not and could not exist when the combatant put his trust in the sword only for smiting. Now it seems to us that, from the point of view of a modern fencer, the earlier history of the arts of personal attack and defence is important only so far as it leads up to the opening of the modern period. The development of swordsmanship in the three centuries from Sainct-Didier to Cordelois has been far greater than all that was done from the first appearance of an iron sword in Europe to the first systematic treatment of fencing by the Italian masters of the sixteenth century. Whatever is earlier is, as regards the history of fencing, prehistoric. And the only possible "Histoire de l'escrime dans l'antiquité," short of a general history of arms and armour, is an account showing how the exercise of arms in the ancient and mediæval world was not what we understand by fencing, but something extremely different. It is therefore, in our eyes, an offence against proportion to assign an equal share to the so-called fencing of the ancients in an historical exposition. Here, indeed, the moderns do not even get an equal share, for this volume does not come down to the middle ages.

The truth is that M. Mérignac, dealing probably with unfamiliar matter, has failed to deal with it critically. What he has given us is an extremely miscellaneous collection of information and anecdotes, of extremely various value, concerning the use of arms in Asia, Egypt, Greece, and the Roman Empire. No classical scholar will find anything new to him in the two long chapters entitled "L'Escrime chez les Grecs" and "L'Escrime chez les Romains," and many matters of doubtful authenticity are included. The detailed account of the Roman gladiators appears to be faithfully enough worked up from the best French books on Roman society and manners. M. Mérignac might perhaps have made it interesting if he had considered from his own point of view how far the skill of the gladiator, either in aim or in execution, resembled that of a modern swordsman. But he has simply taken the current statements (pieced together as they are from vague and dispersed materials) just as one may find them in any dictionary of antiquities. Accordingly this chapter is tedious, and, for any one who can refer to a dictionary of antiquities, superfluous. And with all this M. Mérignac's information about Roman military weapons is sadly wanting in precision. Either the few pages given to the subject in Lacombe's *Les Armes et les Armures*, or Lindenschmit's recent monograph, *Tracht und Bewaffnung des römischen Heeres während der Kaiserzeit*, will be found far more useful by those who want to know definitely what the arms and accoutrements of a Roman legionary were like. In the same way the Greek chapter is stuffed out with confused mythology and much irrelevant matter about the Olympic festival and the like, while the reform in arms and equipments introduced by Iphicrates—one of the few points in the ancient history of the military art on which we have perfectly clear and trustworthy knowledge—is disposed of in a few lines. A rather serious omission is that no notice is taken of the swords found by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ. These are of a long and narrow pattern, quite unlike the leaf-shaped sword that is familiar to us in Greek art of the classical period. They are more like the swords represented on Assyrian sculptures than anything else; and their occurrence among prehistoric Greek objects, together with the apparently complete disappearance of the type in historical times, raises various questions which have not yet been answered. Did the Greeks give up long swords for short ones, and if so, why? Was it because they did not know how to handle the longer weapon effectively—a position which might perhaps be supported by some of the archaic gems in Dr. Schliemann's find? Or were these long swords peculiar to some one dynasty or tribe? Can we connect them with the "great Thracian sword" mentioned, seemingly as a notable thing, by Homer (Iliad, xiii. 577)? What, again, was the sword of the Homeric heroes? Are we to suppose it leaf-shaped, or rather of this newly-found Mycenæ type? It would be more profitable to discuss points of this kind than to copy well-worn incidents from the manuals of antiquities, or to take the *Cyropædia* (as M. Mérignac does in his innocence) for an historical authority on the manners of the ancient Persians. Also certain elaborately ornamented sword or rather dagger blades found at Mycenæ more recently, and described and figured in Greek and German archæological journals, ought to have been noticed in a work pretending to completeness.

The chapter on "L'Escrime chez les Israélites" has the merit of novelty so far as its title goes. We were not aware, before reading M. Mérignac's book, of anything in the Old Testament, beyond the general and manifest fact that the sword was a favourite weapon, to suggest that the Hebrews cultivated anything like fencing. The nearest approach to evidence is the story of the deadly combat between twelve of Abner's men and the like number of Joab's (2 Sam. ii.) "And Abner said to Joab, Let the young men now arise and play before us. And Joab said, Let them arise. Then there arose and went over by number twelve of Benjamin, which pertained to Ish-bosheth the son of Saul, and twelve of the servants of David. And they caught every one his fellow by the head, and thrust his sword in his fellow's side; so they fell down together." This looks as if Saul's and David's men were resolute enough in attack, but paid very little attention to defence. M. Mérignac unaccountably has no mention of this, one of the most striking incidents in a wild and striking history. The omission is hardly compensated by an indifferent illustration—derived, of course, wholly from the artist's fancy—of the victory of Gideon.

A curious inexactness of judgment and want of grasping things at first-hand runs through M. Mérignac's work, even where no particular scholarship or research is needed. After stating that Eastern swords are much curved ("recourbée presque en demi-cercle" is an exaggeration as regards any form in common use), he adds, "Les Orientaux croient que cette forme taille bien mieux et fait une blessure plus dangereuse que si elle était droite." A swordsman writing of his own craft ought not to leave it uncertain whether Asiatics are right or wrong in believing that a curved blade (other things being equal) cuts better than a straight one. The fact has been confirmed, and the reason fully explained, by more than one European writer, and chiefly by M. Mérignac's countryman, Colonel Marey. On the whole, then, we cannot say that M. Emile Mérignac's book is worth much as far as it has gone. We can only hope (though not with assurance) for better things when he comes to the modern history of fencing. Meanwhile, there are some amusing things up and down this volume; for example, a surprising account, taken from M. Jacolliot, of a whole troop of elephants belonging to the late Rajah of Mysore, who had been taught fencing and handled a foil very prettily with their trunks. On one occasion two of them fought a duel with swords. We can believe almost anything of the intelligence of elephants, but one might have some better authority than M. Jacolliot. We should be glad to know if any British Resident at Mysore, or any other native court, has heard of the like.

M. Vigeant has illustrated the history of modern fencing in a different manner. He has produced a biographical sketch of Jean-Louis, a master of the early part of this century who is now in some danger of being forgotten by the younger generation, partly because he wrote nothing, partly because, after making his reputation as a regimental master-at-arms in the campaigns of Napoleon, he settled not at Paris, but at Montpellier. By M. Vigeant, who knew him well, Jean-Louis is placed at the head of the teachers of his time. Amateurs of fencing will find the book amusing, though they may also find some little difficulty, notwithstanding M. Vigeant's assurances (which of course we should trust as to anything really within his own knowledge), in accepting as authentic at all points one or two of the exploits recounted of Jean-Louis in his earlier days. It is credible that a quarrel between a French and an Italian regiment in the army of occupation in Spain should have been settled by a solemn duel between the regimental fencing-masters, and that Jean-Louis, as the chief instructor of the French regiment in question, should have taken a leading part in it with distinction. But it is much to believe that he saved his own side all trouble in the matter by himself killing or disabling thirteen adversaries without once being touched. Apart from such more than Homeric feats, however, there is quite enough to make Jean-Louis an interesting person. Beginning life as an "enfant de troupe" in the armies of the First Republic, a weakly-looking mulatto, without parents or friends, he gradually rose to be not only a perfect master of fence, but a master who commanded the personal respect of his pupils, comrades, and superior officers, and was not unfrequently consulted in affairs of importance touching personal or regimental honour. In his old age he appeased a long-standing feud between the Engineers and the Infantry quartered at Montpellier by the bold and simple device of giving a military assault of arms in his own name, inviting the picked men of both branches of the service to contend, and the rest of the garrison to look on; and at the end making the men a speech, and, with all the authority of his position as "le père de l'escrime," compelling them to abjure their enmity. Moreover, Jean-Louis succeeded in making so good a pupil of his daughter that she completely took the conceit out of a young professional (a stranger to the school of Jean-Louis), who had thought it impossible that a woman could be a serious adversary. The memory of both father and daughter (she married, and died

young) is still fresh, M. Vigeant tells us, at Montpellier. He has done well to preserve it in this little record for lovers of the art, though we cannot in conscience wholly acquit him of the besetting fault of French writers of personal memoirs and anecdotes—making a small halfpennyworth of bread carry a great deal of sack. For the benefit of studious fencers, it may be noted that M. Vigeant has by way of appendix published a series of Jean-Louis's lessons. There is nothing in them that will be absolutely new to the pupils of any good master of the present day, but they may be consulted with advantage.

RECENT MUSIC.

DR. VILLIERS STANFORD'S *Songs of Old Ireland* is a very welcome addition to our collections of national melodies. The fifty Irish songs which make up the volume which Messrs. Boosey & Co. have sent us have been hitherto unknown in England, and all lovers of national music will be grateful to Dr. Stanford for rescuing them from the obscurity in which they have been so long hidden. The words, when not entirely new, as the editor tells us, are founded upon Celtic or Anglo-Irish originals, and are the work of Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, who has certainly succeeded in preserving their character and simplicity in a remarkable manner. Where all are good it is difficult to point to any particular song as better than the other, but we think "Awake, awake Fianna," "The Return from Fingal," and "The Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill," are amongst the most interesting for their clearly-marked nationality. "The Return from Fingal" is supposed by some to be the march played or sung by the troops of Brian Boroimhe, the Irish Bretwalda, and celebrates the great battle of Clontarf, which was fought between the Irish and the Danes on Good Friday, A.D. 1014, when the King Brian, "who was too aged to fight, was foully murdered whilst at prayer in the Royal tent by a party of retreating Danes." In this collection there appears a charming melody under the name of "Colleen Oge Asthore," to which Mr. Graves says, upon the authority of Dr. Stokes and Malone, "Shakspeare alludes in the play of *Henry V.*, act iv., scene 4, where Pistol, on meeting a French soldier, exclaims, 'Quality! Calen o custure me!'"; and he also suggests that this air was brought over from Ireland by Edmund Spenser. The "Spinning-wheel Song" is a delicious piece of work with a highly characteristic accompaniment, and the two Lullabys are charming in their unaffected simplicity; while "Still Side by Side" will rank amongst the most tenderly pathetic of national ballads. The humorous panegyric on "Father O'Flynn" is capital and well merited by the Reverend Father of whom it is related—

> Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest
> Till this remark set him off with the rest,
> "Is it lave gaiety, all to the laity,
> Cannot the Clergy be Irishmen too?"
> Here's a health to you Father O'Flynn,
> Slainté and slainté and slainté agin, &c.

It is hardly necessary to remark that the accompaniments to the songs are all very skilfully arranged, seeing that they are the work of so conscientious and accomplished a musician as Dr. Stanford, who, it may be said, has dedicated the volume to Johannes Brahms.

We have received from Signor Ricordi a pianoforte arrangement of Rossini's opera of *Othello*, one of the "Cheap Edition of Complete Operas for Pianoforte Solo," which, if it may be taken as a specimen of the whole series, speaks very well for the care with which the series has been edited. A short biography of Rossini precedes the work, and the words of the songs are in many cases given, which is a new feature in pianoforte solo arrangements, and has evident advantages. When we say that the longest operas in the edition—such as, for instance, *Semiramide* and *Les Huguenots*—do not cost more than eighteenpence, it will be conceded that they are marvellous specimens of typography and cheapness.

Of sheet music we have from the same publisher two songs by Luigi Caracciolo—"I always Meet You in My Dreams" and "An Old Wreath"—of which the latter is, perhaps, the more musicianly, while the former is more popular in form; but both are effective and above the average standard of drawing-room songs. "One Year Ago To-night" and "Her Portrait," both by Alfred Allen, are sent to us by Messrs. Morley & Co., and fully sustain the opinion which we have already expressed of the composer's power of writing unaffected and genuine melodies, pleasing both to critics and amateurs. A batch of songs, the words of which are written by H. Delavie and published by C. Jefferys, are also before us. Three of them—"A Fleeting Thought," "Tinted October," and "Home Everywhere"—by Michael Watson, are pleasing songs, and well within the singing powers of all amateurs; while "Milley Mahony," by W. C. Levey, will be welcome to those who are fond of the modern Irish ballad. "Come, glorious Morn," a sacred song by Ed. Reyloff, is hardly up to the mark which the composer is capable of; but "The Butterfly," by Berthold Tours, is a sprightly and delicate song, well worth the trouble of learning.

A number of songs from Messrs. Keppel & Co. have also reached us, amongst which three songs by Joseph L. Roeckel are worthy of praise. In "A Song without Words" the composer has very ingeniously introduced the well-known "Lied ohne Worte" (No. 9, Book I.) of Mendelssohn, an experiment not always successful, but which in this instance, owing to the delicate manner in which it is handled, proves very effective. It is as well to state that this song is written for pianoforte and harmonium accompaniment, a fact which is not indicated on the title-page. "Three Magpies," like everything by Joseph L. Roeckel, is a graceful and musical production; while the duet "A Pathway Fair," from the same pen, is one of the most charming of its kind. Amongst the many songs by Ciro Pinsuti which have been sent to us from time to time, "For One Alone" we think will take a high rank as pleasing and effective; while the duet "Meeting" is worthy of the reputation which the composer has attained as a writer of this kind of music. Two songs by A. H. Behrend, called "Not Yet" and "Hope, my Darling," are pretty and effective, and present no difficulties in execution, whilst "Waking and Dreaming" and "The Lovers' Leap," both by Ethel Harraden, are well above the average in merit. Harriet Kendall's "What Might Have Been" is a carefully written song, with a pretty refrain in waltz time, which will doubtless become popular; and A. L. Mora's "Beyond" commends itself as well written and decidedly effective. "Hail and Farewell," by Desmond L. Ryan; "The Sad Little Lass," by Thomas Anderton; and "Ever Since Then," by Hugh Clendon, are all good specimens of drawing-room ballads; and "Loved for Ever," by W. Carter, and the "The Maiden's Nay," by George Fox, may be recommended for their simplicity and pleasing melody. A minuet entitled "Margery," by Thomas Anderton, is an unambitious but uninteresting piece for the pianoforte solo; while the "Cigarette Polka," by J. Menier, is about as original as such music generally is.

Messrs. W. Marshall & Co. are the publishers of three songs by William M. Hutchinson. "Pierrot" is not so good as some of this composer's earlier works; while "Mine Again" and "The Little Mandarin," a humorous song, are both in his now well-known style. All these songs are reproduced as dance music, a fact which we cannot help thinking weighs too much with the composer in their original production.

Messrs. Metzler & Co. have sent us two arrangements for the American organ by Louis Engel, the one an Andante, the slow movement in the C Minor Symphony, by Beethoven, and the other an Andante by Chopin, which are easy of execution and as effective as such adaptations can be; and Book I. of a series of arrangements for the same instrument by Frederick Archer, consisting of excerpts from Corelli, André, Butterfield, and Handel, of which we may say the same thing. From the same publishers we have received an "Intermède-Gavotte," by J. Goudareau, a quaint imitation of Rameau, which we think is more interesting as written for the violin and piano than as a solo for the pianoforte; the song which has been nightly sung at the Lyceum Theatre in *Ingomar*, "Love and Beauty," and the Parthenia Waltz, both by Andrew Levey, and which are now so well known that it is not necessary to say more about them. The Christmas number of *The Musical Bijou*, edited by P. Bucalossi, contains, among other pieces of dance music, a new waltz entitled "Micuela," from the popular pen of Emile Waldteufel. Four songs published by Messrs. W. Morley & Co. are worthy of notice—"Sunshine," by Thomas Hutchinson, to words by M. J. Scott, a graceful melody, with a pleasing rhythm; "Gentle Faces" and "Staunch and True," both by Theo. Bonheur, which show that the composer is capable of writing very taking ballad music; and "The Nightless Land," by Ciro Pinsuti, to words by D'Arcy Jaxone, a song which fully sustains its composer's deservedly well-merited reputation. A "national chorus," under the name of "Tel-el-Kebir," by D. Middleton, and published by Messrs. Novello & Co., has also reached us. It will doubtless become popular amongst the many singing classes which exist in England, as will also that remarkable pennyworth of music, vocal and instrumental, named *The Musical Budget*.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is a pity that the author of *Jacques Vingtras* should have been selected to write the letterpress for the magnificent volume (1) which M. Charpentier has devoted to the streets of London. M. Jules Vallès's quarrel with humanity in general is sufficiently well known, and nine years' sojourn among us seems to have concentrated the quarrel on his part against English humanity in particular. To examine his statements in detail would be absurd, for they have little more connexion with actual fact than those of the celebrated Frenchman who represented the usual close of an English dinner-party as a "boxe de gentlemen piétinant les dames ivres de gin et de wisky." If we take one sentence of M. Vallès's own—"l'Anglais a la haine instinctive, aveugle de ce qui est français: chaque habitude de Paris le blesse"—and substitute Français for Anglais and Londres for Paris, M. Vallès's own attitude will be sufficiently described. On the other hand, M. Lançon's illustrations are of great merit. M. Lançon, though his work has appeared now and then in the *Portfolio* and elsewhere, is perhaps less known to Englishmen than some other French etchers. His etching is, however, of the right kind, and this book contains some capital examples of it. There is a certain tendency to gratuitous uglinoss, and some of M. Lançon's types are not English at all, but conspicuously French. Such plates, however, as the large one of "A Servant Girl Cleaning Windows," and as "The Mews at Torrington Square," show equal power in conception and execution, and as much may be said of many others, both in and out of the text.

(1) *La rue à Londres*. Texte par Jules Vallès. Illustré par A. Lançon. Paris: Charpentier.

Mme. Camille Selden's book on Heine (2) is disappointing. It seems to be in effect nothing but the working up of an old magazine article, with the addition of a few chiefly insignificant letters. Nothing concerning Heine can be absolutely unimportant or uninteresting, and Mme. Camille Selden has certainly contributed a document for the biographer. But it is a document out of which the biographer will not get much, and which is hardly worth the general reader's attention.

Students of French literature know Théophraste Renaudot, if only from the allusions to his Enquiry Office found in Furetière and other miscellaneous writers of the seventeenth century. But he is probably not much known to readers in general. M. Gilles de la Tourette, in a careful and useful though rather heavily-written monograph (3), has collected most of the available information about this really remarkable personage, who, if not the actual inventor, was the introducer in France not only of Enquiry Offices, but of dispensaries, who did a good deal to found the modern newspaper, and who was the author of the actual system of *monts de piété*.

It is even more necessary for French than for English men of letters to drop now and then into art-criticism, and M. Edmond About (not for the first time, no doubt) has done his Salon (4). M. Jouaust has given it an unusually attractive form, and the author has, as usual, shown in it his undeniable literary power—we fear it must be said also his undeniable bad taste, if not in art, at any rate in other things.

A new edition of M. Joliet's useful Dictionary of Pseudonyms (5) may be recommended to those who read much of French periodical literature.

Few people, it may be hoped, who know French at all do not know what to expect from a *dernier de M. Monselet* (6); and assuredly in the present case nobody will be disappointed. Whether the subject be naturalists or ministers, minor poets or people who give theatrical representations by professionals in drawing-rooms, M. Monselet always has at command and always uses the true Gallic gaiety which is so much talked of, so little seen, and so scandalously counterfeited and caricatured. A certain paper here entitled "Le Faublas" ought to make M. Armand Silvestre blush, if that be possible; for even he will scarcely set down M. Monselet as a Philistine.

M. François Coppée's recent Odéon tragedy (7) is a more ambitious effort than is usual with him, and no doubt ought not to be spoken of without a certain respect. But we cannot help thinking that the weight of five acts and of cloaks and daggers is too much for M. Coppée. His amiable pathos and limp fluent verse were not meant for these things.

With the close of the year one of the oldest and best reputed of Continental reviews—the *Bibliothèque universelle* (8)—has nearly reached its ninetieth anniversary. It has also come into the hands of a new London publisher, Mr. Stanford. On the whole, there are probably few periodicals of the kind which can be better recommended to those tolerably numerous English households which feel some interest in what is going on abroad, but have no access to foreign periodicals at large. The original articles in the *Bibliothèque* are excellent, but its main feature is the large space allowed to *chroniques* of the different Continental countries.

Three remarkable books of fiction present a welcome change to the reader wearied with infinite second-rate stuff on the Ohnet-Daudet-Delpit models, with which Parisians appear infatuated. Perhaps Mme. Henry Gréville has written better books than *L'ingénue* (9), but she has never written one more amusing or one more totally free from any possible objection on the score of subject. Her *ingénue* is a very dubious *ingénue*, a sort of prosaic Emma Bovary, to whom fortune refuses Emma's woes as well as her vices. But she is drawn with extreme cleverness; and so is everybody around her, especially the formidable Mme. Anglois, whom we venture to think the author's best single creation. The book is one to be recommended without stint or qualification. In *L'idéal* (10) a writer of perhaps higher strictly literary powers than Mme. Gréville is still found seeking his way and not quite finding it. In his satire of French "high-life" Anglomania, and in his pointing of the old and fatal moral of attempted platonic attachments between man and woman, M. de Glouvet has got hold of good themes which he works out not ill. But his book is still to write. Indeed, good as is *L'idéal*, it is perhaps scarcely the equal of *Le forestier*. But it is far above the average. *Nats Micoulin* (11) and its companion stories show, for the most part, a very praiseworthy effort on M. Zola's part to get out of the gutter in which he has so long wallowed. The worst of it is that gutters are wont to leave traces even on those who have got out of them completely, which M. Zola has not yet done. There may, however, be some excusable joy over a literary sinner who shows even equivocal signs of repentance. It is not probable that M. Zola will ever be a great novelist, but the vigour of his description and his occasional grasp of a situation appear fairly here.

(2) *Les derniers jours de Henri Heine.* Par Camille Selden. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Théophraste Renaudot.* Par G. Gilles de la Tourette. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Quinze journées au salon de peinture.* Par Edmond About. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(5) *Les pseudonymes du jour.* Par Charles Joliet. Paris: Dentu.

(6) *Mon dernier-né.* Par Charles Monselet. Paris: Dentu.

(7) *Severo Torelli.* Par François Coppée. Paris: Lemerre.

(8) *Bibliothèque universelle et revue suisse.* Tomes XIX., XX. Lausanne: Bridel. London: Stanford.

(9) *L'ingénue.* Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.

(10) *L'idéal.* Par J. de Glouvet. Paris: Plon.

(11) *Nats Micoulin, &c.* Par Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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AN EGYPTIAN POLICY AT LAST.

THE tardy and partial resolve of HER MAJESTY'S Government to adopt a definite Egyptian policy is in itself a matter supplying an almost infinite number of points for comment. When there is added to it the comment already made by the various organs of European public opinion, the infinity becomes positive. In no space immediately at the disposal of any publicist would it be possible to deal with even the majority of the more important points thus suddenly presented. The discontent shown almost unanimously by the civilized world at the abandonment of a vast tract of the world's surface to savagery is no light matter even if it be admitted (as by any fair controversialist it must be admitted) that the *orbis terrarum* here judges in a new sense *securus*—that probably very few of the objectors would like to have the task, whose refusal they blame when it is the act of England, thrown on their own country. It is significant enough that the chief London newspaper which supports the Government has expressed (in a manner the reverse of respectful to a Ministry which is supposed by its friends to be above all things moral) the conviction that the resumption of the Soudan proffered to Turkey cannot be serious, and that, if it is serious, it is wholly abominable The doings of any Egyptian Ministry may be regarded as very minor matters. But it must again be admitted (though the admission will have to be made by a different class of persons from those who admit the possible hollowness of Continental grumbles) that CHERIF PASHA and his colleagues in striking their flag have at any rate, however contradictory the statement may sound, marched out with flying colours. Their new-found respect for the integrity of the Turkish Empire and the provisions of the Egyptian Constitution may be extremely suspicious in itself. But it is a very awkward protest against the sudden assumption of practically despotic authority by a Power which has hitherto protested and vowed that it feels the utmost delicacy in interfering with constitutional matters in Egypt Lastly, the acceptance of office by NUBAR PASHA undoubtedly places the ablest man who is to be found in what may be loosely called the Egyptian public service at the nominal helm. But hardly any one who knows Egypt at all would select NUBAR, of all Egyptian statesmen or quasi statesmen, as that one who commands most confidence from any party in the country itself. As a delegate of England, no one not an English subject may be preferable, as the choice of Egypt in any sense, he may be regarded as having simply no existence. But the full discussion of all these matters at once could only be unsatisfactory and confusing; and for the present it is better to confine attention to two points, each of which can be handled with some approach to completeness.

In the first place, it is clear that the recent step taken by the English Government is in effect a more decisive and irretraceable step in the direction of assuming complete and final control over Egypt than anything short of the annexation of the country *sans phrase* could be. This must have been the first thought which struck any reader of the ultimatum; and it is creditable to some of the supporters of the Government that they did not hesitate to recognize it. The "absolute shall" in the relations of one country to another can hardly go further than this peremptory demand that the other country shall abandon a great part of its territory, recognised as belonging to it for a great number of years, and in places still held by its military and civil officials. The responsibility incurred by England would, as a matter of fact, have been less if she had landed twenty thousand Indian troops at Souakim, and had undertaken to reconquer the Soudan, than when, as now, she has forced the unwilling KHEDIVE and his unwilling Ministers to acquiesce in its abandonment. In the one case, England would have been acting at her own risk, and would have been the arbiter of the range and duration of the action. In the other, she has thrown the immediate risk and loss on Egypt, and has by implication undertaken to see Egypt, if the terms are accepted, safe out of it. To a philosopher who had leisure to reflect on the way in which extremes meet, this incurring of a practically unlimited guarantee—for England must now be held liable not merely to defend Egypt up to Wady Halfa, but to satisfy any just demands of Turkey arising from the abandonment of Egypt beyond Wady Halfa—out of, as it would seem, mere unwillingness to give any guarantee at all, might be a very curious study The rashness of cowardice is not a new theme, but fresh illustrations of it must always be interesting Into this, however, it is not necessary to enter. "As we have insisted on Egypt being defended in "English fashion," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a sufficiently unsuspected authority in this case, "the defence of Egypt "passes into our hands." It is the truth, but not the whole truth. For by this action we have incurred to Egypt an indefinite but all the more inevitable liability for any damage which her unwilling acceptance of our advice may inflict on her. By forcing her to make jettison of a part, we have insured the whole cargo at our risk. In some reading of history it is difficult to remember any undertaking so Quixotic with the Quixotism of poltroonery. It is scarcely surprising that some foreign and unfriendly critics should remember that a Quixote poltroon can always get himself out of his difficulties by running away.

There is one other point which can be discussed at present with advantage, though not with complete knowledge. The proposed withdrawal from the Soudan, or retrocession of the Soudan to Turkey, may have three different meanings, and it is yet not clear which of two of those meanings is the meaning of HER MAJESTY'S Government. The simple abandonment of the attempt to reconquer Kordofan and Darfur for the present—even the shortening considerably of the cordon of Egyptian garrisons which lately stretched along the Nile towards the Equator—would hardly have met with disapproval from anybody. If Egypt ever had any business to attempt the holding of all North-Western Central Africa, she certainly is not in a position now to reaffirm her hold on it at her own cost and by her own strength. Nor, with the possibility of serious complications in parts of the world which concern England more directly, would many Englishmen choose the present moment for an African crusade. But the matter becomes very different when the abandonment of all Nubia—a territory which has been Egyptian for generations—and the relinquishment of the Upper Nile to barbarism is proposed Without sharing the one-idea'd fancies of anti-slavery fanatics, it is perfectly possible to see that the Nile, at least up to its junction with the Atbara, and more probably up to the confluence of its two main streams, ought to be held and policed by any civilised or semi-civilized Power which commands its lower course. There is no doubt whatever that, with vigorous action on the part of the English Government when the news of HICKS PASHA'S defeat first arrived, Berber easily, and

Khartoum without any great difficulty, could have been made safe against any possible enemy, and that the Soudan east of the river could, with the river's course, have been tranquillized and retained. It is in the refusal to do this that the most certain action and the least disputable as far as certain error of the English Government consists. But has its error gone further still? A Radical journal says that "the abandonment of Souakim is too preposterous to "be discussed"; but the English Note in the official Report speaks of the Eastern Soudan as to be retroceded to Turkey *en bloc*, and no reservation is made of the Littoral. It is, indeed, difficult to think that even such an apostle of withdrawal as Mr. GLADSTONE, such a willing advocate of it as Sir EVELYN BARING, can seriously have proposed that a stretch of ground inside the Red Sea giving the only direct adit to the Soudan on the east should become No Man's Land, which is what the proposal, in its "preposterous" sense, comes to, and it is perfectly certain that if such a proposal has been entertained that coast will very soon cease to be No Man's Land. For years past the eyes both of France and Italy have been fixed longingly on this coast. Both countries have wasted money and trouble on worthless or nearly worthless posts within and without the Straits, neither of which can be compared for a moment with Souakim, either in political importance or commercial prospects. To Turkey Souakim would be of little value; indeed, the possession of it would almost oblige the Porte to a costly and difficult war. Nor, if it is once abandoned by Egypt under the mandate of Great Britain, can the latter have any ground for objecting to its sale or transfer to another European Power. Few nations are strong enough to play the dog in the manger nowadays; none is strong enough to keep the manger taboo without even taking the precaution, as the dog did, of occupying it. If the Government really thinks of making Egypt evacuate the Red Sea Littoral of Nubia, all that can be said is that the country must act as it acted in the case of the LESSEPS Convention. But if the Government does not, its Note to the Egyptian Government must have been one of the worst-worded or worst-reported State papers that have for many years issued from an English Government office. NUBAR PASHA is said, it is true, to have disclaimed any idea of abandoning Souakim. But this does not explain the difficulty of offering to Turkey the nominal retrocession of a province without the gate of that province, nor does it remove the fact that the English Government has not pronounced on the matter.

THE TRANSVAAL DELEGATES.

IT was not at first certain whether a late article in the *Times* on the negotiation with the Transvaal delegates accurately represented the decision of the Colonial Office and the Government. It is sometimes convenient, especially when Parliament is not sitting, to publish official information through the newspapers in the recognized form of an ostensibly "communicated" article; but independent journalists cannot be compelled to transmit the inspiration from above through a colourless medium; and Lord DERBY, if he confided his decision to the *Times*, can scarcely have anticipated the defiant tone which seems inconsistent with a virtual apology for helplessness and failure. It seemed probable that the statement might be substantially correct. Mr. KRUGER and his colleagues had, according to the statement, dictated their own terms, having perhaps gauged Lord DERBY's capacity for yielding by their bold experiment of summarily executing a prisoner for whom the English Government had condescended to intercede. There was no reason to apprehend that any concession made by the Colonial Minister would be disavowed by the Government. If the *Times* is well-informed, the affairs of the Transvaal were fully discussed at the Cabinet Council, which might have been expected to occupy itself exclusively with more pressing questions of Egyptian policy. On the same authority it was announced that the Bechuana frontier is to be modified by the inclusion within the Transvaal of all territories which may be occupied at the request and with the consent of the respective chiefs. The delegates may perhaps not have thought it necessary to furnish the English Government with evidence which may satisfy possible doubts as to the voluntary nature of the cession.

The reasonable demand of the independence of the trade route from the Cape Colony to the interior was met by a proposed compromise under which the road would be neutralized and be exempted from taxation. It now appears that Lord DERBY has defined a boundary which will leave the whole course of the trade route to the west of the territory conceded to the Transvaal. The arrangement is to secure the independence of MANKOROANE and MONSIOA, but the delegates complain that some of the lands of chiefs friendly to the Boers will also be excluded. The delegates had during the negotiation protested against an alleged interference with their sovereign rights, and suggested that there was more than one route which led to the same regions. The case had not been provided for in the Sand River Convention, for the obvious reason that there was then no trade with the interior, and that the emigrant Boers had not then thought of claiming a right to control the commerce of the English colony. No information has been given as to the pretension to relief from the pecuniary liabilities which were accepted at the time of the Pretoria Convention. It perhaps matters little whether a debt which will not in any case be paid is legally remitted. The equitable and moral claim of the English Government to the expenses which it undertook during the time of the annexation for the benefit of the Transvaal may be confidently affirmed, but it is easy to anticipate the plausible sophisms which might excuse attempts at repudiation. In private transactions of an analogous kind the creditor would be content to prove the acknowledgment of the debt in a document which recorded the terms of a deliberate contract. The same uncertainty affects the claim to nominal as well as real independence, which again involves the contingent right of diplomatic intercourse with foreign Powers. It may be conjectured that, in deference to popular opinion, of which Mr. FORSTER has been the most conspicuous exponent, some verbal security has been given for the protection of the natives within and beyond the limits of the Transvaal. The present arrangement will at least not be followed, like the Pretoria Convention, by disappointment of reasonable expectations. No Bechuana chief will henceforth be sanguine enough to rely on English protection beyond the very limited extent which Lord DERBY has proposed and to which, it is said, the Cape Colony is prepared to give its assent.

The apparently official apologist of the Government was perhaps not well advised in the arguments by which a mortifying surrender was vindicated. In substance it was contended that no concession would be withheld from negotiators who, in default of agreement, would have assumed to themselves the rights and powers which they demanded. During the last Session Lord DERBY reasoned to the same effect in an unseasonably candid speech. It would, as he said, be difficult and costly, though not perhaps impossible, to coerce the Boers; and it was inferred that they might consequently control all future negotiations. Lord DERBY's characteristic dislike of fictions has sometimes led him to indulge in indiscreet candour. It is generally unwise to inform an adverse litigant that, if he persists in his demands, he will inevitably prevail. Mr. FORSTER, in his eloquent speech, boldly accepted the challenge of one of the audience by declaring that, if necessary, he would fight in preference to abandoning the duties which the nation had undertaken. On the other hand, it is true that it would at present be inexpedient to resort to force; but circumstances may change, unforeseen opportunities may occur, and a *de jure* protectorate over the native races of South Africa may not improbably prove at some future time to be an element of political power. The Convention of Pretoria retains its full legal value, as far as it is not repealed or altered as a result of the present negotiation. The Boers may carry out the threat, which the delegates are said to have uttered, that, if they return to the Transvaal without having effected a settlement, they will act as if their demands had been conceded; but a confessedly lawless usurpation has only a precarious tenure. Notwithstanding their warlike aptitude, the Boers of the Transvaal are few in number; and they may at any time be hard pressed by some native confederacy, or by a ruler of the type of CETEWAYO. Only a few years have passed since the Republic was unable to defend itself, even with the aid of the Swazis, against SECOCOENI, a chief not of the highest rank. In the time of danger the Transvaal might perhaps regret that it had assumed an unfriendly attitude towards the Imperial and Colonial Governments.

If in this, as in all other cases, the future is uncertain, events have supplied a conclusive criticism on the blunders of the past. Those who asserted that the conclusion of peace with the Boers in 1880 was a proof of wisdom and even of courage, have been convicted of inexcusable blind-

ness. That the stronger of the belligerents should sue for peace immediately after suffering a series of petty but discreditable defeats was so far a bold measure that it was audaciously paradoxical and wholly unprecedented. It is well known that the military commanders informed the Government that they were prepared to re-establish their superiority in the field; and there was little doubt that, as soon as the late disasters were retrieved, the hostile force would abstain from further resistance. The moment of victory would have been the occasion for liberal redress of legitimate grievances; and it was understood on all sides that the internal independence of the Transvaal would be recognized without hesitation. In defiance of reason and of authoritative warning, Mr. GLADSTONE took the opportunity to throw his warder down. Although few living men have by weakness, or in the indulgence of passionate prejudice, caused so much slaughter as the unwilling participator in the Crimean war, and the zealous promoter of the Russian invasion of Turkey, Mr. GLADSTONE was undoubtedly sincere in his desire on the morrow of Majuba to avoid blood-guiltiness. Among the consequences of his mistaken policy have been the incessant native feuds on the border of the Transvaal, and one of the latest results is the execution of MAMPOER. The PRIME MINISTER is, of course, also responsible for the anarchy and civil war which have followed in Zululand the restoration of CETEWAYO; but even Mr. GLADSTONE cannot attend to the affairs of all the world, and the results of a sentimental caprice may more justly be attributed to Lord KIMBERLEY.

The apologists of the Government, perhaps unjustly, attributed to Lord DERBY a repetition of the error which was universally reprobated in the case of the Suez Canal. The alleged concession of the demands of the Transvaal delegates is excused on the ground of the strong defensible position which they are supposed to occupy. It is, according to the advocates of unlimited concession, useless to contend with adversaries who have possession on their side, or superior local advantages. In the same spirit Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CHILDERS, by way of justifying their extravagant offers to M. DE LESSEPS, threw away their case by gratuitously admitting or asserting his claim to a disputed monopoly. It may be that in former times Prime Ministers and Foreign Secretaries were too patriotically one sided; but Lord PALMERSTON, who never affected to be impartial when the interests of his country were concerned, was far more fortunate than his cosmopolitan successors in avoiding dangerous collisions. A statesman is bound to consider the rights and even the interests of other nations; but he mistakes his position when in disputes between his own country and other political communities he affects to be an arbitrator rather than an agent. It may be readily admitted that Lord DERBY is not prone to err on the side of sentimental weakness; but in negotiating with the Transvaal delegates he was dealing with difficulties wholly due to the impulsive precipitancy of Mr. GLADSTONE. It would be too much to hope that the mischievous consequences of a long series of errors have at last been terminated.

HYPOCHONDRIA AS A FINE ART.

MR. FRANCIS GALTON is a most interesting writer and a curious inquirer, but it is difficult to praise his latest invention. He has thrown into British families an apple of discord in the shape of 500*l.* to be given as prizes for "family records." He is unconsciously encouraging the practice as a fine art of morbid "introspection" and of hypochondria, which is already far too fashionable. "The "less you think about yourself and your symptoms the "better" is advice most of us have received, and it is very good advice, too, for the individual. "The more you think "about your symptoms, and your father's symptoms, and "your uncle's liver, and your grandmother's gout, the "better," is practically what Mr. GALTON tells society. This course of reflection may be good for science. The world may wax more and more scientific if we do as Mr. GALTON tells us, but the individual will certainly wither and will indubitably become the curse of his family circle.

Mr. GALTON'S 500*l.* is to be distributed among the British families who furnish him with the best "Family Records" before May 15, 1884. The records are wanted for the study of "Heredity," a topic on which Mr. GALTON has written much that is interesting. If we are careful about "strains" and "sires" in breeding racing-stock, why should we not be anxious in selecting proper sires and dams of the human race? PLATO asked the question some time ago, and the Elders of his Utopia were to arrange marriages on scientific principles. But to do this requires knowledge on the very topics which are now only communicated to the sacred confidence of physicians. Mr. GALTON wants these confidences for purposes of science, and his plan for obtaining them is not new. Two years ago the author of that moral work *La Faustin* requested his lady readers to send him statistics—the statistics of their emotions. "How "did you feel at your first communion?" and on various other intimate occasions, M. E. DE GONCOURT inquired. He wanted "documents" for naturalistic novels; we do not know whether he obtained them. Mr. GALTON makes things easier by allowing his correspondents to use mottoes and similar devices. He publishes two albums, a "Record "of Family Faculties" and a "Life History Album," with blank tables duly arranged, and these tables are to be filled up by the curious who desire a share of 500*l.* The author of the Albums expects a good deal of assistance from ladies. Details of "teething," anecdotes of infant phenomena, much occupy ladies, and are retained in the memories of grandmothers after they have forgotten almost everything else. "A family inquiry greatly interests them, and they are "zealous correspondents." They are indeed.

Useful as these inquiries may prove to science, we cannot conceal our opinion that they will encourage morbid brooding over matters best left "between the hands and on the "knees of gods." The "Life History Album" is a peculiarly gruesome document. We often hear it said of this or that young lady that "she has a history." The patient would like nothing less than to have that history known. The less we think of our histories the better. A character well known in sporting circles has registered a vow "never "to look back." Looking back is terrible work. The further we look the less we like it. We may happen to have watched the declining years of a father or a mother. Mr. GALTON wishes us to write down all about it. We may know that gout, or madness, or consumption, or any other terrible malady, are "in the family." Is it well to fix the mind on their gradual conquest of our dearest kinsfolk, and to look out for the first appearance of the conqueror on our own little territory? "That way madness lies," or suicide. We are all men condemned, with reprieves of indefinite length. It is not agreeable to parade the skeleton at every feast, to reckon up too curiously the instruments in the enemy's torture chamber; to speculate how the rack feels, and how the pilniwinks. Do not let us fix our minds on a contemplation of our spleens, or devote much serious thought to our lungs and livers. Professional physicians can make these notes on themselves and their patients with scientific calmness. The layman is almost certain to become a professional hypochondriac if he once sets to work to reckon up himself, his chances, and his children's chances in the "Life History Album." In this voyage of life we must be more or less reckless adventurers, if we are to venture at all. Don't let us record every cigarette, or be curious to mark the effect of every hour's work on the heart or the chest. The man who is always weighing himself is lost. He will soon take to weighing his food and measuring himself out allowances of milk-and-water.

Mr. GALTON, who is doubtless quite incapable of being "alarmed about himself," puts a very terrifying instrument into the hands of a nervous public when he offers them the Album. "It is to be a record of your Biological experience." "Thank you," we may reply; "but we prefer the faculty, "which THEMISTOCLES envied, of forgetting, especially of "forgetting our Biological experience." From the first pill of buoyant and trustful childhood onward, his biological experience is a thing a man likes to "let slide." This may be unscientific, it may be imprudent, but it is very human. A few facts are deeply impressed, of course—such facts as the imprudence of eating much ice-pudding, or partaking impartially of all the wines at a public dinner. So far, every man of thirty is qualified to be his own doctor. Of course he does not always take his own advice, just as "the wolf "can't keep himself from his own door." Still, most of us know what is right; and we don't want any more biological experience than that unavoidable modicum. Mr. GALTON, however, will find some people only too happy to rummage in their memories, people ready to constitute themselves "Ministers of the Interior," not of themselves alone, but of their relations. Mr. GALTON furnishes them, in the Album, with the necessary "portfolio." First the Minister will draw up a "carefully-prepared family medical history." He will "draw" his grandmother or his old nurse on the

subject of croup. He will listen with positive eagerness to his hypochondriac uncle's revelations about his liver—confidences which hitherto have not possessed much interest. He will remember as well as he can all about his own and his brother's experiences of chicken-pox. "Minute inquiries should be made of all surviving relatives," says Mr. GALTON. Sometimes these very minute inquiries will not be received in a kindly or scientific spirit. One can imagine questions which would get the questioner kicked out of the house. Let the young be especially careful. One uncle may make you his heir because you besiege him with queries about his digestion; while another, if you try the same tack with him, will never speak to you again. We can easily fancy a rattling Palais Royal farce founded on the indiscreet use of the "Life History Album." The complications which may ensue are incalculable and comic. But the topic could only be properly and scientifically treated in French and at the Palais Royal. We therefore reluctantly suppress the outline of a farce that thrusts itself unbidden on the constructive fancy.

When you have "drawn" (perhaps in both slang senses of the word) your surviving relatives, you are to correct their replies by the statements of their doctors. Just fancy the golden time of famous physicians occupied by inquirers who want a share of the loot. Why the prize would not pay the preliminary expenses, even if the doctors condescended to give an answer at all, which probably they would decline to do.

Dangerous as it is to practise on our uncles and aunts, it is still more perilous, as we have tried to show, to practise on ourselves. We shall soon convince ourselves that we have every disease that ever carried off any of our ancestors, and every other disease that ingenious fancy can suggest. The poor little children, too, finding all this pother made about them, will grow up professional hypochondriacs. They will always be anxiously trying how much they can pull, how far they can see, how much they weigh, how wide they are round the chest, how little food will support life, or (in a perverse and daring spirit) how much they can eat without suffering unpleasant consequences. The game may be played safely with children up to the age of two, but after that we think it is unsafe. Possibly, but not probably, the infant will acquire a scientific calmness. More likely it will become a nervous, introspective, little wretch, always feeling its own pulse, and "taking a pull" at nothing more convivial than the strength-registering machine. These are gloomy but sincere forebodings. We are afraid that Mr. GALTON, in the sacred cause of science, may be founding the practice of hypochondria as a fine art.

THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

THE chronic disease of the British army is perpetually showing itself in fresh symptoms, or rather by the same symptom under slightly varied forms. The malady of that much-tinkered force is, and long has been, want of men. Only a few weeks ago recruits could not be got for any part of it in sufficient numbers, and the War Office was reduced to the most comic expedients. The postmistress and the rural policeman were to be called in to help the recruiting-sergeant. Now, however, we are asked to believe that their services were not so very necessary after all. Mr. CHILDERS is able to assert that thirty thousand men have presented themselves for enlistment, and the *Standard* is in a position to assert with more confidence than lucidity that "the Infantry is being recruited at a rate "which at present more than meets an exceptional drain for two "years caused by a concurrence of peculiar circumstances." If all be good that is upcome, there does not seem to be much ground for the late terrors of the War Office. But except members of Parliament who will grasp at anything as an excuse for not increasing the Budget, and that part of the press which is committed to the support of short service and to the theories of our "only General," nobody is so credulous as not to discount the figures of Mr. CHILDERS. Thirty thousand men is rather less than will be needed to keep the army at its proper strength according to Lord CARDWELL'S scheme, but as that number has come forward already, it may be taken for granted that we shall have as many men as we need before the administrative year is over. All that is wanted to make Mr. CHILDERS'S figures perfectly satisfactory is that the thirty thousand should be such men as can be turned into effective soldiers. That, however, is a point on which Mr. CHILDERS observed a judicious silence. He said nothing at all as to what percentage of the men who present themselves are passed by the doctors. They will reject as few as they can, no doubt, but they must refuse some. By dint, however, of winking very hard, and accepting boys of some five feet high and thirty inches of chest measurement, it is probably just possible to keep the infantry up to its proper strength after a fashion, and another difficulty may be tided over for a few months by another makeshift, according to the statesmanlike practice of English army administration.

There is one very easy way of finding out how far the War Office is having recourse to the old trick of making quantity do duty for quality. The ranks of the Infantry may be filled by a very inferior stamp of recruits at a pinch, and they may serve their turn, but the Artillery must have men of some physical strength, and cannot be put off with weedy boys who cannot be employed to move heavy weights. Now it so happens that, just as we are being overrun with recruits according to the frank official statements of Mr. CHILDERS, the Artillery is so short of men that there is absolutely some talk of reducing the number of batteries maintained on the peace establishment. Innumerable letters have been written to account for this melancholy state of things. One wiseacre accounts for it on the ground that the recruiting-sergeant does not take trouble enough to get men, which is probably the most absurd explanation which has ever yet been given of any phenomenon. The men of the working classes are ignorant of many things; but they do know exactly how to get into the army, and what to expect when they have done so. The hard work is supposed by others to account for the unwillingness of men to enter the Artillery. There are very few men in the world who work hard if they can help it; nevertheless volunteers can be found for the hardest tasks on certain conditions. There are men who are at work by three o'clock in the morning in warehouses or market-places, and who do a day's work afterwards elsewhere. A walk through the Docks will show anybody that London contains tens of thousands of powerful men who are ready to undertake almost any amount of toil—on the condition that they are properly paid. It is quite unnecessary to waste ingenuity in finding explanations of what is almost self-evident. The British army in general is short of men, and has to put up with many deficiencies in those it does get, because it is not worth the while of a strong workman to enter the ranks while he can earn far more elsewhere. Of course the Artillery, which needs a particularly good stamp of recruit, suffers more than the Infantry, which need not be so exacting.

Whenever the difficulty of finding recruits for the army is honestly dealt with, it is infallibly found that the inquirer ends by deciding that it is all a question of pay. Sooner or later the same conviction will be forced on everybody. Indeed, we doubt whether, out of Parliament, one man would be found out of a hundred to deny it. However that may be, it is certain that actual and possible Secretaries of State for War and First Lords of the Treasury will recognize the fact as late as possible. They will try everything else before an increase of the Budget. That large section of the press which is bound to find the present system a good one (for had it not praised it all along? and is not short service and the rest of it good in the eyes of Lord WOLSELEY?) will continue to render what help it can by shirking facts and suggesting expedients. A correspondent of the *Standard* has adopted a notable scheme for getting the Artillery into a proper condition. He has observed that young men of the middle class are hard to start in life; and, combining this with his information about the Artillery, has arrived at the conclusion that the one difficulty may be utilized to correct the other. Only let the Government reserve certain batteries to be manned exclusively by gentlemen, and "our boys" will be ready to serve, whereby their parents will be relieved and the State well served. The advocates of the scheme all overlook one fact which we should have thought was patent enough to everybody—namely, that young men of the middle class show a marked preference for professions in which a decent salary can be obtained at once, and which offer them at least some chance of ultimately attaining to positions of dignity and emolument. Will the Artillery do that? Probably not to a sufficient extent. In fact this suggestion is by no means so new as the *Standard's* correspondent imagines. It was made a long while ago by some wiseacre on a Com-

Among possible candidates for the office of Prime Minister is Señor Canaomo, who is considered the ablest Spanish financier of the present day; but the selection of Ministers will depend on circumstances and qualifications which have little relation to commercial policy.

UTOPIA IN PICCADILLY.

THE great Mr. George is back among us, and it is interesting to learn, as Mr. Carlyle once remarked about somebody else, that he is "in moderately good spirits." He has had a reception on his arrival in Euston Square to which it is to be feared that the fierce democracy of his own country would apply the derogatory term bogus. For it seems that Mr. George did not then arrive in London, but had merely gone down the line somewhere, to the advantage doubtless of the funds of the North-Western Railway Company, and come back again to be received. He has been interviewed, and has expressed his opinion that Mr. Chamberlain is a man who will stick at nothing. The American and English languages apparently differing in the signification to be attached to this phrase, it is perhaps right to explain that Mr. George seems to have regarded it as a compliment. He did not very clearly explain to the interviewer how he is going to get on with his friends of the Democratic Federation, whose chief, Mr. Hyndman, has recently pronounced him to be fundamentally unsound, and he still less explained what to most people is the great puzzle of his position. The landowners whom he is going to expropriate without compensation are not very likely to help him — that is clear. The land-occupiers, who will simply have to pay their rent to a tax-gatherer instead of an agent, can have no interest in political economy as it may be in Georgium Sidus. Of the rest of the nation, who are to have their taxes paid for them at the expense of landlords and farmers, at least a considerable number, little as they like tax-paying, have no desire to throw their obligations on anybody else, and a very shrewd notion that Mr. George's gift would turn out one very dubiously beneficial. A few crack-brained theorists, and a rather larger number of greedy Have-nots, make up the constituency to which Mr. George can directly appeal, and this is a constituency which is rather "thin." His Irish friends are wiser, and offer the landlord's land directly to the landlord's tenant. Mr. George does not. More than one visitor to St. James's Hall on Wednesday night must have been curious to see if Mr. George would show any consciousness of these obvious things.

If any such visitor was so curious, and if any such curiosity was felt by any reader of Mr. George's speech next morning, the only result can have been disappointment. Mr. George's cheap insolence to the Queen of England, though it would have been satisfactory to see it properly resented, is a matter which does not require much comment. If Mr. George fancies that a bishop "gets money for which "he does not work," that only shows that Mr. George is an even more ignorant person than he might have been supposed to be. But what may be called the ornaments of his speech—the usual commonplaces of Republican and Democratic eloquence—though less familiar, are not much more noteworthy on the platform of St. James's Hall than in the columns of the New York "Daily Sewer" or the Philadelphia "Earwig." All that is taken for granted; and Mr. George is only worth listening to or commenting on when he is mounted on his own particular hobby. It is in reference to land nationalization itself that the curiosity above referred to could be felt, and in reference to land nationalization only. The proposal could be justified, if it could be justified at all, in two ways—by such an historical argument as was attempted by the defenders of the Irish Land Act, or by a high *priori* demonstration of abstract right to land. It is true that, if either or both these defences were successful, the objection would remain that all experience of business, all reading of history, and all study of human nature, show that the land nationalization scheme, if put in force, could never continue to work. To mention only one of a hundred arguments, no agricultural population could afford to pay an unvarying rent independent of the seasons, and no State could afford to depend on a varying rent dependent on those seasons. But this is beside the question. Granting it to be impossible for Mr. George to prove his plan expedient, he might be expected to show that it had what is by some people considered separable from and preferable to expediency—justice. And, as a matter of fact, Mr. George did valiantly try both the historical and the intuitive methods. Of his excursion into the former, it is sufficient to say that he declared that "the ancestors of the "present landlords obtained their lands by throwing the "taxes on the people," and "that," in "the ancient times all "the national expenses were paid out of the rent of the "land." Mr. George, like many of his countrymen, is very likely a person of indifferent education, and he may be unaware that both these statements are utterly false. Where he got them from it is difficult to say. But perhaps a famous epigram may here apply with a slight alteration. Though Mr. Hyndman does not think Mr. George an economist, it is possible that Mr. George goes to Mr. Hyndman for history. But to argue with a man who persists in assuming notoriously false premisses becomes impossible. It is necessary, therefore, to give Mr. George up on the historical side and come to the philosophical. "The land of England by virtue of the grant of the living "God belongs to the whole people of England." We are not so fond of bandying certain names as Mr. George and philosophers of his kidney appear to be. But it may be delicately hinted to Mr. George that there are a good many grants of the same kind alleged to be in existence, and that all of them have the drawback of being verifiable with very great difficulty. If somebody were to inform Mr. George that he had a divine commission to hang him, Mr. George, up to the next lamp-post, Mr. George would probably entertain grave doubts of the validity of the instrument, and would not be satisfied with the Commissioner's assurance. In the same way the landlords, with a great many people who are not landlords, and have no chance of ever being landlords, will feel disposed to apply a *quo warranto* to this large charter which Mr. George has discovered. But, in truth, to argue with Mr. George on this score is nearly as absurd as to argue with him on the other. When a man gets to the point of declaring private property in land to be "blasphemously wicked" there is nothing more to be said. We have got into the region of propositions of the "abracadabra is a second intention" order, and no one who has not graduated in the University of Bedlam can hope to conduct the disputation with propriety.

In himself Mr. Henry George is a very unimportant person. If, as has been said, though it is very doubtful, he has "become a power in England," it is merely because some other persons who loudly profess their disapproval of his doctrines are dishonest enough to welcome him as an instrument in furthering their political views. He may be useful, it seems to be thought, in the coming crusade against the English landlords, and it is well not to discourage friends. It is interesting to contemplate this spectacle of alliance between a moral party and an agitator, whom not the least advanced organ of that party describes as holding doctrines which add the morally wrong to the economically untenable. But it is quite possible that after due meditation on Mr. George's history and Mr. George's acquaintance with the *Baga de secretis* of the Divine Record Office, the Radical party will come to see that Mr. George's ethics are not so very wrong after all, and his economics not so fundamentally unsound. The true safeguard against the monstrous and pernicious folly which he preaches has been indicated above. Its tendency is directly to injure a vast number of persons, and only indirectly to benefit others. For Mr. George is quite consistent. His doctrine applies not merely to large estates, but to small; not merely to agricultural land, but to towns. Not merely, therefore, the Duke of Westminster and the Duke of Sutherland, but every town dweller who wholly or partially owns his house, every man of the middle class who has bought a country box or a model farm, every working-man who belongs to a Building Society, will be deprived at a stroke, without compensation, of whatever invested or inherited interest, in fee simple or temporary, he has in land, whether ploughed or built over, whether mined or pastured. To all these persons of every degree add the vast array of occupiers who must exchange their landlords without apparent benefit to themselves, except the happy sense that their skill and labour are paying taxes for others, and it will be seen that, in the simple motive-spring of self-interest, enough power can be found to resist Mr. George's theories, even if they are backed by a few crazy enthusiasts, by a good many dishonest politicians, and by a certain following of the riff-raff of the towns. If they were capable of being argued or

of bearing argument, it is not to this consideration that it would be best to look. But, as they are beneath the serious attention of the thinker, they are best treated from the point of view of the practical politician.

THE REVIVAL OF NIHILISM.

IT was so long since we had heard of the Nihilists that the news of their last feat came with a certain shock. The murder of Colonel SUDEIKIN was indeed well calculated to strike the imagination of the world. He was a chief of the police, the head of what is still practically the Third Section; he had long been a bitter enemy of the Nihilists and their most successful persecutor; only a few weeks ago it looked as if he had been victorious in the struggle, and yet he has been suddenly struck down. The fact that he was murdered by one of his own most trusted subordinates has added to the horrors of his murder. It looks as if no Russian Minister would ever again be able to trust his officials. No man could possibly have given better security for his fidelity than DEGAYEFF. He had been a Nihilist, and had betrayed his fellow-conspirators to save himself from the gallows or Siberia. For years he had served the police apparently with the greatest zeal. He is generally credited with having caused the capture of several of the Nihilist leaders who have fallen into the hands of the police during the past months. Such a traitor would appear to have no choice but to be true to his chief. He could apparently have no hope of safety in the world except in the protection of Colonel SUDEIKIN, and yet it is by this very man that the Chief of the Police has been murdered. Indeed, nobody else could well have found an opportunity. If he had not thought himself safe in the house of a man who had given so many pledges for his loyalty, the Colonel would scarcely have been found unarmed, as he seems to have been, or have allowed others of his agents to get out of earshot. DEGAYEFF'S feat, too, will still further convince the world that Nihilist enthusiasm has the virtue of devotion in a wonderful degree. With the help of a little romancing, it will be easy to maintain that he has never ceased to be a Nihilist agent at all, that he has only been pretending to serve the police, and has really been waiting for his opportunity. The Nihilist exiles and their friends have naturally cited all this as a proof that the enthusiasm and fidelity of their party are invincible.

It is perfectly natural that a murder of this kind should produce a profound impression. The killing of a high official in the discharge of his duty is always a defeat for the Government which he serves, but it is well not to exaggerate the probable consequences. As yet the Nihilists have utterly failed in attaining their avowed object. They profess to desire a reform in the Government of their country, and to be fighting for it with violence, since they cannot gain it by persuasion. It is now years since they began their course of terrorism. In its course many much more considerable people than Colonel SUDEIKIN, nay, the very head of the Russian Empire himself, have lost their lives. The whole country has been kept in a continued state of fear and insecurity between the crimes of the revolutionists and the repressive measures of the police. At the end of it all the wished-for and much-needed reforms seem further off than ever. Even in the matter of loss of life, the balance seems to be on the whole in favour of the Government. The victims who have fallen in its service have been more conspicuous, but those on the other side have been by far the more numerous. For every high official whom the Nihilists have killed, scores, and even hundreds, of themselves and their sympathizers have been sent to death or to those prolonged sufferings in prison or in Siberia which, from the reports of competent witnesses, would appear to be worse than death. The enthusiasm of the revolutionary party has apparently aroused an equally fierce feeling among the supporters of authority. There are men in Russia who believe in the autocratic government of the CZAR as a sacred principle quite as ardently as the revolutionary party do in their cause. Allowing that the latter are inspired wholly by feelings of a respectable kind, and do, however mistakenly, believe that they are working for the ultimate good of Russia, there is abundant evidence that they are being opposed from exactly similar motives. As one official falls another is found to take his place. In a struggle of this kind the party which wields the whole machinery of the State must necessarily have a great advantage. It has resources which its opponents must necessarily be without, and, moreover, it has the incalculable advantage of being able to represent its adversaries as the enemies of all order and civilization. In such a struggle the administration can always be sure of a great deal of quiet sympathy and support even from men who think there is much in it which needs reform. The conversation of the *Standard's* Correspondent, reported in yesterday's paper, with a Russian statesman, was no doubt intended to show the world that the murder of SUDEIKIN has not terrified his superiors, but may be believed to contain a large element of truth. If much of the enthusiasm and courage of the Russian people was not enlisted on the side of the CZAR, his Government would long ago have fallen. As it is, the fight is between two equally resolute enemies, supposing the Nihilists to be all they profess to be, and of the two it is the better armed who will probably win.

But it is by no means to be taken for granted that the Nihilists are acting wholly on the lofty motives with which they are credited. The Russian is capable of very savage forms of enthusiasm. Some of the men, and a larger proportion of the women, who take part in these crimes, doubtless devote themselves to what they believe to be a holy work. Without such tools, not even the basest campaign against law and order can be long carried on. Whether, however, the directors in the fight are equally disinterested is another question. It is significant that terrorism was not adopted as a method of party warfare till the acquittal of VERA SASSULITCH by a jury in St. Petersburg had encouraged her friends with hopes of immunity, and shown them that they might count on a good deal of popular sympathy. It was natural that the extreme badness of the Russian administration should be considered as some excuse for such a method, but at the point things have got to any further sympathy with the Nihilists is utterly out of place. The murderers of the CZAR may have been honest, though misguided, enthusiasts; but the movement has now obviously fallen into the hands of a stamp of men with whom we are sufficiently familiar. It is directed by exiles of the Irish-American stamp, who are in perfect safety themselves, and in the receipt of subscriptions—for which they must, as a mere matter of business, do something from time to time. What they must do to keep up their traditions is murder. When the enthusiasts are spent, hired ruffians will be used. It might then be contended that the trap laid for Colonel SUDEIKIN was no other than a repetition of the assassination of Mr. BURKE and Lord F. CAVENDISH, and that his murderers were scoundrels of the stamp of BRADY or KELLY. DEGAYEFF, according to such an assumption, would be a worse CAREY—a double and triple traitor. We may assert that the superiority of the English to the Russian Government is self-evident; but it is certain that war is being carried on against both by apparently similar methods. Assassination societies which are criminal in Dublin are no more respectable in St. Petersburg. It was not by murder that the emancipation of the serfs was brought about. The Russian administration stands in great need of reform, but it must be amended by people who have shown a respect for law and order, and have therefore given guarantees for their honesty, not by desperadoes who, under the cloak of a more or less genuine enthusiasm, employ the methods of vulgar cutthroats. Bad as the Russian Government is, it is now fighting in the interest of society. Its enemies are not reformers but anarchists. We may believe that it would do better to rely more openly on the sympathies of the orderly part of the Russian people; but it must be remembered that anything in the nature of a reform would now be looked upon as a concession to violence. It is not the least of the crimes of the Nihilists that they have in all probability made despotic government a necessity in Russia for another fifty years.

THE CORPORATION WATER BILL.

PARLIAMENT has certainly no reason to take pride in its private Bill legislation. Whenever complaints are made of the price or the quality of the water supplied to London, it turns out that the defences behind which the Companies entrench themselves have been created for them by statute. Thames water is compared with that in use in other great towns, and found to contain matter which the consumer would willingly have let die. But the difficulty of bringing water from some less discredited source is

immensely increased by the terms of the concessions originally made to the Companies, who regard the Thames as their own preserve; and these concessions were the work of Parliament. Londoners object to being charged, not for the water they really use, but for what it is assumed they must use, paying the rent they do; but the adoption of rating instead of consumption as the basis of charge is an achievement of legislative wisdom. When a householder has had a difference with his Water Company, and been made on one ground or another to pay more than he thinks he owes, he naturally scans with some discontent the price of the Company's shares and the handsome dividends by which that price is kept up. Ten per cent., he is told, is all that a Water Company ought to pay to its shareholders, and a public Act was passed nearly forty years ago to ensure that they should never exceed this rate. But in one way or another it is exceeded; and when the reason is inquired into, it is found in the provisions of some private Act. All these obstacles to the provision of a water supply which shall be at once pure, abundant, and cheap—and in the case of an article of such universal necessity these are not unreasonable requirements—have been placed in the way by Parliament. Those who try to remove them have to contend, not merely against the natural difficulties which belong to all costly undertakings, but against special difficulties created by our representatives and protectors. This fact is not to be regretted only on the ground that it makes the overcoming of these difficulties a matter of much time and cost. There is another inconvenience arising from it which, under present circumstances, is still more serious. The nature of the Water Companies' Acts disposes every one to pick holes in them; and when, as usually happens, no weak point can be discovered in the legislative armour by which the Companies are protected, we are apt to listen too favourably to the doctrine that the authority which has made can unmake, and that, if the Water Companies were called into being by the breath of Parliament, they need only continue in being while Parliament thinks fit to keep them alive. At the time when Sir RICHARD CROSS's abortive Bill was under discussion a great deal of unconscious Socialism was talked by people who ordinarily are firm believers in the sacredness of property; and much of what is said every day against the Water Companies might with very little change receive a much wider application. Title by Act of Parliament is spoken of as though it conferred only the slightest and most ephemeral claim to continued possession, instead of being the most precise and deliberate expression of the authority on which all property ultimately rests. This is, perhaps, the most serious consequence of our Private Bill system. The Acts which are the result of it are open to so many exceptions in point of wisdom and justice that those who suffer from them are tempted to catch at any theory which promises to show us how they may be overridden.

It is well to say this by way of caution when the Corporation of London are about to introduce a Bill to "regulate the supply of water to the metropolis, and all the "places outside the metropolis within the limits of supply "of the eight London Water Companies." The chief objects of this Bill will be to give consumers the option of being supplied with water by meter, and so of paying on what they actually use; to make the decision in DOBBS's case apply to all houses, and not merely to houses of which the owner or long leaseholder is also the occupier, to limit dividends to 10 per cent., and to forbid the payment of back dividends. All four of these objects are in themselves excellent. To pay for an article, the consumption of which is almost as various as it is universal, by a standard with which consumption has nothing to do is an extraordinarily clumsy proceeding. To have one rule by which to charge houses for which rent is paid, and another by which to charge those for which rent is not paid, is to introduce a needless inequality into a transaction which already is quite unequal enough. To pay back dividends out of the surplus remaining over and above the dividends of the current year is to make the prospect of any reduction in the price of water altogether illusory. But, when all this has been admitted, the fact remains that the possessions with which the Bill proposes to deal are just as much property as anything else that can be named, and that, however injudicious it may have been in the first instance to create such rights, large sums of money have been invested in these undertakings on the faith that, once created, these rights were wholly indefeasible. We are not arguing against the propriety of subjecting the Water Companies' claims to the test of a rigid scrutiny. By all means let them be pared down to the very smallest amount that Parliament can be shown to have given them. But a scrutiny which goes beyond this point, and seeks to take away what Parliament has given, without paying compensation to those from whom it is taken, would be as much to be deprecated as any other kind of attack upon property. If a right conferred by Act of Parliament is not one which its holder may confidently maintain against all comers, it is hard to say where such confidence can be looked for.

We give this caution because in the Bill about to be introduced the Corporation do not propose to avail themselves of the weapon which above all others would bring the Companies to terms. Nothing is said in it of a rival supply from another source. It aims solely at the regulation of the existing Water Companies and of the water they sell. It contains nothing, therefore, that can justly alarm the Companies unless they have been exceeding their powers or have reason to fear that they may be deprived of what is rightly theirs. It may prove of course that they have been exceeding their powers, and in that case the Bill will be of great use. It will be surprising, however, if the legal acumen which the Companies have always been able to command has not enabled them to keep clear of this particular blunder.

DR. LASKER.

THOUGH the death of Dr. LASKER is not likely to have any immediate influence on German politics, it is an event that deserves something more than a passing mention. He had won the respect of every party in the Empire by his legal attainments, his clear and sharp insight, his perfect disinterestedness, and the efforts he constantly made to judge every question that arose on its own merits, and so he will be mourned by many who did not share his opinions, and who deeply regretted the course which he thought it right to adopt during the last few years. That he did not break through old ties without deep pain we may be sure, and also that he did so only from the purest motives. He was desirous neither of social nor of political distinction; the former was distasteful to him, and he never sought the latter. He was ambitious, but it was only to see his country provided with what he considered the constitution and the laws best adapted to it; and in order to attain this end he was ready to be the servant of all.

If we except Prince BISMARCK, there is only one living German politician who has deserved so well of his country as the man who has just fallen asleep on foreign soil. Though but recently elected to Parliament, he had already distinguished himself as a Liberal orator, and gained a wide influence in the Prussian Chamber by his talent for business when the war with Austria broke out. The whole country was then so infuriated against the Government that in provincial towns the news that barricades had been built in Berlin was expected from day to day. All Germany seemed for the moment to be united against Herr VON BISMARCK and his Royal Master, who had no one to depend upon except the official class and the squires of Prussia. Not only were all the Liberal groups, from the most moderate to the Radicals and the Socialists, prepared for extreme measures, but they were supported by the Catholics, and the reactionary politicians who looked upon Austria as their natural friend and protector, and by the Particularists of every shade, from the simple peasants who objected to every change to that small but highly cultured class who perceived that the mental progress of Germany had been in a great extent due to its political disunion, and who preferred an intellectual leadership to a political supremacy in Europe. Englishmen are too apt to forget how great a personal stake Prince BISMARCK had in the success of his policy in 1866. If the Prussian armies had been defeated, if they had even suffered a serious check, a revolution would have broken out, and he might have been brought to the block. He won; but Germany was still uncertain. The Austrian party was crushed, the Particularists were scattered, but the Liberals were still strong. Would they accept the new state of things, or would they continue their opposition? It was a question on which much depended, and on which very few had made up their minds. Berlin, for example, welcomed the victors

at Königgrätz with enthusiasm, and almost immediately proceeded to elect deputies who were pledged to undo all that they had done. It was Dr. LASKER'S great merit that in this doubtful time he had the moral courage to confess he had been mistaken, and to join Herr von BENNIGSEN in forming the National Liberal party. His action determined that of many who were faltering between a desire for the unification of their country and a hatred of the Minister who had rendered it possible.

In the debates on the Constitution of the North German Confederation Dr. LASKER had many opportunities of displaying his legal knowledge and acumen. Though by character and conviction an idealist, his mind was rather practical and critical than imaginative and creative, and these were perhaps the qualities which were most requisite in those who had frankly accepted the new order of things without abandoning their former Liberal opinions. The whole Constitution was a compromise, and that it took its present form and has hitherto worked so smoothly is, in a large extent, due to the changes in the Governmental proposals suggested by Dr. LASKER. His name will always be connected with these; but perhaps the influence he exercised over his political friends, of which the world has hitherto heard very little, was even more important. There was nothing half-hearted about him: he loyally entered into the new alliance, and when he saw that the Ministry was determined to carry a point, he induced his friends to yield it with a good grace.

That, after many years of sincere co-operation with the statesman who has done more than any other for Germany, he should have taken a place among the leaders of the Secessionists, and begun a violent opposition to him, may be a matter for regret, it can hardly be a cause of surprise. Dr. LASKER had made a study of political economy, and he was convinced that the financial policy of the Government was a mistake, and that State Socialism was a dream at least as dangerous as attractive. The breach was therefore necessary; but it was embittered by the memory of many shipwrecked hopes. There was a time when both Prince BISMARCK and Dr. LASKER in all probability imagined that they stood nearer to each other than they ever really did. It was generally believed among the National Liberals that the CHANCELLOR shared most of their opinions, that he was prevented by external influences from carrying them out more fully, and that a little occasional pressure was by no means disagreeable to him; while he, on his side, was generously eager to build golden bridges for his former opponents, and to make concessions upon every point that did not seem to him to be of vital importance. Neither politician would have been human if the discovery of the error in which they had both indulged had not left a sting; but even in the midst of the bitterest party conflicts Dr. LASKER spoke in private of Prince BISMARCK with personal respect, and of his policy with sincere though by no means unmixed admiration.

Into the details of Dr. LASKER'S public life it is both impossible and needless to enter. By his death Germany has lost a man of unusual powers, wide culture, deep learning, unquestioned integrity, and rare unselfishness, and a politician whose name will always be honourably remembered in connexion with the great crisis of her history.

THE CORPS FUCHS.

DURING the spring and autumn vacations a German university town is almost deserted by the students who have gone home to economize, or somewhere else to amuse themselves. Quiet citizens then congregate in the beer-rooms from which they are banished at other seasons, and discuss the prosaic details of their business, where nothing less heroic than a duel could be mentioned a few weeks before; their sons pay assiduous and no longer unacceptable court to the servant girls who are out at dusk, and even venture to fill the night with their most sweet but rather unsteady voices, in a way that would bring summary vengeance upon them at any other time, while the watchman goes his rounds without any dread of a thrashing or hope of an invitation to a late supper. He walks boldly over the open places, blows his horn freely, and almost forgets the dark and cosy corners in which he has so often sought security. He is a town official, and has no right whatever over the students, except the somewhat illusory one of being permitted to ask to inspect their papers—a request which they are sure to refuse, and he is wise enough rarely to make; and so, if a party of the wilder Burschen happen to meet him on their way home from a drinking bout, they consider it almost a point of honour either to break his horn over his back or to make him drunk and incapable. Which course they adopt depends very much on the humour of the moment and conduct of the prisoner, and the man who can most successfully avoid the one process and simulate the other is the model watchman. Now and then, when the young men have been having an unusually good time, and the inns are closed, one of them will propose to hunt Dogberry. Then the whole town is drawn, and as the official dare not leave the streets, he is pretty certain to be caught, when strange things happen. The representative of public order may be found bound securely to a convenient tree, with the signboard of a neighbouring inn, representing an ox, a bear, or a monkey, suspended above his head, while his horn is heard shrieking wildly and incoherently in secluded places during the rest of the night, or he himself may be seen tootooing fiercely, but at the same time as noiselessly as possible, through the streets whose quiet he is employed to guard, at the head of a band of students, who are "rousing the night owl in a catch that would draw three souls out of one weaver." In any case, however, he is pretty certain to have assured his tormentors that he is quite unacquainted with their names or addresses before they bid him good-bye, and it will be unlucky for him if his memory happens to be quicker on the morrow. At least, such things were in days that have not long gone by; but since 1870 great changes have been wrought for the better in the manners of students as well as in more important matters in Germany. Still, even of old, the watchman was secure during the long vacations. He then not only enjoyed the whole dignity of his office unmolested, but he knew at least two places where he could always be sure of a supper and as much beer as he cared to drink before his duties began. *Was liebt sich, neckt sich*, says the German proverb. The student and the watchman loved each other, though the teasing was rough and mostly on one side, and even in the vacations two sets of students were kept at their post by a strict sense of duty, though not by any love of their studies. They were the representatives of the Corps and the Burschenschaften.

It would be interesting to trace the history of these student societies back to the period of the Thirty Years' War, or even the Middle Ages, but our space would not admit of this, and, for practical purposes, it is sufficient to remember that the Corps devote their undivided energies to fencing and beer-drinking, while the Burschenschaften vary these more serious studies by a good deal of political discussion. They both sprang from the old Landsmannschaften, but the establishment of the Burschenschaft in 1815 was an endeavour to reform these, while the Corps have retained as much as possible of their old character, and consequently the enmity between the members of the two bodies is great.

In almost every university there are several Corps, whose members are always ready to fight each other, not only on the slightest provocation, but for the mere fun of the thing; that is, in term-time; as soon as the vacation commences, all enmity is laid aside. Each of the separate bodies selects some of its members whose duty it is to remain in town, and these at once fraternize. If you ask them why they stay in so dull a place, they will tell you they are there to catch foxes.

The German schoolboy is subjected to a number of restraints which an English youth of his age would consider intolerable; as soon as he enters the university he is permitted a license such as no one else enjoys. In all minor matters he is subject to academical and not to public law, and however strict the letter of the code may seem, the spirit in which it is expounded is one of perfect lenity. A breach of the peace which would bring fine or imprisonment upon others is in his case often punished only by a gentle rebuke in choice Latin, which is apt to become humorous if there be anything in the offence to justify a smile. And public opinion is as merciful as the law. Almost any excess is thought natural, and any wild freak pardonable in a student. Unless he be guilty of meanness, or some act of extreme brutality, he may be sure that his comrades will support him, and that the outside world will not judge him harshly. He is not even expected to pay his debts, at least for the present, and what does he care for the future? It is not, therefore, strange that, as soon as his last examinations are passed, the schoolboy should be eager to enter his new paradise, and should hurry to the university at the most unexpected times.

He is the fox for whom the representatives of the Corps are lying in wait, and as soon as he appears on their hunting ground, they are sure to be informed of it by some faithful scout. The devices they employ to entrap their prey are many and ingenious, but they resemble too closely the wiles of our old friend the recruiting sergeant to be worth narrating. The youth finds the veterans, whose prowess is attested by many a half-healed scar, the best of company. They show him the drinking-horns that are used at their banquets, and allow him to have a peep at their duelling swords every now and then. They are tolerant of his tipsy rudeness and his morning peevishness, and delight his leisure with wild tales of riot, for much of the spirit of Falstaff and his followers still survives in the German Corps.

It might be thought that the representatives of the different societies would be inclined to dispute as to the possession of the prize they have taken so much trouble to win; but this is rarely the case. No student is allowed to enter any of the Corps who cannot show that he is in possession of what, for the University in which he is entered, is a liberal allowance; and the money qualification differs in the different bodies. In some it is very high; and, as many of these also exclude all but nobles, the society that is to be found in them is select, and much that is both true and characteristic of other Corps does not apply to them. Guided,

therefore, partly by the length of his purse, and partly by other considerations, the delegates have but little difficulty in assigning their willing captive to the body for which he is best suited, and persuading him that he made the choice himself. They are all rewarded by a consciousness of their own virtue. They feel that a good deed has been done and a soul saved from the Burschenschaft. The term begins with a Commers, in which all the Corps take part. A table is prepared for each in a brilliantly lighted and decorated room, and ample quantities of drink are provided. When the Fox takes his place, in his cap of green and gold, or whatever other brilliant hues are the chosen colours of the society he is about to enter, his heart swells within him; but his enthusiasm rises to almost a devotional point when the band strikes up the "Landesvater," when his new cap, after having been spitted on a sword, is replaced on his head, the weapon laid upon it, and the great drinking-horn given into his hands. The way in which this and several other student songs are sung is often really impressive, and to the novice the ceremony seems full of significance. He is really making his vows to be true to the brotherhood. But from that night a change comes over the spirit of his dream. The seniors who were lately so affable become supercilious and order him about instead of consulting his wishes. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, indeed, the position of a Fox was most miserable. The older members of the Landsmannschaften had absolute power over him, and he might think himself fortunate if they were content with merely treating him as a menial without having recourse to cruel indignities or even torture. These excesses are said to have been introduced into university life by the wandering scholars, and edict after edict was in vain promulgated against them. Now, of course, the memory of such things is only preserved in single phrases and ceremonies which have become purely formal and are dying out. The authority of the seniors is generally exercised only in a jocose way, but in spite of this it is real enough. If a novice is noisy or troublesome of an evening when the Corps have met to drink quietly together, especially when guests are present, one of the Burschen will simply say, "Fox, spin two, four, or six," as the case may be. The youth must provide himself with the given number of glasses of beer within the space of five minutes, his taskmaster inspects them to see that they are properly filled, and the spinner has then to drink them out one after another, each at a single draught, which generally quiets him at least for the time. If an astonished Englishman who is enjoying the hospitality of the Corps inquires as to the purpose of so strange a custom, he will be told that it is necessary to preserve order. And there is some truth in this. It is a standing rule among German students that a toast demands a reply; that is that, if anybody drinks a half or a whole glass to your health, you are bound to consume at least an equal quantity of liquor in compliment to him before a given time has passed. This would render it possible for the novices to turn every social meeting into a drunken orgie, if no restraint were placed upon them. They have only to unite to "explode" the president and one or two of the more serious members to attain their end. An explosion is managed thus. By pre-arrangement a number of persons each drink a glass to a single person at almost the same time, and he is then compelled to empty, it may be, ten or twelve glasses in the course of fifteen minutes. This is one of the devices of which the Foxes are particularly fond, each succeeding generation of them discovers it anew, and spinning is considered the only remedy. If the inquisitive foreigner asks whether it would not be better to modify the rule than to resort to so drastic a means of blunting its edge, some Bursch will in all probability reply with the greatest seriousness that everybody is sometimes brought into a situation where it is natural or even necessary as a matter of politeness for him to become intoxicated, and that it is therefore well to teach the young to carry their liquor soberly, an art that can only be acquired by practice. The older German students, however, are as a rule far less intemperate than is generally supposed, except when they drink out of bravado, as in a Commers which unites all the Corps. Then the hard drinkers challenge each other, and incredible quantities of beer vanish. The whole assembly is interested in the struggle, and bets are made on the event. Every voice is hushed when from one table come the words, "Mr. So-and-so, I drink my twenty-third glass to you in advance," or from the other, "Mr. So-and-so, I drink my twenty-first glass in reply." To such heights as these, of course, no Fox can hope to attain; but he, too, fights out his little beer tournaments, in which speed and quantity are the two elements chiefly considered. Might not the commentators of Rabelais learn something from the life of the German Corps?

We have said that it is fading away. Much that we have dwelt upon may perhaps already have become obsolete. It was by no means a noble, a refined, or a proper, but it was a jovial, way of passing the time. Some of its excesses are explained, and in part excused, by the strictness of school life in Germany. The young colts had so long been imprisoned in narrow stables that they were inclined to kick up their heels when the door was thrown open. And the young man who joined a Corps did gain some advantages, though they were hardly adequate to the time and money they cost. If there was anything in him, he learned to be faithful to his friends, to face his enemies boldly, to behave decently to his equals, to be fair and open, and to respect his honour more than any earthly good. Watchman hunting and duelling may seem rather a roundabout path to such an end; but it is something if it be attained at all.

LORD HARTINGTON.

IF some one of the "Raphaels in shoals" whom no doubt we have about us does not remove the reproach of shortcomings in the grand style from English art by a cartoon of "Michael and Satan contending for the body of Lord Hartington," it is his own fault. A more curious incident than the duel on the subject between the chief evening and the chief morning organ of Radicalism in London at the beginning of the week has not recently taken place, though we have no intention of distributing the archangelic and diabolic parts between the two. The *Daily News* opened the ball by entreating Lord Hartington to say a word, "only a few words," to relieve his agonized friends from the idea that he is not sound in the Radical faith. This appeal, which was really of a touching character, had the undoubted drawback that it seemed to confess that the friends were agonized; that their confidence in Lord Hartington's orthodoxy, despite the pretty severe trials to which that orthodoxy has been exposed for the last four years, has never been quite firm, and is now seriously shaken. This was the point of view which presented itself to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and it proceeded to rate its respected contemporary, not merely for "presumption," but for letting unsavoury cats out of inconvenient bags. This eccentric but not uninstructive family squabble has naturally caused some amusement in the camp opposite to that of the *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It has been pointed out with perfect truth that if Lord Hartington responded to the invitation, if he came forward and with his hand on his heart made profession of Chamberlainism, whole Chamberlainism, and nothing but Chamberlainism, the Radical party would, on the whole, lose quite as much as it would gain. It would be the stronger by Lord Hartington, but the weaker by all the semi-independent allies whom Lord Hartington now leads. The Moderate Liberal, who grieves over the absence of Mr. Goschen, trembles at the resignation of the Duke of Argyll, and shakes his head over the retirement of Mr. Forster, has at present Lord Hartington to comfort himself with. If Lord Hartington should become only a Mr. Chamberlain with a difference, what could the Moderate Liberal do? He may stand being permeated while he is able to persuade himself that he is permeating likewise; but with a root-and-branch Cabinet he might become restive to the operation.

We shall not pause to inquire whether this view of Lord Hartington's position (in which nobody who has impartially studied the events of the last few years will refuse to allow much truth) is altogether flattering to him. It assigns to him rather the status of that waistcoat, recorded somewhere in fiction, which was a waistcoat of such an eminently respectable and responsible appearance that nobody could suspect its wearer of imprudent or immoral acts. But there is no doubt that Lord Hartington has in some sort laid himself open to such imputations. He is himself a politician of a kind which for our part we should be very sorry to see extinct or infrequent in England. Whether he deserves the glowing eulogies which, in the *Daily News* article referred to, accompanied the little request for his name on the back of the Radical bill, we do not think it necessary to pronounce, nor, on the other hand, do we feel inclined to investigate the truth of a reported remark of a person of quality some time ago—"Lord Hartington is an excellent fellow, but he is like all racing men, he'll do anything to win." *Non nostrum tantas*; not to mention that the second and unfavourable view might be construed into a libel on the turf. But the valuable qualities of Lord Hartington as a statesman are easily appreciable. If he is a thorough partisan, he is a partisan of the old kind, that fought fairly with gloves or fists, and had not the slightest personal enmity to the other side. No less by temperament than by education and tradition the furious personal spite of the *parvenu* is a thing to which he is an utter stranger. To some men the University at which they have not been educated, or which has rejected them, the Club which will not admit them, the order to which they have looked up with a mixture of humiliation and envy, the Church which has looked down on their sect with the calm superiority of disdain, are objects of a concentrated malignity from which circumstances no less than character have made Lord Hartington safe. In the same way he has every reason for taking politics quietly, which is another expression for taking politics wisely. In more fortunate circumstances Lord Hartington might have been a real master of that great art of letting things alone in which is the root of much political wisdom. If his intellectual abilities are not extraordinary his practical sense is not small; and the ignorance and indolence which was probably more to blame than anything else for his conduct on the Afghan, and, until recently, the Irish questions, are closely connected with the good points of his character. In a general way more harm is done by political busybodies than by political sluggards; and to be content not to know is itself a rather admirable thing. Only, of course, it may be carried too far, as Lord Hartington undoubtedly did carry it in the Candahar case, in the matter of the Land Act, and in the initials of the Ilbert Bill. With a sounder chief and less mischievous colleagues, however, these excessive demands would not have been on his faculties of performing work and acquiring information. It is tolerably certain that Lord Hartington would never have been the first to propose the retirement from Afghanistan, or the Land Act, or the Europeans-in-India-Disability Bill. So also the undoubted fact that it has taken him four years to see what the debate on the Army Discipline Bill might have told him before the four years began, and that his assumption of his

true position is even now tentative and uncertain, are again connected with his merits. He backs his side as a man should do, and he doubtless considers that the other men on the side are as honest as himself—which is amiable of him. But, though it cannot be denied that a very great crisis in his career is approaching, it can hardly be said that he has yet carried his policy of *insouciance* beyond the limits which a party politician may conceivably allow himself. Christianity, after all, must approve, if it could hardly have commanded, his reconciliation with Mr. Chamberlain after Mr. Chamberlain had renounced and defied him. An ardent admiration of the House of Commons is the watchword of Lord Hartington's party, and he may have persuaded himself that it was right, against his own judgment, to expose the British army to loathsome disablement for duty because some crazy fanatics snatched a majority in that House. Every allowance that the game admits must be made for a man who is playing a game.

But the question of the moment is whether Lord Hartington can go on playing the same game much longer. What ought to be his conduct in the forthcoming Session in reference to the Irish policy of the Government from the standpoint of rational politics and national interests is of course quite clear; but we have endeavoured here to take a strictly practical view, and to indulge in no heroics. The question is, then, what course of political conduct is best suited for Lord Hartington's own interest as a player of the political game, and here, though it is no business of ours to advise him, the remarkable freedom with which advice has already been offered makes an additional suggestion or two by way of comment not wholly impertinent. We should say that if any one wishes to see Lord Hartington efface himself they should urge him, and, if possible, induce him, to say the few words for which the *Daily News* is so anxious. To put the matter with the greatest possible sharpness, though of course also with the somewhat exaggerated emphasis which extreme sharpness requires, it may be said that if Lord Hartington were to retire from Mr. Gladstone's Government on the question of throwing the reins on the neck of Ireland, his succession at no distant period to the Premiership would be made, accidents excepted, certain; that if he once more drifts to the Radical side that succession will be very seriously endangered. For as a purely Radical competitor for the office he is at very great disadvantages. No doubt many Radicals still love a lord, but their number is not on the increase. The Radicals themselves have at least two candidates who are cleverer than Lord Hartington, more popular than Lord Hartington can ever be with their own side, far more skilled in the arts by which Radical leaders must more and more stand or fall in the future, and able to adopt the crotchets of the hour in a fashion impossible to the heir of the dukedom of Devonshire. As a Moderate Liberal Lord Hartington's peculiar circumstances give him points against all his possible competitors. As a Radical they give all his competitors points against him. When he hears the voice of the Radical charmer he should remember D'Artagnan's reply to the Cardinal's invitation, "Monseigneur, je serais mal venu ici et mal regardé là-bas," a remark in which the Gascon really showed himself to be that "puits de sagesse" which his friend declared him. The Moderate Liberal is no doubt a strangely forgiving animal, but after a sufficient course of desertion at every point by Lord Hartington, capped by a definite profession of apostacy in "a few words," even he must turn. The Radical has his own leaders, whom he trusts to lead him against dukes; and a duke for a leader would in a few years, if not now, simply embarrass him. On all grounds, therefore, it would be in the highest degree unwise for Lord Hartington to ally himself openly and avowedly with the party of destruction; and it is an arguable point whether his continuance in his present position (whether he is or is not conscious that he is used as a decoy duck) is compatible with the retention of solid popularity with any party. Lord Hartington is not at all likely to have missed the probability that, something besides defect of eyesight may have contributed to Mr. Goschen's refusal to be put forward as Speaker. He cannot fail to have noted that since Mr. Forster's retirement Mr. Forster has distinctly risen in the opinion of the country at large. His shrewd if not over-subtle faculty of political judgment is likely to make him doubt the permanence, at least as an authority on one side only, of the Caucus-rule by which at present he and his motley colleagues keep their majority in Parliament. Any competent student of politics, speaking from no party point of view, but with absolutely judicial fairness, would tell Lord Hartington that his game, when once the disturbing element of Mr. Gladstone's personality, and the silly worship which that personality excites, is out of the way, is no more to join hands with Mr. Chamberlain against Lord Salisbury than it is to join with Lord Salisbury against Mr. Chamberlain. A writer in the *St. James's Gazette* has justly pointed out that his value to the Radical party is gone when he ceases to be, or at least to be thought, a Left Centre leader. But there is more than this; for with the loss of the fact or reputation of Left Centre leadership he loses all reason for political existence.

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

THE death announced in a Calcutta telegram last Tuesday of Keshub Chunder Sen—the leader, though not the founder, of the Brahmo Somaj Church—removes a prominent figure from the religious world of the East. For the sect to which he was converted in 1860, and of which he has been since then the guiding genius and virtual Pope, avowedly aspires to become the National Church of India, though as yet its members are numbered by thousands only—in 1870, when he visited England, there were only about 6,000 of them—as against the 150 million adherents of Brahminism from whom they have separated. The question of their future has indeed an interest not only religious but political as regards the condition of India, which is at present passing through a kind of religious transition, the ultimate result of which it is not easy to forecast. In the words of a circular issued ten years ago by the Bishops of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, and referred to by Mr. Grant Duff as a document of the highest interest and authority, "India in the present century is passing through a state of disintegration and its habits and forms of life are subjected to influences which are affecting it seriously and fundamentally. Forces Christian in their origin, though only partially religious, and predominantly of a civilizing and intellectual kind, are everywhere in active operation; and the people of India are being carried, almost without a will, and as if by a tide of circumstances, from a past, to which their hearts cling with regret, to a future which is still unknown and undiscernible." While the British Government has not only all along abstained with an almost pedantic scrupulosity from anything like proselytism, so much so as to incur the charge of even discouraging conversions to Christianity, but directly subsidizes the national worship, it has yet been constrained in the cause of civilization to do much which inevitably, however unintentionally on the part of those concerned, serves to undermine all genuine faith in Brahminism. Even in matters having so little religious significance as vaccination, land-surveying, and works of irrigation, a veiled conspiracy has been detected against the national cult. But to name one point only, the spread of education among the natives, though purely secular, is a process fatal to the Hindu orthodoxy of the rising generation. And thus it naturally occurs not only to the religionist but the statesman to inquire whether Brahminism will be superseded by atheism or by some, and if so by what, new form of religious belief. Whatever hopes may be entertained of the conversion of India to the Gospel, there is at present no visible prospect of such a consummation, as is frankly admitted in the episcopal circular already quoted. The Jesuits have been the most successful missionaries in India, but the sum total of converts all told, and of all denominations, is but an infinitesimal fraction as compared to the huge and rapidly increasing Hindu population. There is one cult however which, though in a decided minority, is far stronger than the Christian in India, and is thought by many to have the promise of the future. The Mogul Emperors during the two centuries of their Indian rule did not by any means act on the religious or non-religious policy of their British successors. They did not indeed exactly employ the good old Moslem method of "the Koran or the sword"—the time for that was past—but they did, without adopting such extreme measures, bring the whole weight of Governmental influence to bear in favour of their own creed, and the consequence is that about a sixth of the population of India, comprising some 50 millions, is now Mahometan. No Sovereign, not excepting the Sultan, rules over half so many Mahometan subjects as the Queen of England. That in itself might not perhaps go for much. But it must be remembered on the one hand that Mahometanism does not present to the native intellect of India any of those difficulties which render the first smattering of physical science incompatible with their ancestral "creed," while it offers a simple and intelligible form of theistic belief with an ethical code making no very severe demands on the weakness of human nature; and on the other hand that Islam has displayed of late years a capacity unprecedented in its former history for proselytism without the aid of the sword—a fact noted by Dr. Döllinger in a remarkable lecture on British India delivered four years ago as "an historical enigma." It has made enormous strides in Western Africa, and that too at the expense of Christianity; it has won over the greater part of Borneo and Sumatra and the whole of Java; and has effected a lodgment in China, where whole villages and towns and districts of Moslems may be found in the midst of the Buddhist and Confucian inhabitants of the country, while no other foreign religion has taken foot there, and it already boasts some 20,000,000 adherents among the subjects of the Celestial Empire. And hence it has been suggested that Mahometanism will be the future religion of China, and a similar anticipation as to the future of India, where it is already much stronger than in China, would be at least equally plausible. Considering the fierce and aggressive character of Islam, and its essential intolerance of subjection to rulers of an alien, and especially of the Christian, faith, such a prospect is not a pleasant one from any point of view. As a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* remarked not long ago, "four hundred million Mahometans, added to the already large census of Islam, would materially alter the conditions of the European powers, and a Chinese"—or, we may add, still worse an Indian—"'holy war' would be a veritable Damocles's sword suspended over the civilized world." Some years ago an assembly of Moslem doctors from Delhi and Lucknow ruled that India is not "Dar ul Islam," but "Dar ul Harb," and ought therefore to be conquered for Islam. Such possibilities, at all events, if they be nothing more, give an additional interest to whatever may help to throw light on the religious future of India.

We have said already that Keshub Chunder Sen—or Mr. Sen, as he was sometimes styled—was not, as many of his English admirers may have been led to imagine, the founder of

declined in value, we may feel sure that this exhibition will not raise them again. One Poole or even two might be useful in a gallery, partly for their own sake, but chiefly as a foil to other pictures; a room full of them is too much.

THE PIPER OF HAMELIN.

THE remarkable enterprise of Mr. Carl Rosa has not only greatly incited the revival of English opera, but has also produced competition—a natural result where opera receives no State support, and where free-trade is almost a national creed. Mr. Rosa's energy and zeal are so well appreciated, however, that he need never anticipate the old Virgilian situation and the bitterness of *sic vos non vobis*. It does not appear that the hearty faith in native genius generally expressed during Mr. Rosa's last season has much depth or constancy. Mr. T. H. Friend, at least, begins his first London season with a foreign production. It is true that English opera is not to be entirely displaced in Mr. Friend's programme by opera in English, and we must be grateful for the promise of Mr. Julian Edwards's *Victorian*, one more work that may feed the new enthusiasm for English dramatic music.

The Piper of Hamelin, given on Monday at Covent Garden for the first time in London, is a version by Mr. Henry Hersée of Herr Nessler's *Der Rattenfänger von Hamelin*, produced with marked success at Leipzig in 1879. It was first performed in English last winter at Manchester, where also it was well received. This success is from the nature of the music inevitable. It is easy to speak of it as a reaction from Wagner's overpowering predominance. Apart from this mighty influence—less general even in Germany than is sometimes imagined—it is certain that most people with "music in their souls" love occasionally to unbend; they cannot sympathize with that inflexible dogmatism which recognizes one interpretation of music, and one only; they cannot for ever exist in the *cult* of what Berlioz called *la musique sans mélodie*, nor be perpetually in the ecstacy of an *O altitudo*. Herr Nessler's music is not always strikingly original, nor is it frequently very dramatic, but it abounds in taking *arias* and good concerted pieces; it is attractive, melodious, and natural, and "being natural, naturally pleases."

The libretto by Friedrich Hofmann is founded on the familiar legend so admirably treated by Mr. Browning. It is obvious that much must be added to material so slight in order to obtain dramatic vitality and value. The result is scarcely satisfactory; the construction is loose, several scenes being mere padding; the situations are often feeble, and the interest ill sustained. The action so closely follows the legend that it is unnecessary to describe it at length. The Piper's fascination has, however, a more extended range, and involves the love of women, the jealousy of men, as well as the destruction of children and rats. Having ensnared Gertrude and separated her from her faithful swain, Wulff, the Piper proceeds to charm the heart of Regina, the Mayor's daughter, on the eve of her wedding, and obtains a kiss as a reward for his sweet singing. For this crime he is sentenced to death as a sorcerer, but Gertrude is enabled to save him, under a convenient statute, and then drowns herself. To avenge her death and his own ill-treatment, the Piper then lures the children into the fatal hill. This last scene is picturesquely treated and finely imagined. In the first act the most notable numbers are a quaint ballad, "When I was young," a beautiful song, "Oh, strange and sweet," with a bewitching accompaniment, admirably sung by Miss Helen Armstrong, and a sestet in canon, written with much science, and full of distinction and grace. Throughout the opera the Piper introduces his songs with an engaging frankness; he is a lyrical person with a bird-like soul, and cares nothing for dramatic obligations. His songs have not a little sameness, but they are always tuneful and pleasing; the best are, "Of her, my darling," and the Knapsack Song, the latter very piquant with its forlorn choral refrain. In the third act a capital song, "Open, cloister portals," in the style of the popular *Studentenlieder*, was given with great unction by Messrs. Charles Lyall and E. Muller. The quality of the music decidedly deteriorates in the fourth act, though it includes the culminating scene of the kiss. In the last act a short march, of no particular merit, heralds the approach of Regina and the bridegroom, who enter the church followed by the Piper, who soon afterwards reappears with the children at his heels. Gathering them about him, he sings the song of enticement, which is characterized by a weird indescribable charm, and while the devotional music blends with his melody, he proceeds over the bridge. The congregation issue from the church only to see their children disappear in the hill, and the fall of the bridge into the river.

Allowing for the unavoidable drawbacks of a first night, the representation was fairly good. An excellent orchestra, under the conduct of Mr. G. H. Betjemann, left little to be desired save in the accompaniments, which were occasionally (as in the sestet) a little heavy. The arduous part of the Piper was capably filled by Mr. James Sauvage, who possesses a good style and a voice of excellent quality. Mme. Rose Hersée (Gertrude) made the most of her part, with her usual clever apprehension, displaying both spirit and intelligence; in the important *scena* of the last act she was heard to great advantage. Miss Catherine Devrient (Regina) so obviously suffered from nervousness that it would be unjust to chronicle our opinion of her *début*. Miss Helen Armstrong (Dorothea) displayed the phrasing and accurate intonation of an accomplished singer. Mr. Albert M'Guckin, as the Mayor, made a favourable impression, while Mr. Charles Lyall played the Town Clerk with immense humour and much effective comic business, conceived always in the true spirit of an artist, spontaneous and easy. Without being in any sense a great work *The Piper of Hamelin* is likely to hold its own in popular esteem, even in competition with operas of far-loftier pretensions; and though its music is not remarkable for individuality, Herr Nessler is still a young man, and only at the outset of his career.

NEW ZEALAND BORROWING.

THE colony of New Zealand has a magnificent future, if its Government does not too heavily encumber its resources in the hurry to develop them. The appearances are that it is borrowing too rapidly. The colony is somewhat larger than Victoria; but, compared with the other Australian colonies, it is quite small. And it is to be recollected that it has not the rich gold-mines of Victoria. Besides, it has a considerable native population, which has given trouble in the past, and possibly may do so again, and which at any rate still occupies nearly a quarter of the lands of the colony; while Victoria has no native population worth speaking of. Lastly, its white population does not greatly exceed half that of Victoria. At the end of 1882 the total white population of New Zealand but slightly exceeded half a million. That is to say, it was about equal to the population of one of our great provincial towns. And this population at that time had a debt of about 30½ millions sterling. Victoria, whose population exceeded 900,000, had a debt at the time not greatly exceeding 22 millions; while New South Wales, whose population was 817,000, had a debt of barely 18¾ millions. Compared with the remaining Australian colonies, the debt was enormous. Without, then, taking account of the old countries of Europe, we see that the liabilities of New Zealand are out of proportion great, even when compared with those of the most prosperous and most go-ahead of its sister colonies, with populations nearly twice as large as its own. Per head of the population, the debt of New Zealand at the end of 1882 amounted to the enormous sum of 58*l.* 8*s.* 1*d.*, while that of Victoria was only 24*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.*, and that of New South Wales only 22*l.* 18*s.* Again, the debt of New Zealand was equal to 7¾ years' revenue of the colony; while that of Victoria was equal to somewhat less than four years, and that of New South Wales but little more than two and a half years. And what is not the least disquieting circumstance in the whole matter is that the debt has mainly grown up within the last ten years. At the end of 1873 it did not quite reach 11 millions; at the end of 1882, as already stated, it was nearly 30½ millions. In nine years, therefore, it had nearly trebled. It will cause no surprise then, that such repeated appeals to the London money market as is here implied caused some disquietude, and that at last pressure was brought to bear upon the Government of New Zealand, and a promise was extracted from it that for three years it would not again raise a loan in London. The promise expired twelve months ago, and immediately a fresh loan was brought out. Now again the Government of New Zealand is asking for another loan of a million. It is once more, that is, resuming the course which caused disquietude four or five years ago, and is adding every year seriously to its debt. Nor is it only the colony itself that is thus piling encumbrance upon encumbrance. The London Stock Exchange official list quotes no fewer than eighteen different loans of New Zealand municipalities, the present amount of which is not less than 2,315,000*l.* And one of these municipalities is at the present time applying for a fresh loan of 100,000*l.* Thus the colony and its component parts are accumulating a mass of debt which, it is to be feared, will cause serious inconvenience, unless a wiser and more prudent course is adopted.

It is to be borne in mind, of course, that the colony of New Zealand had serious native difficulties, and that in its wars with the natives it was obliged to borrow money. In this way liabilities were forced upon it from which the purely Australian colonies were happily free. It is, furthermore, to be admitted that its later debts are incurred for useful public works. At the end of 1882 it had 1,465 miles of railway actually open, and over 4,000 miles of telegraph lines likewise open. And the municipalities to which we have referred have also borrowed for the construction of useful public works. It is not to be questioned that these railways, telegraphs, harbours, and other works greatly benefit the colony. They enable immigrants to push forward, and extend the area under cultivation; they open up to the settlers new markets; they enable them to send their produce quickly down to the sea-coast, and thence to Europe; and, in short, they greatly develop the resources of the country. Without such public works population could not grow very rapidly, and wealth could not be accumulated. But just as a private owner may embarrass himself by too great haste in improving his property, so may a new community like New Zealand. As we have just been admitting, the value of a railway is not to be measured by the revenue it returns; but, on the other hand, a new and small community cannot safely disregard the earning capacity of its lines when it builds on a large scale. If a colony builds a large mileage hastily, it runs the risk of having to pay interest on large sums sunk in works which may be very useful, and in the long run may even be very profitable, but which for the time are a dead charge. The interest, therefore, will have to be

found by the taxpayer, and it may so increase his burdens as to check the growth of the colony and drive away settlers. It may, moreover, trench upon the earnings of the working classes, diminish employment, and so increase pauperism. In short, it may be laying the seeds of serious difficulties of various kinds in the future. That the condition of the colony is not thought favourable by emigrants from Europe seems clear. For in the year 1882 the excess of immigrants into the colony over emigrants from it was only 3,489; while the excess in the case of Victoria was 10,880; in that of New South Wales, 19,317; and in that of Queensland, 17,043. Again, the imports and exports together in the case of New Zealand amounted to only 29*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* per head of the population; while in the case of Victoria they amounted to 39*l.* 4*s.* 9*d.*, and in that of New South Wales to 47*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.* Of course many causes affect imports and exports besides the rate of taxation, and many causes, too, tend to direct the stream of emigration one way or another. We do not, therefore, wish to attach overmuch importance to these latter figures. Nevertheless, the fact is significant that the effective immigration into New Zealand is so small; for the climate of New Zealand is certainly more favourable to Europeans than that of any part of Australia, and the soil is extremely fertile. Other things being equal, one would expect a much greater immigration into New Zealand than into any part of Australia. Still, we do not intend to say that the finances are as yet embarrassed. We are quite satisfied that the colony has a magnificent future before it if not prematurely compromised. Nor have we any wish to deny that its resources are great, that the public works being carried on are developing those resources, and that the progress of the colony, all things considered, has been fairly satisfactory. What we urge is that the debt has grown too rapidly in the past, and is growing much too rapidly at the present time; that it is growing, not only in the case of the colony itself, but in the case also of the local authorities; and that it threatens to become so heavy as seriously to embarrass the population. Another point not to be lost sight of is that, with a population but slightly exceeding half a million, the revenue of New Zealand in 1882 was nearly four millions sterling, being at the rate of 7*l.* 13*s.* 10*d.* per head of the population. The rate in Victoria was only 6*l.* 7*s.* 1*d.* But in New South Wales it was as much as 9*l.* 5*s.* 5*d.* It is true that only 51 per cent. of the total revenue was raised by taxation, so that the actual taxation amounted to no more than 3*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* per head of the population. That, however, is much too heavy. It greatly exceeds the rate of taxation here at home, and it can be justified by nothing in the circumstances of the colony. The remaining revenue proceeds partly from the railways and other services, and partly from the sale of public land. The total area of the colony somewhat exceeds 66½ million acres. Of this area about 16 million acres, or nearly one-fourth, are still occupied by Maoris; and somewhat under 17¼ million acres have been sold; leaving about 33¼ million acres still to be disposed of. In other words, about one-third of the area in the possession of the colony has already been alienated, leaving only two-thirds open for settlers; assuming that the lands still held by the Maoris are not to be touched. The area of New Zealand somewhat exceeds that of England, Scotland, and Wales, and with one-third already alienated, the population but slightly exceeds half a million. Evidently if the Government goes on selling its lands at this rate, it will have parted with the whole long before the population has reached a respectable figure. Then it will find itself in very serious difficulties. The amount realized up to the present by the sale of lands somewhat exceeds 12 millions sterling, so that the average price obtained is only 14*s.* 1*d.* per acre.

The advocates of the policy pursued by the colony reply to such criticisms as we are now urging that the Government, as rapidly as it sells land, is building railways; that, therefore, it is merely changing the form of investment, the capital previously represented by land being henceforward represented by railways. But the answer is by no means sufficient. When the land is all bought by private owners there will be no inducement for emigrants from Europe to go to New Zealand; unless, indeed, there is such a development of manufactures as there is no reason to anticipate. European emigrants will therefore turn away from New Zealand to the colonies of Australia, where land will still continue abundant. Moreover, it is to be borne in mind that with the growth of wealth and population the value of land will rise, and that, instead of 14*s.* 1*d.* per acre, as the Government has obtained up to the present, the price of an acre of land will be represented by pounds. It would be a much wiser course, then, to be chary of the sale of land. Nor is it to be forgotten that, when the land is all sold, the difficulty which is becoming greater and greater every day in the Old World will have to be faced by the New Zealand Government. The land will be monopolized, as the opponents of landlordism term it, and a struggle will begin between the landless and the landowners. Even in the United States, where the extent of country still unsettled is so vast, it is easy to see already the germs of difficulties of this kind. How much greater will they be in an island about the size of Great Britain, which has already sold a third of the land it owns, while its population is not greater than that of many a provincial English town? That some kind of a homestead law may be necessary is probable enough; but that the Government is too lavish in its sales of land is quite evident. It could in all likelihood attract as many immigrants as it now has attracted by the sale of a third, or perhaps even a fourth, of the land it has alienated. But the real error of its policy is that it has sold the land for the purpose of maintaining an expenditure and carrying out a policy that in themselves are open to grave objection. If the debt goes on growing as it has grown during the past ten years, by the time that the whole of the land is alienated the charge of the debt will be a very heavy item even for a country with such resources as New Zealand. And in addition there will be all the ordinary expenses of administration. The Government then will have to depend entirely upon taxation and upon the revenue of the railways, the telegraphs, the post-office, and such other services as it renders to the people. There will inevitably be a cry if these revenues remain large for reductions in the interests of the people at large, and this can be conceded only by adding to the burdens of the taxpayers. The unwise policy which the colony is pursuing is thus leading it into grave economic mistakes of various kinds. It is piling up a debt which is mortgaging the future of the country. And at the same time it is parting with that form of property which beyond all question must increase in value every year that passes, and for which the demand will become more and more intense as the population grows. Not only is it doing this, but at the same time it is preparing for itself social and political difficulties of the first order. For every reason, then, it is extremely desirable that the New Zealand Government should be much more moderate in its applications to the London loan market. And the great London capitalists, who four years ago exacted from it a promise to refrain for three years to come, would perform a service to the colony if they would again compel it to hold its hand for a still longer period.

REVIEWS.

THE BOOK-LOVER'S ENCHIRIDION.*

MR. IRELAND has collected a number of passages bearing more or less, sometimes rather less than more, on books and the love of books. These he has printed in a handy tiny volume, and again in a separate edition on large paper, with two or three illustrations. In this edition the type and paper are excellent, but the volume is a little bulky, needlessly bulky. Mr. Ireland has conscientiously reprinted far too much matter of no great merit by modern authors, and has thus made a book too fat for a modest Enchiridion. It is fair to say, however, that the common copies of the *Enchiridion* are much more handy than the large-paper edition, and both contain many passages about bibliophilism which will be new even to omnivorous readers.

Mr. Ireland is apparently a lover of literature rather than, in the strict sense, a bibliophile. We imagine that he has little of the collector's passion, which was neatly illustrated not long ago. The newspapers have been reporting that Marie Colombier's disgraceful *Sarah Barnum* is out of print and costs fifty francs. A *Sarah Barnum* thus became a desirable book, and the collector went forth to hunt for it. "Have you *Sarah Barnum?*" he asked the bookseller. "Yes, sir." "How much?" "Three shillings." "Oh, then I'll take something else," replied the disappointed collector; "I thought it cost fifty francs." Mr. Ireland, as we guess, is not of this insane temper; no one who has read so many modern divines is likely to be thus fanatical. Again, we infer from his volume that he has none of the bibliophile's love of correctness and accuracy. No one can read Mr. Austin Dobson's notes on Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, and their minutely conscientious references, without saying, "That man is a bibliophile." And no bibliophile can look at Mr. Ireland's rather happy-go-lucky quotations and mistake him for a person with the bibliographical instinct. For example, in his very first page Mr. Ireland quotes Socrates's advice, "Employ your time in improving yourself by other men's writings," and so forth, without a hint as to where the text is to be found. Is it in Xenophon, or Plato, or where? Mr. Ireland says that he has "in the case of almost every author gone to the original sources for his matter, selecting direct from the works of the writers quoted, so that the correctness of the text may be relied on.

Unluckily Mr. Ireland has not made this his invariable rule. He quotes Plato only once, and again gives no vestige of a hint as to the *provenance* of the passage, "Books are the immortal sons deifying their authors." We confess that we do not remember where Plato says this; and what every student will wish to do is to examine the context. No reference, except to the *Curiosities of Literature*, is given for the inscription on the Alexandrian Library. St. Matthew is represented by "A good man, out of the good treasure," and by "By thy words thou shalt be justified"—passages which have no peculiar application to books and the love of books. *Ménagiana* is quoted by volume merely, without indication of date, of edition, or page. No bibliophile quotes thus laxly, especially when he is writing a book about books. Quoting from a recent bibliographical work, Mr. Ireland prints (p. 450), "They" (bookhunters) "and their simple pleasures are the *paths* of a cheap and shrewish set of critics," and so on. Will Mr. Ireland think us cheap and shrewish critics for pointing out that this is nonsense? For "paths" "butts" occurs in the original. Again, who that undertakes to print a scholarly work on large paper but places accents on

* *The Book-Lover's Enchiridion: Thoughts on the Solace and Companionship of Books, &c.* By Alexander Ireland. London: Simpkin Marshall & Co.

his Greek? Mr. Ireland neglects even this simple obvious duty, and (p. 7) prints *dδivaros*—*abavarus*. Once more, when Mr. Ireland quotes anecdotes of Petrarch, he does not go to the original, but to "the Introduction to Allibone's Critical Dictionary of English Literature" (p. 11).

All this may seem very peddling, pettifogging criticism. But part of the duty of bookmen is to set an example of accuracy and thoroughness to a hasty and casual world. This is part of the difference between literature and journalism. We actually hear people defending slovenly and ignorant mistranslations of the classical languages on the score that the mistakes are on trivial matters, and that it is "pedantic" to be correct. But why should people undertake to instruct the world at all if they cannot be accurate; and, if they are inaccurate in small things which we do understand, how can we trust them in larger matters beyond our province? Mr. Ireland's little laxities can do no one any harm; but he would have conferred a much greater benefit on bookish men if he had displayed more of the correctness which is the very first quality of the scholar. On this point he himself quotes Scaliger, giving, as usual, the reference to *Scaligerana* without a hint of the edition or page. "I wish," says Scaliger, as quoted by Mr. Ireland, "I wish I were a skilful grammarian. No one can understand any author without a thorough knowledge of grammar. Those who pretend to undervalue learned grammarians are arrant blockheads without any exception." What Scaliger says here about accuracy in grammar is equally true about minute carefulness in all matters concerning books. Mr. Ireland's *Enchiridion* has already shown that it possesses popular qualities. It is now in its third edition; in many ways it deserves to see many more editions. Will Mr. Ireland not make his next issue a work more than doubly valuable by invariably printing full and useful references, with date, place, and page, such references as are loved by men who love books? In yet another way he might improve his *Enchiridion*. He might omit many of his very minor and very modern prophets of bibliophilism. He might get rid of A. Bronson Alcott, and James Crossley, and Dr. Arnott, and Fanny Fern, and Hain Friswell, and the Rev. R. H. Baynes, and William Freeland, and Edwin Whipple. These and not a few other authorities he might excise, and quote instead some of the famous modern French book-lovers—men like Nodier, and Sainte-Beuve, and Jules Janin, who are preferable even to Frances Ridley Havergal. Very few French bibliophiles are quoted by Mr. Ireland, though he gives us Montaigne's delightful description of his library, and a truly appropriate passage from M. Victor Hugo. Now that a few men of books are demanding a "general overturn" of society, and are demanding it in the interests of art, it is well to remember that the Commune burned, among other things of greater value, all Motteley's uncut Elzevirs. M. Hugo, therefore, addresses one of the People who has distinguished himself by setting fire to the library. We do not think that the People has any particular hostility to books. But some of the wealthier classes like books just as some of them like hunting. Mr. Davitt, therefore, denounces hunting, and, for equally good reasons, the Commune burned books. M. Hugo exclaims, "Mais c'est un crime inouï!" and he goes on to preach at immense length about the crime, though the proletary has probably sneaked away to the nearest wine-shop. The poet points out that books are "hostile to masters," which is an inference of his own—an inference which the representative of the People might have refuted had he studied books in place of burning them. What in the world does the People care for the great names the poet quotes—for Job and Molière, Homer and Kant, or for Becaria rhyming so neatly to *paria*? So the bard hurries on, till the incendiary, who has come back from the wine-shop, closes his rotund mouth with "Je ne sais pas lire." Thus the proletary has an excuse not possessed by Messrs. Hyndman and Morris and the owners of the advertising van which announces the New Revolution at the price of sixpence monthly.

Among the best things in Mr. Ireland's collection is Goethe's discourse on French fiction. Much of it might have been written with equal truth to-day, though the authors on whom Goethe commented have long been outdone in their own department:—

> In the whirlpool of the literature of the day, I have been dragged into the bottomless abyss of horrors of the recent French romance-literature. I will say in one word—*it is a literature of despair*. In order to produce a momentary effect, the very contrary of all that should be held up to man for his safety or his comfort is brought before the reader, who at last knows not whether to fly or how to save himself. To push the hideous, the revolting, the cruel, the base, in short the whole brood of the vile and abandoned, to impossibility, is their Satanic task. One may, and must, say task; for there is at the bottom a profound study of old times, by-gone events and circumstances, remarkable and intricate plots, and incredible facts; so that it is impossible to call such a work either empty or bad. And this task even men of remarkable talents have undertaken; clever, eminent men, men of middle age, who feel themselves damned henceforward to occupy themselves with these abominations. . . . Everything true—everything æsthetical is gradually and necessarily excluded from this literature.—*Goethe's Correspondence with Zelter*.

Now we have no longer the redeeming "study of old times, by-gone events and circumstances." The nearest and nastiest slum, the freshest and foulest police report, furnish matter for the romance, not of despair, but of naturalism.

Mr. Ireland's old English writers are among the very best, most sensible, and least read of his authorities. If he had done nothing more than collect their remarks, his book would have possessed (as it does possess, despite its defects and superfluities) much interest and value. Here, for example, is good advice from Joseph Hall to the literary man and the bookworm:—

> Thus could I all day (as ringers use) make myself music with changes and complain sooner of the day for shortness, than of the business for toil; were it not that this faint monitor interrupts me still in the midst of my busy pleasures, and enforces me both to respite and repast; I must yield to both; while my body and mind are joined together in unequal couples, the better must follow the weaker. Before my meals, therefore, and after, I let myself loose from all thoughts; and now, would forget that I ever studied; a full mind takes away the body's appetite no less than a full body makes a dull and unwieldy mind; company, discourse, recreations, are now seasonable and welcome: these prepare me for a diet, not gluttonous, but medicinal.

Wisely, too, does Joseph Hall urge the disadvantages of late study, or rather of study pursued up to the moment of retiring to rest. "That student shall live miserably which like a camel lies down under his burden." Here, again, from Fletcher's play *The Elder Brother*, is a fine description of your bookworm:—

> If all thy pipes of wine were fill'd with books,
> Made of the barks of trees, or mysteries writ
> In old moth-eaten vellum, he would sip thy cellar
> Quite dry, and still be thirsty. Then, for's diet,
> He eats and digests more volumes at a meal,
> Than there would be larks (though the sky should fall)
> Devour'd in a month in Paris.
>
> *The Elder Brother, Act* i. *Scene* 2.

Finally, from *Chevræana* (quoted, alas! as vaguely as ever) comes this humorous account of hard-reading and hard-smoking Boxhorne:—

> A gentleman told me, who had studied under Boxhorne, at Leyden (successor to Heinsius, as professor of politics and history in 1653), that this learned professor was equally indefatigable in reading and smoking. To render these two favourite amusements compatible with each other, he pierced a hole through the broad brim of his hat, through which his pipe was conveyed, when he had lighted it. In this manner he read and smoked at the same time. When the bowl of the pipe was empty, he filled it, and repassed it through the same hole; and so kept both his hands at leisure for other employments. At other times he was never without a pipe in his mouth.—*Chevræana*.

Mr. Ireland's *Enchiridion* is already a pleasant treasury of book-lore, yet not without moths and rust. Let him expel his moths, especially the American varieties; let him rub away the dust of indolent and inexact reference, and the *Enchiridion* will deserve even more popularity than it has already obtained.

SOME NOVELS.*

THAT one of Mr. Trollope's posthumous novels which bears the title of *The Land Leaguers* would evidently, if he had been able to finish it, have done no discredit to him among the productions of his third stage in novel-writing. His early Irish novels, while they showed the intimate familiarity which he had long ago gained with Irish life, showed also a decided state of novitiate in novel craft. In the time of his complete accomplishment as a master of that craft (which may be said to coincide with the Barsetshire series of tales), he meddled with Irish matters but little, though his references to them in *Phineas Finn* and other books showed the old mastery of the subject. An amateur of the useless "might have been" would be excusable if he speculated on what a novel with the subject of the Land League, but written in the days of *Barchester Towers* or *The Last Chronicle*, would have been like. It would have been something more than a remarkable book from the literary point of view; it would have been a not inconsiderable social and political force on the right side of the question. That unchanging problem has now got into the hands of a new generation, who, like all new generations, fancy that they are much wiser than their fathers. That Mr. Trollope, a Liberal of the Liberals, declares himself in this book dead against the Government policy up to the time of the Crimes Act, is not likely to have much effect on it. Nor in any case, perhaps, could a novelist hope to do much more than put one side of the case in a sufficiently striking light. This Mr. Trollope, if not with the success of his best days, at any rate with great force and with complete knowledge, has done here. The story is not finished, and it is, as was usual with its author, complicated with a certain amount of underplot, and with love matters which have little to do with the main issue. But the principal social aspects of the present Irish question are put here in attractive novel-form, and with the accuracy which nothing but a direct acquaintance with the facts of Irish life, or else a long and patient study of the literature of the subject, can possibly give. There are long digressions, one in particular with regard to the boycotting of the hunt in a western Irish county, which Mr. Trollope's love of the particular amusement has made him draw out at a length altogether disproportionate. An excursus on the Land Act itself, though as true as Gospel truth, is perhaps a little out of place. The Irish-American O'Mahony's experience in Parliament, and the Irish-American's daughter's experience on the stage, are hardly joined

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* *The Land Leaguers*. By Anthony Trollope. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

Gladys Fane. By T. Wemyss Reid. London: Fisher Unwin. 1883.

Jack's Cousin Kate. By E. C. Kenyon. London: Remington & Co. 1883.

Two Lives. By E. M. Carlen. Translated from the French by F. H. D. London: Remington & Co. 1883.

Queer People. Translated from the Swedish of Leah, by A. Alberg. London: W. H. Allen. 1883.

on to the main current of the story with that adroitness which Mr. Trollope would have shown if he had been quite himself. A very severe critic might object that the position of Mr. Jones of Morony Castle, new-comer in Ireland, and until recent days welcomed as a new-comer, with money in his pocket, owner of an improved and improving estate, in which he has invested not only much of his own money but considerable sums lent to him by his relations, is perhaps a little too strainedly typical. But, in the working out of the misfortunes of the hapless Jones, both truth and art are distinctly perceptible. The new American teaching and the new style of doctrine adopted by the younger and baser sort of the Roman Catholic clergy affect Mr. Jones's tenants by degrees, and his personal retainers and hangers-on by degrees, only more slowly. Worst of all, his younger son, a weak boy, is enticed to join the Roman communion, to which his father offers no very great objection, and, by insensible and gradual means, is brought to think that he must somehow wink at the misdeeds of his new co-religionists. At last a direct blow is struck at Mr. Jones by the flooding of certain carefully-drained fields and the ruin of their valuable crops. All the neighbourhood knows who has done it, and of course no one will tell. But it is strongly suspected that Florian Jones himself has some indirect knowledge of his father's enemies. On these facts the main story turns. The most interesting figure in it is an English magistrate of the type of Mr. Clifford Lloyd—Captain Clayton by name—whom the agitators fear only less than they hate him. The incidents of the story are, of course, exciting; they could hardly, considering the subject, be otherwise. The insistance of his sisters at last brings Florian to something like natural and generous feeling, and another witness is also procured. This witness is murdered in open court—an unnecessary advance on fact and probability considering the undoubted circumstances at the novelist's disposal—and Florian soon afterwards shares the same fate. It is given to the reader to understand that condign punishment, had the story been concluded, awaited the scoundrel who planned or executed these crimes, and that the various lovers were to have been made happy. But Mr. Trollope had no time to work this out. The *truncum corpus* of the book is, despite this drawback, far from unpleasant to read as a novel; while it is memorable as the protest—almost a death-bed protest—of an expert in the matter and a steadfast party politician against the mistaken and ruinous course which in his judgment his party were at the time, and, with insignificant and temporary modifications are still, pursuing in reference to this secular problem of Irish violence, Irish unreason, and Irish treachery.

The merits of Mr. Wemyss Reid's novel, which are very considerable, consist less in a striking novelty of incident or character than in the good writing and even execution of the work. The story opens in Belgravia in the height of the London season, and, an ill-tempered reader who neglects the precept against rash judgment may possibly be tempted to think, in the height of absurdity. For it certainly is not common for a gentleman—the Earl of Lostwithiel is represented as a gentleman in both senses—to *afficher* his attachment to a lady by kissing his hand to her from the balcony of his house before the public; and it is less common for a person who indulges in such unconventional proceedings to be so careless or clumsy as to mistake the maid for the mistress. But Mr. Wemyss Reid knows what he is about; and this rather startling overture conducts the reader into the plot of a very sufficiently interesting opera. Gladys Fane, the supposed object of Lord Lostwithiel's rather calf-like attentions and the cause of his discomfiture (for she has commissioned her maid to array herself in borrowed garments), is the beautiful, high-spirited, and slightly hoydenish daughter of Mr. Fane, of Fanesford, a squire with a very long pedigree and a rent-roll not much shorter. The overture is preliminary merely; and Lord Lostwithiel, though he continues to hold the position of Gladys Fane's hopeless admirer, plays but a subordinate part in the story. The first act, as it may be called, deals with election matters. Reginald Mansfield, an advanced but chivalrous Radical, has taken up the adventure of boarding Toryism, as represented by Mr. Fane, in its den—that is to say, the family borough of Fanesford. Mansfield is defeated, chiefly owing to his own excessive chivalry—and if Mr. Wemyss Reid can find some means of diffusing this quality more widely among the Radical party, England will be grateful to him. Then he disappears for the moment, and Gladys comes to the front. Her father, an estimable but weak old person, falls into the toils of a prim and plotting spinster of rank and marries her, to the horror of his daughters. One, the younger, submits, though not too gracefully. Gladys, the elder, declares war to the knife, and is beaten. Circumstances, which it is undesirable to detail, inasmuch as they form an important turning-point in the story, make Gladys a kind of exile on the Continent. Here she meets Mansfield once more, and the plot proper is properly engaged. The only thing that can be said against Mr. Wemyss Reid in this part of his story, as in some others, is that his machinery is a little conventional. An unlucky and discreditable marriage in early life is no doubt a not wholly uncommon thing. But it rarely makes so much misery in real life as in novels, because honest men at least seldom attempt to keep it concealed, while dishonest ones know that for flirting purposes the atmosphere of romance and misfortune which it throws around them is rather advantageous than otherwise. In some other respects Mr. Wemyss Reid is also too conventional. The ideal newspaper correspondent—a person remarkably different from the real—appears in his turn, also the ideal country gentleman, also the ideal old cat of aristocratic lineage, also some other rather musty types. His satire runs into the hackneyed, and is sometimes directed against private, or semi-private, societies, where good taste would prescribe abstention. From the frequency with which certain of these societies have appeared of late in novels and newspapers, some ill-natured people might assume that a good deal of blackballing must have been going on in them. Mr. Wemyss Reid, however, is a very mild offender in this respect. He has, moreover, the sufficient defence of having written a really interesting novel with plenty of incident, with good dialogue, and with attractive, if not very original, character-drawing. Monte Carlo has figured a good deal lately in fiction, but it is scarcely a worn-out topic, and Mr. Wemyss Reid uses it with ingenuity and describes it with vigour. Very cosmopolitan people will not be pleased with his sketch of the Prince Bessarion, a Continental gentleman of agreeable manners, who turns out to be a ferocious and unprincipled ruffian. Tender-hearted people will be angry with him for winding up not only without wedding bells, but with very distinct funeral ones. But, after all, it is not absolutely sufficient for a man not to be an Englishman to make him an angel, and there are, on the whole, more funerals than weddings in this world. To speak less discursively, *Gladys Fane* is a good and clever book, which few readers who begin it are likely to put down unfinished, and which shows considerable powers of telling a story. These powers could not have been anticipated from the author's previous literary work, which has been entirely of another kind, but that previous literary work may no doubt be credited with the fact that *Gladys Fane* is much better written than the run of novels, and that it is almost entirely free from the blunders as to things in general which the ordinary novel-writer strews about his pages in thoughtless or thoughtful profusion. Like most writers who have wide knowledge and interests, Mr. Wemyss Reid occasionally drops or hints opinions with which all his readers cannot be expected to agree; but he is not excessive in this, and even if he had done it to a somewhat greater extent, his story has quite enough "go" in it, his characters sufficient vitality and attraction to carry off the superfluity. The blemishes which have been noted above are but trifling, and though it cannot be said that there is any remarkable distinction about it of the kind which can be taken as announcing a new novelist of the highest class, Mr. Wemyss Reid has certainly by this book gained a place well to the front among the novelists of the class now living and writing amongst us. What we should like to see in his next book is some attempt at more definite and deeply marked character—at the drawing of an individual, and not merely of good specimens of certain conventional classes. In the other elements of novel-writing Mr. Wemyss Reid has, comparatively, less to learn.

Miss Kenyon's book shows signs of considerable immaturity in novel-writing and of no very extensive knowledge of the world. But there are also apparent in it two faculties which do not very commonly appear in the novels of beginners nowadays—the faculty of imagining character and the faculty of telling a story. The author has, however, not made the most of either. Her opening situation—that in which a handsome orphan girl accepts a situation as lady help, and, attracting the attention of a rich uncle, has adoption into the family proposed almost at once by her mistress, who has begun by being insolently rude to her—is one of those situations which might occur in real life (where nothing is improbable), but which has not the probability necessary for art. Again, Miss Kenyon has committed an error which is almost always fatal by introducing the element of religious discussion and sentiment largely into her book. Still, the book certainly gives the reader the impression—not easy to analyse or account for exactly, but sufficiently definite—that the author may do very much better. Besides the great advantages above referred to—advantages which are not seriously impaired by a certain inability to arrange dialogue—the local colour is fairly managed and not used too lavishly. But there is one curious thing here. Miss Kenyon represents one of her characters as admiring Mendelssohn and the poetry of Mr. Lewis Morris of Penbryn. Now that is a very odd conjunction of tastes.

There is nothing to which we have a more deeply-rooted objection than we have to the saying of anything that can by any possibility be unpleasant to anybody. But we are really unable to see that the volumes of translation from the Swedish or from novels of Swedish novelists, which close our list, have much justification for their existence. Mme. Emilie Carlen is, of course, one of the principal novelists of her country, but we did not know that she wrote in French, and if she did, we cannot see why French forms of proper names, French-English idioms, and such extraordinary rags of what may be supposed to have been once French itself, as "je me fearis hacher," should make their appearance in an English version of her work. That with all these drawbacks the story is still not unreadable shows that Mme. Carlen knows how to write stories, but not, we fear, that "F. E. D." knows how to translate them. Mr. Albert Alberg, in selecting certain short stories from a writer who deals much (as he confesses) in idiom and dialect, has attacked a still harder task and with even less success. There may be, for instance, some recondite joke in making an old woman say "they prefer to relegate their noses with snuff, and only laugh at my Jardin de Plants" [*sic*], but we confess to an entire absence of comprehension of it. We do not know what a "strandway" is, though the context would seem to show that it is Swedish-English for the American "sidewalk." "Besides, no one could expect they would keep away from the Midsummer festival only to feed an old crone who was

good for nothing, that it seemed as if Death himself refused to take her," is a sentence the syntax of which (and the connexion of the last clause with the earlier) a jury of prize pupil-teachers, with permission to decide by a majority, could hardly expound satisfactorily. In short, if "Lea" writes difficult Swedish—which is a point on which we do not here pronounce—Mr. Albert Alberg writes infinitely more difficult English. Any happy person whom "the story" alone concerns, and whose appreciation of unfamiliar manners and customs may happen to be made more intense by English which is still more unfamiliar, may be recommended to the book; but no others. It would seem, if there is not an easier explanation of the matter, that some translators think the method of the plasterer's wife in *Bleak House* as effectual with Englishmen as with foreigners. Only make the English bad enough, and it will somehow represent Swedish, French, German, or anything else required. Now we have plenty of home-grown novels written in bad English, and on this point the strictest freetrader may be a protectionist.

RECENT MATHEMATICAL PUBLICATIONS.*

TO pure mathematics, as the one science of absolute demonstration, belongs the note of unswerving, unchallenged, continuous progress—*vestigia nulla retrorsum*. Before it the voice of controversy is hushed, and *adversaria* find no place. In the mixed sciences, where truth is won by experiment and observation, there must needs be ebb and flow. Error has to be eliminated, approximations have to be made more exact, guesswork has to be verified; whereas, in the abstract science of number and figure there is no admission of error, no balance of less or more in the measure of truth. All that is tentative and empirical may come and go, but analytical proof runs on for ever. Of the solidity and permanence of mathematical work as giving to what is concrete or material in nature the abstract form or soul, we can hardly have a more emphatic illustration than is afforded by the republication of a series of papers by Professor Stokes, written for the most part upwards of thirty years ago, in which the highest methods of analysis are applied to problems then as now the most intricate and of the most absorbing interest in the field of physical research. What more immediately strikes us on taking up these scattered and miscellaneous fragments of bygone travail is their undiminished freshness after a whole generation of life and work. Doubtless the physical sciences have advanced in the interim by leaps and bounds; but the power and beauty of the demonstrations introduced, the clearness and certainty of the mathematical processes applied to the solution of physical problems, are seen to be fully abreast of any advance that has been made in the several departments of science specially brought under treatment. In every one of these lucid and closely reasoned articles we have a permanent gain to knowledge, a veritable κτῆμα εἰς ἀεί. We see in them the work of an intellect of the first order, under the highest power that the scientific culture of the day can supply. It is well nigh startling to see laid down in them the lines of development which subsequent research and thought were destined to follow. Without the faintest suggestion of *mala fides*, we can hardly fail to remark how much of what passes for independent and original work, both at home and abroad, is to be recognized in essays buried for years in the pages of *The Cambridge Philosophical Transactions*, *The Mathematical Journal*, or other serials of select but limited circulation. In the latest development of many a theorem, or the most advanced stage of many a complex physical problem, we may discern the germ in hints thrown out by the then youthful Cambridge mathematician. Reluctant as the author in his modesty has shown himself to recall from oblivion these records of bygone labour, the advice of friends, backed by the judicious liberality of the University Press, has happily secured that boon for the public. The second of the two volumes, making up the series, has lately come to hand, the preceding one having seen the light three years ago.

As some test not only of the prophetic insight we have spoken of, but of the power of suggestiveness, for which credit has never been given in the right quarter, we would refer our readers to the able summary of the progress in hydrodynamics during the intermediate period presented by Mr. W. W. Hicks to the same scientific body at their meeting in 1881. The main stages in advance are marked by the publication of Helmholtz's paper on Vortex Motion in 1856, and by that of Thomson and Tait's *Natural Philosophy*, which introduced a new general method into the treatment of hydrodynamical problems by the application of the Lagrangian equations of motion, a further notable advance being made in the new and greatly expanded edition of the same important work issued in 1879. Of many subordinate contributions to the general theory of fluid motion spread over the intervening year, a prominent place has been occupied by a paper put forth by Clebsch in 1856 on the motion of an ellipsoid in fluid, considering separately pure translation and rotation, and noticing that the fluid moves in stream-lines (*in Fäden*), with the result of an apparent increase of mass, differing in different directions, as well as a diminution of gravity, from whence the writer deduces the law that the form of the curves in which the particles of the fluid appear to move relatively to the centre of gravity of the body depends only upon the form of the body and the curve in which its centre of gravity moves. Now it is curious to see how much of these results is to be found by anticipation in a paper reprinted in the first of the volumes before us, written in 1843, "On some Cases of Fluid Motion"; in which paper there is also given by Professor Stokes the first conception of what is known as the method of images, a most effective mode of attacking particular problems in fluid motion, to which the author returns in a subsequent note, suggested by Sir W. Thomson's discovery of the electrical image of a point of electricity in presence of a conducting sphere, previous to which Stokes's theory had attracted no attention. Another masterly paper of the same early period, which revolutionized what was known of the subject, was that on Internal Friction of Solids in Motion, and on the Equilibrium and Motion of Elastic Solids. To this is due, perhaps, the most important of all later additions to the theory of motion in fluids, involving the whole problem of vortex motion, or that in which the velocities cannot be expressed in terms of a potential. The vocabulary of science has been enlarged in the interval; a nominally new branch having been opened up in the study of kinematics, so named by Ampère, such terms as kinetic energy or vector potential being looked for in vain in writings of that early date. Still, for the kinematical properties of the motion, or that relating to the rotation of minute molecular particles, the fundamental ideas are to be sought in Stokes's article. The discussion has since been carried on in Helmholtz's admirable paper in Crelle's Journal (1861) on the laws of vortex motion, in which he finds solutions for the four differential equations for the velocities when the rotations at every point of the fluid are known, adding thereto examples of the motion of the fluid due to infinite straight vortices and to circular vortex filaments.

Nor had the properties of discontinuous motion or jets, hardly noticed by mathematicians until pointed out by Helmholtz in 1868, been overlooked by Stokes when writing upon the *Critical Values of the Sums of Periodic Series* (1847), his suggestions being taken up as the foundation of the later treatment of the subject by Kirchkoff, Riemann, Maxwell, and Lord Rayleigh. The equations, which had hitherto been confined to perfect fluids, were further extended to include the conditions of viscosity, the form to which he reduced the differential equations being that now generally adopted. On *Oscillatory Waves* (1847) we have a brilliant application of analysis to the observations of Mr. Scott Russell and Professor Airy, the discussion passing into the theory of sound, being followed up by a later paper on certain *Difficulties* attaching to it, started by Professor Challis (vol. ii. pp. 82-89), since treated by Earnshaw, Riemann, and Rankine. Not less valuable or suggestive are his numerous papers upon the theory of light. Besides being distinguished in these special departments as an experimentalist, no less than as a mathematician, he is ready with many a practical suggestion to the mechanician and the engineer, discussing a differential equation relating to the breaking of railway bridges, and noting the omission by Mr. Cox of the *vis viva* arising from the horizontal motion of the train or other body in motion. Another point in which he is found anticipating what probably passes with most people for a modern application of science is the following up the suggestion of Airy in the description of a lens to correct the astigmatism of a defective eye.

From transcendental operations in the upper regions of analysis to the elements of linear geometry will be thought perhaps as abrupt a drop as may well be. Having, however, a batch of educational works inviting notice, we would fain append a few words in recommendation of a little treatise on *Conic Sections* by Mr. H. G. Willis. So much preference being naturally given to the analytical method as an instrument for unfolding mathematical truth, there is all the more need for exercising the learner in that geometrical training which is the truest discipline of the mind. Since the great days of the *Principia* no one, alas! has been found to bend the bow of Ulysses. In this useful manual the conic is first discussed in general; (*a*) with reference to focus and directrix; (*b*) as the projection of a circle or a section of a cone; (*c*) as the reciprocal of a circle; every common or closely analogous property of the three conics is next proved by a single proposition; the relation between the conics, their similarities and dissimilarities, being brought prominently forward. At the end of each chapter numerous examples, carefully graduated, are appended.

With all his defects of matter and style, Euclid still holds rule in our schools after more than two thousand years. Much as we may desiderate a text-book of elementary geometry simpler in arrangement, more precise in definition, plainer in wording, and otherwise more fitted to the intelligence of beginners, such a model work has yet to be written. The most satisfactory attempts in that direction seem to lie in the direction of giving greater closeness to the text, whilst adhering to the plan of the great elementator, semi-mythical as he is in his historic[illegible] of surroundings. A praiseworthy effort of this sort, ingenious and [illegible]ecording to Mr. [illegible] April 27th. Shot

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* *Mathematical and Physical Papers.* By George Gabriel Stokes, M.A., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., Fellow of Pembroke College, and Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge. Reprinted from the Original Journals and Transactions, with Additional Notes by the Author. Cambridge: at the University Press. Vol. I. 1880. Vol. II. 1883.

An Elementary Treatise on Conic Sections. Part I. By H. G. Willis, M.A., Assistant Master of Manchester Grammar School. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co. London: Bell & Co. 1883.

The First Book of Euclid made Easy for Beginners. By William Howard. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1883.

The Elements of Plane Geometry. Part I. Corresponding to Euclid Books I.-II. Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching. London: Byron Rosenthain & Co. 1884.

Mr. Howard by the discovery that his son, having been supposed to have learnt the first two books at one of our great public schools, did not really understand the first proposition. His secret lies, besides consummate clearness of statement, in discarding the use of letters, and building up each theorem or problem by the adoption of the recently suggested use of lines of different colours, addressing the mind through the eye with great directness, and affording a novel sense of pleasure to what has generally been found the driest of studies. We are not surprised to be told that his son not only easily mastered the propositions thus put before him, but had little subsequent difficulty with his Euclid.

In *The Elements of Plane Geometry*, prepared by the Committee for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching, we have a sequel, compiled as a more complete series of proofs, to the propositions put forth as a Syllabus of Plane Geometry some eight years ago. Notwithstanding the sale of an edition of three thousand copies, and the increasing demand for the work by teachers and students, reported by the compilers, we doubt whether it is destined widely to supersede the time-honoured manual. Whether the opening definition that "a point has position but it has no magnitude" is an improvement upon Simson's long-used expansion of the pithy original of the old master, *σημεῖόν ἐστιν οὗ μέρος οὐθέν*, may be questioned; nor is a straight line likely to be made clearer to the boyish understanding as being "such that any part will, however placed, lie wholly on any other part if its extremities are made to fall on that other part." The second book, on the equality of areas, with exercises attached, seems to us the best drawn up and fullest of suggestions for the teacher.

SHIPBUILDING.*

IN a previous notice (*Saturday Review*, November 24th, 1883) of the last volume of the Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects we referred to some papers of great merit which want of space prevented us from then considering. We propose now to speak of two of these, which, albeit some time has passed since they were read at the Institution, are very well worth attention, as they deal with subjects of great importance, not much elucidated since they were written, and are practically as new and as pertinent as if they had been published yesterday. The first of these, to which very appropriately the place of honour in the volume is given, is by Captain G. H. Noel, R.N., and treats of "Certain Points of Importance in the Construction of Ships of War." Sailors, when they do take up the pen, often write extremely well. Trained from their youth to practical work, they take a thoroughly practical view of any subject that presents itself to them, and are not the least given to verbiage, to elaborate but unsupported hypotheses, or to hazy mathematical speculations leading to no definite result. It is not, then, surprising to find that Captain Noel's suggestions are very valuable ones, that they are briefly and clearly stated, and that his terse and lucid remarks present a pleasant contrast to the misty talk to be found in other parts of the Transactions. The subjects he deals with are:—The strength and height of the bow necessary for ramming; watertight compartments; armoured conning towers; and torpedo defence. With respect to the first of these he says much that is of weight. What a great naval engagement would be like in our time is a matter of conjecture and doubt to those who have followed most closely the developments of modern artillery and naval architecture and have thought most carefully on naval warfare, and nothing approaching certainty can be attained; but undoubtedly not a few of those who are competent to consider the question are inclined to think that a great sea-fight might be principally decided by ramming. The success of Admiral Tegethoff at Lissa, the sinking of the *Vanguard*, and the manner in which the *Kaiser Wilhelm* sent her consort to the bottom, tend to support this view; and, as a successful thrust does not merely cripple the adversary, but absolutely destroys him, ramming is very likely to be attempted by bold men; but then if it is more overwhelming than the other kinds of attack, it is also more dangerous. After one vessel has sunk another, it may be found that she is herself in no very enviable position, and the question which suggests itself is—What chance is there of the vessel which succeeds in ramming receiving vital injuries, or sinking with her victim? The not inconsiderable risks which the winning ship runs are briefly summed up by Captain Noel, who says that when design and construction have been imperfect there is danger of the ram-bow being forced in, of the bow being twisted or broken, or of the vessel capsizing owing either to want of height in her bow and freeboard causing her to lurch and capsize or sink head first, or to the breaking away of the bow upper works, the consequent interlocking of the vessels, and the sinking of both. These are very real dangers, and against the two first of them great precautions are already taken. The ram-bow is supported by breasthooks, by armoured decks, and by other means. Nevertheless, some may doubt with Captain Noel whether in large ships of the central citadel type sufficient strength is given, as the bow is not supported by side armour. This weakness also tends, with vessels of the build named, to increase the second danger mentioned, that from oblique or twisting strains, which are certainly not unlikely to occur in ramming. It must be remembered that, though superior skill may enable a captain to give a blow instead of receiving one, it can hardly be expected that any man will be so preternaturally skilful as always to strike at right angles. If the blow is oblique, there may be, before the successful ship can be got clear of the other, a tremendous strain put on the bow. Is this sufficiently guarded against? Captain Noel thinks not; and recommends that a more secure root for the ram be constructed by "building its point on to a cigar-end-shaped structure, worked smoothly into the bow, and giving the sharpness requisite for the speed of the ship by its horizontal as well as its vertical entrance"; and no doubt this would considerably increase strength. With regard to height of bow Captain Noel says that, although some of the coast-service ironclads have fairly high bows, "no vessel of this type can give her captain the confidence he would possess were he commanding a ship with a high, well-constructed bow, which would ensure the enemy he had rammed being thrown off clear," and remove all risk of entanglement or of a heavy lurch; and he also considers that, with vessels constructed of very light steel, the danger may imperceptibly creep in of making the upper works too light, and that such weakness may, in case of ramming, lead to disaster.

That there is much truth in what he says about the necessity for huge strength in the bow can hardly be denied, and from the tone of the discussion which followed the reading of his paper it is clear that his hearers were much impressed by his remarks. His arguments, however, seem at first to be met by the reply which is so often given to those who ask for more strength in some part of a ship, or for heavier guns. A naval architect has but a limited amount of buoyancy at his disposal, and if he increases strength and weight in one part, he must necessarily in some other part lessen weight and lessen strength. If the bow is to be made stronger there must be less armour, or thinner armour, or lighter guns. This, of course, is as certain as that two and two make four—if, indeed, the higher mathematicians will allow that to be a certainty—but, indubitable as the fact is, Captain Noel's contention is not really disposed of by it. A ram may turn out to be the most important part, or, to speak more accurately, the most important weapon of a ship, more important even than her guns, and in that case everything must be sacrificed to it; armour must be diminished and guns made fewer and lighter, in order that the ram-bow may be perfect. If, however, it is not thought worth while to sacrifice much in order to make the thrusting weapon perfect, it may be questioned whether it would not be better to abandon it altogether. A ram which is not thoroughly efficient may be worse than useless. If a gun were invented which would possibly destroy an adversary, but would also very possibly annihilate the vessel on board which it was fired, it would probably not be fired on board a ship. If ramming is to result in the loss of the victorious vessel, it may be thought that rams should be dispensed with and the speed of ships increased.

Of the other questions considered by Captain Noel, that which he treats best is the one relating to constructing conning towers, as his remarks about watertight compartments and torpedoes, though very sensible, have no special novelty. With regard to conning towers, he contends that they should be of enormous strength and should have wings—*i.e.* thick walls of iron—projecting from each of the corners of the tower, which will afford partial protection to the captain when he desires to take a freer and wider survey than can be obtained from the inside of his fastness. Here, again, the old difficulty about weight comes in, and with conning towers there is the further difficulty that to increase their weight is to increase weight very high up. Still Captain Noel appears to be in the main right. He called the captain in his paper, the head, and, in the discussion which followed, the brains, of the ship; but the latter simile is not perfect, as no ship can get on without a commanding officer, whereas a great many people seem to get on perfectly well without brains. Setting aside figures of speech, it may be said that, with ironclads at all events, there may be for the time paralysis of the vessel if the captain is killed or disabled; and though of course he can be replaced, a brief interval of paralysis may be fatal. Every means should, therefore, be taken to obtain proper protection for captains in armoured ships. On his main points, then, Captain Noel undoubtedly makes a good case. What he says about compartments and torpedoes does not, as just indicated, call for any special comment; but we cannot conclude this notice of his valuable paper without referring to a remarkable incident in the discussion which followed it. Mr. J. D'A. Samuda stated that Admiral Tegethoff once described to him the ramming of the *Ità d'Italia*, and said, "If I were to live a thousand years, I would never ram another ship, the impression produced upon me was so awful." The Admiral went on to say that his orders to his captains were to turn their ships and ram at a certain signal, but that his was the only vessel that did it. From this Mr. Samuda drew the inference that the ram was not likely to be much used in naval warfare; but this view does not appear to have been at all accepted by the naval officers in the room.

The other paper to which we referred at the beginning of this article is by Mr. James Dunn, and relates to watertight compartments in merchant ships. On this subject Mr. Dunn is peculiarly well qualified to speak. Some time ago, when the question of arming merchant vessels was under consideration, he was, we believe, deputed by the Admiralty to examine the steamers offered as potential men of war, and to decide, or at all events to give reasons for deciding, whether they should be placed on the Admiralty list. To be admitted into the list it was and is of course absolutely necessary that a vessel should be really divided into watertight compartments, as without them a single shot may sink her. Most melancholy were the results when, in 1875, inquiry

* *Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects.* Vol. XXIV. London: Sotheran & Co.

was made. The Admiralty laid down the rule that "No ship should be considered suitable for the purposes of the State without her bulkheads being so arranged that, if any one of her compartments were laid open to the sea in smooth water, the loss of buoyancy thereby occasioned should not endanger the safety of the ship"; and, marvellous as it may seem, it was found that there were not, in the whole mercantile marine, thirty ocean-going ships fit for admission under this very moderate condition. So much for the talk which had been for years before 1875 of the safety gained by watertight compartments. Since then, however, there has been a great improvement, and, at the time when Mr. Dunn's paper was written, there were 300 ships complying with the requirement, and some were being built which could dispense with buoyancy in any two compartments and still retain floating power. This is gratifying, but a painful fact has to be mentioned as well. There are, or were, "more than 4,000 ships of 100 tons and upwards which would sink if any compartment between the collision and stuffing-box bulkheads were laid open to the sea in smooth water," owing, not to the possible giving way of the bulkheads, but to the fact that they are so constructed that if water gets into one compartment it must of necessity flow gradually into the others. As was explained long ago in the columns of this journal, bulkheads are, generally speaking, only taken up to a little above the water-line. If a compartment fills the vessel of course sinks somewhat, and the tops of the bulkheads become lower than the level of the outside water, and the consequence of course is that, if one compartment is pierced, all the others fill by degrees. Bulkheads of this kind are not only useless, but, as Mr. Dunn points out, absolutely dangerous, as by keeping the water for a time in the fore part of the ship they may cause her bows to be carried under, whereas, if water flows along the whole length of the vessel, her trim will at all events be preserved. The only proper way of constructing bulkheads is to carry them to the upper deck; and when this is done, and when there is a divisional bulkhead in the fore and after hold, two compartments may fill without the vessel sinking. To prove this in the most practical way, the Admiralty has had models constructed and placed in a tank, and diagrams of these in various conditions are appended to Mr. Dunn's paper. In thus showing what can be achieved without any great expenditure, the Admiralty have certainly done most excellent work; they have also done excellent work in ascertaining what steamers are rightly constructed. It is to be hoped that the result of their labours will be made known widely, as every possible means ought to be employed to inform the public which of the great passenger steamers are really safe. At present this scarcely seems to be done, and we trust that Mr. Dunn's excellent paper may be read outside professional circles, as it may stimulate a demand for information which ought to be given as freely as may be possible.

HANDBOOK FOR THE PANJAB.*

THE late Mr. Eastwick was more distinguished in literature than in politics. As M.P. for Falmouth he was certainly listened to by the House on Indian subjects, and he never became one of those bores whose persistence raises a feeling of amazement at the reputation which they certainly gained in India and as certainly forfeited in England. But Mr. Eastwick did not acquire the character of an Indian authority, and he was much better employed when editing the *Gulistan* and collecting materials for his various Handbooks, than in speaking on the Indian Budget and propounding unnecessary questions to the Secretary of State. In truth he was an elegant and accomplished scholar, and was well versed in Oriental history and languages. His Handbooks for Madras and Bengal are full of information, generally correct in details, and digested and arranged on sound principles. He says truly, in his Preface to his latest work, that whether for beauty of scenery, splendour of architecture, historical association, or political importance, the Panjab and North-Western India may fairly claim precedence over any other Presidency. We may omit the Himalayas from such comparison, for our mountain barrier is not really the property of any one particular Province. In variety of aspect, combination of wood and water, sparkling rivers, grassy slopes and ranges of hills, the Central Provinces surpass anything that the Panjab or Scinde can show. Madras has specimens of Hindu architecture of magnificent extent and unequalled proportions. Nor would any one with an eye for colour compare any one of the finest districts of the Doab of Hindostan at their best, with the plains of Central and Eastern Bengal at their worst. And the Ghauts of the Bombay Presidency, with their rapid descent into the Konkan, present features almost unique. But the Panjab has always claimed a large share of public attention; and, though one of our later acquisitions, has never from the very beginning of this century been left out of account in estimating the progress, position, and risks of our dependency. It needs no long argument to show why this is so. A good deal may have happened, as Mr. Gladstone might say, between Alexander's victory over Porus and the battle of Chillianwala. But the Panjab has always been the gate of India. Traces of Grecian art and ancient coins in abundance attest the influence of Græco-Bactrian dynasties. The influence of Buddhism from the south, or of Scythians from the north, the changes in royal families between the Macedonian invasion and the final ascendency of Mohammedan conquerors in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, are to this day stock subjects of dispute with antiquaries. Several of the early Mogul Emperors attempted to rule India from Cabul and Lahore, and never fully succeeded in this attempt. Jehangir's tomb is one of the sights of the latter city, and may partly justify the remark of Mr. Eastwick that this "mausoleum is one of the finest in the world, and, after the Taj and Kutb Minar, is the noblest building in India." But it is curious that in this comparison the author should have omitted the tomb of Akbar at Secundra, near Agra. Those who have seen the mausoleums of that great Emperor and of his son have no hesitation in declaring the tomb of Jehangir to be the inferior of the two. Then when the Mussulman Empire passed from the hands of decrepit and effete successors of Aurengzebe to vigorous Nawabs and Subahdars, or was cut and carved by the Mahrattas, or was signed away to the representative of the foreign adventurer and merchant, the Sikhs from a reforming sect became a first-class military power. And so for forty years, what with Rangit Singh, his vigour, and sagacity, with the anarchy which ensued after his death, with the marvellous tact shown by our political officers on the frontier in keeping our road open to Afghanistan after our first disaster there, and again with Sikh campaigns ending in the annexation of the kingdom, the Panjab continued to hold a foremost place in the estimation of all Indian statesmen. Then came a period into which, by a combination of rare ability and good luck, was crammed as much of administrative success as is ever given for one generation to witness and for its successors to admire. There were no impediments in telegraphs, in platform meetings, in the platitudes of Liberal Associations, and in light-hearted questioners in Parliament, ready, at ten minutes' notice, to adapt the British Constitution to the rival sects and races which we can only just manage to discipline into the appearance of a peaceful community. But there were the Lawrences, with a picked band of some of the best civil and military officers that could be got together, not by competition but by the pure process of selection; and at the head of all was Lord Dalhousie himself. And so a fine chapter was added to the annals of the East India Company; and, if there were some errors of haste or misapprehension, there was an amount of real permanent progress in everything that can make a community prosperous and a Government an object of reverence and awe.

It was not, however, Mr. Eastwick's purpose to distil an essence from Blue-books or to rival Sir Richard Temple in describing in gorgeous hues the change of a province from anarchy to order. His plan seems to have been as follows. First we have a slight sketch of the ancient and modern history of the Panjab. Then a brief catalogue of the objects of interest in the Panjab proper, as well as in those districts made over to its Government after the Mutiny. Then comes a notice of its tribes and a vocabulary in Panjabi and Sindhi. The remainder of the book is divided into forty-three routes, which can be varied by every traveller according to his means, fancy, or leisure. Hints as to diet and dress have been judiciously compressed. With exception to a few canons, on which most men are agreed whether their experience has been acquired on the Megna, on the Indus, or on the Kaveri, there is nothing about which Anglo-Indians differ so much as the details of outfit or the nature of personal comforts. And nothing is more irritating to a tourist who has laid-in a plentiful stock of what he is assured are indispensables, than to be told on landing at Bombay or Calcutta by his candid host that about one-half are absolutely noxious or useless, while the other could have been procured as good or even better in Bandi Bazaar or Dalhousie Square. In his account of the Commissioners and Lieutenant-Governors of the Province, there are divers not unimportant omissions. There is no mention at all of the Board at Lahore established in 1849, of which Sir H. Lawrence was President, and John Lawrence and Mr. C. G. Mansel the members. Then the distinctions between the judicial and the financial Commissioner and the several Commissioners of divisions are not well observed, and to an ordinary traveller would be as perplexing as were to Hadji Baba the Chairman and Deputy-Chairman of the East India Company, who came in a hackney-coach and were announced as sitters on chairs and sitters on stools. And we find no allusion to the establishment of the Chief Court at Lahore, which is to the Province pretty much what the High Courts are elsewhere. At p. 187 it is stated that the celebrated Koh-i-nur diamond was brought to England by Colonel Mackeson and Captain Ramsay, and delivered to the Court of Directors, whence it passed to Her Majesty the Queen. There was no division of responsibility about so priceless a jewel. Lord Dalhousie entrusted the gem to the sole care of his kinsman, who went home in a Queen's ship, and, we believe, never parted with his treasure for a moment either by day or night. A more serious blunder occurs in the account of the battle of Chillianwala, in which a well-known panic of cavalry is set down to the account of the 3rd Dragoons. For this regiment read the 14th. The 3rd or *Mudki Wallahs*, was not present at Chillianwala at all. Mr. Eastwick draws attention to a ridiculous entry in the register of the church at Peshawar regarding the death of the Rev. Isidore Löwenthal of the American Presbyterian Mission, who was murdered in 1864 by one of his own servants. It is another instance of the sheer inability of some well-meaning persons to discern what is incongruous and absurd on the most solemn occasions. The entry, according to Mr.

* *Handbook of the Panjab, Western Rajputana, Kashmir, and Upper Sindh.* With a Map. By Edward B. Eastwick, [illegible]

by his own Chaukidar (Watchman). 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'" No wonder that the native stone-cutter who carved the inscription and had some sense of humour, added in Persian the words "Don't laugh." At p. 333 wood is put where wool is meant, but the error will hardly puzzle any traveller. And, generally, the accuracy in names, dates, and spelling is very considerable.

The interest of this Handbook is enhanced by the inclusion of certain notable places in Rajputana. Owing to the spread of railways this remarkable tract is now easy of access. The Handbook draws attention to the masterpieces of Jain architecture to be found at Mount Aboo, to the plateau which is more than five thousand feet above the level of the sea and which forms a delightful sanatorium in the hot season, to the lake 2,000 feet long by nearly as many broad on the plateau itself, regarding which there is, of course, a legend that it was scooped out by the nails of an ascetic, and to a curious episode of a huge lion seen basking on one terrace or walk while a party of servants were taking English children for their airing on another just below. We find also one of those "anomalies" of which we have heard a great deal lately. There is abundance of game on Mount Aboo and naturally plenty of sportsmen. But these persons, by the express orders of our Government, refrain from shooting peafowl and blue pigeons, because these birds happen to be sacred in the eyes of Hindus. Mr. Eastwick might have added that this prohibition was deemed of sufficient importance to be included in a formal treaty made with the Rao of Serohi, from whom we hold the land: and that other stringent clauses were inserted. Soldiers are not to fish in the lake near the residence of the priests, or to take mangoes, nectarines, and honey from the native gardens. No trees are to be cut without the permission of the Political Superintendent; and no cattle are to be slaughtered on the hill, nor is beef to be brought up from the plains below. And the Rao has practically refused to modify or abolish this "invidious and degrading" distinction of race and creed, though beef is considered a necessary in English cantonments, and, what is more strange, the British Government has never insisted, as it might do with a tributary State, on the abolition of this dreadful clause. Ajmir is remarkable for a monument to the late Colonel Dixon, of the Bengal Artillery, who was Superintendent there for many years. The efforts of this officer in reducing the Mairs to order, in clearing a jungly country of bands of robbers, in forming an irregular corps out of those very banditti, and in persuading the inhabitants to do away with witch-finding, female infanticide, and slavery, were repeatedly acknowledged by such men as the late Colonel Sutherland, the late Mr. James Thomason, Lord Hardinge, and Lord Dalhousie. *Felix opportunitate mortis* might almost be applied to him, as he died in June 1857, though he had, with others, to leave Ajmir when the Bengal Sepoys broke into mutiny at Nusseerabad, the military cantonment, and the Bombay cavalry, till then believed to be staunch, refused to charge their comrades. We have before us an excellent History of Mairwarra, published in 1850 and now out of print, in which the administration of Colonel Dixon, and his predecessors Mr. Wilder of the Civil Service, Colonel Tod the Governor-General's agent, and Colonel Hall, C.B., are recorded in no boastful or vainglorious spirit. We must warn tourists or students who adhere to the old-fashioned spelling to look for an account of the most ancient of the Rajput Princes under Udaipur. Mr. Eastwick, after duly chronicling the difficulties of transit by bullock-cart when the railway is left, and the Dawk bungalows very badly provided with furniture and cooking utensils, remarks that the Maharana (not Maharaja) is said to be lineally descended from the hero of the Ramayana, whose date is some time before the Trojan War. He should have added that the present family can trace its descent, without solar myths or vague traditions to help it, as far back as the second century of our era, and that by universal admission the Maharana is allowed to be the first of Rajput chiefs, neither Jaipur nor Jodhpore making any counter-claim. But Udaipur or Oodeypore has been often at issue with his own feudatory chiefs, and the British agent has repeatedly had to interfere and settle disputes about the sums which these chiefs are bound to pay to their superior for marriages or administration, or the number of horse and foot which they must equip for his service. These elements of "feudality," somehow, die very hard, and are often found where advanced thinkers would least expect. But if Oodeypore is the oldest, Jaipur is the best administered of the Rajput States. The late Maharaja was a worthy descendant of the celebrated Jai Sing II., nicknamed *Sewai*, or "a man and a quarter"—as we should put it, a man and a half. The Chouk, or central street, is remarkable for its width, cleanliness, and regularity. The rest of the city is laid out in streets and cross-streets at right angles. In the Maharaja's palace the hall of audience is built of pure white marble. There is a menagerie and a public garden seventy acres in extent, which it cost 40,000*l.* to lay out, and requires 3,000*l.* a year to keep up. The late Maharaja set up at his own expense a fine statue of Lord Mayo, with a suitable inscription. And there are many other sights; the Jaipur College, the cenotaphs of deceased Maharajas burnt long ago, including that of Sewai Jai Sing where a lamp is always burning like Vesta's fire, the observatory, and the old capital of Amber, within easy reach of the modern town. Mr. Eastwick might have omitted a footnote, in which he sneers at Mountstuart Elphinstone as "a so-called historian," because he has omitted the precise date of one of Nadir Shah's battles. Now a very fair Karnál between Nadir and Mohamed Shah, is given at p. 626 of Elphinstone's second volume; and in the synopsis it is expressly stated that the battle was fought in February 1739. And when Mr. Eastwick talks of "meagre" accounts, we might retort that his own account of the Botanical Gardens at Saharunpore is not, for a guide-book, very full, and that he does not allude to the famous Government stud at that station, lately abolished on account of an expense which was incommensurate with the object of horseing our cavalry. The vocabulary of the Panjabi and Sindhi dialects will have an interest for civilians and military men. A large proportion of the words will easily be recognized by any fair Urdu or Persian scholars. But there are divers local terms and some curious contributions and varieties of pronunciation. We close the book with regret that we shall have no more Handbooks from an author in whom were united scholarship, industry, and correct appreciation of the many wonderful sights and scenes of our Indian empire.

RECENT MEDICAL BOOKS.*

TO the important question as to how we can best promote the health of the community, and thus in some measure lessen the doctor's occupation, various ostensible answers are given in the shape of medical literature. They do not all hit the mark, or show equal *bona fides*. There is the alarmist school, not altogether unrepresented in the medical journals, which dilates, in terms more dogmatic than science warrants, on the multiform causes of disease, and renders life not worth living to many nervous people who take for granted everything that they see in print. Then we have the "Family Physician" and "Domestic Medicine" category of books, which, as a rule, benefit, if anybody, the writers or the publishers, and in the long run may help rather to fill than to empty the pockets of the doctors, from the ignorant meddling which they encourage. Far different from these is another class of books which seek to put before the public the principles of health rather than the causes of disease, and, by emphatically teaching what is natural and normal, endeavour to instil into our minds the belief that to live according to the dictates of science is the best way to attain to that prevention which is confessedly better than cure. Even a little physiological knowledge, if sound, is not dangerous, but useful, and the more such knowledge is diffused in the community the more may we expect both physical and mental health to abound. In a great measure *The Book of Health*, now before us, is deserving of a welcome as tending in the right direction. It is meant, as stated in the preface, to teach how disease can be prevented, and, though it has several drawbacks from its usefulness, it contains among the contributions of its various authors very much that is valuable, and some of its matter is of really great merit. The introductory article by Mr. Savory is a clear and practical *résumé* of important physiological knowledge, and strikes the right note in discrediting the preaching of the ultra-sanitarians. The author's remarks on alcohol and tobacco, for instance, will meet with the approval of the scientific doctor and the broad-minded philanthropist alike, and are in striking contrast with the claptrap medical writing, so common in our day, which condemns a practice *in toto* because it may perhaps do infinitesimal harm or conceivably shorten a long life by an insignificant period. We have had enough of the alarmists who tell us that we must disinfect books from circulating libraries and give up using hansom cabs because some horses may possibly have the glanders.

A very sensibly-written and interesting article by Sir Risdon Bennett, the late President of the College of Physicians, gives accurate and useful instruction regarding "Food and its Uses in Health." Being based on the work of well-accredited authorities, it contains no debatable matter, and is to be thoroughly relied on. Dr. Lauder Brunton's treatment of "Stimulants and Narcotics" is quite accordant with the line taken in the introduction, and is at once elaborate and broadly philosophical in tone. One remark in this paper concerning smoking will appeal to most reflective indulgers in tobacco—namely, that one great inducement to smoke, perhaps we may add often the greatest, is the immediate effect the act produces as a local stimulant to the nerves of the mouth, nose, or lungs; and Dr. Brunton instances the practice of a distinguished physiologist and physician who, when trying to solve a difficult point, is accustomed to light a cigaretto and smoke for a minute or two until the difficulty is solved. The effect produced here, of whatever value it may be, is unlikely to be due to the absorption of the constituents of the smoke. We imagine that many brain-workers indulge in the practice of the physiologist referred to. In this otherwise excellent article, the author occasionally shows a tendency to a little ultra-speculation, and perhaps a slight want of humour. Many physiologists and physicians, as well as others, may smile, for instance, when they read that "good wine or beer is said to make a man fall on his side; whisky, espe-

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* *The Book of Health.* Edited by Malcolm Morris. London: Cassell & Co. 1883.

Voice, Song, and Speech. By Lennox Browne and Emil Behnke. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

A Treatise on Diseases of the Liver. By Dr. George Harley, F.R.S. London: J. and A. Churchill.

Poisons: their Effects and Detection. By A. Wynter Blyth. London: Griffin & Co. 1884.

Practical Pathology: a Manual for Students and Practitioners. By G. Sims Woodhead, M.D., F.R.C.P.E., Demonstrator of Pathology in the University of Edinburgh, &c. With 126 Coloured Plates. Edinburgh:

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The rapidly approaching completion of the Company's works, authorized by their Act of 1880, renders it very desirable that the extension of the Company's system to Huddersfield and Halifax, the construction of the new Fish Dock, and the erection of the Central Passenger Station in Hull, as authorized by the Company's Acts of 1882 and 1883 respectively, should be proceeded with without delay.

It has been resolved to enter upon a contract with Messrs. Lucas and Aird for the construction of the entire works, on arbitration terms and prices, with a view to the greatest economy. This arrangement has been accepted by that firm, and it is believed the works can be completed in three years from their commencement.

The trade of Hull, upon which the prosperity of the Company's undertaking must always largely depend, continues steadily to increase. The tonnage upon which dock dues were paid in 1882 was 2,146,477 tons, against 2,017,719 tons in the previous year, showing an increase of 208,158 tons. The estimated tonnage to the close of this year is 2,355,000, showing a further increase of about 100,000 tons over 1882, and a total increase over last of more than 300,000 tons.

The extension of the Company's system to Huddersfield and Halifax will be of incalculable advantage in preserving and fostering the trade of the port with the West Riding and the Midland districts.

The construction of the Fish Dock, urgently called for by a large section of the trade, will largely increase the volume of that trade, and put a highly remunerative traffic on the railway.

The Company's Act of 1880, authorizing the extension of their system to Huddersfield and Halifax, was promoted at the request of a deputation, composed of members of the Corporations and Chambers of Commerce of Huddersfield and Halifax, and the merchants and manufacturers of those towns and the surrounding districts.

It is no exaggeration to say that the deputation, in seeking to obtain further railway facilities, truthfully represented the views not only of the respective Corporations to which they belonged, but those also of a manufacturing and industrial population approaching 400,000 in number.

The Corporations of Huddersfield and Halifax were desirous of contributing each the sum of £50,000 to the Capital required, and their desire in this respect although not acceded to by Parliament, was in each case unanimously supported by the Ratepayers in public meeting assembled.

The objects sought to be obtained by the Company's Act of 1880 were:—

1. The establishment of good local connexion between Halifax and Huddersfield.

2. To obtain improved communication between those towns and the Midland districts, the West of England, and the Port of Hull.

3. To open up new sources of Coal supply, for household and manufacturing purposes, to the towns of Huddersfield and Halifax, and the surrounding districts.

That portion of the line which lies between Cudworth and Huddersfield passes through an important section of the Flockton coal field, and, in addition, will open out the South Yorkshire coal field to the Huddersfield merchants and manufacturers, who are in a great measure forced to seek their supplies by means of carting at a heavy cost. The railway facilities hitherto given to the towns of Huddersfield and Halifax have been lamentable in the extreme, not only as regards local traffic with each other, but with regard also to their connexion with the Midland districts, and with London.

This state of affairs will be entirely remedied by the construction of the proposed line, together with the joint Midland and Hull and Barnsley Station at Cudworth.

The HULL AND BARNSLEY RAILWAY COMPANY have made an agreement with the Midland Railway Company whereby the use of the line is accorded to the latter Company on equitable terms, and the HULL AND BARNSLEY COMPANY have received an intimation, in writing, that the Midland Railway Company, in entering into that agreement in 1882 for running powers over this line, did so with the full intention, which they still retain, of exercising those running powers between Cudworth, Huddersfield, and Halifax, upon completion of the railway.

The relations between the HULL AND BARNSLEY RAILWAY COMPANY and the Midland Railway Company continue to be of a friendly character, and hold out the strongest assurance that the traffic of both Companies between Cudworth, Huddersfield, and Halifax will be worked harmoniously and economically, and that the whole trade of the district will be thoroughly developed.

It is impossible to conceive any announcement of greater importance than the above, to all who have the welfare at heart of the commercial and industrial classes in the West Riding of Yorkshire, or who are interested in the continued and increasing prosperity of the Midland Railway Company.

There can be little doubt that the co-operation of the two Companies working over this line will alone secure the payment of the reasonable dividend of £4 per cent.; but it should be borne in mind that when the dividend on this Stock commences to accrue it will be secured as a first charge (after payment of Debenture Interest) upon the profits of the entire property of the HULL AND BARNSLEY RAILWAY COMPANY, which will consist, when those authorized works are completed, of 97 miles of railway and a Dock Estate of about 400 acres in extent, supplied with two docks of 46 acres and 14 acres of water space respectively.

The price of £85 per £100, at which this Stock is issued, renders it a very desirable investment, having regard to the prospect of its ultimate value, and the present value of English Railway Preference Stocks.

A Bill has been deposited in Parliament by the merchants and others of Halifax for the construction of the necessary short connecting link between that town and Holmfield, on the Great Northern Railway, and it is hoped that arrangements will be made whereby, if this proposed line be also sanctioned, the HULL AND BARNSLEY COMPANY (and through them the Midland Railway Company) will have the use of it on terms to be agreed, thus securing the long-needed route to Scotland and the North through Huddersfield and Halifax.

An epitome of some of the principal evidence given before the Committees of Parliament, together with explanatory maps, and forms of application, may be obtained from the Bankers of the Company, Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smiths, London; Messrs. Samuel Smith Bros. & Co., Hull; also from the following Brokers:—Messrs. Capel & Co., 5 Throgmorton Street, London; Messrs. Mallens, Marshall, & Co., Lombard Street, London; Messrs. Moore & Son, Huddersfield; Mr. J. H. Thackrah, Halifax; and from the SOLICITOR of the Offices of the Company in Hull.

By Order,

J. DANIELL, *Secretary.*

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ships from leaving port, and to punish the people who use them as a means of making profit.

This machinery Mr. CHAMBERLAIN proposes to supply in the form of a Court, to be formed of one representative of the Board of Trade and one delegate of the shipowners in each port. When both agree their verdict will be without appeal, but in case of disagreement either party can refer the question to a superior Commission. With superfluous good-nature, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN informed his hearers that if they did not like his plan, they might refuse to accept it. In that case he would withdraw it at once. The offer might be made with perfect safety, since few shipowners are likely to prefer the present cumbrous and slow system of Board of Trade inspection to that proposed by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. It is early to decide finally on the probable merits of this promised Court of First Instance, and it may be taken for granted that more than one will have to be established in some ports; but, on the whole, it looks as if it ought to work rapidly and without friction or red-tape. The new Merchant Shipping Bill is to be referred to the lucky Grand Committee on Trade, which will have another opportunity to show how well it can deal with a business measure. It will have the experience of the past Session to guide it, and the warning example of the fate of the Bankruptcy Act, which is already in working order, and is already accused of confounding existing confusion, to keep it in a modest frame of mind as to the probable good to be obtained by its exertions.

SPAIN.

THE defeat of the Spanish Ministry is decisive; but it is not yet certain whether the Moderate Liberals or the Conservatives will reap the fruits of victory. Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO and Señor SAGASTA wound up the debate in elaborate speeches after the rupture between the Ministry and the majority of his hearers had been fully disclosed. It is to be regretted that the Conservative leader should have professed his readiness to accept in certain contingencies either universal suffrage or the impracticable Constitution of 1869; but possibly admissions which appear to be dangerous may have been limited by the context of his speech. Unless a coalition takes place between CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO and SAGASTA, it may, after all, be necessary for the KING to try a dissolution. The Republicans seem not to have acquired additional strength, notwithstanding the internal differences of the supporters of the dynasty. From the beginning of the confused debate which has occupied so many days, the speech of the greatest Republican orator has been expected with interested curiosity. The disappointment which seems to have ensued was not caused by any failure of rhetorical volubility or force. Señor CASTELAR has long been considered by his countrymen, and by some foreigners who have heard him, the greatest speaker of his time and country. In fluency and readiness he is not even surpassed by Mr. GLADSTONE; and Spanish taste approves of sentimental and imaginative decorations which would scarcely be tolerated in the House of Commons. Expositions of the inherent superiority to other nations of the country to which an orator happens to belong would possibly shock the modesty, as it would certainly jar against the business-like instincts, of an English assembly. The Spanish Parliament has been engaged in discussing a motion which is nearly equivalent to a vote of confidence in the Government. It is not surprising that the debate should have extended beyond ordinary limits; but it could perhaps scarcely have been expected to include an exposition of the inherent pre-eminence of the Latin races. It is not stated whether Señor CASTELAR condescended to such trifles as the question whether the pay of the army should be increased, or to compare the personal claims of different candidates for the office of Prime Minister. It would appear that the Republican party, as far as it is represented by Señor CASTELAR, is not disposed to acquiesce in the continuance of the Monarchy. Some members of the party have professed to tolerate a mode of government which they theoretically disapprove as long as the national institutions were otherwise democratic. It is to be regretted that one of the most eminent Republican leaders should think another revolution indispensable.

Señor CASTELAR, though he has recently compromised himself in the estimation of Englishmen by his wanton apology for Irish assassination, has always been deemed an honest politician. An extravagantly copious writer and speaker necessarily makes many mistakes; to cool observers of political matters, a passionate devotion to the name of a Republic seems unintelligible and absurd; but it is known that Continental Republicans are often fanatics; and CASTELAR had before his late escapade in the matter of Ireland never professed the Jacobinical creed. On the only occasion of his active interference in politics, he earned just credit by his patriotic repudiation of all the professions and theories of his life. Having by a strange series of events become the chief of a Republic which was rapidly tending to anarchy, the celebrated orator at once suppressed Parliamentary discussion, and ruled the country for some months as a self-appointed dictator. It was unfortunate that conscientious scruples induced him after a time to revive an incapable Legislature, which was consequently soon afterwards, to the universal satisfaction, turned out of doors by an honest general officer at the head of two or three regiments. Since that time Señor CASTELAR has been content to maintain his former principles without seeking to precipitate violent change. From the condensed account of his recent speech, it is difficult to judge whether he thinks that the time is come for a renewed attempt to establish the Republic. Some part of his invective seems to have been personally directed against the KING, and his prejudice against monarchy tempted him to commit the gross impropriety of attacking the German EMPEROR.

It is difficult to believe that the most rhetorical of theorists seriously wishes to found a policy on lingual or ethnological relations. It is certain that Frenchmen, Spaniards, and, it may be added, Roumanians, all derive their language from the Roman conquerors of their respective countries. In Spain and France the original dialects have disappeared, except as far as they are traced in the current language by sagacious philologists. The Italians, having no barbarous speech to be exterminated, may most properly be designated as the inheritors of the Latin name. The blue blood of which Spaniards were once proud flowed in the veins, not of Romans, but of Goths; but it is true that the Northern tribes failed to change the language of their subjects. It is enough for an orator to record points of likeness, and to overlook divisions and discrepancies. In a certain sense the modified Latin tongue may be considered a bond of union; and perhaps some Spaniards may be gratified by the arbitrary assertion, not only that the Latin race is not only superior to other Europeans, but that it ought to be allied against Teutons, Scandinavians, and other alien populations. Nearly twenty years have passed since a political projector, not less ingenious than Señor CASTELAR, used precisely the same assumptions and arguments for the suppression of a Republic and the substitution of an Empire. NAPOLEON III., amongst other reasons for making an Austrian Archduke Emperor of Mexico, declared that the institutions which then prevailed in France were suitable to the political wants of the Latin race. The Indians, who form nine-tenths of the population of Mexico, were to become subjects of an Emperor, on no other ground than that those among them who had acquired any civilized language understood or spoke a dialect of Spanish, which, again, was a dialect of Latin. Flourishes of this kind, as far as they have any meaning, may be reduced to the proposition that France ought to be preferred to Germany, because it is at present a democratic Republic. It is true that in Spain and in Italy an ancient dynasty is still seated on the throne; but Republicans hope that the nation which in its own judgment is the head of the Latin race will have sufficient influence to transfer its own institutions to the allies whom Frenchmen are sufficiently ready to regard as dependents. It is in the hope of such a change that the glorification of the Latin race is employed as a mode of promoting a Republic.

At some point of his declamation it seems to have occurred to Señor CASTELAR that, if the Latin races were to form a cluster of allied Republics, their Teutonic neighbours would be entitled or bound to enter into a hostile league of their own. English is a Low German language, and, according to the linguistic scheme of politics, the English nation is naturally united by a permanent alliance with the German Empire. Señor CASTELAR, having as little ground of quarrel with Germany as with England, wishes to confine his hostility to one of the two kindred Powers. According to his doctrine, England and America ought to help to keep Germany in check, though in both countries a Teutonic language is universally spoken. There is little satisfaction in criticising capricious rodomontade. Probably Señor CASTELAR may have had a definite purpose, and

he may have been understood by his audience. Through a cloud of words it is possible to discern a censure on the policy of the late Government, and especially on its share in the KING'S visit to Germany. The Marquis of LA VEGA DE ARMIJO, who, as Foreign Minister, was officially responsible for the journey, replied to some of Señor CASTELAR'S attacks, in accordance with the fact, that the honorary colonelcy of the celebrated Uhlan regiment was selected only because there happened to be no other vacancy. Neither the KING nor his Minister intended to offer any slight to France; but in party contests it is usual, and perhaps not unjust, to impute to opponents the unforeseen consequences as well as the deliberate purpose of their acts.

Nothing can be further from the thoughts of any political party in England than to take part in any Latin or anti-Latin combination. The only English interest which is likely to be affected by the Ministerial or Parliamentary contest in Spain is of a prosaic and practical nature. The commercial convention which had been provisionally concluded with Señor GOMEZ has since been disapproved by a narrow majority in the Council of State. The arguments for and against the measure were probably confined to a comparison of political forces, and the decision of the Council, which is a strictly consultative body, is principally important as it indicates the comparative strength of parties. It seems that the Fusionists or followers of SAGASTA control the Council of State; and it is, therefore, inferred that the policy of the late Foreign Minister will be revived now that the present Government is defeated. The Marquis of LA VEGA DE ARMIJO, whatever may be his leanings toward Germany or France, or the Latin races, was always opposed to the extension of commercial intercourse with England. His return to power would undoubtedly be fatal to the Convention. It is possible that the result of the present party contest may be affected by the apparently irrelevant issue of favoured-nation treatment and of the alcoholic standard. The Catalonians care more for the exclusion of English goods than for the Latin races; while the wine-growers are, with good reason, anxious to facilitate the exportation of their produce. A certain number of votes given on economic grounds may perhaps derange the calculations of party managers. At this distance it is impossible to judge whether the wine-growers or the manufacturers possess greater Parliamentary strength. It is true that the opinion of the Council of State is not binding on the Cortes; but there is some reason to fear that the same party predominates in both bodies.

MINISTERS AND OPPOSITION.

SOME important speeches have been delivered during the past week; and it is observable that, on the whole, those delivered by the leaders of the Opposition have a very decided advantage, one much greater than in recent tournaments of the kind. It is true that only one Minister of the first rank, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, has spoken against the leaders of the Opposition in both Houses. For Sir CHARLES DILKE, who seems to have passed a singularly uncomfortable evening on Thursday in trying to gloss into decency the utterances of Mr. THOROLD ROGERS and Mr. JOSEPH ARCH, can hardly be counted. But the difference referred to is not in mere number of guns or weight of metal; it is in the spirit, aim, and rapidity of the firing. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, at Newcastle, had all the advantage of sympathetic audiences (save on one occasion, when he did not talk politics); and the world has been informed that he came specially to receive, and did receive, the condolences and consolations of his party on the attacks which wicked men have lately been making on him. This should have been encouraging. But, whereas Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at his last appearance in public was, and was acknowledged to be, emphatically cock-a-hoop, he was on Tuesday and Wednesday not cock-a-hoop at all. He told a legend about a little boy and a bogie and a jam-pot in reference to the Caucus, or the mob, or something of that kind, from which it appears that, instead of the Caucus or the mob eating up the Tories, the Tories are going to eat up the Caucus. It may be imagined that, if any one quarrels with the moral of this apologue, it will not be persons of the Tory faith. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN tried, and with conspicuous ill success, to prove that the cry for reform is anything but the result of a feeling on the part of Ministers that they must strengthen themselves before a new election, and of a knowledge on their part that the existence of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S favourite instrument enables them to simulate at pleasure the national demand which does not exist. About Egypt, about Ireland, even about the House of Lords, with a view to the presence of a Whig noble of rather doubtful allegiance, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was, as nearly as it is possible for him to be, apologetic. With this attitude, considering its rather unusual seemliness, it would be ungracious to quarrel. When Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (softened it would appear by a short excursus on the cultivation and decorative use of flowers in which he indulged) asks Tories seriously whether he, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, is not an Englishman, it is certain that he is on the right track. For, if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will remember that he is an Englishman (which in common with his colleagues he seems to have forgotten on several occasions), he may depend upon it that a good deal of the criticism with which he has been met will be spared him in future, both by Tories and by other persons. And if in his turn he will remember that his antagonists, even if for their sins they happen to be dukes or royalists, are Englishmen also, a still further step will be made towards a state of reconciliation and general friendliness which it is delightful to contemplate.

It would appear that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S chief adversaries are not in an equally conciliatory frame of mind, and the contrast is perhaps instructive. Ministers have the opening of Parliament before them, and, despite the loud declarations of their own unanimity with which they indulge the world, and the louder declaration of the unanimity of the country with which some of their followers respond, they know perfectly well that the opening of Parliament means a very difficult business. Lord SALISBURY put their difficulties at Dorchester with a frankness and a precision which militant politicians are not accustomed to use unless they are pretty sure of their ground; and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Mr. GIBSON, a little further west, simultaneously showed that the Opposition has at last perfectly grasped the situation, and is clearly determined to make the most of it. It is of course impossible for any one to say what will happen in the most mechanically-elected and the most mechanically-drilled Parliament that England has yet seen. But, in the first place, and as a general thing, it may be said that a Minister who deliberately proposes to carry a Franchise Reform Bill on the great scale, a Redistribution Bill, and a Bill for revolutionizing the municipal affairs of the capital, to mention nothing else, in the fifth and following Sessions of a Parliament undertakes what he is very unlikely to perform. And this conclusion is certainly not weakened by the consideration of the particular circumstances of the case in regard to the Reform Bill itself. There is, in the first place, the question of enfranchisement with redistribution or enfranchisement before redistribution. It is assumed that the Caucus and the Radical newspapers will threaten, or have threatened, the majority into acquiescence with the plan which the Government, for obvious reasons, prefers; but this is perhaps a little premature. Secondly, there is the Irish difficulty. If Ireland is not included, the Government will meet with determined opposition from the Irish members and the extreme Radicals. If Ireland is included, the Bill will seem madness to that considerable minority in the country which does not take its criteria of political sanity simply from Mr. GLADSTONE'S convenience. In the background there is the difficulty involved in the almost public threat of the Ministry, in case the Bill be rejected in the Upper House, to defy constitutional practice and refuse to go to the country. These three main difficulties are partly divisible into, and partly can be supplemented by, others, too numerous to mention, but perfectly discernible by any one who is familiar with the temper and the history of English Parliaments. The confidence of the Radical party, on the other hand, is founded on two things only. It is thought possible to browbeat or pester members into voting for a measure which probably not two hundred men in Parliament think to be really called for, and it is believed that Mr. GLADSTONE'S headstrong belief in himself, and his colleagues' conviction that without him they cannot hope to retain or regain power, will encourage the Ministry to set precedent and decency at defiance in any way necessary to hustle the Bill through. On the other hand, no writer or speaker on the Liberal side has attempted with the smallest success to show that any change in the electorate or the distribution of seats has been made necessary by the tenor of recent legislation, by the character of Parliament,

or by the urgent demand of the persons and places now said to be unrepresented.

In face of this signal failure it is, to say the least, idle to taunt Conservatives, and Liberals who are willing to rest and be thankful, with neglect to answer a case which has never been put. There appears to be a belief in the Radical mind that persons of the two persuasions just mentioned are in some way afraid to state their real views on the subject. What reason there may be for that persuasion certainly does not appear. No reasonable Conservative or Liberal of the old type would hesitate to say frankly that he considered an enlargement of the franchise at the present time an evil *per se*. When this is stated, the usual reply is either the stale phrase about trusting the people—a phrase vaguely suggestive of a political confidence trick of a new kind—or else Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S somewhat newer defence that the Radicals are the real saviours of society. That description is not one of such a history that Liberals proper or Tories should grudge it to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his party. And it may probably suggest that saviours of society usually prepare their salvation by the employment of another class of persons—the tools who bring about the state of disorder from which the saviours save. There is, moreover, one other curious fallacy which has been repeated constantly of late. The opponents of reform have been told over and over again that they have opposed it twice before and have been shown to be wrong each time. This calm assurance that what has happened necessarily ought to have happened is a little peculiar in Radicals. Of course no opponent of Reform would for a moment admit that the results of 1832 or of 1867 prove him wrong. He would say that the circumstances in the first case were entirely different, and that the history of the second distinctly proves that both in home and foreign policy an enlarged electorate is dangerous to the best interests of the country. It is in this conviction much more than in any party feeling—which indeed does not apply to Liberal opponents of Reform at all—that the strength of the Opposition consists. And it is this feeling which justifies them fully in using any constitutional means whatever in defeating, delaying, or modifying the measure. It is said that it must be passed some day. A man must die some day; but he need not on that account take poison to-morrow, or hold out his throat without a struggle to the knife of the first comer of homicidal tendencies.

FRANCE AND CHINA.

THE French operations in Tonquin are progressing very slowly indeed; but there are signs that they are at last beginning to approach a decisive crisis. Up to the present the various events of the campaign have been curiously barren of results. The capture of Sontay led, apparently, to nothing, or next to nothing. Certain Parisian newspapers were excited by the victory, and began to speculate on schemes of conquest of the most ambitious kind. It was proposed on all sides to bring China to a proper frame of mind by seizing some island on its coast. The whole business seemed so simple to literary gentlemen in Paris that they talked as if the only difficulty to be encountered was the difficulty of choice. Within the last fortnight there has been a marked change in the tone of the French press. The threats, like the victories of Admiral COURBET, have led to nothing. It is possible that the MAHDI, who has given us such an opportune and convincing demonstration of the necessity of an English occupation of Egypt, has also been so good as to postpone trouble in the Far East. The chance of restoring the Dual Control has seemed so well worth following up that the attention of France has been temporarily drawn off from Tonquin. It is also permissible to suppose that the more pacific tone of the Parisian press was at least partly due to the prompt discovery that China was not indisposed to accept the threatened challenge. Although, according to the Marquess TSENG, the Government at Pekin was unable to take Admiral COURBET'S word for what had happened at Sontay, and was compelled by etiquette to wait for the reports of its own agents, it has shown no such scepticism or respect for forms and ceremonies when a French occupation of Formosa or Hainan was talked of. Garrisons have, it is said, been despatched to these places, and the coast towns are being put in a state of defence. The eight thousand men sent to Hainan are probably not disciplined in any serious sense of the word, but they are provided with good rifles, and would be quite as formidable as the Black Flags, whom the French have not found by any means easy to beat. At the same time the Chinese Government is reported to be taking active measures to fortify its coast. The approach to the Bogue forts is being blocked up, and other steps of the same nature are being taken in other places. All these precautions show that the Chinese Government has no confidence in its power to limit the war to Tonquin when it has once begun, and also that it is fully aware of the serious character of a struggle with France. If French interests were likely to be seriously injured by a war with China, these measures might have the effect of permanently preserving peace. That is, however, very far from being the case. The French trade with China is insignificant; and if war does really break out, the main loss will fall upon a third party. If, therefore, M. FERRY'S Ministry is resolved on an active colonial policy of some sort, it will probably abstain from attacking China as long as there is any prospect of finding an opportunity to intervene in Egypt, since two such enterprises would be too much at the same time. When that fails, the French will return to Tonquin with renewed spirit. Meanwhile it is hardly possible for two nations to continue long brandishing their swords in one another's face without actually coming to blows, particularly when one of the two is barbarian, and the other has a civilized but ignorant contempt for its opponent's barbarism.

In Tonquin military history continues to repeat itself. Admiral COURBET is again advancing, this time with the intention of attacking Bac Ninh, and all that was said before the attack on Sontay is being said once more. We are told that there is a Chinese garrison in the town, and that an attack on it will be treated as a *casus belli*. It may safely be predicted that the result will decide whether any recognized Chinese force is in the town. If Admiral COURBET is beaten back, the credit of the feat will be attributed to the Chinese troops by the Government at Pekin and its agents in Europe. In the other case, we shall be assured again that the French have only had to deal with the Black Flags as yet, and that the serious trial of facing the Imperial soldiers has yet to come. It would be interesting to learn why the Admiral did not advance immediately on Bac Ninh after the capture of Sontay. The story that he was waiting for reinforcements hardly deserves to be accepted. Even if he was not strong enough to advance, it does not follow that he was under the necessity of retreating. A fairly satisfactory explanation of his tactics may, perhaps, be found in the report that one of the Tonquinese towns within his lines had been sacked by pirates. The French are, in fact, engaged in a regular guerrillero warfare of the traditional kind. They can defeat their enemy in the field with no very great difficulty, but as soon as they concentrate their forces for operations on a considerable scale, they are surrounded by swarms of partisans, who cut their communications and worry them on every side. It is only possible to get rid of such assailants by spreading the army over the country, which practically puts a stop to general operations. A war of this kind can be soon brought to an end if the general is only supplied with men enough; but as yet Admiral COURBET has not been given a sufficient force to do both things at once. When he is advancing on the fortresses, he has to neglect the partisans, and when he turns on them, the fortresses are safe for a time. Meanwhile, Tonquin has discovered that the blessings of civilization, as interpreted by the French, mean anarchy, disorder, and misgovernment of a far more oppressive kind than anything they ever suffered before. The presence of Admiral COURBET, his gunboats, and his soldiers has deprived them of their one chance of remaining at peace. They can no longer make themselves safe by paying blackmail to the pirates without running the risk of offending the French.

While it is daily becoming more obvious that France will not, and cannot, withdraw its troops from Tonquin, the Chinese Ambassador to France and England is fighting his country's diplomatic battles with great spirit and the newest weapons. A recent, and perhaps inspired, biographer of the Marquess TSENG has informed the world that the men of his province never, under the severest trials, neglect the work of progress. The assertion is fully borne out by the tactics of the Ambassador, who has been indulging freely in the modern diplomatic practice of using the press. Although he is the representative of the most conservative of States, the Ambassador has obviously nothing to learn even from an American statesman as to how to make the most of

an interviewer or a friendly editor. After favouring the *Times* with much useful information, and a good deal of political speculation, he has now turned to the German press.

Although the Marquess TSENG has good modern precedent for mixing journalism with diplomacy in this way, he would on the whole have been wiser to keep to the safe old paths. Possibly from want of experience in an unfamiliar art, he has made several mistakes, which may have serious consequences for himself and his country. It is never wise in a diplomatist to express a decided opinion in a public way unless he is also able to back it up by force. Prince BISMARCK may warn and threaten in leading articles, but that is because he is Prince BISMARCK, and everybody knows how much more serious is his bite than his bark. The Chinese Ambassador is in a different position, and may have to learn that it is a dangerous thing to conjure with the magician's rod unless you know all his spell. It was also obviously imprudent to begin appealing to the German press unless he had fair reason to count on German support. This step had an appearance of threatening France with the terrors of its old enemy, which was extremely imprudent. Nothing would give the French more pleasure than to do something which would show the world that they are not in the least afraid of Germany, provided they could do so without fighting its army. The Chinese Ambassador has given them just such an opportunity. He has appealed to Germany for help, and has been told that he cannot get it. The appeal has been made in the most open way, as if with the intention of irritating the French, and no practical good has been got by it. The result can only be to embitter them against his country still further, and diminish what little chance there ever was that peace can be maintained without a complete surrender on the part of China.

THE DIOCESE OF SOUTHWELL.

THE new see of Southwell is as good as created, and so five out of Sir RICHARD CROSS's six bishoprics are accomplished facts. This success led to the usual patter of carping letters. The new see comprises the two counties of Nottinghamshire, which belonged till forty years ago to the see and to the province of York, but was then transferred to the see of Lincoln and the province of Canterbury, and Derbyshire, which has since the twilight of English Christianity followed the fortunes of Lichfield, from which, much as that diocese has been curtailed, it never before was parted. So it only ceased to be a member of the southern province for the few years, long ago, of Mercian supremacy during which Lichfield itself was an archbishopric. Even after the severance Lincoln and Lichfield will be heavy charges, and Southwell will range over two counties, both of them containing a big and growing county town, only parted from each other by a few miles, and each exceedingly jealous of the rival borough. Nottinghamshire also boasts of a large and beautiful minster, collegiate in its dignity and constitution from Saxon times down to our own day, standing in the snug little town of Southwell. This minster has been carefully restored, and within a few yards of it stands the still surviving palace of the Archbishops of York, which has lately been by great private munificence purchased for the use of the new Bishopric, while other houses suitable for the members of the Cathedral are to be found in this town of old gentility. Accordingly Southwell was by Sir RICHARD CROSS's Act declared the seat of the new Bishopric, a position for which it had been recommended by Lord POWIS's Commission nearly forty years ago. So now the sound of grumbling rolls hoarsely in from the rival local capitals.

We do not profess ourselves to be thoroughly satisfied with the scheme as it stands. It would have been, we believe, better to have dared the bolder policy of proposing two sees, including perhaps a transfer to Derbyshire of some of the enormously populous shire of Stafford. As it is Derbyshire only gains a loss. It never had a Bishop of its own, but for some twelve hundred years it has been attached to the historical and famous church of Lichfield; now, while still continuing bishopless, it has to pass over to a new and unorganized see in another county. Still, as anything is better than the old arrangement, Derbyshire, with much wisdom and generosity, has willingly acquiesced in the actual plan, if only as an instalment. Presuming then a Bishopric for Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, we cannot see what better course could have been taken than to place it at Southwell. A Bishop of Derby would have been cold-shouldered at Nottingham, and a Bishop of Nottingham would have been told at Derby to go to Coventry. Nothing, on the other hand, prevents the Bishop of Southwell from spending as much of his time as he likes, or as duty calls on him to do, in either town. He may make all the use he can of the great church at Nottingham, and persuade the men of Derby to build one like it. At Southwell itself he will have his house for rest, for country air, for study, and for hospitality; and he will have at his door a noble cathedral church, available for all those purposes of worship and of education which the size of the towns in which the various institutions are placed has not prevented Lichfield itself and Ely and Chichester from purveying to dioceses containing larger and more enterprising towns than the Cathedral city. No sane man has ever proposed to transfer the see of Lichfield to Stoke or Wolverhampton. Why, then, should we, in face of the undoubted antagonism of Nottingham and Derby, refuse fair play to an experiment which only repeats a condition of things with which one of the component counties has so long been familiar? Rigid utilitarianism may decry the necessary connexion between episcopal government and the grandeur, architectural and ritual, of Cathedral churches; but the healthy instinct of Churchmen has always accepted it; and, as in the case of the new see of Truro, has expended no little trouble and money to create it. The combination is ready to hand at Southwell, and if this good fortune were despised, it is probable enough that the irrepressible band of letter-writers would strike a rich vein of sarcasm and lamentation over such a lamentable blunder. For Derbyshire, at all events, the dose is sweetened at not finding itself subjected to what is only a large parish church in lieu of the world-famous Cathedral of Lichfield; and even Nottinghamshire can hardly fail to see the incongruity of possessing such a minster as Southwell and passing it by. Anyhow, the question was virtually decided when the union in one see of two counties was decreed.

STREET ROBBERIES.

IT is seldom that a week passes in which the newspapers do not forcibly remind us of the barbarism which is lying close by our civilization. Civilization, it is true, develops vices of its own which are perhaps, if we look at them rightly, as odious as those which belong to the savage state of mankind. But there is a difference. The habit of the savage is to look upon his fellow-men, unless they belong to the same tribe as himself, as his natural enemies, and to treat them accordingly whenever he gets the chance to do so. And this is precisely the view that a considerable class of persons in this country takes of the rest, and which the rest are simple enough to tolerate. Day after day fresh instances of brutal assaults come before the public. Sometimes they are assaults made with the object of robbery; quite as often they are made for the mere enjoyment of maltreating a fellow-being. The other day a letter appeared in the *Daily News* stating that a respectable working-man was attacked on Hackney Downs by a party of roughs and was badly cut about the face. In the same letter it was said that a girl was also attacked near Stamford Hill and knocked down, but on her screaming the gallant assailants took to their heels. On Tuesday last a letter appeared in the *Times* in which the writer recounted his own experiences and those of others whom he knew. About half-past seven on the evening of Thursday of last week, in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's, when on the way from Pall Mall to Hampstead, he was assaulted by a ruffian who seized his watch, cut the chain, and made off to the nearest alley. The gentleman whose watch was taken gave chase and called on those whom he saw for help. The two men nearest proved, however, to be confederates; and after chasing the robber to the point where he vanished among the slums, it became evident that discretion was the better part of valour, and that it was more desirable to put up with the loss of the watch than to take the risk of a chase in such courts as abound in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's. The same writer gives instances of other assaults and robberies which to his own knowledge have taken place recently in the same district. On the evening before, on the spot where he had himself been robbed, a lady waiting for the omnibus to take her to Hampstead was attacked by a member of the same gang. She was struck on the face, her bag was

opened, and her purse was taken from it. On Christmas Eve last, as we read in the letter, a gentleman was attacked in the same neighbourhood, and was beaten, robbed, and left unconscious by four scoundrels of a similar kind. In the *Times* of the following day further testimony appears to the same effect. On the 3rd of December last another gentleman was returning home northwards from his office in Whitehall, and at about six o'clock, close to St. Giles's, his watch-chain was seized and carried off. He pursued the robber; but, as in the case already quoted, he found himself in a labyrinth of lanes and alleys, in which it proved both useless and dangerous to pursue the thief. The writer consoles himself philosophically with the reflection that the gold chain only was taken from him, but that the watch was fortunately left unstolen. In the *Standard* of Tuesday last there is an article which bears on the same subject, entitled "Midnight London." The writer there discusses fully the various methods of deceit and violence by which the criminal classes contrive to make a living out of those who have something which can be stolen. To say nothing of violent assaults in the streets, the decoys by means of which unsuspecting people are led into situations where they can be conveniently plundered are here, for the hundredth time, set forth. To get a good chance of stealing a watch, the thief asks to know what o'clock it is; and while the simple owner of the watch goes to the lamp-post to give his answer, it is easy enough for the thief to seize it and get away without detection. Or, again, a passer-by is lured off a main thoroughfare by a woman, who persuades him to go down a narrow street or alley, where he finds himself surrounded by half a dozen of her confederates, and pays the natural penalty of his folly. It must be remembered that for one of these cases which comes before the public there are ten in which the individual who is robbed or beaten finds it more convenient to hold his tongue. Even if he has ample evidence to convict the offenders, a regard for his own reputation will often keep him silent. Most men would prefer to lose their watch or their purse rather than have the questions asked which an appearance as prosecutor in the police-court under such circumstances often suggests. There is no doubt that many cases occur of assault and robbery which are never reported to the police, for the simple reason that the sufferer does not care to report them.

Nevertheless, a large number occur which could certainly be prevented by a more efficient organization of the police. A few weeks ago we pointed out that at places in the various districts of London where disorder is frequent or habitual it is not enough for a policeman occasionally to pass by in the course of his beat. It is necessary that a constant watch should be kept. It seems incredible, but is a fact, that, where the policeman is regularly stationed, he is withdrawn precisely about the time when disorder is likely to begin. Thus in districts in which the small hours of the morning are more than usually hideous and perilous, the stationary policeman actually goes off duty at one o'clock. Such protection as the inhabitants of the neighbourhood or the casual wayfarers receive from that time till five o'clock comes from the walking policeman, who may or may not be passing by on his beat at a time when mischief is brewing. In almost every part of London there are points in which the lawlessness and violence of the criminal classes tend to concentrate themselves as in a focus. At such points the supervision of the police needs to be constant, both by day and by night. A mere casual supervision is little better than none at all. The thief or rough finds out quickly enough what are the times and seasons in which he can ply his trade with impunity. When a constable is in sight, he not unnaturally, unless very drunk, restrains himself; but, when once the constable has passed by, he has from half-an-hour to an hour in which to do as he likes. In the greater part of London the occasional presence of a policeman is all that is needed. But in the foci of disorder the permanent and vigilant attention of the police is the only remedy. There are, scattered about London, certain thoroughfares or junctions of streets which are known to be dangerous. Five minutes' walk to the right or to the left of them anybody may go by with perfect safety. These local tastes of the criminal classes are even better known to the police than they are to the public. The average criminal is, like respectable persons, a creature of habit; and the regularity of his proceedings should be met by a corresponding regularity on the part of those whose duty it is to keep him in check.

Much more should be done by the police to keep these classes in order, and much more should also be done by the administration of the law. For the savages who make the streets of London impassable at certain times and places there is only one penalty which they can understand, and this is the lash. Over and over again it has been shown that nothing else has any practical effect upon them. Imprisonment puts no stigma upon them. They lose no credit among their friends when they come out by having passed a month in gaol. In fact, they return to their old associates with their natures unchanged, and with their constitutions strengthened by a course of regular and temperate living. A man who has been half a dozen times convicted in a police-court loses no caste among those who have gone through the same experience if he is convicted a seventh time. His recurrent convictions are only natural episodes in his career and in theirs. But a whipping is another thing. Apart from the pain, which none of those who suffer it are known, according to prison authorities, to bear manfully, it leaves a moral as well as a physical mark on the man which can be appreciated by everybody, and by none more than by his own special associates. In fact, it is one of the few stigmas which they can appreciate. It comes home to them as nothing else can. Surely, if ever there is a case in which the *lex talionis* may justly be applied, it is in inflicting physical punishment on men who, without provocation, rob, beat, kick, and maim those whose watches and purses they covet. Often, indeed, they have not even the excuse of coveting the property of the persons whom they assault. They beat, kick, and maim them for the pleasure of doing so; and for such offenders there is no kind of cure but many stripes.

COMMONS AND THE PUBLIC.

TWO very well known bits of English scenery, the Malvern Hills and Ilkley Moor, are threatened by the incloser. Perhaps the victories gained some years back over the Inclosure Commissioners have lulled the guardians of common land to sleep. Perhaps these very victories have operated in another way. They have shown the owners of waste land precisely what they can do and what they cannot; and, as a consequence of this, the attacks upon commons are now conducted with greater judgment. As soon as this kind of opposition has to be faced, the public discover how weak they really are. In their own character they have no *locus standi* against the incloser, except so far as he destroys ancient rights of way. The law recognizes certain rights as vested in the commoners; and, if the lord of the manor interferes with these, redress may be had. The public can often promote their own interests by identifying them with those of the commoners. The uses to which the ground is put by those who claim rights of common over it are, for the most part, not of a kind that interferes with its enjoyment by the world at large. Consequently, to preserve a common for the commoners is to preserve it for everybody else. In Ilkley, apparently, the rights asserted by the lord are not inconsistent with the rights enjoyed by the commoners. The inclosures which he threatens would probably leave enough of the surface unoccupied to satisfy their wants. But the public have neither sheep to pasture nor turf to cut, and it is idle to suppose that, by defending rights of this kind, not perhaps seriously threatened, needs of a quite different order can be satisfied. What the public wish to have secured to them is simply the liberty of walking or riding at will over the land. Except in a very few cases, this is a liberty of which the law knows nothing. If it is to be maintained at all, it must be in some way purchased from those whose title is at once more definite and more extensive.

The inhabitants of Malvern have already come to understand this, and a Bill will be introduced next Session to give effect to an arrangement which shall save the Malvern Hills from further encroachment. At Ilkley things have not yet got so far as this. It is only lately indeed that the necessity for bestirring themselves, if they want to keep the moor as it is, becomes apparent. The townspeople had come probably to regard the picturesque hill which rises behind them as their own possession. It was only when the skyline of the ridge became broken by posts bearing notices warning off trespassers that they became seriously alarmed. As yet no harm has been done. An energetic local champion has given public notice that he shall disregard these warnings himself, and advise others to disregard them, and

this challenge has not been taken up. There is no certainty, however, that matters will long remain in this state. The lord of the manor is entitled to shoot game on the moor, and, as grouse are still found there, this is no barren right. It has an appreciable money value, and as such is worth fighting for. The rapid growth of Ilkley itself and its neighbourhood to Leeds must make the moor less and less fit for a game preserve, unless something is done to keep the public off it, and the notices to trespassers were no doubt intended as the first step towards systematic enclosure. Enough was to be left to give the commoners no grievance on which to found an action, and, this precaution once taken, the chances of successful resistance would be but small. It is not at all likely that the lord of the manor will submit to see his property yearly becoming less valuable without making an effort to arrest the process. What is wanted, therefore, is that the Ilkley people should do what the Malvern people have already done. The liberty they wish to maintain for themselves is really one to which their legal right is something less than doubtful. Unless they can show some very unusual title to the enjoyment of the moor, the Courts will decline to interfere, and by that time so much money will have been wasted and so much bad feeling aroused, that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to have recourse to any other method of action. Yet what the Ilkley people claim is nothing more than what it is very much to the public interest that they should have. There are moors in abundance on which rich men may shoot grouse; there are very few on which poor men who can only get half a day's outing from Leeds can ramble at will. To preserve this privilege to such a district as that in which Ilkley stands is a matter of high public moment. Nor ought there to be much difficulty in preserving it. Whatever compensation is fairly due to the lord of the manor for any falling off in the value of his moor ought of course to be paid him; but when the money wherewith to do this is provided, Parliament will be quite ready to give the force of law to the arrangement, if voluntarily concluded, or to impose it upon the lord of the manor, supposing him to withhold his consent. It is not Ilkley alone that is interested in bringing about such a settlement. It is just as much a matter for Leeds, and for those suburbs of Leeds, which are themselves large towns. Nowhere, perhaps, would it be so easy to secure to the public all that is material for them to have. The need of keeping the moor open is too patent to be passed over, and the district is one in which any money that can be required to keep it open can at once be raised.

There is one caution, however, that it may be well to offer, and it is one of which the people of Malvern stand equally in need. We do not wish that either Ilkley Moor or the Malvern Hills should be bought by the public. If that were done, there would be reason to fear that both the one and the other would run very great risk of being spoiled. If they are bought by the public, they must be held by some body on behalf of the public, and as soon as such a body gets possession of land, that land becomes a mere open space, to be laid out and adorned in the most approved style of local landscape gardening. What the public ought to buy is simply the right to keep Malvern Hills or Ilkley Moor as they are. There is no need to prevent the lord of the manor from shooting over the ground just as he does now, or to prevent the commoners from pasturing sheep or cutting bracken just as they do now. It will be quite enough to enact that neither the lord nor the commoner shall ever inclose any part of the ground, or claim any right in it which is inconsistent with its reasonable enjoyment by the public. The purchase of such a right as this is a very much smaller affair than the purchase of the soil, and it ought to cost proportionately less money. But, inasmuch as it gives the public the only thing they want, there is the best possible reason that this, and nothing more, should be bought.

RAILWAY SHAREHOLDERS' ASSOCIATION.

THE Railway Shareholders' Association may probably be useful to those whom it proposes to represent; but the proceedings at its first meeting were not in all respects calculated to promote its objects. Sir EDMUND BECKETT'S unrivalled powers of invective and sarcasm appear not to have rusted by comparative disuse; but co-operation in a common purpose is not rendered more zealous by the disclosure and exacerbation of internal differences. Chairmen and general managers may, perhaps, sometimes mistake the interests of their constituents; but they are always earnest in their desire to protect and improve the property which they necessarily control. Sir EDMUND BECKETT, who has little sympathy with democratic aspirations, must know that authority is weakened when those by whom it is exercised are described as ridiculous or odious. Having once for all expressed his disapproval of jealousies and rivalries which are certainly not imaginary, Sir EDMUND BECKETT will probably hereafter be one of the most judicious as well as one of the most vigorous leaders of the Shareholders' Association. Anxious holders of railway stock will, if they are well advised, act in concert with the official representatives of the Companies. It may be added that other owners of property, from great capitalists to modest annuitants, ought to hesitate before they join in attempts to tamper with Parliamentary guarantees. Communistic agitators naturally direct their attacks against the victims who seem to them weakest. It is because English landowners are a small numerical minority that the GEORGES and DAVITTS promulgate schemes of plunder which might be dangerous to themselves if they were addressed to the peasantry of France. Freighters who demand arbitrary reductions in railway tariffs are not conscious advocates of communism; but, as far as they implicitly assume the right of the State or the Legislature to readjust according to some vague notion of equity the economic relations of persons and of classes, they become involuntary accomplices of the Democratic Federation.

The recognition of a just and necessary control over railway administration is perfectly compatible with a regard to proprietory rights. The general Acts, as well as the special Acts, define to a great extent the duties which are always made conditions both of incorporation and of the periodical or occasional grant of additional privileges. Several years ago, in pursuance of the Report of a joint Committee of both Houses, the Railway Commission was constituted for the purpose of enforcing the obligations undertaken by the Companies. It may be incidentally remarked that the same Committee remonstrated by anticipation against encroachments on the rights of the Companies, and especially against interference with their legal tariffs. The jurisdiction conferred on the Commission had previously been vested in the Court of Common Pleas; but the experiment was supposed to have failed, because few cases had been decided, or even tried, under the Act of 1853. Some of the judges were prejudiced against the exercise of functions which they regarded as novel; and it was thought that a special tribunal which had nothing else to do would be more efficient than one of the superior Courts. Notwithstanding ill-informed opinion, and in spite of confident assertions, the Railway Commission has proved a failure. The amount of litigation before it has been absurdly small, and its decisions have not commanded public confidence. If the present legal member, or his predecessor, had been allowed to sit alone, his decisions would probably have been received with respect as authoritative interpretations of law; but, as he can always be outvoted by his lay colleagues, the defeated party is naturally disposed to believe that legal rights have been made subordinate to considerations of supposed expediency. As if for the purpose of still further discrediting the tribunal, the Commissioners are not in the habit of delivering separate judgments; so that the only member of the Court who is properly qualified is not responsible for the reasons even of a judgment in which he may possibly have concurred. Questions of great importance, sometimes involving difficult questions of law, are thus disposed of by a body of judges which cannot be compared in competence to a county court. It is not surprising that they have habitually enjoyed a vacation extending perhaps over three-quarters of the year.

It is true that the commercial and industrial community generally desires the maintenance in some form of the Railway Commission, though its duties would be better discharged by a Judge of the High Court, whose services would at other times be available for ordinary judicial purposes. A professional judge, if he were required, as under the present law, to make an annual report to Parliament, would not, like the Commissioner, take the opportunity of always asking for enlarged powers, nor would he criticize the reasons for which some of his judgments might have been reversed on appeal. The questions of economical advantage or practical convenience which sometimes arise would

be at least as satisfactorily decided by a professional lawyer. The legal rights of Companies and traders cannot properly be entrusted to the judgment of a layman. Judges in Courts of Equity command public confidence in the discharge of their administrative functions, because they are competent to distinguish between expediency and law. Mr. LAING, who seems to be more tolerant than other railway chairmen of external interference, is favourable to a certain amount of State control, if it is exercised through the Board of Trade. It is not a little remarkable that he protests in the strongest language against the jurisdiction of the Railway Commission. Even a convert to advanced Radicalism apparently desires that the kind of property which he specially represents should receive judicial protection. Whether the Board of Trade or any other official department would protect the public interest without suffrages or positive rights may be reasonably doubted. Mr. LAING thinks that the functions of the Commission or of the Board of Trade should be almost exclusively administrative. If his plan were adopted, legal rights ought to be determined by the High Court.

Some of the questions which have been settled by the Commissioners concern competing freighters rather than the Railway Companies. It is extremely difficult to determine whether all the ports or all the collieries on a great railway system should be put on an equality in the adjustment of rates, or should retain the whole advantage or detriment of their respective geographical positions. The consumers or consignees would in almost all cases prefer a system of equal competition. On the other hand, it has been plausibly and successfully contended that the carrying Company is guilty of undue preference if it attempts in any degree to counteract the natural advantage of proximity to market. The doubt ought to be solved by a higher authority than the Railway Commission. Until lately the Companies almost always inclined to the policy of equalizing rates over large districts. Managers have had to consider not only the more or less profitable character of local tariffs, but the competition with one another of various ports, markets, and coal-fields. No arrangement in the complex system of railway administration has excited so much dissatisfaction as the preference which is in certain cases given to foreign produce. American corn is brought at a lower rate from Liverpool to London than English corn conveyed for shorter distances; yet the causes of an apparently invidious distinction are simple and obvious. Between those ports the railway competes with the sea, which has cost nothing to make or maintain. The importer and consumer for good reasons prefers railway carriage to the extension of the ship's voyage; but if the difference of charge passes a certain limit the railway will not be used for the traffic. The consequence would be that the sea-borne corn would, as at present, have an advantage in freight over domestic produce. If the Companies were compelled to charge by mileage, the only result would be that they would discontinue their competition with the cheapest mode of conveyance.

Those who engage in controversies relating to railway administration would do well to discontinue the repetition of a commonplace which has done duty for the last forty years, though it contains only half the truth. Competition among Companies is, as all traders and dealers are well aware, not abolished, though it is modified by combination. A few years ago the Midland Company compelled its neighbours and rivals to reduce to a great extent the passenger fares between competing points. It is not known whether the experiment has been profitable to the innovating Company; but it has undoubtedly conferred pecuniary benefit on the trading community, though it was connected with a partial withdrawal of accommodation. Except in the Eastern and North-Eastern counties, every considerable town has secured the competition of two, and sometimes of three, or even four, Companies. The strong feeling against monopoly has within three or four years been conspicuously illustrated by the construction of the Hull and Barnsley railway, which is now to be extended to Huddersfield, and, if Parliament sanctions the measure, to Halifax. Parliamentary Committees have, perhaps, of later years been too ready to authorise unnecessary lines; but their more experienced members well know that a general discouragement of competition would be felt as an intolerable grievance. It may be hoped that the power of authorising great public works will be always reserved to an independent and non-professional body. There is greater reason to apprehend a miscarriage of justice in the control of railway administration. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN announces a Ministerial Bill for perpetuating the Railway Commission, and for investing it with additional powers. If the Government is well advised, it will take the opportunity of fundamentally altering the constitution of the tribunal. Laymen are ill qualified for judicial functions, and experts are of all lay judges the most objectionable.

DEATH IN THE PIT.

AS soon as any one draws attention to the abuses of any vested interests, he is certain to be denounced as a wrecker and an impenitent thief. When the vested interests are those which theatre-owners possess in the peril of the public, the critic is called a "panic-monger." Ordinary observation and recent letters in the *Times* make it perfectly certain that when any one goes to the play in some houses he takes his life in his hand. There are degrees of course. Some theatres have sufficient exits; others have inadequate exits; and in others, again, the long, narrow, winding passages leading to but one or two doors positively invite a catastrophe. The habit of cramming the stalls so close together that it is difficult to get in or get out supplies another danger; while men who smoke in all the lobbies might almost as safely smoke in a coal mine.

Can any one deny these propositions? No one can deny them. But when attention is called to this disgraceful state of things, in which men and women are nightly exposed to a horrible death for the sake of saving a few pounds, people cry, "Hush, you will cause a panic." The theatres are very crowded just now, full of women and children. Precisely, and that is the reason why we wish some ordinary precautions to be taken by the managers of theatres. As to panics, these arise when the public knows that in case of an alarm it has little chance of escape. If the theatres had exits sufficiently numerous, wide, and accessible, if all our stages were fitted, as in Germany, with an iron curtain, alarm of fire would cause little or no panic. Are all our theatres thus happily accommodated? Emphatically no. In the long period during which a crowded audience moves, as slowly as a glacier almost, to the rare exits provided, one always hears people ask, foolishly enough, "what would "happen in the case of a fire?" Why, every one would be crushed to death or burned; that is the long and the short of it if we may trust the letters which Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT and other correspondents print in the *Times*.

Mr. SCOTT is a dramatic critic and a dramatic author. It is not the interest of dramatic authors or critics that the public love of the theatre should decline. Still, authors and critics are, in the first place, concerned to preserve their lives if possible. Their duties bring them constantly into these closely-wedged rows of stalls, reached by passages like the winding tunnels of rabbit-warrens, and exposed to all the dangers which arise from flaring gaslights, artificial fires, and the burning ends of cigarettes. Critics are not more timid than other people, but they have to risk being burned more frequently than other people. No one can say that they lack experience or that they are hostile to the interests of managers. Their interests lie in the same direction as those of the owners and the officials of theatres. They are thoroughly acquainted with all the stock arguments against taking any trouble in the matter. They have heard a hundred times that to speak of danger is to "cause panic"; that theatres are not often burned while the audience is within them; that hotels are just as dangerous as theatres. To all this critics reply that, if the public is alarmed, the public can stay away from the play. By boycotting death-traps the public could soon make managers keep all the doors open, at an enormous extra expense of a couple of pounds a week. By staying away from houses in which the stalls are crammed together in a kind of wedge the public could teach managers to be more liberal of space. These things the public can do, if it be really panic-stricken. Besides, as we have said already, if theatres were properly organized a panic could not be created. Panics are due to the public knowledge that they who do not escape in the first flight will not escape at all. Again, it is argued that theatres are not often burned while they are full. Perhaps not; but once is too often; and the accidents at Nice and Vienna have not yet been absolutely forgotten. At Nice there was a door specially meant for use in case of fire, but of course the door was locked. In these cases the door always is locked. A correspondent of the *Times* tells the world that he induced an official in one of the London theatres to try to open an escape-door, just by way of experiment. The man readily

attempted the experiment, but of course he had not the key, nor did he even know what had become of the key. In the case of a fire or a panic the results would have been what they were at the Ring Theatre or at Nice. Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT's letter lays emphasis on the same class of dangers, and on the happy-go-lucky management which leaves an audience to make its undirected way through one narrow passage, though other exits are actually open. Even at *matinées* fires may occur, and the expedient of turning out the gas in the passages during a *matinée* (not an unheard-of economy or accident even at the gaudiest houses) cannot be commended. We need lay no stress on the uncontradicted report in the *Times* of Captain SHEAN, who seems to be a kind of amateur, unofficial, unaccredited inspector of theatres. He says he found one in which the exits had not been timed "because the Lord Chamberlain has passed it, and it is all one to us." In the same house there was no water in the buckets, the firemen were unacquainted with the nature of the mechanism of the hydrants, and so forth. All this, as we say, has not been publicly contradicted, and indeed even to contradict such statements, though a gratuitous, is not an enviable advertisement. But on this we lay no more stress than on the last argument for holding our peace, that hotels and other places are as dangerous as theatres. This is an example of the fallacy often pointed out by nursery logicians, "two blacks do not make a white." If there were a class of hotel critics, perhaps they would hold meetings as theatrical critics did not long ago, to denounce the recklessness of managers. Besides, the exits from hotels are at least wide enough. We never heard of people being crushed to death in a hotel because they could not get downstairs for the crowd. Now a crowd jammed in the warren-like burrowings of the subterranean labyrinths that often lead to the stalls would be in a parlous state indeed, especially as the gas would be sure to go out. To provide lights not liable to this accident in the burrows should be within the resources of science. But it would cost money, and therefore we can hardly expect the provision to be universally made.

The truth is that this matter can only be disposed of by "pegging away." The forces of inertia muster strongly on the side of doing nothing for the public safety. The theatre was never more popular, indeed it is too popular, and the public excitement constantly has small local eruptions in the shape of amateur performances. Houses were never more crowded. Hence the temptation to perilous encroachment on space, to squeezing seats together, and placing chairs in gangways. All this means increased receipts, but the recipients are not the more inclined to add to expenses when the cause of expense is not something brilliant, but only something necessary. Many theatres have exits enough, but those exits (supposed to be open in case of fire or alarm) are often hermetically sealed. Now the extra doors can only be of service if the public and the officials are used to seeing them open, and to making their way out by them. But to have these doors always open during performances would demand the presence of more attendants, their wages would be an item in expenditure, and an item for which nothing of a brilliant and attractive nature could be shown. Therefore the doors are kept shut. A respectable attendant has the key, but when he is asked to produce it (as has been seen in one instance) he has not the slightest idea where it is. All this economy is false and niggardly, and may be homicidal.

To burn or chance burning some hundreds of people, for the sake of saving some pounds a week, is a bright example of the character of capitalists and of spirited enterprise. In collusion with this recklessness of the persons who are (or ought to be) responsible is the happy-go-lucky temper of the public. The public "will chance it," as they say, till they are frightened by some general *auto de fé* in a theatre. Then the public gets in a fright, stays away from the play, clamours for precautions and inspections, and has all the extra doors of theatres left open. In a fortnight the public forgets its alarm, the outcry ceases, nothing has been done, the doors are closed again, and the keys are rusting in disused old coats in the houses of the officials. Nothing will ever cure the happy-go-lucky temper, the official contempt of the public and indifference to public safety, nothing short of close and vigilant Government inspection. Constant "surprise visits," followed by fines and withdrawals of licences when the ordinary precautions are neglected, would soon prevent theatres from being potential death-traps. The old folly of *laissez-aller* has broken down here as elsewhere, because the collective wisdom of the theatre-going public is, like the law denounced by Mr. BUMBLE, "a Hass." It is as well to keep preaching this doctrine before an accident happens. It is as imprudent to lock the doors before a fire as to leave them open till the proverbial steed is stolen.

BACKSWORD AND SCHLAEGER.

ALTHOUGH the sabre is a weapon of much more general use than the small-sword, the art of using it has never been brought to anything like the same perfection. The small-sword can hardly be called a military weapon, whereas a single-edged cutting sword, generally, but not always, fashioned so as to admit of effective thrusting as well, has been the chief arm of European cavalry for more than two centuries. Yet the sabre has been left in comparative neglect. The soldier's official instruction in handling it is mostly confined to the execution of a certain number of conventional cuts and guards. Fencing-masters, with few exceptions, have dismissed it with short and slight notice; the treatment of it in French books, as far as we are aware, is not only scanty but weak. On the whole, it has perhaps fared best in England, where our love of hard and visible knocks, or some other reason, causes the practice of the singlestick to be preferred to that of the foil. But there are compensations in all things. And the sabre has taken out its compensation in England and in Germany in ways curious in themselves and curiously similar. In Germany there is a modified combat with swords, in England an imitated one, under such rules and conditions as to make it quite unlike real warfare, and yet in each case with a distinct seriousness of its own. The conventional restrictions are so much alike that it is not easy to believe the two forms of play to be independent; but we do not know that any evidence exists of historical derivation or connexion. The exercises in question are that of backsworded or singlestick as practised, until pretty lately, in the West of England, and that of the Schlager as still practised in the German Universities.

The game of backsword is shortly treated of under the name of singlestick in Walker's *Defensive Exercises*. But the classical authority for it is the second chapter of *Tom Brown*, which describes a contest for local championship among the humours of the "yeast" held in the White Horse Vale. As the judicious author tells us, "the weapon is a good stout ash stick with a large basket handle, heavier and somewhat shorter than a common singlestick." Probably the players had forgotten by the beginning of this century what the stick originally represented. The name, however, leaves no doubt of this. "Backsword" was the English name of a sword with a thick back and only one edge, as distinguished from the long double-edged sword commonly worn as late as the seventeenth century; a distinction exactly corresponding to what French authorities state to be the correct usage of *sabre* as opposed to *épée*. We now use the term small-sword, as our ancestors of the last century did, for the three-cornered duelling blade (many people call this modern thrusting sword a rapier, but wrongly; the Spanish and Italian rapier had a narrow double-edged blade, capable of cutting though mainly used for thrusting). But the weapon we speak of as the broadsword or sabre was called by those same ancestors the backsword. This, with other more or less diverting matter, appears in a treatise upon the Useful Science of Defence published by one Captain John Godfrey, which attained a second edition in 1747. The author complains of designs to pirate and undersell his book, and, whether or not he succeeded in preventing these at the time, it is certain that considerable traces of his work occur in later manuals. Probably it would be found by any one who would be at the pains of examining (we do not say it would be worth the pains) that writers on this class of subjects have for generations gone on copying from one another as much and as unintelligently as dictionary-makers. However that may be, Captain Godfrey's reasons for studying the backsword, as well as his not over-lucid counsels about the play itself, show that in his time this weapon was nothing else than the military sabre. The backsword, he says, "is as necessary in the Army, as the other" (the small-sword) "is mischievous in Quarrels, and deadly in Duels. The Small-Sword is the Call of Honour, the Back-Sword the Call of Duty. . . . The Back-Sword must be allowed essentially necessary among the Horse; and I could wish it were more practised, than I find it is. Sure it ought to be a Part of a Trooper's Duty to learn the Back-Sword, as much as of the Foot to learn the common Exercise." Captain Godfrey's personal reason for making the backsword his favourite arm was, however, not a patriotic one. "I have followed chiefly the Practice of the Back-Sword," he says, "because Conceit cannot so readily be cured with the File [a common spelling of *foil* in eighteenth-century books] in the Small, as with the Stick in that: For the *Argumentum baculinandi* is very strong and convincing: and though a Man may dispute the full Hit of a File, yet if he is knocked down with a Stick, he will hardly get up again and say, it *just brushed him.*" He had closely followed, moreover, the play of the best-known masters of his time, and celebrates them in a style bearing a certain grotesque resemblance to some passages of the Book of Ecclesiasticus. A specimen or two must suffice:—

Timothy Buck was a most solid Master, it was apparent in his Performances, even when grown decrepid [*sic*], and his old Arm could not hide his

uncommon Judgement. He was the Pillar of the Art, and all his Followers, who excelled, built upon him. . . .

Fig was the Atlas of the Sword, and may he remain the gladiating Statue! In him, Strength, Resolution, and unparallel'd Judgement conspired to form a matchless Master. There was a Majesty shone in his Countenance, and blazed in all his Actions, beyond all I ever saw.

It is evident from Godfrey's account that the backsword or broadsword play of his time was aimed indifferently at the head, body, and legs. The cut at the leg seems indeed to have been rather favoured. But in the later "backswording" with sticks, as explained in *Tom Brown*, and seen as near London as Windsor by divers other good witnesses who are not yet old men, the head is the sole object of effective attack. It is defended, first by the stick placed in a high hanging guard, and also by the left elbow and forearm, which are held as much before the face as a handkerchief passed round the left thigh and held in the left hand will admit. The elbow may be on a level with the crown of the head when the handkerchief is drawn tight. Victory is with the player who first makes an inch of blood appear anywhere on his adversary's head. Blows on the arm or body do not count, but may be used to gain an opening at the head. The men stand fast pretty close to one another, so that there is no lunging, and of course no scope for movements involving judgment of time and distance. A stout and supple wrist and quickness in the returns appear to have been the main conditions of success. This backsword or singlestick (thus limited by conventions of whose origin we know nothing) seems a monotonous kind of play compared with fencing or sabre practice. But it must have been no bad training for nerve and eye, and, inasmuch as the first hit that took effect was decisive, must have required close and steady play. Modern amateurs are perhaps too light-hearted in giving and receiving in the course of one assault a dozen or more hits that with real swords would be disabling, if not fatal.

In the German Schläger combat the position is the same as in backswording, save that the left arm is kept, as in sabre play, behind the body: commonly the waistband of the trousers is grasped by the left hand. The weapon is a long, narrow blade, like a pointless rapier, but much more flexible. It is sharpened for a length of twenty centimètres (say eight inches) on the true edge, and five on the false edge. For practice and instruction blunt and rather stouter blades are used. The mask is like an English singlestick mask, but stronger and heavier. A padded leather vest, coming almost down to the knees, covers the body, and the right arm is encased in a sleeve attached to a gauntlet, which may be compared to an elongated Rugby football. In the actual duel there is an even more elaborate system of defence; the right wrist is guarded with a ring of mail, and the arm with folds of silk, which, like the turban of the East, are enough to stop any ordinary cut. Practically, though not according to strict rule, the body is altogether covered. The eyes are protected by iron spectacles, with strong wire net instead of glasses. A padded cap, defending the top of the head, is added to all this for students in their first year, who fight only under the direction of their seniors. The more advanced *Burschen* do not wear these caps, and are thus exposed to much more serious blows.

It is known to English readers by many descriptions that the duels are not, as a rule, the outcome of any real quarrel; they are arranged by the leaders of the fighting "Corps" of students, or by the senior members between themselves. At the same time challenges to serious duels with the Schläger are not unknown. Such a duel is called "glacé," because only town gloves (Glacé-Handschuhe) may be worn, and the ordinary equipment is discarded. It involves very serious danger, and is outside the rules of the game, no man being held bound to accept a challenge in this form. There are, however, sundry degrees of severity in recognized duels. First-year men (*Füchse*) fight with caps, for twenty-four rounds (*Gänge*, equivalent to the French *phrase* in fencing) of seven blows each. The regular form of duel for seniors is a quarter of an hour's fighting without caps. This may be made sharper by dispensing with seconds; for the second in a Schläger duel has not merely judicial or diplomatic functions. He stands close beside his man, holding an unsharpened Schläger with which he may parry as many blows as he thinks fit, and often he does parry a large proportion.

As to the manner of play, the cuts are aimed only at the head, and are delivered, not with the centre of percussion, but with the extreme forward part of the blade, which alone, as we have said, is sharpened. It is worth notice that the Schläger is derived from the long straight sword of the German Reiters, the force of whose blows made them famous in the sixteenth century at the battle of St. Quentin and elsewhere. They gave neither sweeping horizontal cuts like Orientals, nor drawing cuts like most European swordsmen, but struck in the line of their own motion with a continuing forward impetus, and did great execution. With the modern Schläger the blow comes entirely from the wrist, and (as in English backswording) has no movement of the body or limbs to aid it. Nevertheless, it is of great power, and has to be parried with a sharp forward motion of the *fort* of the opposing sword, otherwise it beats in over the guard. The lines of attack and parry are limited by the scope of the object to be attacked. From the position of the engaging guard, which, in the terms of fencing, may be called a very high prime, cuts may be made in the high outside line at the right side of the head (*Terz*), or with a turn of the wrist at the left side of the head (*Quart*), or the same in a lower line under the point (*Tiefquart*). Attacks in the outside line under the blade (corresponding to the fencer's seconde) are not allowed. The *Terz* attacks are mostly taken on the padded right arm. Such are the elements, to which certain variations have to be added. Thus *Hinterkopfterz* and *Strewhquart* are vertical, or nearly vertical, cuts over the guard at the top or even back of the head. When caps are not worn blows of this kind may inflict a rather ugly wound. Really serious ones are hardly known, but it is quite possible for the surgeon in attendance to have a troublesome piece of work. Small arteries, for example, may be divided and have to be taken up.

On the whole, there is not more danger to life or limb in a Schläger duel, for healthy men and with the usual precautions, than in any other rough pastime; probably there is not so much as in the Rugby game of football under the old rules. But the effusion of blood and the necessary presence and use of surgical appliances make it appear a barbarous affair to any one not bred to familiarity with it. And the play is said to be falling off in the skill which was its only justification. Twenty years ago the players hardly ever led off with a direct attack, which was thought too rash, but feinted and watched for their opportunity on a return. Of late years it has become a fashion to discard policy, and try for hits by main force; the weapons are also heavier than they used to be. Some local differences exist, or existed not long ago, in the fashion of the Schläger. The *Glockenschläger*, common in the North-German Universities, has a peculiar mounting, and is grasped like an Italian foil with a finger round the cross-bar. Formerly the small-sword was used as well; it is mentioned by Crabb Robinson in his Diary as being somewhere (at Jena, if our memory serves us) the regular instrument of students' duels. This usage, however, survives, if it still does survive, only at Munich. Possibly some reader may be curious concerning the literature of the Schläger. We believe that of technical literature there is little or none. The rules of the duel are preserved in manuscript books, and may probably be found in print. But the art seems to depend wholly upon oral tradition, which is to be regretted. For, whatever we may think of Schläger duelling, it has been for many generations a singular feature of German University life; and it deserves to have some better record than the casual descriptions of strangers before it goes the way of English backswording.

THE DEFINITION OF THE SNOB.

IT would appear that some preliminary remarks which were made here a few weeks ago on the necessity of a new Critique of Snobs have produced a certain effect. This is not surprising, and the fact may be noted without fatuity and without offence. For forty years mankind in England has been actuated to a great extent by a strong and healthy desire to escape snobbery, and a sudden reminder that mankind has got into a wrong groove is sure to be startling. It is creditable, very creditable, to any one that he should have tried to make his exit from Avernus, and it is not discreditable that the escaper should be somewhat *froissé* at being reminded that the escape is not facile. It will not do simply to reverse the proceedings of the ancestors who are within the grasp of Tartarus; if it would do, there would be no such great difficulty about the matter. Happy, too happy, would the human race be if any such receipt were effectual. Because the snob of the Forties achieved his destiny by loving a lord or a rich man, the snob of the Eighties thinks to escape that destiny by laughing at lords and (in print) condemning riches. Alas! it will not suffice. Κακὸν ἐσθλὸν ἔμμεναι; and the hardness is not made less hard by the simple resolve to avoid certain forms of badness which the bad men among our fathers did not avoid. But the deserving among the snobs possible (that is, among the Englishmen of to-day) may justly call for something like a guiding rule to replace that negative one which has so fatally miscarried. Therefore let us in all modesty attempt, not indeed the definition of the snob (properly to treat so vast a subject would require reams of snobscap paper, and reams of snobscap paper are not at our command), but some remarks as to his definition. The really genuine neophyte must await the illustration in detail which we trust to give him. But something like a preliminary sketch may be attempted. And, following Aristotle and the *Oxford Spectator*, it may be legitimately observed that accuracy is not to be expected. Absolute accuracy, indeed, in this matter must be postponed for some generations at least—until documents are fully registered. In our Original one kind of snob has himself fully delineated; in the present feeble and tentative essays another kind will, with the permission of those gods who may be protectors of snobbery, find himself taken pretty well *sur le vif*, though by an inferior hand. The future forms of snobs will await the future snobographer; and each snobographer will be met by the angry reclamation of his subjects, which subjects will, no doubt, be diverse.

> Nunc hic, nunc illic, superant vitalia rerum,
> Et superantur item.

When we and our followers have noted with a humble spirit, and, to use the words of a great writer of this day, "in the grave and chaste manner," the snob-phenomena of many generations, then accuracy may be expected, but not before.

To the best of our remembrance, a remembrance founded on many years' constant reading, the great Original did not attempt to define a snob, indeed he once said *literatim*, "We can't define it." The attempt has been, however, made in the form "The

snob is he who admires base things basely." But this will not stand a moment's examination. Like all bad definitions, it extends to the wrong things and does not extend to the right. Here and there a snob would be caught by it; but for every one so caught many snobs would go free. For a man may admire things which are not at all base in a wrong way, and may so be a snob. He may admire base things with a knowledge of their baseness, and so be something even worse than a snob, but not one. He may, in hopes to guard himself against "fate which does so fast pursue," resolve not to admire anything, and so be the utterest and most hopeless of all snobs. And there can be little doubt that the mistaken notion that snobbery consists in admiration has, more than anything else, been the genesis of the snob of the second degree—the snob who thinks that, if he is sufficiently contemptuous of all hitherto recognized ideals, he is safe. *Ce n'est pas plus facile que ça.* The heaven of safety from snobbery can be attained by the simple process of talking disdainfully of the House of Lords.

Another, and a much safer, though still not quite a perfect, definition, which we have never seen given, is this—that a snob is he who follows the multitude to do evil. And note here that the multitude may be a merely relative multitude. It may be a majority of his own set as well as of his nation or of the world at large. Here we get rid at least of one drawback of the earlier attempt. For we recognize that there may be a snobbery of contempt as well as a snobbery of admiration. One, at least, of the chief notes of the snob, the deference to fashion, is happily set down by this definition, and it is so specially applicable to the present day that it may have special temptations to men of the present day. And yet it will not exactly "wash." For a snob might differ from the multitude for snobbish reasons, and so slip out at one loophole. He might follow the multitude to do good by an exception, and rejoice in his foolish, snobbish heart that he had got rid of the curse. And, lastly, a great many evil deeds which the multitude do, and are followed in doing, are not *per se* snobbish. It is impossible for the most violent partisan to say that it was snobbish of Cromwell to cut off Charles I.'s head. It is true that on that occasion he had the great multitude against him, but he had the small with him, and he followed it, and he did evil. Yet was he in this respect most assuredly not a snob, though he may have been on certain other occasions of his life. Napoleon, on the other hand (the usual historic name suggested by the Protector's), was always a snob *ab initio ad finem*, though he very rarely followed the multitude to do anything, bad or good. In fact (though this is not presently to the purpose) a comparison between Cromwell and Napoleon might be as fruitful as anything else in experiments and discoveries on the nature of the snob. We abstain (also for the present) with still greater reluctance from some comparisons of modern English politicians, which would be almost as luminous, but might give rise to more controversy.

It might be possible by an ingenious use of the old "Rule of False" to extract from the comparison of these and of other definitions something more satisfactory. But the safer and wiser way in this infancy of the science of snobography is to refrain from the attempt at absolute aphorism. Snob-detection must for a long time, if not always, be a branch rather of æsthetics than of mathematics; the snob must be felt rather than demonstrated. But certain marks of him may at least be pointed out and may help the explorer far more advantageously than an imperfect definition in his quest after the beast. One such mark has been already indicated. The snob almost always attempts to be in the fashion. In an aristocratic era he is a blind devotee of rank; in an age of wealth-getting and devil-take-the-hindmost, of riches; in a democratic age, of numbers and popularity. And it is a further and an almost crucial test of him that his admiration is never a really genuine admiration. When he grovelled before lords it was not because he knew the history of the peerage, its great deeds for England, its connexion with the noblest social conceptions ever reached by the human race—the conceptions of chivalry, and of a graduated society, in which each higher rank fought for and protected the lower. It had nothing to do with the past—the snob never thinks if he knows it of the past, except to derive petty grudges from the thought. He admired it because it was glittering and apparently powerful in the present. Now that he contemns the peerage (while for the most part chattering about peers in preference to anything else) it is not because he has any reasoned idea of equality (which indeed is a contradiction in terms), but partly because he has an ignoble jealousy of a privilege which he does not possess, and partly because it is the cant of the day to sneer at peerages. When he bowed the knee, and when he still bows the knee, before wealth, it was, and is, not because of the immense potentialities of wealth, for good or for evil; not even in most cases because he had or has a genuine thirst for the baser pleasures that wealth can give. Wealth makes a man conspicuous and talked about—the snob's heaven in itself. In short, the snob's is less a peculiar idiosyncrasy than a mixture of many bad idiosyncrasies in a mean and moderate degree. When he transcends this degree he ceases, at any rate in that particular instance, to be a snob, though he may still be one in other matters. Probably it requires the restraining influence of a complex civilization to breed snobs, and that may be the reason why, beyond the Renaissance at earliest, it is nearly impossible to trace them. You must have a set convention of some kind before you can have a snob; and, when the convention is set, the snob congenially manifests himself in attempts to burlesque, degrade, and exaggerate it. Then there comes a reaction, and he either does the same with a new convention, or, as we have seen in these days, having no new one ready made, hastens with equally congenial clumsiness to burlesque, degrade, and exaggerate the revolt against the old convention. And throughout his various and changing forms the one characteristic which remains to him is unreality. He can never give a reason for the faith, or the unfaith, that is in him. Mrs. Grundy or the Caucus, "the county" or the moral standard of the Particular Baptist Synod of Llanpumpsaint, hold the place to him of his proper judgment and taste. A man who really on intelligible principles admires a bright blue wall-paper, with gold stars thickly powdered on it at mathematical intervals, is not a snob by any means; neither is a man (if such there be) a snob who on intelligible, or even unintelligible, principles thinks Mr. Jesse Collings a statesman. Again, all snobs are necessarily objects of dislike tempered by a little pity and some amusement; but an object of dislike is not necessarily a snob. So also every snob is a fool; but every fool is not a snob. For the chief characteristic of the snob, difficult to seize as it is in its essence, is not primarily political, or artistic, or literary, or religious; it is moral. And, if we look among the old-fashioned moral virtues for the nearest antipathy of snobbishness, we shall find it in Magnanimity—that is to say, Pride in the good sense. A really proud man may have many vices and weaknesses, but he can never be one of two bad things, a democrat or a snob—which two bad things, be it remembered, are two, and not necessarily though often enough by accident, one. He thinks too much of himself to conceive it possible that he can be lowered by paying to any one else the respect which is by the courtesy of convention that one's due, and in the same way he is saved from the danger of exaggerating that respect. He covets and envies no rank, and therefore he neither adulates nor carps at any. He forms and holds his own opinions, and is therefore in no danger of borrowing them from the multitude. He would laugh at the idea of the most sweet voices conferring any dignity on him or depriving him of any, of their having any right to command his obedience or intelligence to command his respect. And he would equally laugh at the notion of its being worth while to set the most sweet voices at defiance by any violent eccentricity or recalcitrance. Such is the anti-snob temper, from which, by reading backward, the snob temper may be most easily described, if not defined. But there are other touches which must be put to the description, and these cannot yet be applied. Indeed, as was said at the outset, we want more information; we want a Royal Commission on snobs, renewed every generation, before their nature can be scientifically pronounced upon. In the papers which may possibly follow this we shall only attempt to display our art on the snobs *quos nati sumus*.

THE RESTORATION OF THE BISHOPRIC OF BRISTOL.

FUTURE Church reformers may well learn caution from the way in which, bit by bit, the steadfast unintelligent ecclesiastical legislation of the Church Commission of the beginning of this reign is being annulled. The work is not yet half a century old, but it has not worn well, and it is constantly calling for alteration. To legislate under a panic is proverbially unwise. What is enacted is not what is best and wisest, but what will still the clamour outside and stave off the threatened danger. It is not surprising that such measures should want the principle of permanence, and, being destitute of any wide view of the subject, or any firm grasp of its real bearings, their inadequacy should become growingly apparent until a radical change is once more imperative. When the Bishops were warned by Earl Grey in ominous tones to "set their houses in order," if they were not to be swept away in the rising torrent of reform, one might have thought that they would feel that the most important thing to be done was to make episcopacy a more real power in the country, To prove its practical value was the surest way to save it from destruction. But to do this, to transform bishops from stately functionaries, making formal progresses through their dioceses at stated intervals for the mechanical performance of confirmations and other episcopal functions, into real overseers of their dioceses, manifesting a fatherly interest in their spiritual well-being, and coming into living relations with their pastors and their flocks, was an idea which had hardly yet dawned on the episcopal mind. Bishop Wilberforce had not yet created the modern type of an English bishop. Besides, if the idea had been conceived, to carry it into execution would have demanded a large increase of the number of the bishops. And such an increase was regarded as impossible. Twenty-six was the number of English diocesan prelates, and twenty-six it must remain. The limits fixed by Pope Gregory twelve centuries before for the English episcopate were those

Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.

They were laid down in a prophetic spirit for all time. There was a seeming sacredness about the number two dozen and two—two metropolitans and four-and-twenty suffragans—like that attaching to the mysterious "tetractys" of the Pythagoreans, or the sacred number of the Incas, which might not be violated with impunity. The Sacred College had been a long time in attaining its full complement. Nine centuries and a half had elapsed before the pious care of Henry VIII. for the restoration of "true religion

and the worship of God" in the hallowed seats which had been polluted by "the enormities into which the life and profession of the monks had long since lamentably deviated"—"deplorabiliter exorbitaverat" (we quote from the Royal letter decreeing the privation of the see of Bristol and the other sees erected at the same time; Rymer, *Fœdera*, xiv. 749)—completed the tale. But, that once reached, advance was impossible. "Roma locuta est, causa finita est." True, our legislators were Protestants, and had been called again and again to renounce certain "damnable doctrines and positions" of the Church of Rome. But this numerical terminus, though fixed by a Pope, had an awful sanctity about it, which it would be profane to tamper with. "Actum esset de ecclesia"; it would be all up with the Church if its episcopate were enlarged by a single member.

And so, when the claims for increased episcopate supervision for the teeming thousands of the manufacturing populations of Lancashire and West Yorkshire could no longer be ignored, and it was decided that the dioceses of Manchester and Ripon should be constituted, the sacred number was to be preserved intact by the abolition of two of the existing sees—we ought rather to say by their absorption into other sees—thus putting an end to their independent existence, and converting them into "nominis umbræ." The two dioceses selected for this "happy despatch"—the "painless extinction"—were, as we well know, those of St. Asaph and Bangor, and of Gloucester and Bristol. On the next avoidance of one of these pairs of bishoprics the surviving bishop was, "nolens volens," to take over the widowed diocese, and become bishop of the two. The process proposed was the reverse of Cowper's

Two Kings of Brentford seated on one throne,

for there were to be two thrones, and only one bishop to sit in them. We need not remind our readers how through the providential tenacity of life in the North Welsh prelates and the heroic resolution of the late Lord Powys—in bringing forward the repeal of this union again and again—never knowing that he was beaten till he had achieved success, one part of this monstrous measure never took effect. Bishop Bethell and Bishop Vowler Short obstinately refuse to die. Lord Powys refused to throw up the sponge, and the two Welsh bishoprics were saved to the Church.

From the first the see of Bristol seems to have caused the Commissioners the greatest perplexity. Its existence as an independent see was no longer to be allowed. It was to be united with something. That was a settled question. But with what? That was the "crux." It is not generally known that the proposition in the Commissioners first Report was that the sees of Llandaff and Bristol should be united. It was nothing to them that the Bristol Channel interposed its "stormy water" between the two—

Nequicquam Deus abscidit
Prudens oceano dissociabili
Terras—

if the "impious" Commissioners decreed that the Bishop, whether good sailor or bad, should bound over the shallows he had rather not touch. Indeed the Commissioners, safe from having to suffer themselves from the consequences of their legislation, seem to have been perfectly enamoured of separating a bishop and his cathedral from the chief portion of his diocese by a stretch of salt water. Thus they assigned to the Bishop of Rochester the counties of Hertfordshire and Essex, with his cathedral on one side of the estuary of the Thames, and his chief charge on the other, while, crueller still, they proposed to unite Sodor and Man with Carlisle, thus entailing on the unlucky occupant of the joint see six hours of tossing on one of the roughest pieces of water to be found anywhere round our coasts, every time he had any episcopal functions to perform on the Isle of Man.

The reason alleged by the Commissioners for the union of Llandaff and Bristol is not unimportant in its bearing on the scheme now so energetically promoted for reconstituting the ancient see, which we rejoice to be assured has the full sanction of the Prime Minister of Her Majesty's Government, as well as the hearty approval of the present Bishop, and is therefore not unlikely to take effect within a measurable period. The Commissioners say (Third Report, 1836) "when we recommended the Union of the Sees of Llandaff and Bristol, we were influenced chiefly by a Desire to retain for the City of Bristol its Ecclesiastical Character; and to secure to it the Advantage of a Bishop resident upon the Spot, or at no great distance from it." The Commissioners, however, forgot entirely to take into account the feelings of the diocese of Llandaff. They were as unwilling as Bristol could be to exchange "the Benefits which they derived from the Residence and personal Superintendence of their Bishop" for the casual favours of a Bishop whose home would be on the other side of the Severn sea. The remonstrances from Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire were so loud and urgent that this pet scheme of the Commissioners had to be given up altogether, and some fresh arrangement suggested. The Commissioners' second scheme was equally unlucky. In fact, they seem throughout to have succeeded in disgusting as many people as possible, and causing the greatest offence to the greatest number. This second proposition was (we give it in their own words) "that the City and Suburbs of Bristol, being within a convenient Distance of the City of Wells, where the Bishop of Bath and Wells resides, should be united to that Diocese."

If the former recommendation was unpopular on one side of the Bristol Channel, this was still more obnoxious on the other. Bristol was lashed to a fury. We hear of no voice being raised in that city against the union with Llandaff, and reasonably enough. In that case they were to be the absorbers; in this they were to be the absorbed. Bristol and Bath have always maintained a kind of friendly rivalry, a sort of amicable jealousy of one another. But the suggestion that Bristol should lose its independent dignity and be merged in a see, in the designation of which its rival's name took the prominent place, was intolerable. The Bristolians "represented in strong Terms their Objections to a Plan which would merge their Episcopal See in that of Bath and Wells, and their earnest Desire to retain the Advantages of the pastoral Superintendence and Example of a Bishop resident amongst them."

Once more the Commissioners were forced to yield, pronouncing the "Feelings" manifested to be "not less honourable to the Citizens of Bristol than encouraging to the Friends of the Established Church." So they tried a third scheme, already adverted to in their First Report, and this time with better success—"Numero Deus impare gaudet. The Churchmen of Bristol had a sop thrown to them in the promise that they should retain their Bishop—at least half of him—and the whole of their Cathedral. A house was to be provided in some convenient situation near the City of Bristol so that the Bishop might reside alternately there and at Gloucester. To make up for the addition to the see of Salisbury of Dorsetshire, the two northern deaneries of Wiltshire were to be transferred to the newly-constituted diocese of Gloucester and Bristol, the whole scheme to take effect at the first avoidance of either see. The accomplishment of this ill-arranged plan was not long deferred. The fates were as favourable to the one union as they happily have proved unfavourable to the other.

The South-Western sees were less fortunate. In 1834 Bristol was vacated by the death of Bishop Gray, the father of the dauntless Metropolitan of the South African Church, who, with the same inflexible courage which characterized his son, when warned during the terrible Bristol riots of 1831 of the danger of going to his Cathedral on Sunday morning, since the mob had threatened to destroy it and him, calmly remarked—"Well, if they kill me, where could a bishop better die than in his Cathedral in the worship of God?" Divine Service over, he saw unmoved his palace fired by the rioters and reduced to a blackened ruin. Bishop Gray's successor was the Rev. Joseph Allen, Lord Althorp's college tutor, with the promise that whenever Ely should become vacant he should be translated to that far more comfortable and well-endowed see. Bishop Allen's hope was not long deferred. Within two years Bishop Sparke died, and the see of Bristol became once more vacant. There had been no chivalrous champion to do battle for its independence, as for that of its Welsh sisters. Less fortunate the see of Sodor and Man, which had been saved from being merged in Carlisle by the memory of the sainted Bishop Wilson. Even the venerated name of Bishop Butler was powerless to preserve it from absorption. The Act was imperative. The easygoing, scholarly Monk—the last of the "Greek-play bishops"—was not one to raise any objections to its provisions being carried out. Besides, the transfer was made as agreeable as possible. The Palace at Gloucester—since rebuilt by Bishop Baring—was an inconvenient, dilapidated building. The mob, as we have said, had burnt down the palace at Bristol; the Bishop of the united sees, as we have said, was to have two houses, and reside alternately at each of his Cathedral cities, and, to enable him to meet the increased expense, an addition of 500*l.* was made to his income. So a grand new house was built, at enormous cost, at Stapleton, in a pleasant suburb of Bristol, in which—"proviso" notwithstanding—the house at Gloucester being declared uninhabitable, Bishop Monk passed all the rest of his episcopal life, except such portion as was spent in his residentiary house in the Cloisters of the Abbey, as Canon of Westminster. The successors of Bishop Monk—Bishops Baring, Thomson, and Ellicott—the palace there being rebuilt, have preferred Gloucester as a residence. The magnificent house at Stapleton, so lately built, has been sold, and has been converted into a charitable institution. Beyond occasional visits, often in the case of the present Bishop extending over a considerable period, the great City of Bristol with its vast and rapidly growing population has seen but little of its Bishop. It is needless to say how greatly the work of the Church has suffered in Bristol from the absence of a responsible head. The injury inflicted on the Church in Bristol by robbing her of a resident Bishop has been made increasingly manifest by the growth of the population. It has been growingly felt that a great wrong had been done to one of the chief cities in the kingdom, and that this wrong ought to be redressed. Bristol claims to have a bishop for itself, and it proves the validity of that claim and the earnestness with which it is put forward by the manner in which it takes the matter into its own hand, and asking nothing from the Legislature but permission to undo the rash work of half a century back, displays its determination to secure the restoration of its bishopric by raising the sum needed for its endowment. The income proposed for the future bishop, 2,500*l.* a year, including 500*l.* resigned by Bishop Ellicott, is not a large one—hardly large enough indeed to meet the perpetual demands that are made on a bishop's purse. But the diocese will not be a large one, and we may hope the pecuniary tax will be in proportion. The new see is proposed to include no more than Bristol itself and its Deanery, and the two Northern Deaneries of Wiltshire, which since the changes in the boundaries of the

diocese have belonged to the see of Gloucester. No rash attempt will be made to do away with any more ancient landmarks, by robbing the Somersetshire see of any portion of its historic territory; least of all—which we have been gravely told was a recognized portion of the plan—of the City of Bath, which was at one time the seat of that bishopric, and has for many centuries given it its distinguishing name. The population of the proposed diocese will be about 400,000, which will exceed that of the neighbouring diocese of Salisbury, and will be little inferior to that of Lincoln, when—as by the time this is in the hands of our readers we trust it will be—it is relieved of the county of Nottingham by the foundation of the see of Southwell.

The hearty unanimity displayed at the recent meeting at Bristol, the character of the speeches made, and the liberality shown by the subscription list, prove that the citizens of Bristol are thoroughly in earnest in their resolve to have their bishop restored to them. And when such men are in earnest there is no withstanding them. It only remains for us to express our hearty sympathy with the movement, and an earnest hope that the manifest injustice of in any way hindering the Church from making provision for her own needs by her sons' munificence will forbid any substantial opposition being made to the Bill when it is introduced into Parliament, so that the "Bill" may speedily become an "Act." That point gained, we have no question that the pecuniary requirements will be soon met, and that it will not be very long before we have to congratulate the reconstituted diocese on the consecration of its first—or may we more truly say its forty-eighth?—bishop. Happy will the diocese be if it secures one to inaugurate its renewed independent existence who will exhibit the calm wisdom, the quiet perseverance, the moderation, the devotion to duty, and the Christian love which have characterized the venerable prelate whose resignation, however necessary, we cannot but deplore, whose episcopal virtues have rendered the diocese of Chester one of the most enviable dioceses in England.

ENGLAND IN AMERICA.

A FEW weeks ago the City of New York celebrated the centenary of its evacuation by the British troops after the close of the revolutionary war. There was a procession of the practical sort which finds favour in the eyes of Americans: there were regiments of the State National Guard, and crack corps invited from other States; there were detachments of the veterans of the war of the Rebellion, bearing the torn and tattered battle-flags, almost shot from their standards in four years' hard fighting; there were carriages containing the few survivors of the war of 1812 with Great Britain; there were other carriages containing the President of the United States, the Governors of New York and of a few other States, and the mayor and other officials of the City of New York; there were detachments of police and firemen; and there were a few hundred men from the tiny regular army which the Government of the United States deems adequate for its needs. In the evening there was a banquet, and there were speeches. Perhaps the most noteworthy circumstance of the whole affair was the friendly tone toward England. Nowhere in the speeches, in the newspapers, or in the talk of the crowd, was there any evidence of the slightest hostile feeling—always excepting, of course, the utterances of the wholly un-American and unrepresentative section of the public which thinks of Ireland first and of the United States last. There were many positive signs of a friendly feeling. With doubtful taste one wandering Briton hung a British flag from a window of the hotel in which he was staying, and although the procession passed under it there was no protestation of any kind. It is not too much to say that there is now no trace at all of the ill-will toward England which naturally lingered after the revolution, and which was fanned to a flame before the war of 1812. This ill-will was perceptible easily enough down to the outbreak in 1861, although it was slowly fading away. During the Civil War there was not a little anger against Great Britain among both parties; but the Civil War, overshadowing all other questions, wholly killed the early ill-will, and the anger died out soon for lack of fuel. It is perhaps scarcely accurate to describe the present feeling as cordial, and the sentimental declarations after dinner that the two countries are brothers, and that "blood is thicker than water," are perhaps not quite sincere on either side. The attitude of the really representative American is that taken by Mr Lowell in his delightful speech at the dinner given to Mr. Henry Irving on the Fourth of July last year. This attitude may perhaps be described as a dignified and sincere friendliness, as far removed from hysterical sentimentality on one side as it is from enmity on the other. So distinctly is this the position of the best Americans, that the well-informed American critic is always inclined to ascribe the authorship of a violent invective against England in an American journal to some renegade Englishman; and the ascription is rarely inaccurate.

There is to be seen just now in America, in what is known as Society, a strong tendency to imitate English ways and customs and fashions. This tendency is gaining strength, and spreading from New York and Boston to smaller inland cities. It is a new thing in many ways, for until lately New York has taken its cue rather from Paris than from London. During the Second Empire many good Americans made pilgrimages to the Tuileries as to a Mecca, and some settled permanently near the shrine. But Paris is no longer more fashionable than London. The American girl continues to get her gowns in the French capital, of course; but she is glad to get her habit and her ulster and her cloaks in the English capital. As there is now no Court in France, she looks forward to a presentation at Court in England; and the possibility of marrying a title is perhaps present to her mind as she crosses the ocean. That she is quite capable of taking care of herself in the presence of English noblemen and of their female relatives all readers of Mr. James's *International Episode* and of Mr. Howells's *Woman's Reason* will bear witness. In fact, the American girl is in no danger of losing her head before parting with her hand. It is her consort, the American young man, who is most likely to be contaminated by contact with the Englishman. There is no denying that a certain set of young Americans, more particularly in New York and in Boston, affect the Englishman and ape all his affectations. They mimic every English trick in the most snobbish way. They attempt an English accent, and they sprinkle Britticisms freely through their speech. They talk of their "fads," and they call people "cads," and they abound in the most amusing little affectations. Their greatest happiness is to be taken for an Englishman—a joy not often vouchsafed to them. It was to one of these pitiful imitations—a young Bostonian—that a clever New York girl said, "Mr. Blank, I should think you would be *so* glad to meet Lord So-and-so; you know he is a *real* Englishman!"

This Anglo-mania has resulted in the introduction into certain American cities of not a few British customs. Rich men drive heavy carriages imported from England, ignoring, or ignorant of, the fact that the use of the native American woods, tough and springy, allow American carriages to be much lighter while quite as strong. Rich young men play polo in the broiling heat of an American summer. Attempts are made at fox-hunting. Unfortunately the foxes are few, so that a drag has frequently to be employed. So marked a feature of New York society has the forced imitation of English customs become, that a light and lively little weekly called *Life*, now about a year old, has best made itself known by constant attacks on this. And the chief cartoon of another American comic weekly, published on Evacuation Day, was a picture of all the importations from England, both men and things, now to be seen in the streets of New York, with a sarcastic query as to the exact date of the English evacuation. The variety of Anglomania which most excited the joy of the comic journalist was the Dude. There are those who pretend to see a resemblance between the Dude and the Masher. But these are not profound observers. The Masher, we venture to think, although chronically tired, is, on occasion, boisterous. The Dude is never noisy; he is a living protest against indecorum; he is the embodiment of the desire to be a perfect gentleman of the strictest English order. In his dress there was to be seen a certain likeness to the Masher. But here, again, the likeness was superficial. The Masher was dressed in the height of fashion always. The Dude, although clothed in imitation of an Englishman, sought always to be as unobtrusive as possible in his attire. Yet his quiet, stiff, British manners often attracted malicious criticism. There is even a story current of a worthy farmer who saw two Dudes in town, and who remarked, with great grief, "Gosh! what things a man does see when he ain't got his gun!"

Mr. Matthew Arnold, who is enlightening the Americans by personal ministrations and a set of three lectures, finds Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace in England, and declared his expectation of finding in America only Philistines. But he reckoned without the American Anglomaniac. The American Anglomaniac, as we have seen, is a Philistine who apes the Barbarian. The genuine British Barbarian Mr. Arnold credits with various good qualities, and he has at least the consciousness of a solid position. The American pseudo-Barbarian has all the faults, and none of the virtues, of the English model, and he cannot but be conscious that his position is false and hollow. He is but a brummagem Barbarian—and a brummagem Barbarian is a sorry sight for gods and men. It is fortunate for the future of the United States that this class of Anglomaniacs, although beginning to be large enough to be counted, is only an infinitesimal section of the American people. Nothing is plainer to the wayfaring man, though a fool, if he will but keep his eyes open and note the signs of the times, than the growing divergence and independence of the United States from England in literature and in life. The English and the Americans are of one stock, but they are two peoples; and there is nothing to be gained by a pretence that the Americans are colonial or provincial. The colonial spirit has been invisible in the United States for fifty years, and the provincial spirit died during the war of the Rebellion. The conditions of life in the United States, the climate, the blending of customs brought from other lands than England, these unite in making the American unlike the Englishman. What the American is like can best be seen in Mr. Howells's novels, or in the striking anonymous story of the *Breadwinners*. Mr. James has dealt admirably with the Europeanized American; but he is himself too Europeanized to be altogether satisfactory as a portrayer of the uncontaminated American; in fact, we doubt if Mr. James knows New York, or even Boston, as well as he knows Paris and London. As Colonel Higginson neatly put it, "Mr. James is not a true cosmopolitan, because a true cosmopolitan is at home even in his own country." Mr. James is so far abroad in his own country that he cited in a story in the *Century*, not long ago, as a typical Americanism, "in the swim," a phrase which not one American in ten would be likely to understand.

Sport is one of the things in which American habits are widely different from English. Polo and foxhunting—or the pursuit of drag under difficulties—are recent importations, and as such they are the amusement only of the fast and fashionable few, and have no interest whatever for any others. Cricket, in spite of many strenuous efforts, has never been acclimated in the United States; there are a few clubs here and there, mostly managed by Englishmen; but the popular interest is wholly in baseball, and a "crack" game of baseball easily attracts a gathering of twenty thousand. Racing is rapidly becoming more popular and profitable, but the real liking of the people is for trotting. The owning of fast trotters, for his own private use and behoof, is one of the joys of the American millionaire; and the one crumpled rose-leaf in Mr. Vanderbilt's existence is, that a much poorer man has a faster pair of trotters than he has, and that the much poorer man, with a painful disregard of his duty toward a man worth twenty million pounds, refuses to sell his team. Here occasion serves to say that wealth merely as wealth has less weight in the United States than it has in Great Britain. We know that there is a common belief that wealth is more worshipped and is more powerful in New York than it is in London; but the belief is unfounded. Whether it is that wealth is too common in America, or that most Americans expect to be wealthy some day, or that they can remember when the rich man was a poor man, or whatever the reason may be, the fact remains that the possession of money counts for far less in New York than it does in London. And if we may credit Mr. Archibald Forbes, the same state of affairs obtains in Australia as in America.

Where English influence in America might be supposed to be strongest is in literature. There is no denying that it is strong. But the influence of other countries, and especially of France, is also strong. There are many more translations from the French and the German published annually in the United States than there are in Great Britain. French authors little known in England are widely read in America; and of authors of importance more works have been translated. In New York it is possible, for example, to get a uniform edition in English of all of M. Taine's writings, and of nearly all of Turgenief's. The American Philistine differs from the British Philistine chiefly in that his ignorance is never hostile; he knows not the light, but he is ready to receive it when he sees it. And this willingness to learn is responsible for the many American translations from foreign authors. And this again redeems what there may be of American provinciality, which is broadened by its allegiance, not to one capital, but to many. Accompanying this study of the best foreign work is a growing indifference to foreign opinion. The American is glad when the value of an American work is recognized by an English or a French critic, but he never waits for the foreign approval before declaring his own opinion. Indeed he is wont to wonder at the English liking for certain American authors, and he is wont also to take up certain English authors and to hail them as masters before their position in England is quite as secure. We believe, for example, that Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson have a wider following in America than they have in England, much liked as they are here. The unfortunate condition of copyright law has driven the better class of American publishers to give up English novels and English books of general literature, and more and more to confine themselves to American books, with a consequent increase in the quantity and quality of the latter. The invasion of England by the American magazines is sufficient proof of their independence, and their success in England is due, we incline to think, to the resolute American tone, and not to any misguided attempt to cater to English taste. At the present day the circulation in England of either *Harper's* or the *Century* is several times as large as the circulation of any English magazine in America.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S SOCIAL EXPERIMENT.

As a rule, the internal policy of a nation can possess but little interest for foreigners. The social reformer may make a study of the way in which other countries provide compensation for the workmen who are injured by accidents in mines or cotton mills, but if he talks too freely upon such subjects his acquaintance will vote him a bore. Yet no one who is acquainted with German politics can have failed to read with interest the draft of a Bill on this subject which was published last week. It is one of the great social reforms that were promised in November 1881; it has been given to the public at an unusually early stage, as if to invite discussion; and the *North German Gazette* has hastened to inform its readers that, though the details of the measure were of course worked out in the Ministerial offices, the principles on which it is founded are entirely the conception of Prince Bismarck. Nor is the scope of the draft unworthy of its origin. It aims at nothing less than the organization of the whole industry of Germany; only for a special purpose at present, it is true, but in a way which, if it can be worked out successfully, will certainly lead to far more important consequences.

Since 1871, when the masters were first legally compelled to make compensation to the workmen for injury incurred by accidents, they have for the most part insured against this risk, and some of the Companies are said not to have acted in a liberal spirit. The sufferers complain that they cannot obtain their just due without vexatious delay and litigation. It is the object of the present Bill to remedy this and other evils by rendering all the manufacturers and mine-owners of Germany liable for any accident that occurs in their own line of business. For this purpose it is necessary to form them into professional Associations, which is to be done in the following way. Every person who comes under the Act is bound to make a statement to the local authorities as to the line of business in which he is engaged and the average number of hands he employs; and this material, after being duly digested, is to be submitted to the Imperial Insurance Board, a new administrative body, to be formed in a manner that will shortly be explained. After these preliminary steps have been taken, if a sufficient percentage of the masters who are interested in any single branch of industry apply to the Bundesrath for permission to form an Association, this will be granted, unless it be found on examination that the number of persons concerned is too small to render such a step desirable. A general meeting will then be called, at which a member of the Board must be present. Each master will be accredited with a number of votes proportionate to that of the men whom he employs, and may be represented by proxy. The meeting will elect the acting committee, whose members are to receive no remuneration for their services, though their actual expenditure will be reimbursed. An Association thus formed will enjoy corporate rights and great freedom of action. Indeed, almost the entire management of its affairs will be left in its hands, subject to the control of the Imperial Insurance Board; and, as it will be empowered to issue regulations for the prevention of accidents, its influence will be considerable.

The workmen are to be organized in a somewhat similar way. As it would be obviously impossible to call a meeting of all the miners, spinners, or foundry workmen of Germany, the Government has been obliged to look round for some other plan by which the operatives may be represented; and it has discovered one which will probably give expression to their wishes more fairly and more fully than a direct election would have done. The workmen choose the companions in whom they have the greatest confidence to manage their *Krankenkassen*, which do part of the work of our Benefit Societies, though in a different way, and to these the choice of the delegates will be entrusted. No Association will be complete without a labourers' committee, which must consist of from nine to eighteen members.

The new Imperial Insurance Board is to consist of a president, and at least two other members, nominated for life by the Emperor; of four members of the Imperial Council (Bundesrath), appointed by that body for a term of four years; and of four representatives of the Associations, two of whom will be elected by the masters and two by the men, for the same period. The Board can come to no decision unless at least five members are present; and when any matter of great, especially pecuniary, importance, or a question relating to the prevention of accidents, is discussed, one of these must be a representative of the masters and one of the men.

If the Bill becomes law, it is probable that those who are interested in the more important industries of the country will hasten to avail themselves of it; if they do not, the central Board is invested with powers to compel them to perform the duties it imposes, even if they do not choose to avail themselves of the advantages it offers. On these we need not dwell, nor on the details of the measure, which can have little interest for any except those immediately affected by it. It may be worth while, however, to add a word or two on the functions of the workmen's Committee. When an accident has happened, they will be bound to send a delegate to assist the police in investigating into its cause, and to nominate two of the court of five who assess the compensation due to any one who has been injured; two others will represent the masters, and the president will be appointed by the Government of the State under the jurisdiction of which the case falls. From this court an appeal may in important cases be made to the central Board, on which, too, as we have seen, the labourers are to be fairly represented.

It is clear at a glance that this scheme differs in several important respects from the two which the Government has already presented to the Imperial Parliament. It is simpler and more precise, while at the same time it is far bolder. For once the Chancellor has deigned to profit by the criticism of his opponents. The workmen are no longer to be forced to contribute to the insurance fund, nor is any burden laid upon the Treasury of the Empire but that of bearing the expenses of the Imperial Board, except in the exceedingly improbable case of an association becoming absolutely insolvent. These are concessions to the Liberal party which it was wise to make and which are wise in themselves. The whole character of the associations, too, is conceived in a more statesmanlike spirit, and defined with a firmer hand than in the last draft. We may have our doubts as to whether they can be made to work; but if they do they will form a firm basis for many of the social reforms which Prince Bismarck is known to contemplate.

It is difficult to come to any decided opinion as to what the fate of this measure will be when it is presented to the House. To judge from the opinions expressed in the press, the dogmatic Liberals will oppose it on the ground that it is compulsory and that it interferes with the business of the Insurance Companies. But the elections are approaching, and there is some reason to believe that its rejection would be unpopular in the constituencies. At any rate, both the right and the left wing of the party seem to be wavering. The Conservatives of all shades will support it almost to a man, and the Centre has welcomed it

with enthusiasm. It would be wrong to attribute this to the concessions that have been lately made to the Roman Catholic Church. No body of Christian men can view the misery of their fellow-creatures with indifference, and the Roman Catholics have long been honourably known in Germany for the efforts they have made to remove the physical and moral evils which poverty produces. From its very formation, the Centre has been consistent on this point. It bore the reproach of showing a sympathy with the demands of the Socialists long before State Socialism had been received by the Government and presented at Court. Besides this, in granting the trade associations corporate rights and so large an amount of freedom, the Chancellor has adopted principles which several of the leading Catholics have long advocated. The Liberals still command a majority in the Imperial Parliament, but a small defection from their ranks would give this Bill the force of law; and a foreigner with no personal interest at stake can hardly help hoping that he may have an opportunity of observing the results of Prince Bismarck's great experiment.

OVERHEAD WIRES

FOR some long time past the question of wires used by the Government Postal Department and Telephone Companies passing over the houses and streets in London has agitated the public mind. The serious inconveniences and dangers arising from the present almost indiscriminate way in which these wires are run forms, no doubt, a very legitimate source of public grievance. After a great deal of grumbling in the public press lately, certain deputations have waited upon Sir Charles Dilke to lay before him the inconveniences to which the householders are subjected and the dangers which the public generally run from these overhead wires; and certain District Boards of Works are actually opposing the erection of overhead wires in their districts by the Postmaster-General. Throughout the time during which this subject has been discussed in the public press the majority of would-be reformers have suggested but one remedy, and that is to put all telegraph, telephone, and electric-lighting wires underground. There is a certain charm to the non-technical mind about the obvious simplicity of this remedy, and as yet technical men do not seem to have thought it worth their while to point out in the non-technical press the enormous difficulties in the way of adopting it.

A very large number of the overhead wires which are at present causing so much uneasiness and discord are connected with the different telephone systems. Now there are two electrical phenomena, both included under the general name of induction, which tend to interfere with the good working of telephone lines. The best known of these phenomena, and the one most popularly known under the name of "induction," is the production of momentary currents in telephone lines produced by the intermittence or variation of electrical currents in other lines near to them, which produces that peculiar sound so often to be heard in telephones. This may best be described by likening it to the boiling of a kettle, and is often so powerful even under the overhead system as almost to drown the sound of speech. The strength of this effect increases very greatly the closer the telephone wire is to the wires which are causing this disturbance. Now underground wires, as London is not yet provided with subways, must be necessarily very much closer together than they are under the present overhead system, so that this particular effect would become so strong in the case of long lines laid close together underground that it might even interfere with the good working of the more delicate telegraph instruments.

The other effect also included under the general title of induction is scarcely felt on overhead lines. It is that effect which produces what is known as retardation on submarine cables, to overcome which the delicate and expensive instruments now used for submarine telegraphy were devised. This effect would certainly be strong on any long underground telephone line. The effect is not only one of true retardation, it really tends to act as a sort of governor or equalizer, so that a current rapidly changing in strength passed through a line subjected to this influence becomes more steady. Now as telephones depend upon abrupt and rapid changes of the strength of the current, this particular form of inductive effect would seriously impair the clearness of their articulation if the line were of any considerable length. There is no known means at present of overcoming the disturbance of telephonic working introduced by this form of induction. The first form of induction mentioned may be overcome, but the only practical method hitherto introduced consists in running a double wire and thereby enormously increasing the expense. This leads us directly to the other great objection to putting telegraph and telephone lines underground—namely, the greatly increased expense of the whole system. Whereas overhead wires can be run bare, merely requiring very inexpensive insulators on the posts, underground wires have to be carefully covered with an insulating coating, and the added expense of this coating is very considerable. In the arbitration between the Wandsworth District Board of Works and the Postmaster-General, before Mr. Paget as arbitrator, Mr. Henry Faton, the superintending engineer of the Metropolitan Postal Telegraphs, gave evidence as to one of the disputed lines, that an overhead wire would cost 8*l.* per mile, whilst an underground wire would cost about 350*l.* per mile. Nor does the expense end with the first cost of the line. No insulating covering has yet been devised suitable for telegraph and telephone wires which will remain in good order for any length of time; in fact, we may safely say that all underground lines have been laid with wire covered with gutta-percha. Unless gutta-percha be kept always covered with water, as in the case of submarine cables, it is subject to more or less rapid decay. This decay gives rise to "faults" on the line which impair or even stop its working, and even with the admirable system of tubes and test-boxes adopted in London by the Post Office authorities for their underground lines, it becomes a matter of time and difficulty to localize these faults and cut them out, thus greatly increasing the cost of maintenance. Every one who knows London well must already be familiar with the testing tents of the Postal Department and the spectacle of their lines-men testing for faults. From all these considerations we say that, even though it may be possible, though not convenient, to lay short telegraph and telephone lines underground, it must involve very considerable outlay to do so.

For the present we may leave out of the question electric lighting leads, which, on the whole, are rather better underground than overhead.

The real remedy for the present state of things must be found in legislation, and it would be a great pity if that legislation took the form of forcing the Postmaster-General and the Telephone Companies to place all their lines underground, for the very great cost of carrying this out—even where it is possible—must necessarily in the end retard the cheapening of telegrams and keep up the present high prices of subscriptions to Telephone Exchanges.

To deal first with the question of public danger, we may point out that there is no reason why an overhead wire should be more dangerous than a railway bridge crossing a road. The reason why at present the wires are a source of some danger is that when telegraphs were first introduced the wires were run by the side of railways and high roads and other places where their breaking would not be a source of danger. Hence the telegraph engineer put his line up as lightly and cheaply as possible, and, to use a technical term, he introduced a very small factor of safety. It may here be as well to explain what a factor of safety means.

In any engineering work, say a bridge, the dimensions of the different parts are first calculated by means of tables of the strength of materials, so as to be strong enough to bear the maximum strain to which the work is to be put, and then the dimensions are increased so as to be 10, 20, or 50 per cent. stronger. And this percentage is called the factor of safety—generally from the survival of the old habit, overhead wires are designed with an extremely low factor safety. What is required to make overhead lines perfectly safe is for some responsible body, such as the Board of Trade or Board of Works, to have absolute control over all overhead wires erected in towns, and to issue from time to time regulations as to the proper factor of safety to be allowed, and proper inspection of the poles and other parts of the line liable to decay, and have some such power as that now exercised over the railways by the Board of Trade through their inspectors, so as to ensure all overhead lines being really safe.

The question of public convenience and individual inconvenience would perhaps call for more difficult and more complex legislation; but surely some simple machinery might be devised by which the proposed route of any new line should be laid before a responsible body, and, when approved, should be advertised, so that individual proprietors might raise any objections which they might have to the wire passing over their premises, which objections might be discussed before some cheap and simple tribunal. Perhaps this is the point which will be most strongly agitated by the general public. Here there is the obvious difficulty that it will be necessary to prevent a few ill conditioned householders from stopping or adding to the cost of a line really of public utility, and, on the other hand, to protect all householders against needless and vexatious trespass and injury to property. The present system—or, rather, no system—involving, as it does, the consent of the individual householder—which, it appears, is not always obtained—and the jurisdiction, or non-jurisdiction, whichever it may happen really to be, of the district surveyor, is absolutely intolerable.

We further think that any legislation on this subject should control both the Post Office Department and the private Companies, on the ground that, when it was decided that telephonic transmission was an infringement of the monopoly of the Postmaster-General, and when it was arranged between the private Companies and the Post Office Department that the Companies should be allowed to continue their operations under license from the Postmaster-General, the private Companies became really the agents of the Postmaster, and that, therefore, it would be invidious to place restrictions upon them which do not control the action of the Postal Telegraph Department.

However this matter is to be arranged in the future, there can be no doubt but that the whole subject bristles with difficulties, both for the Legislature and for engineers; but the time has now come when the public will no longer submit to the risk of decapitation, the annoyance of unauthorized persons putting up posts on the roofs of their houses, and too often making their leads the scene of free fights, and, which is by no means the least, or least dangerous, of these nuisances, the presence over their heads of rotten posts and wires for which, owing to the break up of some company, nobody can be held responsible.

THE CHOLERA IN EGYPT.

THE completion of Surgeon-General Hunter's third and final Report upon the late cholera epidemic in Egypt is an event of international interest and political importance. The question whether the disease is now and has been for some time past endemic in Egypt is one of deep significance, and demands to be set at rest; for, much as it may concern the mercantile interests of other countries, at present it powerfully affects those of our own, and has no slight bearing on the welfare of all British subjects in the East. The term "endemic" should be understood to mean "existing permanently among the people" rather than "peculiar to them"; for the first interpretation invalidates the false and mischievous argument that a disease originally imported cannot become endemic. The expression of a definite opinion on this point in Surgeon-General Hunter's Report is a special feature. This opinion amounts to a distinct avowal that cholera is and has been for some long period of time endemic in Egypt; and all that has led the author to such a conclusion is given at length.

Thus every one can form some judgment on the value of the evidence itself, as well as on the soundness of the deductions drawn from it. Impatient curiosity on the subject has already produced many authorities. One, a lady, was heard to say that she knew cholera was endemic in Egypt, because a friend had told her so; and at about the same time M. Fauvel was asking the Académie Française to believe that the disease was imported from India because he was the author of that assertion. Now up to the present time the world has been somewhat in the position of the lady and the Académie Française, and as a result the answer to a question of vital value has become one of personal fancy. The Report just laid before Her Majesty's Government should enable the practical part of this question to be set at rest, for it is comprehensive, intelligible, and capable of bearing careful scrutiny. To the cautious critic it suggests the following important questions:—

(1) Was Surgeon-General Hunter a suitable person to have been chosen for the inquiry?

(2) Were the methods by which he conducted that inquiry the best that could have been adopted?

(3) Is the evidence he has obtained trustworthy?

(4) Are the deductions he has drawn from it just?

The answer to the first query can be found without difficulty. A record of Dr. Hunter's services shows that the English Government, in their selection of him, appointed a delegate whose name had always been associated with honour and distinction.

The second question also allows of an answer in the affirmative, for it would be difficult to conceive any plans for finding out what he wished to know better than such as Dr. Hunter adopted. These consisted in making personal visits to numerous towns and villages, holding personal interviews with those who were in a position to give him information, and employing others, whom he specially selected, to make inquiries throughout the Delta and Upper Egypt.

Therefore it is upon the third point—namely, whether or no the evidence obtained is trustworthy—that the burden of discussion has to fall. Critic and judge must therefore weigh this evidence in a careful and impartial spirit—careful because the issue at stake is of the utmost importance; impartial because the question involves many personalities and reputations. This is a *précis* of the chief evidence that bears on the point Dr. Hunter wishes to establish—namely, the existence of cholera in Egypt for months and years previous to its epidemic activity at Damietta on the 22nd of June, 1883:—

(1) Two patients were admitted into the European hospital at Alexandria, one on the 5th of June, 1882, the other on the 17th of April, 1883. Their symptoms are fully reported, and are described as "choleriform"; Dr. Mackie and Surgeon-General Hunter, however, agree that those symptoms were typical ones of cholera.

(2) Four cases of cholera are reported by Dr. Mackie, all having occurred in his own practice. Two were in 1872, and the others in the summer of 1881.

(3) Dr. Kartoulis furnishes a suspicious case as having occurred in September 1881.

(4) Dr. Mamlouk mentions two cases, one of a suspicious character which had occurred in 1875, the other a typical case of cholera which he saw in 1879.

(5) Dr. de Castro states that in 1866 he observed several cases of cholera which he considered as a residue of the epidemic of the previous year. During the last seven years he has seen three cases, one having been previously attacked during the epidemic of 1865.

(6) Dr. Demech states that there was an outbreak of cholera in Upper Egypt which came from the Soudan through Dongola and Wady Halfa, reaching Korosko in November 1872. And he adds that since 1865 not a summer passed without his seeing one or two more or less severe cases of "cholera nostras," and that in 1866 he had two fatal cases in Europeans at Mansourah.

(7) Dr. Fouquet states that he attended a very grave case of "cholera nostras" in September 1881.

(8) Dr. Haddad, in a report dated September 1883, shows that choleraic attacks have been frequent at Assiout for years past, and that they account for one-third of the mortality among the people.

(9) M. Chevalier says:—"I think it will be admitted that there are some grounds for the belief that cholera has existed in Upper Egypt since 1872."

(10) Dr. Rabitsch reports a typical case of cholera which occurred in the summer of 1878 or 1879 at Cairo.

(11) Dr. Patterson affirms that from 1855 to 1868 he cannot recall a single year in which he did not see well-marked cases of cholera—conveniently classed under the head of "cholera nostras"—and that no one acquainted with the disease could doubt that cholera was endemic in Egypt. He also says that year after year there have been cholera panics, and not without reason, yet no one ever thought of attributing the cause to Asiatic or Indian origin.

(12) Surgeon-Major McNally shows that in the villages near Zagazig diarrhœa with vomiting existed since January 1883, and proved fatal to two hundred persons; that great mortality occurred at Chibin-el-Kom and at Benha prior to the outbreak at Damietta.

(13) Civil Surgeon Honman states that at Miniett-el-Samanoud and other villages there had been an epidemic of "diarrhœa" in May 1883, during which as many as four a day died out of a population of four thousand.

In addition to this evidence, which was collected in a few weeks, there are reports containing numerous other cases by Drs. Sonsino, Ambron, Sierra, and Dutrieux, all gentlemen of well-known position and ability.

So far, then, it seems to us that Dr. Hunter places the Government, to which his final Report is addressed, in this position: it must either accept the fact that a form of disease called by some cholera, by others "cholera nostras," choleriform, "cholerine," and diarrhœa, has existed in Egypt for years past, or it must admit that all men are liars. But Dr. Hunter reserves his *bonne bouche* until the end and then serves it up in a special paragraph, thus—"The next and last piece of evidence I have to bring forward is that obtained from an official enjoying a high position under the Egyptian Government, who told Sir Evelyn Baring—'We all know that cholera has been constant here and generally follows the cattle plague, *but we are told to say nothing about it*.'" Who was this high official? Who gave the order of silence? and who are the "we" to whom that order applied? These are questions which ought to be answered. We next turn to Dr. Hunter's remarks on the nomenclature of the disease. He says, "In India the term 'cholera' is only permitted to be used when speaking of a certain group of symptoms; when these are recognized the official return is 'cholera.'" "Choleraic diarrhœa has, for good and sufficient reasons, for some years past been struck out of the Returns. Were the same rule applied to Egypt in the registration of disease, much confusion would be avoided; and such terms as 'cholerine,' 'cholera nostras,' 'choleriform,' &c., applied to modified forms of cholera, would cease to exist. If the cases communicated in many of the attached documents be not cases of true cholera, but rather of cholerine and cholera nostras, then Bombay ought no longer to be regarded as the seat of endemic cholera, for the majority of the cases I have seen there during intervals of epidemic activity were cases of so-called 'cholerine,' 'cholera nostras,' &c., and they did not propagate themselves. *These several forms of the disease differ in no essential particular, either clinically or pathologically, from one another, and therefore ought to be registered as cholera.*"

The above observations narrow the field of criticism; for, if it be admitted, as indeed it should be, that a something called "cholera nostras," "cholerine," "choleriform," or what not, exists throughout the Delta and Upper Egypt as an endemic disease, the only question left at issue is whether the proper name for that something is not cholera. Dr. Hunter says it is; and, if he is right, he is also right in asking the world to believe *he has satisfactorily proved that cholera has existed in Egypt in an endemic form since the epidemic of* 1865, *and that the epidemic of* 1883 *was consequently the outcome of the disease which existed endemically in the country.*

The main question may thus perhaps be reduced to a purely scientific one requiring for its solution clinical, pathological, and physiological knowledge and research. By way of complicating that solution, some will range themselves on Dr. Hunter's side, others will array themselves against him, and a pen-and-paper battle royal may be expected in which one half of the scientific world will probably contradict the other. In the meantime our Government is confronted by the fact that throughout Egypt there exists a malady which is declared by all to resemble cholera, and by many to be the disease in its endemic or modified form; that the whole country is in an unsanitary condition such as is most favourable for the conversion of an endemic scourge into an epidemic one, while the administrative powers of the country are unable to alter the state of affairs. In such circumstances a nation may well inquire what its Government is prepared to do. Will it wait until some scientific body presents it with a specimen of the cholera germ, which will stand in the relation of cause and effect instead of the reverse, or will it take what it can get—a series of effects resulting from an admitted unknown first cause? If it intends to wait, it will be adopting a very risky policy. Or will the Government act upon what it can get? If so, the sooner Dr. Hunter's suggestions are adopted the better.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

THE Reynolds exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery is so important in every respect, historically and biographically, as well as artistically, that we are in danger of neglecting some of its competitors for the public favour. From the Grosvenor to the rooms of the Fine Art Society is but a step, but the effect on a visitor's mind of leaving an assemblage of figure pictures, the newest of which is a hundred years old, and entering a gallery full of landscapes, the oldest of which was painted barely thirty years ago, is by no means unpleasant, and almost a relief. Mr. Hunt's landscapes are of the highest quality which contemporary art can produce. But it is not possible in writing about them to find the interest there is in tracing the story of each of Sir Joshua's sitters, and in hunting through Boswell and Walpole for anecdotes. Besides the Reynoldses at the Grosvenor Gallery, there are others at the Royal Academy, and with them some Gainsboroughs and Romneys, which have all the same biographical interest. On the whole it will be best for us to take Mr. Hunt's pictures first, and then proceed to notice the Reynoldses at the Grosvenor and Academy which we have not already mentioned, and the pictures by other artists exhibited at Burlington House.

The biographical source of interest is imparted to the Hunt exhibition also by Mr. Gosse's notes. Mr. Gosse's style may be described as "epithetical." He likes calling names; and he calls Mr. Hunt some very pretty names indeed, "in epithetic measured prose." There is always a touch of ungracefulness in writing the biography of a living personage, and all the more if he happens to be your friend. But Mr. Gosse understands his business too well to let his notice be in the least more ungraceful than such a notice must be; and there are circumstances in Mr. Hunt's career well calculated to call forth the best powers of his biographer. Mr. Hunt went to Oxford with a scholarship, and won the Newdigate in 1851 with a poem on "Nineveh." It does not follow from winning the Newdigate that a man is to be called a poet. Far from it. But no one can look at these pictures and fail to see poetry in them all, and still more what Mr. Gosse calls "imaginative refinement," a "mastery over evanescent impressions of form and aerial colour," and a "poetical delicacy of composition." Mr. Hunt is the "sole living representative," we are told, "of the Turner tradition," but while his work wants the vigour of Turner, it has two qualities of its own which enable it to stand well by itself, even in so trying a comparison as this which Mr. Gosse institutes. Mr. Hunt is more faithful to nature than Turner was, and he is more delicate. He composes without violating truth. Any one who has visited Whitby or Durham, or even the Welsh valleys with impossible names, will recognize them at once through the sunny haze, or the evening glow, or the dashing shower. "Few painters," says Mr. Hamerton, "have impressed upon me the necessity for delicacy in water-colours so strongly"; and he goes on to remark that "the poetry of distance, which this distinguished artist has so often conveyed to those who are capable of feeling it, is dependent upon distinctions between pale tones incomparably finer than the recognized differences in musical notation, and resembling rather those faint, indescribable sounds of murmuring wind or water which come to us from afar." Mr. Hunt's oil pictures are wonderfully little known outside the circle of those who watch for them year by year at the exhibition of the Royal Academy. Turner never allowed his work to be killed by its neighbours. But Mr. Hunt is meeker than his master, and his one or two modest landscapes are often overlooked. When we visit the Fine Art Society's rooms, however, we recognize some old friends, and feel sure we shall never neglect them again. "Debatable Land" (108), painted in 1863, has never, we believe, been exhibited before, and will, from its breadth and grandeur, as well as its "delicacy," as aforesaid, be remembered as the chief feature of the present collection. It represents a favourite view with Mr. Hunt, that of Harlech Castle, and is a magnificent work in every way—as careful as a Brett, as gorgeous as a Palmer, and with a poetry of distance and atmosphere Mr. Hunt's own. Some people seem to prefer two views of Whitby—the morning effect (133), showing the harbour at sunrise, with its fishing-boats and sea over which the mist is clearing; and the evening effect (136), with the glowing cliff and the Abbey, and the crowd of tombstones.

It would be too easy to linger over Mr. Hunt's water-colours; but landscapes bear very little description. We can promise the visitor that he will not come away disappointed. There are wonderful rainbows in "Ben Slioch" (16) and "Dolwyddelan Valley" (58); but, on the whole, some of the quieter views—such as "Rokeby" (17) and "Ullswater" (27)—will be generally preferred. Two wooded scenes (98, 99) remind us rather of David Cox than of Turner; and Styehead Pass, with its grand cloud effect, is not like anything but nature. Some of the landscapes—as, for instance, the "Mountain Joyous with Leaves and Streams" (129) and "Summer Days for Me" (126)—are in Mr. Hunt's best manner, and wholly original.

Reynolds's one landscape, the "View from Richmond Hill" (165), is lent by Lord Northbrook to the Grosvenor Gallery, and many people will be forced to institute a comparison between it and the two splendid landscapes by Rubens in the Royal Academy. The juxtaposition of these two works is most happy. The first "Atalanta and Meleager" (70), is from Mr. Beaumont's collection. The Calydonian boar is pursued through a tangled thicket, into which the warm sunlight penetrates here and there. The picture is, in the first instance, a landscape, the figures being wholly subordinated. This is not the case with the "Farm at Lacken" (74), lent by the Queen, where the busy milking scene reminds us rather of a Bewick woodcut than anything else. Two finely-coloured damsels occupy the foreground. The cattle are in the middle, a man watering horses to the right, and quite in the background are the farmhouse, the village church, and the green hills. Of a totally different character are the tame, but sweet, poetical landscapes of Richard Wilson, of which the Academy has been fortunate enough to gather no fewer than eight examples, and every one will remark how well they hold their own with the Claudes, of which, however, there are only three examples. The finest of these is Mr. Beaumont's picture (167), briefly described last week, but the smaller, "Flight into Egypt" (162), lent by Lord Mount Temple, has much depth and beauty, while the "Seaport" (172), from the same collection, is of the ordinary type, very delicate and sweet, but not striking.

The Italian pictures at the Academy this winter are a treat for the student, but are not of a character to attract the public in general. There is a room almost entirely devoted to early Italian art, as well as one filled with Dutch pictures, none of which, besides those already mentioned, call for any special notice, being, in fact, for the most part of a highly uninteresting character. The Italian pictures are very curious, though it must be confessed that they are scarcely decorative, viewed as a whole. Among them a very much dilapidated series of portraits, lent by Mr. Willett, are very conspicuous, being no fewer than twelve in number. They formed, when discovered, the frieze of a chamber in a palace near Mantua, and certainly belong to the school of Mantegna, though almost equally certainly not to the great Andrea himself. An exquisitely finished, but highly unpleasant picture, is a "Head of St. John on a Charger" (269). It is evidently painted from a newly-decapitated subject, and but for the delicate gradations of tone, somewhat resembling what Bellini attained, and for an attempt to idealize the head by placing a faint halo, like a lunar rainbow, round it, this picture would be too repulsive even for study. The number of anonymous and unattributed pictures in this department of the present exhibition is so large as to have provoked an unusual amount of guessing on the part of critics, and, coupled with the fact that many of those which have names assigned to them are manifestly unauthentic, makes the Fourth Gallery very interesting, and, as a dealer would say, "speculative," but hardly worth prolonged notice outside the Catalogue, which, by the way, should be praised as a very careful and scholarly production. Before leaving this room, however, we should call attention to a very small Van Eyck, "Virgin and Child" (267), which is lent by Mr. Weld Blundell. It evidently represents a room in the house of John Arnolfini, whose portrait is in the National Gallery—a house which was only pulled down a few years ago by the Municipality of Bruges. The whole painting measures only ten inches by eight, and is rather like an illumination than a picture, but is, as usual with Van Eyck, fully harmonized and highly finished, but without servility. It is also in wholly unsophisticated condition; and, take it altogether, is, for its size, one of the most pleasing and beautiful works in the exhibition.

The famous portrait of Mrs. Sheridan as "St. Cecilia" (209), by Reynolds, in the Great Gallery, has been so over-praised that one approaches it with diffidence. The right-angled nature of the composition, the heaviness and duskiness of the shadows, the want of anatomical definiteness in the face and hands, are disappointing, as is the total absence of colour. The picture might be a mezzotint instead of an oil painting, and has either faded of late years, or else never possessed any lifelike warmth. At the same time it would be absurd to deny it the characteristics of beauty, sentiment, and grace, as well as of historically interesting association. Romney's "Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante" (212) hangs close by and is a very pleasing picture, and should be compared with the same artist's "Mrs. Jordan" (200). Both are conspicuous for the beauty of the faces and the unsubstantial character of the forms. They contrast unfavourably with Vandyck's "Henrietta Maria" (194) and Lely's "Eleanor, Lady Byron" (181), which are examples to show that grace and delicacy are not incompatible with solidity and anatomical completeness. A very theatrical and affected "Viscountess Crosbie" (148), a very dignified and soberly-coloured "Colonel St. Leger" (149), both by Sir Joshua, are hung at the end of the room, with two fine Gainsboroughs, "George IV., as Prince of Wales" (151), and "Mrs. Douglas" (152), and a great sprawling "Apotheosis" (150), by Rubens (a ceiling from Osterley), between them. The immense size of this canvas only brings out its faults more conspicuously.

There are many other pictures, both here and at the Grosvenor Gallery, over which it would be easy to linger. Among them we may specially mention the beautiful, if somewhat conventional, "Schoolboy" at the Grosvenor (192), which is well known by engravers; an unfinished "Marquis of Rockingham and his Secretary, Edmund Burke" (197), which would have proved, had it been carried out, one of Sir Joshua's masterpieces, and a very solid and ugly "Edward Gibbon" (59) in the Academy.

LOW WATER.

IT is a pity that Mr. Pinero's energetic protest against the production of *Low Water* at the Globe was not made public before its presentation. For, however fortuitous the verdict of a theatrical audience may be in these days of extreme toleration the faults of this play are too palpable to make its success probable to the most sanguine. If ever we are to have attached to the national dramatic college of the future a school of training for young playwrights, a useful feature of such an institution would be a stage of experiment, where *Low Water* might be given as an example of How not to do it. Salutary the example would prove; profitable, beyond doubt, as a deterrent. Mr. Pinero has expressed the hope that *Low Water* may be speedily forgotten; but, with a little inconsistency, promises to present it some day in another manner—a singular device to ensure its oblivion. It is as if, like the Ancient Mariner, having "penance done," he "penance more will do." We sincerely hope this may not be; but, although the recollection of suffering may be as fugitive as that of pleasure, the theatrical public is not much changed from what it was in Garrick's time, and forgives more than it forgets.

The leading motive of Mr. Pinero's play is highly susceptible of dramatic treatment, and is not of such a kind as to be alien to the spirit of comedy, despite its strong element of pathos. A favourite and petted daughter is seduced from her father's home by a wealthy scoundrel and is forsaken by him. In the meanwhile the father is ruined, and lives with his remaining daughter and son in the retirement of the Waterloo Road, all three finding occupation in a neighbouring theatre. The father believes his runaway daughter to be married, and is supported in his fond credulity by his son and daughter, who dare not tell him the truth. To their poor lodgings the erring child returns and is welcomed by her sister: the man she loves has also appeared, offers reparation to the sister in the shape of money, which is, of course, indignantly repelled; meets with a severe accident, and is nursed through subsequent illness by the woman he has wronged. In the final act all the persons of the drama meet at the chambers of the invalid in a most inexplicable manner; the truth is revealed to the agonized father through the agency of a legal person, but his grief is turned into joy at the last moment by the entrance of his daughter and the repentant invalid as man and wife, accompanied by the clergyman, doctor, and witnesses. It is clear that the failure of *Low Water* to move the audience to any other emotion than derisive laughter is due not to the solemn pathos of the subject but to the author's treatment of the pathetic. To move to laughter is not the chief, or indeed a necessary, end in comedy. The writer of farce may with propriety evoke the figure of Laughter holding both his sides; mirth is complex in expression, and the spirit of buffoonery is uncongenial to the muse of Comedy. Mr. Pinero seems to have forgotten that the ludicrous in art may as easily give offence as provoke laughter; certainly in the present instance he constantly outrages nature and truth. Throughout the play we have a violent alternation of pathos and farce, mutually destructive, and the wanton introduction of the grossest absurdities, to the degradation of those scenes where the purest pathos is paramount. Indifferent to the finer feelings, careless of imperilling the dignity of his subject, the author has determined to raise a laugh, even in his own despite or at the expense of his own creations and the humiliation of their impersonators. The spirited scenes where the offer of reparation is made, through Mr. Vereker, Q.C., to Linklater's daughter, and the pathetic meeting of the two sisters, are both rendered abortive by the unseemly intrusion of farce. In the former the dialogue is interrupted by the entrance of a man with a small sack of coal, with which he advances to a settee, occupied by Mr. Vereker, which turns out, to his surprise and that of the audience, to be an improvised coal-cellar. The transformation is effected in the true spirit of pantomime; the ludicrous result is ineffaceable, the dignity and spirit of "the Major" (Linklater's daughter), and the dry humour and imperturbable politeness of Mr. Vereker, are rendered ineffective by this happy invention. It is unnecessary to specify other instances of perverse ingenuity, for in the whole "comedy" the spirit of wanton and puerile aggression runs riot.

It is difficult to criticize the representation, still more difficult not to commiserate the actors in their thankless task. Congruous construction in competent hands invariably produces harmonious representation, and it is not surprising that in the final scene some of the Globe company displayed no effort to conceal their sympathy with the attitude of the audience. The knowledge that their endeavours were wasted, and that the more excellent their acting the more they confounded truth and libelled nature, the long-continued strain of their false position, the certainty that their passion and pathos must submit to some maladroit buffoonery, were all sufficient to try them to the uttermost. Mr. Cartwright, as Lord George Ormolu, and Mr. Carton, who represented the shrewd and cynical Mr. Vereker, were less subjected to the unpleasant influence of which we have spoken. The former endowed his part with all the nature and consistency possible under the circumstances. Mr. Carton's impersonation of the Q.C., a type new to the stage, was distinguished by its truth and finish and refinement; the contrast between the keen cynicism of his speech and the urbane grace of his manner was excellently maintained. Indeed, despite its unhappy vehicle, this striking piece of acting marks another advance in the young actor's career. Mr. J. F. Young, as Mr. Linklater, and Miss Abington, as his truant daughter Rosamond, had to bear the brunt of the ridiculous situations in which the author has seen fit to place his characters. The very excellence of their performance enhanced the absurdity of their position; the sorrows of the one, the penitence and self-devotion of the other, were displayed with real force and natural feeling, to be inevitably nullified by the pitiless destiny of the drama.

THE REAWAKENING OF SPECULATION.

THE number and frequency of colonial loans now coming out, and the success that has attended those of them already issued, are attracting much attention in the City. That the New South Wales loan should be readily subscribed was a matter of course. The colony has vast resources, and the Government has been sparing in the use of its credit. But the high prices at which the Cape Colony and New Zealand loans have been taken have excited some surprise. Respecting the financial position of New Zealand we spoke at length last week, and we need only say of the Cape Colony that its political difficulties are not small, especially because of the large native population subject to its jurisdiction. Nevertheless the Cape loan was allotted at a price 4*s.* above the minimum fixed by the Colonial Government itself; while the New Zealand loan fetched nearly 2*l.* more than the minimum fixed by the New Zealand Government; and both loans have since been quoted much higher on the Stock Exchange. The Cape loan this week has been at a premium of 4 per cent., and the New Zealand loan at ½ premium. It is evident from all this that a disposition to speculate is once more revealing itself on the Stock Exchange. And that it is so further appears from the rise in Egyptian bonds and other foreign stocks when the late Egyptian Ministry resigned. As the resignation was caused by the interference of the British Government, it was assumed that a British protectorate was about to be established, and prices rose very considerably. If English Ministers had been appointed, prices would have gone up still higher; indeed, there would probably have been an active speculation not only in Egyptian but in most foreign stocks. This disposition on the part of those who transact business on the Stock Exchange is in striking contrast with that which has prevailed for two years past. The great fall in prices consequent upon the panic on the Paris Bourse, the mutiny of the Egyptian army, and the collapse of the railway mania in the United States, has inflicted very serious losses upon speculators and upon such investors as have been compelled to sell, or have required to borrow upon the security of the bonds and shares they hold. In consequence there has been a great falling off in business on the Stock Exchange. It is estimated by stockbrokers who do an investment business proper that their commissions last year were only about two-thirds of those of an average year. And brokers whose business is principally speculative suffered still more heavily. It is in accordance with experience that after so long a depression there should be a revival. In the worst of years there are large savings accumulated in this country, and investors therefore have considerable sums which they wish to place in some good security. Owing to the agricultural depression, and to the too-rapid building of houses in most of the great towns, there is little desire to buy land or houses, or to advance money on mortgage on either kind of property. Foreign stocks are out of favour because of the political condition of the Continent and of Egypt, while American railway securities are discredited because of the mismanagement by presidents and the generally unsettled condition of railway business in the United States. At home, again, Consols and railway securities are very dear. Thus investors are almost driven to buy Colonial Government securities. At this season of the year the sums available for investment are exceptionally large. It is estimated that during the first fortnight in January the dividends payable in London alone amount to about 30 millions sterling, and of this large sum the greater part probably is reinvested. The Colonial Governments, then, have chosen an opportune moment for appealing to the money market. And in this fact is to a large extent an explanation of the high prices they have obtained for their bonds. The average price paid for the Cape loan was 98*l.* 4*s.*; and as the loan bore 5 per cent. interest, the purchaser obtained somewhat more than 5 per cent. for his money. As the Cape Colony is an English community, with English laws and institutions, and subject to a certain extent to the control of the Imperial Government, it is assumed by investors that failure to pay the interest is not to be feared. Somehow or other, they vaguely reason, the Imperial Government would help it out of its difficulties, even were political or other embarrassments to involve it very seriously at any time. In the case of the New Zealand loan the interest was only 4 per cent., and the price obtained was about 2*l.* higher than that given for the Cape loan. But besides the English constitution of the colony, and the good faith it has always kept with its creditors, the fact that the loan was brought out by the Bank of England was greatly in its favour. The Bank is the Imperial Government's banker, a consideration that has its weight with investors not skilled in politics. And those of them who know that the Bank, nevertheless, is not a State bank but a trading company took it for granted that so great an institution would not invite the public to subscribe to the loan if it had not satisfied itself of the soundness of New Zealand finance. Not a few of those who applied for the scrip were decided by the sponsorship of the Bank of England. Speculators

of course, were well aware of all the circumstances that tell in favour of the success of these colonial issues, and they sent in applications for the loans, thus increasing the competition, and forcing up the prices. And, as already stated, they have still further raised prices since the allotments.

The particular causes acting upon the market for colonial Government securities are aided by more general influences. It is now two years since the panic on the Paris Bourse, and during that time there has been going on a slow liquidation of the bad business accumulated during the preceding period of inflation. The great financial houses of Paris, in their anxiety to cut short the panic, made immense loans to the speculators to prevent too many failures, and by so doing they to a great extent hampered themselves. They hoped, of course, that a little while would bring about a rise of prices, and that their debtors would then be able to sell without serious loss, and that the market would once more right itself. But political causes of disquietude disappointed them. The finances of the country fell into disorder; the Government plunged into a disturbing colonial policy, which threatened to bring about quarrels with several of the neighbouring States; the Austro-German alliance attracted to itself Italy and Spain, isolating France, and surrounding her with a ring of suspicious, if not hostile, Powers, able at any moment to humiliate her. The revolt of Arabi in Egypt, too, led to the loss of her influence in that country. And, lastly, anarchist movements began to reappear. All these events tended to alarm speculators and investors alike, and led to a continued fall of prices. Each successive fall caused additional losses, and every new loss induced a further fall. It is believed, however, now that the speculators, who were unable to meet their obligations two years ago, and were enabled to hold on only by assistance from the great financial houses, have been got rid of. The selling by these speculators has been on an enormous scale, and has been continued for two years almost without intermission. The result is that the losses by French speculators have been immense. The speculators who now remain with large masses of stock upon their hands are thought really to have means to hold on as long as may be necessary. In consequence, those who are interested in the market feel their position much safer than it has been during the past twenty-four months. They think that, if a rise of prices were to take place, the movement would not be stopped by renewed selling on the part of those who are practically bankrupt. And they are eager, therefore, that the rise should occur, as it would enable themselves to sell without loss, and in such a gradual and careful manner as would not check the upward course of the market. In addition to this, it is to be borne in mind that the Government is about to bring out a loan. For two years it has required money, but the condition of the Bourse forbade it to issue a public loan. The Government is, therefore, anxious in its own interest to see an advance in prices. The French Government influences the money market and the stock market much more directly than our Government does, and all the great capitalists who are amenable to its influence are eager to second its efforts in bringing about greater confidence in the financial situation. Lastly, the great Railway Companies are preparing to issue loans. Last year they entered into conventions with the Government, undertaking to build the new lines which the Government found itself unable to construct. They can fulfil the obligations then contracted only by means of loans; and, unless the money market is inspired with confidence, these loans can hardly succeed, or must be made on terms extremely disadvantageous to the great Railway Companies. But the great Railway Companies in France are themselves a great power in the money market. They make loans and discount bills more like bankers than English Railway Companies; and the result is that, when they join their exertions to those of the great capitalists and of the Government, they are able to affect prices very powerfully. For all these reasons there has been a marked change in the Paris Bourse during the past few weeks. Political causes may, of course, neutralize the efforts made to raise prices. But, if there should be no disaster in Tonquin, and if the political condition of the Continent should not again inspire apprehensions, the probability seems to be that the recovery in the Paris Bourse which has already begun will go on steadily. The greater confidence felt in Paris immediately reacts upon the London market. London and Paris are so closely united, and the interests of both are entwined in so many ways, that whatever strongly affects one also acts powerfully upon the other. Brokers and dealers on the Stock Exchange, and bankers here in London, learn through their correspondents that the prospect of things in Paris has greatly improved. They are thereby encouraged themselves, and they encourage their clients by the reports they give.

In New York, likewise, there is a prospect of recovery. In 1882 over 12,000 miles of railway were built in the United States. Last year the mileage constructed was only half as large. And in the current year it is estimated that less than 2,000 miles will be built, and that no new line of any kind will be undertaken, the mileage now under construction being merely completion of work already far advanced. The difficulties originating in the over-construction of railways will, therefore, not be augmented. Time has been given for the liquidation of much of the bad business of past years, and the growth of population and wealth are making up for the losses that have been incurred. Moreover, it would appear that the failures of which we now hear, and the appointment of receivers over Railway Companies and Construction Companies, are really the winding-up of the period of depression through which the United States have passed. The older Railway Companies, which have immense capitals and almost inexhaustible resources, and which were threatened with competition by the new Companies, have been endeavouring for the past couple of years to ruin the latter. In some cases apparently they have now succeeded. They will, therefore, buy up these bankrupt concerns, add them to their own systems, and put a stop to the manœuvres which were disturbing the market and injuring trade. Where, on the other hand, the new Companies have displayed greater strength than was anticipated, the old and the new will come to some kind of terms. They will divide the traffic between them, and both will have an interest in improving matters. It would seem, therefore, that after about two and a half years the difficulties in the United States caused by the over-construction of railways are drawing to an end, and that a considerable rise of prices in American railway securities may be soon expected. That, at any rate, is the opinion of those who have the best means of judging, and who have watched most intently the course of events in the United States. And the opinion thus formed is permeating the Stock Exchange, and is helping to produce that change of feeling which was exemplified in the success of the colonial loans and the rise in Egyptian, Turkish, and other securities at the time of the change of Ministry in Egypt.

REVIEWS.

EARLY TEUTONIC LAND-HOLDING.*

DURING the last half-century the labour and research of several scholars, chiefly in Germany, has worked out from a mass of scattered materials a fairly consistent account of the early history of landed property among the Teutonic stock of mankind. This account has gained very general acceptance among competent persons. It has received striking illustration and confirmation from observations made in a remote country, and for entirely different purposes, but minutely and systematically, by persons who knew nothing of the researches in question. We allude to the facts of Indian society which Sir Henry Maine, in his work on Village Communities, has exhibited side by side with the results of European inquirers. To that work, also, the English reader may most conveniently be referred for general knowledge of what the European results are. We may here say briefly that the accepted exposition shows a convergence of evidence to the conclusion that private property in land, as we understand it, is a relatively modern institution. Many points of usage and law which are found not only in the records of the earlier middle ages, but in the fully developed mediæval system, and even until our own time, seem to come down from a period when absolute ownership was an exception or innovation, and limited rights of use and enjoyment by the members of free communities under some scheme of communal regulation were the ancient and accustomed rule. Such is the doctrine which may be fairly described as in possession. To say this is not to say that it is exempt from criticism, but, on the contrary, that criticism is desirable. Theories in possession ought to be periodically tested by revision and re-examination of their evidences, accompanied of course by collation of the newer evidence, if such has meanwhile been found, on pain of losing their vitality. The fate of a theory left untested is to become a dry bone for letter-worshippers to wrangle over, and sciolists to make a pretence of learning with. Now in this case the theory represented by the names of Von Maurer in Germany and Kemble in England has been in possession for the space of about a generation. It has reached the stage of being popularized—a stage that rouses the attention of scholars and invites vigilance. In England, at any rate, much new material has come to hand, and there is promise of more. The time appears ripe for critical revision. And criticism is welcome on one condition, that it be competent and intelligent. If it be so, whether we agree with it or not is no great matter. Its function is not so much to correct specific conclusions as to keep thought fresh.

Within a short time two English books have been published, one on the English evidences of the village community, the other on the German; the former in part of a critical kind, the latter wholly. These are Mr. Seebohm's *English Village Community* and Mr. Denman W. Ross's *Early History of Land-holding among the Germans*. They proceed to some extent on similar lines, and Mr. Seebohm appears to have been to some extent impressed by communications of Mr. Ross's views. It is these last which now call for our attention. Mr. Denman Ross professes, and with sufficient frankness, to criticize the doctrine commonly received. Is he a competent and intelligent critic? We find ourselves constrained to pronounce, and that with no uncertain sound, that he is neither.

It is the more needful to speak plainly because Mr. Ross's work is, at first sight, by no means without a plausible air of being of the right and acceptable kind. The tone and promises of his preface are free from offence; and an unnecessary quotation from Balzac is pardonable in an essay-writer who, for the very reason that his work is on a subject of unfamiliar learning, is anxious to give it a stamp of literary form. The appendix of notes and references, which in bulk exceeds the text by many pages, makes

* *Early History of Land-holding among the Germans.* By Denman W. Ross. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

a goodly show of citations from original authorities. In short, the book is got up with a look of solid work. But, assuming for a moment that Mr. Denman Ross is our first introducer to the subject (a misfortune that we trust may never befall any innocent reader), we shall soon find suspicious tokens. The author's object is nothing less than to overturn the received opinion as to the history of property. One would expect a young author setting about such an enterprise to observe a certain measure of gravity and modesty. The manner in which he does speak is this:—

> There is no evidence of community of land in the statements of Cæsar.... There is no evidence of community of land in the statements of Tacitus.

And thus in the notes:—

> We hear a good deal of talk about a tribal system which existed among the Germans up to the time of Cæsar and Tacitus. It may be that a tribal system did exist up to that time; but what do we know about it? Nothing, of course. Why talk about it, then?

We should, for our own poor part, submit that we know at least what Cæsar and Tacitus tell us. But Mr. Denman Ross has his short ways with Cæsar and Tacitus and their language, as we shall see anon. Meanwhile, there are yet braver words to be noted. Mr. Ross, having described the received doctrine as "a theory of primitive communism" (a description to which we might take exception if it were worth the pains), proceeds thus to state his own:—

> We hold a theory which is quite the reverse of this. We believe that private property existed first; that common property came into existence afterwards, in consequence of an entanglement of individual rights and gradual annihilation of them; and this theory is, we believe, supported by the concurrent testimony of the early records. From these it is evident that the principle of individual property was dominant everywhere. Those who hold to the theory of primitive communism cannot have read these records with sufficient care, if, indeed, they have read them at all.

This is no light thing to say, and said of no obscure men. Mr. Ross names no names. But there can be no doubt what and whom he means. To read historical records without sufficient care is incompetence. To profess to give an account of their contents, and offer general conclusions purporting to be based thereon, without having read them at all, is bad faith. Von Maurer, and all who agree with him, stand therefore charged with bad faith, or incompetence, or both, by Mr. Denman Ross. When such a charge is made by a qualified person and on probable cause, it is a very grave matter. When it is made by a person not qualified, and without reasonable or probable cause, it is a gross and unpardonable impertinence. It becomes needful to see what are Mr. Denman Ross's qualifications as exhibited by himself. And what we find is this: Mr. Ross's Latin will not bear examination, and his state of mind as to the most elementary legal notions can be described only as ludicrous ignorance. First, as to the Latin. Tacitus says of the German occupation of land as he knew it, "Facilitatem partiendi camporum spatia præstant"; that is, to give the sense roughly, there is no trouble in setting out allotments when there is plenty of open ground to choose from. Mr. Denman Ross interprets thus:—"The land upon which the lots had been marked off was, therefore, divided into sections—what Tacitus calls *spatia camporum*." And he adds in a note, "This interpretation will perhaps surprise the reader." Before he has taken the measure of Mr. Denman Ross's general capacity, yes; afterwards, no. "The words used by Tacitus bear the interpretation." They do not. Whatever Mr. Denman Ross may think, the Latin language will not suffer it, and no tolerable Latin scholar could have produced such a rendering. Our surprise is less when Mr. Ross also maintains that Cæsar's words, "privati ac separati agri apud eos nihil est," do not exclude the existence, and indeed prevalence, of private estates. Mr. Ross triumphantly observes in another note that the Germans of Cæsar's time "had possessions, as Cæsar himself tells us." Yes; the word is *possessionibus*, a word which Cæsar, knowing his own language and his own law, doubtless used for the very purpose of distinguishing possession from full ownership or *dominium*, with which Mr. Ross confounds it himself, and wants to make Cæsar confound it too.

This brings us to Mr. Ross's law. His conception of *dominium*, or ownership in the full meaning, is extensive. It includes not only possession but servitude; in plainer terms, Mr. Denman Ross does not know the difference between ownership and an easement, between property and *jura in re aliena*. This, in a writer who undertakes to reconstruct the history of property, may seem incredible. But here are the proofs:—

> We read, in the Burgundian law, that the possession or ownership of the roads in which wagons and carts were wont to pass could be lost or acquired by occupation during two years.
>
> We read in the Burgundian law that the ownership of a running stream could be acquired by an exclusive enjoyment during two years, so that the previous owner could have no further right in it.

The passages cited as authority are these:—

> Viam in actum, hoc est, ubi carpenta vel carra ducuntur, similiter biennio amitti et adquiri posse.
>
> Aquæ cursum et adquiri et amitti biennio constat.

It is almost insulting our reader's intelligence to remind him that *via* and *aquæ cursus* have nothing to do with ownership of the road and the stream. They are respectively the right of way and the right of leading water over a neighbour's land—rights available *against* the owner of the soil of the road or the adjacent land through and over which the stream is led. Mr. Ross evidently imagines, moreover, that the words *amitti* et *adquiri* refer to one and the same process; but we cannot go on exposing blunders patent to any student who has ever been grounded in the Institutes. As if to clinch his blunder, Mr. Ross in another note mixes up the formula "cum aquis aquarumve decursibus," a conveyance of the easement of watercourses in "general words" as English lawyers call them, with such a phrase as "potestative manu possidere usque ad medium Hrenum," which does refer to ownership—namely, the ownership of the bed of the river vested in the riparian owner *usque ad medium filum*, as we commonly say.

And this is the author who goes about to look down on his predecessors as bunglers who could not or would not read their documents. Truly, it may well be that the work of such as Von Maurer needs revision and adjustment, more or less; but at the hands of such as are worthy to touch it, who are at least passable Latinists, and know so much of law as to have heard of a servitude. Whence the next fruitful impulse may come we know not. It is enough to be assured that it will not be from Mr. Denman Ross, or after his fashion:—

> οὐκ οἶδα μὰ Δί' ἔγωγε· τῆδε μὲν γὰρ οὔ.

Mr. Ross tells us he has spent seven years in study of the original authorities. If so, he has spent them very ill. His want of previous elementary training has made his labour worse than idleness. He is like a man who, not knowing the rudiments of mechanics or construction, should spend seven years in a builder's yard, and then come out of it with a new theory of architecture. But, as a modern poet says,

> Und baute der Spatz ein Adlernest,
> Er legt' nur Spatzeneier hinein.

The samples of Mr. Ross's work above given are enough to show that it is not worth criticizing in detail. If we undertook that task, it would be embarrassing by superabundance of material. We shall only point out in brief the general line of his errors. He starts with a radical misconception of the nature of the problem, which he treats as if the question were between communal and individual property; whereas the position of the doctrine attacked by Mr. Denman Ross is not that land was the property of tribes or communities, but rather that the modern conception of property in land was of slow growth, and that the term, as we use it, is not applicable to the state of things revealed or hinted by the authorities. So much Mr. Ross might have learnt from an English writer who figures among his pretentious list of references—a writer of works which did not profess to confute all predecessors, and did contain much good sense and excellent learning (neither was he ashamed to learn to the last); we mean the late Mr. Joshua Williams. The same thing holds good to this day in an undivided Hindu family. Again, Mr. Ross, having thoroughly mixed up the notions of dominion, possession, enjoyment, and servitude, is unable to discriminate the bearings of his authorities. Of these a certain number show, no doubt, that some private property did exist from very early times in land, especially land reclaimed by a man's own labour—a thing which nobody denies that we know of. Assuredly Von Maurer does not. Another class of authorities may charitably be deemed ambiguous. A third, and these are the critical ones, are in flat opposition to Mr. Denman Ross's fancies. His general method has the merit of simplicity. Being incapable of conceiving that a legal right which is something different from absolute property should be an object of inheritance, partition, or the like, whenever he meets with evidence of any right whatever being so dealt with he sets it down as a clear instance of separate ownership of the land itself. Mr. Joshua Williams has a useful chapter on incorporeal hereditaments. When Mr. Ross comes to an obviously refractory document like the Edict of Chilperic, or the title "De Migrantibus" of the Salic Law, his attempts to wrest it to his own sense are merely pitiable. Whether his airy rashness disports itself in superficial assertions about Hindu villages, or the Russian *mir*, or modern authors who are alleged to support Mr. Ross's contention and do no such thing, the like levity and fundamental ignorance appear throughout. And with this let enough be said of one of the worst attempts to pass off impertinence for scholarship that we have seen this many a day.

We hope hereafter to return to this subject, unencumbered by the need of exposing absurdities, but to the English side of it rather than the German. Each nation will have plenty to do for some time to come in attending to its own matters of this kind—not excluding, of course, the use of others for comparison, but still putting its own first.

THE NEW LUCIAN.*

BOOKS which have a definite ambition to rank as literature are somewhat rare nowadays—a statement which is by no means identical with the much more contestable statement that writers who would like to rank as men of letters are rare. Among these books *The New Lucian* certainly has a place, and it is a place in a particular department of literature which has never been very full, though it contains some of the best work anywhere to be found. If Mr. Traill can win his spurs he must win them in a tournament with Plato, with Lucian himself, with Erasmus, with St. Evremond, with Berkeley, with Landor, while, despite the difference of outward form, Pascal and Courier and Swift are likely to be present to the minds of the judges if not in the actual lists. This is a mighty "concurrence,"

* *The New Lucian.* By H. D. Traill. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

and a blank shield which enters therefor is much more likely to go home with its owner upon it than in any other fashion. To the general spectator Mr. Traill's shield is very likely to be blank, for with the exception of his remarkable *Recaptured Rhymes* and his monograph on Sterne, most of his work has been done under the coat of darkness of the anonymous journalist. There are, however, no coats whose darkness is absolutely impenetrable, and Mr. Traill is sufficiently well known to those who do know as one of the most accomplished among those English journalists—never a very large body—who combine literary knowledge with political aptitude, and both with a faculty of writing. He is, before all things, a politician, and, as happens to almost all politicians whose politics are a matter of choice rather than of accident, his creed is not exactly identical with any that is commonly received. The nearest formula that we can find for Mr. Traill is the formula of unorthodox Toryism. Yet even under this formula he is a kind of species by himself. Mr. Traill differs from the two great unorthodox Tories of the past in England—Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Bolingbroke—in so much as he is entirely anti-Democratic. He agrees with Bolingbroke at least in that he seems to be, if he is not, anti-ecclesiastical, not to say anti-religious. And he has a further differentia in that, to judge by this no less than by former published utterances of his, he dislikes Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy. With one exception to be noted later, the severest criticism in the book which can be fairly taken as expressing the author's sentiments is the criticism put in the mouth of Sir Robert Peel on Lord Beaconsfield's second Premiership. Thus Mr. Traill is doubly unorthodox. He is a kind of "Desdichado Doblado" as far as the direct intellectual succession of Toryism goes. A Church dominant at home and a State dominant abroad may be said to be the shibboleth of modern Toryism which is not mere Conservatism. We do not think that Mr. Traill can shape his mouth to pronounce it. He certainly does not here attempt so to shape the mouth of any of his characters.

There are fourteen dialogues of the dead in the present volume, and all of them are timed so as to be actually or nearly contemporary in subject. In passing we may note that though this arrangement might give the separate papers more "bite" as magazine articles, and may even for a short time render the book itself more attractive, it has induced Mr. Traill to be lavish of allusions in a fashion rather perilous to the chance of his book living. Personally we should not dare to edit it for the use of the twenty-first century, let alone a remoter posterity, without, on an average, a page of footnotes to each page of text, and it is not the experience of students that work of this sort is in the particular kind lasting work. This, however, is by the bye. The first interlocutors are Lord Westbury and the late Bishop of Oxford. In this dialogue, whether owing to the above-noted anti-theological prejudice or not, Mr. Traill has scarcely given swords of the very equal length which students of their debates in life would assign to the two disputants. Save for a smart capping in the citation of an Article and one or two other things, Bishop Wilberforce's repartees are scarcely those of the Samuel whom we know. On the other hand, Lord Westbury is well provided, and his jokes help out the apparent drift of the dialogue (which is in the direction of Erastianism) a good deal more than his arguments. The next, "Morny, Gambetta, and Blanqui," is on the whole the very best in the book—indeed it is a piece of work which deserves to live. The affectation of horror for the minion of a corrupt tyranny which the Dictator, rather from habitual bombast than Pharisaism, makes when he is introduced to the Duc de Morny, the unfaltering cynicism of the latter, and the adroit fashion in which he turns the tables on his censor by calling the great Intransigent into the discussion, are rendered with a very great deal of skill and with hardly a fault in dialectic. M. de Morny wins hands down—a result which will make some good people shake their heads over Mr. Traill. After this we drop politics, and in "Plato and Landor" come to literature. Here we do not think Mr Traill quite so happy, though he has caught Landor's own manner with considerable skill, and makes not a few points against "neo-Hellenists" in English. Even this piece turns to politics; and, little space as we have for quotation, we must give (without agreeing with all its sentiments) a really fine passage with which it concludes:—

> Wheresoever in the world a people has passed under the sway of England, their lives, in becoming more abundant, have ceased to satisfy their ideals. We have broken in upon the secular calm of ancient and outworn civilisations, and over minds which once reposed in a passive and incurious contentment we have cast the spell of our own unsatisfied longings. The savage whom we tame unlearns his simple delight in Nature, and gains access only to our coarser and viler pleasures in its stead. We have peopled one whole continent with our lank-jawed kinsmen, and fringed another with the careworn faces of our sons. A full half of the globe's surface is given over to the melancholy Englishman—with his sombre attire, his repellent manners, his gloomy worship, his mechanic habitudes of toil. The human instinct of self-preservation will not long tolerate such a dominion as this; the human yearning after gladness will rise up in rebellion against it, and we are bound therefore in common prudence to seek the Hellenic spirit and ensue it, reverently striving, if haply it may admit us to its inspiring visions of the beautiful, and yield up to us the secret of its immortal joy.

The fourth, "Lord Beaconsfield and Sir Robert Peel," is short but clever. It has been hinted that Mr. Traill is apparently not very favourably disposed towards the late leader of the Conservative party, though his actual dialogue is by no means badly hit off; and there is a severe passage on the failure of Peel himself to leave any durable mark on English politics except the one great fiscal change, the merit of which has practically been claimed and appropriated by his political adversaries. With "Lucian, and Pascal" we should imagine that Mr. Traill has taken particular pains, and here again there seems to be reflected a certain echo of his own opinions in the words of the Samosatene. Theologically speaking, the dialogue may be said to turn on the well-known and often-noted differentia between pre- and post-Christian thinkers, the absence in the one and the presence in the other of the sense of sin and other riddles of the earth. After a good deal of fencing, Lucian frankly avows his complete ignorance of and indifference to these problems, and more than hints that whoever has brought the sense and the discussion of them into the world has conferred a very doubtful benefit upon it. In the next piece, O'Connell, to the horror of Mr. Butt, takes the Parnellites under his protection, hails them as his successors and children, and expresses his delight in seeing England bothered. The piece is spiritedly written, but O'Connell was probably less of a cynic, and Mr. Butt was certainly less of a prig, than Mr. Traill here represents them.

Finding the next dialogue unworthy, we for the present pass it by; and luckily its follower is excellent. The point of it lies in a most lively portrait of Mr. Gladstone and character of his eloquence given by Mr. Horsman to Burke. This partly springs from and partly leads to a discussion of English Democracy, in which Mr. Traill's pessimism is more apparent than his hold of any definite political creed. "Richardson and Fielding" is a little weak, the subject being a hackneyed one, and nothing very new or brilliant contributed to it; while in "Peter the Great and Alexander II." it does not need great affection for Russia or her late sovereign to make the reader think Mr. Traill rather hard on Alexander. Neither is "Sterne and Thackeray" satisfactory. Mr. Traill is a sworn champion of Sterne, and does right to make him fight his own battles with vigour and address, for he was very well able to do so. And it is ingenious, no doubt, to put the case between this century and the last as between hypocrites of cynicism and hypocrites of sensibility. But Thackeray is made to argue his own case very weakly. "Lord Palmerston and Richard Cobden" is short and not remarkable; and the last dialogue in the book, "Lucretius, Paley, and Darwin," good in parts, is marred by the almost complete silence of Lucretius. The reader feels that he must have been very much bored. Now, nobody who ever lived had a right to bore the author of the *De Rerum Natura*, and if they did, so much the worse for them. Between these two comes an interesting discussion partly of Mr. Irving's acting and partly of Diderot's paradox between Garrick and G. H. Lewes. Here Mr. Traill—constant to sensibility—makes the author of the *Life of Goethe* argue strongly against Diderot, and Garrick somewhat weakly defend him.

We must apologize if, in noticing the contents of a book which is from its nature not easy to review as a whole, we have attributed to Mr. Traill any opinions to which he wished to give merely dramatic expression. It is the misfortune of the dialogue-writer that he can rarely avoid taking a side; and, when he does take it, can hardly ever avoid letting it be seen. Mr. Traill—and this is one of the merits of his book—has not, as almost all writers in this class nowadays do, merely set up certain ninepins to be bowled down. But he has, no doubt unconsciously, put much more force and a much cunninger bias on those bowls which are delivered as he would like to deliver them himself. And in so doing he has, as it seems to us, displayed occasionally some prejudice and some misconception. This, however, does not prevent his book, on the whole, from being excellently written and full of a remarkable cleverness—a cleverness almost impossible to illustrate except by very copious extract. Now a review which is stuffed with quotations is an easy review to write, and sometimes a satisfactory one both to author and reader; but it is a review of but a low class as criticism. We therefore simply refer readers to the book for an abundance of epigram which has not recently been excelled either in form or matter. Compared with the quires of flimsiness which for the most part issue from the press, *The New Lucian* is reading of a very delightful sort to any one who has an interest in literature, and ought to be very profitable reading to all who have any interest in politics. On one point only have we to speak of Mr. Traill's work with positive reprobation. Many men may regret the Count of Chambord's refusal to take the field in 1873. But to represent the refusal as having been the effect of fear (and in his dialogue Mr. Traill not merely makes Egalité advance the charge—that is sufficiently in character—but Henri Cinq accept it, so that it must be taken as the author's view) is worthy neither of a student of history nor of a political philosopher, nor—we say it with regret—even of a chivalrous political partisan. This same dialogue is altogether so one-sided that we must suppose Mr. Traill to have been prejudiced to the point of forgetting his facts by the Count's notorious religiosity—a failing towards which neither the Old nor the New Lucian seems to have been entirely just. The world at large has judged and will judge better the last of the Bourbons, who, if he had less than the somewhat moderate share of brains which his family have possessed, had at least a moral record as stainless as his flag. Had Mr. Traill confined the slander to the lips of the man who skulked from Keppel's guns, it would have been fair dramatic game. But by making the interlocutor admit the appeal to his conscience, he has made himself art and part in an unworthy scandal. The dialogue is in more ways than one the weakest in the book, and if Mr. Traill drops it in a future edition he will do well. In others, as we have said, there are points suggesting difference, but only difference of an amicable kind.

THREE NOVELS.*

THE first novel of every writer of fiction is easily accounted for. It is written for gain or for fame; the author seeks credit in the world of letters, or hopes to make an income by producing something that will sell. But second and third novels require a more elaborate apology, when they require any apology at all. Many, if not most, of them are entirely without justification for their existence, because the first experiments have shown that neither gain nor fame is likely to reward perseverance in an ill-chosen career. This, however, is a stricture which can scarcely be applied, or only in a modified sense, to the three novels now under notice. Their authors have reached a certain degree of acceptance with the public, they are asked for at the libraries, one of them is a veteran in the art of fiction, whilst another is apparently bent on earning the same title with the shortest possible delay. All are probably warranted in producing fresh stories by the amiability of their critics and the reports of their publishers; but when a man or woman of letters has been fortunate to this extent, and can contemplate a new book as a fairly good speculation, other questions arise, and other hesitations suggest themselves, which not even the most successful novelist can afford to despise. We are entitled to demand a good reason for every work that is added to the vast accumulations of fiction. A novel which has no good reason for existence is an offence against a much-tried and long-suffering world; and an author who goes on writing from the mere momentum of former successes, without a special effort to give us what is new, true, and worthy, deserves less consideration than that which was accorded to his first attempt. Judged by this standard, it is to be feared that a large proportion of what are called the best novels of every publishing season ought to be condemned as worthless.

Mr. Crawford has had the great misfortune to be seized upon early in life by the more enthusiastic order of reviewers, who, having discovered in him transcendent qualities not previously suspected even by himself, did their best to check the gradual and painful development without which the best conceivable talent can never be matured into excellence. It is barely a year since *Mr. Isaacs* introduced its author to English readers as one capable of good and entertaining work, and now we have a fourth novel from Mr. Crawford's too industrious pen. As an almost necessary consequence, *To Leeward* shows that his faults have been exaggerated, whilst his virtues are less conspicuous; he has treated an unpleasant subject in an objectionable manner, and his style is both pretentious and slipshod. The story which he has thought it worth his while to tell in these two volumes is that of a cool and treacherous seduction, or, rather, of the cold-blooded connivance of a man and woman to deceive the husband of the latter without a shadow of excuse or probability. The heroine is depicted in the first chapters as a pure and refined English girl, a visitor in Rome, who has muddled her brains with "philosophy," but who does not exhibit anything like an immoral tendency. It is true that she is "full of a certain fierce courage and impatience of restraint, chafing under the moral flat-iron of a hopelessly proper father, whose mind is of the great levelling type, and his prejudices as mountains of stone in the midst, reared to Heaven like pyramids to impose a personal moral geography on the human landscape." Such a portentous flat-iron as this would be enough to account for anything whatever, in or out of the range of intelligible things. But Mr. Crawford does not prepare us, as an artist might easily have done, for the hideous picture which he means to draw. Leonora marries a young Italian nobleman, the soul of honour and courtesy, who is entirely devoted to her; yet immediately after their honeymoon she allows a comparative stranger to begin a course of flattery and flirtation which a couple of months suffice to ripen into a breach of her marriage vows. No doubt Mr. Crawford will say that such things are, and that he only professes to tell things as they are. But that is not the question; though, if it were, we should be inclined to answer that deliberate seduction is too vulgar and commonplace to be made the subject of an artistic work of fiction. All that it may contain of genuine romance, if any romance is compatible with deliberation on both sides, has been squeezed out of it long ago; and Mr. Crawford is surely not reduced to picking up the squeezed oranges of those who have gone before him. But our present concern is with his lack of art rather than with his lack of judgment. Having failed to prepare us beforehand for the woeful corruption of his heroine, and having dwelt on her crime with something like unctuous relish, it seems to occur to him that no one could suddenly become so very disgraceful as he has made Leonora, and he proceeds to deface his portrait, and to daub over the finer lines of his original picture. The effect is at times a little comical. Leonora has eloped with her lover—a vapid, middle-aged philanderer, who tries hard to talk epigrammatically, and makes "daring comments on the conduct of nations and individuals"—and they steal off together by night in the philanderer's boat. She has provided herself with a bag of hairpins, pockethandkerchiefs, and Cologne water. After a refreshing sleep in her lover's arms, she wakes up and asks for her bag.

Leonora took a handkerchief and wet it from the bottle of Cologne water. Then she began to dab it on her face.

"I dreamed that you"—dab—"picked me up in your arms and"—dab, dab—"carried me down the stairs"—dab, dab, dab—"and just as you were putting me into the"—dab—"into the boat, you dropped me into the sea." A furious succession of dabs, then more Cologne water, and another handkerchief.

This may be amusing, but it is not art. It is brought in towards the end of the story in order to depreciate the character of a heroine whose evil actions have become incongruous with her previous description. In fact, the Leonora of Rome and the Leonora of Sorrento have extremely little in common. They are different types; and it looks very much as though Mr. Crawford had originally intended that his Marchesa should overcome the temptations of the philanderer, and had changed his mind in the course of the second volume.

Hasty production will account for some, though not for all, of the blemishes which abound in Mr. Crawford's story. What does he mean by "airy furniture"? How could one man "wring" another's "cowardly neck to death"? Is it possible for a woman to "fire off the shots of her brimming affection"? Why is Leonora's sister-in-law, an Italian married to a French comte, perpetually spoken of as "Donna Diana"? Why should a spy exulting in the discovery of a clandestine meeting between the lovers be compared to "some dark evil genius of a low order, waiting for Mr. Darwin to evolve him into the advanced condition of complete devildom"—unless it be that Mr. Darwin's name is ornamental, whether appropriate or not? What is the meaning of this?—

> Who will tell us that love is less a real thing because it is evil instead of being good? Bah! Devils are quite as real as angels, as I have no doubt many of us will find in due time.

Or of this?—

> Out of nothing, nothing can come. Out of confusion and vanity and pure selfishness . . . out of the shell of an imaginary self wrought fine and gilded . . . what can come that is good? or can anything come of them which is truly evil, seeing that, one with another, they are all but so many empty nothings, melted together and lost in the great void?

"You should not say those sort of things," Leonora tells her philanderer on one occasion; and Mr. Crawford's readers will be disposed to apply the same reproach to himself. Next to his scraps of vague philosophy, perhaps the most objectionable of "those sort of things" are the scraps of unnecessary French which Mr. Crawford's Italians are constantly exchanging. One would think that the Marchese and his sister would have preferred their native tongue, and we are told in so many words that Leonora liked Italian better than French. This is a comparative trifle; but it illustrates the slipshod manner in which the author has dashed off the fourth and worst of his novels.

Holme Lee is an author who has passed the stage when one might have looked to her for the justification of a new story, and she has not reached the melancholy second stage when it may be necessary, judging by other instances, to look for it again. *Loving and Serving* is one of the best examples of a style which fulfils most of the conditions that one would naturally impose on "homely" novels. It is warmed throughout with a glow of domestic felicity, charity, dutifulness, and repose. The heroine is a prepossessing young orphan, whose name, Mary Martha, suggests or is suggested by the title of her story. More of loving than of serving falls to her lot, and her vicissitudes are mainly steps from one degree of fortune and happiness to another. The tale, indeed, is written by an optimist for optimists, and there is scarcely enough of excitement in it to flutter the heart of the gentlest reader. No crime, no abiding enmity, no aching hearts are admitted into the paradise which Holme Lee creates and peoples. She knows the limits of her power too well to attempt anything beyond the simple drama of an uneventful life; and even in the story before us her hand begins to show its lack of cunning whenever her characters approach some loftier height of passion or heroism. The art required for work of this kind is not much; a moderate ambition enables the author to satisfy moderate expectations. But the absence of all pretence, and false glitter, and vague assumption of knowledge, is a legitimate claim to the gratitude of a generation overdone with all these things. The reader will be inclined to think of this story, as the writer says of one of her characters, "when a girl loves the best things, her foibles are likely to wither away and die in that purer light"; and to its unexciting and somewhat monotonous record the words applied to another character will not be inappropriate:—"She seemed lighter, gayer, better contented—but, Lord, when one is young, the mere sense of living and being innocent is enough for all that!"

After a novel which is, in its way, only too interesting, and a novel of which the interest is circumscribed within narrow bounds, the insatiate lover of fiction may turn with relief to the sprightly story of childhood which the author of *The Young Idea* commends particularly to the notice of "old boys." The publisher has prefixed to this volume a string of extracts from our contemporaries which certainly warrant the author of *Culmshire Folk* and *John Orlebar* in presenting himself once more, after a reasonable interval, as a delineator of human character. We have had of late years perhaps a little too much of the mischievous juvenile, but there will always be room for bright sketches of childhood, cleverly and genially drawn. The "young idea" in this story is the son of a London poulterer, "lent" for a Christmas holiday to a childless farmer and his wife, who have their hands

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* *To Leeward*. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, 1884.

Loving and Serving. By Holme Lee. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1883.

The Young Idea: a Sketch for "Old Boys." By the Author of "Culmshire Folk," "John Orlebar," &c. 1 vol. London: Remington & Co. 1884.

full with him, to their great delight. His boundless curiosity and his sage comments on all that he sees and hears are sufficiently diverting, though the effect is somewhat marred by the author's unequal rendering of the language of his hero. The poulterer's boy appears to vary between the ages of four and eight; but this does not prevent the story from being racy and characteristic in many of its incidents.

MENTAL EVOLUTION IN ANIMALS.*

"THERE is, without question, some enormous distinction between the psychology of man and that of the lower animals, and hereafter I shall have to consider at much length what that distinction is." So writes Mr. Romanes at the end of the chapter on "Reason" in his *Mental Evolution in Animals*. The remark proves, of course, that we are only to regard this very interesting volume as a step in a series, a chapter of what is to be "continued in our next." Mr. Romanes, as he remarks in his preface, had intended to "devote the present essay to mental evolution in man, as well as in the animals." But he found that his materials were too abundant for a single volume, and he wisely avoided producing one of those dropsical and swollen "bookseller's books" which make modern literature a weariness and require a solid scaffolding for their accommodation.

Mr. Romanes's subject is already quite sufficiently ample. Within the space of a review it is impossible to follow closely and minutely an argument which reposes on the general hypothesis of evolution, and which traces the increasing development of consciousness and mental faculty as exhibited in correspondence with increasing complexity of physical structure. Mr. Romanes has provided the student with an elaborate map or chart, or genealogical tree, displaying the territories or illustrating the pedigree of Mind. Without this tree, and without constant comparison between the tree and the text, it is practically impossible to do justice to Mr. Romanes's system. We shall endeavour, however, by aid of the sketch, to give a general notion of what Mr. Romanes believes; while the rest of this review must be devoted to a more popular topic—examples of instinct and reason among the animals. Mr. Romanes's mental tree, then, grows out of a soil of Excitability in the brain and nervous system. Two stout branches, or rather roots, "discrimination" and "conductility," meet in a straight stem, of which the lower part is named "neurility," and soars into "reflex action" and "volition." This stem, with all its branches, is crossed by straight lines, which lead the eye to the organisms, or animals, that are on a level with this or that stage of mental development. For example, on a level with the basis or roots of all, excitability, are protoplasmic movements. On a level with "neurility" are "unknown animals, perhaps extinct"—a very interesting theme to the speculative mind; there is so much room for pleasing conjecture in the conception of animals which probably do not exist, and certainly are not known. Immediately above "neurility," the stem of potential mind sends out a short sturdy bough, "sensation." On a level with "sensation," in an ascending scale, are cœlenterata, echinodermata, and molluscs, all of which are conscious. But from sensation spring two branches, which expand into a number of twigs. The first is "perception," and the animals which, in an ascending scale, possess perception are molluscs, insects and spiders, fish and frogs, higher crustacea, reptiles, birds, carnivora, monkeys and elephants, lastly, anthropoid apes and dogs. These creatures gradually swarm up to the branches of the mental tree; so that insects and spiders have a share of imagination, the higher crustacea are not without reason, reptiles recognize persons, birds are capable of dreaming (a parrot is rightly reported to have talked in his sleep, and a canary was a martyr to nightmare), while monkeys and elephants understand the use of tools, and anthropoid apes and dogs represent creatures with "indefinite morality." While these are examples of the climbing processes of intellect, the opposite side of the chart illustrates the evolution of the emotions. These ascend gradually, from surprise and fear in very simple and lowly organisms, to shame, remorse, deceitfulness, and a sense of the ludicrous in the highest animals. On what may be called the political side, the tree throws out the branch of "the preservation of species," which again produces a "social" branch, and above the line where apes and dogs are found "in airy climb," becomes "partly human, human, savage, civilized." Corresponding to these topmost twigs are the faculties which man possesses and the beasts lack, "Reflection" and "Self-conscious Thought."

The skeleton of an arrangement or argument thus provided is clothed, as it were, and animated by the early chapters on "Nerve-tissue," the physical basis of Mind, the working of nervous centres, and so forth. Consciousness, sensation, perception, are then examined, and we reach the chapter on Imagination, with its curious examples of dreaming in birds and of delusions in animals. Here the popular interest in the book may be said to begin; after this anecdotes are frequent. Here we may pause for a moment to say Happy physical science! Mr. Romanes is allowed to bring evidence from all quarters, and from observers of every age, as to the manners and habits of birds, beasts, and fishes that swim in the sea. But when the anthropologist brings the same sort of evidence to illustrate the manners and habits of men, then outlaughs the stern "scholar," and says, "Arrest me that agency," as in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. According to the "scholar," no evidence about the manners of men in different stages of civilization is admissible unless it is the evidence of trained philologists and etymologists. The student of natural history knows no such limitations, and may quote the "journals and books of travel" so much disdained by the scholar.

Mr. Romanes, illustrating "imagination" in the animals, quotes various cases of delusion in beasts. Mad dogs have "the horrors," and appear to suffer from hallucinations like those of *delirium tremens*. An instance is given of a perfectly sane Scotch terrier, whose hair stood up on end in dread of some visionary foe. The spirited proprietor of this animal does not appear to have belonged to the Psychical Society, or he would merely have observed, about the terrier, "*She* sees a ghost I cannot see." The toothless mastiff bitch of Sir Leoline (the baron rich) is a case in point. When she gave sixteen howls, not over loud, "some say she saw my lady's shroud." It is rather curious that, when dealing with the delusion of animals, Mr. Romanes did not allude to the widespread belief that dogs can see supernatural visions sometimes denied to men. In Homer the dogs see Athene when her presence is hidden from Telemachus, and, instead of barking, they sneak away with low whines. We happen to have met lately with a case of a superstitious dog, a very beautiful collie. This animal was sleeping in the room of his mistress, in a house popularly held to be haunted. A tremendous noise, as of a dozen *Poltergeists* bear-fighting, broke out in the room beneath that in which the dog was lying. He displayed the most abject terror, and next day refused to enter the room whence the clamour had arisen. The cause of the riot was never discovered, but its cause is neither here nor there. The fact remains that the noise filled the dog with a superstitious dread from which it took him some time to recover. The belief in the howling of dogs before a death occurs in a non-Aryan race in India, where it is explained by a curious myth about the creation of man. From delusions in dogs Mr. Romanes passes, by a natural transition, to the germs of religion in animals. Mr. Herbert Spencer says, in a curiously dubious way, "I believe M. Comte expressed the opinion that fetichistic conceptions are formed by the higher animals." Surely it is not so difficult to find out for certain whether or not Comte expressed this opinion. The topic is confused by the irritating abundance of false senses which are given to the word fetich. Originally Portuguese, fetich means no more than a charm, amulet, or other object to which a magical quality is attached. Stones, feathers, birds' claws, shells, and bits of trash in general, are hoarded by the fetichistic savage, just as French gambiers keep their *cochons d'or* and their bit of rope wherewith a man has been hanged, and (of late) their little golden owls. This fetichism, pure and simple, is not practised by the animals. Comte probably meant that animals, like savages, invest many inanimate objects with a fancied life. On this topic a very curious and rather absurd book (*Myth and Science*) by M. Vignoli may be consulted. M. Vignoli derives the "personalism," "animism," or whatever we are to call it, of the savage from the instinctive animism of the lower creation. But Mr. Romanes's own experiments prove that beasts do not seriously fancy inanimate things to be endowed with life, unless the objects are made to behave in such a manner that the hypothesis of their animation is forced upon the four-footed observer. Before leaving the religion of animals, may we refer Mr. Romanes to a curious old work which proves that animals are orthodox Christians? The English translation, from the Lille edition of 1672, is called "The School of the Eucharist. Established upon the Miraculous Respects and Acknowledgements, which *Beasts*, *Birds*, and *Insects* upon several occasions have rendered," &c. Then we read, "A Spider avenges an affront done to the H. Sacrament." "Hinds come to Mass on a H. Martyr's day, and make an Offering of a young Cheverel." "Ducks are present at Mass on S. Nicholas Day." The author of this singular compilation from a vast variety of sources was F. Toussaint Bridoul, of the Society of Jesus.

Mr. Romanes for his chapters on Instinct has been fortunate enough to use Mr. Darwin's notes, and an old essay of Mr. Darwin's, hitherto unpublished, is printed at the end of the volume. Mr. Romanes's definition of Instinct may be quoted from his previous work, *Animal Intelligence*:—

> Instinct is reflex action into which there is imported the element of consciousness. The term is therefore a generic one, comprising all those faculties of mind which are concerned in conscious and adaptive action, antecedent to individual experience, without necessary knowledge of the relation between means employed and ends attained, but similarly performed under similar and frequently recurring circumstances by all the individuals of the same species.

Mr. Romanes examines perfect and imperfect instincts. The former sort exactly meets the circumstances in the life of an animal which it exists to meet; the latter induces lemmings to venture on maritime enterprise which they are wholly unfitted to accomplish successfully. In imperfect instincts the animals make errors. The flesh fly deposits its eggs on the flowers of the carrion plant. Honey-seeking insects attempt to derive nutriment from the gaudy salmon-flies on Professor Moseley's hat. Swallows have often been caught with the trout-fly when the angler was making his cast. Trout (occasionally) have also paid this tribute to an imperfect instinct. But in these cases they may be excused, for false flies are offered to them, and the same with intent to deceive. Bees attempt to suck honey from the blossoms of wall-

* *Mental Evolution in Animals*. By George John Romanes, M.A., L.L.D., F.R.S. With a Posthumous Essay on Instinct by Charles Darwin. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

papers; we are sure they would not make the experiment on any flowers of Mr. Morris's patterns. A change of instinct in animals may be caused, and "Aristotle tells us of a cock that performed all the duties of a hen." Mr. Gilbert tells us of an "accomplished hen" that performed the crowing duties expected of a cock. But the oddest of all perversions of instinct is quoted (apparently as an example of erotomania) by Mr. Romanes from an anonymous lady:—

"A white fantail pigeon lived with his family in a pigeon-house in our stable-yard. He and his wife had been brought originally from Sussex, and had lived, respected and admired, to see their children of the third generation, when he suddenly became the victim of the infatuation I am about to describe. . . .

No eccentricity whatever was remarked in his conduct until one day I chanced to pick up somewhere in the garden a ginger-beer bottle of the ordinary brown stone description. I flung it into the yard, where it fell immediately below the pigeon-house. That instant down flew pater-familias, and to my no small astonishment commenced a series of genuflexions, evidently doing homage to the bottle. He strutted round and round it, bowing and scraping and cooing and performing the most ludicrous antics I ever beheld on the part of an enamoured pigeon. . . . Nor did he cease these performances until we removed the bottle; and, which proved that this singular aberration of instinct had become a fixed delusion, whenever the bottle was thrown or placed in the yard—no matter whether it lay horizontally or was placed upright—the same ridiculous scene was enacted; at that moment the pigeon came flying down with quite as great alacrity as when his peas were thrown out for his dinner, to continue his antics as long as the bottle remained there. Sometimes this would go on for hours, the other members of his family treating his movements with the most contemptuous indifference, and taking no notice whatever of the bottle. At last it became the regular amusement with which we entertained our visitors to see this erratic pigeon making love to the interesting object of his affections, and it was an entertainment which never failed, throughout that summer at least. Before next summer came round he was no more.

This pigeon really behaved more or less like a fetichist, and many a savage would worship a stone bottle from which the spirit had departed.

Mr. Romanes next elucidates the origin of instinct in "survival of the fittest," and in "the lapsing of intelligence." The animals which kept on doing useful things unintelligently survived. Again, useful actions originally done with intelligence become hereditary and automatic. It would be interesting to see how either origin accounts for the extraordinary dodge by which the mason wasps provide fresh food for their unborn offspring. On the point of the supposed inverse ratio of instinct and reason in man, and of intelligence and instinct in ants and bees, Mr. Romanes breaks a lance with Mr. Mivart, and unseats, we think, that champion of orthodoxy. Mr. Romanes concludes that the animals have their share of reason. Who can deny it to an ape which steadily persevered with a bunch of keys till he found the key that opened the door?

Mr. Romanes's book is remarkable for its clearness of method, its cogency of arguments, for abundance of interesting evidence, and for exactness and lucidity of definition. That the metaphysicians will find many points on which to combat him we need scarcely say. Interesting as his book is, we look forward with still greater interest to the promised sequel, over which we expect a metaphysical, theological, and general battle of Armageddon.

REGENERATION OF INDIA.*

IN one sense this little work may be termed an indigenous product. The author is a Mahratta Brahman. The book is printed at a native press, the *Dhyan Mittra*, which means "the friend of religious meditation." It can be bought in Bombay for the sum of eight annas or a shilling. And if the writer looks on his countrymen as the Dewan or Prime Minister of a little native State may be supposed to look on them, he has also imbibed English ideas through his experience as a Vakil or pleader, of the High Court of Bombay. A pleader, we may state, is a native advocate who is qualified to appear, act, and argue on behalf of his client on the civil and criminal sides of the High Court in its appellate jurisdiction. He can also go on special retainer to any of the subordinate courts in the interior. But he differs from a barrister in his inability to appear and address a judge or jury of the High Court in its original jurisdiction, whether civil or criminal. How long this "anomaly" will be tolerated by some enlightened member of Council, or how soon some impassioned friend of humanity will ask whether these degrading class distinctions are to be maintained, we cannot say. But there is nothing to prevent any native gentleman, Parsi, Mahratta, or Bengali, from coming to England and passing examinations at Lincoln's Inn or the Temple. Indeed, more young natives now study in England for the Bar than compete for the Civil Service. And we must do the author the justice to say that, without crossing the dark water, he has become a proficient in English, and if his style is occasionally ambitious and high-flown, we happily miss that lofty air of patronage and condescension with which orators and writers from the other side of India are wont to lecture Englishmen and Englishwomen on their imperfect or incipient civilization.

Those who wish to gain a clear idea of the articles of faith of a Hindu Theist will find them stated in an appendix of five pages. The Theist is at war with Pantheism, idolatry, and ascetic practices, thus getting rid at once of Shiva and Kali, with all their synonyms, and all the tribes of Gossins, Faquirs, and devotees. He has faith in man's moral nature as originally constituted, and believes it capable of spiritual intercourse with the Divine Being as well as of eternal happiness. The certainty of punishment for evil done and the necessity of repentance, are distinctly recognized. Surrender of selfish passions to the Divine will is one of the highest duties; and that will, acting on human reason, produces wisdom; on the conscience, virtue; and on the affections that kind of love which seeks the good of others. Caste is ignored or pronounced reprehensible or impious. In short, though this confession of faith denies original sin, disbelieves in any one revealed book, whether the Shastra, the Bible, or the Koran, looks on all religion as progressive, and on the world itself as capable of apparently indefinite perfection, there is little that the rigid moralist would disapprove, and much that the Indian statesman might welcome as immeasurably superior to the worship of Durga and the restrictions of caste. But the purpose of the author is not merely to put Theism in a succinct form, or to show that man's regeneration may be accomplished by prayer and intercourse with the Divine Being. He wishes to do something towards the regeneration of India, and here we descend from what the first Lord Ellenborough called the "high sentimental latitudes" to the low ground of practical life. To some of the recommendations any Anglo-Indian will assent. That native houses should be pure; that the Hindu woman should play the part, not of a serf or a chattel, but of a matron and a wife; that natives of position, independence, and high culture should hand down the torch of education to the lower social strata, and should set themselves steadily to counteract the evils of Pantheism and idolatry; is of course all we could desire. It is when we come to the part to be played by Government in regenerating his countrymen that the exhortations of the writer will provoke criticism and discussion amongst the various Anglo-Indian schools of reform. On religious instruction in colleges this Mahratta Brahman evinces a tolerant spirit which might shock advanced members on any English School Board. He would have no doctrine or dogma inculcated by the teacher. But he would allow him to teach natural religion and morality, and he would like to hear scholars singing hymns composed by the Theists of India in the vernacular languages to the praise and glory of God. We fear this gentleman under-estimates the difficulty of reducing natural religion to a precise form of words acceptable to all parties, as well as the danger of rousing intolerance and sectarianism under the guise of religion. We can understand an allotment of an hour to the Bible in the case of Christian scholars, and of the Koran in that of Mahommedans. But who is to make the right selection out of the Hindu Shastras? How are the claims of a Vedic hymn to be reconciled with those of a passage from the Sankhya Sara or the Bhagavat Purana? Who can be certain that an elegant translation of Pope's "Universal Prayer," or the morning hymn of our first parents in Milton, would disarm hostility? Or how is the most accomplished member of Mr. Hunter's Commission on Education to compose "Family Prayers," as suggested, which will not offend the missionary, the Brahman, or the Sudra? For the mode in which elementary education and our duty to the masses are to be reconciled with the maintenance of English schools and colleges, we must wait for the Report of Mr. Hunter and his colleagues; but meanwhile it is satisfactory to find that the author upholds fees and scholarships, and even thinks that the rulers of native States might contribute to the educational funds by founding technical schools or agricultural colleges, and sending promising young men to the "seminaries of Western learning." But whether this vague expression means that they are to take degrees at the Bombay University, or are to go to England, we shall not undertake to say. When we come to the well-worn topic of the development of natural resources, the author expatiates on the rich mines, the fertile soil, the large forests, and the splendid navigable rivers of India. Now we have heard a good deal of this sort of thing before, and for the last quarter of a century English capital and industry have been attracted to India as they certainly were not before the Mutiny. The coal industry has flourished, sunk, and is reviving. Portions of jungle, small in comparison of what remains to be cleared, have been turned into tea-gardens and dotted with bungalows. Cotton has spread, and jute is now a large export. Factories and mills at the Presidencies actually need the restraining and guiding hand of the Legislature. But somehow there are certain projects which English capitalists cannot and ought not to touch, and others which they only handle to burn their fingers. In the power of any English Chamber of Agriculture materially to improve the native methods of cultivation, to change the ryots' ploughs, or to supplant by machinery the ox that treads out the corn, we have a complete disbelief. The State may do something by the establishment of a model farm, and by importations of new seeds and varieties of produce. But minerals have been snares to Companies, and for the last thirty years we are constantly hearing of iron that does not "smelt"; of stone quarries that have to be abandoned; or of some gold Company that must be wound up. When we are reminded that there is British capital which is lying idle or seeking good investment, we are tempted to remark that British capital can be left to find out its best investment, and that those who supplant lumbering country boats by flats and steamers, reclaim the jungle, and people the waste, are not, after all, so very illogical when they insist on certain judicial safeguards and privileges in a country where there are other enemies besides the white-ant and

* *Regeneration of India.* By Gopinath Sadashivji Hâte, Dewan to the State of Palitana, Kathiawar; Pleader, Bombay High Court. Bombay: Printed at the Dhyan Mittra Press by N. W. Ghumre. 1883.

the mosquito, the autumnal fever and the deadly snake. In his proposal to "set free" "a considerable portion of the Government money now absorbed in railways, harbours, and canals," and to devote the same to agricultural banks, well-irrigation, and the diminution of the National Debt, he is chimerical and vague. It is only necessary to remark that a very large portion of the railway system has been constructed by private capital, under a guarantee of interest from the State; that digging wells, though often aided by advances from the Treasury, is an operation essentially part of the business of a Talukdar, or a tenant-proprietor, or a village community; and that a beginning has been made in the establishment of agricultural banks. And when it is contended that the chiefs and native merchants of India ought to have the first option of buying any bank, railway, or canal hitherto constructed and supervised by Government, the simple answer is that the Rajas, Nawabs, and Mahajans have only to combine at this moment, raise the capital, and make the offer. There is no hindrance, legislative or executive, to the formation of any Company or Society in India for the purpose of carrying out any philanthropic, commercial, or social project whatever.

We prefer our reformer when he lectures his countrymen about premature marriages, polygamy, and the long dreary widowhood to which, in spite of the beneficent Acts of the Legislature, a little girl who marries an octogenarian Brahman is inevitably condemned. The tone of the author is here manifestly so earnest that he rises far above the level of the professional spouter who talks and does nothing. But it is for the educated natives themselves to alter the age of marriage and to introduce light and culture into the Zenana, if they cannot entirely break down its partitions. Government is here powerless.

The value of this kind of *brochure* is obviously, not that it shows a short cut to reform, or propounds capital schemes which it would never have occurred to the Financial or the Legal member of the Viceroy's Council to suggest, but that it shows English education to be teaching natives to think for themselves. Perhaps the improvement has not been as rapid as Macaulay anticipated when he pointed out the absurdity of paying natives to learn their own classical languages of Sanskrit or Arabic. But it is gratifying to see a native lawyer giving no encouragement to what Macaulay denounced as "absurd history, absurd metaphysics, absurd physics, absurd theology"; admitting the solid advantages conferred on India by foreign rule, and not always calling on Commissioners and magistrates or to the Hindu Jupiter to help the ancestral bullock cart out of the mud in which it has long stuck. The Regeneration of India—it is characteristic of native style that the article is omitted in the title—may not come for all this gentleman's calling, but there is more subject for thought and congratulation in his eighty pages than in many other bulky and more portentous publications.

THREE NOVELS.*

MRS. OLIPHANT is a novelist for whom we have so much respect that we hope she will forgive our saying that she writes too much to be always very readable. She can hardly draw breath between her books, and she seems often to dash into the regulation three volumes, trusting to the fates and good fortune for a sufficiency of satisfactory matter. We admire the facility with which she can spin gossamer web out of slight and flimsy materials; but at the same time we not unfrequently have cause to regret it. Her *Hester* is a case in point. The story would have made a capital novelette; but we are bound to say that it is a rather wearisome novel. It is a story of trade, with commonplace incidents, with characters that have little novelty or originality; but with one or two very strong situations. Hester herself is the most striking figure in the book, and she would have stood out still more effectively had the interest been concentrated around her. We said that the main idea of the novel is commonplace. We have the familiar private bank which is to be involved in financial troubles, and may probably come to signal grief. "Vernon's" is represented, with some pardonable exaggeration, as the leading house in the home counties, and second only to the Bank of England in local consideration. Nevertheless, "Vernon's" has no branches; and its business, for artistic and dramatic purposes, is conducted entirely in the second-rate town of Redborough. The dominating and directing spirit is a certain Miss Catherine Vernon, who came to the rescue of the family concern in a critical moment. Since then Miss Catherine had kept the reins in her hands till she confided them to a couple of nephews whom she adopted as acting partners. At first sight she seems to be more vigorously drawn than she really is. She is one of those strong-minded women whom we ought to know so well by this time. She is quick and shrewd; she loves to domineer and to do kindnesses; she takes a world that has sadly disappointed her as she has found it, and scarcely looks for gratitude. Yet she has a softer side to her nature, which makes her generously ready to be imposed upon, for she never gives her confidence by halves. But not being in the habit of being crossed, she can be petty in her prejudices and resentments. She delights in being the Lady Bountiful of the gentility of Redborough, and she subsidizes half of her poor relations, establishing them by whole families in something like aristocratic almshouses—a state of things which introduces us to a society of sycophants; for she has succeeded in surrounding herself with knaves and fools and backbiting toadies. For once Mrs. Oliphant is disagreeably cynical in the pictures she presents of the petty meannesses of humanity. Yet she may urge that she takes these unpleasant views of human nature in order to point a moral and adorn her tale. For the heroine is brought in by way of contrast, and nobody can call Hester a time-server. The girl is introduced to us with a happy touch, which shows her a restless, short-frocked maiden of fourteen, rushing about the curious old house which is to become her home, "with eyes like two notes of interrogation, brilliant, flaming, inquiring into everything." On the very first occasion of their meeting she has the misfortune to excite the inveterate antipathy of Mrs. Catherine, in circumstances that should rather have propitiated that lady. Hester stands guardian in the gateway over her sleeping mother, and repulses Miss Catherine from the comfortable house which they owe to the lady's liberality. In developing the story of their mutual relations, from a state of armed aggressiveness to a perfect reconciliation, Mrs. Oliphant has shown much of her accustomed skill. Hester has always been honest, independent, and frankly outspoken; she has more fire and spirit than softness in her disposition; but of course, being clever and handsome, she is to be the victim of love in the end. She has been drawn into something like a sincere attachment to the favourite nephew of Miss Catherine. The elderly lady has implicitly trusted the young man, who, having been a heartless hypocrite all along, has turned out an actual criminal. There is something touching in the affectionate readiness of the stern and suspicious Miss Catherine to be gulled. She loves her adopted son more and more, though she cannot help watching him with growing uneasiness. She fears to be disillusioned and shrinks from it; but the shock she has dreaded comes at last in the shape of a scandal that is conclusive as to his character. He has brought her cherished bank to the verge of ruin, and fled from the consequences of his criminal conduct. Then comes one of the most striking of those scenes to which we have alluded, where Hester and Miss Catherine are brought into the closest contact. Slowly the prepossessions of the older woman yield, as she acknowledges that the girl she disliked is worthy of her warmest affection. And when they come to explanations, the unappreciated Hester confesses, very suggestively, that she had always both loved and hated Miss Catherine. So far, that supplies the key to a character which is chiefly made up of contradictions. As to the *dénouement* of the novel, it strikes us as unsatisfactory in the extreme; and we imagine that Mrs. Oliphant, being weary of the work she had prolonged, brought it abruptly to an end at the last in a burst of natural impatience.

We know not how it is, but we find that North-country novels, from those of the Brontes and Mrs. Gaskell downwards, are generally fresh and invigorating. Possibly the reason may partly be that the writers must be exceptionally well acquainted with what they describe, otherwise they dare not venture on the difficulties of the Northern dialects. But in *Robert Reid* there is decidedly something more than mere familiar acquaintance with people and things. The author holds her characters well in hand throughout, and has the knack of going straight to her points. She has the gift, too, of conceiving dramatic circumstances and contrasts which give so hopeful a promise of exciting scenes that interest is awakened from the first. We may add that the promise is fairly redeemed; but the mere pleasures of anticipation in themselves are much. The dramatic contrasts begin in the very first pages of the opening chapter; and, as we might have expected from a title so blunt as *Robert Reid*, there is very little beating about the bush. Mr. Robert Reid is seen walking up the ill-kept approach which leads to a stately but dilapidated country mansion. Within doors he presents himself to a couple of pretty nieces, who have been left orphans by the death of a disreputable parent. The elder daughter of the dead baronet is beggared, the second happens to have a moderate fortune; but both are in want of a guardian and a home. They give Robert Reid a doubtful welcome. It is true he is their mother's brother; but he has made himself, and raised himself from being a small shopkeeper to the position of a wealthy cotton-spinner. But Robert is one of nature's genuine gentlemen, as the elder of his nieces is quick to discover. As for the second girl, we see at once that she is selfish and volatile, and predestined to trouble. Their new life under the roof of the rich manufacturer's in the Northern town is very cleverly drawn. It is enlivened besides by sketches of characters which are eccentric, perhaps even exaggerated, but by no means incredible. In fact, we may describe the novel as made up of melodramatic comedies and tragedies in the routine of every-day life. Thus the girls, coming home through their uncle's beautiful grounds, see an old man sitting on a garden-bench. They take him very naturally for an intrusive beggar; but, forgiving his freedoms in consideration of his years, the younger Miss Wynter presents him with a sixpence. He chuckles, introduces himself, but insists upon pocketing the coin. In reality, the venerable man is Mr. Reid's father and a notorious miser; and although his morals as well as his manners leave much to desire, and shock his daughter's sense of propriety, he sits down to the well-spread dinner-table with the Baronet's long-descended daughters. Old Mr. Slater dies, worth nearly one hundred thousand pounds, and never has he shown his eccentricities more decidedly than in the will, which scatters a little shower of bombshells among the company assembled to listen to

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* *Hester: a Story of Contemporary Life.* By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

Robert Reid. By Alice O'Hanlon, Author of "A Costly Heritage" &c. London: Tinsley. 1883.

Winifred Power. London: Bentley & Sons. 1883.

it. While the venerable gentleman in his life and death is put forward as a type of rather grim comedy, there is much tragedy in the fate of his favourite grandson, who involves the younger Miss Wynter in his shameful crimes and their retribution. That ingenuous young man, "beautiful as the Sun-god," runs the gauntlet of a series of hairbreadth escapes from being arraigned at the bars of criminal tribunals for offences ranging from petty larceny to murder. He incidentally pushes a companion into the clutches of the revolving mill machinery; and his victim, though saved at the moment, ultimately dies of the shock. And yet each offence, with the combination of accidents that spare him its consequences, is credible enough in itself, and sometimes even probable. Old Slater and young Mr. Clifford Lang supply much of the fun, with most of the sensation. But we should give a very unfair impression of *Robert Reid* if we said nothing of the many virtuous characters. Robert himself is an admirable representative of the best class of self-made business men whose sympathies with the poor make them practical philanthropists; his warm-hearted little wife, who was always in the humble dwellings of the mill-hands, is in all respects the opposite of her miserly father; and, by way of make-weight to the base and unscrupulous Clifford Lang, we have a doctor who is the heroic embodiment of simple and straightforward manhood.

We praised the author of *Robert Reid* for going straight to her points; she simplifies the plot and concentrates the action. We are at once predisposed in favour of a novel of the kind, because it saves us all unnecessary trouble. We are in the full swing of the story at once; we may go on with it if we like it, or we may leave it alone. *Winifred Power*, on the other hand, is one of the books which repel by pretensions or assumptions which may perhaps be unconscious. But the anonymous writer seems to take it for granted that we are ready to give any amount of thought to his lucubrations. He exacts our closest attention, and lays an unconscionable strain on the memory. *Winifred Power* begins with a prologue, in which we are presented to a brother and sister with a poor relative and *protégée*, to when they behave abominably. Twenty-five years are supposed to elapse, when we meet Miss Winifred, who is their niece, as a marriageable young woman. The brother and sister have been married themselves once or twice, and many other marriages have been made in the family in the meantime. Husbands have died; widows have sought consolation in second nuptials; and all these good people have been increasing and multiplying. Consequently the ramifications of their intricate relationships are become endless; and all these ramifications we are expected to master if we are to follow the story with a fair understanding. So our readers may probably be curious to know whether we consider the game to be worth the candle; and we are afraid we must answer the question in the negative. Winifred is a pretty girl and a sweet girl, and that is nearly all we can say in her favour. She is united ultimately to an honest and unattractive man; nor need any one expect much sentiment in their love-making, as they are cousins who are kept a good deal apart and very generally have the English Channel between them; while almost all the other people are contradictory incarnations of vices, frailties, and follies, except one worthy but weak old woman who has gone mad under the aggravation of a terrible wrong. The most prominent among the men is a solemn impostor, whose smooth hypocrisy is singularly nauseous; the most entertaining character is a cynical scamp, who never troubles himself to be hypocritical or to carry a mask unless it chances to serve some immediate purpose. And, though we are very indifferent as to what may happen to any one of them, we are rather sorry that some do not get their deserts.

SOME LEGAL LITERATURE.*

IT is recorded that the present Lord Chief Justice once said of an eminent person, a crisis in whose career had given his admirers an opportunity for lavish, though not unmerited, eulogy, "I think —— has been praised enough." In reading Mr. Peter's preface to his *Analysis and Digest of the Decisions of Sir George Jessel* we feel tempted to exclaim that the late Master of the Rolls has been praised enough. We do not say too much, but enough. Mr. Peter being (quite properly) of opinion that the act of publishing this book is one for which excuses ought, if possible, to be made, excuses it, firstly, by enumerating nine transcendent merits in Sir George Jessel which render him a peculiarly fit subject for the analysis and digestion of Mr. Peter. Secondly, by quoting the testimony of four distinguished lawyers, and generally of "the writer of any modern legal treatise," to Sir George's unquestioned judicial eminence. Having thus excused the production of his book, Mr. Peter apologizes for its imperfections. "The writer has had to prepare the work amidst his other professional duties; entirely unaided, even in the revising; in a remote part of the country, and with only his own law library." He modestly adds, "Attention to the Addenda, &c., will be desirable," and in this he is quite right. There are twenty-five Addenda, &c., or rather over five per cent. of the number of pages in the book, and there might have been more with advantage. We propose to give our reasons for thinking that Mr. Peter's preface does not err on the side of false modesty.

We are somewhat at a loss to decide whether the book is intended as a manual for the use of practitioners, or as a treatise for the edification of students, or simply as a literary monument to the memory of the great judge whose name it bears. "Analysis and Digest" seems to indicate practical usefulness; but this is neither an analysis nor a digest. If it were an analysis, the decisions would be analysed—that is, the principles from which they were deduced, and the rules which they established, would be pointed out, and some estimate of their effects or value would be suggested. If it were a digest, some kind of arrangement would be attempted, cognate matters would be collated, and the body of law owing its existence to Sir George Jessel would be presented in a shape more or less convenient for purposes of reference or instruction. Here there is nothing of the sort. Mr. Peter has adopted the straightforward method of going steadily through his *Law Journal Reports* with his scissors, paste, and pen, stopping whenever he saw "Jessel M.R." at the head of a reported judgment, and transferring to his own pages either the marginal note or a bit of it, except when, as has pretty often been the case, he has seen fit to paraphrase it in his own very much less satisfactory language. The unimportant judgments are recorded in a manner of which we shall presently give a specimen or two; the important ones have in a few cases as much as two pages of loosely written matter allotted to them. As the notices of a number of cases which may be roughly estimated at about 750 have to be got into 497 pages, one could hardly expect more. It is obvious that for all purposes of use in practice the book contains nothing which cannot be found much more readily, and, we may add, much better stated, in the ordinary digests of reports, arranged according to subject-matter, and properly indexed. The practising lawyer may therefore rest assured that Mr. Peter's book will be of little use to him, and we have next to consider the matter from the point of view of the student. With all possible respect to the late Master of the Rolls, it can hardly be contended that his judgments were so directly inspired as to form a class quite by themselves, of greater authority than those of any other judges. Setting this aside, however, Mr. Peter's record is so destitute of anything in the nature of commentary or exposition of legal principles that the only use to which the laborious student could put it would be to learn it by heart; and, while he was about it, he would do much better to go straight to Mr. Peter's sources, and learn the marginal notes in the *Law Journal Reports*. By the exhaustive process it seems to follow that the book is merely a testimony, or monument, to its hero's greatness, and in that light we will attempt to estimate its value.

About three-quarters of the cases recorded are so trivial in themselves, or mentioned in so succinct a manner, as not to convey to the reader the smallest trace of Sir George Jessel's personality, if indeed they still contain any of his words. Here, for instance, are two, which we give in full, just as Mr. Peter points them:—

BROWN *v.* RYE.

[43 L. J. R., Ch. 228; L. R. 17 Eq. 343.]

A plaintiff suing in Chancery (or Chancery Division) for a sum within the County Court limit of jurisdiction in equity, will have his full costs as allowed in such Chancery Division. [This was also decided in *Richards* v. *Wicks*, Register of Judgments "(1868) R. 123;" in *Grandin* v. *Haines* L. R. Weekly Notes, 1873, p. 12; and before Lords Justices, Weekly Notes, 1873, p. 92.

STEWARD *v.* NURSE.

[43 L. J. R., Ch. 384.]

In order to ascertain whether the costs of an administration suit are to be taxed on the higher or lower scale, the value of the estate at the time of the testator's death is the test.

These facts are useful to know at appropriate times and places, but the fact that Mr. Peter has abridged in these words the very brief notes which the *Law Journal* reporter wrote for purposes of indexing and reference at the head of his reports confers no fresh lustre on the name of Jessel. Triviality is not the only fault we have to find with these inelegant extracts; they are also obscure. To how many lawyers, unacquainted with the case of Hoskins *v.* Holland, will the following record, which is all that Mr. Peter thinks it worth while to print on the subject, convey any meaning whatever?

The fact that a person is only an assignee in equity of a legal demand is no ground for saying that the forum should be a Court of Equity [or now the Chancery Division].

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* *Analysis and Digest of the Decisions of Sir George Jessel, late Master of the Rolls.* By Apsley Petre Peter, Solicitor, Law Society Prizeman. London: Stevens & Sons. 1883.

The New Law of Bankruptcy. By A. B. Bence-Jones, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Griffith & Farran. 1883.

The Bankruptcy Act—1883. By George G. Gray, LL.D. (Lond.), of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1883.

The Agricultural Holdings (England) Act, 1883. By W. Russell Griffiths, LL.B., of the Midland Circuit. London: Stevens & Sons. 1883.

The Patents, Designs, and Trade Marks Act, 1883. By James Johnson, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, and J. Henry Johnson, Assoc. Inst. C.E., Solicitor and Patent Agent, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Glasgow. London: Longmans & Co. 1883.

An Analytical Index and Digest of the Supreme Court of Judicature Acts and Rules. By Frank R. Parker, Solicitor. London: Clowes & Sons. 1883.

A Concise Treatise on the Practice and Procedure in Chancery Actions under the Rules of the Supreme Court, 1883. By Sidney Peel, of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Third Edition. London: Stevens & Sons. 1883.

The Practice in Winding-up Companies, with Forms for use in Winding-up, and Precedents in Bills of Costs. By Alfred Emden, of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Clowes & Sons. 1883.

The Solicitor's Diary, Almanac, and Legal Directory, 1884. London: Waterlow & Sons.

Yet, upon reading in the Reports the marginal note of which the above is a clumsy abbreviation, we find that it is not only intelligible, but moderately clear. Another point, which seems to establish the literary-monument view of the book, is that three or four decisions are given which are stated to have been reversed on appeal. In one instance the author states the reversal to have "only been by L. JJ. James and Cotton"; but he is not justly open to the same reproach as that Sir Ingoldsby Bray who "said he was ONLY (!!!) a barefooted friar"; for it turns out that the word is meant to refer to the dissent of Lord Justice Lush. In another instance (Fowkes *v.* Pascoe, p. 57) Mr. Peter manages to leave the reader in doubt whether the judgment of which he gives the substance (or professes to give it) is the judgment which was reversed, or, as in fact it is, the judgment reversing it. Occasional excursions are made into the perilous paths of the *oratio directa*; but, as the author disdains the aid of inverted commas or other tokens of what he is doing, confusion of persons sometimes ensues. We abstain from specifying a grave fault in the Table of Cases only because we wish to save Mr. Peter the trouble of improving what no one is likely ever to use; but we will make him a present of a suggestion. If, when he publishes another edition, he omits all the letterpress except the preface, the names of the cases, and the references to the reports, he will save a good deal of expense in printing, and the monument to the Master of the Rolls will occupy just as much space on the shelf. The preface, too, can hardly keep its opening sentence:—"No eulogy which has been assigned to the late Sir George Jessel is undeserved." This was probably true when it was written; but, if the publication of this work is such a eulogy, we will never believe that Sir George Jessel did anything to deserve it.

The unusual legislative fertility, in and out of Parliament, of the present year, supplies us with a little heap of new text-books, of all shapes, sizes, and colours. Four of these expound statutes of great importance passed during the recent Session—two treating of the Bankruptcy Act, one of the Agricultural Holdings Act, and one of the Patents and Designs Act.

Mr. A. B. Bence-Jones prints the Bankruptcy Act, with an introduction, and occasional notes to many of its sections, in which he gives references to other enactments, and makes comments and suggestions, some of them founded on the debates in the Grand Committee, which ought to prove serviceable. He is not sanguine about the prospects of the Act, being of opinion that "State interference, even on the ground of purifying national morality, is not likely to be popular in England; and a law which is not popular is not likely to be long unrepealed." Elsewhere in the introduction he insists with some emphasis that the Act is the first great example of the new Radical method of State control over everything. He seems disposed to forget that the whole law of bankruptcy is a piece of State interference, and consists in taking away from creditors what would otherwise be their legal rights. His book is cheap, portable, and pretty. Mr. G. G. Gray's work on the same subject is of a more sternly legal aspect, and though he gives the history of the law and the principles of the present Act in his introduction, in the manner customary in such works, he does not venture further afield into political generalities than to pay Mr. Chamberlain a compliment upon the "able and conciliatory manner" in which he conducted the Bill through the Grand Committee, and to say that all depends upon the way in which the official receivers are appointed, and do their work. He swells his volume to a respectable size by adding to the text of the Act an Analysis, which appears to us to be ingeniously constructed, though it is nearly as long as the Act itself, and requires, or at least has, an "Explication of Analysis," on a separate page. Both these books are necessarily incomplete, pending the publication of the New Bankruptcy Rules. Mr. Bence-Jones's book also contains the text of the Debtor's Act, 1869.

Mr. Russell Griffiths, after introducing his reader to his subject by a disquisition mostly about drainage, dung, and the other joys of the farm, gives a brief and well-arranged summary of the Agricultural Holdings Act, followed by the text of the Act itself, and a number of forms of notices, agreements, and the like, under the Act, which ought to prove useful. The book is very free from legal obscurity, and the distinction between those improvements which introduce greater fertility into the land, and are therefore compensated on the basis of value to the incoming tenant, and those which only stimulate existing fertility, and are therefore compensated on the basis of outlay, is well brought out.

Mr. James Johnson and Mr. J. Henry Johnson, the distinguished authors of *The Patentees' Manual*, a work whose excellence should commend their present publication to the public, have published an edition of the *Patents, Designs, and Trade Marks Act*, without waiting for the New Rules which the Board of Trade are empowered to make, and without which an account of the working of the law is necessarily incomplete. They promise another edition when the Rules are published. The alterations in the law are compendiously stated in the introduction, and as the rest of the book consists entirely of the text of the Act, its merits or otherwise are purely physical. On this head we have nothing but praise for it. It is most convenient in size and shape, and the printing is excellent.

The enactment of the New Rules of Procedure necessitates a second edition of Mr. Parker's ingenious arrangement of them in the form of an index. The index is preceded by three carefully constructed tables, showing respectively what are the sources from which the New Rules are taken, how each of the preceding set of Rules has been dealt with, and which of the present Rules are wholly new. The whole make up a volume of considerable size, but one which ought to prove highly convenient in practice.

To the same event we owe a third edition of Mr. Sidney Peel's book on Chancery Practice. The procedure in actions in the Chancery Division is traced in forty-nine brief and sufficiently clear chapters, with copious marginal references, and a few of the forms of indorsement of writs, pleadings, and notices, appropriate to the Chancery Division, are reproduced from the New Rules. While Mr. Peel was about it he would have increased the utility of his book by giving more of these.

Mr. Emden's book on Winding-up Companies seems likely to be useful. The subject is a special one, and the bulk of the book shows how large a body of law has been produced by the modern development of this class of enterprise. The book contains a large collection of forms, and the text of the Companies' Acts. On the whole, it gives an exhaustive account of the law in a convenient and available form.

None but a most exigent solicitor would require an almanac to convey a vaster mass of heterogeneous information upon all subjects connected with his profession than is supplied by that published, now for the fortieth time, by Messrs. Waterlow. It is a good deal larger than the one annually furnished by Mr. Whittaker to the general public. It contains a calendar, a diary, a monthly cash account, and 608 pages of valuable lists and statistics, beginning with the Post Office Regulations, including a summary of the proceedings in Parliament during the last Session, a digest of the principal Acts passed, full lists of counsel and solicitors, and an infinity of other matter, and ending with the names of the bank at Ystalyfera, its manager, and London agents.

AMOS AND FERARD ON FIXTURES.*

THE index to this work is a curious monument to the industry of its editors. It would be difficult to name any article of ornament or use—from the collar of office of a Chief Justice to the gibbet on which a murderer is hanged, from the elaborate machine in a great manufactory to the water-tub by a cottage door—which does not find a place in it. It does not, indeed, allude to the swaddling clothes or marriage garments which a man has used in his life; but it gives every information about his shroud and coffin and the vault in which he is laid, and even about his ashes if he is cremated, which, it appears, belong to his widow and not to his heir. It is not, however, the fault of the editors that the index contains such a heterogeneous mass; and it is no small credit to them that they have carefully considered the law as applicable to all these different articles. Knowing what new editions of law books usually are, we expected to find all the old errors, obvious misprints, and wrong references retained with religious care, and the new matter introduced with a disregard of arrangement which would be quaint if it were not irritating. It was a pleasant surprise to find that the editors had taken as much pains with the original matter as they would have taken had they been the authors; and that the new matter had been introduced in its right place. We commend their example to some of their profession whose ideas of the duties of an editor are very far to seek. The result of their industry and skill will be to add to the practical value and reputation of a work that has always been regarded as the standard authority upon a most important, though somewhat complicated, branch of the law of landlord and tenant. To the student of the law, or of the history of the law, the work will be especially valuable, since the editors have given accurate references, not merely to the old authorities, but to the laws of France, Scotland, Prussia, Holland, and Italy. One effect, however, of the thoroughness with which the work has been done is not quite so satisfactory, though the fault is on the right side. For practical purposes, the notes are occasionally overburdened with authorities, and the busy practitioner would have been grateful if he had been referred to one or two salient cases in support of the editors' views, instead of having every case bearing on the particular subject noted for him to hunt up.

The practical value of a work that is not a scientific treatise, but rather a species of guide-book to the maze of case and statute law which governs the subject, is but little affected by erroneous theories. Hence this edition will not prove the less useful to the profession because its editors have adopted Mr. Amos's views of the principle underlying the law. It was, perhaps, inevitable that they should adopt them; yet the work is so good in other respects that we regret they did not feel themselves at liberty to reject a theory which we think as erroneous as it is inequitable, and which seems at times to have hampered the editors themselves.

The subject is of sufficient interest to laymen, all of whom are probably landlords or tenants, heirs or devisees, to warrant a passing notice. More especially is it of interest now when denunciation of landlords is passing into open warfare. The first point of attack will be the landlord's rights to fixtures, and it will be the easier if Mr. Amos's theory is taken to be the correct one. The view which he held, and which his editors have adopted somewhat dubiously, is that fixtures—*i.e.* personal chattels affixed to the free-

* *Amos and Ferard on the Law of Fixtures.* Third Edition, revised and adapted to the present state of the law. By Charles Agace Ferard and W. Howland Roberts, Barristers-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

hold by a tenant—become by their very annexation a part of the freehold, and therefore the property of the landlord. This transfer of property depends on the maxim *quidquid plantatur solo, solo cedit*, which Mr. Amos described as a relic of feudalism, "inequitable in its principle, and injurious in its effects to the spirit of improvement." It is, perhaps, strange that Mr. Amos did not see how untenable his theory was, since even he was forced to admit that the exceptions were "of so extensive a nature as almost to have subverted the general rule." The whole current of authority, with one exception, had been in favour of the tenant's right to remove what he had put up; his right at common law was clear, for it was only by the Statute of Gloucester that the landlord had any remedy; his property in them while annexed remained—they could be seized by the sheriff in execution. With the one exception of Lord Ellenborough's celebrated decision in Elwes *v.* Maw, everything pointed to the rule being that the fixtures were the tenant's, subject to an occasional exception in favour of the landlord in certain cases. The authority of Elwes *v.* Maw has been effectually disposed of in a learned note in the appendix, which shows that Lord Ellenborough's view was opposed to that of all his predecessors, and to the Year-books which he mistranslated. Erroneous as the judgment was, it weighed upon judges for half a century, and it is only in late times that the Courts have been gradually returning to the true theory. For this we are chiefly indebted to the profound learning of Lord Blackburn, to whose judgments English law owes as much as it does to those of Lord Mansfield. In future the current of authority will no doubt be in accord with the cases before Lord Ellenborough's unfortunate decision, and the true principle will be acknowledged to be that fixtures are the landlord's when the object of their annexation was the benefit of the property, but the tenant's when he has put them up "pour occuper son occupation," or "pour son plaisure." This rule will get rid of the difficulty of the degree of annexation, which will be put again in its proper place of being evidence, cogent no doubt, but still merely evidence of the tenant's object. If this be, as we think, the true theory, many seeming anomalies will be removed, and English law redeemed from a charge of being grossly unjust. We believe the editors, had they not felt themselves bound by their author's views, would have adopted it as reasonably explaining why the law holds that a man may remove an ornamental mantelpiece firmly fixed to the wall, though he cannot unscrew a window-fastening. Their not having adopted it has not, however, affected the practical value of their work, as they have provided their readers with all the materials for forming a judgment independent of any theories they put forward. The care they have shown in examining the earlier authorities has been equally given to their examination of the more modern cases, and their references appear to be most accurate. We are not sure that the American cases they quote will prove of much assistance, and we must dissent from the view which they seem to have adopted from America as to the effect of a lease being renewed. The references to the civil law are of more value, and the honest endeavour to understand the meaning of the Ecclesiastical Dilapidations Act and the Bills of Sale Act, 1882, is praiseworthy. The summaries they have given in the body of the work of these extraordinary specimens of legislation seem correct; and, on the whole, we agree with their view of the new Agricultural Holdings Act, though perhaps some of their doubts are a little overstrained. A very valuable addition to the book is a summary of the rules relating to various kinds of fixtures. The profession may be congratulated that the task of re-editing a work of great authority has fallen into the hands of such painstaking editors. They have produced an accurate and well-written work on the law of what is, in Mr. Amos's words, "a species of property which in many instances is of very great value, and involves questions of daily occurrence which affect the rights as well of landlord and tenant as of many other classes of individuals in the ordinary relations of society." We hope, when this edition is exhausted, its editors will give us a work of their own on the subject, and will have the courage to adopt the opinion they suggest to the reader—"that the decision in Elwes *v.* Maw drew, for the first time, an unnecessary distinction" between trade and other fixtures.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR S. M. DEUTSCH examines the character of Abelard's theology (1), and the influence exerted by it. The former he considers semi-rationalistic in effect, but not in Abelard's conscious intention, the latter as small. The fact is accounted for partly by Abelard's want of system, partly by the pains taken to suppress his works, attested by the paucity of MSS. The work consists of a general introduction treating of the general state of dogmatic theology at the beginning of the twelfth century, of a review of Abelard's life and writings, of a general introduction to his philosophical system, and of the application of his principles to theology, under the heads of the Trinity, Christology, the Doctrine of Sin, and the Doctrine of Redemption.

Dr. Schliemann's new work on his Trojan discoveries (2) has already received so much notice in various quarters that we need here only chronicle the appearance of the German edition, with the remark that Dr. Schliemann and the more candid among his critics seem to have at length arrived at a satisfactory *modus vivendi*.

A word of recognition must also be accorded to a new and greatly improved edition of a standard work, Overbeck's Pompeii (3), with illustrations by Mau. The course of discovery has been attentively followed, and text and plates together offer a living and breathing representation of the familiar life of the ancients.

Friedrich Kluge's etymological dictionary of the German language (4) is a highly meritorious work, distinguished by the clearness and conciseness of its definitions and the copiousness of its illustrations from allied languages and dialects, especially of the Germanic family. English and Anglo-Saxon are especially drawn upon. Scientific compounds and recent importations from the classical languages are very properly omitted; but almost all really important words in common use are to be found. The work is calculated to be most useful to the English as well as to the German student. One rare quality of the author is his sobriety of judgment; he is continually discarding the most tempting etymologies, and refusing to trace the history of words beyond the point up to which it is reasonably certain.

Herr Ehrlich's treatise on the art of living with restraint and decorum (5) is a sensible, well-written book, somewhat too solid for an English taste, but well adapted to the demands of a public that loves to exhaust a question. The subject itself, indeed, is hardly one on which much difference is likely to prevail among cultivated men, and the interest of the book consists less in the author's ethics than in the undesigned illustration of national characteristics. It is pleasing to note the substantial identity of the rules of civilization everywhere, and Germans, English, French, and Americans arriving by different paths at substantially the same result. English writers are quoted with much respect, and justice is done to the strong points of our social and educational systems.

The shores of the Gulf of Genoa are certainly one of the most delightful regions of Europe, and in Count Adelmann (6) they have found one of the most easily pleased and exuberantly happy of Continental tourists. It might be easy to find more observant, graphic, or instructive travellers; not so easy to meet with a companion so agreeable from the mere contagiousness of genial enjoyment. In truth, the writer's appreciation of the beauties of the Riviera is so cordial that the reality might almost prove disappointing; and his book is therefore less to be recommended to intending visitors than to returned tourists wishful to revive pleasant recollections.

August Trefort (7) is a Hungarian savant and statesman who publishes a small volume of miscellanies as a memorial to his deceased son. They are therefore hardly objects of criticism. It may truly be said, however, that if but slight in treatment they do credit to the writer's good feeling and good sense. As a member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, it has sometimes fallen to his lot to pronounce eulogiums on deceased foreign members. The elaborate oration on Tocqueville and the slighter one on Macaulay are interesting illustrations of the influence exerted by these great writers in Hungary; while that on Fallmerayer is a real contribution to our knowledge of a remarkable man, one of the chief promoters of the political and intellectual movement of Eastern Europe.

Herr Leopold Katscher (8) has selected as subjects for his biographico-critical essays nine persons, foreign to Germany, as characteristic types of the intellectual currents of the nineteenth century. Four are women and five men; five English, three French, and one a Dane. The studies of the four ladies—George Sand, George Eliot, Currer Bell, and Harriet Martineau—are the fullest and most satisfactory. They show an intelligent and conscientious use of all accessible biographical material, and will contribute to make the English author as well known on the Continent as the world-famous Frenchwoman. The more interesting of the other essays is the one on Buckle, whose biography Herr Katscher has already given to the German public in a compendious form.

It is fifteen years since Dr. Landau first published his essay on the sources of the *Decameron* (9). The present edition is so much enlarged that it is entitled to be accounted a new work. It is a treasury of information, not so much, however, about the *Decameron* as about the Panchatantra, the Seven Wise Masters,

(1) *Peter Abälard, ein kritischer Theologe des zwölften Jahrhunderts.* Von S. M. Deutsch. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Nutt.

(2) *Troja: Ergebnisse meiner neuesten Ausgrabungen.* Von Dr. Heinrich Schliemann. Mit Vorrede von Professor A. H. Sayce. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Kolckmann.

(3) *Pompeji.* Dargestellt von Johannes Overbeck im Vereine mit August Mau. Vierte Auflage. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Kolckmann.

(4) *Etymologisches Wörterbuch der deutschen Sprache.* Von F. Kluge. Strassburg: K. J. Trübner. London: Trübner & Co.

(5) *Lebenskunst und Kunstleben.* Von H. Ehrlich. Berlin: Hofmann. London: Nutt.

(6) *Am ligurischen Meere. Die Naturpracht der Riviera di Ponente.* Von Alfred Graf Adelmann. Stuttgart: Richter & Happler. London: Thimm.

(7) *Reden und Studien.* Von August Trefort. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Kolckmann.

(8) *Charakterbilder aus dem neunzehnten Jahrhundert.* Biographisch-kritische Essais. Von Leopold Katscher. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Die Quellen des Dekameron.* Von Dr. Marcus Landau. Zweite sehr vermehrte und verbesserte Auflage. Stuttgart: Scheible. London: Nutt.

Dolopathos, the story of the three rings, every celebrated legend of which any trace, however small, is to be discovered in Boccaccio. In fact Boccaccio himself is frequently almost invisible amid the opulence of illustration. This luxuriance of detail, however, renders the work very amusing; and it might almost serve as a guide to the intricate ramifications of those popular fictions which have obtained universal currency.

It would be well for France if all "contributions towards the history of her genius and manners" were as pure and innocent as that which Dr. Scheffler is enabled to offer by his study of French popular poetry. The wealth of France in this department is very great, and no literature of the kind can possess greater sweetness and more arch simplicity. It seems surprising that it should be so little known, even with full allowance for the extent to which the literature of the cultivated classes has been formed upon classical models. In Germany, as Dr. Scheffler remarks (10), popular and cultured literature have united to form a national literature. In France their estrangement is almost total, although some great writers like George Sand have occasionally condescended to derive a portion of their inspiration from the manners and ideas of the peasantry. Popular literature is moreover rapidly dying out, and the capacity for either producing or enjoying it seems to have all but departed. MM. Luzel, Villemarqué, Champfleury, Theuriet, and other collectors have done much to rescue what is still extant, and even to retrieve what has been lost; but their exertions have produced no effect on French literature remotely comparable to that achieved by the Percy Ballads in England or "Des Knaben Wunderhorn" in Germany. A well-intended endeavour of Louis Napoleon's Government to form a complete collection of French popular poetry came to nothing; and it is to be feared that Dr. Scheffler, writing in so unpopular a language, will not be able to convince the French what treasures they have at home. Although he is seldom able to present any piece in its entirety, there is enough in his excerpts of fancy, tenderness, pathos, gaiety, and solid good sense to convey a most favourable impression of the people from whom they have emanated. They are not generally distinguished by the highest poetical qualities; their charm consists rather in their perfect fidelity to the facts of nature and of human existence. Thus, for example, the blending in the wedding songs of admonitions on the cares which the bride is about to assume with the felicitations becoming the occasion is touching in its truth and feeling. Dr. Scheffler's first volume is devoted to the songs of common life under the six divisions of happy love, unfortunate love, betrothal and bridal, married life, children and household, and festivals. The second volume will contain military songs, ballads, tales, and proverbs. The writer's method is to take the particular idea or custom illustrated by the poems belonging to its cycle, and further elucidate it by quotations exhibiting the various versions current in different parts of France, in themselves only too brief, but accompanied by a glossary of even superfluous fulness. Two introductory chapters respectively institute a comparison between German and French popular poetry, and discuss the history of the latter and of the principal endeavours to preserve it and make it known.

The history of the Royal Theatre at Hanover (11) presents some curious features. As early as 1581 Henry Julius, Duke of Brunswick, appears as a dramatic poet with the "comedy of *Vincentius Ladislaus, Satrap of Mantua*." A hundred years later, Ernest Augustus, father of George I., causes Italian operas to be represented in a very grandiose style, the mechanist being apparently at least as important as the musician. Among the stage properties is recorded "a griffin's nest." A little later we find Handel the presiding genius, until he forsakes Hanover for England. Later still Lessing's *Emilia Galotti* is performed, and nearly at the same time the theatre is closed altogether, and the Hanoverian public has to make a shift with puppet plays. So it goes on until, in 1866, the King of Prussia is necessitated by political events to take the theatre under his august protection, and the company, after a decent tribute to their old patron, turn dutifully towards the rising sun.

The degree to which the German public is engrossed by material interests is certainly to be lamented, and should any real poets appear in the country, it is probable that they would long experience a disheartening neglect. At the same time the public cannot be reasonably blamed for declining to be worked up into a merely factitious enthusiasm. When Dr. Rogge (12) reproachfully reminds it that fifteen thousand copies of a poem of Victor Hugo's have been sold in one day, he omits to remark that there is some little difference between the poems of Victor Hugo and those of his client Count von Schack. Schack is not to be despised, he has essayed several styles of poetry with credit; but the very specimens selected by his admirer must convince any reader that in original verse he is merely an elegant *dilettante*, whose best point is his mastery of metrical form. The appreciation of this kind of excellence is rightly left to amateurs. Platen is incomparably superior to Schack as a master of form, but the experience of half a century has shown that he never can be popular. In his zeal to prove Count von Schack a distinguished poet, Dr. Rogge passes lightly over his really valuable performances, his excellent history of the Spanish drama, his work on Arab literature in Sicily, and his translation of Firdusi.

"My Repose" (13) seems at first sight a strange title for poems at once so impassioned and so mournful as the majority of those published under this designation by the Queen of Roumania. It appears, however, that the title is derived from her Majesty's country seat, a view of which is prefixed. "Carmen Sylva" possesses abundance of genuine poetical talent; her misfortune is a fatal fluency, evinced in the mere undertaking to write a poem for every day in the year. Could these have been condensed into a poem for every day in the month, the poetical result would not have been inconsiderable. It is surprising that an authoress who has shown herself capable of such point and terseness in her admirable aphorisms should be so little on her guard against diffuseness in lyrical poetry. As a rule, the poems want healthy objectivity even more than concentration; but some are excellent both in form and feeling, as, for instance, the lines on Schopenhauer's misogyny, and the little pieces entitled "Die Sternschnuppe" and "Wenn Frauen scherzen."

The four first published, and the four best, of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* (14) have been admirably rendered by Dr. Carl Weiser, already favourably known as a translator of Shelley. Dr. Weisers' rendering is most accurate, and he deserves especial praise for his skill in reproducing the metrical structure of his original. German lyrical poetry is almost always melodious, German blank verse very seldom; but Dr. Weiser has shown that it is quite possible to make it so.

Spielhagen's last novel (15) is not one of his most important, but is a fairly interesting and attractive story, compounded out of old materials with the dexterity of a practised artist. There is a virtuous hero, somewhat too faultless, who is involved in trouble by the villany of a Greek and an old German—miscreants of too conventional a type—and at last succumbs as a mortal to live as a model. The main action is diversified by a number of minor incidents and personages, most of whom we seem to know already; but the bright style and animated narrative convey an impression of power, and make the book generally entertaining.

"Spring Storms" (16), a tale for young ladies, chiefly told in letters, is prettily sentimental, sound and wholesome at the same time, and well adapted for its public.

The *Deutsche Rundschau* (17) has another of its anonymous and probably officially inspired articles upon German foreign policy, evincing profound satisfaction at the isolation of Russia and France. Austria, it is laid down, must be the protection of the Slavonian nationalities in the Balkan peninsula, a view incompatible with any Russian alliance. It is strangely asserted that the Salisbury-Schouvaloff agreement was brought about by the arrival of a Russian envoy at Cabul, which did not take place for several months afterwards. Julius Rodenberg's pictures of Berlin life are entertaining, and include sketches of Rahel, Chamisso, and other notabilities. Turgeneff's reminiscences, on the other hand, this month fail to interest, as the persons described are little known out of Russia, and the novelist has not depicted them in the lively colours with which he was wont to invest his fictitious personages. C. F. Meyer's novelette of "The Monk's Wedding" is concluded with a powerful, if somewhat fantastic, scene; and Dr. Hirschfeld's narrative of his travels in Asia Minor is also terminated.

The November and December numbers of *Auf der Höhe* (18) contain nothing remarkable except the continuation of Fritz Lemmermeyer's "Alchemist," an historical romance of real power, although the speeches are frequently much too long and savour more of the style of the nineteenth than of the fifteenth century.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE latest work of the author of *Monsieur, Madame et Bébé* has disturbed the minds of Parisian critics. It has been called a bid for the Academy, and has been reviled and wept over as a sad example of the "Lost Leader" kind. That any one should ever have honestly deemed it possible that M. Droz should partake of "la stupidité égalitaire" is only a proof of what the said stupidity can bring itself to. *Tristesses et Sourires* (1), supposed to be the work, in a kind of diary, of an old lady of quality in the country, is for the most part a severe satire on modern politics, modern manners, modern thoughts on religion, and modern ways generally in France. The accusation which has been brought against the author, that in some of his earlier work he was far from tender to follies and weaknesses of a different kind, is obviously absurd. The satirist shoots folly as it flies, and it is not his fault that the folly which flies to-day is

(10) *Die Französische Volksdichtung und Sage.* Ein Beitrag zur Geistes- und Sittengeschichte Frankreichs. Von Wilhelm Scheffler. Bd. I. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Kolckmann.

(11) *Das Königliche Theater zu Hannover.* Von Hermann Müller. Hannover: Helwing. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Adolf Friedrich Graf von Schack. Eine literarische Skizze.* Von Dr. F. W. Rogge. Berlin: Janke. London: Kolckmann.

(13) *Meine Ruh.* Von Carmen Sylva. Berlin: Duncker. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Königsidyllen.* Von Alfred Tennyson. Im Metrum des Originals übertragen von Dr. Carl Weiser. Leipzig: Reclam. London: Kolckmann.

(15) *Uhlenhans. Roman.* Von F. Spielhagen. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Staackmann. London: Nutt.

(16) *Lenzesstürme. Erzählungen für junge Mädchen.* Von Marie Baeg. Stuttgart: Richter & Kappler. London: Thimm.

(17) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 10, Hft. 4. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(18) *Auf der Höhe: internationale Revue.* Herausgegeben von Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. Bd. 9. Hfte. 26, 27. Leipzig: Licht & Meyer. London: Nutt.

(1) *Tristesses et Sourires.* Par Gustave Droz. Paris: Havard.

not the same with that which flew yesterday. The glaring drawbacks of the present *régime* in France could hardly fail to provoke a satirist who, like M. Droz, has always, even in his most skittish moments, been free from the peculiar *canaille* smirch which marks the manners, the literature, the politics of the Third Republic. At the same time, it is fair to remark that the volume is perhaps rather too uniformly didactic, and that the form hardly admits of sufficient excursions into the personal and dramatic. M. Gustave Droz gives personal and dramatic touches with such felicity that one cannot help regretting the comparative paucity of them here. Still, the book is excellently French, and admirably witty in parts; and, when it is compared with the work of younger writers, the proverb about old wine and new is certainly not falsified.

It is a thesis which might be supported by some argument that the French are, on the whole, the youngest people in the world, though in part they are probably the oldest. Coming from this large proposition to a smaller one, it is certain that they are much younger than the English. French caricature and extravaganza, when they are healthy and honest (as they are much more often than superficial readers suppose), have a genuine childishness about them for which in England we must go well behind the nineteenth century. In France here is M. Robida (2) with another book which, whether its readers like it as well as *La tour enchantée* or not, is a very capital book of its kind. The story is, of course, next to nothing. How M. Dumollet (*bourgeois de Paris*) resolved to go to St. Malo some sixty years ago to carry off his bride; how he borrowed a donkey to ride, fearing the dangerous diligence; what manifold troubles this animal got him into, so that at last he was driven to appear with a troop of strollers as "Mokodingo, the Great Cannibal of Africa"; how even after this disaster he tumbled out of the frying-pan into the fire—all this is told amusingly enough, but it is little more than the vehicle of M. Robida's abundant, fantastically coloured, but carefully drawn and very cleverly composed, designs. Both text and illustrations are really laughable, but the critic, if not the general reader, cannot help noticing the character of their laughableness. There is not one iota of satire properly so called, whether political or literary, or social or any other. The extravaganza is a pure extravaganza, without the remotest purpose beyond muscle-moving.

Two volumes on philosophical subjects (3 and 4), neither of which requires a long notice, may here be mentioned to their probable readers. The first, M. Fouillée's ethical critique, is one of those careful and industrious surveys of other men's thoughts which are commoner in all European languages nowadays in the literature of philosophy than contributions of original thought. M. Ferrière's title explains his standpoint, which is that of the extremest materialism; but his book also is rather a compilation and an anthology than a substantive work.

We noticed recently one of the oldest of European periodicals; we may now notice the absolutely youngest, in the shape of the *Revue internationale* (5), which Signor Angelo de Gubernatis has started at Florence in French, with contributors and correspondents everywhere, from Tobolsk to Tangier. M. de Gubernatis made a very fair start at Christmas, with a list of articles including the full text of Mr. Max Muller's Bristol lecture on Rammohun Roy: a paper on Belgian parties, from M. de Laveleye; and a fair collection of miscellaneous papers, not forgetting fiction. His second number, dated the 10th of this month, has a pendant to the Rammohun Roy lecture in the shape of a lecture on Grotius by M. Opzoomer, President of the Amsterdam Academy of Science, and both contain interesting articles on the Italian theatre. We are not quite certain that the inclusion in such a Review of a *chronique politique* is wise. As a bare record of events, it is superfluous; and the moment it attempts to be anything else the international character of it is pretty sure to suffer. Thus early, too, M. de Gubernatis has had a little theological difficulty, which he has explained, but of which he will probably be wise to avoid a repetition.

The appearances of M. Octave Feuillet in print are not very numerous now; so that while we are expecting *La Veuve* it is worth directing readers to some pleasant *scènes dialoguées* of his in the *Revue des deux mondes* (6) for the new year.

We do not know that *Le boul' Mich'* (7) can be recommended *Virginibusque puerisque*, or, to speak less hypocritically, we do know that it cannot. But fortunately it is written in a lingo which remarkably few *pueri* and fewer *virgines* are likely to understand. How many English readers could answer the question "What is a vadrouilleur?" *Le boul' Mich'*, however, is an ambitious book: and, as it is not in the least amusing, it may pretend to be really a "document" in the style of the master—M. de Goncourt—to whom M. Caraguel dedicates it. What it pretends to do is to show what the life led in the successors of the Café Momus of thirty, and the Brasserie des Martyrs of twenty, years ago is like. These resorts lie chiefly in or about the Boulevard St.-Michel—whence the slang title. If anybody chooses to follow the fortunes of Tralala, the "modern" strong man, and Tatave, the "modern" weak one, he will see pass before him an unsavoury, and doubtless an exaggerated, dioramas. But there are reasons for thinking that M. Caraguel is not writing quite out of his own head, and the result certainly "gives to think" as to the advantages of a century of open questions in politics, morals, and religion. Only M. Caraguel has a word of comfort which is rather a double-edged word. "N'est pas Michelin qui veut" it would appear, and the average provincial in his years of student life rarely attains to the full dignity of a vadrouilleur. This, all things considered, as here represented by the historian of vadrouillerie, a noun which we venture to coin, is perhaps just as well for France, if not for Paris. *La faute de la comtesse* (8) is a much more ordinary sort of book, telling the old story of a middle-aged man who marries a young wife, and without any unkind intention makes her unhappy. The falls of Schaffhausen finish the story with a perhaps unnecessary tragedy.

(2) *Le voyage de M. Dumollet.* Texte et dessins par A. Robida. Paris: Decaux.

(3) *Critique des systèmes de morale.* Par A. Fouillée. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(4) *L'âme est la fonction du cerveau.* Par E. Ferrière. 2 vols. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(5) *Revue internationale.* Florence: Bureau de la "Revue internationale." London: Trübner & Co.

(6) *Revue des deux mondes.* Première livraison. 1884.

(7) *Le boul' Mich'.* Par J. Caraguel. Paris: Ollendorff.

(8) *La faute de la comtesse.* Par V. Rosalane. Paris: Plon.

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Four per Cent. Perpetual Preference Stock, 1884.

Price of Issue, £85 for every £100 of Stock.

Dividend contingent on the profits of each year, and to commence to accrue on January 1, 1887.

Authorized by the Special General Meetings of the Proprietors, held on February 24, 1883, and on August 25, 1883, in accordance with the provisions of the Hull, Barnsley, and West Riding Junction Railway and Dock (New Works) Act, 1882, and the Hull, Barnsley, and West Riding Junction Railway and Dock (Various Powers) Act, 1883.

Subscriptions are invited for the balance unallotted of the above Stock, on the following terms and conditions:—

1. The price is £85 for every £100 of stock, and no sum less than £10, or that is not a multiple of £10, will be allotted.

2. The deposit on allotment is £20 per £100, and must be paid to the Bankers named on the Allotment Letter on or before the 31st January, 1884. If not so paid, the allotment will thereupon become cancelled.

3. The balance is payable in the instalments, and on the dates of payment subjoined, viz.:—

£15	per £100 on the	1st July, 1884.
£15	" "	1st January, 1885.
£15	" "	1st July, 1885.
£20	" "	1st January, 1886.

4. Subscribers will have the option of paying the above-named instalments in advance on the day fixed for the payment of the deposit, or any one of the days fixed for the payment of the first or any subsequent instalment; and interest at the rate of £5 per cent. per annum will be allowed by way of rebate for the time the payment in advance is made.

5. If an instalment remains unpaid after the due date, interest at the rate of £5 per cent. per annum will be charged upon the arrears.

6. In the event of any instalment and the interest due thereon remaining unpaid for more than thirty days after the due date, the Directors reserve to themselves the right to declare all previous payments forfeited, and to dispose of the Stock at their discretion for the benefit of the Company.

7. No sum less than £10, or that is not a multiple of £10, will be transferred, and Stock transferred is to be held by the transferee subject to the conditions of the original Allotment; and no Stock will be transferred until any instalment, of which notice has been given, is paid.

8. Twenty-one days' notice of the first and subsequent instalments will be sent by post to the Registered Proprietors of the Stock.

The rapidly approaching completion of the Company's works, authorized by their Act of 1880, renders it very desirable that the extension of the Company's system to Huddersfield and Halifax, the construction of the new Fish Dock, and the completion of the Central Passenger Station in Hull, as authorized by the Company's Acts of 1882 and 1883 respectively, should be proceeded with without delay.

It has been resolved to enter upon a contract with Messrs. Lucas and Aird for the construction of the entire works, on arbitration terms and prices, with a view to the strictest economy. This arrangement has been accepted by that firm, and it is believed the works can be completed in three years from their commencement.

The trade of Hull, upon which the prosperity of the Company's undertaking must always largely depend, continues steadily to increase. The tonnage upon which dock dues were paid in 1882 was 2,426,412 tons, against 2,317,759 tons in the previous year, showing an increase of 108,653 tons. The estimated tonnage to the close of this year is 2,525,000, showing a further increase of about 100,000 tons over 1882, and a total increase over 1881 of more than 200,000 tons.

The extension of the Company's system to Huddersfield and Halifax will be of incalculable advantage in preserving and fostering the trade of the port with the West Riding and the Midland districts.

The construction of the Fish Dock, urgently called for by a large section of the trade, will largely increase the volume of that trade, and put a highly remunerative traffic on the railway.

The Company's Act of 1882, authorizing the extension of their system to Huddersfield and Halifax, was promoted at the request of a deputation, composed of members of the Corporations and Chambers of Commerce of Huddersfield and Halifax, and the merchants and manufacturers of those towns and the surrounding districts.

It is no exaggeration to say that the deputation, in seeking to obtain further railway facilities, truthfully represented the views not only of the respective corporations to which they belonged, but those also of a manufacturing and industrial population approaching 400,000 in number.

The Corporations of Huddersfield and Halifax were desirous of contributing each the sum of £50,000 to the Capital required, and their desire in this respect (although not acceded to by Parliament) was in each case unanimously supported by the Ratepayers at public meeting assembled.

The objects sought to be obtained by the Company's Act of 1882 were:—

1. The establishment of good local connexion between Halifax and Huddersfield.
2. To obtain improved communication between those towns and the Midland districts, the West of England, and the Port of Hull.
3. To open up new sources of Coal supply, for household and manufacturing purposes, to the towns of Huddersfield and Halifax, and the surrounding districts.

That portion of the line which lies between Cudworth and Huddersfield passes through an important section of the Flockton coal field, and, in addition, will open out the South Yorkshire coal held to the Huddersfield merchants and manufacturers, who are in a great measure forced to seek their supplies by means of carting at a heavy cost. The railway facilities hitherto given to the towns of Huddersfield and Halifax have been lamentable in the extreme, not only as regards local traffic with each other, but with regard also to their connexion with the Midland districts, and with London.

This state of affairs will be entirely remedied by the construction of the proposed line, together with the Joint Midland and Hull and Barnsley Station at Cudworth.

The HULL AND BARNSLEY RAILWAY COMPANY have made an agreement with the Midland Railway Company, by the use of the Line is accorded to the latter Company on equitable terms, and the HULL AND BARNSLEY COMPANY have received an intimation, in writing, that the Midland Railway Company, in entering into that agreement in lieu for running powers over this line, did so with the full intention, which they still retain, of exercising those running powers between Cudworth, Huddersfield, and Halifax, upon completion of the railway.

The relations between the HULL AND BARNSLEY RAILWAY COMPANY and the Midland Railway Company continue to be of a friendly character, and hold out the strongest assurance that the traffic of both Companies between Cudworth, Huddersfield, and Halifax will be worked harmoniously and economically, and that the whole trade of the district will be thoroughly developed.

It is impossible to conceive any announcement of greater importance than the above, to all who have the welfare at heart of the commercial and industrial classes in the West Riding of Yorkshire, or who are interested in the continued and increasing prosperity of the Midland Railway Company.

There can be little doubt that the co-operation of the two Companies working over this line will alone secure the payment of the reasonable dividend of 4½ per cent.; but it should be borne in mind that when the dividend on this Stock commences to accrue it will be secured as a first charge (after payment of Debenture interest) upon the profits of the entire property of the HULL AND BARNSLEY RAILWAY COMPANY, which will consist, when their authorized works are completed, of 97 miles of railway and a Dock Estate of about 400 acres in extent, supplied with two docks of 46 acres and 14 acres of water space respectively.

The price of £85 per £100, at which this Stock is issued, renders it a very desirable investment, having regard to the prospect of its ultimate value, and the present value of English Railway Preference Stocks.

A Bill has been deposited in Parliament by the merchants and others of Halifax for the construction of the necessary short connecting link between that town and Holmfield, on the Great Northern Railway, and it is hoped that arrangements will be made whereby, if this proposed line be also sanctioned, the HULL AND BARNSLEY COMPANY (and through them the Midland Railway Company) will have the use of it on terms to be agreed, thus securing the long-needed route to Scotland and the North through Huddersfield and Halifax.

An epitome of some of the principal evidence given before the Committees of Parliament, together with explanatory maps, and forms of application, may be obtained from the Bankers of the Company, Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smiths, London; Messrs. Samuel Smith Bros. & Co., Hull; also from the following Brokers:—Messrs. Capel & Co., 5 Throgmorton Street, London; Messrs. Mullens, Marshall, & Co., Lombard Street, London; Messrs. Moore & Son, Huddersfield; Mr. J. H. Thackrah, Halifax; and from the SECRETARY at the Offices of the Company in Hull.

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Hull, January 11, 1884.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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MR. GEORGE AND HIS BOOKS.

SEVERAL hard things might be said of the present day, but probably none of them would be juster than the accusation that modern man has to a great extent lost the sense of perspective, and appears to confuse altogether the relative bigness of things. To illustrate this proposition at length, it would be necessary to adopt what has been oppro briously called the Queen of Sheba style of writing; but one particular illustration happens to be pat to the purpose. If Mr. HENRY GEORGE happened to be that one man in a million who can correctly take his own measure, he would certainly enjoy a vast amount of laughter in his sleeve at the fuss which a certain portion of the British public is making about him. Persons distinguished or persons notorious take the chair at his meetings, and, gravely disavowing agreement with his opinions, plead at the same time that those opinions are such very important opinions, and Mr. GEORGE himself such a very important man, that they cannot refuse the opportunity of introducing, &c. Members of the Government elaborately discuss him, and supporters of the Government anxiously endeavour to prove that nothing that the Government has done has anything like a connexion with anything that Mr. GEORGE proposes. And, lastly, reviewers who have to tackle his books approach him with as many apologies and as elaborate propitiations as they can devise to soften their demonstrations that his theories are naught and his argumentative power a minus quantity. He is told that he is a "poet," an "enthusiast of humanity," a "fascinating writer"; that his presentation of his case is "admirable," if only the case were a better one; his rhetoric "excellent"; his chapters and passages "brilliant," "piquant," "pungent," "vigorous," "incisive"; his illustrations ingenious, his style lucid and eloquent.

Now, however we may agree with the proposition that it is stupid as well as wrong to depreciate form because you dislike matter, it is impossible for any one who has been disciplined to the taking of literary, political, and philosophical altitudes to admit even this excellence in Mr. GEORGE. He is fluent enough, no doubt. He has the quality, which seems to be more and more supplanting all other qualities in its effect on public opinion, of believing, or apparently believing, what he says; and he says it in a loud and positive manner, which may possibly be mistaken for vigour by persons who would think the *Provinciales* feeble. His American breeding has given him a certain freedom from English convention, and has especially encouraged him to appeal to the Deity and use religious dialect after a manner now much rarer in England than it once was, and proportionately more striking to the general. He uses big brushes and very bright or very dark colours. But that any competent critic reading the book called *Social Problems* which Messrs. KEGAN PAUL & TRENCH have just published for him as a sequel to *Progress and Poverty*, should really consider him an effective writer, not to say an effective reasoner, would be a very surprising thing. The book is essentially an appeal to ignorance in its method and style no less than in its arguments, and in what do duty in it for facts. A harrowing picture of the sack of London and New York by the proletariat is not an argument for refusing to recognize property in land or in anything; it is the strongest argument for rigidly maintaining the sacredness of property. A quotation from the Declaration of Independence, whatever it may be in New York, is certainly not in London a valid or final establishment of Mr. GEORGE's favourite proposition that man is born to be a landowner (or at least a landholder) as certainly as, according to older and better authorities, he is born to trouble. You do not gain anything either in rhetoric or in logic by calling the English people "stupid" because they decline to rob the Duke of WESTMINSTER. When Mr. GEORGE says that "the first "ASTOR made an arrangement with certain persons living "in his time by virtue of which his children are now allowed "to tax other people's children," he says something nearly as absurd as a panegyrist of the ASTOR family would say who should describe the original ASTOR as having made a beneficent arrangement whereby the children of those with whom he made it are housed instead of being houseless. If, as has been abundantly shown already, Mr. GEORGE's history is fiction, his economy moonshine, his proposal to make the State directly dependent on the changing seasons and the varying skill of agriculturists a piece of political madness; if his ethics are limited to the assertion of the divine right of robbery, and his theology an assumption that the divine thoughts are necessarily identical with Mr. GEORGE's crotchets, the connexion of his theories with the supposed facts which prove his enthusiasm for humanity deserves epithets no more complimentary than these. In neither of his books is there the slightest attempt to show in what way the expropriation he proposes would benefit any living soul, or a single recognition of the fact that, as all his scheme could do would be to relieve taxpayers of taxation, the paupers and the prostitutes, the outcast children and the starved labourers whom he pities, and not one of whom pays a penny of taxes except on excisable liquors and a few other commodities, would be in no way relieved. Nowhere is it possible to find the least consciousness that if the scheme could ever be got to work at all—if mankind at large could be seized of the estates with which Mr. GEORGE would invest it, and, further, could be got to retain possession thereof, the only result would be a condition of permanent stagnation in which all men would live like negro squatters. The "natural, equal, and inalienable "rights of men," which Mr. GEORGE recognizes, mean simply the natural and unalterable level of savagery. To put it briefly, Mr. GEORGE's past is a fiction, and his future, if it could be brought about, would be a pigstye.

With a preacher of this kind, the best way is neither to lift the hands at him in pious horror, nor to waste the breath in arguments, nor, least of all, to assure him that he is a most eloquent man (which he is not) and a philanthropic (which in any true sense he is still less), and that if he would only be a little more orthodox and a little less ignorant, he would be a welcome ally to social reformers. Every now and then, in order that his mischievous nonsense may not do the harm which mischievous nonsense let entirely alone sometimes does, it may be well to repeat the demonstration of its nonsensical mischief. But for the most part he may be left to his own devices. He is understood to be going to the Highlands to talk to the crofters. If he finds the crofters very much enlivened by the prospect of having to pay their rents to the Government instead of to the lairds, it will be a little surprising. If he says anything inciting to a breach of the peace or encouraging to any illegal act, the Procurator-Fiscal of the district will have to see whether in the tolerably intricate net of Scotch law there is not a mesh that will fit Mr. GEORGE. But, on the whole, the more his gospel is expounded the better, for the more evident its exceeding poverty in good things will become. Judging from some remarks made the other night

at Birmingham, Mr. George is persuaded on the subject of capital, and may some day discover that every infant comes into the world with a cheque-book tied to him to balance the mysterious title-deeds to a very indefinite landed estate which he has already invented. In that case he will cease to be suspect to Mr. Hyndman, but will also lose the advantage, such as it is, which a state of one-sidedness confers on the one-idead. Meanwhile there can be no possible antidote to Mr. George in the case of any reasonable person better than the reading of Mr. George's books. They both consist of infinite changes rung on three propositions:—That there is a great deal of misery in the world; that this misery comes from private property in land; and that the abolition of private property in land would suffice to do away with it. Of the first proposition, which nobody disputes, a large amount of evidence is stored in the manner which Mr. George's compliment extols as brilliant, pungent, vigorous, and so forth—that is to say, there are many good round adjectives and nouns substantive connected with it. Of the other two propositions there is absolutely no evidence whatever produced, and the reader is asked to accept them partly on the authority of the Declaration of Independence, partly on another for which we have to take Mr. George's voucher. The minor characteristics of this system of social and political economy have been sufficiently described and need not be repeated. Its premisses are to a large extent historically false, and between its premisses and its conclusion a gulf is fixed which logic, no less than morality, absolutely refuses to bridge.

THE AUSTRALIAN CONVENTION.

IT is not to be regretted that the Conference of Ministers of the Australian colonies at Sydney should be likely to separate without proposing any formal scheme of confederation. The difficulty of reconciling the strict and selfish exclusionism of Victoria with the comparatively liberal policy of New South Wales, would have been sufficient to prevent an immediate union; but a more general and more conclusive reason for delay or inaction was to be found in the conditions of inception and hurried conversation of the Conference. The delegates, although they possessed the authority of official position, could have no sufficient mandate to consider and determine the whole future condition of the Colonies. The Legislatures which they represented had not had an opportunity of consulting their constituents on the important question of confederation. Colonial opinion on the necessity or desirableness of such a measure seems to have been practically unanimous; but there is no essential connection between a federal system and such enterprises as the annexation of New Guinea. The scheme of gradual union, to be attained by the formation of a permanent congress or council, was a mere afterthought, suggested by a passage in one of Lord Derby's despatches. Politicians who hastily concluded that agreement on a single point implied permanent co-operation may have by this time discovered that they were unduly sanguine. It is not improbable that the project of a Federal Council may be carried into effect in some form. Any more ambitious scheme is only likely to succeed when the fear of external complications prevails over local prejudices and inter-colonial jealousies.

When Lord Derby, in his answer to the Government of Queensland, indicated union as a condition precedent of annexation, it is doubtful whether he wished to promote a general federation or to point out the difficulty of attaching new dependencies to single colonies. It is true that the Queensland Ministry had proposed to occupy New Guinea in the name of the Crown, but in hoisting the English flag without authority from home they had, through their agent, usurped sovereign functions. It was evident that, even if the small community of Queensland had been legally competent to establish an external settlement, it would be unable to bear the cost of administering or protecting its new possession. Lord Derby probably wished to remind not only Queensland, but the Australian Colonies in general, that if their wishes were granted they must be prepared to undertake the whole or the greater part of the cost of a new sub-colonial Empire. The settlements which fringe the coast of the Southern continent are, even with the addition of New Zealand and Tasmania, less populous than Scotland or than London; and some of them are separated from the rest by enormous distances. A combination of all their resources for the government of territories still more remote, inhabited by alien races, might perhaps not be impossible, but it would be a hazardous experiment. The colonists probably assumed that the annexation would be undertaken, if at all, by the mother country. In principle they might not think it unreasonable that they should contribute to the expense; but differences would arise when it became necessary to determine the quota to be paid by each several community. The dangers and inconveniences which might result from the neighbourhood of foreign settlements would affect the different Colonies unequally. Neither South Australia nor New Zealand would apprehend an immigration of released French criminals, though all the Colonies would be liable to the risk of war. It would evidently be in some respects more convenient to the Imperial Government to deal with a body which should represent all the Colonies.

On the other hand, when it seemed that Lord Derby had been taken at his word, the supposed readiness of all the Colonial Governments to take the first steps towards the formation of a confederacy was not regarded with unqualified complacency. The party which once anticipated with open satisfaction the disintegration of the Colonial Empire, though it is not extinct, finds it for the present convenient to restrain or conceal its aspirations. The obvious tendency of federal union to ripen into independence suggested doubts as to the expediency of convening even a Conference of Ministers. The establishment of some kind of protectorate in New Guinea, and the discouragement of foreign settlements in the South Pacific, would not be unpopular in England; but a Standing Committee charged with the care of common colonial interests would always be liable to disagree with the Imperial Government on questions of external policy. The rigid abstention of the Colonial Office and its representatives from all reference with doubtful politics could not in the first instance extend to projects of annexation or to negotiations with Foreign Powers. The privileges extended to large colonial confederacies naturally expand with the growth which may perhaps prepare them for actual or nominal independence. According to constitutional theory, the foreign relations of Canada are strictly controlled by the Cabinet of Downing Street or Windsor; but the Dominion, having absolute control of its own tariff, and of the laws which regulate its merchant navy, exercises without dispute the function of negotiating with its powerful neighbour. Disputed questions affecting fisheries are indeed often dealt with by the Imperial Government; but they become the Canadians voluntarily invoke the protection or advocacy of which they have a right.

The appeal to which it has lately given rise to the Australian Colonies can scarcely be allayed by any action of their own. It is impossible that New Zealand or New South Wales should approach with remonstrances or diplomatic representations the Governments of France or Germany. Any foreign Power which engaged in communications with the British Colonies would be guilty of discourtesy and intrusion. Even if all the Colonies were to combine for the purpose, their power and resources would be wholly inadequate to the maintenance against the encroachments of a European Power of any pretensions which they might advance. In extreme cases they must depend on the protection of the English navy, although they might contribute by their efforts to the defence of their own coasts and harbours. It, therefore, happened that the same pressure which seemed at one time likely to promote federal union tended to counteract any tendency to separate from the Empire which might otherwise have resulted from a policy of federation. The inherent incapacity of the several Colonies to take independent action was illustrated by Lord Derby's judicious disavowal of the annexation of New Guinea by Queensland. The measure seemed more absurd on the part of a petty colonial community than if it had been undertaken by Victoria or New South Wales; but in any case it would have been proper to repudiate the extension by the action of a mere dependency of English dominion. The Legislature of Queensland was certainly not prepared to defend the flag which a colonial police magistrate had planted, either against natives who might perhaps resent invasion, or against foreign adventurers who might probably dispute a questionable title. The subsequent adhesion of the other Colonies to the Queensland enterprise gave respectability and substance to schemes of annexation. The Imperial Government, though it could no longer refuse to notice the unanimous demand for countenance and aid, retained the right and the duty of limiting its sphere of action,

and of imposing conditions on its support. It was evidently proper that the Colonies should bear the whole or the larger part of any expense which might be incurred. If due contributions could be secured, there was little objection in principle to an increase at the cost of the Colonies to the strength of the English navy.

It now appears that the Sydney Conference, which had itself only power to deliberate, will not recommend to the Colonial Governments any definite system of contribution to the expense of annexing and governing that portion of New Guinea which is not occupied or claimed by the Dutch; but the possible establishment of foreign settlements on the island will not cease to cause uneasiness or alarm. The evil of occasional immigration by escaped or liberated criminals has perhaps been exaggerated. The former refusal of the Australian Colonies to receive from England convicts sentenced to transportation was founded on a more practical danger. Colonial society was liable to be contaminated by the influx of a degraded class which was indistinguishable in language and habits from the rest of the community. A few French fugitives would be instantly recognized, and local laws which might be enacted for the purpose of preventing any mischief which might ensue could be easily enforced. It is indeed rather in New Guinea and other islands than in Australia or New Zealand that French convicts are likely to become troublesome or formidable. The settlement of new European colonies might be a still more serious evil. The English and French wars of former times in the East and West Indies were the natural consequence of the occupation of neighbouring colonial territories by rival Powers. French forts and naval stations in the Southern Pacific would involve the necessity of maintaining burdensome armaments to protect the English settlements. Some of the plans suggested by the colonists might be effective, but they are unfortunately altogether impracticable. Great Powers would decline to acquiesce in a prohibition of foreign settlements within thousands of miles of the Australian coasts. It is by a happy accident that the whole continent is subject to English sovereignty. A claim to the exclusive possession of the Pacific islands would be more difficult to assert. It will probably be desirable to annex the greater part of New Guinea before any foreign Government can interfere.

EGYPT.

GENERAL GORDON has by this time reached Cairo and may even have left it for Khartoum. The Ministry through the mouth of Sir CHARLES DILKE has informed the world that the reason why he was not sent before was opposition to that step, not merely on the part of the Egyptian Government, but on that of Sir EVELYN BARING. This candour will undoubtedly strengthen General GORDON'S hands. Sir EVELYN BARING was reluctant that General GORDON should go; but General GORDON has gone, and though his orders are as complete a mystery as his appointment was a week ago, there is no doubt whatever that he is the right man in the right place, or that his dispatch as an English Commissioner, whether with full powers or not, is another nail in the coffin of the fiction of Egyptian independence. To whatever quarter it may be proper to look for an explanation of the views with which he goes out, it is obviously unnecessary to take account of the real or imaginary conversations which an English newspaper (following the worst of those practices of foreign journalism which English newspapers of the higher class have generally disdained) has recently published. Interviewing never has resulted, and is never likely to result, in satisfaction to any one but gobemouches, for the simple reason that no one in a position of trust is likely to take the JEAMES of any newspaper into his confidence. In the present instance, moreover, it is not so much what General GORDON would like to do, or what he thinks ought to be done, as what he can do and what the English Government will let him do. It would appear that, whatever the precise terms of his commission may be, Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have sent him to Egypt to perform the locally appropriate feat of making bricks without straw. He is to charge the tribes of the Soudan to drop their daggers, and the tribes of the Soudan are to be good enough to obey him. But what is to be done if they will not drop their daggers, or even what is to be done in the rather improbable case of their consenting to drop them, neither Sir CHARLES DILKE nor any other spokesman of the Ministry tells us. And yet it is not a matter on which in either case there is much difficulty in making up any well-informed mind, and it is one in which the announcement of a definite intention on the part of a Power like England would go a long way towards carrying the intention announced into effect.

One part of Sir CHARLES DILKE'S speech, and some of the comments on that part, are peculiarly characteristic. Sir CHARLES DILKE says that General GORDON is "not against, "but in favour of, the evacuation of Darfur, Kordofan, and "the interior of the Soudan by Egypt." If the now historic Note which Sir EVELYN BARING presented some weeks ago, which overthrew the CHERIF Ministry and which has led, at what most people think a very long interval, to the mission of General GORDON, only recommended the evacuation of Darfur, Kordofan, and the interior of the Soudan, it was officially allowed to be the subject of a most cruel misrepresentation to the public. It may be that, as Sir CHARLES DILKE says, there never was any purpose of abandoning Soudkim and the Red Sea coast, though it is certain that it took more than a week's interval and some strong protests in the English press before the disclaimer of this purpose was made with any authority. But Sir CHARLES DILKE does not say (he is far too clever a man to make statements which could be shown to be categorically false) that there was no intention of abandoning Khartoum, or the Nile from Khartoum to the second cataract, or Sennaar and its neighbourhood, or the country between the Nile and the sea. Now it is pretty certain that General GORDON is not in favour of evacuating these places, and it is against the evacuation of these places that almost every one acquainted with the country has been ceaselessly protesting ever since the evacuation of Khartoum and the rest was announced as decided on. Sir CHARLES DILKE was eloquent on the inexpediency of trying to retain Darfur; it would have been more interesting if he had mentioned any one who is particularly anxious that Darfur should be retained. It seems to have held out fairly against the MAHDI. But it came into Egyptian hands quite recently (barely ten years ago) in consequence of the acts of some enterprising filibusters; it is extremely difficult to reach, and at any moment it might be exposed to attacks from the powerful independent Sultans to the westward, which Egypt, at any rate for the present, could only guard against at a quite disproportionate expense. Some day no doubt it will with the rest of the Central Soudan come into the power of whatever European nation is not "afraid of growing great," and has made good use of the hold it has or may obtain on the Nile, the Niger, or the Congo. But that will not be to-morrow or the next day. Sir CHARLES DILKE may comfort himself about Darfur, which seems to have suddenly aroused such a remarkable interest in his breast. Not even the wildest Jingo will "fash himself" for the shadowy Sultanate whose capital (how many members of the Chelsea Liberal Association could tell it without book?) is El Fasher. It is not quite the same with Kordofan, which has been an Egyptian possession for two generations, and which may be said to border on the Nile. Nor is it without reluctance that the still remoter provinces of Bahr-el-Ghazal and Gondokoro, which are in direct water communication with the Mediterranean and command the way to the interior, could be abandoned to anarchy. But even for these few Englishmen would greatly weep, provided Khartoum, the key of them all, which can be used at any moment to reopen the way to them, be not given up. It is for the retention of Khartoum and a general hold, if only by patrols and a garrison or two here or there, of the Nile, together with the maintenance of the routes from Soudkim and Massowah inland, that knowledge is now contending with ignorance in England. It would be a little surprising if Sir CHARLES DILKE had assured his hearers (as a matter of fact he carefully abstained from doing so) that General GORDON is on the side of ignorance. Many wonderful arguments have been used in favour of scuttling, one learned person having recollected that the Roman boundary of Egypt coincided almost exactly with that fixed by Mr. GLADSTONE. It is not reported whether the arguer proceeded to suggest the substitution of ballista for breech-loading artillery among the troops of BAKER PASHA.

Thus the speech of Sir CHARLES DILKE is little more instructive than the silence of his colleagues. It does not in the least satisfy the legitimate demand of the country for an intelligible sketch of policy, and it still less excuses the inexcusable delay, not merely in sending General GORDON, but in getting anything whatever done about the outlying

provinces and garrisons. Few Governments have presented a more pitiful picture than the present Government as drawn by this able, and certainly not hostile, artist. The Government thought the sending of General Gordon the best thing for the Soudan, and apparently (since they did nothing else) the only thing. But the Egyptian Government wouldn't, and Sir Evelyn Baring wouldn't, and General Gordon wouldn't, and what was a poor Government to do? With regard to General Gordon, it is perfectly certain that, if it had been properly represented to him that it was his duty to go months ago, he would have gone then as he has gone now. The Egyptian Government, as the English Government has at last discovered, simply waited to see that the English Government was in earnest, and if Sir Evelyn Baring had remained recalcitrant, the way out of that difficulty is not very hard to perceive. Yet apparently because the Egyptian Government and Sir Evelyn Baring demurred, Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have delayed till the rescue of some garrisons has become all but impossible, and the chances of a terrible catastrophe at Khartoum have increased enormously. It is possible, of course, that they have spent the time in telegraphing to Sir Evelyn Baring, imploring him to relent—in "getting "Sir Evelyn Baring's concurrence," as this transaction between a Government and that Government's servant has been quaintly put. This will doubtless be a sufficient explanation to Tewfik Bey and the garrison of Sinkat, an answer in full of all demands to the inhabitants of Khartoum, who were shilly-shallied with for two full months before the evacuation was proclaimed, and are now being shilly-shallied with for an indifferent time longer, before—if Providence, the Mahdi, and General Gordon permit—the evacuation is counter-ordered. This shilly-shallying is the charge against the Government, and it is a charge made worse, not better, by Sir Charles Dilke's apology. "*Que faire?* Sir Evelyn Baring won't let "General Gordon go," the members of the Ministry, according to this Minister, said to themselves, and they agreed that nothing could be done. And nothing was done accordingly. That this scandalous inaction will be thoroughly discussed in Parliament Sir Stafford Northcote's language at Barnstaple on Thursday seems to promise, and any concession on this point to the bluster of the Caucuses about obstruction would be a no less scandalous failure of duty on the part of the Opposition.

OPTIMISM AT BRADFORD.

If the guests at the annual soirée of the Bradford Chamber of Commerce expected to hear anything new or striking on the really interesting political questions of the day last Monday, they were very properly disappointed. Mr. Forster and Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice judiciously confined themselves to safe demonstrations of the obvious truth that Great Britain has been wonderfully prosperous during the last fifty years; and what little they said about politics was devoted to minor matters, which may be handled without danger. They carefully abstained from touching on matters of real importance. This course can be better justified in them than in other Ministerial speakers. When we are so near the opening of a Session which may well bring with it a day of reckoning, a candid friend who, unlike most persons of that class, is really anxious not to do mischief, may well keep a guard on his tongue. Mr. Forster is such a friend; and, having honourably washed his hands of responsibility for the doings of the Ministry, he can afford to help his party, which is still under the leadership of his late colleagues. So he spoke of national prosperity, and quoted pleasant statistics, with a well-founded confidence that all good Liberals will consider both as affording satisfactory proof of the advantages of being governed by a Cabinet formed out of the men of their own side. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice played the part of the ingenuous Parliamentary youth who believes in the wisdom of his chiefs. By dint of overlooking much and forgetting a great deal, the people of Bradford may easily have allowed themselves to be persuaded by their member and his official friend that the country has advanced, is advancing, and will continue to advance towards unheard-of prosperity under the guidance of a united Liberal Ministry.

Mr. Forster might have been a little puzzled if he had been called upon to prove the truth of his assertion that the Foreign Office has treated commerce with more attention of late years than it had ever done before. Our unenlightened fathers were of opinion that the mercantile interest had not a little to do with English politics long before Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, or Sir Charles Dilke, or even Mr. Bourke had come to have anything to do with the department of Foreign Affairs. Proof, however, is not, by a well-established and convenient custom, required from public men who are guests at soirées, and it cannot be denied that the Foreign Office does busy itself a good deal with matters of commerce. It would be interesting to learn whether the member for Bradford includes the Ministerial arrangement with M. de Lesseps among the good deeds of our Foreign Office to commerce, but on that subject he maintained a cautious silence. A large part of his speech was devoted to proving that the people of England are better off than our grandfathers were. He quoted his friend Sir Jacob Behrens, and proved by statistics exceedingly well that we are richer than they were, that we have fewer paupers and also fewer criminals than they had. Then we enjoy all these good things longer than they could have done, because we die less easily. Finally Mr. Forster showed that, however rapidly our general wealth has increased, our shipping has grown even faster. He reminded his hearers of the undoubted fact that in 1850 the shipping of Great Britain did not amount to more than nine and a half million tons, whereas it had reached forty-three and a half millions in 1882. Merchant shipping led Mr. Forster to make the only approach to saying anything about the coming Session to be found in his speech. After insisting very properly on the duty of providing as well as we can for the safety of the men who man our ships, he promised his hearers that they should have a Bill from Mr. Chamberlain. As to the measure itself Mr. Forster had nothing to say beyond the familiar commonplaces, but he said them with commendable moderation. He allowed that bad weather had probably quite as much to do with causing wrecks as the villany of owners. It was not Mr. Forster's business to show how shipowners can be made to feel any greater interest than they do at present in choosing good captains, nor how reckless speculators can be kept from doing after their kind without at the same time hampering all trade. As a matter of course, Mr. Forster prophesied that the Merchant Shipping Bill will afford another proof of the value of the Grand Committees, or rather of one of them. He wisely avoided any reference to the Grand Committee of Law, of futile memory. His hearers, if they drew upon their memories, must have been a little puzzled when he spoke about the many measures of commercial legislation which came before Parliament during the last Session. Except the Bankruptcy and Patent Bill, which were the work of one much bepraised Grand Committee, it is not among the recollections of anybody that either House was greatly troubled about matters of commerce. In his character of candid public friend, Mr. Forster gave his audience the benefit of not a little quiet good sense on some miscellaneous subjects. He justly insisted that the President of the Board of Trade would not do his work any the better if he were to be rechristened the Minister of Commerce. The fair trade delusion of a few months ago was the legitimate object of his mild derision. It was not necessary, and would hardly have been polite, that he should have shown how much it proves as to the probable motives of the manufacturers who supported the Anti-Corn Law League. If men of business now, who find themselves suffering from foreign competition, learn to lose belief in Free-trade, that is only one more proof that their predecessors would have shown it little favour if they had not been already completely masters of the home market. Such reflections, however, are out of place at soirées given by Chambers of Commerce. We have every reason to be satisfied that the last generation of business men acted with a strict regard to their own interests, which happened to coincide with the national good. Fortunately Free-trade is now defended by the mutual jealousy of two great industries, either of which would probably be glad enough of Protection if it could be confined to one of them. On the subject of technical education, which has been the text of much loose talk, Mr. Forster made some some sensible observations. He pointed out that, although theoretic teaching may be good, the best possible training for a workman is to be got in a shop which has kept up good traditions.

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice confined himself to saying ditto to Mr. Forster. On one point he said this with perhaps undue emphasis, for he not only praised the Grand Committees at large, which is the obvious duty of a right-

minded Liberal, but he advanced the assertion that the Law Committee was nowise to blame for having done nothing. How this came about he does not appear to have condescended to explain; but the suppressed explanation would probably be that Codification and Criminal Appeal were too much for its energies. The obvious deduction, that a Grand Committee is of no use except when it has to deal with a very simple Bill, was naturally not drawn by Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE. It is too manifestly the duty of a Liberal, particularly of an official Liberal, on his promotion to sing the praises of the only one of the new Procedure Rules which has not been a mere dead letter. For the rest, the UNDER-SECRETARY for FOREIGN AFFAIRS confined himself to saying that our relations with our neighbours were highly satisfactory. Something has been done on the Danube—though what it exactly is there are probably not ten men in England who know, and certainly not many more who greatly care. Then we have made some sort of compromise with the SULTAN which will secure better treatment for traders until a definitive arrangement is come to. Something else of a satisfactory kind is going to be done on the Congo. That the treaty with Spain is too obviously coming to nothing Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE could not deny; but he asked his hearers not to despair, and to remember that things are better in Japan and the Corea. He also found subject for gratification in the fact that a great number of ships are to be hired for extraordinarily low freights. If many littles make a mickle, in the sense that, because we are not in hot water all the world over, therefore we need not feel disturbed at serious trouble on three or four points of vital importance, why then things are in a very satisfactory state. That is what the speeches at Bradford come to when interpreted into plain English, and it does not sound very well. It is a kind of Ministerial defence which is rather more damaging than the most serious attack; but the speakers had good reasons for not running the risk of trying to say more.

IRELAND.

THE death of the unfortunate boy GIFFEN, who was sacrificed at Dromore to the clamour of English Radicals and the desire of certain members of the Cabinet to hold an even keel between sedition and loyalty, has had at least one good effect. It has prevented, for some time at least, the repetition of the singular experiment which occasioned it. The prohibition of the Black Lion and Park meetings (followed in the former case by a display of separatist disobedience which, as at Cootehill, was treated by the authorities in a fashion very different from that which GIFFEN had to suffer) testifies to a return on the part of the Irish Administration to the good sense which has recently distinguished it. The remarkable meeting of Thursday night, which showed a unity and resolution of feeling unknown among the better class of Irishmen for some years past, ought to warn the Government against relapse. The Parnellite leaders, deprived of the opportunity of invading Ulster with a Government escort, and talking sedition under the protection of the bayonets of the QUEEN'S soldiers, have for the most part confined themselves to their familiar haunts. The Cork Town Hall and the National League rooms in Dublin have heard Mr. HEALY'S opinion of the various English parties, and Mr. SEXTON'S wishes to share the grave of SARSFIELD and HUGH O'NEILL. The long nights of winter have brought about the natural accompaniment of outrage, though in no very great degree. For the present, indeed, the eternal Irish question is quiet except as to two of its sides—the possibility of stirring up a new agitation for the landlord's property, and the question of the effect of Mr. GLADSTONE'S proposals for enfranchisement and redistribution in Ireland.

The extreme vexation of English Radicals at the revival of national feeling in Ulster, and its identification with the Tory party, has taken form in a proposal for a crusade against leases. Many Ulster farmers, it is said, hold under lease, and if the bait of lease-breaking, with a reduction all round, could be held out to them, there is no knowing that they might not turn against their landlords. Those who put forward this argument merely give another proof of the remarkably slight knowledge of the facts of Irish life usual with English Radicalism. It is not the fact that, as a rule, Irish leaseholders pay rents higher than tenants at will or even rents as high. The acquisition of a tenant who having something to lose was likely to be a punctual tenant has always been regarded in Ireland as a gain to the landlord, and in many cases the leaseholder has sat at a lower rather than a higher rent in consequence. It is true that after such a shameless proceeding as the recent lowering of rents by the Sub-Commissioners on a part of Lord LANSDOWNE'S estate, where it was admitted by the lowerers that the landlord had gone to great expense, it may be contended that any tenant going into Court is certain of reduction; and that leaseholders going into Court are as certain of it as any one else. It would, however, be difficult to take this line of argument openly, and it is quite certain that if it were taken the present Government would not for the present dare to adopt it. Indeed, it is by this time pretty evident that Mr. GLADSTONE is disinclined to alterations of the Land Act. The fortunate complacency with which he is wont to regard his own works has many drawbacks from the point of view of national interests. But to everything there is a good side, and it has one advantage. Until the novelty at least has worn off, he is generally unwilling to admit that these works can be susceptible of improvement. It is not certain that, if the last Reform Bill had been Mr. GLADSTONE'S work instead of his rival's, we should have heard anything of a Reform Bill now. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have so often explicitly or implicitly extolled the Land Act of 1881 as a monument *aere perennius* of legislative justice and wisdom, that on one side it is unreasonable to expect, and on the other somewhat superfluous to fear, any spontaneous act of theirs tending to show that, instead of being perennial, it can scarcely stand the strain of a couple of years. It is true, however, that these things lie rather in the lap of Mr. PARNELL than in that of Mr. GLADSTONE.

It is, moreover, evident that the current variety of concession to Ireland takes a different form in the Ministerial mind. It is valiantly protested that the coming Franchise Bill is to include Ireland at all hazards. If Sir CHARLES DILKE has been rightly understood, the redistribution scheme which is withheld so coyly involves a concession to Ireland of a nature perhaps less imprudent, but certainly more surprising. Sir CHARLES tells his constituents that his own belief is that Ireland will, under the new constitution of things, be entitled to about the present number of members. Sir CHARLES DILKE is one of the most difficult of living statesmen to interpret safely, no doubt owing to his extreme and scrupulous desire for accuracy. He is so extremely careful to say exactly what he himself means, that he unwittingly, and no doubt to his great sorrow, sometimes deceives listeners who do not know what he means, and can only suppose that he means what they themselves would mean if they used his words. But here there certainly seems to be no possibility of mistaking him, and his statement has naturally staggered some readers who are by no means opposed to his political views. Ireland at present, disregarding the suspended constituencies of Cashel and Sligo, and disregarding likewise the suspended constituencies of the rest of the kingdom, has 105 members out of 658, or as nearly as possible five out of thirty-one. Her population in 1881 was as nearly as possible as five to thirty-four. It will require some rather ingenious gerrymandering to reconcile these figures to the retention of about the present number of members for Ireland, even if the concurrent proportion of taxation be not brought in; if this is brought in, it is sufficiently well known that the proportion of members due to Ireland would be further and very materially reduced. But, unless Sir CHARLES DILKE spoke on this occasion as he spoke on a certain other famous one, and interprets the intentions of the Ministry as he interpreted the intentions of the CZAR, it must be supposed that Ireland is to lose none of her members, or at most to put up with the permanent loss of those who represented Sligo and Cashel. A bribe of this kind would, no doubt, be more or less welcome to the so-called Irish party, and might secure their votes. But, on the other hand, it will hardly please Scotland or the populous English districts. Incidentally this little remark of Sir CHARLES DILKE'S both illustrates the reasons of the Ministerial reticence as to redistribution and justifies the Opposition in resorting to every possible means of defeating the Franchise Bill until this reticence is overcome. So long as it is permitted, Ministers, especially according to the singular theory of Ministerial solidarity which has grown up under Mr. GLADSTONE'S Premiership, can play on the great scale, and with perfect impunity, the game so pleasingly described in the *Bedford Row Conspiracy*, of promising the same thing to many different persons. Ireland,

Scotland, and the unrepresented urban districts of England, the craving suburbs of London, the small boroughs, whose only chance is to be lumped in with patches of country, can all be comforted by some Cabinet Minister whose "own belief" is that they will either lose nothing or gain something. And Cabinet Ministers, being mortal, cannot be severely blamed for having sincerely indulged in an honest belief. When the new registers have been made "out," as Sir CHARLES says, it will be too late to object; and it is quite possible that the new registers may show Sir CHARLES DILKE and any one else who may have beliefs that they have been unfortunately mistaken. With a fair and square Reform Bill, showing redistribution as well as enfranchisement, this game would, of course, be impossible. In regard to Ireland, indeed, there is considerable reason for doubting whether it can be successfully played—reason independent of the general considerations which Mr. W. H. SMITH urged very forcibly on Thursday. It is easy to hoodwink English boroughs with the aid of the Caucuses and the general and convenient principle that Mr. GLADSTONE can never do wrong. But Mr. SMITH-AMHURST'S writ does not run in Ireland, and there is there by no means a universal belief that Mr. GLADSTONE can do no wrong. The Parnellite members will have lost much of their cunning if they vote for Mr. GLADSTONE'S Bill without an understanding much more binding than Sir CHARLES DILKE'S private beliefs. On the other hand, the populous districts of England which are, if we are to believe Ministers, pining for more members, will have to consider whether Ireland, which, roughly speaking, and even putting taxation out of the question, is entitled to one member in seven, shall continue to have, roughly speaking, one member in six.

THE TRANSVAAL DELEGATES.

THE answer of the Transvaal delegates to Lord DERBY'S statement of the intentions of the Government is moderate and conciliatory in its tone. It is not known whether their demands of absolute independence and of a remission of the debt have been fully or partially conceded. The published correspondence refers almost exclusively to the frontier line: and on this point also there seems to be little difference of principle. The proposal of the delegates that the native chiefs shall decide whether their territory is to be included within the limits of the Transvaal would be more satisfactory if it were possible to ascertain the real wishes of the parties who are interested. It is certainly not advisable that the possessions of any chief should be intersected by the frontier, especially as the Boers would inevitably seek to extend their jurisdiction over both sections of such a territory. Lord DERBY judiciously insisted on the exclusion from the Transvaal of the trade route from the Cape Colony to the interior of the continent. The delegates contend that there are several such roads, and they offer to guarantee the neutrality of the route if it is allowed to pass through their dominions; but Lord DERBY has probably access to correct local information, and it is certain that mere promises of non-interference are an insufficient substitute for absolute independence. In various parts of the world, and especially in South Africa, international compacts have of late become less trustworthy than in former times. It was formerly understood that a treaty expressing the conditions on which wars were ended remained binding on both parties, although its terms were almost always onerous to the defeated or weaker belligerent. The denunciation of the Russian Treaty of 1856 furnished a precedent which has been followed by the Boers of the Transvaal. Possession affords better security than written covenants. As to the determination of the boundary between the Transvaal and the Bechuana country, the delegates seem not unduly exacting. It would seem that they are prepared to accept by anticipation the award of an English Commissioner, on condition that his instructions are consistent with their proposal of consulting the wishes of the chiefs.

There is some reason to hope that in several parts of South Africa the complicated difficulties which have arisen during several years are drawing to a close. There is at present no dispute of any kind between the Imperial Government and the Cape; and it is with the consent, and indeed at the request, of the colonists that Basutoland is once more to be placed under English authority. When it was expected that the South African colonies, if not the two independent Republics, were likely to form a confederacy, it seemed reasonable, and almost necessary, to entrust the control of native affairs to the local authorities. Although the project of federation is now indefinitely postponed, the English Government would have been well content to leave to the chief colony the privilege and the burden of dealing with the Basutos. In some parts of the world European settlers have been harsh and unjust in their treatment of indigenous races; but it is fair to admit that the Cape Government and Legislature have been, on the whole, considerate and just. But for the unlucky mistake of the Disarmament Bill, the Basutos would probably never have revolted, nor would the Colonial Government have discovered that it was not strong enough to reconquer their allegiance. The Basuto chiefs have reasonably argued that the transfer of their allegiance without consulting their wishes was an act of usurpation; and they now, with one or two exceptions, profess their readiness to submit to the authority of the Crown. It luckily happens that there is a customary and convenient method of raising the modest revenue which will be required for the exercise of a protectorate. A hut tax has in many places been paid without objection in return for the maintenance of peace and order. One chief, MASUPHA, hitherto stands aloof; but probably some means will be found of overcoming his resistance.

It is to be feared that anarchy still prevails in Zululand, but there have lately been no reports of actual fighting. CETEWAYO appears still to be in the Reserve in a state of suspended royalty. His most formidable enemy, USIBEPU, governs his own dominions without molestation; and reports of his defeat by some of CETEWAYO'S followers or allies have not been confirmed. Of all the native races of South Africa, the Zulus have most reason to complain of English restlessness and caprice. Their territory was invaded and their national army destroyed on insufficient grounds; and when they had partially settled down under a new system devised by their conquerors, war was gratuitously rekindled by an ill-advised restoration. The country, or the greater part of it, would welcome the establishment of an English administration, and the Zulus have, for the reasons which have been assigned, a certain claim on the Power which has destroyed their own system of government. Whether the cost and the risk of nominal or virtual annexation could be prudently undertaken is a question which could only be decided on competent local authority. The population of the neighbouring colony of Natal is, for the most part, identical with that of Zululand in race and language; and, up to the present time, no difficulty has been found in governing a population which outnumbers the white settlers in the proportion of more than twenty to one. During the war with CETEWAYO there was no attempt at insurrection among the coloured inhabitants of Natal. Notwithstanding the objection entertained by recent Colonial Secretaries to the extension of English dominion, it has been found necessary to establish a kind of protectorate in the territory reserved to chiefs who were not disposed to acquiesce in the restoration of CETEWAYO. If Sir HENRY BULWER had not been overruled by Lord KIMBERLEY, the Reserve would have included a much larger portion of Zululand. Outside its limits rival chiefs will probably prosecute their feuds until a more adventurous policy again prevails in English councils. Warlike tribes are, for the most part, less troublesome as subjects than as independent neighbours.

The disputes with the Boers have not affected the internal relations of the English and Dutch population of the colony; and, if Lord DERBY succeeds in finally disposing of the difficulties with the Transvaal, no question will remain which can afford a reasonable pretext for dissension. There is happily no present reason to apprehend the renewal of border wars; but the control of native tribes by the Imperial Government can scarcely be a lasting arrangement. The Colonial Parliament has with judicious liberality provided for the partial admission of resident and comparatively civilized Kaffirs to the electoral franchise; but their ostensible privileges will depend on their inability or unwillingness to meddle with public affairs. Europeans, especially of English blood, will never allow themselves to be governed by a majority belonging to an inferior race. The negroes indeed in the Southern States of America were for a few years after the war enabled under the patronage and direction of Federal adventurers to control the local administration; but, in spite of the Constitutional Amendment which prohibits disqualification on the ground of

colour, the natural rulers have recovered their ascendency in almost every part of the South. Representative government is only possible where the majority or the dominant section of the electorate is practically homogeneous. The Austrian Empire was but little disturbed by national jealousies as long as the common Sovereign was, except in Hungary, an absolute ruler. Almost all the perplexities of the last thirty years result from the jealousy of populations which resent the authority of alien Parliaments. The inhabitants of the Cape will never allow themselves to be governed by the nominees of native voters. Natal will probably long continue to prefer the position of a Crown colony to the independence which would involve the alternative of enfranchising the coloured majority or of reducing it to permanent subjection.

Future political observers may perhaps have the opportunity of studying in the two Dutch Republics of South Africa the effects of a policy which makes little pretension to Liberalism. The Boers of the Transvaal openly avow their determination to withhold from their native subjects all share of political power. They are but little disposed to tolerate the interference even of their own Government with private property or commercial transactions. It is creditable to their candour that they refuse to concede fictitious privileges to those whom they have never affected to regard as equals. Like the colonists of Natal, the Boers of the Transvaal are surrounded by many times their own number of natives, whom they have probably no desire to oppress, but they are resolved to keep them in subjection. There is reason to believe that the coloured population would greatly have preferred the continuance of the English occupation to the re-establishment of the Republic. It was for the purpose of protecting their rights and interests that a Resident was appointed under the provisions of the Pretorian Convention; but it is fair to admit that the correspondence discloses no oppressive practices, as far as the natives within the territory are concerned. In any case it would be impossible to maintain a claim of a right to remonstrate or to interfere with a Government which was recognized as independent. In a former and less philanthropic generation it was thought unnecessary to stipulate when the Sand River Convention was concluded for the maintenance of any native rights or privileges. Both parties to the compact probably regarded the Kaffirs as troublesome inmates and possible enemies. Their claim to humane and just treatment is now more fully recognized; but the English Government, when it agreed to retire from the Transvaal, consciously or by necessary consequence remitted its coloured population to the Boers. The disputes which have since arisen principally relate to the treatment of native chiefs and tribes beyond the limits of the Republic as settled at Pretoria. It is for the purpose of avoiding future complications of the same kind, and in some instances of redressing grievances, that Lord DERBY and the delegates have been engaged in the demarcation of a new frontier.

THE COWGILL JUDGMENT.

THERE are no persons who deserve more sincere commiseration upon the judgment just delivered by Baron POLLOCK in the case of Mr. COWGILL than the Episcopal Bench, and in particular the Bishop of MANCHESTER. To the rest of the world it is simply a showy success, or a vexatious rebuff; but to the BISHOP it speaks of multiplied responsibility and increased exposure to the attacks of party papers and seditious associations which are, in the way of discipline, most efficient substitutes for the hair shirt and knotted scourge. We need hardly remind our readers that this judgment is the latest phase of the famous Miles Platting case, and that the parties who appeared before Mr. Baron POLLOCK were, on one side, Sir PERCIVAL HEYWOOD, the patron of that living, and therefore of the incarcerated and deprived Mr. GREEN, and on the other the Bishop of MANCHESTER, who had, after examination, refused institution to Mr. COWGILL, the clergyman whom the patron had presented as Mr. GREEN'S successor. In short, although Mr. COWGILL'S name does not appear in the suit, he was the person most practically interested in the conclusion.

We have nothing to say against Mr. Baron POLLOCK'S judgment, which is calm, straightforward, and laborious, and totally destitute of those flowers of histrionic declamation with which Lord PENZANCE rejoices in adorning his decisions when a Ritualist has to be trounced. We shall even assume that it may not lead to the appeal which long experience leads us to regard as inevitable in ecclesiastical proceedings. We do not imagine that the Church Association will relish the Judge's regrets regarding "a "difference about mere matters of ritual," or agree with him as to "however much it might be thought desirable "that the rules by which the discipline of the Church "in such matters is governed should be wider and more "elastic." Stripped of technicalities, the judgment upholds the right of the BISHOP to put the inquiries which he put to Mr. COWGILL; and, inasmuch as the answers amounted to evidence that the presentee would feel himself conscientiously obliged to adopt practices which might, under existing decisions of the Judicial Committee, make him liable to deprivation, the Bishop of MANCHESTER was in his right when he refused institution. Whether he was discreet in so acting is a point which the Judge took particular pains not to handle. The distinction between moral and ritual offences was, in theory, admitted; but it was held to be matter for the discretion of the Bishop, and not within the competence of a temporal court.

The weight of this judgment falls immediately upon a Ritualist section, but it may next time be efficient in cutting short the career of some disciple of Mr. VOYSEY Still we do not suppose that any one will rise to those passionless heights from which he can contemplate it as anything beyond an incident in the Ritualistic campaign. Its immediate result is to increase the episcopal share in that *damnosa hæreditas* of rulers, discretion; and the wisest prelates will be those who show the least wish to cultivate familiarity with its details. We do not say that it may not upon rare occasions be a serviceable instrument, but we are convinced that for one case in which a reluctant Bishop will feel himself constrained to take advantage of its powers, a dozen will occur in which love of popularity or dread of censure will whisper to the unstable ordinary to indulge in irritating cross-questioning and tyrannous refusals. The Bishop of MANCHESTER himself betrayed the dangers lurking in the powers to which he has now made his claim good when in effect he called upon Mr. COWGILL to pledge himself to conform his practice to that which exists in Manchester Cathedral. The standard of worship there is, we believe, one which would, not so many years since, have been looked on as very far-going, and embodies the various concessions which have been wrung from successive Judicial Committees between 1857 and 1877.

But another Bishop might use another cathedral for fixing a very different standard. The Episcopate have, as a whole, given manifest indications that they are at last awakening to the existence of a drift among a portion, at all events, of the people, large enough and important enough to claim respectful tolerance, towards an increase of ritual which would have been unintelligible to church-goers of the last generation. We cannot, therefore, believe that they will be tempted from their later and wiser resolves by the accidental advantage which Baron POLLOCK'S judgment places at their disposal, backed by the clamorous insistence of the Church Association. On the whole, then, we are inclined to indulge in the comfortable belief that the "supreme importance" which the *Times* descries in the judgment will in practice be found to be very considerably discounted.

ITALIAN PARTIES.

THE present week in Italy has been marked by two events — by the reassembling of the Chamber of Deputies, and by the last of the national pilgrimages in honour of VICTOR EMANUEL. It must have struck every reader or spectator, and with truth, that the monarchical feeling must be strong in a country when tens of thousands of persons can flock from every part of it to do honour several years after his death to the memory of a dead King. The strength of this monarchical feeling has been often underrated in England, for the reason that those who may be said to have first interested the English public in Italian affairs, such as MAZZINI and his associates, were themselves fanatical Republicans. It was a fixed idea among them that Italy was Republican by nature, and no perversion of history or ethnology was too gross or too absurd to be used by them as a support for this theory. The actual facts, both of the past and of the present, have never failed to contradict it. The so-called Republics of early days were

in truth mostly oligarchies. And when the question came to the proof in our own generation whether Italy should be united and freed by the Republican or the monarchical party, the failure of the former was complete and miserable. Every attempt, in whatever part of Italy, to achieve either national unity or local independence on a Republican basis failed utterly. One State only, the old monarchical State of Piedmont, had the power in itself, and the attraction for the other States of the Peninsula, to carry through to the end the work of freeing and uniting the whole country. At the present moment, among the masses of the people of Italy, for one who knows or cares who is in office in Rome, there are a hundred to whom the House of Savoy and those who represent it are symbols of all the politics that interest them. The present King of ITALY inherits much of the well-earned popularity of his father, and the QUEEN is undoubtedly the most popular person in the kingdom. But in the circumstances of a newly-formed country, personal accidents would have but little effect if the general feeling of the nation were not monarchical.

Parliamentary government in Italy, as in most European countries, has been to a great extent framed on the English model. It has been naturally looked at in England from a similar point of view. The Right and the Left in a foreign Chamber have been supposed to stand for something analogous to the two historic parties which have divided the House of Commons during the last two centuries. So strong has been the influence of this analogy that the Right in the Italian Chamber still passes among half-informed people as a stationary or retrograde party. The truth is that such a party in Italy is only to be found among the Clericals, who, for reasons well known to themselves and others, have thought it wise to hold their hands, and take for the present no active and pronounced part in national politics. But, putting aside this section of Italian politicians, nearly the whole of them are such as would be described in England as Liberals. In England, too, the distinctive names which mark off the two parties have become such that thinking people are accustomed now to use them merely as labels, and are looking out for new names which may correctly describe the real differences which the old names have ceased to express. Among Italians the disintegration of parties has gone much further. There exists now publicly in Italy neither a Liberal nor a Conservative party. Nearly all who sit in the Chamber are what we should call Liberals; nearly all whom we should call Conservatives or reactionaries abstain from politics, at least overtly, almost entirely. The ranks of those who think the political and social movement of the last century a mistake, and who wish to reverse it, are not only growing thinner and thinner, but they are not even represented in Parliamentary life. All in the Italian Chamber are nominally for progress, needful reform, peace, retrenchment, and the like. There is no great question of principle or of public policy which should induce a man to sit on one bench in the Chamber rather than on another. The reason which forms groups and arranges parties is simply a question of persons.

At the head of the present Italian Government is Signor DEPRETIS. He may be said to be the one man of ability and character capable for the moment of leading and uniting the various sections of the party which now governs Italy. His career has been curious. He was in old days a Radical of the Radicals. He has, in his official position, made himself hateful to the ultra-Radicals by the zeal with which he has put down their demonstrations, and contravened their policy. Since March 1876, when the Right, which so long governed Italy, fell from office, the first post in the Cabinet has alternated between him and Signor CAIROLI. The latter, personally honest and respected, has been tried both as leader of his party and as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and in both positions has been found wanting. Indeed he would never have attained to either but for the honour which he and his family justly won in the struggle for Italian independence. It was as the survivor of three brothers who had devoted themselves to the national cause, and not as a man who had shown any statesmanlike qualities, that he was lifted into, rather than attained, the high positions which he has held. Experience has shown his unfitness for them, and he is now in hopeless opposition to his former colleagues. As Minister of Foreign Affairs his ignorance of the political situation of Europe was the theme of general merriment in Rome, and doubtless also in the Ministries of other countries to which his despatches were addressed. The rivalry for leadership between himself and Signor DEPRETIS, and the rivalry between subordinate members of the Left for places in the Cabinets severally presided over by them, have been the keynotes of Italian politics during the last eight years. These mutual jealousies threatened at last to make Parliamentary government impossible in Italy. Cabinet after Cabinet was formed only to crumble to pieces at the end of a few months; Minister after Minister took office only to be supplanted before he had time to learn his duties. The Left, which two general elections had confirmed in office, was split up into discordant factions; the Right was in a minority both in the Chamber and in the country; and the Clericals, whose open participation in politics would at once have cleared the situation, still for the most part abstained from voting. Under these circumstances Signor DEPRETIS took what seems to have been the best course both for himself and for the country. He set forth a programme, moderate in internal and national in foreign politics, by which he hoped to unite the majority of reasonable men on all sides of the Chamber. The members of the Right, to whom a return to office was for the present impossible, and to whom the demoralization of Parliamentary life in Italy had long been a scandal, accepted the overtures of Signor DEPRETIS, and a coalition was thus formed, containing the Right, the Centre, and a large part of the Left. The party in opposition, not included in the new coalition and consisting of about one-fifth of the whole Chamber, was led by Signori CAIROLI, CRISPI, and NICOTERA.

So far all promised well. For a time, at least, it seemed as if a party were established, united by common principles, and not merely by personal interests. Last May, however, dissensions broke out within the Cabinet, and two Ministers, Signori BACCARINI and ZANARDELLI, both members of the Left, resigned their offices. The loss of the latter was especially felt on account both of the number and the respectability of the group of deputies whom he leads. The result is that Signor DEPRETIS, once the leader of the Left, is now dependent for support on members of the Right and Centre. Of the party which once followed him, about fifty only have retained their allegiance. He can himself hardly complain. He passed the first quarter of a century of his Parliamentary life in systematic opposition to whatever Government was in power, opposing even such measures as the Crimean expedition, which won for Piedmont her place among European Powers, and paved the way for the events which transformed Piedmont into Italy. And since 1876, when his party first came into office, he has allied himself turn by turn with each and every group of which it is composed. It is obvious that the majority which he now commands, though still strong in point of numbers, cannot under such circumstances command any great moral authority throughout the country. What moral authority it possesses is due, not to him personally, but to the influence enjoyed by his new allies and old antagonists—the survivors and successors of the party once led by CAVOUR. It is due also in part to the still weaker moral authority of a party in which men such as Signori CRISPI and NICOTERA are among the leaders. More recently the bands which unite the majority which supports Signor DEPRETIS have been subjected to a severe strain, and one which presses with special force on his most patriotic and trustworthy followers. A Bill has been introduced into the Chamber dealing with University education in Italy, which is of such a character that the Clerical organs have welcomed it with enthusiasm. Its author, Signor BACCELLI, the Minister of Public Instruction, who has, from being a supporter of Papal Infallibility, become nominally a Radical, and is still suspected, not without reason, of a secret affection for his first political loves or interests, has engaged the Cabinet to support him. When a vote involving confidence in Signor BACCELLI came before the Chamber last December, the Government indeed obtained a majority; but nearly half of its usual supporters refused to vote. It is under such circumstances that the Italian Parliament meets again after the Christmas recess.

CABS AND CABMEN.

HOW little does civilization know of her most accomplished servants—her cabmen! The cabman of London, the *cocher* of Paris, is, like the gondolier of Venice, a mystery. It is universally admitted by poets and novelists

that the apparently festive and light-hearted gondolier keeps in his bosom dark secrets of passion and crime. So does the otherwise genial *cocher* of Paris, at least according to a writer whose novels (in the *Petit Journal*) seem to be addressed chiefly to the drivers of *fiacres*. One seldom reads many pages of these realistic annals before coming to a crime committed in a cab, or to a criminal fleeing from justice in one *fiacre*, while justice (in the person of M. Pédouche) is after him, like a sleuthhound, in another *fiacre*. Has innocent maidenhood to be kidnapped and reft from her dear ones, the cab and the cabman are once more employed, and the heiress is decoyed into the wrong vehicle. The Parisian cabman's life, it appears, is an exciting and even remunerative one. He is constantly in receipt of *pourboires* varying from five to five hundred francs, which are showered on him by heroes, villains, detectives, damsels in distress by every one, in fact, who is in a terrible hurry.

London, like Paris, has her mysteries, and the cabman is one of them. One likes to think of him as one of the secret agents of civilization, like the doctor and the lawyer. He knows, or rather one of his class may be surmised to know, what became of that naval officer who once drove away from Jermyn Street in a hansom, and never was heard of again. He knows, or no man knows, what became of the parcel of engravings which disappeared in a cab some years ago. On this romantic view of the cabman, as of one who sees the night-side of London and the seamy side of human nature, it is pleasant to dwell. But this does not, on the whole, appear to be the aspect of the question which the cabman himself best loves to contemplate. He broods (when he does brood) over matters of fares and (in a mathematical humour) on *radii*, on admission to railway-stations, on the "Amalgamated Association," and on the kindness, fairness, thoughtfulness, and "impartiality" of Sir William Harcourt. While the cabman muses on these qualities his heart burns, and he expresses himself (not at all badly either) in *The Hackney Carriage Guardian*. The very first number of this monthly periodical lies before us. There is something hopeful and attractive in first numbers. This particular specimen throws a deluge of light on the ways and wants of that familiar figure who guides the wobbling hansom or perches on the box of the dawdling four-wheeler. He, too, is a man and a journalist.

The Hackney Carriage Guardian, No. I., begins with a review of the past year, a view tinged with the pessimism of Schopenhauer and Hartmann. What strikes a cabman most, in the gloomy records of the past, is the "fiendishness "most difficult to understand" of the Fenians. These miscreants, it is true, directed their dynamite, not against cabs, but against the Metropolitan Railway. But the cabman is too magnanimous not to feel for a rival mode of conveyance in distress. Another source of sorrow to the cabman is the reflection that "Republican-"ism is gaining ground among the lower classes," and, along with Republicanism, dissatisfaction. The cabman, though loyal, is himself dissatisfied, especially with the prospects of his own profession. "The cab trade has been in a "terribly depressed condition." This seems strange, as we had a fine summer, a fine autumn, and the town was especially crowded with the multitudes of human beings who thought they could amuse themselves by going to the Fisheries Exhibition. All these things were favourable to the cab-driving industry, "nevertheless the pinch was felt more "severely than in former years." The truth seems to be, according to the organ of cabmen, that we have too many cabs. "Competition has increased to such an enormous "extent lately that not only have the proprietors and drivers "of cabs had great difficulty in obtaining a living," but that the streets are inconveniently crowded with licensed vehicles. The supply of cabs exceeds the demand, though it is almost impossible to get a cab to drive to a station at half-past nine in the morning. If there are far too many cabs, why are the ricketty, useless, old boxes not driven out of the market by competition? And if competition be so eager, why are cabs so hard to find at certain, by no means very early, hours? Why, again, does not a cabman who promises to call for you at a given time and place invariably appear at his tryst? All this does not look as if competition were so excessively fierce. Nor, it must be confessed, do cabmen show any slavish desire to win the custom by elegant flattery, as perhaps they might do if competition were very active and times very bad. Times seem to be made still worse by an "Amalgamated Cab "Drivers' Association," of which our journalist does not approve. "We could no longer stand by and see the "Amalgamated Association, a society comprising but a "small section of the drivers, speaking in the name of the "trade." On the other hand, and by way of consolation, the Home Secretary, under whose gentle sway the cabman dwells, is noted, as we have seen, for his "kindness, fair-"ness, thoughtfulness, and impartiality," and is, in fact, the pillar of the cabman's hopes.

An important problem in connexion with cabs is proposed for solution by a writer in the *Hackney Carriage Guardian*, "Why do Cab Companies almost invariably fail?" Why do almost all Companies almost invariably fail? is a riddle the saddened shareholder frequently puts to himself. The answer to the wider conundrum could only be found in a general view of man in his cosmic relations. The failure of Cab Companies offers a more limited range to conjecture. There was a Company some years ago which offered improved cabs and civil cabmen. The latter were paid by little cheques or tickets which the Company were prepared to sell to the public. At the end of the day's work the driver gave up his cheques to an official of the Company, received his wages, and was free from care. What could be a wiser arrangement? But the Company did not succeed. "This great stupid public," as Thackeray called it (and Plato used language still less complimentary), would take no interest in the matter. The public hailed the first cab it met, good or bad. The public could not be troubled to buy the little books of cheques. The public paid the Company's drivers in ready money, which the drivers devoted to relieving their own private necessities. So the *Hackney Carriage Guardian* declares, and then is suddenly smitten with a scruple of conscience. Did all these things really happen, or are they only what would have happened if the Company had tried the experiment? Have we been reading myth, or parable, or history? The *Guardian* is not sure. Of one thing we may be certain. The system of little cheques would have fared no better than the system of little coloured flags, devised by an ingenious Home Secretary in days gone by. It is the great stupid public that stands in the way of all attempts to help it. We are always in a hurry, we cannot be troubled to stop and understand things; we are maddened by official rules and regulations like the mystic laws governing cabs at Parisian railway stations. The *Guardian* gives a rather cynical account of the lives and deaths of Cab Companies. It appears that none of the employed believe in their permanence, and, therefore, make (or rather steal) hay, and corn too, while the sun shines. Philanthropy has dabbled in cab-shares, and, as usual, the business has only paid after "the "philanthropic element had been withdrawn." As a rule, it seems, promoters of Cab Companies overestimate the profits and underestimate the expenses. But so do all men everywhere. Probably it is difficult to secure the very strict surveillance needed by a trade so casual and fluctuating as cab-driving.

Socially cabmen appear, as represented in their new journal, to be a genial set of men greatly addicted to comic and sentimental melodies. If their woes are really the result of over-competition, there seems no hope for them till Mr. Hyndman's new Cloud Cuckoo Town comes down from the air, apparelled like a bride, and altogether free from the trammels of human existence and the laws of human society.

THE PRUSSIAN DEBATE ON DIRECT TAXATION.

THE general debate on the fiscal proposals of the Government has not only been the liveliest in which the Prussian Parliament has indulged during its present session; but it has possessed a greater general interest than any other. The details of the Bills have of course only a local importance, but the principles on which they were discussed are far-reaching, and the position adopted by the various parties is worthy of notice, on account of the light it throws on the present condition of public opinion, and the forecast it therefore permits as to the spirit in which Prince Bismarck's larger measures are likely to be received by the Reichstag and the country generally. On the whole, the debate must have been reassuring to the advocates of the Chancellor's policy.

It will be remembered that the object of the Governmental scheme is to readjust direct taxation so as to render it less oppressive to the poor, and its substance, if

we omit the details, which can have but a small interest for Englishmen, and the points which gave rise to no serious discussion, may be stated as follows. It is proposed to reduce the tax on all incomes earned by personal exertion which do not amount to 500*l.* a year; those below 60*l.* are to be exempted altogether: the impost will then begin at 1, and gradually rise to 3 per cent., at which point it is to remain stationary. In order to supply the loss thus caused to the revenue a duty is to be imposed on the interest of securities, beginning at ½ per cent. on incomes of 30*l.* derived from this source, and increasing to 2 per cent. on incomes of more than 500*l.* a year. There are several exemptions from this tax, as in the case of widows and orphans of small means, to which we need not refer.

When the intention to impose this new duty was first announced in the speech from the Throne the Liberal papers asserted positively, and almost unanimously, that no such plan could be even considered, unless new burdens were at the same time laid on the great landed proprietors. We pointed out at the time that, in the opinion of the peasants and country gentlemen of Prussia, the new tax was a partial redress of a distinct wrong; their own capital which is invested in their estates has long been made to contribute to the expenses of the State, while that of their neighbours who have bought shares in banking, railway, or mining Companies has been exempt. On this point their arguments have been so strong that no single member of the Opposition ventured to dispute them, and the only allusions made to the "great principle" which was so loudly advanced only a few weeks ago came from the Conservative benches, from which speaker after member challenged the Opposition to discuss the point on which its organs in the press had been so eloquent. In vain, the Liberal leaders simply declared that they were not responsible for the newspapers of their party.

On the other hand, new objections to the proposal of the Ministers have been made which are certainly worthy of attention. The whole system of election to Parliament, as well as to the municipal councils in the complicated Constitution of Prussia, depends on the class system, which is determined by the amount of the direct taxes paid by the members of each class. Are those who are exempted from the Income-tax to be deprived of their votes? According to the theory of the Constitution it should be so; but the debate showed that no party is willing to draw the necessary conclusion from the old constitutional premisses. None desires to disenfranchise the poorer classes of the present electorate; and the Minister went so far as to say that if the Special Committee could discover better guarantees than those contained in the Bill against this danger, the Government would be prepared not only to consider but to accept them. Dr. WINDTHORST was doubtless logically in the right when he argued that this must lead to universal suffrage; but politics are not always logical.

Again, it is generally supposed that the new duty will somewhat more than cover the deficit created by the reduction in the Income-tax. Is the surplus to be left in the hand of the Ministry? The Centre and all the Liberal groups refuse to consent to this. The Liberals desire to follow the English system of determining the rate of the impost from year to year. The Government objects that this would render the establishment either of a State or a family budget far more difficult than it has hitherto been; and, when we remember the complications introduced by the system of graduation, it cannot be denied that there is some force in the objection, in so far, at least, as the State is concerned. The inconvenience might, of course, be overcome; but every inconvenience for a State means an increase of its expenditure, and at present thrift is the fashion in Prussia.

There can be no doubt that the tax has been the source of great suffering to those whose income does not exceed 60*l.* a year. Papers before the House showed, and the Minister called attention to the fact, that it has only been collected by means of 304,000 summonses and 40,000 distraints upon goods. Yet it was repeatedly asserted during the debate that the local rates are still more oppressive. They are estimated on the basis of the Income-tax; but in the smaller towns, where there are few wealthy inhabitants, it is impossible to exempt the poor from them. It was generally admitted by the supporters of the proposed reform that a remedy should be sought to this evil also.

The most remarkable feature in the debate was the position adopted by the Centre. The organization of the Roman Catholic Church affords it an opportunity which no other Parliamentary party possesses of becoming acquainted with the real wants and wishes of the poor, and this lends its opinion on social questions an unusual weight. With the exception of Dr. REICHENSPERGER, its leaders have on the present occasion warmly welcomed the principle of the Ministerial measure; their only complaint is that it has not been more fully carried out. They propose to apply the increasing scale to incomes of more than 500*l.*, and to devote any surplus the new duty may yield to the relief of the local rates. A graduated Income-tax has so often been advocated by Socialists that it is in general regarded with a wholesome fear by more sober politicians, as it might be used with fatal results for the purpose of effecting a redistribution of property. There is, however, but little danger that any Prussian Minister should entertain, or any Prussian Parliament sanction, communistic vagaries; and the present Government would probably find no great difficulty in consoling itself if it were compelled by Parliamentary pressure to adopt this part of the Clerical scheme. It is, however, strongly disinclined to permit a possible surplus to be tied up in any way. Unless it makes some concession on this point, it is not unlikely that the measure may be lost. It will doubtless be considerably modified before it issues from the Committee to which it has been consigned.

In spite of the great energy and pugnacity of Dr. RICHTER's speech, the debate shows that the Liberals are profoundly discouraged. If this arises from a consciousness that the social reforms proposed by the Government are popular in the country it will probably affect their action in the Imperial as well as in the Prussian Parliament, though they still possess a majority in the former body; and in that case Prince BISMARCK will find little difficulty in passing his Insurance Bill. That many details of the measure, on which we commented last week, will be modified before it becomes law is certain; in its present form it professes to be only a draft. But public opinion, in so far as it has hitherto been expressed, is, on the whole, favourable to the principles on which it is founded; and among the speakers who have raised the most serious objections to certain provisions of the Act, both in the Economic Council, which has just been opened, and the Chambers of Commerce which have already taken the Governmental proposal into consideration, there were many who declared that, in spite of their dislike to certain parts of it, they would rather accept than reject the measure before them as it stood if that were the only choice open to them. It is, therefore, not improbable that the CHANCELLOR's social policy may have a fair trial, and that the wish of the EMPEROR may be fulfilled. He is known to have long desired that a serious effort to mitigate the sufferings of the poor might be the crowning labour of his long and glorious career.

PANICS AND FIRES.

LAST week we described the nature of the exits from theatres, and declared that the public knowledge of the scantiness of the exits was the real cause of panic. A week has not passed without justifying our remarks, though happily there was no real danger and the panic caused no mortal harm. A pantomime was being played in the Public Hall at Wrexham, which was thus converted into a theatre for the moment. During the harlequinade the cry of "Fire!" was raised. The exits, according to some reports (the clause is suppressed in others), "were none too "many," and consequently a panic, and a perilous panic, seized the audience. The performers and some men who kept their heads in the confusion prevented the audience from crushing each other to death in the usual fashion. There were "no worse results than serious shocks to "nervous systems, bruised limbs, and destruction of pro-"perty." These are the consequences of a state of alarm, natural, not to say certain, in the circumstances.

MADAGASCAR.

THE latest news from Madagascar more than confirms the suspicions excited by the first telegrams. We have now detailed accounts of the operations of the French squadron on the coast, and they prove beyond all question of a doubt that Admiral GALIBER is carrying out the policy of mere destruction begun by his predecessor

Ships under his command cruise round the coast of the island, and shell towns from which no shot is ever fired at them. As it must be sufficiently obvious that military measures of this kind are not calculated to do much harm to the Hovas, it must be supposed that the French undertake them for some purpose other than the subjection of the native enemies. What that purpose is can be easily discovered. The possession of a part of a Madagascar, or even of the whole, would seem comparatively worthless to Frenchmen unless they had a fairly good chance of being the only people to make money out of it. As a preliminary step to clearing the island of all foreigners, it is a practical measure which can at least do no harm to cause them all possible loss during the course of the war. Firing with shells at unfortified towns containing nothing of any value to be destroyed which is not the property of neutrals, and generally of Englishmen, is a most effectual way of doing this. And the work is not done only on the coast. From the letters of colonists who have been driven out, it appears that the plantations which had been begun to be made by British subjects towards the interior have been destroyed in a wanton fashion. The buildings and machinery have been scattered by gunpowder, and the fields laid waste. It had been foreseen all along that a war undertaken in the spirit of a Stock Exchange speculator of doubtful morality for the avowed purpose of making a good thing out of a colonial exploitation would inflict these misfortunes on neutrals, and it will continue to do so as long as it lasts. There is no evidence that all this mischief is the work of the French alone. Indeed it is more than probable that the greater part of it has been done by the Hovas, but the French are to a great extent indirectly responsible for it. A European Power which undertakes military operations against a barbarous enemy must be prepared to find that he acts according to his nature. The more disorderly part of the Hova forces draw no distinction between one kind of foreigner and another, but simply revenge themselves on all alike. It was the moral duty of France to see that, and to undertake the war with forces enough to protect unarmed neutrals, and bring it to a speedy decision.

There seems no immediate prospect of putting an end to this so-called war. If the news sent to Europe is to be trusted, the negotiations lately undertaken have come to nothing, because the French insist on establishing a protectorate over all Madagascar, and are claiming a right of controlling the foreign relations of the Hovas. The native Government may not unreasonably conclude that the most disastrous war could scarcely go further to deprive them of their independence, and that the present state of things is preferable. The Hovas can afford to continue fighting, or at least standing ready to fight, near the coast for an indefinite period. They are not likely to feel seriously frightened until they are threatened with actual invasion by a force strong enough to force its way to the capital. In all probability the Ambassadors who have lately returned from Europe learnt enough to be able to assure their countrymen that no such invasion is probable for the present. Nobody doubts that a properly organized French expedition, under a vigorous officer, could force its way easily enough to Antananarivo, and the Hovas perhaps least of all. It is, however, very doubtful whether Franco would be inclined to incur the heavy expense. That also the Hovas, no doubt, know well enough, and they are perfectly justified in hoping to tire out their enemy until he is content to accept a round sum of money as an excuse for taking himself off. If the question were wholly between the Hovas and the French, it might be left to drag itself along until it came to a round sum of money, which is always to be met somewhere in the diplomacy of the Third Republic. As far, however, as material interests are concerned we are far more affected by war than either of the principals. A considerable number of British subjects are being ruined by it, and it is certainly not too soon to ask whether something effectual cannot be done for their protection. A neutral is expected to take his chance of loss from the misfortunes of the country in which he is settled in Europe. An Englishman who had been ruined by the war of 1866 would have had no excuse for insisting that his native Government should demand compensation for him from Prussia or Austria. In Europe, however, the risks can be calculated. It is tolerably sure that no harm will be done except for a deliberate military purpose; but in barbarous countries that is not the case. Neutrals who belong to European States are, therefore, entitled to an exceptional degree of protection from their own Government, and to expect that a civilized belligerent should give them some security against mere outrage. In Madagascar the civilized belligerent is acting on the principles of his barbarous enemy. It would, perhaps, produce a wholesome effect, and it would most assuredly not appear any excess of zeal on the part of the English Government, if it were to ask the French to act up to their professions, and to make it clearly understood at the same time that, in case of non compliance, it would itself take measures for the protection of its subjects.

BOXING AND SPARRING.

IT would be vain to pretend that the art of self-defence—to use its old-fashioned name—has suffered no injury by the suppression of prize-fights. A battle with the bare fists between men carefully trained and prepared for the business is no less necessary to determine their relative merits as boxers, than a race is to test the pretensions of two race-horses, or a course after a hare to settle which is the better of two greyhounds. If in either of these latter cases it should become impossible or illegal to apply the natural and obvious test, no doubt various expedients might be devised for arriving at a decision. Speed, strength, and activity may all be exhibited in different ways besides by racing and coursing; and an experienced judge may often be able to pick out the better of two animals without actually pitting them against one another. But in all such trials there is lacking the chief element which lends excitement to competitions, and which makes victory most pleasurable and decisive. The palm is awarded, not by actual manifest superiority in a contest fought out to the end, but by the verdict of man, who by his nature is of fallible judgment. The same thing may be said of modern boxing, which is the mere shadow and semblance of what it was formerly. Fifty years ago sparring with the gloves was regarded chiefly as a means to an end. The teacher of it instructed his pupil, not with a view of enabling him to use the glove prettily, but how to use his fist with most effect. The critic looking on at an encounter in Bendigo's rooms estimated the value of each blow, not at all by the effect it had when delivered with the gloved fist, but by the effect it would have produced if the glove had not been there. Sparring was then the mere science underlying the more practical art of pugilism. It has now usurped both titles, and is considered more often as the end than as the means. Now and then, it is true, we find a man going to learn boxing because he thinks "it may be useful to him in a street row"; but the far greater part of those who now take lessons do so purely with the desire of excelling in competitions with the gloves. Half the men who win most honours and prizes in these competitions have never struck a blow with the bare fist since they were at school, and are little likely to do so till the day of their death. Accordingly the spectators at an assault of arms, which is now the favourite occasion for a display of pugilistic science, no longer try to imagine what each blow would be like if the glove was off when it was delivered. They count the hits, not for what they represent, but for what they are; and thus often a loud-sounding slap with the half-open glove is applauded as a most telling stroke, while the neat "upper-cut," which would tell to the time more heavily in a real battle, passes comparatively unnoticed and possibly unseen except by a few. Thus there are now two wholly different aspects in which the art may be regarded; but whichever of these is chosen, it will appear that boxing, whether as a science or an art, has been severely injured by the extinction of professional fighting. For, in the first place, it is no longer worth a man's while, whatever his station may be, to devote the whole of his time to attaining proficiency in it. In the days of Tom Cribb and Mendoza, or even of Heenan and Tom Sayers, men gifted with the requisite physique and pluck might safely abandon the handicraft for which they had been designed in order to perfect themselves in the knowledge of "upper-cuts" and "cross-counters," and such-like mysteries, in the assurance that while young they would be trained and made much of at other people's expense, and when old would earn at least a fair livelihood by teaching the same tactics to their juniors. In these times there is no reasonable prospect that one man in a hundred, however muscular and courageous, will be able to earn a tolerable livelihood either by distinguishing himself as a scientific performer with the gloves or by becoming a "professor" of the art. Hence, where a dozen men became accomplished pugilists a century ago, not one will now find it worth his while to acquire the powers of nerve, the quickness of eye, and activity of limb which go to make up a complete master of the science. Without those mentors who have themselves done battle in "the ring," and who in earlier days taught all aspirants to amateur and professional honours, it is impossible that the art itself should not deteriorate. To this day the most successful teachers are those who have once been prize-fighters; and, as the numbers of such men rapidly diminish, so does the chance of learning in a good school become more and more rare. It would, of course, be absurd in this enlightened age to express anything like regret that this should be so. If any barbarians still exist who imagine that pugilism had anything to commend it, they keep their opinions to themselves when they are wise. But it will be admitted that for those who merely desire to learn the still lawful art of "sparring,"

there is some vexation in the thought that they can only be taught by counterfeit boxers trained in a new and inferior school. It would be annoying to a soldier to find that his course of instruction was sketched out by the winners in military tournaments for lack of men who had any experience on the field of battle.

Another thing which operates to the discouragement of this amusement, even regarded in that one of its forms to which the humanitarians first object, is the fact that no one knows exactly what sort of pugilism is or is not illegal. To illustrate the difficulty it is necessary to define rather precisely what forms of pugilism exist; and this would be much easier if the three or four words describing them were used each in one particular meaning, instead of being applied indiscriminately, as some of them are, to several different things. Thus, if an engagement with the bare fists were always described simply as "fighting," and never called "boxing," as it sometimes is now, there would be no difficulty as to the name for that sort of pugilism which is most plainly illegal and criminal. Next in order to it comes the species best defined as a "glove fight," which, in its most perfect development, resembles a prize-fight in all respects save only that gloves are used and wrestling and holding are disallowed. It continues, round after round, with specified intervals, until one man or his second cries "Hold, enough"; and this is seldom done till the man has been "punished" almost as much as if he had been engaged on the old-fashioned terms. It is not difficult to see that this species of encounter is as deserving of suppression as the prize-fight properly so called. The objections urged against the one apply with nearly equal force to the other, and, accordingly, the magistrates before whom the participators in such contests have been brought have not had much hesitation in pronouncing them illegal. A much more troublesome question arises when we arrive at the next variety of boxing-match, in which, ostensibly at least, the combatants do not go on till one can go on no longer, but a limit of time is fixed, during which they are to do the best they can, and, if neither is finished off before the specified moment arrives, it rests with the judges or umpire to declare which has acquitted himself the best. It is manifest that this sort of trial may be so arranged as to differ little more than in name from the glove-fight. If the time allowed for it is long, and the breathing time between each round limited to half a minute; if "infighting" is not discouraged, and the blows are estimated merely by the damage they seem to do, there would be some absurdity in pronouncing it lawful while men were being punished for engaging in glove-fights. On the other hand, the contest may be so managed as to resemble much more closely what is usually called "sparring." In this last the men are not allowed to remain at close quarters, but separated whenever they get together and begin infighting. Half-arm blows delivered in a scrimmage are not usually allowed to count; and the clumsy round-armed hit, even though it does more harm to the recipient, is not esteemed so highly as a straight hit made correctly from the shoulder. The attitude and action of each man are taken into account; and, in short, the whole affair is an exhibition of skill and science rather than of brute force.

We have thus four different species of encounter, of which the first two—fighting and glove-fighting—are clearly prohibited; and the last—sparring properly so called—has not yet been tabooed by the most eager magisterial exponent of modern morality. Between the two extremes comes that which we have elected to call "boxing," which has at various times, and according to its various developments, been allowed or disallowed. Here it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to fix the exact limit between what is lawful and what is not. The question must be left to a large extent to the appreciation of those who have to expound the law; and a score of circumstances, which may seem unimportant, must assist them in determining whether the boxers are engaged in sparring or in a disguised fight. It is not possible to draw a hard and fast line between sparring and fighting in the same way as it is between fencing and small-sword play, or between single-stick and the use of the broad-sword, and that chiefly for two reasons. First, the glove does not by any means completely deaden the force of the blow—not nearly so much so as does the substitution of a foil for a rapier or a stick for a broadsword; and secondly, size, and more especially weight, count for far more in sparring than in fencing or single-stick. The result of this is that even in a match conducted under the best rules, a man of weak physique is apt to be "knocked out of time" by a more robust though less skilful adversary. It is, and must always be, a rule that in order to win his heat a man must stand up for a certain time—generally ten minutes with some few intervals—in front of the other. It follows, therefore, that if by a severe blow he is rendered insensible, he cannot fulfil the conditions, and the other man carries off the verdict, not because he has in the opinion of the judges done best, but because his opponent has retired from the field through inability to conform to the rules. This is no doubt a serious objection to the matches in which it is wished to encourage science rather than heavy hitting; but it may be observed that, when a man has devoted any careful attention to his training, and also has that quickness of eye and judgment of distance which is part of the qualifications of a scientific boxer, he is very unlikely to be thus put *hors de combat*. Accordingly the case is not really much more common amongst the first flight of amateurs than would be the spraining of a foot in fencing or a wrist in broad-sword play: certainly it is much more rare than the disabling of a man in football by some accident arising out of the inevitable roughness of the game.

It has been the object, not only of the magistrates who have to deal with alleged "breaches of the peace" but also of most respectable athletic clubs, to ascertain as far as may be the true boundary between sparring and more doubtful sorts of boxing, and to encourage the one while setting their faces against the other. The amateurs who manage our annual English competitions, and more especially those who preside over the competitions for the Queensberry prizes, have always endeavoured strenuously to discourage anything like rough play. They do not absolutely disqualify a man who is obviously playing to "knock out" his opponent, but they warn him that their verdict will not be earned by mere hard hitting, and, if he persists in his violence, they rather stretch a point in favour of the man who resorts to no such tactics. Here, however, we are brought to that most difficult part of the whole subject—What is the true principle upon which to decide a sparring match? Now in half the contests which take place the candidates are in doubt as to how far their performance is to be judged by the telling force of each blow delivered and how far by the mere frequency with which they hit their opponent. It may perhaps be rash to answer offhand such a question as this, which is variously treated in different schools and at different displays. But we will nevertheless, at the risk of being found fault with by one set of judges or another, venture to lay down a few rules which we believe to be the true ones. At any rate we are assured that they have the approval of many amateurs who have the greatest experience in judging these matches both amongst their own class and amongst professionals. The test of a good man is, then, certainly not to be found in the number of hits he scores. Otherwise a man who kept flipping his adversary with the tips of his glove-fingers might be adjudged a better performer than one who planted every blow full and fair on the spot aimed at. A man who with rounded arm and out-turned elbow ran in upon his antagonist, and, though met with a direct hit in the face, managed to *riposte* with two half-arm blows, would at that rate be hailed the winner. This is clearly wrong; for the quality of the blow ought to determine its value, and a straight "left-hander" from the shoulder given without a return may fairly count twice as much as one delivered in a bungling way in a hand-to-hand scrimmage. Again, a man who stands his ground and easily stops or eludes each attack is obviously entitled to more credit than one who is always running or jumping about and is "all over the ring." The reason is obvious; one of the two would, if the contest continued, soon wear out his own strength, whereas the other, remaining fresh, would soon be able to "go in and finish off" the fidgety boxer. Another point that should be considered is "leading off." To stand always on the defensive and only rely upon "countering" is not so much to a man's credit as to commence the attack; and if the hits are equal the prize ought to be awarded to the man who is seen to have done the most work in attacking. But perhaps the point which a good judge most carefully observes and a bad one most disregards is that science which is known as "timing." A blow which meets a man as he comes forward has usually more effect than two which strike him as he is standing quite still, or four which overtake him as he is drawing back. Now the art of timing depends partly upon so delivering the blow that it meets an advancing foe, though it also has to do with the quickness of sight which perceives when an enemy is uncovered for a fraction of a second. It is obvious that these matters ought to be regarded by a judge in arriving at his decision.

Enough has been said to show how much more there is to be noted in judging these matches than the vulgar herd suppose. The same reasons which make the office of judge so arduous make it also necessary to the making of a good boxer that he should have had long and careful practice with a variety of opponents. It is for these reasons that boxing never has been and never can be so nearly reduced to the condition of an exact science as fencing or single-stick. It must, however, be admitted that a great advance has been made of late years towards thus "precising" the methods of attack and defence; and it would be unfair to omit mention of the treatise in which this result has been successfully aimed at. "Professor" Donelly, who, if we mistake not, qualified himself in the most orthodox way to be a teacher of boxing, has spent much time and pains in elaborating the science as a science. He obtained photographs from life illustrating the exact attitudes in which men should find themselves at various stages in the act of hitting and guarding, and added them to the verbal directions given in his book. By this means "cross-counters," in all their various forms, are understood at a glance. The proper position of the head, foot, and body in executing each movement is described with almost as much exactitude as it is by a fencing-master; and the side-step—most puzzling of all tactics to a beginner—ceases to be a mystery as quickly as the "trois-temps" when explained by a dancing-master. It must, moreover, be confessed that there are several other "professors" still living who keep up the best unwritten traditions of their art. As for amateurs, there was perhaps never a greater desire amongst them to learn sparring than there is now. The professional element has been discouraged, as aforesaid, firstly by the ruin of the "P.R.," and, secondly, by the absurd decisions which have been given as to legitimate and unlawful matches. But, if the boundary-line between the two classes of encounter were once made out, as it might be without real difficulty, there need be no reason why all classes of the com-

munity should not be allowed to engage in an amusement long peculiarly popular in this country. The only thing that is required to keep alive that amusement is that the supporters of it should keep "sparring" entirely separate from boxing or fighting, and so prevent it from degenerating into what the moralists of the age have resolved to characterize as "brutality."

THE NAVY.

THE warnings of those who endeavour to make Englishmen realize the naval weakness of their country are usually treated with a placid consistency which certainly appears to be effective. They are, generally speaking, either ignored altogether or met by the meagre statements, free from any tiresome detail, showing that everything is for the best in the best of all possible navies, which officials are always ready to make and Englishmen apparently always ready to accept. To attacks in the House of Commons some reply must of course be made; but any nonsense is thought good enough for an answer to a naval critic, there being a happy certainty that his complaints will awaken small echo in the country. To attacks made outside the House of Commons an official or semi-official reply is rarely given, whatever the position and authority of the assailants may be, full reliance being commonly placed at Whitehall on what may be termed either the complete apathy of the public or its complete confidence in Lord Northbrook and Sir T. Brassey and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman and in their power of greatly increasing the strength of the navy without increasing expenditure. That this is, from a political point of view, the best system to adhere to; that it is difficult to overrate the general indifference; and that complete silence is the best answer to criticisms, however well supported by facts and figures, seems undeniable; but even the calmest officials cannot always maintain their absolute trust in the apathy of the public, and sometimes there is a departure from the excellent system of mutism, which, for the sake of official peace of mind, ought never to be abandoned. Occasionally the Admiralty does attempt, in no very open or ingenuous manner, to answer the attacks of critics outside the House. Twice within the last twelve months this has been done, and the result has been singular, as in each case the result of the lengthy and confused defence has been to strengthen the case of the assailants. To show how much it has been strengthened, and what the nature of these remarkable replies has been, it is necessary to give a short retrospect.

Just a year ago Sir Edward Reed addressed a powerful letter to the *Times* in which he contended that the principle followed by First Lords and Chancellors of the Exchequer of limiting the annual expenditure of the navy to something between ten and eleven millions sterling was only maintained by the steady, deliberate, and continued reduction of our naval strength, inasmuch as the charges for half-pay, pensions, and for non-effective services generally were continually on the increase, and encroached more and more every year on effective expenditure. As Sir E. Reed is an ardent Liberal and a supporter of the present Government, his strictures could hardly be said to be due to that party feeling which the present Ministers, with due regard for their own past, so justly condemn, but nevertheless his letter remained unanswered, though, if he had been wholly or partially wrong in his main facts, it would have been extremely easy to have set him right. Some months later, however, the representatives of the Admiralty had perforce to speak, as, although newspaper attacks can be ignored, it is not unfortunately at present allowable to ask for votes in the House of Commons without giving some sort of explanation and without making some sort of answer to critics. In the debate on the Estimates in May last Sir Thomas Brassey, who was followed by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, strove to show that, in first-class ships built and building, our navy was greatly superior to that of France. To prove this he made no detailed comparison, but gave totals merely, taking the very fallacious test of displacement tonnage. As he appeared to be under the impression that three times 8,500 was 22,200, his figures, which were scarcely reconcilable with those given in his own book, could hardly be thought much of except, perhaps, by the higher mathematicians; and they were practically demolished by Captain Price, R.N., the member for Devonport, who, in a letter to the *Times*, carefully compared thickness of plating and power of guns in English and French ships, and showed that at the end of the year the French would be ahead of us. No answer was made to his letter, at least, for a long while; and in like manner silence was for a time deemed the best reply to Admiral of the Fleet Sir Thomas Symonds, who fully compared the French ironclads of modern construction with ours, and showed that the French were rapidly coming up to us, and were almost certain to pass us soon. Here, as with Sir E. Reed, if statements were wrong or statistics erroneous, it would have been very easy to correct them; but, so far as we are aware, no attempt was made to do this, and the Admiral's criticisms thus received the strongest confirmation. Some time after their appearance, however, silence was at last broken and an answer given to the assailants of the Admiralty generally. In October last the *Times* published a long semi-official article on the visit of the Lords of the Admiralty to Portsmouth, and the writer prefaced his account of what was being done—a very interesting one, we may observe—by an attempt to exculpate the Board, pointing out discrepancies between the views of their critics and repeating Sir T. Brassey's statements. What the vindication was worth it was not then, and certainly is not now, necessary to inquire, as at the end of it the author very obligingly admitted the whole of the opponent's case. He said that the Admiralty deserved some credit for not refurbishing obsolete vessels, but for preferring "to devote the bulk of their limited resources to pushing forward the construction of ironclads capable of meeting an equal, if not superior, terms the ironclad navy of France." Now even the Premier himself could hardly attempt to show that this was anything but a plain admission that there was great danger of the French ironclad navy surpassing ours, which was precisely what the alarmists had so long and so steadily maintained without receiving any satisfactory response.

So much for the first attempt to defend the Admiralty. It admitted that the French were abreast, or perhaps ahead of us, and admitted by implication that the Board had not money enough, thereby showing that Sir E. Reed was perfectly right in what he had said at the beginning of the year. The second attempt at vindication, which was of much later date, was scarcely more fortunate. On the 2nd of the present month the *Times* published another long semi-official article, in which much trouble was taken to show that there had been lately a considerable increase in construction, and specially in the construction of armour-plated ships. In one extraordinary sentence the writer directly contradicted his own assertion; but this was apparently a slip of the pen, and it may be allowed that he was not unsuccessful in his attempt to prove that there had been more activity during the last three years than there had been before: but, if all his facts are taken for granted, the strictures of the alarmists are in no way weakened. It seems very difficult for those who speak on the Government side in this matter to look at it from any other than a party point of view. Their best answer to any demonstration of our naval weakness is to show that when Mr. W. H. Smith was in power we were weaker still. Even to political opponents this is a doubtful reply, but to those who look at the question from a national point of view—that is to say, to all who interest themselves in the subject, and are not carried away by party spirit—praise of Lord Northbrook's doings, as compared with those of his predecessor, is about as interesting as a discussion respecting the merits of Lord St. Vincent's administration would be. What is gravely stated, and to all appearance proved, is that the English navy is not so strong, compared with other navies, and notably with the French, as it should be, and that no such strenuous efforts as are required are being made to give it the strength it ought to possess. To answer that the present Board is not so supine as another Board has been is a mere appeal to party feeling, which is altogether wide of the main issue. When this line of defence is for a moment departed from, and an attempt made to reply to those who speak of the feebleness of our one safeguard against invasion, futilities and claptrap are all that can be offered. At the conclusion of the article above mentioned the writer endeavours to show that there is no ground for apprehension, and as the best proof he can give, quotes the words with which Sir T. Brassey was good enough to reassure Englishmen in a speech he made at Liverpool two years ago. The able historian of ironclads then said:—"We may be calm and confident because we know our inherent strength. If the resources of our private yards were utilized, as they would be in case of necessity, we know what the result would be. Setting aside the dockyards, united Europe could do nothing in comparison with our private industrial establishments. The mercantile marine is the backbone of the navy." Every public man has occasionally to talk nonsense, and on this occasion Sir T. Brassey was submitting to this inevitable necessity and talking arrant nonsense such as the most serious politicians cannot always avoid; and it can hardly be supposed that he meant his words to be taken seriously. No doubt the resources of our private yards could be utilized if, with a thoughtful regard for our interest, a foreign Power were to give us two or three years' notice of its intention to declare war—but not otherwise. To say that the mercantile marine is the backbone of the navy is as true as it would be to say that boatmen are the backbone of the mercantile marine. Never were sailors of the Royal Navy more separated from merchant seamen than they are now, and never, unfortunately, was skill in handling sails of so little account as now. What are required for warships are men who thoroughly know how to work guns of all kinds, not men who can merely set or take in sail. The Naval Reserve might render good service in war, but the ordinary merchant seaman would, in many cases, not be of much more use on board a man-of-war than a Kentish hoveller would be on board a sea-going vessel. As to armed merchant ships, it can only be said that it is by no means certain that they would not be promptly sent to the bottom. It is true that, in March last, there were, out of 4,000 merchant steamers of 100 tons and upwards, 300 vessels capable of remaining afloat with one compartment full of water, but perhaps even these specially strong ships would not be much use in warfare, as any but a very clumsy adversary would probably succeed in piercing two compartments, and in destroying very rapidly a portion of the backbone of the navy. Before using this unhappy expression, which has been so unhappily relied on, Sir T. Brassey would have done well to have referred to the memorandum issued by Mr. Barnaby in October 1880 respecting the unfitness of merchant ships for war purposes, and to the old experiments on the effect of shot on iron ships to which

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Thomas Symonds has so aptly drawn attention.

The second attempt to defend the present Board of the Admiralty was then in no way more successful than the first had been. One writer, carried away by an irresistible spirit of candour, had to make an admission which was fatal to his whole argument; the other had to resort to second-hand claptrap. This week indeed the *Times* published an alarmist article which characteristically enough began with a sneer at alarmists. The extreme weakness of the answers which have been given through the press to the critics of the naval policy of the Government is, to say the least, a strong proof of the justice of their censures; but, if even this is not thought sufficient by those who see in the use of the word alarmist an answer to everything, there is, as it happens, at this moment proof yet more positive and absolute, proof which comes from tangible fact of the insufficiency of our naval armaments. For some time past the behaviour of the French in the far East has not been of a pacific nature, and, to aid them in carrying out operations which are not calculated to promote peace and goodwill, they have a very strong squadron in Chinese waters. We have, as we pointed out when previously treating this subject, but a very feeble one, although we have enormous interests, infinitely greater than those of the French, to protect in China; and if unpleasant difficulties arose and Admiral Courbet thought fit to act in the spirit of the late Admiral Pierre, who showed so clearly what French officers think of English naval power, he might order the British ships to withdraw, with the certainty of being able to sink them if his order was not complied with. For the weakness of the fleet where a strong fleet is so sorely needed there can be but one reason—utter inability to send more ships or men; and in face of this grave fact it can hardly be contended by any one who is not a slave to party feeling or to a few catchwords and phrases, that our strength is what it should be, and that the complaints which have been made respecting the naval policy now pursued are unfounded and due to mere nervous apprehension which Englishmen may justly disregard.

THE PIED ELEPHANT

THE coming of Toung Taloung has been celebrated by himself with trumpetings and by the daily papers with a curious amount of controversy. Naturalists, theologians, travellers, doctors, and other eminent personages have entered the lists, and we have many discrepant accounts of the animal, some asserting that he is an albino, some that he is a leper, some that he is nothing in particular, and others that he is a god, a knight, a king, or a very ordinary elephant. The British public is attracted by the subject. Natural history is popular in England at any time, owing perhaps to the prevalent love of sport. An elephant with real tusks has not been seen here for some years. Even if he had not been announced as white, the Burmese stranger would have been visited on this account. But when we hear that in addition to his tusks he has two Buddhist priests, that his attendants fulfil in their services the precept that "work is worship," and when, in addition, we are informed that a white elephant need not be white all over, but is quite as much venerated if he is piebald, it is easy to understand the excitement which draws thousands every day to visit the Zoological Gardens in spite of the weather.

It appears from Mr. Carl Bock's book on *Temples and Elephants*, which has made its appearance in the nick of time, that real albinos are sometimes discovered. He not only saw one in Siam, but was allowed to make a drawing of it in colours. It resembles nothing so much as a white pig. The skin is certainly not white, rather pink or brown, but along the profile of the back, so to speak, is a row of white bristles, and a scattering of the same character adorns the tail. Mr. Bock says, "Were I to describe him as *white*, I should lay myself open to the charge of colour-blindness; but he was quite an albino, the whole body being of a pale reddish-brown colour, with a few real white hairs on the back. The iris of the eye, the colour of which is held to be a good test of an albino, was a pale Naples yellow." How very different Mr. Barnum's elephant is may be judged from the account given of him by Mr. Balmanno Squire, who writes to the papers that Toung Taloung is suffering from a disease known as "leucoderma"—a "disease," that is, as distinguished from a "complaint," seeing the patient does not suffer in any way from it, while he changes colour like a chameleon, and being, in the human subject, at least, usually a negro, belies the saying about the Ethiopian and his skin. "The individual affected with leucoderma is not born so." He acquires his whiteness gradually, first in spots, then in large patches, ending with either entire whiteness almost like that of an albino, or else, after two or three years, with sudden and complete recovery. How disappointing it must be to a negro, after spending two or three years buoyed up with the hope of turning as pale as a European, to find himself relapsing into his pristine darkness!

If Toung Taloung, then, is not an albino, or congenitally piebald, it is possible that, after he has adorned Mr. Barnum's show for a few years, he may become as other elephants, and present a pale face no longer to the admiring gaze of the visitor. But the *Times* of Wednesday presents another and still more disappointing view of the case. Mr. C. P. Sanderson, who is thoroughly well qualified to give an opinion, since he is Superintendent of Government Elephant-Catching Operations in Bengal, thinks Mr. Barnum has been gulled. Mr. Sanderson is at issue with Mr. Bock. He tells us that Mr. Barnum has not got a white elephant, "for the sufficient reason that such an animal does not exist." As to India and Burmah Mr. Sanderson's authority is supreme and conclusive; but the testimony of another correspondent of the *Times* asserts the existence of at least biscuit-coloured elephants in Droungaria, a remote region of Chinese Tartary. He goes on to describe a beast which had "light blue eyes, in conjunction with a sandy colour of the hairs of the body and a somewhat lighter-coloured skin than ordinary." This may have been an albino like that which Mr. Bock figures. But albinos and pied elephants seem to be of no special value in India. Her Majesty the Empress is nowhere described as "Lady of the White Elephant," and Mr. Sanderson thinks that Mr. Barnum might have bought one with much more extensive blotches for about 150*l.* at Dacca, near Calcutta. Nevertheless, our own, and still more the American, public may flock to see an animal which is reported to be a "divinity" at home, just as they flocked to see a black man in Melbury Road because he had been a king in his own country, and as the Americans mob an English duke. Even on this point, however, there is controversy. Mr. Davis, Mr. Barnum's agent, "never came across an elephant so full of notions," and the same may be said of the people who have written letters about him. According to an anonymous correspondent of the *Times*, it is a complete mistake to suppose that a white elephant is ever worshipped. "White in Siam is an emblem of royalty." White elephants, moreover, are exceedingly rare. The writer finds fault with Mr. Bock in particular on the subject, but, though Mr. Bock describes the reception and "baptism" of a white elephant, he does not commit himself very distinctly to any assertion of his divinity. The arguments which draw a comparison between Buddhism and Romanism are a little unfortunate. Every one knows that the worship of idols is no part of Buddhistic religion, but it is equally true that many, if not most, Buddhists worship the supposed incarnations of their founder, whether in the form of the Grand Lama or of a white elephant. The Romanist religion may not inculcate idolatry, though some misguided people say it does, but nobody can deny that images are worshipped by thousands of Roman Catholics. It is easy to make a quibble about worship and veneration, but it remains a quibble after all. The same writer describes the ceremony of naming a new white elephant by putting its name on a piece of sugar-cane to be swallowed by the animal, and Mr. Bock gives us the exact inscription in one case which he witnessed. It was:—"Phra Sawet Sakoula Waraphat she ndom chat visute," and a good deal more, which reminds us that the King of Lilliput was named "Golbasto Momaren Evlame Gurdilo Shefin Mully Ully Gue."

CURIOSITIES OF SERMONOLOGY.

AMONG the many stories told to illustrate the canny reserve of —— as we are sorry to be obliged to call him—the retiring Bishop of Chester the following is not the least characteristic. A Dean whose theological opinions were matter of dispute had been preaching before him in the Cathedral, and the sermon was pronounced by some of the hearers to be "rather High" and by others to be "rather Low." The Bishop, on being asked for his own judgment, replied, "I thought it was rather long." That is no doubt a charge which may be preferred against many sermons both High and Low, but length after all is a relative term, and whether a sermon is too long depends a good deal on its intrinsic quality, and partly on the conditions of its delivery. It makes a difference, for instance, whether it comes at the end of a long service, or without any such accompaniment, and it makes a still greater difference whether the preacher is, say, Canon Liddon, or some raw country curate. It would however on the whole be a great relief to those who have to listen to them if the only or the worst fault chargeable on sermons was being too long or too short. A little book on Modern Preaching by Mr. Mahaffy, noticed a year or two ago in our columns, would alone serve to dispel so pleasant an illusion, nor could any greater immunity from faults of various kinds be reasonably claimed for the ancient than for the modern pulpit, though the prevalent faults are not, of course, exactly the same in every age. It was said of a certain Eton Fellow of a former generation, whose name we omit, though we are not aware that he has any surviving representatives,

> Didactic, dry, declamatory, dull,
> Big Bursar . . . . bellows like a bull.

Dulness, it must be admitted, like excessive length, which often goes with it, is a failing terribly common among preachers of every age, and a failing which is terribly hard to bear. Yet neither is dulness the worst of the ills which churchgoing flesh is heir to. It is possible to escape being dull by being not interesting but pretentious, and a preacher—or indeed speaker of any kind—who is pretentious is very apt to become absurd. He need not necessarily be a fool, in the sense of being simply unintelligent, though he is of course in one sense a fool, wherein his manner of speech bewrayeth him. This again is a sort of folly by no means peculiar to any one period or one country, but it has special manifestations at particular times and places, and occasionally in one country or another what may be called "the silly season" of preaching sets in with abnormal severity. Such a

visitation appears to have come upon Spain about the middle of the last century, and it gave birth to a work by a contemporary Spanish Jesuit—one Father Francis Isla—which a writer in the *Church Quarterly Review* justly represents as a kind of clerical new version of *Don Quixote*; it was translated at the time into English under the title of the *History of the Famous Preacher Friar Gerund de Campazas*. We are afraid the good *Fray Gerundio* is not without his unconscious imitators among English preachers both in former days and in our own. But as it is always profitable "to see ourselves as others see us," such pulpit orators might with advantage study the idiosyncrasies of their Spanish prototype. And if they should be tempted to reply that their hearers applaud instead of hissing them, they may be reminded that Friar Gerund's manner of preaching also was not only prevalent but popular in Spain, and that few, if any, modern works have had a wider circulation in England than Mr. Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* and the late Dr. Cumming's voluminous Incubrations on the Apocalypse. *Laudari a laudato viro* is an excellent thing, but there is high authority for assuming that prophets may prophesy falsely—or foolishly—albeit the people love to have it so.

So fierce was the storm of frightened indignation provoked by the author of *Fray Gerundio* that not even the favour of that sternest and most uncompromising of all tribunals of censorship, the Spanish Inquisition, could protect him from its violence. Dominicans, Franciscans, and secular clergy, generally at feud with one another, combined to memorialize the King against a work which exposed the ministers of the Gospel and all religious Orders to vulgar contempt, and which they were assured could have no other result than "a relaxation, if not a subversion, of the national religion." Accordingly for the sake of peace the book was suppressed. But the very fierceness of these *animis cœlestibus iræ* proved that it had done its work, at least as far as ignominious exposure was concerned. The cap fitted "the scraitened forehead" on which it had been fixed too well to be easily dropped, and many a popular Fray Gerundio must have felt that his glory was departed. The hero of the tale is of course a fictitious character, but the fiction was only too closely based on fact. His birthplace is described with much solemn elaboration of detail; and there is a very wonderful "Dedication," in what the profane would call dog-Latin—and of a kind where the dogginess is much more conspicuous than the Latinity—the supposed author of which is made to observe with unconscious irony that "neither Cicero, nor Quintilian, nor Titus Livius, nor Sallust, ever made such a thing, or were ever capable of making it." It is quite indeed in the style of the fourth-form boy who translated "the milky way" by *milca iter*. But of all this, and a good deal more in the first volume of this history, *Fray Gerundio* might observe, like Tristram Shandy, "I forgot all this time I am not yet born." He is born however in the course of the volume, and christened *Gerundio*, in memory of the circumstance that his father had in his schoolboy days once, and once only, risen in his class, by his successful handling of a gerund. This father was a farmer, and much given to showing hospitality, especially to the clergy, and thus his house came to be frequented by "those of the begging and messenger kind, the Sabatine [or Saturday] preachers, and those who went about to preach in the neighbouring market towns in Lent and Advent." These good men had an unfortunate habit of rehearsing their discourses in the parlour of the farmhouse, and the boy Gerund—who proved only too truly to be father to the man—was fond of listening and then of imitating them. Their style of preaching, to judge from the citations given, appears to have been neither edifying nor intelligent, though it aimed, with doubtful success, at being sensational, and succeeded, if the author may be credited, in becoming extremely popular. The following extract from a sermon for All Souls' Day, which respect for sacred names compels us to curtail, may be taken as a specimen:—

> Fire! fire! fire! The house is on fire! *Domus mea domus orationis vocabitur.* Now, sexton, touch the loud-sounding bells. *In cymbalis bene sonantibus.* Do it so; for to toll for the dead and to toll for fire is the same thing, as the judicious Picinelus remarks: *Lazarus amicus noster dormit.* Water, sirs, water! for the world is burning: *quis dabit capiti meo aquam?* the interlineal, *qui erant in hoc mundo*; Pagninus, *et inundus eum non cognovit.* But what do I see? Alas! Christians. The souls of the faithful are in flames! *Fidelium animæ!* and the voracious element feeds on flowing pitch. *Requieruut in pace, id est, in pice*, as Vatablus explains it.

If the leisure hours of Gerundio's boyhood were enlightened with discourses of this type, his direct education at school was hardly more felicitous. His first master was possessed with a conviction that capitals or small letters should be used according to the greatness or otherwise of the "conception" indicated. Hence *e.g.* a "Leg of Beef" must have a large letter, and "a leg of a lark" a small one; "Mountain" and "mouse" were to be similarly distinguished; and whereas "it is plain from Scripture that zacchæus was a little tiny fellow, almost a dwarf," while Zabulon and Zerobabel were "giants," their respective names must be spelt accordingly. Gerundio's next preceptor had notions equally queer, though the queerness was of a more recondite and perplexing kind, and appears to have been chiefly derived from the current preaching of the day. At last the boy, who had been a scapegrace at school, is persuaded to enter a religious noviciate by the promise of a merry life—for the monastic discipline of the period in Spain was in a somewhat relaxed condition, to put it mildly—and in spite of his persistent neglect of study, for which "he had imbibed the utmost horror," he eventually blossomed into a preacher. His great instructor in the homiletic art was "Father Predicador Mayor," himself a notable pulpit luminary, of whose four rules for the composition of sermons we can only here find room for the two last. "Let the title or subject of the Sermon be always something jocular, or sonorous, or professional, or theatrical, or quibbling"; and, lastly, "Let thy style be always pompous, swollen, bristling with Greek or Latin, altisonant, and with as graceful a cadence as possible." It was also a principle of Father Predicador Mayor's "never to cite the holy Fathers, or even the Evangelists, by their proper names," which he considered vulgar. Thus St. Matthew was the Historian Angel; St. Mark, the Evangelic Bull; St. Luke, the most Divine Brush; St. John, the Eagle of Patmos; St. Jerome, the Purple of Belen; St. Ambrose, the Honeycomb of Doctors; and St. Gregory, the Allegorical Tiara. There is nothing new under the sun, and Father Mayor's idea of the vulgarity of citing proper names may be illustrated by a story told in the Life of Charles Simeon. A young disciple of his at Cambridge had brought his first sermon to read to the great master before delivering it. It was on the murmuring of the Israelites in the wilderness, and after some rather pompous platitudes proceeded, "In the midst of all this tumult, the son of Amram stood unmoved." "The *who*, Sir?" interrupted Simeon. "Why, Sir," replied his pupil somewhat abashed, "I meant Moses." "Then, Sir," thundered his preceptor, "why can't you *say* Moses?" Poor Fray Gerundio was blessed with no equally discreet Mentor, and we cannot wonder that the scholar of Father Predicador Mayor should have done ample justice, in the sermon for St. Anne's Day quoted by his biographer, to the instruction he had received: considerations no less of reverence than of space again oblige us to cut short the extract in the middle.

> Ann, as we all know, was the mother of our Lady, and grave authors affirm that she carried her in her womb twenty months, "*Hic mensis sextus est illi*"; and others add that she wept. "*Plorans ploravit in nocten*"; whence I infer that Mary was a *Zahori*, "Et gratia *ejus in me warna non fuit.*" But let the orator attend to argument. S. Ann was the mother of Mary, but Mary was the mother of Christ: therefore S. Anna is the grandmother of the most Holy Trinity. "*Et Trinitatem in unitate veneremur.*" On this account is she celebrated in this her house, "*Hæc requies mea in sæculum sæculi.*" And what can be given thee, O Ann, in retribution for thy compendious benefits? "*Quid retribuam Domino?*" What parallels can express my words in the speaking thy praises? "*Laudo vos? In hoc non laudo.*" Thou art that mysterious net in whose opaque meshes remain captivated the silly fishes. "*Sagenæ missæ in mari.*" Thou are that stone of the desert which the lover of Rachel erected in the Damascan field to give water to his flock. "*Mulier, da mihi aq nam.*"

Gerundio, as we are informed, persevered in this style of preaching to the last, in spite of all remonstrance, which was the less surprising, as his audience were lost in admiration of what they deemed "a most valiant performance"—on much the same principle, no doubt, which leads congregations nearer home to find in "the blessed word Mesopotamia" so deep a source of consolation. English preachers, however flowery or pedantic, do not usually interlard their discourses with scraps of irrelevant Latin, but there lives graven on our memory the record of a very young preacher many years ago at a parish church in Oxford, who had been entertaining an exclusively poor congregation on a week-day evening with a highly-coloured picture of early Church history, drawn from a strictly orthodox and Catholic standpoint, and had told them *inter alia* how "the blessed Athanasius rose as a burning light above the arid waste of Arian misbelief," with much more to the same effect, in a tongue not readily to be "understanded of the people" who sat under his pulpit. An old woman however was heard rapturously exclaiming to her crony on the steps of the church as they came out, "Ah, but that was a heavenly-minded young man, to be sure." We commend the example, together with Fray Gerundio's, to all popular preachers of our own day, Anglican or other, with a respectful exhortation not to do likewise. It has been justly observed that "nowhere are the arts of eloquence so necessary and so telling as with the vulgar crowd," and that precisely because "they want and understand only simple words and plain speaking." Preachers like Fray Gerundio were by no means wrong in making a study of their art, but they were fundamentally mistaken in imagining that the perfection of art is to be unnatural. The object of rhetoric, sacred or secular, as Aristotle long ago pointed out, is persuasion, and for purposes of persuasion to avoid artificiality, mannerism, and extravagance, is a first condition of success. *Ars est celare artem*; in the pulpit, as on the platform, that eloquence is alone effective which at least can simulate simplicity.

IMPRESSIONISME.

THE opening of the exhibition of M. Manet's works at the Ecole des Beaux Arts has, as might have been expected, given rise to a great deal of angry discussion, and heaped fresh fuel on the embers of the controversy concerning the "peintres intransigeants." Every journalist in Paris has declared himself with more or less vehemence for or against M. Manet and his school, and although we know full well that "there is a curse on whoso telleth of things in Aklis," we will add that in a certain measure M. Manet's posthumous exhibition has been potent to stir up dissension in the "Institut" itself. In the meantime there has been little or no thoughtful criticism on the subject, neither has there been any lack of the usual hideous jargon employed in such cases by professional art critics of the baser sort. Technical terms torn quivering from their true signification have been flung relentlessly

upon the columns of the newspapers, while musical phraseology has been so unsparingly drawn upon, that it would not astonish us were we to light upon an article describing "une magnifique ébauche en cadmium dièse" or "un panneau décoratif en bitume bémol." In the meanwhile the word "impressionisme" has enjoyed a season of comparative rest. It has, indeed, been played out long since, and moreover has never recovered from the blow it received when the "impressionistes" themselves resolved upon discarding it. But, although it is to all intents and purposes dead as far as Paris is concerned, it has been resuscitated in London, where the average journalist employs it with an impressive recklessness calculated to make his French *confrères* wail over their lost opportunities. This being the case, it has seemed to us that it might prove interesting to some of our readers were we to glance at the history of the word and attempt to make the sense in which it has been used in the country in which it originated tolerably clear. To do this it will be necessary to briefly consider the development of modern art and art criticism in France.

Without going back as far as David, who may, broadly speaking, be termed the father of French art as it at present exists, we may take the romantic movement as our starting-point. Ingres and Delacroix were in their widely different ways preaching the doctrine of truthfulness to nature. Landscape can hardly be said to have existed as an art, and the study of atmospheric effect in painting figures out of doors was unknown. This came later, when Millet began to apply the knowledge he had acquired from patient study of the works of Poussin and of the great Italians, and got his pictures persistently refused at the Salon as his reward. M. Jules Dupré was coming into notice, and his pictures, which seem to us to-day to be heavy, and wanting in sincerity of effect, were held to be insolently natural. But it was from England that the influence came that was destined to give lasting vitality to the modern school of French landscape. It ought to furnish matter for lasting pride to all Englishmen who have any care for pure art to remember that the originators of the movement which produced such men as Rousseau, Daubigny, and Corot were Crome and Constable. We come now to Courbet, whose early work—infinitely painstaking and full of minute detail, somewhat heavy in colour, and characterized by a vigorous insistence of line—gave hardly any hint of the direction his talent was to take at a later period. As far as we have been able to discover, it was when he exchanged his first manner of painting for the looser method with which his name is commonly associated that the term "impressionisme" first came into use. As late as 1868 Théophile Gautier, referring to Courbet and his followers, still speaks of "l'école réaliste." From the moment that this baneful word saw the light it became a party cry—a purpose for which it was eminently suited, as it might be made to mean almost anything. To convey some notion of the manner in which it can be used in its best sense, we cannot do better than attempt a description of a well-known picture of Courbet's to which it has often been applied, both by admirers and detractors. This picture represents a forest scene in the snow. A few dead leaves stirred into tremulous motion by a passing breath of wind hang on the trees—two startled deer raise their heads and gaze out of the background. It is a momentary aspect of nature taken in and judged by an exquisitely sensitive and highly-trained eye and transferred to canvas by a masterly hand. If this be "impressionisme," we can only say that it is evident that every great artist who ever lived has been an "impressioniste."

Considered in this sense, we have sometimes fancied that the term may satisfy one of the most curious of the "bourgeois'" secret wants. Persons who possess no real feeling for or knowledge of art experience a vague dissatisfaction before any work which contains hidden knowledge; they *feel* in some indefinite way that they are "being done" and not getting their money's worth out of the show. This dissatisfaction finds an easy outlet nowadays through a solemn shake of the head and a remark to the effect that "This is a sad manifestation of 'impressionisme.'" Should our surmise be correct, and we believe it to be so, it follows that there are at this moment, "de par le monde," many people who would, if they dared to speak sincerely, declare the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel to be the work of an "impressioniste." Of course we leave out of our calculation such marvellous incarnations of the spirit of the "éternel bourgeois" as the person who declared that Michael Angelo's figures were produced by his "following the cracks in the plaster." The word may also be used for another purpose of a somewhat similar nature—that of defining the "bourgeois" mental attitude regarding what he fondly calls "finish." We cannot illustrate this better than by referring to Baudelaire's notice of the Salon of 1845, in which he says:—"Tous les demi-savants . . . . s'accordent en ceci; que définitivement M. Corot ne sait pas peindre. Braves gens! qui ignorent d'abord qu'une œuvre de génie . . . . est toujours très-bien exécutée quand elle l'est suffisamment . . . . qu'en général ce qui est *fait* n'est pas *fini*, et qu'une chose très-*finie* peut n'être pas *faite* du tout." The "demi-savant" or the wholly ignorant man of to-day merely says of such work that it is "impressionist," and refuses to waste any further words on it. There has also been a short period during which this wondrously elastic term was used to specify any painting done with the palette knife. It is only in the last three or four years that we find any really definite meaning attached to "impressionisme." M. Degas and M. Pissarro came to be described as "impressionistes," and it is with the sense that this use of the word implies that it has since been employed in Paris. We may remind our readers in passing that M. Degas has devoted the greater part of his life to attempting to render the effects produced by complicated masses of form and colour in violent movement before the brain has had time to fully analyse the nature of the disturbance set up in the eye of the spectator. M. Degas, who, unlike his followers, has a great knowledge of art and very considerable technical skill at his command, has sometimes been startlingly successful. Not so M. Pissarro, whose landscapes might be fairly well imitated by any amateur who should strive to paint the country he was travelling through in an express train. But still he is substantially at one with M. Degas in his theory of art, and the use of the term "impressionisme" seems to us to be perfectly legitimate as applied to these artists and their disciples. But it is impossible to attach any signification whatsoever to it as it is used in England, where indeed it appears to be generally employed by gentlemen who are hard up for an abusive epithet, and who moreover are profoundly ignorant of the works of the painters we have just mentioned. It is irresistibly amusing to find a critic gravely admonishing an artist whose works are so solidly constructed and so patiently wrought out as Mr. Boggs's to beware of the ways of Degas and Manet. It is equally entertaining to find painters who lay on their colour in thick masses accused of "impressionisme"—for as a matter of fact the "impressionistes" paint thinly. We have frequently found English critics speaking of any French work not belonging to the classical school as "impressionistic," and if we are not mistaken we have more than once seen M. Bastien Lepage, one of the most laboriously minute and careful artists living, spoken of as an "impressionist." This peculiar manifestation of human perversity is probably the result of a theory, apparently held by many people, that all shadows are brown, or should, at any rate, be represented as being so in pictures; and when they find a work of art in which the shadows are of another colour, they do not hesitate to declare that "some *impressionist* hath done this." If such catchwords are to be used at all in criticism which purports to be serious, it is high time that those who think fit to employ them should endeavour to ascertain their meaning. But we may add that, in our opinion, the sooner all such ready-made clap-trap expressions are abolished the better it will be both for artists and critics.

We have hitherto forborne to mention the name of M. Manet, having come to the conclusion that he was far from having been a leader in the school of which he was formerly accredited with being the chief. The exhibition of his works has conclusively proved that this so-called "chef d'école" spent his life in copying the characteristics of other men—of men in many cases who were commonly spoken of as his pupils. In his earliest works he appears wholly given over to the influence of Courbet—an influence from which he was slow to free himself. To this period of his development belong "Le buveur d'absinthe," "Le déjeuner sur l'herbe," and a few other pictures of a kindred nature. Soon afterwards he fell under the influence of Goya, whom he imitated with a fair amount of success; but his native want of originality, even in his manner of adapting the thoughts of other men, is still painfully apparent. One of his best and most complete works, "L'homme mort," is a direct inspiration from Velasquez, and whichever of his pictures one turns to, one is sure to feel the influence of some other artist. "Olympia" and "Le fifre" are perhaps his nearest approaches to original conception and treatment, and in both we may add that there is complete absence of "impressionisme," and of any subversive intention. "Olympia" is in some ways a very admirable study of the nude—somewhat incomplete, as all M. Manet's work was. "Le fifre" is a bright, vigorously-handled picture, but strikingly deficient in atmosphere. Let it be noted that all the figure pictures he painted at this time—from 1863 to 1865—were strictly conventional in arrangement. "Le combat du Kearsage et de l'Alabama" is a very powerful sea-piece, only differing from the common run of marine pictures in as far as it is superior to them. In the latter years of his life he manifestly yielded himself to following the tendencies of Claude Monet and Renoir. His most characteristic quality was a great sensitiveness to the more delicate colours in nature; his greatest defect was a certain nervous irritability of temperament which prevented him from carrying out any work which he undertook to the end. In spite of the violent wrangling which has taken place over his grave, he will fare as other men; his best work will be remembered, and the rest forgotten.

THE SALE OF POISONS.

IT is high time that some steps should be taken to amend the present state of the law on poisons. Many of us have been long under the happy delusion that the Act of 1868 was quite sufficient for the purpose of protecting the public. But, owing to defects in its wording, it is easily and systematically evaded, and a recent decision of the House of Lords has practically abrogated one of its principal provisions. Not only are poisons openly sold by unqualified people, but so are drugs of other kinds so inferior in quality as either to be useless or else actually deleterious. Nearly all drugs are more or less poisonous at best, but bad drugs are doubly so; and it is difficult even by legislation to protect people who are not learned in their properties. They are absolutely at the mercy of the vendors, who may call any substance by the

name of a medicine, and the buyer has no means of ascertaining the truth or falsehood of the description. This view is borne out by many recent examples, and is put forward prominently by some of the most eminent members of the Pharmaceutical Society. In a recent address Mr. Attfield, the President, called public attention to it, and asserted that the present condition of things is worse than before the Act of 1868. The Act prohibited any one from taking the title of "chemist and druggist," and practising under it, without having qualified at an examination, and being placed on the State Register. But by some oversight no provision was made for the case of drug-sellers who did not take the title of "chemist," and the result is that a grocer may keep medicines, and sell them as if they were food or chandlery. Nay more; though the adulteration of food is forbidden, and the buyer is able to judge for himself, with drugs he cannot judge, and the State does practically nothing for his protection. True, the State forbids the sale of ostensible poisons, or rather draws a line between some poisons and others; but even this provision is easily evaded. Under cover of a patent-medicine stamp such poisons as opium, laudanum, and morphia are constantly sold by grocers or general dealers. Soothing syrups alone, which may be bought everywhere, are accountable for a vast number of deaths, and bring up infant mortality, especially in London, to its present appalling figure. It is asserted that in some districts in which opium is largely sold it is put up in regular packets, labelled "Sedative Powder," or some such name, sealed with a 1½d. stamp, and sold by any one who holds a patent medicine license. The respectable chemists refuse, as they are bound to do, to sell deadly poisons in dangerous quantities to any stray customer; but it is notorious that in other places—wherever, in short, an unauthorized chemist carries on his trade—the merest formality, such as signing a name, suffices, and the poison is sold, no questions being asked. This is, of course, the strong point in the complaints recently made by the pharmaceutists. It remains to be seen how far they are justified in their protests; but, admitting that the will of the nation was revealed in the Act of 1868, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that something more must now be done to give it effect.

Oddly enough, the whole question is complicated by another, with which at first sight no one would think it had any connexion whatever. We hear enough about the enormities of Co-operative Stores from tradesmen whose former profits are now cut down; and for the most part we turn a deaf ear to their complaints. The Stores are a convenience; and if the small tradesman is unsuited to the spirit of the times, he must go, as other people have had to go in the course of ages. But when the chemists complain of the Stores, their case is wholly different. Their complaint may be in part selfish, like that of the grocers, but it is also in part, and that the larger part, for the public good. Co-operative Stores have peculiar advantages in the sale of drugs. If they are managed by seven owners or more, they are absolutely in this particular beyond the reach of the Act. According to the recent decisions, a Co-operative Store may even sell poisons "if no registered assistant is employed," thus simply reversing the obvious meaning and intention, though not, of course, the letter, of the Act. But even as regards single shopkeepers it is inoperative. Professor Attfield gives particulars of many cases, described by his correspondents, in which most drugs are openly sold, and a few in which "not only ordinary poisons, but the scheduled poisons," are also to be had, but under certain bonds of secrecy. The druggist who has studied and has passed his examinations has no chance with the unqualified grocer or the storekeepers. They can both undersell him and make capital by pointing out what an extortioner he is. We have knowledge of a certain virulent and deadly poison which can be bought wholesale at about 4*d.* the pound, but which a chemist retails at about 4*s.* the ounce, and rightly so. But the unqualified druggist sells it at a moderate price, if he sells it at all, and perhaps binds his customer to secrecy as well, thus involving him in a conspiracy to break the law. A single grain of that particular poison has frequently produced death, yet in many different households enough may be met with to poison a regiment. There is a law regarding another poison which seems to be very seldom observed. Sulphuric acid is one of the most easily obtained, and one of the most destructive agencies known of its kind. Hardly a day passes but we read some case of "vitriol throwing." Vitriol being practically colourless may easily escape notice until too late. The public are partially protected against arsenic by its being, when sold in small quantities, coloured with indigo. The rule is frequently evaded, but it should be enforced and applied to sulphuric acid also. Mr. Attfield, in his speech at Southport, was necessarily more immediately concerned with the honour and the standing of his professional brethren than with the convenience or safety of the public; yet it is remarkable how completely the two were shown to be interdependent; and no one can doubt that a lowering in the standing and character of the dispensers of drugs must result, not only in loss to the qualified chemist, but in still more disastrous consequences to the consumer.

The quantity of medicine now prescribed and used is very much less than formerly. In 1830, for example, at St. George's Hospital the cost for every in-patient's medicine was 16*s.* 5*d.* In 1880 it was less than half. Partly this is owing, no doubt, to a cheapening in druggists' wares; but it is also due to the alteration in medical practice. Leeches, for instance, which used to be so frequent, are now seldom seen. Blisters are characterized by some eminent physicians as mere useless torture. Instead of a costly black draught, we have a few pence worth of some pleasant effervescing mixture. The whole aspect of medicine-taking has been altered. Ten years ago, even, a new-born baby received a dose calculated to injure it for life; and twenty years ago all children had medicine once a week, whether they wanted it or not. Mrs. Squeers with her brimstone-and-treacle was no exaggeration. Such scenes as Dickens describes in *Nicholas Nickleby* were common not only in such places as Dotheboys Hall, but in every large boarding-school, when many of us were almost grown up. At the present day, therefore, the apothecary cannot expect the same sale for his simples as formerly; but the public is not on that account the less justified in demanding greater security and greater excellence. The Patent medicine system is liable to all kinds of abuses, and should be abandoned. It brings in a trumpery sum, and is a legalisation of quackery. The very name of "Patent Medicine" is a lie. We have by the abortive Act of 1868 acknowledged that something should be done. The principle is admitted. Of course before 1868 it was open to any one to object that it is "grandmotherly legislation" to interfere with the sale of drugs. But no such argument will hold now, except perhaps with such old ladies and their friends as supported Mr. Stansfeld on a recent occasion. The right of the free-born Briton to make a beast of himself with drink is seriously called in question; but before proceeding to limit the sale of such a comparatively innocuous compound as beer or gin we should endeavour to protect ourselves both from adulterated drugs and also from poisons. Every daily paper contains stories of poisoning. Three have appeared this very week, each of which could have been prevented by proper regulations. A prisoner is poisoned in the very hands of the police. A child is poisoned by a quack. A husband obliterates features he once professed to admire by the use of a little sulphuric acid. The list might be indefinitely prolonged. Where did all these people obtain their poisons? It would be well worth the while of the Pharmaceutical Society to make a list of such cases for say three months, and to ascertain in each case if possible where the poison was bought. If it should be found that all or a majority came from stores, grocers, and other unauthorized dealers in drugs, the case put by Mr. Attfield would be immensely strengthened. It is perfectly true that legislation can hardly be evoked at the present day—in the "so-called Nineteenth Century," as it has recently been described—for the prolongation or strengthening of a monopoly; but, if the chemists can show that it is owing to the unauthorized sales of drugs and poisons that these shocking tragedies, so far from being less common than before 1868, are actually more common and on the increase, they may come to Parliament with a very good case; and when some of the much less important measures to which the present Government has pledged itself to please its Radical supporters have been disposed of, a Bill in extension, explanation, or confirmation of that of 1868 may be passed, and English people may be protected like Frenchmen, Germans, Italians—indeed almost all nations—against the occurrence of such horrors as we have mentioned.

ANGLO-FRENCH AND FRANCO-ENGLISH.

IN the always delightful book wherein are recorded the sayings and doings of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, a book designed to inculcate the wholesome doctrine that every man should be his own Boswell, the spirit of the sturdy Dr. Samuel Johnson, speaking through the circulating medium of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, declares that "to trifle with the vocabulary which is the vehicle of social intercourse is to tamper with the currency of human intelligence," and the orotund presence adds the sentiment that in his opinion "he who would violate the sanctities of his mother-tongue would invade the recesses of the paternal till without remorse and repeat the banquet of Saturn without indigestion." From the context we learn that the spirit of the great lexicographer was perturbed by certain trifling puns or verbal witticisms with which the breakfast-table had been amused; but his ponderous criticism has always seemed to us to be quite as applicable to the ill-advised persons, or speakers, or writers who find the English language inadequate to the full expression of their recurring thoughts, and who are, therefore, forced to employ words and phrases from various foreign tongues. The habit of dropping into French unawares is as enfeebling as the habit of punning; and the one is quite as fairly to be considered a violation of the sanctities of the mother-tongue as the other. Either habit indicates a certain flabbiness of fibre, both moral and intellectual. It is difficult to believe either in the moral rectitude or in the mental strength of a man or a woman addicted to the quoting of odd scraps of odd French. When we take up the latest work of a young lady novelist, and find scattered through her pages *soubriquet* and *double entendre* and *à l'outrance* and *artiste*, and other choice specimens of the French which is spoken by those who do not speak French, we need read no further to know that the mantle of George Eliot and Jane Austen has not fallen on the fair authoress's shoulders. Even Mrs. Oliphant, a novelist who is old enough to know better and who has delighted us all with charming tales of truly English life, is wont to sprinkle French freely through her many volumes, not only in her novels, but even in her unnecessary Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, whom she rashly credited with *gaieté du cœur* (*sic*).

Of course it cannot be denied that certain French words and

not merely those which came over with the Conqueror, have fairly won a right of domicile in England. *Ennui*, for example, and *pique*—these have no exact English equivalents, and their removal from common speech would leave an aching void. But why should a ballet-dancer be called a *danseuse*? And why should a singer be forced to sing a *chansonnette* when she might just as well have sung a little song? And why, oh! why should one of the best hotels in London call its luxurious dining-room a *salle à manger*? And why should that useful modern improvement known in America as an elevator and in England as a lift be denominated in this hotel an *ascenseur*? In like manner a new portable chemical fire-extinguisher for use in private houses and in hotels is called an *extincteur*. What evil spirit possesses Mrs. Tompkins, the milliner, and Miss Simkins, the dressmaker, to emblazon their golden signs with the mystic "Mdme. Tompkins, Modes," and "Mdlle. Simkins, Robes"? And here occasion serves to protest, with whatever strength may in us lie, against the superfluous *d* which British custom has injected into the French contractions for Madame and Mademoiselle. We say British, for this error is confined to Great Britain and her colonial dependencies, the inhabitants of the United States of America having happily escaped it. In America as in France Madame and Mademoiselle are contracted to Mme. and Mlle., and it is only the Briton who writes Mdme. and Mdlle., in the fond belief that he has caught the exact Parisian touch. It may be as well to note that the French phrase is *à outrance*, that there is no *u* in *sobriquet*, and that the French know no such expression as *double entendre*, the nearest approach to it being *double entente*, a double meaning, which is, however, wholly devoid of the ulterior significance attached to *double entendre*. Perhaps the word most sinned against is *artiste*. There is really no excuse whatever for the use of this word in English speech. It is the exact translation and complete equivalent of the English word *artist*, and it does not mean a female artist any more than *pianiste* means a female pianist. We can now recall with a shudder a programme thrust into our hands at a watering-place two or three years ago, in which a certain charming artist was announced as "the greatest living lady pianiste in the world." But perhaps this is not more painful than a sign still to be seen in a little street between Regent Street and Bond Street, and which declares that the house to which it is affixed is occupied by "Blank et Cie., Artistes in Corsets." This, in the language of the wild Western humorist after he had been to Paris, "frappe tout chose parfaitement froid!"

It was in the window of a shop in Regent Street towards the end of last season that we saw exposed for sale a handsome china tea-service in a handsome silk-lined box, bearing in its cover two little placards, that to the right declaring that it was suitable for "a wedding present," while that on the left suggested its fitness as "un present de noces." It was at the opening of the last Royal Academy that a youth of tender years and artistic yearnings confided to the more mature lady with whom he was talking that he did not greatly care for *genre* pictures! It was over the door of some sort of a free-and-easy or low concert saloon in New York that we once saw a transparency setting forth that the abode of bliss within was a "Resorte Musicale." And it was in an American theatrical journal that we once saw an advertisement of two music-hall artists, man and wife, who desired an engagement. From the advertisement it was evident that in their previous condition of single blessedness the lady had been more successful and had become the more widely known. Wherefore the husband, instead of bestowing his name on his wife, borrowed hers, and announced himself as "Mr. John Black *nee* John White." But the ways of theatrical people are inscrutable; who can tell what a Lion Comique may be? In ordinary life a man who makes costumes is a costumer, and a man who makes wigs is a wigmaker; but in the theatre and on the programmes of the theatres the man who makes theatrical costumes is a *costumier*, and the man who makes theatrical wigs is a *perruquier*. In the same manner a lady who plays tragedy or who has tragic gifts is a *tragédienne*, and a lady who plays comedy or who has comic gifts is a *comédienne*—and both the one and the other is a great *artiste* who has thoroughly mastered her *rôle*. *Encore*, although used in English in a sense wholly different from that which it has in French, is now acclimatized beyond uprooting, and so is a hybrid word *parquette* used in America to indicate the stalls or orchestra chairs, just as there is also used in America to indicate a railway terminus the word *dépôt*, with a hybrid pronunciation as though it were written dee-po. But then there are no *costumiers* or *perruquiers* on American playbills. Probably the only French word of all the many used freely and needlessly by dramatic critics, and by all writers about the theatre, which has any justification for its continued career on this side of the Channel is *dénouement*. It happens that there is no exact synonym for *dénouement* in its technical sense. The end, the climax, the culmination, the surprise, the discovery, are all slightly different in meaning from that ingenious loosening of the knot of intrigue which the word *dénouement* implies. In fact, permission to use *dénouement* as though it were an English word would be received by all dramatic critics as a felt want filled.

It would not be fair thus to rebuke our fellow-countrymen without noting the fact that the French are nowadays quite as prone to quote English as the English are to quote French, and also that there is very little to choose between the results. An article on sport in a French paper is almost as curious and macaronic a medley as an article on the fashions in an English paper. Just as the technical phrases which hint at the mighty mysteries of ladies' apparel are all French, so the technical phrases of masculine outdoor amusement are nearly all English. The report of a horse-race as it appears in a Parisian newspaper is quite as comic as the description of a bride's gowns as it appears in a London organ of society. The French dandy, who was once a *gandin*, and who is now a *gommeux*, is driven to the course in a *break* drawn by a pair of *steppers*; on the track he mingles with the *betting-men* and makes a *book*. Thus he accomplishes his duty to society, and is acknowledged to be *tout ce qu'il y a de plus hig-lif*. We are informed and believe that this strange perversion of high life is pronounced as it is written, "hig-lif." When the French swell is not mingling with the other *sportmen* on the *turf*, he has perhaps gone to the river to see the *rowingmen*, or into some garden to watch the *jeunes misses* playing *crockett*, by which last word the French are wont to designate the formerly popular game of croquet. In the summer, or rather in the early autumn, he varies these amusements by a paper-chase of some unknown variety which he complacently calls a *rallye-papier*. To see just how far can go this absurd commingling of tongues, complicated by preternaturally ingenious blundering, one must give his days and nights to the reading of the *Carnet d'un Mondain*, which the *Figaro* publishes under the signature of Etincelle. To see how even clever and well-informed writers may err in bad company, one must read the always interesting and often instructive *chroniques* which M. Jules Claretie contributes every week to the *Temps*, and which are gathered together every year under the title of *La Vie à Paris*. M. Claretie reads English, and he has travelled in England; but he makes repeated use of a hybrid verb—*interviewer*—which we assume to be some sort of a Gallicized interview. *Interviewer* is the act accomplished by the *reporter*—another word which the French have snatched across the Channel. But *interviewer*, bad as it is, and absurd as it is, is not a whit worse or more absurd than *double entendre* and *soubriquet*. In fact, the better one knows the popular misinformation on both sides of the Channel, the more willingly will one admit that honours are easy, and that English bad French is no better and no worse than French bad English.

There is an ancient and musty merry jest about a City madam who spoke only the French habitually used in young ladies' schools, and who rendered into English the familiar *ris de veau à la financière* as "a smile of the little cow in the manner of the female financier." But this is not more startling than many other things to be discovered by those who search the cook-books diligently. We remember a bill of fare in a far Western hotel in the United States in which all the familiar dishes were translated into unfamiliar French, the climax being reached when gingersnaps, the sole dessert, appeared transmogrified as *gateux de gingembre*. Perhaps it is in revenge for repeated insults like this that the Parisians now advertise on the windows of the cafés on the boulevards that *Boissons Américaines* are sold within, the only American drink particularized being a certain "Shery Gobbler," warranted to warm the heart of all vagrant American humorists who may chance to visit Paris while alive and in the flesh. In essence *shery gobbler* is but little more comic than *rosbif*, or than *biftek*, which are recognized French forms of the roast beef of old England and of the beefsteak which plays second to it. Both *rosbif* and *biftek* are accepted by Littré, who finds for the latter a sponsor as early and as eminent as Voltaire. And *shery gobbler* is not as comic as "cutlete" and "tartlete," which we detected day after day on the bill of fare of a Cunard steamer crossing from Liverpool to New York a few months ago. When we drew the attention of a fellow-traveller to the constant recurrence of the superfluous *e* at the end of cutlet and tartlet, the active and intelligent steward, who anticipated our slightest wants, leant forward with a benignant smile, and benevolently explained the mystery. "It's the French, sir," he said; "cutlete and tartlete is French, sir!"

Of the many amusing stories in circulation and turning on an English misuse of French, the most popular is perhaps the anecdote in which one of two gentlemen occupying an apartment in Paris leaves word with the *concierge* that he does not wish his fire to go out; as he unfortunately expresses this desire in the phrase "ne laissez pas sortir le feu," much inconvenience results to the other gentleman, who is detained in the apartment as a dangerous lunatic. This pleasant tale has in its time been fathered on many famous Englishmen. And like unto it is another which Americans are wont to place to the credit of a cockney, while the English are sure that its true hero was a Yankee—both parties acting on the old principle of "putting the Frenchman up the chimney when they tell the story in England." The story goes that a certain Anglo-Saxon—for thus we may avoid international complications—entered into a Parisian restaurant with intent to eat, drink, and be merry. Wishing to inform the waiter of his hunger he said, "J'ai une femme!" to which the polite but astonished waiter naturally responded, "J'espère que madame se porte bien?" Whereupon the Anglo-Saxon makes a second attempt at the French for hunger, and asserts, "Je suis fameux!" to which the waiter's obvious reply is, "Je suis bien aise de le savoir, monsieur!" Then the Anglo-Saxon girded up his loins and made a final effort, and declared, "Je suis femme!" to which the waiter could answer only, "Alors madame s'habille d'une façon très-étrange." After which the Anglo-Saxon fled, and was seen no more.

THE NEW CENTRE OF GRAVITY.

As our political system becomes daily more democratic in its character we find daily more reason to deplore the increasing licence and decreasing wisdom of the public utterances of politicians. The quantity of extra-Parliamentary speech is ever growing, the quality is ever on the decline. To such an extent is this the case that it is thought to be actually imperilling, by the force of reflected discredit, our Parliamentary system of government by party. This is of itself the most critical possible indication of the magnitude of the evil. If there be any good at all in party government, it must consist in the fact that the Opposition of the day possesses within itself the cohesion and the ability necessary to enable it at any moment and for all purposes to take the place of the Government of the day. It is this that neutralizes the effects of popular passion and makes it impossible for sudden shiftings of popular favour to put in power a disorganized set of politicians, inexperienced in the practical work of government. Yet such are nowadays the habits of politicians becoming that their very opportunities of succeeding to power are apt to be nothing so much an occasion for their own embarrassment and confusion. Ministers succeeding to office have many more difficulties to contend with than the mere *sequelæ* of their predecessors' policy. They have to face also their own utterances in opposition, and at all events to make a show of squaring them with their practice in office. This is the effect of a *cacorthes* not by any means peculiar to either side of the House. How few executive acts of any Government there are which cannot, if needful, be set in an unfavourable light; and how few are the speakers, to whatever Government opposed, who ever in these days resist the temptation to use those means of winning rhetorical success! A Government may be engaged in steering the ship of State through the shoals of newly-recurring complications in foreign policy. It may be loyally guiding itself by the fixed light of the traditional and only possible principles of British policy. Opposition speakers not the less incontinently commit themselves to new and impracticable developments of the received conception of England's duty in regard to her foreign relations. Hysterically preaching non-intervention, the concert of Europe, national self-denial, sympathy with oppressed nationalities, Opposition speakers find themselves constructing an entirely new, but also entirely impossible, philosophy of foreign relations. Or, again, a Government may be conscientiously doing what little can be done to prevent any serious relative increase in the net expenditure of the country. Opposition speakers not the less point reproachfully to increased apparent totals, repudiate all explanation, and recklessly commit themselves to implied, if not express, promise of reductions all round, not merely of apparent totals, but also of actual burdens. By the popular vote the spokesmen of the minority are suddenly converted into the Ministers of the majority; and the natural consequence ensues that the public interest suffers from a policy vitiated by the incurable propensity of Ministers to affect in their finance a parsimony, and in their foreign policy a disinterestedness, which, if unflinchingly practised, would result only in disaster.

But who is really to blame for all this? Members of Parliament themselves, we shall be told. They speak too much on platforms about the country. They say more than they mean; because they have to say something, and rarely have anything to say that they do mean except what has been earlier and better said by somebody else. Undoubtedly the excessive quantity of extra-Parliamentary speech is a link in the chain of causes. But who is to blame for that excessive quantity? How is it that the distinction which used to be won by rhetorical success in Parliament has now to be sought by rhetorical display upon the platform? If the vice is observed in both political parties, it is not unnatural to doubt whether the blame should rest entirely upon politicians themselves, and should not be also charged upon the common source whence all parties derive their power—the electorate itself. Does any man suppose that, outside a few specially interested demagogues, any member of Parliament, however distinguished or eloquent, ever went upon a platform during the recess without inwardly cursing the need for that unwelcome inroad upon the length of his holiday and upon the practice of the reserve which is so essential to political self-respect? He may curse the need, but he must mount the platform. Why? The local party organization is brisk and aggressive, and wants patting on the back. Or it is languishing, and has to be galvanized by the arts of the political medicine-man. The local complaint is that the local Big-Endians get scanty encouragement and countenance from Parliamentary leaders, while the abominable Little-Endians of the district seem to have no difficulty in getting M.P.'s down to speak. Refusal is unamiable. Compliance stimulates the appetite in other places; and the result of this political dram-drinking is that there is scarcely a country town, however insignificant, which does not consider that the activity of its Conservative Association or the zeal of its Liberal Five Hundred are fully worthy to be rewarded by a visit from Lord Salisbury or Sir Stafford Northcote, or from Lord Hartington or Mr. Chamberlain, of course "with a speech." Luminaries of the first magnitude cannot quite get to all the Associations and Five Hundreds, so the local managers must regretfully confine themselves to trying to beguile an Under-Secretary or ex-Under-Secretary of State, or may even have to content themselves with being "addressed" by the ordinary member of Parliament. The invitation there can be for him to say which he or others have not said before, and which will not embarrass his leaders' policy, arrives at the town which is preparing to "demonstrate." From the moment of his arrival he is urged on every side to pitch high the key of his denunciations, for that otherwise he will split the ears of no groundlings. The result one knows too well. Unfortunately the supposed peculiarity of the local appetite is by no means peculiar to it. Everywhere the political strong drink is demanded and absorbed in deep and exciting draughts, to the inevitable degradation both of purveyor and consumer. As with real intemperance so with political; it is the taste of the consumer that determines the strength and quality of the beverage. The playwright knows that he must write to please the public. They are the ultimate arbiters of his success; and in the same way it is the taste of the audiences that forms the manners of the platform. Theirs is the craving for fault-finding and strong language. Its gratification we have called political dram-drinking. By a certain school it is called the healthy increase of political activity in the minds of the People. But in either case it means that the plan of campaign is coming to be settled less and less by the leaders and more and more by the rank and file. The best that can be said of it is that it points to the increasing democratisation of our political life. Demos has found out that he need no longer remain a mere spectator of the show, but that himself can move the puppets on the stage. And he is by no means loth to make them dance to his liking. All this imports a changed position in the political centre of gravity, the seat of which is now, not the House of Commons, but the provincial platform. Demos gets thereby much increased amusement from his puppet-show, and naturally thinks it all a change for the better. A mutual understanding between parties might abate the evil. The pity is that there should be men of education and culture whose action makes such understanding impossible, and whose consciences permit them to tell Demos that he is right.

VICTORIAN.

Mr. JULIAN EDWARDS'S *Victorian*, the most recent addition to English opera, was produced at Covent Garden last Saturday, and received the applause of a genial audience. This reception can only be regarded as the measure of the current reaction in favour of national opera and the expression of the good nature which generally accompanies a first representation. Mr. Edwards's work does not possess the slightest pretensions to *modernité*; it belongs to a past school, and has something of the air and grace of an old-fashioned acquaintance: its smooth level of mediocrity ensures it from strenuous condemnation, for it presents no salient points to justify either praise or blame. Enthusiastic advocates of the establishment of a national opera house need not suffer their faith to waver because a young composer has preferred the well-beaten track to the more perilous adventure of a new departure. Many years must elapse before English dramatic music is substantially founded on such broad principles of art as are indicated in Mr. Mackenzie's *Colomba*. Emancipation from old traditions must be gradual, and we cannot all at once hope to see the disappearance of that insularity of treatment which once formed the truest claim of English opera to be considered national. The works of Arne and Shield and Kelly, in which our fathers delighted, were national enough to satisfy the most exacting patriot, and differed totally from any Continental form of opera; they thoroughly represented an age of fervid political life, when art suffered peculiarly through its detachment from foreign influence. We do not, of course, imply that *Victorian* is a study after an antiquated model, a mere resuscitation of the ballad-opera and the school of warblers; it fails, however, to satisfy the artistic instincts and aspirations of the time, it has not that vivifying dramatic spirit without which no opera can escape oblivion.

The libretto of *Victorian* is founded on Longfellow's *Spanish Student*. From a lyrical as well as a dramatic point of view the subject is excellent; the librettist has, however, produced but a commonplace book, inflated in language and loose in construction. He would have done better if he had more closely followed the action of his original, or had combined the fortunes of Preciosa with the loves of other characters from Cervantes, after the example of Middleton and Rowley in *The Spanish Gipsy*. There is little natural continuity of scenes as it is, the curtain falls fitfully and frequently, and upon *ensembles* of the tamest description. The finale of Act iii. is a curious instance of this, because it also exemplifies the inability of the composer to make the most of his dramatic opportunities. When the Count de Lara is stabbed in Preciosa's garden by the jealous Bartolomè and a band of men clothed in long cloaks enter and surround the body of the Count, a chorus of lamentation or vengeance is naturally expected; but the dusky band merely pose like conspirators in council, and the curtain falls. There are scenes suggested by Longfellow—*e.g.* the theatre where Preciosa is hooted by De Lara's followers—that would certainly not have been missed by an experienced artificer or have failed to inspire a musician. The music generally is deficient in colour and force, and is rarely characterized by dramatic vitality; the concerted pieces, which necessarily test the resources of the composer, are weak, and local colour is very slightly introduced. In the first act the well-known serenade, "Stars of the summer night," is agreeably set; but the

and the loudness of the violins *pizzicato*. A long duet which ensues between Victorian and Preciosa wants passion, though it is melodious and pleasing. The best scene in the second act is where Bartolomè visits Preciosa and entreats the cold but fascinating girl to reinstate him in his old position as her lover. His passionate supplication was rendered with great feeling and expression by Mr. Sauvage, and received the only encore of the evening. In Act iii. an indifferent quintet, unnecessarily vociferous, precedes the duel between Victorian and the Count, and is followed by a pretty duet for Preciosa and Dolores. The familiar song, "Good Night, Beloved," which is the signal for Bartolomè's vengeance, is effectively set and skilfully harmonized. The last act contains the most striking number of the opera, the chorus "On the mountain-top I stand," bright and picturesque in character and happily instrumented. The revelation of Preciosa's birthright concludes the opera.

It is surprising, considering the subject he has treated, that Mr. Edwards has not made better use of Spanish dances and those popular songs that are so dance-like in rhythm. He seems to have been deterred rather than inspirited by the example of Weber and Bizet. The music of *Victorian* is singularly unrelieved by ornate melodies of complicated rhythm and quaintly varied time; the ballet, too, is undistinguished by any attempt at characterization such as the *seguidilla* in the first act of *Carmen*. In no direction could local colour be attained with more propriety than in this. The representation calls for little remark. Mme. Julia Gaylord, in spite of indisposition, sang with exquisite charm and refinement as Preciosa. Mr. James Sauvage fully sustained the impression he made in *The Piper of Hamelin*. Mr. Packard as Victorian, Miss Lucy Franklein (Hypolito), and Miss Devrient (Dolores) gave satisfactory renderings of their parts. The orchestra was under the conduct of the composer.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.

AT the corner of Coventry Street and Piccadilly East, standing on a plot of ground almost entirely isolated, Mr. Phipps has built for Mr. Edgar Bruce a new theatre, which is not only very pretty and convenient in position, but which combines most of the latest inventions by which buildings are made wholesome and safe. The site is excellent. The house is lighted by Swan incandescent lamps, and is therefore cool, while gas is laid on throughout the building in case of accident to the electric light. But perhaps the greatest, and certainly not the least welcome, curiosity, in the arrangement of the new theatre is the hydraulic iron curtain, which is to be let down once every evening to encourage the audience, and which completely saves the auditory from the stage—to such an extent, it is said, that if the latter were blazing, no smoke would reach the audience. The decorations of the theatre are bright and pretty, and the arrangements of the vestibule and staircases remarkably tasteful. The refreshment-room contains a circular kiosk instead of a bar, and out of the stalls' *foyer* there runs an underground grotto, which will be very attractive when the fountains are in better order and the ferns have taken root.

Mr. Bruce has not started with a new piece, but with two interesting and popular plays, neither of which has been very lately seen. *In Honour Bound*, which is perhaps Mr. Sydney Grundy's best comedy, though *Mammon* is a play of great merit, is acted by Mr. Edgar Bruce -whose original character was Sir George Carlyon—Mr. Temple, Miss Tilbury, and Miss Helen Matthews, who takes the difficult part of Lady Carlyon. The play is one which deserves more attention than an audience which had apparently come only to see *The Palace of Truth* were inclined to give to it. Like all Mr. Sydney Grundy's plays, it is written with scrupulous, almost pedantic, care. When *In Honour Bound* was first performed, its affiliation to Scribe's *Une Chaine*, and the boldness with which the dramatist drew attention to this play, and even sent his characters to see it acted, enforced admiration. Perhaps Mr. Grundy is a little too much enamoured of Scribe and the French method of the older school to please a modern London audience. In comparison with Mr. Gilbert's invertebrate series of entertaining scenes, in which the action scarcely moves at all, Mr. Grundy's nervous little comedy, with its rapid and conclusive evolution, evidently failed to please; nor, although Mr. Grundy has been long before the public, does his name compare with Mr. Gilbert's in popularity. He has not caught the universal ear; but he may flatter himself that it is partly because he speaks a purer English.

The piece was carefully acted. Miss Tilbury was a capital colonial niece, all raptures and innocence; and Miss Helen Matthews played the part of Lady Carlyon carefully, with a little less sharpness of delineation, perhaps, that could have been wished. The weak point of the play is the dialogue between Lady Carlyon and Philip, immediately after the former has overheard the confidences of the latter, and this weakness was increased by a kind of hesitation on the part of Miss Matthews. Mr. Edgar Bruce was excellent as Sir George Carlyon. Mr. G. Temple, who played Philip, lacked distinction of manner; so fascinating a lady-killer, too, should hardly be represented in a very badly-fitting suit of dress-clothes.

It is wise of Mr. Gilbert to revive *The Palace of Truth* while *Pygmalion and Galatea* is running, for the former to a great extent redeems the latter, and reminds us of the author's genuine wit and fancy. Of his fairy-comedies it is undoubtedly the best, as it may be said to be the earliest. It was brought out in November 1870, and first revealed Mr. Gilbert to the general public. It will still be remembered how facetious a King Phanor was presented by Buckstone, and how irresistible a Zeolide by Mrs. Kendal. In the present revival Mr. Anson deserves the chief credit of success, though all the parts may be said to be respectably played. Mr. Anson's Phanor is admirable, and the first act would scarcely be endurable without him. When he sits with his mandoline in his hand, in a ring of his courtiers, and is persuaded to recite once more his poem about "pitch-encrusted night," his gentle fatuity is beyond all praise. He glances from one to another with astute suspicion, till Zoram's marvellous compliments about the tetrachords and one redundant note quite sets his scruples at rest, and, with an ineffable smile of contented vanity, he turns to the others, and says of Zoram:—

> A wonderful musician—and a man
> Of infinite good taste.

Throughout the play Mr. Anson's King Phanor is of great service. It is a charming creation, and not the less pleasing because it is less vivid, less farcical, than Buckstone made it.

Mr. Kyrle Bellew, as Prince Philamir, has no opportunity to show his quality until the second act, where, under the spell of the truth, he has to pour out his very lukewarm feelings for Zeolide in accents burning with passion. This required a strain on the illusion of the spectators which Mr. Bellew enabled them to support by great skill and delicacy in his presentation, rising to something like genius at one moment, where he holds her head between his arms, and, leaning back as if in an ecstasy of amorous contemplation, sighs out

> I do not love you as a lover should.

His attitudes were graceful and without exaggeration, and he made the best that could be made of a thankless part. Miss Lingard was a sweet and forbearing Zeolide, and Miss Tilbury was excellent as Azema, with her exaggerated air of modesty and the crudity of her unconscious confessions. Miss Florence Marryat should correct a stiffness of movement and a monotony of voice which spoil her Queen Altomire. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. John Maclean was good as Golanor. Miss Sophie Eyre, in an effective blue costume, played Mirza, the court-lady who has stolen the talisman, with considerable skill; she contrives, at the moment when we are all persuaded that she cannot but be true, to haunt us with what seems an unworthy suspicion.

The scenes are not very tastefully designed. The splendour of the Palace of Truth in the second act is of a merely gimcrack magnificence. The tinsel and sham mother-o'-pearl only serve to increase our sense of the illusiness of Mr. Gilbert's witty and graceful drama. With all its amusing quality, *The Palace of Truth* is slight and not entirely without a taint of vulgarity. At the close of the play the couples all forgive one another.—

> PHANOR.
> We've learnt how matrimonial constancy
> By causeless jealousy is sometimes tried.
> (*Looking reproachfully at* ALTAMIRE.)
>
> ALTAMIRE.
> How jealousy is sometimes justified.
> (*Looking reproachfully at* PHANOR.)

This is really all that we *have* learned when we have seen not this play only, but most of Mr. Gilbert's comedies, and the basis is a little slender for a dramatic reputation to be built upon.

THE RAILWAY CRISIS IN AMERICA.

THE New York Stock Exchange is passing through a crisis, the most severe it has experienced since the great panic of 1873. There does not appear to be any ground for fear, however, that the result will be as disastrous as in that year of widespread ruin. What is going on is rather the end of a long and slow liquidation than a sudden paralysis of credit producing a general industrial disorganization. When, in consequence of a succession of good harvests, of continual thrift, and of the accumulation of wealth, prosperity revived in the United States five years ago, the projects for building new railways that had to be suspended in 1873 were resumed. Population in the interval had greatly increased, new regions had been brought under cultivation, new towns had sprung into existence, new mines had been opened, and naturally, therefore, there was need for a further extension of the railway communications of the country. Moreover, with the revival of activity immigration began again upon a large scale, and to accommodate the new comers the opening-up of new fields of labour was required. But, as usual in such cases, the work was entirely overdone, and, to make matters worse, it was done in an unsafe manner. Formerly, when railways were built in the United States, the capital for building them was chiefly borrowed in Europe. The management of American railways, however, had taught European capitalists to distrust new Transatlantic railway schemes, and consequently the projectors of new railways five years ago found that it would be difficult to borrow largely in Europe. Nor did they very much desire to apply immediately to the European money markets. They wished first to secure a large profit, and to leave only the pickings to such European capitalists as might be induced to lend or to invest in their new undertakings. Accordingly, the projectors of new railways formed what are called "Construction

Companies." They consist for the most part of but a few capitalists, and their avowed purpose is to build the railways in which these capitalists are interested. Their interests, however, are personal rather than public. One member hopes to sell iron or coal to the Company, another to issue the stock, a third to get the contract for actually constructing the line. And their plan of operation is to emit bonds to the amount required for actual construction, retaining the whole share capital in their own hands. In other words, the plan is to borrow on mortgage the money required for building the line, and to retain for themselves the absolute ownership, and of course also the management. If they can sell a portion of the shares, that is clear profit. For a time the plan succeeded admirably. The country was prosperous, there was a real want of additional railway communication, and there were most sanguine hopes formed of the future. But the mileage built was so immense that very soon the home money market was exhausted, and when the Construction Companies applied to the money markets of Europe, they discovered that European capitalists were not very ready to lend the sums required. They were obliged to find the means for completing their undertakings in any way they could. The first and most obvious method was to sell the securities of older and better-established Companies, for which a market could always be found either at home or in Europe. The sales became so enormous that prices began to fall, and, as each fall in price made the receipts of the Construction Companies less, to bring in a certain sum the sales had to be augmented. In consequence there ensued a continuous fall of prices, which has now lasted for nearly two years and a half. This fall of prices embarrassed speculators, who had bought securities on borrowed money in the hope of seeing prices rise, and who were called upon by the lenders for additional security, which in many cases they were unable to find. The outside speculators were thus compelled to sell, and gradually the selling assumed such vast proportions that the fall in prices has exceeded anything hitherto witnessed. It is estimated that the depreciation in the securities quoted upon the New York Stock Exchange exceeds in amount the indemnity paid by France to Germany at the close of the late war.

Of course, as we have often explained, a depreciation of this kind is to a large extent nominal. Investors who hold the securities of such great Companies as the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, or the Illinois Central, have for the most part bought for the sake of the revenue yielded by those stocks, and, speaking generally, are, in Stock Exchange phrase, neither induced "to take a profit" when prices rise nor frightened into throwing away their property when prices fall. To the mass of shareholders and bondholders, therefore, the loss through the fall of prices is purely imaginary. But, nevertheless, even to investors the loss in many cases is very serious. Where a shareholder or bondholder has for any reason whatsoever been obliged to sell, he has lost a great part of the capital invested. And where he has required to borrow on the security of the stocks or bonds held by him, he has been able to obtain less than he would have done two years, or even twelve months, ago. It is, however, upon the members of the Construction Companies and speculators generally that the real losses have fallen. Speculators, for example, who bought a year or two ago at 30, 50, or, in some cases, 100 per cent. higher than the prices now obtainable, did so by means of money borrowed, and were obliged to lodge with the lenders security for a certain proportion of the money lent, on the express condition that they would always keep up security to the same proportion. On every fall of prices they have been called upon to increase the security thus lodged, and the majority of them have been unable to comply. They have in consequence been obliged to sell the stocks in which they speculated, losing altogether the securities lodged with the banks and other lenders. In this way the number of failures caused throughout the United States has been greater than has been witnessed for many years past. If the speculators were a class apart, who lived by mere gambling upon the Stock Exchange, the result would perhaps be beneficial. But unfortunately the purely professional speculators are few. The great body consist of men who are engaged in various trading, industrial, and professional occupations, and their losses upon the Stock Exchange have consequently affected their other businesses, and have thus caused widespread suffering. Apart from all other causes, the embarrassments of the Construction Companies would have brought about a great fall in prices, but the effect of their embarrassments has been immensely aggravated by other influences. Not only have new railways been built in the newer parts of the Union, but while the mania lasted, lines were started even in the older States in competition with the greatest and best established in America. And the competition thus threatened drove the older Companies to adopt measures which have made the crisis much more severe than it otherwise would have been. To take the example that for the moment attracts most attention. The New York Central Railway runs through the most populous part of the State of New York, and passes through the only gap in the Alleghany Mountains in that part of the country. The line may practically be said to belong to the Vanderbilt family, who regarded their monopoly of the traffic as quite secure. The gap, indeed, is only wide enough to allow of one railway at each side of the Hudson River; and one bank was already occupied by the New York Central. Several years ago, however, a charter was obtained authorizing the construction of another railway on the other side of the river, but so chimerical did the building of this line appear to Mr. Vanderbilt that he is said to have refused to pay 5,000*l.* or 10,000*l.* for the charter when offered to him. At the height of the recent mania the project for building this competition line was revived, and capitalists eagerly took it up. It runs quite close to the New York Central all the way from New York to Buffalo. When Mr. Vanderbilt saw that the construction of the line was being pushed on in earnest, he adopted measures to defeat the threatened competition, which resulted in the "war of rates" that lasted for so many months in 1881 and 1882. It was generally believed at the time that his object was to so discredit new Railway Companies in the United States and in Europe that the Construction Companies would be unable to obtain the funds they needed, and if so, his object has been fully realized. He was aided, it must be remembered, by a great drought that prevailed throughout the whole of the United States in 1881, and caused a general failure of all the crops. The war of rates and the bad harvests began the fall in prices, which has gone on steadily ever since, until it has reached what seems to be the lowest point at present. Already the New York and New England Railway, one of those in close alliance with the New York, West Shore, and Buffalo, Mr. Vanderbilt's competitor, has found itself in such difficulties that on New Year's Day its President had to apply for the appointment of a Receiver over it. An application has since been made for the appointment of a Receiver over the New York, Ontario, and Western, another ally of the West Shore. And, lastly, the North River Construction Company, the Company which has built the West Shore, has likewise fallen into the hands of a Receiver. There are rumours afloat that the difficulties of the West Shore itself are extremely great. The most remarkable failure, however, which has as yet resulted from the crisis is that of Mr. Villard. He was a member of the Construction Company that built the West Shore, and, besides, he was President of the Northern Pacific Railway, of the Oregon and California Navigation Company, and of the Oregon and Transcontinental Company. In fact, he ruled absolutely the railway, river, and ocean communications of the vast territory lying west of the great lakes, south of the British provinces, and north of California. And the aggregate capital of the three Companies controlled by him amounted to about 40 millions sterling nominal. The fall in the securities of these Companies has amounted to about 50 per cent., so that at the present market prices they would realize perhaps not quite 20 millions sterling. And in consequence Mr. Villard himself has been reduced to poverty. He has been obliged to resign the presidency and directorship of all the Companies in which he was interested, and it is said has lost every penny he was worth.

That the crisis is not yet at an end is certain. The struggle between the New York Central and the West Shore Companies is still going on; and, if it is possible for the former to put an end to the competition of the latter, the struggle will be continued until the West Shore succumbs. At the same time, efforts are being made to struggle competition in other directions; while, of course, speculators see their opportunity for making money in the difficulties all round. Those who lost large sums by buying securities in the hope that they would rise, are now endeavouring to make up for their losses by selling securities in the hope that they will fall still farther. These purely speculative sales by persons who do not possess the stocks of which they dispose have powerfully contributed to the depreciation referred to above, and they are sure to be continued as long as the market remains in its present unsettled condition. It is to be borne in mind, however, that speculative sales of this kind in the long run are certain to bring about a rise. For, as soon as the speculators see reason to fear that they have made a mistake, and that prices may move upwards in spite of their efforts, they immediately turn round and buy back what they have sold. Otherwise, should the rise occur, they might be called upon to deliver the securities which they have sold without possessing them. Thus, if anything should frighten the speculators, their purchases might cause all at once a sudden and very considerable rise in prices. As long, however, as they are not rendered apprehensive, they are likely to continue their "raids" now upon this stock and now upon that. Furthermore, bankers generally are alarmed at the rumours current of the difficulties of great speculators, and are rendered cautious by the appointment of receivers in different parts of the country. They are unwilling, therefore, to lend largely wherever a Construction Company or a new Railway Company gets into difficulties. It is possible, therefore, that there may yet be very considerable failures and on a very large scale. Another adverse circumstance is that the Presidential election will occur next November, and that therefore public attention will be occupied with political agitation. But, in spite of all this, the probability seems to be that the crisis is rapidly drawing to a close. As stated above, the fall in prices has been going on for about two years and a half. In that time the bad business accumulated during the railway mania must have been nearly liquidated, and at the same time the country has been growing both in wealth and population. Moreover, the construction of new railways is now completely at an end. In 1882 the length of new lines built was 12,000 miles; last year only about 6,000 miles were constructed; and now it is estimated that in the current year the building will not exceed 2,000 miles. Last year and this year, moreover, all the mileage added to the American system was simply in completion of work already undertaken. No new line has been projected for two years. The sinking of capital, then, in new railways, and the manufacture of new railway bonds and shares, is practically at an end, and the growth of the United States is so rapid that things must now

have nearly righted themselves. Nor is it to be lost sight of that the redemption of the debt by the United States Government is going on at such a rate that many who hold Government bonds and have been paid off are obliged to look out for other securities in which to invest. This money, as soon as confidence begins to revive, is likely to be invested in the better class of railway securities, and therefore to tend to raise prices.

REVIEWS.

EMERSON ON DREAMS AND BOGIES.*

DURING this autumn and winter there have been produced in England two editions of Emerson's works, one published by Messrs. Routledge and one by Messrs. Macmillan. We do not intend to discuss the exact position of Emerson in English literature, nor the worth of the pieces in some of these volumes, collected for the first time, as compared with those with which we have long been familiar. But this much we may say, that the reader must be ill-starred, either in his chance or in himself, who turns over any volume of Emerson for more than a few minutes without finding something for which he is the better—something fresh, welcome, and, above all, healthy. Many readers, and not incompetent ones, look on Emerson mainly as an idealist: and such may be surprised that one should dwell on sanity as one of the leading characters of his thought. But it is just in the combination of an ideal height and range of thought with balance and sanity that we find Emerson's charm. He constantly teaches us in his informal way, as Berkeley taught us with classical English and philosophy, that idealism is nothing else than common sense transfigured and enthroned above sophistry. There is in one of these volumes a short essay on "Demonology," taken from a course of lectures delivered about forty years ago, which very well illustrates this wholesome alliance, or rather identity, and, moreover, is still appropriate to the times. We do not think it can be much known, as yet, to readers in England; we shall therefore, without more ado, take it as our text.

Emerson goes straight to the true note of his subject with the first sentence:—"The name Demonology covers dreams, omens, coincidences, luck, sortilege, magic, *and other experiences which shun rather than court inquiry.*" That is, in a nutshell, the common and the fatal character of all so-called occult knowledge. We are told of signs and wonders and powers that are beyond the scope of our common experience. They do not shrink from being talked about; their expounders, indeed, court notoriety; but it must be on their own terms, and there must be no meddling of the dry light of normal day. When it comes to real cross-questioning, these candid and innocent observers of unexplored phenomena begin to shift their forms as fast as Proteus, and few there be that can hold them to any tangible certainty. As surely now as forty years ago, or, for that matter, forty centuries, they "shun rather than court inquiry." They say, of course, that they love light of all things. They invite the fullest examination and the strictest of tests; but somehow, when the examining begins in earnest, it always turns out that the sceptic's candle must be put in a dark lantern provided by the showman, or there will be no show to-day. Some time, at last, a sturdy Menelaus, undaunted by long lying in ambush among creatures of evil odour, a Mr. Ray Lankester or whoever else it may be, catches his Proteus and exposes the very body of the imposture. The juggler's booth is overturned, his dupes go sorrowing, and in a few months another like unto him resumes the same business with trifling variations, much the same customers, and equal or greater success.

Emerson, after that comprehensive sentence of prelude, begins with dreams, a subject capable of infinite nonsense, and also capable of being turned to more profit than has yet been made of it by rational psychology. His notes are full of keen observation of the things all of us have felt and few remembered. The difficulty of recollecting a dream so vivid that in the first moment it seemed as if it would always cling to us—"but we cannot get our hand on the first link or fibre, and the whole is lost"; the dislocation, as he happily calls it, whereby some strange incongruous element is always coming up to mar the palaces of our dream-fancies; the still stranger memory and congruity of a sort that runs through dreams, making us feel at home after a fashion among the trains that never get started, the fine sentences that never will construe, or the armies of nations that turn into boys with popguns and penny whistles—all these Emerson expounds in his lucid easy way, and with intimate knowledge. We shall be thought paradoxical again for calling him lucid. Let any one who has noted his dreams read this essay through, and then contradict us. Again, there is the uncontrollable quality of dreams, when "we call the phantoms that rise the creation of our fancy, but they act like mutineers and fire on their commander," a quality which may show a man by flashes, as Emerson truly says, undisclosed recesses of his own character, or of his true temper and judgment concerning other things, thus giving what we call presentiments, and more of them than we know could we but seize and interpret them. "The sign is always there, if only the eye were also." And so we pass from the occult world that every man carries with him to the other occult world that men go seeking, in the fond hope that somewhere they will buy or pick up the back-door key to the secret of the universe.

What is the verdict of the leader of modern English idealism on the modern trade in mysterics? (English, we say, speaking of the things that pertain to our common language and literature on both sides of the Atlantic; the clumsy "Anglo-Saxon" means nothing more, and there is always "British" to fall back upon for the local and political distinction). Emerson's verdict is purely that of robust common sense. First and foremost, that the honest daylight nature of things is so much more wonderful, in any case, that ghost-hunting is put out of court as poor trifling work at best. "I am content and occupied with such miracles as I know, such as my eyes and ears daily show me, such as humanity and astronomy. If any others are important to me, they will certainly be shown to me." But, also, there is in Emerson's quiver a more direct and piercing arrow for the mystery-monger. "For Spiritism, *it shows that no man almost is fit to give evidence.*" No more shrewd and vital word could have been spoken. It goes to the heart of the superstition that besets in these matters many good-hearted men, and has even beset men of genius. Innocently, but recklessly, they assume that what is commonly called the evidence of trustworthy witnesses must be believed. There was a Cambridge squib, some twenty years ago, in which a freshman expostulated with his bed-maker on the levitation, or vanishing, or dematerialization of cups and saucers, referred by her alternately to occult automatic processes and to the cat, and, after failing to obtain any further or better hypothesis, meditated on the profound truth of Paley's saying (not to be found in those words, we need hardly add, in the received text of that author), "That it is not contrary to experience for witness to be false." Or, as the authentic text of Hobbes puts it, every claim to irresponsible prophetic powers (or, in later times, to occult intelligences, thought-reading, and what not) must at last rest on the assertion of a man: "who, being man, may err, and, which is more, may lie." There is no lie so gross and palpable but it may be supported by a vast bulk of credible testimony. Most excellent witness is on record, in books published in all seriousness as late as the eighteenth century, of dragons in the Alps, some winged, some crowned, some four-legged, some two-legged, some two-headed, some cat-faced; no mere rumour, but depositions of eye-witnesses, with full particulars of date, place, and persons. And there is the standing instance of witchcraft, of which the evidence, if we are to apply the rules of normal human affairs, is nothing less than overwhelming. The Psychical Society will never equal its volume and cogency though they get a houseful of answers to their pseudo-scientific circulars of questions. Most of the witches were executed on their own confessions—the strongest kind of evidence known to courts of justice dealing with the conduct of sane men. And yet this mean and ugly terror that overshadowed men's lives for centuries was a phantom void of substance, a thing of pestilent vapour. We have blown it out of our road, and pass on. Only the student of morbid psychology looks back upon it now.

To return to Emerson, he is not content with exploding the impostures of the supposed occult world. He goes to what is, after all, the curious and interesting point raised by them. Why is a large part of mankind ever seeking after these things? Wherein is the perennial fascination of self-deception? Probably no simple answer can be given. Human folly is a complex thing, and neither its roots nor its fruits are lightly to be numbered. But the cause assigned by Emerson is a true one, and lies deep. It is the desire of men to escape from the impartiality of nature. "The history of man is a series of conspiracies to win from Nature some advantage without paying for it." When the sun that shines upon the just and the unjust is not good enough for us, we set up a private *ignis fatuus*. "In the popular belief, ghosts are a selecting tribe, avoiding millions, speaking to one." But nature has only one voice, and gives nothing save at her own just price. She forgives not nor forgets any attempt at circumventing her rules of business, and sooner or later the day of requital is at hand; for "this supposed power runs athwart the recognized agencies, natural and moral, which science and religion explore." Then the ghost-hunters are left in such a case as was Micah of Ephraim's after the six hundred men of Dan appointed with weapons of war had carried off his teraphim and his domestic Levite. The pet Levite is convinced some fine day of being a common rogue and vagabond, and the worshippers cry pitifully like Micah, "Ye have taken away my gods which I made, and the priest, and ye are gone away; and what have I more?" Sometimes they console themselves with denouncing the scientific arrogance which heeds not their array of credible witness, and is blinded to their revelations by preconceived theories. But Emerson has a word for them here, though not in this essay nor in this connexion. "The shallow clamour against theoretic men comes from the weak." Show us a complainer against the dogmatism of men of science—that is to say, against the presumption of men who venture to think they know their own business—and we will show you a judgment infected by conversation among charlatans or dupes, if not something worse.

Let us end with a wholesome breath of Emerson to drive off the fumes that rise when one thinks of these things:—"Coincidences, dreams, animal magnetism, omens, sacred lots, have great interest for some minds. They run into this twilight and say, 'There's more than is dreamed of in your philosophy!' Certainly these facts are interesting, and deserve to be considered. But they are

* *Complete Works of Emerson.* Riverside Edition. London: Routledge. *Complete Works of Emerson.* With an Introduction, by John Morley. London: Macmillan.

entitled only to a share of attention, and not a large share. . . . The whole world is an omen and a sign. Why look so wistfully in a corner? Man is the Image of God. Why run after a ghost or a dream? The voice of divination resounds everywhere and runs to waste unheard, unregarded, as the mountains echo with the bleatings of cattle."

FRESCOES.*

"GENT wants a thinner and drier vintage, does he? We'll see how he likes *this*," says the waiter, in Leech's sketch, as he pumps water into a sherry decanter. Critics have always been telling Ouida that they liked a thinner and drier tap than she was in the habit of supplying. The Falernian vintages of Ouida's genius have been found too sweet and rich, though undoubtedly very "curious." *Strathmore* and *Under Two Flags*, with many of Ouida's other samples, really seemed as if no amount of keeping would ever tone them down, and correct their luscious flavour and superabundant alcohol. In deference, perhaps, to numerous requests, Ouida now presents us, in *Frescoes, &c.*, with a beverage which is distinctly thinner and drier than *Chandos* and *Strathmore*. But we fear reviewers will say that the dryness and thinness are only got by the waiter's expedient. The tap is not a new tap; it is only the old tap watered down.

If any artless reader asks what the old tap was, it is easy to give a reply. Ouida's old manner was a romantic manner *à tous crins*, as she might say herself. Her motto (selected from so many romantic writers) was *L'orgie échevelée*. Her topics were the delight of the eye and the pride of life. Life, in Ouida's ancient vein, was excessively exuberant and full-blooded. How strong, how tall, how beautiful, how wicked, how all-accomplished was her hero! Ouida, like Launce, would have her hero "to be, as it were, a dog at all things." The heroine was equally passionate and versatile; while her wealth of tawny tresses and the opulent carnations of her complexion might have made an art critic die of envy. The gorgeous magnificence of the raiment and furniture of these persons was among the things which we best loved in the Ouida of old. Some of the heroine's dresses in *A Winter City* still abide pleasantly in memory. With all this revel of luxury Ouida was by way of being a moral sort of writer; she would stop in a description of marble halls to lash the indolence of the aristocracy and the greed of the age. She never failed to expose vices which reminded her of what she had read in Suetonius and Petronius (and Podonian the Elder, for what we know), when she met them among her characters. She had a kind of lingering way of resting among such matters and in the midst of these classic reminiscences. Then virtues, with Ouida, were as lily-white as vices were flaming and scarlet. No people were ever quite so innocent as the innocents of Ouida, no self-sacrifice ever matched their devotion, or so critics used to say. Another great charm of Ouida was her following after Mrs. Malaprop. No lady writer made more and more diverting mistakes when touching on such topics as sport and the classics.

These were the qualities of the Ouida of our salad days, and in *Frescoes, &c.* the same qualities are present, only they are watered down. If we are to put Ouida's books into the hands of the virtuous, we prefer not to take them as they were in the fearless old fashion. *Frescoes, &c.* is a volume with which a girl may trust her mother. The little stories and "Dramatic Sketches" are written in a tone comparatively moderate, just as "Leo Adolescens" wrote comparatively moderately in the *Pall Mall Gazette* when he "was voted under par in Fleet Street." There is even a certain vein of humour in *Frescoes*, and humour has hitherto been almost as rare in Ouida's work as in the work of George Sand, which occasionally resembles Ouida's, much as a Titian resembles an oleograph. On the whole, *Frescoes* may be read with pleasure and diversion. But, we return to our point, the matter is the old matter diluted.

In the first story (which gives its title to the book, and is told in a series of letters, post-cards, and telegrams) we have the ancient class of puppets, and a romantic plot so venerable as to be almost prehistoric. Ouida's hero, Leonis Renzo, is an Italian painter. He is our early friend, the Admirable Crichton of Ouida's fancy. A child of supposed illegitimate birth, he is brought up in his little Italian village by the curé. He studies at Paris, and he acquires, somehow, the colouring of Botticelli, with the design of Michael Angelo. Such painters, unluckily, are more common in Ouida's novels than in this evil every-day world. We remember another specimen who eked out a miserable subsistence by painting the lids of chocolate boxes. Well, if a young Italian combined all the skill of Venice, Florence, and Rome, he would make a fortune in a very short time; at the least he would make a name. But Leonis Renzo was poor and unknown. A Mr. Hollys, of the English Embassy, was aware of his miraculous powers, yet somehow Hollys did not find him customers. He sent Leonis, however, to decorate the drawing-room of his cousin, a young, unmarried lady, Countess of Charterys, and Châtelaine of "Milton Ernest," in Berks.

The judicious reader now understands all about it. The Italian is the soul of courtesy and courage; he manages horses to admiration; he is as proud as he is poor; he sings divinely; he can do everything except speak English, though he alludes with familiarity to Shakspeare and Herrick. The latter does not seem an author likely to be known to a young Italian painter, even if he has taken high honours at the University of Rome. Everything happens as in the best and oldest models. The magnificent, faultlessly lovely, but bored Lady Charterys learns Italian from the beautiful and accomplished painter. Her grandmother, Lady Cairnwith of Oswestry (or Othwestry), in vain remonstrates. A young Duke (rather after Mr. Henry James) proposes in vain. The Countess falls in love, the painter falls in love: but he is too honourable to declare his passion. Finally the Countess leaves the painter while she goes to the Riviera. He has a commission to rummage in her cabinets, and arrange her Old Masters' drawings. While thus engaged he finds—who does not guess what he finds? He discovers that he is the true Lord Charterys, that his mother was married to the last earl of that name, that he is legitimate, and as for his poor lady-love, "she is no longer Lady Clare." Everything ends happily, as in Lord Tennyson's ballad on this theme, whose antiquity is so venerable. There are traits of humour in the sketch, and Renzo is, of course, very hard on the manners and customs of the British aristocracy, who are greedy, ill-mannered, fond of brandy and soda-water, and too rich in the possession of leisure. The Italian nobles, by the way, are not famous for their energy. But this reflection of Renzo's is true, and pleasantly expressed:—

> When I hear all these people talk of going here, going there, of flying this way and that, like so many happy birds, I understand that to be poor is to be a bird without wings, like that poor hopeless, ugly apteryx which is the laughing-stock of naturalists and the cruel jest of nature.

The love-making in this story is pretty and innocent. In fact, *Frescoes* is a very creditable little romance, with all Ouida's love of splendour and of extremes in everything toned down. The habit of lingering in perilous places over what may be said about the "improprieties" of Boccaccio, or a false sense of the word *bastarda*, comes out in "At Camaldoli" and in "Afternoon." This weakness of the author's is not exhibited in *Frescoes*. "At Camaldoli" is a little drama of cross purposes between an Italian Duke and a Belgian lady whom he believes to be rich. He loves her, and she him, but he is a little startled when he finds that she is not the rich Comtesse de Riom, but the poor one. How the matter ends readers may discover for themselves. The English prig in this piece might have been more true to nature; the American lady is pretty good, at least as English people understand Americans, which, we are often told, is not at all. In "Afternoon" we have an English nobleman who boasts that he "won the Grand Military three times running." Is there not a horse somewhere in feminine fiction which won the Derby three times running? As to the plot of "Afternoon," we have only to echo L'Estrange's criticism on himself, "Great God! how could I be so blind!" However, this sort of blindness (which prevents a man from recognizing his own wife) is not uncommon in fiction, and is very convenient. On the whole, Ouida's "Dramatic Sketches" may be compared to the "Little Comedies" of Mr. Julian Sturgis, though they are much more violent in the stage tricks than anything Mr. Sturgis is ever likely to produce. To bring an incident that would stagger Xavier de Montépin into a little comedy of society is to dare too much. Beyond references to "Henri Boyle," as a writer on love, and to one "Edon"—"that blunder comes from Edon"—errors of the old funny sort are scarce in Ouida's new book. Critics will be most diverted by Ouida's little essay on "Romance and Realism" which first appeared in the *Times*. We must once more explain to Ouida that we do not object to romance (would that Mr. Louis Stevenson gave us more of it!) but to romance which is spoiled by ignorance of human nature and by the curious obliquity of vision that regards a wretched scandal (here told by Ouida) as "romantic." Ouida describes how a Genoese noble kept a mistress and "showed liberality to her family," how she took another lover, how the generous nobleman challenged the other lover, how the lover was a cur, how the noble threatened to shoot him, how the police would not hear of such a thing, and how the idiotic nobleman took a shot at himself, while the "venerable Brigadier of the Guard wept like a child." Ouida thinks this tale at once real and romantic; but we fail to see the romance. Here are a strumpet, a family like *Les Cardinal*, a "monsieur" who is a coward, and a "monsieur" who is a fool. The puzzle is to find the romance. Romantic things often occur in real life; but Ouida's reality is not romantic, and her romance is not real.

* *Frescoes, &c.: Dramatic Sketches.* By Ouida. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

BOOKS ON INDIAN WARFARE.*

THE fourth edition of the Rev. George Hodson's memorials of his heroic brother is noteworthy for other reasons than the satisfaction which any fresh proof that Englishmen have not yet lost interest in English prowess must cause. It includes a careful and elaborate vindication from the extraordinary attack which Mr. Bosworth Smith thought proper to make some months ago on a dead man who had fought for England. We have said

* *Hodson of Hodson's Horse.* Fourth Edition, with a Vindication. By G. H. Hodson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

Recollections of the Cabul Campaign, 1879-1880. By Joshua Duke, Bengal Medical Service. London: Allen & Co. 1883.

Kohat, Kuram, and Khost. By R. Gillham-Thomsett. London: Remington & Co. 1884.

extraordinary, but perhaps that is scarcely the right expression. The *lues biographica* which makes biographers too often think it necessary to adopt in a mass the prejudices of their biographees is unluckily an ordinary thing enough, and it is certain that Lord Lawrence both disliked Hodson and treated him with harshness. It so happened, too, that the biographer had particular predilections of his own which might have led him to vilify the slayer of certain Mahommedan princes even if Lord Lawrence had been of his party, and the misleading effects of these little personal whimsies are ordinary enough too. Lastly, the petty jealousies and heartburnings which gave Mr. Bosworth Smith the somewhat insufficient excuse that other writers have spoken severely of Hodson are ordinary also—very ordinary, as ordinary as human nature. With the book itself there is no need to deal, and with the general character of its hero hardly more. We for our parts are very glad to adopt Mr. Smith's description of Hodson's crowning deed, the pistolling of the princes at Delhi. "The deed was worthy of the man, and the man of the deed." He could not possibly have said a truer thing. Not merely the immediate hardihood, which could do such a deed in the face of enormously superior numbers of armed and threatening enemies, but the steadfastness of mind which could dare the certain opprobrium of cavilling humanitarians were worthy of a hero, and Hodson of Hodson's Horse was worthy to take the crowning vengeance for the unutterable crimes of the Indian Mutiny. That England may have such a man to do her work for her whenever she needs him may be very heartily hoped. But a little more detailed notice is due to the "Vindication." Mr. Smith has said that Hodson in early times behaved in such a manner that Sir H. Lawrence "lost all faith in him." Mr. Hodson produces letters both of a private and of a semi-official character, dated long after the time in question, in which Sir H. Lawrence speaks of his brother in the highest terms. Mr. Smith speaks of the alleged malversation of regimental funds, and states truly enough that a court of inquiry came to conclusions adverse to Hodson. Mr. Hodson points out that Mr. Smith has suppressed the fact that his brother appealed, that a second inquiry was ordered, that Major-General Reynell Taylor, who conducted it, expressly and completely vindicated Hodson's behaviour as "quite satisfactory," saying, moreover, that "there was nothing whatever in the charges," though this report, the existence and nature of which are undeniable, was for some reason never officially published. Again, there is the charge of looting and of vast stores of valuables found in Hodson's boxes after his death. Mr. Hodson disposes of this by pointing out that these vast stores were sold by public auction (an exact inventory of which exists) for considerably less than two hundred pounds. Finally, there is the famous charge of being killed while looting, which was the subject of voluminous correspondence in the daily papers some months ago, and which Mr. Hodson collected a great mass of testimony to refute. He does not reproduce all this *in extenso*, but those who followed it most closely will acknowledge the accuracy of his summary when he says, "All agree in the important facts, with such trifling discrepancies as might be expected."

Of course, it is by no means necessary that every one should hold so high an opinion of Major Hodson as it is right and just that his brother should hold. Judging from all accounts, it seems probable that he had some of the faults which often accompany an essentially military temperament, especially that kind of military temperament which finds its best exercise in the half-irresponsible and self-directed career of a leader of irregulars. It is likely that governableness was not his strong point; that he was not prone to take what he thought wrongs or slights meekly; that he got on better with his inferiors or his superiors by a great deal than with his equals or immediate chiefs; that his notions of the etiquette of military book-keeping were primitive; that his justice was something of Jeddart justice. An incident which Mr. Hodson puts by irrefragable proof in its true light, but which has been distorted into a charge of wholesale plundering—the buying, that is to say, of a great herd of cattle which his general did not know what to do with, after which the beasts were escorted by Hodson's Sowars to Delhi and sold at a profit—is just the kind of imprudent proceeding which its sporting interest no less than its probable gainfulness makes attractive to a certain class of minds, but which a prudent man would for more reasons than one have abstained from. We can discover no proof of any looting in an evil sense, though, if Mr. Bosworth Smith will inquire in any extensive circle of persons who had friends in the Mutiny he will probably find some interesting *cimelia*, the present title to which is not easily to be traced to anything but *Faustrecht*. That the charge of going out of his way (it is admitted that he was not on duty at the time of his death) to loot is a base and groundless slander there can be no doubt. But that Hodson's ways were much more those of old-fashioned warriors than of new-fashioned ones there is also no doubt. He was probably bad at filling up reports, and good at utilizing the resources of the country; he was certainly prompt of hand and high of heart.

The flesh of reviewers, as of other men, is weak, and it is possible that we might be inclined to think better of Mr. Duke's book but for some physical peculiarities. It is a very large book; one of those stout and portly octavos which lie open with difficulty, and fatigue the hands greatly in holding them. And there is no reason why it should be a large book; for, even if the author persisted in retaining the considerable amount of irrelevant and superfluous matter which he has mixed up with his own recollections, the adoption of somewhat smaller type and closer printing would have reduced the corpulence of the volume very materially. As it is, the type and spacing would be large for any standard library edition of a great classical author. Furthermore, the book is bound in sticky shiny calico, the touch of which is as unpleasant to the fingers as its scarlet hue is trying to the eye. Let it not be said that these are matters with which the critic has nothing to do and the author not much. They fall entirely within the former's province, and the latter would be wise if he more frequently remembered that they also fall within his.

Size and binding are not the only things in which we have too much of Mr. Duke. He is one of those unwise persons who, shrinking from the undertaking of writing a regular history of a certain set of events, cannot resist interpolating all sorts of miscellaneous matter with their own experiences. Mr. Duke had experiences which he has a perfect right to tell. He was attached to Sir Frederick Robert's personal staff, not indeed at the passage of the Peiwar, but immediately before the conclusion of the Treaty of Gundamuck; he was present at Charasiab, was close by when the Sherpur magazines blew up, was beleaguered in that fortress, and, finally, shared in the march to Candahar and in the battle which avenged Maiwand. Thus he has something to tell; and he tells it, not indeed with any extraordinary literary talent, but in a pleasant and straightforward fashion which is quite readable. The situation at Sherpur and some other incidents and scenes are illustrated by useful lithographs from drawings on the spot; and the preface contains a short paper by General Roberts himself on the conduct of Yakub Khan, which is an interesting and valuable document. But Mr. Duke, not satisfied with these things, has mixed up with them all sorts of other things which are not in any way his own experiences, which are not novel, and which are quite out of place among them. We have extracts from the accounts given by English newspaper correspondents; we have, in the very first chapter, a long account, extending to nearly fifteen pages, of a not particularly eventful exploring expedition, which was not only not made by Mr. Duke, but which, apparently, was made before he reached Afghanistan. Constantly in the course of the narrative the reader finds (and there is nothing more irritating to a reader who is possessed of some modicum of intelligence and information) that his author has left off recollecting altogether, and is simply compiling from others. Lastly, Mr. Duke prints in an appendix all the correspondence between Shere Ali and General Kauffmann, &c.—documents, no doubt, of great value, but very well known already, absolutely unentitled to rank among his "recollections," and dealing with matters which do not even come within the period of those recollections. All this makes, not to mince the matter, a bad book—a book which in parts will be worth consulting by any future historian of the campaign, but which is neither itself a good history nor a good book of personal reminiscences. The passage describing the ascent of Mount Sika Ram, the account of the Sherpur explosion and of the city of Cabul during the English occupation, and the tale of how the relieving force first came heliographically into communication with Candahar, are perhaps the best parts of Mr. Duke's volume. But his accounts of battles, though minute and careful, lack not only spirit (which is too often gained or aimed at by the sacrifice of minuteness and care) but still more that clearness and manlike intelligibleness which good military historians often, with the use of the simplest language, succeed in imparting. We are sorry not to be able to speak better of Mr. Duke, because he is entirely free from pretension, in no way parades his own services or exploits, writes in a thoroughly good spirit on matters political, and will, as we have said, be useful to the skilled student and future historian—both of whom, however, will probably indulge in much stronger language as to the composition of his book than we have used. The fact is that the practice of book-writing by persons who have taken some small personal part in important affairs has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. If any such person has the talent and will take the time and trouble to write a regular history, he of course ought not to be discouraged. But the eking out of original matter by all sorts of digression and compilation is something very like a nuisance. What would be welcome and valuable in the shape of a short memoir or article becomes unwelcome, and only with difficulty available for any useful purpose, when it is padded and bolstered out into a portly volume.

Mr. Gillham-Thomsett, who is a professional colleague of Mr. Duke's, is exposed to no such strictness as his fellow-surgeon. His book is a very little one, and a very unpretentious, confining itself (with the exception of a few letters from friends) to the recital of what the writer actually saw during the Afghan war. Unfortunately Mr. Gillham-Thomsett did not see very much, the only stand-up fight at which he was present being the engagement at Mattun. Here, however, and on some other occasions, he was witness of the remarkable gallantry of the hillmen. One of their chiefs, his comrade, a standard-bearer, having been killed by a shell which struck him point blank on the breast, caught up the flag, ran down the hill towards the English for fifty yards in front of his men, and stood there regardless of the fire waving them on. Mr. Gillham-Thomsett is perhaps wont a little to exaggerate mishaps (such as some hours' jolting in a springless vehicle, and a nasty struggle in the snow during a dark afternoon's ride), which might occur in circumstances where hardship is less to be looked for than on active service in an enemy's country during winter. He also seasons his narrative with

jocular passages of a deplorable kind, the jokes being known not only to every one who has ever entered a mess-room, but to every one who has ever consorted with his fellows in any state of life. But his book is not long enough to make these drawbacks other than tolerable.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.*

THE sixteenth volume of the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* may be as heartily recommended as any of its predecessors to students who want a good book of reference, or to readers who like to acquire miscellaneous information in an agreeable manner. It opens with the article, "Mena, Juan de," and ends with "Mosul." Between these two subjects no small part of human knowledge is to be found in a condensed but readable form in the 868 pages of the volume. A wise tutor would scarcely recommend his pupil to read it right through. The youth who tried that feat would probably be reduced lower than the severest course of cramming could bring him. Neither would it be prudent to turn the book over, except for purposes of muscular exercise, and dip into its contents. Such a futile employment of his time would probably bring the reader into doubt whether Monasticism was not one of the four orthodox sects of Mohammedanism, or as to whether the Mongols had something to do with Morphology. By carefully abstaining from looking at the text, the pages may be turned over to some useful purpose, for the volume is admirably illustrated. We do not refer to the plates at the end, which are almost all maps, and ugly maps too. Not that any blame attaches to Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston, of Edinburgh, who made them. No map-maker can by any skill of workmanship cause Michigan and Minnesota and Missouri to look like anything but irregular chess-boards, at least on paper. The woodcuts in the text, however, are far more pleasant to look at. The drawing of the illustrations for the article on the Microscope is excellently clear. Some of the illustrations to other articles are not only good workmanship, but artistic into the bargain. Two of the woodcuts to the very solid article on Metal-work, by Mr. J. H. Middleton, deserve particular mention. The first is the drawing of a wrought-iron candle-pricket, a piece of Florentine work of the fifteenth century. The other is a part of the "Eleanor Grill" on the opposite page. On coming to p. 851 any person of delicate nerves should skip, or at least prepare for a shock. It contains the picture, full size, of a very terrible bogey in the shape of "part of a Persian's head from the Battle of Issus"—one of the illustrations to the paper on Mosaics.

We cannot attempt to notice more than a few of the several hundred articles contained in the volume. On the whole the arrangement seems to be fairly good, in so far at least that none of the subjects has been allowed to take up an inordinate amount of space, as has sometimes been the case in former instalments of the work. Not that curious examples of editorial mismanagement are wholly wanting. By what process of reasoning, for instance, was it decided that Lady Mary Montagu was entitled to just a little over half a column, while three are given to Charles Méryon? Lady Mary's share is indeed just a few lines more than that of Hégésippe Moreau; and, looking to the literary and critical qualities of the articles, the injustice seems even more glaring. Why, again, should, "Sir Anthony More, a distinguished portrait-painter," be disposed of with less than half the amount of biography and comment given to Charles Auguste Louis Joseph, Duc de Morny? The only possible explanation is that Morny and Moreau died the other day, and that More and Lady Mary have been dead a very long while. An encyclopædia is not supposed, however, to be composed on newspaper principles. Neither is bad arrangement of this kind wise from a business point of view. Long before this work has reached the letter Z, even scandal-mongers will probably have come round to the opinion that More is still better entitled to attention than the cynical Minister of Napoleon III. Neither will there be much difference of opinion as to whether or not Lady Mary is a more considerable figure in literature than Hégésippe Moreau. Mistakes of this kind are, however, the exception. Various scientific subjects fall to be treated in this volume. At the rate at which science is advancing in our days they will probably be ripe for rewriting by the time the *Encyclopædia* is complete; but they are signed by names which are a guarantee that they have been brought up to the present date. Professor Dittmar contributes an article on Metals, and another on Metallurgy. Dr. Carpenter signs the profusely illustrated paper on the Microscope. The article on Morphology is by Mr. P. Geddes; and that on the Mollusca is by Professor E. Ray Lankester. Two authors—Messrs. W. C. Roberts and R. A. Hill—sign the article on the Mint, which is profusely illustrated and full of information. Professor Caird covers many pages on the inexhaustible subject of Metaphysic with columns which may be looked at with respect, and attacked with a sense of the gravity of the undertaking. The historical articles are also numerous, and of great interest. Nowadays, when the intelligent reader of the daily papers has such good reason to try to understand what a Mahdi is, the three articles on "Mohammedanism," which we should greatly prefer to call Mahometanism, ought to be carefully studied. Professor Wellhausen gives a sketch of the life of Mahomet, whose name he spells Mohammed, which is at least better than other forms, fringed with a varying number of accents, which we have seen. The second article, by Professor Stanislas Guyard, is on the Eastern Caliphate. It gives an apparently full account of the religious condition of the Moslem world after its first age. The reader may learn from it the consoling fact that Islam is divided by heresies and schisms as effectually as Christianity, which is worth knowing in times when we are continually told that every single Mahometan is ready to shed the last drop of his blood in the cause of every other. It would, in fact, appear that most of them are as likely to do so as the late Dr. Begg and his Highland host would have been to die for Pio Nono because they both called themselves Christians. From the article on Mahometanism the reader may profitably pass to another on the Mongols by Professors R. K. Douglas and B. Jülg. Among historical subjects which lie nearer home, Mr. Pattison deals with the life of Sir Thomas More. The article is an excellent example of what the work done for an encyclopædia of a high class should be. It is full of facts, and quite free from eloquent padding, without therefore being destitute of literary merit. Mr. Pattison seems to us to have defined More's position as a man of the new learning, who was, however, a sincere Catholic with perfect precision and at the same time to have done justice to the King without falling into paradox. He can see that Henry took, on the whole, the best course for England without at the same time jumping to the conclusion that he did it from wholly noble motives. Mr. Gardiner gives a sketch of the life of another of those high-minded and well-meaning men who have come to the ground between two stools in his article on Montrose. There is naturally much matter which is pure information in this volume—such, for instance, as the article on Mexico; to which, however, is prefixed an account of the civilization which the Spaniards found there, and destroyed. America has a considerable share of these geographical papers, owing to the fact that the names of so many rivers and States begin with the letter "M." Readers in search of information about Michigan, Minnesota, Milwaukie, Mississippi—the river or the State—Missouri, and Montana will find it in abundance in this sixteenth volume of the *Encyclopædia*.

The artistic and literary articles are, as they have been in former volumes, often of great interest. We cannot honestly say that all of them come up to our idea of what the contributions to an encyclopædia ought to be. The preciosity of Mr. Wedmore's "Méryon" is more obvious than the solidity of its criticism. No doubt the rule that a word must not be repeated in the same sentence was invented mainly for the purpose of helping people who have no ear to write without being too continually flat, but it has its merits not the less. From the fact that Mr. Wedmore goes out of his way to offend against it some score of times in two columns, we conclude that he considers it the invention of the Philistine. Certainly there is no gain in lucidity to compensate for the unpleasant repetition in such a sentence as this—"But a living authority, himself an eminent etcher, and admiring Méryon thoroughly, has called Méryon by preference a great original engraver—so little of Méryon's work accords with Mr. Haden's view of etching." Some of the judgments in Mrs. Pattison's article on J. F. Millet contradict one another. It is quite impossible to believe that he was at once a faithful painter of peasant-life and that the "dresses of his figures are not clothes, but drapery, through which the forms and movements of the body are strongly felt," or that he is true to nature in giving a "Washerwoman at her Tub" "the grand action of Medea." The dresses of peasants do look like clothes, and washerwomen do not possess the grand action of Medea, at least only once or so in a hundred years. It would be more accurate to say that Millet drew pictures of the life of the country labourers coloured by his own strong and gloomy imagination, but no more true to commonplace nature than the pastorals of Watteau, though they are infinitely more manly. The article on Michelangelo by Professor Sidney Colvin is altogether admirable. In the space at his disposal, some thirteen columns, he gives all the essential facts of one of the longest and perhaps the best filled of all artistic lives. No better account of the many-sided career of the great Florentine and of the wonderful world in which he acted his various parts can ever have been given in anything like the same space. Much sound criticism, a condensed *catalogue raisonné*, and a guide to the bibliography of Michelangelo are given along with the biographical matter. Among the literary papers we grieve to have to say that the most readable are devoted to Frenchmen. Mr. Lang contributes a chatty article on Molière, which gives the results of modern research in the least pedantic of manners, with not a little sound criticism in an incidental way. Mr. Saintsbury adds to the excellent series of critical biographies of French men of letters with which he is enriching the *Encyclopædia*. In the present volume he signs four papers on Mérimée, Michelet, Montaigne and Montesquieu. In the article on Michelet Mr. Saintsbury justly observes that "a whole critique" of French literature and French character might be founded on La Femme. We wish that he would write it. Mr. Saintsbury is sterner to Montaigne than he was to La Rochefoucauld. He seems to have found it easier to forgive the reckless intriguer who cared not whether he ruined his country than the easy-going philosopher who shirked facing the plague. La Rochefoucauld's readiness to fight covers his sins. Professor Minto's papers on J. S. Mill and Thomas Moore are full of facts, but they might profitably be cleansed of certain graces of style. There is, for instance, an appearance of disrespect in

* *The Encyclopædia Britannica.* Vol. XVI. Ninth Edition. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1883.

saying that Scott and Mackintosh "scribbled off" histories even for Lardner's *Cyclopædia*. Also, we think, there is a rather misplaced poetry of the weaker amatory kind in saying that Dumont's *Traité de Legislation* aroused in J. S. Mill "an ambition as enthusiastic and impassioned as a young man's first love." We may make one more observation on the literary part of this volume. The Spanish articles are, as they have been all along, very poor; but the height of absurdity is reached when the two Moratins, very worthy but very dull men, have a page between them, while Moreto, in some respects the first of Spanish dramatists and a master of comedy, is clipped down to a dozen lines and a jejune list of his plays.

SOME MINOR POETS.*

THOUGH Aristotle is not a minor poet, it seems more than ordinarily fortunate that a copy of the *Poetics* should have found its way to us along with the twelve volumes of verse which form the subject of this notice. It gives a timid critic a great sense of security to be able to lay his finger on his Aristotle as he employs what authors are apt to disregard as the flouts and jeers of a reviewer. There are many truisms very necessary for the minor poet that were spoken by Aristotle, and are clearly rendered by Mr. Wharton. For instance, what could be better than to remind poets, great and small, that the perfection of style is to be clear without being mean; or that when a style is "strange and metaphorical, with lengthenings and everything unordinary," then "the result will be either a riddle or a jargon"? Every one should admit the truth of such remarks; but how much better they come from Aristotle than from ourselves. Mr. Wharton's translation does not, we presume, aim at being more than a crib, and as such it is successful. The cribs of a nation, like its histories, require rewriting every few years—at least it would appear so; for a new translation is always in demand at the Universities. Though Mr. Wharton not unfrequently assumes that familiar and peculiar phraseology which is connected with the name of Bohn, he on occasion can employ a more idiomatic form of expression. His translation is always construable.

When Mr. Wyville Home published his first volume of poetry—*The Songs of a Wayfarer*—the *Bristol Times and Mirror*, with that healthy ardour which endears the provincial press to the young versifier, predicted for his work "second and subsequent editions." It is true that the *Bristol Times and Mirror* put in an "if"; but even with an "if" it would be very rash to predict "second and subsequent" editions for any volume of modern verse. We do not say that the poems do not deserve such editions; many of them do; but "second and subsequent" editions in these days are only accorded to very great merit or good luck. Still we will hope that the sanguine *Bristol Times and Mirror* may be right. Bristol, if well roused, might itself swallow an edition, for ever since the days of Amos Cottle Bristol has loved the Muses. Mr. Wyville Home certainly knows how to write, and chooses good subjects for his poems. But the real question for the critic is, admitting that he can practise all the delicate devices which this age has been taught by the great masters of style that adorn it, does the writer show that he has the real stuff of poetry within him in addition to these graces of style? Can he reach from heaven some of that true fire of song with which to fuse his thoughts and make them take poetic expression? We think that the poem "On the Hither Side of Death" does in some degree show this power. The light is fitful, not sustained, but there is the true gleam of poetry. It is impossible here to do justice to Mr. Wyville Home's verse by quotation. Much of it is very harmonious, and it invariably shows itself the work of a scholar of fine sense. We hope that Mr. Wyville Home will continue to write, and that, if he does, his work will be in subjects idyllic and descriptive. His work, too, would be best in some measure of great resources which will bear infinite elaboration in beauty of cadence. Blank verse, the couplet, or the Spenserian, or octave stanzas, all afford excellent opportunities. In the present volume the blank verse is a little heavy and monotonous, but in the couplet a considerable success has been achieved.

Mr. Philip Bourke Marston is known as one of the lesser lights in the school which is called æsthetic, if that word is not obsolete yet. When Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Morris, and Mr. Rossetti began to delight the ears of men with their music of words, their first followers seemed themselves remarkable. But now so many men have got the seed that the mere exercise of a particular form of style is anything but an excuse for verse. Of rhymes like those of Mr. Bourke Marston it is not too much to urge "All Hampstead spins a thousand such a day." In truth, no amount of love for beauty, no power of rhythm, no cultivation or scholarship can make a poet. This seems too true to speak; but yet it is the only thing to say to those who write with such care as does Mr. Philip Bourke Marston. "Caught in the Nets" contains some good lines, but we cannot congratulate the author on his choice of the subject. The Merman is always a pleasant person in poetry, but we cannot help declaring that he becomes somewhat ridiculous when represented as he is in the passage which is prefixed to this poem:—

> A.D. 1180. This year also near unto Orford in Suffolk certain fishers took in their nets a fish having the shape of a man in all points, which fish was kept by Bartholomew de Glandeville in the Castle of Orford six months or more. He spake not a word; all manner of meats he did gladly eat, but most greedily raw fish. Oftentimes he was brought to the Church, but never showed any sign of adoration. At length not being well looked to, he stole to the sea and was never seen after.—Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle.

Certainly a most "delicate monster." The idea of the strange beast longing for his sea caves is perhaps poetic; but as much can hardly be said for his gastronomic feats. Mr. Bourke Marston, however, thinks differently, and we are told all about what the fish had to eat:—

> They gave me food, of which I was full glad,
> And strange it was, and sweet, so that I had
> Some joy in eating it; and fish they gave,
> Dear fish that smelt and tasted of the wave.

We have not space to tell how the fish escapes, and how he is comforted "with damp and salt caresses." It is almost enough, however, to state that Mr. Marston contemplates such a terribly uncomfortable form of endearment, to show into what absurdities the verse-writer seeking originality may be led.

Britannus's "National Portent" is one of those rare books which bring unmixed pleasure to the reviewer. The poem is short, the print is large, and after its kind each line is a gem. The meaning of Britannus is at first hard to grasp; but after considerable pains and a minute perusal we have arrived at the following result. The poem is "supposed to have been found amongst the papers of the Rev. ——— ———, of Christ Church, Oxford," and to have been written by him in India. The reverend gentleman in the first line of the poem informs us that he had "a faithful friend" who rivalled all his young compeers, and was imbued with a "love for classic lore." The friend takes to affairs of State. One day the narrator finds him "in painful agitation and unrest," with a "lofty frown" "stamped upon his brow." "At night-time," exclaims the poor distracted gentleman, "I have had a fearful dream." This "vivid nightmare" is then described. The dreamer found himself in a high position in the State, but with his nature spoiled by ambition. Rebuffed by his friends, he has recourse to "vindictive wrath," and he proceeds to lead "a life of wild revenge." "A petty hatred towards a rival mind" then led him down to depths he most abhorred, and made him attempt, "with subtle Jesuitical designs," to destroy his country, solely because

> My rival wisely chose the nobler part,
> Nought then remained for me but to destroy.
> Thenceforward all that now I value most
> I laboured in my rage to bow it down.

Though his friends "cried shame," the unfortunate dreamer "sped more fiercely" on his mad career, till at last he was awakened from the dream, as he says himself,

> Or ever I had reached the final doom.

So ends the Dream. "Final doom" is good. We have been apt before to consider that the one redeeming feature in dooms generally was their finality. The dreamer goes on to explain to his friend that "not once or twice, but full three several times," the vision haunted him "wildly" in his "nightly dreams," and that it "moved him to a frantic state of mind." He protests against the cruel fate which was to make him "force on legislation in the teeth of wiser men," who at the same time "close their eyes for shame." The reverend listener is melancholy at this recital, but remarks that in case

> Thy mind should prove thee false to that degree
> I pray that friends more mindful of thy fame
> May save thee from a ruin worse than all.

We trust that the Premier will be duly edified by this effusion.

The Story of St. Stephen is a somewhat mystic poem written in an octosyllabic stanza. The cadence of the verse is not unpleasant, but the whole does not seem to rise above the usual level of poetry devoted to sacred subjects. Why sacred poetry should be, as a rule, so unsatisfactory is a difficult question. Mr. Collett's book does not suggest a ready explanation. The hymns and minor poems which follow *The Story of St. Stephen* are quiet and simple, but display nothing approaching originality or power.

Mr. Reid's *Romance of Song* is just one of those books that puzzle a reviewer. There is nothing in it that he can conscientiously praise. All he can say in blame is, probably, that the writer is not a poet. Such criticism is not very satisfactory to the critic, the public, or the author. Mr. Reid's intention to write as well as he can is so thoroughly honest that there is no necessity for strong language such as arises with the pretentious coxcombs of verse who flaunt their parchment covers and rough edges before the public. Mr. Reid does not appear to be a very young writer. Advice would be of no use to him. The birthday verses to a poetess are the best in the book. One stanza is decidedly good.

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* *Aristotelis De Arte Poetica.* Translation by Edward Ross Wharton, M.A. Oxford: Parker & Co.

Lay Canticles; and other Poems. By E. Wyville Home. London: Pickering & Co.

Wind-Voices. By Philip B. Marston. London: Elliot Stock.

Visions of the Night: a National Portent. By Britannus. City of London Publishing Company.

The Story of St. Stephen. By John Collett. London: Longmans & Co.

Romance of Song. By William Reid. London: David Bogue.

Poems. By Lara. London: Stewart & Co.

Lyrical Recreations. By Samuel Ward. London: Macmillan & Co.

Fireflies. By Sydney Lever. London: Remington & Co.

Etta Cuthullin; and other Poems, Old and New. By Greville J. Chester, B.A. London: Marcus Ward & Co.

Poems and Songs. By Edwin Waugh. Vol. X. Manchester: John Heywood.

The Bay of Seven Islands; and other Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. London: Sampson Low & Co.

but the poem is unequal. Even Scotchmen, we should imagine, will find the poems in imitation of Burns very dull reading. The poem called *The Romance of Song* displays a knowledge of English literature of the kind which gets people into Sandhurst. Every poet has a phrase found for him.

It would be dangerous to tell "Lara" that he is not a poet. He might fancy he was a Shelley, and think that his poetry was abused because of his opinions. He would tell us that our criticism was worthy of our creed, and other withering little home truths. Now to make "Lara" fancy himself a Shelley is the very last thing that we want to do. We are afraid that such a position is quite unattainable by him. Secularism is "Lara's" creed, and he is the most dogmatic of sectarians. He is violently missionary. This does credit to his sincerity; but it does not make him a poet. We intend to criticize "Lara" simply on literary grounds; we will not, therefore, refer to the vulgarity and bad taste of his satires. Still we cannot help regretting this want of good taste, because some of the poems show a considerable amount of feeling and sense of the beautiful. People get over violent fits of atheism and secularism; real defects of taste are, we fear, things more hard to cure.

Lyrical Recreations contain usually more recreation for the writer than for the reader. So it is with Mr. Ward's book. American poets have achieved the questionable success of writing on unusually twaddly subjects in very smooth verse. There is, in truth, nothing to recommend Mr. Ward's best verses except their smoothness. To some of the inferior of his poems the criticism "easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting," would be far more applicable than to *Lycidas*. We do not wish to say it is applicable, but the poem "In Fifth Avenue" comes very near it. The following stanzas are an example:—

> Though I forgave him he wanted still more;
> I scorned my vows to betray,
> But ordered him to be shown to the door,
> And moped no more that day.
>
> And I sometimes wish that this stupid life
> Might finish without delay;
> I'm a virtuous uncomplaining wife,
> But I mope the lifelong day.

Miss Sydney Lever collects a small volume of songs suitable for music. Many of them would make very pretty songs, and we sincerely hope that the musicians may adopt some of them. The words set to much modern music are quite intolerable. Miss Lever writes sense and grammar, and that is a great deal. "The Brocade Gown" would make a little drawing-room ballad such as young ladies insatiably desire to sing.

A poem about the Mendips may be enough to reconcile a few Somersetshire people to a volume of poetry, but the general reader will feel no such sympathy for the poem headed "Furze Blossoms late in Autumn." On the whole, *Ella Cuthullin* does not contain very much that is remarkable. The poem which gives its name to the volume is ambitious in design, but the writer is not capable of dealing adequately with his subject. The plot might serve for a tragedy. Many of the lyrical poems are smoothly written. One of the last in the book, called "Those Merry Walks Together," is not without a certain pleasant swing.

Mr. Edwin Waugh completes the issue of his works by the publication of his tenth volume. The book is well and clearly printed, and has a good many woodcuts. Of these the small are often pretty and attractive; the larger are, however, very dreary. The poems in the Lancashire dialect might be expected to be the best; but, though at least two of them are decidedly good, we do not feel sure that this is the case. Mr. Waugh seems a little inclined to let himself write twaddle just because he is writing in dialect. This is always a danger, for things are apt to look poetical and picturesque in their homely dress which, in truth, are not essentially poetic. "Come whoam to thy childer an' me" is a poem of a high order of merit because of its simplicity and directness, and hearty ballad swing. "Bonny Nan" is another song which has some of the true gold of poetry in it, though it cannot boast of any very careful finish, such as Burns shows to be quite compatible with the use of dialect. The occasional poems at the beginning of the volume show decided traces of the influence of Wordsworth, but there is little or nothing borrowed from more modern writers. Many of these little poems are written with considerable grace, and the language is harmonious and intelligible. Of these "The Moorland Witch" and the lines "To a young lady who lent me a book" are perhaps the happiest. We cannot but congratulate Mr. Waugh upon the good fortune that has allowed him thus to gather all the writings of his life together. He deserves such a reward for the simple sincerity of his work.

Mr. Whittier's new volume is prettily bound and printed. His name is a warrant for good taste and literary finish. This is the chief merit of the poems now before us. The ballad of *The Bay of Seven Islands* has many good lines in it, though there is an impending sense of the prosaic throughout. "How the women went from Dover," a tale of the persecution of the Quakers in New England, tells how two women were whipped through the villages, tied to the cart's tail. There is something of the ring of Mr. Browning's *Rabbi Ben-Ezra* in the poem. The Quaker women prophesy against their persecutors:—

> In the light of the Lord a flame we see
> Climb and kindle a proud roof-tree;
> And beneath it an old man lying dead,
> With stains of blood on his hoary head.

"Godspeed" is prevented from being a very exquisite little poem by the form which makes it very nearly a sonnet, and yet not quite one. We have no objection to poems of fourteen lines which are clearly not sonnets; but the ear becomes so accustomed to the harmonious cadence of the true sonnet that its imperfect form always jars a little. Mr. Whittier does not make the proper break in sense after the quatrains. Altogether the poet's English admirers will find much to like in the present volume.

CARICATURES AND PORTRAITS.*

THE present volume contains a reissue, in a reduced form, of the famous series of portraits contributed by Maclise to the *Fraser* of 1830–38—the *Fraser* of Thackeray and Carlyle and Maginn. Of these there are some eighty, which number the editor, on his own responsibility, has increased by four: one, of Henry Hallam, produced for the series but never published; and three others—of Maclise, Thackeray, and Father Prout—from various sources. They are reductions, as we have said; but they suffer little or nothing by the process. Those that were excellent are excellent still. Those that were bad are no worse than before. In fact, their merits and demerits are the same as when Rossetti wrote of them. "No such series," he says, "of the portraits of the celebrated of any epoch, produced by an eye and hand of so much insight and power, and realized with a view to the actual impression of the sitter, exists anywhere." That is true of them now, as it was true of them twelve years and more ago. There is no doubt, too, that they are something more than unique: they are interesting and suggestive in the highest degree.

Before proceeding, however, to discuss them in detail, it will be well to deal with the "Memoirs"—eighty-four in number—in which they are "embedded and enjellied." The editor has thought fit to omit the notices by Maginn, in whose company they originally appeared, and to fill their room with notices of his own. "The context of Maginn," he judiciously observes, "brilliant as it undoubtedly was, contained much that was hasty, illiberal, and purely ephemeral; and, it was thought, might be omitted, at least in its substantive form, with advantage." Of the wild work done for the "Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters," by the original of Thackeray's Captain Shandon, this is a description which, to say the least of it, does not err on the side of severity; but we cannot at all agree with Mr. Bates that its omission "in its substantive form" is advantageous. On the contrary, we hold that it was his duty, as a good editor, to republish Maginn with Maclise, the portraits with their original settings, the prose of Oliver Yorke—with its "all-too-Irish mirth and madness, and odour of pulled punch"—with the vigorous if somewhat dandified pencillings of Alfred Croquis. He might have annotated and corrected and explained as much as he liked. But he should not have hesitated for a moment to reprint the whole work, if only as a literary curiosity. To say that it "contains much that was hasty, illiberal, and purely ephemeral" is beside the mark. So do the *Noctes* of Christopher North; so do the *Runnymede Letters* of young Mr. Disraeli; so does journalism in general. The drunken and swashing humorousness of Oliver Yorke was a characteristic feature in the periodical literature of half a century ago; and that we are nowadays mim-mouthed and delicate of fancy is not a reason for suppressing, "in its substantive form," the work of a man who was neither the one nor the other; particularly when, as in the present instance, that work is indispensable to a right understanding of certain matter which has been deemed worth reproduction in its entirety, and to the elucidation and adornment of which it was originally appropriated. Maclise has merit enough of his own to be interesting—even remarkable—alone; but to get the whole flavour of his satire, to breathe a full breath of the air in which he produced it, to make ourselves as nearly as possible his contemporaries, we should have had him as he came, with Maginn behind him. The pictorial satirist, in fact, is not all himself in the banishment of the satirist in words. They complete each other: like the "deux pantalons" in which M. Hugo clothed a future dignitary of the Empire,

> Dont les trous, par bonheur, n'étaient pas l'un sur l'autre.

They were reckless and truculent in their lives, and it is hardly fair to either that in their deaths the "substantive form" of the one should be divided from the "substantive form" of the other.

But where some editors would fear to tread, the present editor has rushed in, and produced a readable if imperfect and lopsided book. He has a sincere and undiscriminating affection for the men of fifty years back, and he writes of them with an enthusiasm, a disorder, a garrulity of style, an intemperance of insight, a "nice derangement of epitaphs," that are amusing in no mean degree. He is often wrong in his facts, and often merely imaginative in his criticisms; but his work has in it not a little of "fine confused good feeling." It is too bad of him, no doubt, to ascribe *The Woodspurge* to poor Mr. W. M. Rossetti; to claim for "bright, broken Maginn" what he calls "a proximate niche in the temple of fame with the great foregone masters" in his own peculiar style of writing—with Lucian, with Aristophanes, with Rabelais, and with Swift"; to write of an "alleged rejoinder" of Lamb (the italics

* *The Maclise Portrait-Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters.* With Memoirs by William Bates, B.A. London: Chatto & Windus.

are his own) that it is "full of *ovine* humour, and has so much of the *bovine* in it that it might well find a place among the stories in Miss Edgeworth's bucolic essay on *Irish Bulls*"; to talk of Lockhart's Roman novel as something "coldly and sternly classical, as a romance of Apuleius or Barclay." It is scarcely wise of him to think—in print, at all events—of the Laureate's famous attack on *The New Timon* as "poor stuff. . . . Weak, washy, and diffuse; much of it mere ab use, and the rest obscure and meaningless." It is hardly prophetic of him to opine that the late Lord Lytton was "the last literary man, of the present day at least, concerning whose place of sepulture a care will be felt." It is certainly peculiar of him to deal so freely in such luxuries of style as italics and small capitals, and in such gallantries of English as "hight," "circumforaneous," and "exiguity of bulk." But, for all this, and a vast deal more of the same sort, his work is singularly useful and amusing. He has gone grubbing among the dry bones of the epoch he loves until he has got to know more of it than he knows of his own. He has it as his fingers' ends; and he gossips and blunders and gives way to eloquence about it in a way that really disarms criticism. He is full of scandal about Queen Elizabeth and the Marquess of Hertford. He can tell you all about Crofton Croker, and L. E. L., and Westmacott (of the *Age*), and the amazing Lardner, and the excellent Jerdan, and a hundred little immortalities beside. He is not, it is true, shy of adducing the late Dr. Kenealy as a critical authority, or of keeping himself in countenance by an appeal to "Richard Oastler, who was his (Maginn's) companion in the Fleet." But to him who can quote from works so enchanting and recondite as "A Man of Fashion's" *D'Horsay: or, the Follies of the Day*, a great deal may be forgiven. Such a man is Mr. Bates; and students of manners and literature will find his book, for all its oddities and absurdities, as full of matter as an egg is full of meat.

The portraits themselves have been so often discussed that at this time it is hardly possible to say anything new about them. Some are admirable; others are poor indeed. The good ones, though, outnumber the bad. You have but to consider them to know a great deal about the men they represent. Here, for instance, is S. T. C.: querulous, a trifle deprecating, yet obviously full of words; the prophet of the *soomjective* and *omjective* of Carlyle's ironical vision. Here, in raiment of faultless cut, in an attitude of the utmost elegance, his head "sunning over with curls" (like the Laureate's Maud), with Oriental arms upon the wall, and a monstrous pipe, and a vast ottoman, is young Mr. Disraeli—"the wondrous boy who wrote *Alroy*"—handsome, exquisite, imperturbable: a kind of Dandiacal Apollo. Here is Morier, arrogant and loud: and Mrs. Norton, fastidious and superb; and Wordsworth, majestically parsonical, and D'Orsay, like one of Balzac's ideals—Rastignac, or De Marsay, or the incomparable La Palférine; and Robert Montgomery, as an inspired hairdresser; and Lady Blessington, in years, all dignity and charm, with Lady Blessington in youth, all grace and beauty and delightfulness, upon the wall; and Talleyrand, club-footed and withered, dozing to death beside the busts of the many rulers to whom he has paid his perjured fealty. Here are Rogers—hideous and shrewd and death-like as in life; Washington Irving—a kind of fairy man of letters; Hook—impudent and pert and loose-looking, a right professional ribald; Harrison Ainsworth—a pink of fashionable elegance and correctness; Bulwer—in the act of shaving, with extraordinary nobleness and vigour; Miss Porter—with the air of a *mère noble*; with a score of brilliant or eccentric appearances beside. Here, too, to take the other side, is Carlyle, in an attitude which suggests a poet's monument, with a lock of hair on his forehead, and a good hat in his hand, and the appearance of one to whom Æsthetic Tea is a necessity of life. Here, stooped and aged and suspicious, is Goethe, looking for all the world like some one who has found a halfpenny, and is about to pick it up, fearful of observation. Here is Scott, among his dogs, heavy, limping, lumpish, loutish, as unlike the "Shirra" as the author of *Waverley*. Here are Ude, a satyr with a ladle; and Cobbett, like a bad wax-work figure; and Hogg, like a tobacconist's Highlander; and Sydney Smith, like a Toby Fill-Pot jug. These last are hard to bear; but to forgive them we need only look at the others.

RECENT DIVINITY.*

THOSE who have read the first volume of Dr. Weiss's *Life of Christ* will probably want neither invitation nor incentive to read the second. The writer and his book have an individuality of their own. He is one of the most learned of German scholars, an earnest believer in Christianity, and a free critic of the Gospel narratives. In fact, he avowedly refuses to regard his faith as dependent on the invariable accuracy of Scripture. Not the less he is an ardent defender of the "historicity" of the Fourth Gospel against the criticisms of Baur and his disciples, and maintains that they have been definitely confuted. A few words as to the form of Dr. Weiss's work will show its value in systematizing the Gospel narrative. For readers are very apt, even when not reading it for devotional purposes, to miss the crises in the progress from the Cradle to the Cross. It is interesting to observe, as regards all the elements of material success, what a steady decline it was. Its stages are marked by one failure after another. He comes under the ban (curiously misprinted *van* in the table of contents) of the hierarchy in His earliest public days; after entering on His "period of conflicts" He encounters His first failure at Gerasa! He finds a fresh foe in the wealthier classes, who "cannot enter into His kingdom"; He is accused of employing Satanic agency in casting out devils; He finally breaks with the Pharisees (the popular and national party) after His denunciation of them, and with the hierarchy after their question about His "authority," and, last of all, alienates the sympathies of the multitude when they wanted to set Him at their head. The Gospels lose none of their devotional value by the historical realism which they acquire when a reader is able to mark the steps which led to the final catastrophe.

Professor Reuss's *History of the Canon of Scripture* is to be distinguished from his earlier work on the General History of the New Testament, and was written in answer to a request to translate that book into French. He thought its method and form unsuitable to French readers, and produced another volume entirely new. The best thing that can be said about Mr. David Hunter's translation of it is that it has very little of the flavour of a translation about it. Professor Reuss is another instance of a learned German whose orthodoxy, like Dr. Weiss's, is rather religious than dogmatic. He writes, as he says, as a historian, not as a controversialist, and therefore does not notice polemical writers on the other side, but leaves his facts to answer them. The line between the historian and the Christian is clearly marked in these pages; and it is, perhaps, due to these Christian prepossessions or convictions that he is so little inclined to dogmatize on a subject on which the extent of his reading might be thought to have given him very definite views. He feels uncertainty, on the limits of the Canon, and, while unable to accept the dictum that it is to the Church that we must look for its formation and preservation, seems to regard the maxim of the Reformers that "the authority of Scripture depends on the inward word of the Holy Spirit bearing witness by and with the Word in our hearts" as too vague and variable a test to serve as a basis for the definition of Canonicity. His own opinion is that the time is not yet come for science to draw its final conclusions; that inspiration has appeared, and still appears, in different degrees: that no formula can mark a distinction between the inspiration of all Christians and that of the sacred writers; that theology has no longer any interested motive in preserving the Canon intact, for it does not believe Christianity or the Church to be in danger because the Book of Esther is not put on an equality with the Epistle to the Romans. Theology, he thinks, must henceforth aim at a higher mark than drawing up a list of books, though he does not tell us in what other way a Canon is to be formed. Those who go to the author for an authoritative limitation of the Canonical books, therefore, will be disappointed; but the reader who desires to see all the available knowledge on this subject lucidly grouped by a writer who is a firm believer in inspiration, though he cannot define it, will endorse our recommendation of this volume.

Here is yet another volume on the inexhaustible subject of the personality of our Lord. The transition from the dry light of German analysis to the impassioned declamation of the Père Lacordaire is like passing from the crisp herbage and bracing air of the downs to the beauty and luxuriance of tropical vegetation. Yet, fervid and rhetorical as these orations are, they form a consistent argument, which occupies the whole of a volume of 417 pages. Stated briefly, the object of this argument is to combat the efforts of Rationalism to "destroy," to "pervert," and to "explain" the life of Christ; and the statement of the purpose of the volume is the explanation of its somewhat puzzling title. For the preacher divides his subject into three parts, represented by his threefold title, and devotes the first to a proof of the divinity of Christ, the second to an examination of the nature and work of God and of man, and the third to the intercourse between God and man, the need and the result of this relation. In calling these arguments proofs we are adopting the point of view of the preacher. They are satisfactory and convincing to a Christian reader, and they are more than this, for they give him new reasons for the faith that is in him. They are eminently Christian discourses addressed to Christians, and on a susceptible congregation gathered together in the nave of Notre Dame to hear the famous Lent Conférences of the eloquent Dominican must have produced a profound impression. The reader no doubt gets but a feeble echo of the emotions of the hearer, and is able to criticize what if he had heard he could only have admired.

But so many English people are familiar with Lacordaire's preaching that it is probably unnecessary to describe it. Most readers, as distinguished from hearers, will be inclined to think that he diverges too frequently and too far into the flowery paths of illustration, and it is impossible to sympathize with a good many of his rhetorical effects—we had almost said artifices—without his voice and presence to carry them off. Much of this failure, if failure there be, is possibly due to reading him in a translation, and this translation is not one of the best. Many things can be said in French of which the literal English gives a

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* *The Life of Christ.* By Dr. Bernhard Weiss. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1883.

History of the Canon of the Holy Scriptures in the Christian Church. By Edward Reuss. Edinburgh: James Gemmell. 1884.

Jesus Christ God God and Man. By the Rev. Père Lacordaire. London: Chapman & Hall. 1334.

God's Witness in Prophecy and History. By the Rev. J. C. Bellett, M.A. London: Masters & Co.

Missale Drummondinse. Edited by the late Rev. G. H. Forbes. (Burntisland, at the Pittsligo Press.) Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1882.

Fresh Light from the Ancient Monuments. By Professor Sayce. London: The Religious Tract Society.

totally different meaning, and in sermons the translator's object should have been to find out what would have been the corresponding word in an English sermon, and not the dictionary equivalent. Lacordaire, for instance, is very fond of saying, "Ah! messieurs," but no one can imagine him saying to an English audience, "Ah! gentlemen." And there are worse faults; these two occur on the first page:—"Christianity is the greatest event which has *passed* in the world;" and such a string of words as this, "and yet once more consequently." And worse still and later on, Christ is called "the Eternal Verb." The sermon which will probably attract most attention is the one with the paradoxical title, "Mystery as the *Object* of Prophecy," in which the writer seems to us not so much to prove his point, as to prove the existence and beneficent effect of mystery. It is a subject in which he revels, and those who read the sermon on "The Need of Supernatural Intercourse" &c. will be inclined to class the preacher with the religious mystics. But, with all deductions, we frankly acknowledge the greatness of the preacher and of his sermons; they will be useful reading to English clergymen, and may encourage them to burst the limits of their hide-bound style; they need not be afraid of being led too far in imitation of their copiousness of illustration or effusiveness of sentiment. No such danger need be apprehended.

Mr. Bellett's volume of Biblical studies is one of a class of books which, with the best intentions, often does as much harm as good to the cause it advocates. He has set himself the task of finding fulfilments in the history of the twelve tribes of Israel of Jacob's famous prophecy about the destiny and character of his sons, in the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis. Such an examination of the Old Testament, conducted on the principles of literary criticism, might have made a useful and interesting little book, and would certainly have revealed some remarkable coincidences. But this is not a little book, but a solid volume of 336 pages, and the reason why it is neither a little book, nor, in our judgment, a good one, is the same—namely, that it is written with a purpose; a purpose, that is, other than to find out exactly what the Bible does say and omits to say. The author tells us in his preface that the Bible is its own best evidence, in which we entirely agree, but in which he appears not to agree; for all through his volume he is coming to its aid, as he thinks, and making passages seemingly remote from all such reference subserve his main thesis. And this bias, as might be expected, vitiates the book. It seems to us not only to have led the writer to the strained applications of Jewish events and words to the coming of the Messiah, but into a certain amount of special pleading in establishing the fulfilment of the Patriarch's prophecy in the fortunes of the several tribes. For instance, Jacob's prophecy about Simeon and Levi is twofold. "Instruments of cruelty are in their habitations," and they are to be "divided and scattered in Israel." No attempt is made, as far as we can see, to establish cruelty and violence as the characteristics of Levites, and some of the cases charged against Simeon are only common features of the warfare of all Israel, or are what look like nothing else but a twisting of the narrative to serve the writer's end.

The only ground, *e.g.*, for saying of the mutilation recorded in Judges i. 7 that the Simeonites were "specially employed in, and perhaps suggested it," is that they were invited by Judah to join her in the campaign against Bezek, and the defeated king was mutilated. For anything that is said Simeon might have protested against it; Judah, at all events, took the lead in the war. So in the two cases instanced from 1 Chronicles iv. 39-43, the first has an exact parallel in the seizure of Laish by the tribe of Dan (Judges xviii. 27), and the second the justification of Samuel's order and example in the destruction of the Amalekites. There may have been features of exceptional ferocity in this tribe; but the extracts given do not prove it, and no imputation of the kind is made against Levi. On the other hand, the attempt to show that Simeon was scattered, as Levi undoubtedly was, must be regarded to have failed also. Certainly two of the passages on which Mr. Bellett relies either mean something quite different, or refer to two or three other tribes as well as to the one in question. In either case they are useless as proofs of a special fulfilment. It will surprise most persons to hear that Judith is adduced as an illustration both of the scattering and the "cruelty and violence," which is in her case modified into "ferocity and audacity." The writer is not sure of the site of Bethulia, where she lived, but let that pass; her residence in the small Simeonite colony would no more prove the dispersion of Simeon than the occupation of Laish proves the dispersion of Dan; and as for her "ferocity," she seems to have been regarded then as she is now—more as a popular heroine, a compound of Joan of Arc and Charlotte Corday, than an "instrument of cruelty." Similarly the author quotes 1 Chronicles vii. 4 to prove that Issachar was sunk in sloth and sensuality; but omits the following verse, which rather conflicts with his theory. He appears to us to be quite capable of writing a devotional work which would find acceptance with a considerable party in the Church, and also to have reading enough to produce some interesting historical exegesis of the Old Testament. May we advise him in future to separate the two, and not try to make historical inquiry subserve the end of devotional exhortation?

The Drummond Missal was described by the late Bishop of Brechin, and its Calendar stands first in his collection of Scotch Calendars. It is called the "Drummond Missal," from being in the possession of Lady Willoughby d'Eresby of Drummond Castle, and a description of it was written as long ago as 1787, after which date it was lost until 1861, when it was again discovered by the Bishop. It is a small quarto of 109 pages, and the character, according to Mr. Ramsay, its first describer, is not earlier than the Irish of the eleventh or twelfth century. The most noticeable points about this Missal are (1) Its omissions. Taking the Sarum Missal as a standard of comparison, the services for Christmas and its attendant festivals, those for Lent and Holy Week, and even for Good Friday, are left out. The "Proprium Sanctorum" is suppressed, and an unusually full "Commune Sanctorum" substituted for it. (2) The office for Trinity Sunday differs from that in any known Missal, possibly on account of the comparatively recent date of this festival. (3) Its Calendar of Saints is unusually full. (4) There are many peculiarities of spelling, especially in the names of Irish saints, of whom a long list is given. These appear to have been transcribed by some one who did not know Irish, and being all written in the genitive case, sometimes the Irish genitive, as Colmain for Colman, and sometimes in the Latin added no little to the difficulty of the editor's task. Hence the unusual number of more than four pages of "additions and corrections." In other respects the volume contains only what those who are familiar with such literature would expect. The editor (the Rev. G. H. Forbes) did not live to complete the work, which was carried out by his literary executor; and the result of their joint labours will be welcome both to the antiquary and the student of Western Liturgies. Even the student of human nature may find an interest in observing how the instinct of the Celtic race for personal veneration finds expression, in Gaelic verses, amid the Latin services of the Church.

Professor Sayce has written a book whose value is not to be estimated by its size. It is a much more important ally of religion than many more professedly religious books. The preface shows its character and the main results which have been arrived at by the laborious examination of records of the past. In answer to those who had determined that the sacred histories were as legendary as the early annals of Greece and Rome, "the stones cry out," and bear their unimpeachable witness to the fidelity of the Hebrew Scriptures. And not only have striking confirmations of plain statements been given by these mute witnesses, but obscure points have been cleared up. The frequent mention of Hittites in the Old Testament and the way in which they are mentioned have long been a puzzle to Biblical critics. They seem to point to a power which has left no history and could not be located. *Now* it is known by the "testimony of the rocks" that the Hittite Empire, from its seats of Carchemish on the Euphrates and Kadesh on the Orontes, contended on more than equal terms with Egypt before the Exodus, and carried its arms, its arts, and its religion to the shores of the Ægean. The victorious campaign of Assyria against Jerusalem (Isaiah x.) was another difficulty, for Sennacherib's invasion was a failure. It is now made clear that his father Sargon did invade and conquer the city and destroyed many of the inhabitants. Students of the books of Kings and Chronicles and Ezra have tried to account for the evident sympathy of Cyrus, King of Persia (as was supposed), with the Jews by the hypothesis that he was a Zoroastrian, and therefore a Monotheist. We know now on his own authority that he was a Polytheist, and that it was Elam and not Persia which invaded Babylon, as Isaiah foretold. The land of Goshen has been excavated, and Pithom the treasure city disinterred, and bricks made without straw found there. The instrument for bringing to light all this life of the past is the power of reading the cuneiform character. The ingenuity with which M. Grotefend hit upon the key, the important part played by the letter *r* in the process, and the patience from which he worked from this point to the conquest of the whole alphabet are interesting to read of. What will strike most readers is the curious "modernness" of the story of the Siloam inscription (discovered in 1881). It is strange to read that when Hezekiah made his conduit, the workmen began to dig at either end, as they did at the Mont Cenis Tunnel, but did not meet, though they were near enough together at the centre to hear one another's "picks."

THREE NOVELS.*

DURING a round of country visits the philosopher may find it amusing to observe the proportions of literature of various kinds among the books from the circulating libraries, and he will probably come to the melancholy conclusion that the average number of novels is in the proportion of nine to two; that is to say, the majority of country subscribers order three three-volume novels and two other volumes each time that they replenish their book-boxes. Here, therefore, we have before us what we may term one consignment of new novels.

We will begin with *Ione*, a novel by Mrs. Lynn Linton dedicated in most flattering terms to Mr. Swinburne. The heroine is not introduced until the end of the first volume, but when once she appears, she makes every other character pale into insignificance. Ione is of the type of woman known as the beautiful demon. This interesting but horrible character is drawn with great power. She is represented as so terrible that her wickedness might appear overdone if it were described by a less skilful artist; but as it is,

* *Ione.* By Mrs. Lynn Linton. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

Quatrefoil. By Mary Deane. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1883.

Ralph Norbreck's Trust. By W. Westall. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1883.

although one would hope that there are few such women in existence, the reader never feels the character to be impossible. We have here a picture of the blackest side of human nature, but it is free from coarseness, cunning, and avarice. In most criminals the mental organization is more or less imperfect, and the nervous sensibility is weak: but Ione is exceedingly intelligent, and her nerves are strung to the highest pitch. Half English, half Sicilian, and born in disgrace, this beautiful child was brought up at Palermo, and her nature as a girl is compared to that of "Etna with its heart of fire ever ready to break forth in active storm and desolating tempest." In nine novels out of ten the description of the heroine may safely be skipped; but it is impossible to read that of Ione without interest. One of her first acts in the story is to kill her pet canary because it leaves her for a moment to fly to another girl, and she ends by killing her husband because he admits that he was once in love with another woman. The scene of the murder is horrible. As soon as the deed is done Ione kneels by the hearth, "her husband's lifeless body lying prone across her lap; . . . the lifeless head pressed against her bosom—the red blood over her dress and the firelight flashing over all:—it was a kind of infernal Pietà, where crime stood for sacrifice and the anguish of remorse for the agony of love." Presently, among the crowd that rushed in, came a man whom she dreaded. "He bent over her and touched her head and called her his love and his life, while his hot breath on her forehead seemed like the kiss of some demon straight from the hell—where she was going. Going?—where she was at this moment!"

It must be admitted that this novel is considerably padded, but Mrs. Lynn Linton's padding is better worth reading than that of some novelists. *Ione* can scarcely be called either a wholesome or a pleasant book, and yet it contains many amusing passages. There is a capital description of what may be called a professional invalid. There is a great deal about love-making, and there is much more about the quarrels of married people. The author evidently thinks that in matrimonial contests the ladies usually, if not always, get the best of it. After a grand flare-up between a husband and a wife, we are told that the former "felt as men do when they are defied by their wives—helpless, tongue-tied, and handfast." A good contrast is drawn between Ione's protestations that poverty with the hero will be perfect happiness, and her quarrel with his only servant five minutes after her arrival in her new home. Her attempts at domestic duties were not very successful. She "did a little dusting," and broke the chimney-piece ornaments; she "tried her hand at gardening," and "rooted out the seedling annuals in the borders"; and her only idea of economy seems to have been to buy new dresses to save the old ones.

She imagines that her hard-worked husband neglects her, and when, in order to satisfy her on this point, he offers to spend an afternoon with her, she immediately suspects that he merely does so because some other woman, whose opinion he respects, has been remonstrating with him. We are bound, however, to say that her husband was a prodigious fool; and, excellent as he is represented to be, he almost deserved to be murdered. The character of Theodosia, a spiteful married woman, whom Ione compared to a pretty rat, is very cleverly drawn. It would be difficult to imagine a person with a more venomous tongue; but we do not remember any novel in which there is more fire-spitting between women than in *Ione*. One question we may be permitted to ask. How did Ione kill her husband? The murder was committed in the dining-room after dinner. All we are told is that she "raised both her hands high in the air." Did she "brain" him with a decanter, and, if so, was it with the port or the sherry; did she slay him with the melon-knife, or did she strangle him with her dinner-napkin? A lady's naked fist could hardly kill a full-grown man. It would scarcely be a compliment to Mrs. Lynn Linton to call *Ione* her best novel, but it would be pretty safe to say that in many passages of *Ione* Mrs. Lynn Linton is at her best.

After the fire-eating ladies in *Ione* the four heroines of *Quatrefoil* are a change, if not exactly a relief. In the opening chapter an artist was "drinking in with delight the wild beauty of" Porth Mawr. Now the peculiarity of Porth Mawr was that "from week's end to week's end Porth Mawr lay lonely and lovely under the soft grey sky, through whose rifts the blue beyond seldom gleamed." "The half 'divine tear' dimmed" the artist's eyes. "For a moment he pictured to himself a disembodied spirit looking upon a scene like this"; why or wherefore we are not told; and then "a new phenomenon" "dashed from the shelter of the cliff into the sea." "Four slim, swift-footed, white-limbed sprites, lightly clad in purple (perhaps torn from the sea-cloud), and linked together, formed the apparition." These sprites were nothing more nor less than four young ladies in their bathing-gowns. It may shorten matters if we say that these four sisters lived near St. David's, and that, although they were nearly grown up, "a rare visit to Haverfordwest had been their nearest approach to seeing the world." Their mother had died when they were very young, and their father, a man of old family and moderate wealth, was a misanthropic old naturalist who shunned the society of his fellow-men. His daughters were brought up by an old servant, and they had little or no education, in the proper sense of the word, but they read some poetry and history on their own account, and in the matter of learning they appear, as far as they could, to have done those things that they ought not to have done, and to have left undone those things that they ought to have done. The principal amusements of the four sisters were as follows. Gwen, the eldest, loved reading, singing, and poetry; Erthin cared most for drawing; Moel, who was a clairvoyant, played a Welsh harp; and Ione, the youngest, was a naturalist. Running wild about the coast in scanty attire was a pleasure that was common to all of them.

Mr. Surcott, the artist, was not long in gaining the acquaintance and the friendship of the four wild beauties; and on the death of their father he persuaded them to go to London. After various adventures, they took a house furnished and decorated by Surcott; and the contrast between the life of these semi-savages on their native heath and in the metropolis is decidedly entertaining. Surcott was an artist of no ordinary reputation, and he had already immortalized the eldest of the sisters by painting her as Athene in one of the most famous pictures of that year's Academy. He was the recognized leader of the inner circle of the æsthetes, and he turned the sisters' house into a temple of sweetness and light, of which they were to be the priestesses and he was to be the prophet. Having carried out this little arrangement to his satisfaction, he bid the faithful enter and worship. The hard part of it was that he left the sisters to pay the bills, which were far from light, the tulips and lilies costing nearly two hundred pounds in a few months, to say nothing of the ices, the Chinese page, the embroidered *portières*, and the odds and ends from Japan. The exceeding unconventionality of the Welsh girls was looked upon as æsthetic virtue by the lily-worshippers; and certainly the eccentricities of these maidens in London rivalled those of Cetewayo himself. The situation is so amusing that an immense amount of fun might have been made out of it; but the author, after tantalizing us by leading us to anticipate a great deal of entertainment, disappoints us at the critical moment. She evidently has a great talent for conceiving original situations, but she does not yet appear to have learned how to make the most of them. The whole story has this fault—namely, that it begins brightly and ends flatly; the last part of the book is by no means the best, and the interest flags in the second half of the third volume. Indeed the novel begins like a *feu de joie* and ends like the going out of a paraffin lamp. It must be said, however, that *Quatrefoil* is eminently a book about which tastes are likely to differ; and, although we have criticized it freely, we admit its merits, and think that it will be much appreciated by certain readers.

Ralph Norbreck's Trust, like *Red Ryvington*, by the same author, is a novel which treats of manufacturing life. In both of these stories the hero is a manufacturer, and most of the leading characters are either manufacturers, or wives, sons, or daughters of manufacturers. *Ralph Norbreck's Trust*, however, is less political than *Red Ryvington*, and in this respect we much prefer it. The greater part of the first volume describes quiet life in a manufacturing district; the second is for the most part an account of life in Trinidad and Venezuela, and might almost be said "not to be novel at all"; and the third is all earthquakes and bloodshed. In most novels it is the second volume that is spun out, but in this instance it is in the early part of the first that the spinning takes place. Long descriptions are given of the characters and doings of people who die in the first half of the first volume, and one is almost inclined to think that the author, after intending to make them the chief actors in his drama, must have changed his mind, and killed off the first generation to make way for a second and a better.

When a thing is to be done at all, there is nothing like doing it well. Now we took exception to a certain hairbreadth escape in *Red Ryvington* as overstrained and impossible, but the hairbreadth escapes in *Ralph Norbreck's Trust* are so excruciatingly fine, and the agony is so awfully agonizing, that it becomes amusing. A tragedy at a small local theatre is often more amusing than a comedy, and it is where the tragic begins that *Ralph Norbreck's Trust* is most entertaining. Off the coast of Venezuela the hero was within an ace of being shipwrecked among a shoal of sharks. But this was nothing. After various adventures in Venezuela, the hero made friends with a native general, who took him to a certain river, and pointed out some of the objects of interest that swam therein. First, he called his attention to "scores" of crocodiles, remarkable for their ferocity—"great dirty yellow creatures, some of them twenty feet long." Secondly, he showed him some "hideous little fish, not more than seven or eight inches long, but furnished with jaws so powerful and teeth so strong, that they can nip off a finger at a snap, and cut through a piece of iron wire at a bite." These were the *caribes colorados*, who attack a man when crossing a river, in shoals, and bite him until he bleeds to death. Thirdly, he pointed out some *tembladores*, or electric eels, observing that, if the hero had the ill luck to fall into the water among them, he would never be able to get out again. Shortly afterwards he persuades the hero to ride a race for him, on his famous horse Castaña, a chestnut with a black mane and tail. It may possibly be objected that chestnuts with black manes and tails do not exist, but this we indignantly deny, for we distinctly remember possessing one many years ago in our Noah's Ark. Of course Castaña wins by any number of lengths. "The goal is reached and passed, the race won; but still Castaña goes on as if he never meant to stop, no more heeding his rider's efforts to pull him up than if he had been a horse of steam." This was all pleasant enough until his jockey saw before him the river gleaming in the sun. Now a "douse" in a brook is never agreeable, even in Leicestershire, but it would be still less inviting among "the demon horrors of the river—the crocodiles, the caribe fish," and the electric eels. He is now close to the brink, "the drop down into the water is at least fifteen feet, and on the

opposite side he can see three or four huge crocodiles" waiting for him. "The next moment, he and his horse are flying through the air." Alas! unhappy man! "Then down they go, down to the very bottom of the river." At the very bottom we must leave him for a moment in order to explain what became of the crocodiles. The fact is that the black-tailed one plunged into the river with such a terrific splash that the crocodiles were frightened and decamped. But to return to the horse and his rider, who are "up again," and "bravely breasting the flood." Suddenly the horse "gives a violent snort, and throws his head back. A *caribe colorado* is hanging from his nostril." This is the more interesting because ordinary horses do not swim with their nostrils under water: but this was a chestnut horse with a black mane and tail. "Then another comes, and another, and two or three fasten on his neck," &c. Presently "Bertram feels a sharp pain in his thigh, as if a knife had been run into it. The fiends are at him now, the water is all stained with blood," and so on. However, to cut a long story short, the hero—with heaven knows how many *caribe colorados* hanging from his thighs, reaches the shore just in time to live, while his horse reaches it just in time to die. As soon as the hero's thighs were healed—we may remark in passing that he killed a man who tried to murder him during his convalescence—he went to explore the celebrated Miraflores mines; but when he had penetrated through the subterranean galleries, far into the mountain, a mighty earthquake, with "the most awesome sounds," brought down an avalanche of earth, which "obliterated every trace of the mines of Miraflores." After informing him that they were irrevocably buried alive, his guide fell on his knees and said that before he died he wished to confess that he had been hired to murder him in the mines. The assassin and his victim immediately became sworn friends, and after groping about for several days, they found their way to a cave, at the end of which they thought they could see a faint gleam of daylight. This, however, only proceeded from a narrow slit, through which it was impossible to pass, so they blasted with nitro-glycerine. As soon as their eyes became accustomed to the light, they found themselves not only free, but in what was probably the finest gold-mine in the world. But before regaining the haunts of their fellow-men, they had to cut their way through many miles of primeval forest, at the rate of a mile a week, feeding principally on monkeys and squirrels. We need only add that the villain of the story was tied to the back of an unbroken mustang, who was "forced to make a mad leap into the demon-haunted stream," among the crocodiles, the *caribe colorados*, and the electric-eels, among whom he perished miserably.

It will be observed that these three books have at any rate the charm of variety, and in a box of novels that is an important consideration. Whether they will please a variety of readers is another question.

PALMER AND LE STRANGE'S ENGLISH-PERSIAN DICTIONARY.*

THE late Professor Palmer's *Concise Persian-English Dictionary*, of which a second edition is announced, is one of the most useful books of its kind, and for practical purposes has superseded all predecessors. The present volume is its counterpart, and will doubtless achieve an equal reputation among travellers and others to whom a good English-Persian Dictionary has long been a desideratum. The ghastly tragedy at Wady Sudr unhappily deprived the work of its brilliant author's revision, and when we realize that a book of Palmer's needed another eye to see it through the press, the full force of our terrible loss in that last fatal expedition of the "Sheikh Abdallah" comes home to us with fresh poignancy, and we feel with undiminished sadness how irretrievable is the calamity. It is, however, a satisfaction to find that the work which was thus robbed of its rightful revision has found so competent and reverent an editor as Mr. le Strange, one of the translators of the Persian comedy *The Vazir of Lankurán*, who has spared no pains to render it as perfect and as worthy of its author as care and sound scholarship could avail. Indeed the MS. was in so unfinished a state that the editor's share in the work is large enough to entitle him to the distinction of being named joint-author. He has not only completed the task of reversing the Persian-English vocabulary, which was the foundation of the present volume, but has added many heads from other works, such as Mr. Wollaston's excellent Dictionary, and especially from his own repertory of conversational Persian. The result is as complete a list of words as any one can demand; while the virtue of conciseness has never been forgotten, and the neat little volume can be stowed away in a jacket pocket.

This conciseness has been gained by a very careful system of abbreviations, and by taking advantage of the Persian use of verbs compounded of the past participle with an auxiliary verb to combine the adjective and verb under one heading. For example, *rishvat* means "a bribe" and *rishvat khurdan* "to bribe"; both are given under one head in the form "*rishvat* (*kh*)." Thus are saved many useless repetitions. Another economy of space is effected by omitting all synonyms that are not likely to be sought for, or that can be easily and naturally found under their commonest form. "Nought," for instance, is omitted in favour of "nothing." Words that are of rare occurrence are also of necessity omitted; but we doubt if their absence will be noticed by one traveller out of fifty who use the book. A comparison of the heads under the letter *N* in the present Dictionary and in Mr. Wollaston's much larger work shows that the number of separate heads in the latter is more than double that in Palmer. But when we come to examine the additional words, we find that the greater number consist of participial and verbal forms which are included under a single heading by the admirable system adopted in the smaller work, and most of the rest are not likely to be required more than once in a lifetime, or possess synonyms that will immediately occur to the student. "Nag," for instance, does not occur in Palmer's list, because its equivalents are given under "Horse," which is much more likely to be referred to, and "To near" is omitted because people are more apt to look out "Approach." Such foreign words as Naïve, Nazarene, Nazarite, Noces, Nonchalant are, we think, properly excluded, and we very much doubt whether Mr. Wollaston's heads, Naturalist, Nauseousness, Nave, Nebulous, Necktie, Necromancy, Nepotism, Newswriter, To nettle, Niceness, Nick-nacks, Nook, Nolecole, Normal, Nothingness, Novelist, Nudge, and Nymph, which are the chief remaining additions, will be in much requisition by the student of Persian in Persia. Mr. le Strange has done well to set these aside, as well as such Persianized forms as *Nihilist*, which has no more right to be in a Persian dictionary than *Kunservátif*. We do not wish to disparage Mr. Wollaston's very useful and necessary work; but we must quote these examples to show by what means the author and editor of the new Dictionary have managed to reduce the word-list to its convenient proportions, and to prove that the process excludes little that is likely to be needed by the majority of students and travellers. Here and there, no doubt, we miss a word that is in tolerably frequent use; but it is generally to be made out by an obvious synonym or a simple combination. Altogether the conciseness has been obtained with great skill and with small sacrifice of completeness, and the volume is certainly the most handy and generally serviceable that has so far appeared. Mr. le Strange has wisely prefixed the Simplified Grammar of Persian which Professor Palmer compiled for Messrs. Trübner's series, and which is a clear and compact outline of a grammatical system that is peculiarly susceptible of such compression. We observe that on the vexed question of the *v* or *w* sound in Persian Mr. le Strange differs from Professor Palmer, and his adoption of the former letter in transliteration causes some inconsistency in respect to the former volume. *Kúwat* in the Persian-English becomes *Luvveh* in the English-Persian. As the sound is really between the two, as with the German *w*, there was surely no necessity for the change. But it is ungracious to find fault with an editor who has bestowed so much labour and learning to convert Professor Palmer's well-imagined but unfinished MS. into an admirable English-Persian Dictionary.

* *A Concise Dictionary, English-Persian; together with a Simplified Grammar of the Persian Language.* By the late Professor E. H. Palmer. Completed and edited from the MS. left imperfect at his death, by G. le Strange. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

AMONGST an unusual number of official documents—for example, Reports of the Secretary of the Interior extending over, or more properly belonging to, two or three distinct years—the only work of serious or permanent interest, the only one that can be said to have the character of literature, is the Twelfth Volume of the Geological Survey (1). The so-called Volume consists of two heavy, solid, closely-printed octavos of about five hundred pages each. The first deals generally with the Survey of the Territories of Wyoming and Idaho, and particularly with their geology and palæontology; the second is devoted to the Yellowstone National Park. The progress of civilization and settlement has been so rapid—the natural movement of population having been hastened or anticipated in some measure by political action respecting the Park—in a much larger degree by the opening of the Northern Pacific Railway—that the descriptions of five or six years back are now almost obsolete; and the reader who takes up the official account of the Yellowstone Park, perhaps the most magnificent national possession, as well as one of the greatest natural wonders, in the world, must bear in mind that the Survey was made in 1878, though the publication of its records only bears the date of 1883. It is not now true, we believe, that the Park, "as the only district unoccupied by troops, affords a refuge to hostile or rebellious bands of Indians," nor is it very likely that an exploring party, or even an ordinary band of tourists, should now be robbed of their animals and baggage in the midst of the great national playground. There are, of course, much briefer and more readable, if not more effective, descriptions of the Yellowstone Valley; and few even of the travellers who may meditate a visit to this most wonderful combination of what may be called the eccentricities of nature will care to study its particulars beforehand in a volume twice as thick and containing thrice as much matter as those of Mr. Froude or Lord Macaulay. The Park is now hardly less attainable than the Mammoth Cave; and the laws of demand and supply have called forth several guide-books, all of

(1) *Twelfth Annual Report of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories.* A Report of the Progress of the Exploration in Wyoming and Idaho. In Two Parts. By F. V. Hayden, U. S. Geologist. Maps and Panoramas. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1883.

them, of course, deficient in that precision and certainty which nothing but reference to elaborate official maps, panoramas, and descriptions could have secured. As is often the case in America, apart from its conscientious minuteness and elaboration, rendering it intolerably and unreadably lengthy, the official Report is by far the best and most complete existing description, nowise less intelligible or interesting than any of its unauthorized rivals; and the reader who can skip judiciously may obtain from its sketches, photographs, pictures and panoramas a better idea of the real appearance of the scenery as a whole and of its individual marvels than from any other extant source. At the same time, we must observe that some of the illustrations, and especially the coloured ones, though better than could have been looked for anywhere else as mere appendages to an Ordnance Report, are far inferior in clearness and natural truth, as well as in beauty, to many—indeed to most—similar efforts of Mr. Hayden's artists. Contrasting the coloured representations of the geysers and terraces in the second part and of the Garden of the Gods, for example, in the first, with many other panoramic or local illustrations in previous volumes, we must pronounce them slovenly and tawdry. Less ambitious but incomparably better executed delineations of scenes almost equally wonderful and striking in everything except brilliance of colour may be found in several preceding volumes of the Survey. The surveying officials have done their special work, and done it thoroughly; in so far as they have failed, it has been in attempting something far beyond their proper functions. But the same public spirit and national liberality which has always marked the course of the Federal Government in bringing home to the people the character and appearance, the geology as well as the geography, the archaic as well as the existing natural history of their remotest possessions, the thoroughness with which every part of the Territories has now been explored, the pains and cost lavished on the publication of the information accumulated, forbid us to doubt that the authorities at Washington will in due time present the world with a volume worthy of their most striking national possession. The national sense, spirit, and indifference to expense which have secured the Yosemite and Yellowstone Valleys, in all their native beauty and grandeur, to the nation and to mankind at large, sacred from the disfigurement and free from the charges with which they were threatened by the greed of enterprising speculators, will surely give us ere long an adequate description of their wonders and beauties, as adequately illustrated as the resources of modern art will permit.

Dr. Chadbourne's work on Instinct (2) was originally given as a series of what are called the Lowell Lectures, in 1871, and soon afterwards published. The present is a second edition, somewhat improved and elaborated; but the length of time which has elapsed since the original publication, and the very limited circulation which, in so far as we know, the book has obtained in this country, may excuse us for calling attention to a treatise which, if not very full of new views or new information upon a subject minutely and incessantly discussed during the last twenty years, yet possesses in a high degree the merits of independent if not original thought, of painstaking labour, and, we believe, of conscientious accuracy. The author is familiar of course with the work of Mr. Darwin, Mr. Wallace, and their more eminent disciples, if he regards his subject from a different standpoint and in a more or less different light. The development of instinct in the lower animals, the marvellous perfection which it attains in grades of life by no means exalted, its relation to the reason which makes its appearance at a higher point, and which seems rather to supersede than to co-operate with or improve upon it, are among the most curious and interesting, certainly among the most complicated and difficult, of the manifold and infinitely complex problems involved in the theory of Evolution. The great teachers of the latter doctrine have of course studied this problem as deeply, and mastered it perhaps more completely, than even a specialist like Dr. Chadbourne. But the peculiar interest of the present work is that it regards the general subject from the specialist's standpoint; considers Evolution in the light thrown upon it by the history of instinct, rather than instinct as one branch of the great work ascribed to Evolution and Natural Selection. Whether their view be right or wrong, those who like Dr. Chadbourne point out the appearances of consistent and persistent design underlying the marvellous developments of instinct—a wisdom far higher than the highest reason of man directing creatures seemingly devoid of reason to the fulfilment of all necessary functions, the performance of all duties necessary to the preservation of the individual or the race, without the slightest knowledge on their part of the objects to which their actions are directed—contribute in no small degree to the ascertainment of the truth; and those who most differ from them will, in proportion as they are candid and conscientious, be thankful for the criticism which forces them to consider their own discoveries and inferences in another aspect, and to account on Evolutionary grounds for these things whose evolution is least easily conceived or understood. Mr. Darwin assuredly, with his unrivalled fairness, moderation, and justice of temper, would have considered a work like this with patient and respectful attention; and nothing would have been more interesting than to read his remarks upon a collection and representation of facts obviously intended, if not to challenge his conclusions, yet to throw doubt upon some of his assumptions, and to question here and there the correctness or sufficiency of his arguments.

Dr. Winchell's *World-Life* (3) is a much more ambitious, but not necessarily more valuable or more instructive work. "Comparative Geology" is hardly, perhaps, a correct sub-title. The author's object seems to be to combine the results of astronomical and geological research into a series of cosmogonic speculations. He occupies the ground which may be called either the borderland or the common possession of both sciences; discusses the actual or possible, the probable or proven effect of laws belonging to astronomy in the geological province; the influence, for example, which the Earth, through a tidal attraction far more powerful than that of her satellite, may have exercised upon the Moon in the earlier stages of planetary existence. The author's speculations are carried further perhaps than prudence would have permitted, certainly lead him to conclusions which do not altogether accord with the received doctrines either of astronomers or geologists. His estimate of the time which has elapsed since the last glacial epoch, and his views of the probable constitution of the exterior and inferior planets incline rather to those of Whewell than to those of more modern and more thoroughly informed men of science.

Mr. Wheeler's *Course of Empire* (4) is a favourable specimen of a class of works especially American, a species of text-books not unknown in this country, but which beyond the Atlantic often come from writers of some pretension, and aspire to satisfy a real popular demand, if not to fulfil any true requirement of sound and thorough education. They endeavour to give in short space, in a compact form, and, as it were, already digested, so as to save the reader trouble in mental assimilation, what the author would call the substance or outline, what with scholars passes at best for the merest smattering of human knowledge upon subjects of which men may endure to be ignorant, but of which it is hardly profitable to acquire a shadowy, pretentious, confused idea. Mr. Wheeler's work does not pretend to be a text-book of universal history, rather repudiates the pretension; but if it be not intended to save the reader the trouble of studying for himself the history of Greece or Rome, of mediæval Italy, Spain, and France, of all that preceded and indirectly brought about the discovery and settlement of the New World, it is difficult to understand why such *résumés* of Athenian and Spartan, Roman and Carthaginian, Spanish, French, and English wars and revolutions should have been given. It is not of course from a single volume, or from half a dozen such volumes as this, that an American or English schoolboy of sixteen can acquire that coherent view of human history as a whole of which even the cultivated American is too commonly and too contentedly ignorant. What the present work may do is to bring home to the reader the fact that civilization has a connected history which goes back further than the earliest trustworthy annals of Rome or Athens: that Greece in the first Olympiad was in possession of arts and laws, of a polity and a social development which had not grown up on Grecian soil, but had been the slowly-matured fruit of centuries of Egyptian and Assyrian civilization, of despotic statesmanship, priestly science, before Athens or Sparta, perhaps before Mycenæ or Argos, had been heard of. Mr. Wheeler, moreover, has learned and keeps constantly before his reader's mind the continuity of European history—the real character of that "deluge of barbarism" which till lately was supposed to have submerged for nearly a thousand years the laws, the arts, the arms, and the Empire of Rome. It is something to do this, even in aiming at very much more and failing to achieve it. It is something to bring home to the fifth-form English schoolboy, and to that vast majority of Americans who never pass beyond his standard, the truth that the Roman Empire, Roman law and civilization, did not come to an end in the fifth century after Christ; that the direct successors of Constantine preserved the tradition, the jurisprudence, the arms, and the arts of the earlier Empire till not long before the discovery of America; and that, in the belief and feeling of the age at least, the Western Empire endured unbroken till a still later period; that Joseph II. was not only in his own opinion and that of his subjects, but by the admission of European diplomatists and historians, the lineal successor of Augustus no less than of Charlemagne. In the recent history of France we see what practical influence for evil may be exercised by the sheer historical ignorance which imagines that between Constantine and Louis XVI., if not between Cæsar and Napoleon, there was nothing worth preservation or even remembrance; that modern life, politics, and civilization are a new creation, owing nothing, except what the mimics of the French Revolution may have consciously borrowed, to Rome, old or new; and we are not sure that the same idea is altogether without political influence beyond the Atlantic.

Mr. Drake's "New England Legends" (5) are truly described;

(2) *Lowell Lectures, 1871—Instinct; its Office in the Animal Kingdom and its Relation to the Higher Powers in Man.* By P. A. Chadbourne, LL.D., Author of "Relations of Natural History" &c. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

(3) *World-Life; or, Comparative Geology.* By Alexander Winchell, LL.D. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(4) *The Course of Empire: Outlines of the chief Political Changes in the History of the World.* By Charles G. Wheeler. Boston: Osgood & Co. 1884.

(5) *A Book of New England Legends and Folk-Lore, in Prose and Poetry.* By Samuel Adams Drake. Illustrated by F. T. Merrill. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

but of true folk-lore New England is necessarily devoid, or what she has thereof is Indian not English—consists of relics borrowed, and necessarily perverted in the borrowing, from the history or traditions, the mythology or the fairy-tales, of a race which has no relation, save that of locality, with its successors. Three hundred years afford time for the growth of local legends such as have found poetic expression in Longfellow's *Evangeline*, and in several versified narratives less ambitious and elaborate, perhaps, but not less touching or interesting, told by poets like Lowell and Whittier. But these legends have for the most part a solid, ascertainable, historical foundation. A few of them may be mere fictions, localized by the fancy of the original inventor, or the imagination of later generations. But, as a rule, such stories as Whittier has told of the Maceys and the Quaker maiden sold into slavery, or of the double snake, and Mr. Longfellow of Paul Revere's Ride, are genuine historical incidents, embellished no doubt by tradition, though less perhaps than by conscious poetical license. The same may be said of Skipper Ireson's Ride; indeed, of Mr. Whittier's narratives, the most purely mythical is one of the most recent, the story of Barbara Frietchie. And in a collection of legends so-called, the hideously truthful story of the witchcraft persecutions should hardly have found a place. There is nothing legendary or mythical about it; the alleged crime of the unfortunate victims was, of course, purely fictitious, the savage, senseless cruelty of the rulers, the half-criminal, half-insane credulity of the people, the brutalities inflicted upon the innocent and helpless, are among the best authenticated as among the most disgraceful incidents of the dark ages of New England Puritanism.

One of the most sensible and instructive of the volumes on our list is perhaps the smallest and least pretentious. In setting forth What Social Classes Owe to Each Other (6) Professor Sumner has enforced in very few and very simple words some of the most important and most neglected principles of political and social economy; has exposed, with temperate but none the less telling sarcasm, the most absurd but not least popular crotchets of modern philanthropic enthusiasm. The schemes of modern social reformers may, as the Professor says, always be reduced to this type—that A. and B. decide what C. shall do for D. In one practical lesson, in one obvious, realistic, every-day instance after another, Professor Sumner illustrates the philanthropic eagerness of A. and B. to benefit D. at some one else's expense; and maintains, with an earnestness sometimes ludicrous, sometimes pathetic, but always effective, the rights of C., "the forgotten man," as he is not inaptly styled; the taxpayer, the ratepayer, the thrifty capitalist, the hard-working farmer, who is burdened, fined, made to pay double prices for the benefit of the idle or the vicious, the ignorant, the wilful, and the foolish. The clamorousness of selfish, separate, limited interests, of charity-mongers eager to win cheap credit for liberality to the poor at the cost of the industrious and thrifty; the silence, the patience, and the unfair treatment of the great majority of average honest, self-regarding men who mind their own business and bear their own burdens, have seldom been set forth more truthfully and effectively. As applied to an older society and a more crowded country there might be a certain hardness, if not in Mr. Sumner's principles, yet in some of his conclusions; as applied to America, where no one with fair bodily health and strength need be poor unless he chooses, his severest strictures may well be strictly and literally just. Perhaps the most telling of a hundred phrases, so true that they have the sound of paradox, is this—"Now we never can annihilate a penalty. We can only divert it from the head of the man who has incurred it to the heads of others who have not. A vast amount of social reform consists in just this operation."

The Magazine of American History (7) deserves something more than a passing notice. It consists of a series of papers, monographs on historical topics or historical documents rendered available by republication, throwing no little light now and then on obscure or forgotten facts, oftener on imperfectly known or inaccurately explained features of general or local institutions, whose origin and meaning has been overlooked or misrepresented. Such, for example, are the papers on the "Cincinnati," almost the only Order which has ventured to defy American legislation, and feeling stronger than legislation, against class or hereditary honours; and, again, an essay on the geographical nomenclature of Louisiana, showing how French and Indian names have been corrupted into the strangest, most meaningless or vulgar English, often into grossly offensive or ridiculous slang: as, for example, "Choupicach" (Indian for muddy) was corrupted by the French into *chou-pique*, which in its turn has been corrupted into "Shoe-peg"; as the Choctaw, Funna Louach (burnt squirrel) has been turned into "Funny Louis," "Bacchanals" into "Bag-o'-nails," *Carencro* into "Carrion Crow," and *Petit Bois* into *petits pois*, translated Pea-island. The better known "Grand Gulf," again, is *Grande Golphe*, "big whirlpool."

Mr. Hamilton's *Mexican Handbook* (8) contains a good deal of incidental information respecting the various resources, races, and climates of the unhappy country which the Monroe doctrine and Mr. Seward's vindictive hostility to the French Empire deprived of its last apparent chance of civilization and decent government. Enough is told to suggest why the vast mineral wealth of the country remains almost undeveloped, why even its agriculture scarcely deserves the name of industry, and why under a republican government a people in some small measure Spanish, in a larger degree mongrel, but mainly Indian, has no chance either of liberty or order. But the civilized world knows little and cares little for Mexico; and Mr. Hamilton's fragmentary descriptions of *haciendas, ranchos*, and mines, decaying towns and semi-barbarous tribes, are neither clear nor coherent enough to enlighten the almost absolute ignorance of his European readers.

Mr. King's so-called *Dictionary of Boston* (9) is in fact a guide-book alphabetically arranged.

Was it worth while to publish a new account of the well-known story of *Abelard and Heloise* (10), even if it were worth while to give the lady's letters to the American public in a translation? Or was it necessary to publish or republish in the form of a pamphlet a very ordinary review article upon Miss Austen's Novels (11)?

Of fictions, short and long, *A Woman of Honour* (12), *Vagabondia* (13), and *The Mate of the "Daylight"* (14) are, in their several ways, fair average specimens. *A Year of Sunshine* (15) is a kind of birthday-book. Mr. Aldrich's *Mercedes* (16), a prose drama, and the accompanying lyrics, will of course find a certain number of readers in right of the author's reputation. Mr. Abbey's *City of Success* (17) is hardly likely to achieve for him even the limited popularity of Mr. Aldrich.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

READERS of Mr. Kinglake's famous and vivid account of the *Coup d'état* of the 2nd of December (1) may feel a certain shock at seeing an account of it written with much calmness, and at the same time an entire freedom from anything that can fairly be called impudence, by the only survivor of the chief contrivers of the event. The Prince President is dead, and Morny is dead, and "Fialin, called Persigny," and "St.-Arnaud, formerly Le Roy." But M. de Maupas, the suddenly created Prefect of Police, whose skilful and ingenious measures effected what was for the moment, and might have continued to be, a bloodless revolution, is very much alive, though also very much forgotten. He has reminded the world of himself to some purpose in this volume, which is written in a spirit to which no fair-minded man can object, and which makes points against M. Victor Hugo's somewhat poetical account of the matter, and more against the much-discussed publication known as the *Mémoires de M. Claude*. It would perhaps have been better if M. de Maupas had cut short his general reflections on the Second Republic and his reasons for lending himself to a plot against it; but in an *apologia* something of the kind was to be expected. With regard to the actual *coup*, M. de Maupas certainly seems to show that he arranged it very cleverly, and that the victims submitted in a fashion by no means savouring of heroism. As for the unnecessary bloodshed which followed, and which, much more than the overthrow of a Republic *pour rire*, excited the indignation of Europe, he produces documents certainly proving, if they are genuine, that General Magnan and the military were alone to blame, and that the former distinctly and explicitly refused to take the measures to prevent it which he, M. de Maupas, recommended. There are some interesting incidental criticisms of the Empire and its prominent men; but as more is promised, and the present volume deals directly only with the Deux Décembre, it would be premature to discuss them.

A short but interesting tractate, by M. Léon Say (2), deals with

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(6) *What Social Classes Owe to Each Other.* By William G. Sumner, Professor of Political and Social Science in Yale College. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(7) *The Magazine of American History.* Illustrated. Edited by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. New York: Historical Publication Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(8) *Hamilton's Mexican Handbook: a Complete Description of the Republic of Mexico.* Boston: Lothrop & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(9) *King's Dictionary of Boston.* By E. M. Bacon. Cambridge (Mass.): Moses King. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(10) *Abelard and Heloise: a Mediæval Romance.* With the Letters of Heloïse. Edited by Abby Sage Richardson. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

(11) *Jane Austen's Novels.* By George Pellew. Boston: Cupples, Upham, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(12) *A Woman of Honour.* By H. C. Bunner. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(13) *Vagabondia: a Love Story.* By Frances N. Burnett. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

(14) *The Mate of the "Daylight" and Friends Ashore.* By Sarah O. Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

(15) *A Year of Sunshine: Cheerful Extracts for Every Day in the Year.* Selected and arranged by Kate Sanborn. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

(16) *Mercedes, and Later Lyrics.* By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1884.

(17) *The City of Success; and other Poems.* By Henry Abbey. New York: Appleton & Co. 1884.

(1) *Mémoires sur le second empire.* Par M. de Maupas. Paris: Dentu.

(2) *Dix jours dans la Haute Italie.* Par Léon Say. Paris: Guillaumin.

the system of country banks lately established in Lombardy and neighbouring districts. The efficacy of these institutions in rescuing the small cultivator from the clutches of usury is not doubtful. And, though it would be too much to say that the opposite evil of an undue extension of credit is unknown, there is equally little doubt that it is far smaller than that whose place it takes.

If any one desires to possess the famous "Voyage extravagant"(3) of the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* in a very neat form, admirably printed, and handy for the pocket, M. Plon has given him the opportunity. To English readers, perhaps, the loss of the incomparable lingo in which M. de Blowitz writes, or his employers on this side the Channel translate, his telegraphic lucubrations, may be somewhat severe. But men like M. de Blowitz are not of or for one country alone; and the French version here agreeably presented gives the reading public of Europe what was originally given only to those few Britons who can read and enjoy the *lingua Britannica secundum Iordizium*.

M. Ladreyt's essay on French and American education (4) (which might perhaps better be called an essay on American education with special reference to France) obtained, we are informed, a considerable prize in the competition instituted a few years ago by M. Isaac Pereire. It certainly is not intrinsically without merit. The author starts with some rather irritating commonplaces. But when he gets well into his subject it becomes evident that he is at home in it, and can speak sensibly about it. The sketch of the actual state of education—primary, secondary, and higher—which fills most of the book, is apparently accurate, and is certainly very readable and clear.

It is always a pleasure to note M. Jouaust's issues in his various collections of French classics. We have now before us the always welcome *Souvenirs de Madame de Caylus* (5) in the "Bibliothèque des dames," and in the "Petits classiques" a selection from Fontenelle (6), which deserves something more than a mere mention. Corneille's accomplished nephew has had less than his share of the extraordinary energy which French publishers have of late years bestowed upon standard French literature; and any one who wishes to make acquaintance with his work has to wait till the second-hand booksellers can pick up one of the old copies in ten or a dozen volumes. Therefore he is specially welcome and recommendable in this fine new coat, even though there is but a small part of him here. The Dialogues of the Dead, the Plurality of Worlds, and a few Eloges are introduced by a preface from M. J. F. Thénard, with which there is no fault to find except that it might have been a little fuller of fact. Perhaps, also, M. Thénard might have done better to follow that best of all selections, Genin's *Diderot*, in giving numerous short extracts from the works not printed at large.

Not many pleasanter gift-books have been issued this year than the little story, but goodly volume, which "Quatrelles" has written and M. Eugène Courboin has illustrated (7), partly in black and white, partly in gorgeously coloured examples of a kind of aquatint. How Mme. de Gai-Fredon was left a widow just at the time of the glorious days of June; how she set out for a mysterious and reputedly haunted country house which formed part of her very scanty jointure; how she was supposed to be the Duchesse de Berry in disguise, and was the subject of attentions equally embarrassing from many police officers and several gallant Royalist gentlemen; how she had to stand a siege in the haunted house, and how everything ended happily, MM. Quatrelles and Courboin tell with pen and pencil in a highly satisfactory manner.

(3) *Une course à Constantinople.* Par M. de Blowitz. Paris: Plon.

(4) *L'instruction publique en France et les écoles américaines.* Par M. C. Ladreyt. Paris: Hetzel.

(5) *Souvenirs de Madame de Caylus.* Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(6) *Œuvres choisies de Fontenelle.* 2 vols. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(7) *La dame de Gai-Fredon.* Par Quatrelles. Paris: Hachette.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Total Funds	£3,002,005
Total Annual Income	£333,188
Total Amount of Claims upon Death	£2,257,381
Amount of Profits divided at the last Quinquennial Bonus	£437,347

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Interest	121,000
Accumulated Funds	£2,749,400

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THE

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OF

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EGYPT.

THE hopeless bewilderment with which even the best-informed and best-disposed foreign critics regard English policy, and the ludicrous blunders into which foreign critics neither well-informed nor well-disposed sometimes fall respecting it, have seldom been more fully excused than by current events in Egypt. Perhaps the actual moment furnishes the most striking justification of both. The extraordinary chapter of accidents which has led to that moment, the marvellous blundering of the English Government in reference to the Soudan, and the explanation—an explanation requiring a careful choice of courteously decisive adjectives to describe it properly—which Sir CHARLES DILKE gave of that blundering last week make up a total which from its utter want of verisimilitude may well puzzle plain men who are apt to judge others from themselves. Even the suspicion that there must be some nefarious and hidden design under so much apparent folly is not altogether degrading to human nature. By a series of chances, the exact character and sequence of which no two official authorities have yet recounted in the same fashion, a Government of non-intervention and justice to native races finds itself absolute master of perhaps the most coveted tract of the earth's surface—the tract which the experience of ages proves to be of most commercial, strategic, and political importance. Then this Government, like the base Judean, does everything it can to throw the pearl away. The nation which of all nations of the world has most experience of the utter incapacity of Oriental peoples to achieve anything like representative government, gravely proposes to thrust representative government on the country which is perhaps of all Eastern countries least fitted for it. A fantastic kind of army is extemporized which is only required or allowed to do the duties of police, and a more fantastic kind of police which one fine day is called upon to do the duties of an army. English officials are thrust upon the country, but for months they are strictly forbidden to do anything except advise. Suddenly a great disaster happens and Egypt, paralysed no less by the beneficent protection of England than by the rather rough action which preceded that protection, is evidently helpless. England will not stir a finger. She will not send her own soldiers to put down rebellion or rescue loyalists; she will not allow Egyptian soldiers to go; she will not even take care that somebody, whether called soldier or not, does go. Weeks and months pass, and at last this coy adviser—this international Mr. VHOLES, who takes charge of Egyptian interests in a strictly professional character, and without the least assumption of responsibility—astonishes the world by insisting that Egypt shall throw away the larger part of Egyptian territory. The world is a little indignant, but consoles itself by reflecting that, after this frank abandonment of the coy-adviser attitude, something must be done. After a further interval the something is done. A single man, without an English sword but his own and his aide-de-camp's, without even an Egyptian escort, is sent into the wilderness, with forty or fifty thousand pounds in gold, to see what he can do. Also, it is to be observed that Egypt furnishes the forty or fifty thousand pounds in gold. Then the English Government modestly folds its hands, and awaits the praises of civilization for its action.

With regard to the probable results of General GORDON's mission not much can be said. It may be hoped that the sinister precedent of the PALMER-GILL expedition may not be repeated, though it must be remembered that General GORDON is in actual blood-feud with not a few Arabs of the Soudan, whereas no member of the luckless party whose fate tarnished the success of the expedition against ARABI had any personal ill-will to dread. The pecuniary bait is even greater in this case than in the other. Contrariwise it is said that General GORDON's luck and experience will carry him through. But it naturally seems strange to foreigners, and may possibly seem strange to some Englishmen, that an English Government should be reduced to trusting in the unaided star of a single man, whatever may be his antecedents. It would have been odd if NELSON had been dispatched with a purse of money, a captain's gig, and the blessing of the Ministry to look after VILLENEUVE; and though the MAHDI's capabilities of mischief are certainly not equal to NAPOLEON's in 1805, the parallel, relatively speaking, is a very fair one. It must, moreover, occur to any one who has even a glimmer of political common sense that the as yet unprovoked announcement of the abandonment of the Soudan cuts General GORDON's ground from under his feet. Without men he can only act by influencing the tribes, and how are the tribes likely to be influenced in favour of Egypt when Egypt is about to withdraw and leave them to the mercy of the first comer? The restoration of Darfur to the dynasty from which ZOBEIR—a rather degenerate but not uninteresting successor of those wanderers who cut themselves out kingdoms with their swords in old time—wrested it ten years ago, is a pretty project, and not in itself an impracticable one. But how is ABD-EL-SHAKOOR to maintain himself when he has been restored? The drawing in of the somewhat unwisely lengthened boundary of Egyptian influence and dominion is, as has been repeatedly granted, a very excusable or even laudable proceeding. But how are the worse devils of slave-dealing anarchy to be prevented from re-entering when the not very angelic presence of Egyptian rule is cast out? To all these questions there is but one answer, that General GORDON is already on his way across the Nubian desert, and that he has a goodly number of pounds Egyptian with him. If General GORDON would have gone months ago (it is worth observing that the scepticism expressed last week as to the accuracy of Sir CHARLES DILKE's account of his unwillingness has since been justified), it would have been all right then; as he has gone, it is all right now.

This, let it be repeated, indicates a singular attitude of mind for the governors of a great country, but it does not exhaust the singularity. For, even if it be granted that wherever General GORDON shows himself his *Quas ego* will be sufficient to charm or awe the unruly Soudanese into submission, it is self-evident that he cannot show himself in all parts of the Soudan at once. It is no less self-evident that many things may happen before he can show himself in any part. He does not expect to be at Khartoum itself till Monday fortnight, and yet it is well known that matters at Khartoum are in a very bad condition, which only needs a little audacity on the part of the enemy to become worse. Moreover, his choice of the Nile and desert route has rendered it hopeless for him to exert whatever influence he can exert for the benefit of the Eastern Soudan garrisons till months have passed. It is the state of these garrisons which, as has been again and again pointed out, is most utterly disgraceful to England. They lie but a few hours' march from the shore of the sea. On the left of that

shore there is an English army of occupation but a day or two's steam off; on the right there is the English garrison of Aden still nearer. In front of it there pass weekly, daily, it may almost be said hourly, English men-of-war, huge English troopships, a single one of which carries almost men enough for a relief expedition, English packets and merchantmen travelling constantly between the barracks and arsenals of the English army in England and the barracks and arsenals of the English army in India. For months past England has had, and she has at last avowed, full responsibility for Egyptian action, and at any moment during the last three months a word from Downing Street would have secured the taking of measures, whether at Bombay, or at Cairo, or at Malta, the result of which would have been the certain safety of the garrisons. The time indicated by TEWFIK BEY, the gallant commander of Sinkat, as the utmost to which he could hold out is long past, and BAKER PASHA, owing to no fault of his own, has been hitherto powerless to take steps for his relief. The steps which he has at last taken are as hazardous as they are bold, and it will be due to luck rather than skill if they are successful even at Tokkar, while the painful reports from Sinkat show that success there is all but hopeless. Yet the English Ministry, out of prudery, out of parsimony, out of pusillanimity, out of fear of some of their own supporters, out of sheer reluctance to take action, or out of indifference to the result of inaction (there are motives enough for choice, and each one is more discreditable than the other), have neglected, and do neglect, to take the easy measures to rescue men, of whose blood, if it be shed, they themselves will be surely and unpardonably guilty. Very rarely has any Opposition had such a theme to descant on, and the present Opposition, despite the mechanical majority arrayed against it, will be strangely unlucky if it does not make the descant with some effect. Yet the Conservatives are asked to postpone the exposure of this crime of omission because it would be "not quite patriotic" to expose it. The confusion between patriotism and devotion to Mr. GLADSTONE's interests could not well be carried further.

OUR UNRIVALLED ARMY.

THIS year's annual battalion dinner of the Artists' Volunteer Corps last Saturday was made particularly interesting by a speech from Lord WOLSELEY. The distinguished General has seldom given a more remarkable example of the fine tact which controls all his dealings with the general public and his Parliamentary chiefs. His choice of subject was judicious. He might have confined himself to the Volunteers and given them praise and good advice, and no man would have had a right to complain. Lord WOLSELEY, however, is well aware that the country is more concerned about the army than about the Volunteers, and that Ministers are much more likely to have difficulties about the former than the latter. Therefore he spoke about the army. His method of dealing with the subject was no less excellent than his choice. No Whig politician on a Radical platform could have served two masters with a better grace. The Adjutant-General had to show the War Office that his principles are sound, but he had also to be careful not to allow his critics a good opportunity of saying that his eyes obstinately shut to obvious facts. Lord WOLSELEY adopted are a most efficacious method of satisfying the Parliamentary element in the War Office, for which alone the prudent soldier is bound to have much regard. He is well aware that the one thing necessary for the scientific soldier, according to Secretaries of State for War, is that he should believe in short service. It is not necessary that he should believe in it very much. He need not strain his conscience by pretending to believe that it does all it professes to do; but it is an article of faith that by short service and at the present rate of pay we get a sufficient number of men who are quite good enough to do the work. Therefore Lord WOLSELEY praised short service, and that right heartily. He defended himself against possible critics by a general acknowledgment of the painful fact that the army is not strong enough. That might, it is true, be an awkward concession under some circumstances. If the country were at all frightened, Lord WOLSELEY's words might be used with effect against the Ministry. For the present, however, the country is apparently tolerably easy in its mind as to the numerical force of the army; and so Lord WOLSELEY may be sure that his words will pass as a professional commonplace. It is only decent in a general to hold that the British army is never as strong as it should be; and Lord WOLSELEY may say so much without disturbing the SECRETARY of STATE for WAR or the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, who have heard it all before.

Believers in the merits of short service were, indeed, in no small need of such encouragement as Lord WOLSELEY can give them. A few months ago the army was avowedly far below its proper strength. The ranks are now better filled; but there are still doubts as to whether the deficiencies have not been made good by the merest makeshifts. There are excellent reasons for believing that such is the case. The sudden fall in the number of men enlisted was notoriously due to what the *Times* called "the difficulties placed "in the way" of recruiting by Mr. CHILDERS, under the "doubtful influence" of military advisers. In vulgar English, this means that Mr. CHILDERS not unnaturally thought that, as we keep our men for a very short time now, we should try to get them of a reasonable growth to begin with. If the army scheme of the day were only half as good as its framers and the *Times* believe, it ought to tempt respectable men of the working class to enlist. The consequences of Mr. CHILDERS's weak surrender to the sinister influence of military advisers have soon shown that it does nothing of the kind. Well-grown men would not come forward, and so Lord HARTINGTON has had to undo the mischief caused by Mr. CHILDERS's ill-timed wisdom by accepting boys again. To the *Times*, but probably to nobody else who takes any interest in military affairs, this has been highly satisfactory. The country, if it thinks about the matter at all, and has not given the army up as a hopeless muddle, will probably be of opinion that it is very bad economy to turn our barracks into hospitals for weedy lads, who must be well fed and clothed for three years before they are fit for work, and who will then be just finishing their service with the colours if Lord CARDWELL's plan is honestly carried out. Lord WOLSELEY, who knows how to seize the psychological moment as well as any man in Europe, comes forward to soothe our anxieties on this point by proving that the short-service system gives us not only men enough, but gives us a very superior quality of man. His speech was in the most approved style of after-dinner oratory on the army, including even our veteran French friend, who said the British infantry was the best in the world, but that fortunately, &c. &c.—it is needless to finish so stale a quotation. His statistics were also used in the most approved official fashion. "At the present moment," said his Lordship, who had brought his figures in his pocket, "of all the "men in the army, including the 33,000 who enlisted last "year, 91 per cent. are over 20 years of age, and 20 per "cent. are over 30. Fifty-eight per cent. stand 5 feet "7 inches high, and 83 per cent. are 35 inches round the "chest. Seventy-eight per cent. have more than two years' "service." After drawing this imposing picture, which shows that in the British army there are a hundred and one men in every hundred, Lord WOLSELEY went on to insist that it represents a much better state of things than obtains in any Continental force. To a less hopeful mind these figures do not appear particularly encouraging. Lord WOLSELEY doubtless forgot in the hurry of the moment that nothing can be more absurd than a comparison between our army and that of any Continental Power. All of them count their men by thousands to our hundreds. As for the statistics of height and chest measurement, they would be very creditable to a Spanish or Portuguese force, but in England they represent a body of small and ill grown men. It would be interesting to compare them with the returns for the navy. If Lord WOLSELEY expected his proofs to be accepted by anybody except the more genial of his hearers after dinner, and a small clique of military journalists on Monday morning, he should have explained how far the results he is so proud of have been obtained by throwing the Reserve overboard. How many of the minority of well-grown men who just save the general average from looking absurd have been tempted to stay on after they have completed their service with the colours? Defenders of the short-service system persistently overlook the fact that it must do something more than keep the ranks full if it is to fulfil all the engagements made for it by political godfathers and godmothers. It was to supply a good reserve, to tempt a high class of men, and to raise us above the disgrace of seeing our military organization thrown into confusion by every petty war. There would be a gross absurdity in asking how far these promises have been kept. The answers are only too

obvious. Five men have turned out failures for every one who has gone into the Reserve. The moment a decent standard of size and age was fixed by Mr. CHILDERS, recruiting threatened to come to a stop. The War Office is calling in the police to save the army. Finally, we could not send an Army Corps to Egypt without calling out ten thousand men of the Reserve, which was never to be used except in the hour of great need.

Reading Lord WOLSELEY's speech by the light of these facts, it is not difficult to decide as to what is the most important part of it. It is the ending which contains the confession that the army is too weak. Whatever may be the merits of short service, it is not the less a fact that the country gets a very inefficient fighting force for its sixteen millions. We have pointed out again and again that there is only one possible remedy for this—to wit, better pay. The *Times* is probably right in saying that a return to long service is impossible. An historical force can be pulled to pieces easily enough, but it cannot so easily be restored. It is, therefore, only the more necessary that the consequences of short service should be loyally accepted. That system makes it absolutely necessary that the ranks should be filled with men who can be rapidly turned into efficient soldiers. It is little short of insanity to go on taking mere boys, as we could afford to do in times when they gave the country half a lifetime of service in return for their first three years of nursing.

THE BIRMINGHAM MEETING.

MR. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN have added nothing to the arguments on the Reform Bill controversy. One of many evil results of the great increase of platform oratory is the exchange of debate for one-sided declamation. Parliament is now the only place in which a hearing is given to more than one side of a political question. The majority of Birmingham Radicals prefer the twentieth or thirtieth repetition of Mr. BRIGHT's well-known speech or the bold threats and prophecies of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to public discussion; but among thousands of eager partisans there must be some intelligent politicians who would be anxious to hear the reasons on the other side with or without attempts at confutation. In the early part of this century, and even down to the time of the Reform Bill, contending parties occasionally appealed to the judgment of county meetings; and at a later period candidates confronted each other on the hustings. With the increase of toleration and enlightenment oral controversy has been discontinued because a popular audience would inevitably hoot down the utterance of any unpalatable opinion. Orators are no longer checked by the fear that they may be answered, and they seldom or never attempt to confute their adversaries. A Birmingham audience will never discover that the objections to a wide extension of the franchise are founded on reasons which, even if they are insufficient, affect the foundations of society. That all property, all institutions, all personal freedom should depend on the absolute will of the poorest class in the community is a startling paradox. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has more than once declared that great social and political changes are impending, as the natural consequence of an equal and uniform suffrage. Even a comparatively temperate Liberal such as Mr. CHILDERS announces innovations greater than any which have been introduced in two hundred years. Mr. BURT, a professed representative of the working class, speaking on the day of the Birmingham meeting, recommends the reduction of the franchise as an instrument for depriving landowners of a portion of their property. It is neither wise nor honest to treat such considerations as mere proofs of the perverse and invincible obstinacy of the Tory party. Probably half the Liberal majority in the House of Commons, and the heads of the Cabinet, secretly share the doubts and fears which are ridiculed by their uncongenial allies. The issue between the two parties is now, as formerly, whether the franchise is an ultimate and inherent right or a means for securing good government. To some minds universal suffrage seems one of the absurdest contrivances for the purpose.

Mr. BRIGHT repeated his popular performance, with even less deviation than usual from the authorized version. The wicked Tories opposed the repeal of the Corn Laws. Mr. COBDEN negotiated the French Treaty, which has now disappeared. Mr. BRIGHT was always in the right, and therefore he cannot now be in the wrong. It is not quite certain that his careful avoidance of novelty indicated entire satisfaction with the forthcoming measure. The Bill may possibly have been at least superficially modified since Mr. BRIGHT repudiated the title of Radical, and declared that new changes ought to proceed on the old lines of the Constitution. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's statement is intended to be taken seriously, Mr. GLADSTONE must at last have declared himself in favour of moderation in the words, if not in the spirit, of the Bill. The only part of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech which can be regarded as an official revelation may, perhaps, have been merely ironical; but if he was in earnest, the great measure of the Session is after all "a "modest little Bill." No one except Mr. BRIGHT, who tenderly remembers the large faggot manufactory conducted by Mr. COBDEN and the rump of the Corn Law League, is likely to remonstrate against the abolition of faggot votes; and, according to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the Government will interfere as little as possible with existing arrangements. He added, perhaps with a covert sneer at his veteran colleague, that the Government would proceed on the old lines of the Constitution. The statement may not be worth much, but it contrasted oddly with the rest of the speech. If the right of voting on account of property is to be nominally preserved, and at the same time made dependent on the condition of residence, the pretence of adhering to the Constitution will be altogether illusory. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is probably entitled to repeat the statement which has often been made that the Liberal party within and without the Cabinet is united. In other words, the dissentients are not prepared to resign office or to lose their seats.

Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN and some other zealous partisans waste their energies in protesting against the formation of a "Cave." The word, which is due to the ingenuity of Mr. BRIGHT, represents the conscientious objection of a scrupulous section to innovations proposed by the leaders and the majority of their party. There is no probability of any similar secession among the delegates of the Caucus. As Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN truly remarks, not a few inhabitants of the Cave of 1866 lost their seats at the next election. Mr. LOWE himself would not have been a member of the House of Commons or of the Cabinet if the University of London had not provided him with an independent seat. Under the new and uniform system, academic constituencies may possibly be disfranchised, on the ground of superior intelligence and of comparative exemption from party prejudice. The members of a Cave necessarily incur great risk in the discharge of their duties. They have forfeited the favour of their own election managers, and they can scarcely rely on the cordial support of the Opposition. In the coming Session the Liberals will vote with as total a disregard of the public interest, and in many cases of their own private convictions, as Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN or Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE could desire. The little rifts in the Radical lute will be easily covered with a coat of temporary varnish. Irish supporters of the Government will affect to rely on Sir CHARLES DILKE's audacious assurance that redistribution will be so manipulated in Ireland as not to represent numerical proportion. Scotch members, on the other hand, will remember that Mr. GLADSTONE promised them ten more seats, with a possible addition to be granted in consideration of their remoteness from London. If any incipient malcontent objects to the disfranchisement of owners, he will be silenced by the offer of votes to freeholders if only they are, as resident householders, independent of the property qualification. A few modest dissentients will attempt in vain to stipulate for the protection of minorities. If they attempt a division they will be summarily outvoted, and from that time they will acquiesce in the decision of the party.

If differences of opinion as to proposed methods are easily smoothed over, it will be wholly unnecessary to reconcile the conflicting reasons and motives which will induce Liberals and Radicals to vote for any measure which Mr. GLADSTONE proposes. In a humorous story published long ago a set of jovial boon companions apologize to one another for taking a dram. One of them takes a glass of brandy because the day is sultry, and another because he has felt unusually chilly all morning. Only one out of half a dozen confesses that he takes his dram because he likes it. The proportion of those who like the coming Reform Bill will perhaps not be much larger, but there will be no lack of excuses for conformity. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN avowedly hopes to disestablish the Church, to introduce payment of members, and in some indefinite way to mulct the richer classes, and especially the landowners, for the benefit of the poorer. On

these grounds he supports household and eventually universal suffrage and equal electoral districts. Mr. FORSTER desires to maintain the Church Establishment, and it may be presumed that he disapproves of all Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's revolutionary measures; but he likes a dram because the day is chilly; or, in other words, he also supports a uniform and low franchise and equal electoral districts. There can be little doubt that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN judges more accurately than his less violent ally of the future consequences of democratic despotism; but many politicians have, like Mr. FORSTER, accustomed themselves to regard the diffusion of electoral power as an ultimate object. Mr. FORSTER himself passed the Ballot Bill, which has done more than any other measure to destroy the influence of the upper and middle classes. When the work is completed by the impending Bill, he will perhaps regret the destruction or insecurity of the best national institutions.

The representation of interests will be entirely disregarded. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN indeed contends that agricultural or mining and manufacturing industry will be represented in exact proportion to the number of persons employed; but the supposed interests of the workmen are, in mining cases, directly opposed to the interests of the employer, as in the instance of a strike. The Socialists of England demand the expropriation of landowners; the Socialists of France and Germany propose to divide all capital amongst themselves. The same fallacy is involved in proposals for distributing representation according to a compound ratio of population and of wealth. The votes would be conferred, not on the owners of the wealth, but on the working population. Mr. GLADSTONE would, perhaps, object to the whole scheme, that wealth and cultivation were in themselves disqualifications. After the last election he described the Conservative success in the City of London and in Westminster as unimportant, because one constituency was the richest in the world, and because the other contained the largest proportion of residents belonging to the higher classes. The recognition of wealth as a reason for conferring political privileges is the less probable because it would diminish the proportionate representation of the lowest class of Irish. As Sir CHARLES DILKE explained, the Government is bent on devising some plan by which the scheme of redistribution is to be so manipulated as to secure Ireland against any electoral loss.

If neither Mr. BRIGHT nor Mr. CHAMBERLAIN threw any direct light on the questions of the franchise and of redistribution, both of them in their second speeches announced their opinions on a more important subject. Mr. BRIGHT boldly denounced Mr. MILL'S sophistical theory of the unearned increment; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN professed doctrines which are scarcely distinguishable from those of Mr. GEORGE. The scandalous injustice of confiscating landed property, and at the same time securing to the owner the full amount of any personalty which he may possess, would be still more flagrant than at present if it were likely to be perpetrated. The capitalist will assuredly share the fortunes of the landlord; and, indeed, he is on the Continent the chief object of the hostility and cupidity of Communist agitators of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's school. Mr. BRIGHT deserves full credit for his manly protest; and it would, perhaps, be unjust to take the opportunity of suggesting that the opponents of popular suffrage long since discerned the peril which he now desires to avert. The active Socialist and the veteran Free-trader stand side by side on Birmingham platforms to promote measures which cannot produce the antagonistic consequences of which they respectively approve.

THE WOES OF MR. BRADLAUGH.

THE announcement some week or so ago that Mr. BRADLAUGH was meditating a refutation of Mr. GEORGE may possibly have suggested to some weak-minded but charitable souls faint visions of a Bradlaughian Apocatastasis—a return of the junior member for Northampton to orthodoxy and decent views on religion, monarchy, population, and other subjects. A relation of the honourable, but as yet unsworn, gentleman has confided to the world that he himself does not despair of such a result, and though it is quite possible to imagine other reasons for Mr. BRADLAUGH's antipathy to Mr. GEORGE than creditable ones, charity once more pleads for neglect of them. Indeed, a good-natured man might on more accounts than one feel nearly as "wae" for Mr. BRADLAUGH as BURNS was for the more celebrated personage in whom Mr. BRADLAUGH does not believe. He is certainly a person of ability, and it must be very terrible for a person of ability to find himself condemned to the society of the Reverend SHARMANS and the Reverend HEADLAMS, the Doctor AVELINGS, and the various interesting gaol-birds who are from time to time liberated from their congenial cages and breakfasted at the expense of the Secularist faithful. He is certainly a good man of business, and authority for which it is impossible to vouch calls him a whist-player. Surely a decent day's work in a respectable office, and a comfortable rubber before dinner, must be more agreeable (to say nothing more) than mornings spent in composing and afternoons or evenings spent in delivering arrangements in political and religious unorthodoxy to hit the taste of the riff-raff of England. Then there are the political woes of Mr. BRADLAUGH. If anybody was ever much worse treated by his own party (from Mr. GLADSTONE, who can only spare him a quotation from LUCRETIUS and a misquotation from VOLTAIRE, to anonymous Liberal M.P.'s who write to Liberal newspapers requesting him to get out of "the way and not be a nuisance), that hapless person is unknown to Parliamentary history. Mr. BRADLAUGH is a staunch Radical, he is longing to be at the House of Lords, he brings to Mr. GLADSTONE a ragged but resolved regiment of out-and-out reformers, and his party back him up with a painful faintness. They vote for him after a fashion, but with no heartiness or zest. Mr. LABOUCHERE takes him up only too obviously because it is fun to Mr. LABOUCHERE to do so; Sir WILFRID LAWSON approves of him because the great majority of rational folk do not. But Mr. BRADLAUGH is a person extremely unlikely to be satisfied with the devotion of Mr. LABOUCHERE and Sir WILFRID LAWSON. Even if next Monday week a hardy band of Secularists were to carry off Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and leave him gagged and bound in a garret somewhere down by Millbank, to get Sir HENRY TYLER sent off in a special train with orders to the driver not to stop till he reached the furthest station on the line, and in other ways to dispose of the wicked majority, Mr. BRADLAUGH would be very little better off. A majority can let Mr. BRADLAUGH take an oath, but it cannot, or at least it will not, associate with Mr. BRADLAUGH on equal terms. Ungrateful people hugging the chains of Christianity, monarchy, and large families, what sorrows does not Mr. BRADLAUGH bear for you!

This vein of thought may be considered to be sentimental. But the letter above referred to ought to melt the heart of a stone. Who the brutal Liberal member may be who was honoured with large type in the *Daily News* of Wednesday probably few people know, and certainly nobody cares. His act has led to a pathetic remonstrance (which occasionally rather wonders from the point) by the victim himself, to an interesting politico-theological homily by that eminent divine Mr. LABOUCHERE, and perhaps to an arrangement between Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. ROWLAND WINN, which has since been reported, and which is irresistibly suggestive of the P.R. If Mr. LABOUCHERE will take his man away, Mr. WINN will take *his* man away on the opening day of the Session; and the Fancy are informed that Monday the 11th, at half-past four, is the new fixture. This is practically important; and, if the Liberal M.P. had anything to do with it, he is to be thanked. Mr. LABOUCHERE's opinion that the Conservatives are "hypocrites who pretend that they are actuated by religious motives in subordinating the rights of electors to a vague theme which has nothing in common with Christianity" is not quite so practical. Mr. LABOUCHERE will perhaps oblige the compilers of the new English Dictionary with his notions of the meaning of the word "theme"; and it is interesting to know that he is an expert on the question of what has and what has not something in common with Christianity. But these are details. The main point is the extreme and brutal frankness with which the Liberal M.P. tells the elect of Northampton that he is simply an intolerable nuisance. He does more. Mr. BRADLAUGH probably thinks (or thought) that the electors of Northampton returned him because he was Mr. BRADLAUGH, from admiration of his personality, agreement with his opinions, or something of that kind. Nothing of the sort, says the Liberal M.P. The electors of Northampton returned him "instead of a Conservative to aid in passing the County Franchise Bill and other like measures." It may be observed in passing that, if the electors of Northampton so much as thought about the County Franchise Bill at the election of 1880,

they were probably the only constituency that did so. But that is by the way. What should be chiefly noticed is that the Liberal M.P. speaks of Mr. BRADLAUGH as if he were a kind of useful but clumsy voting machine. It was a wicked Tory, if we remember rightly, who expressed, or was represented by treacherous opponents as expressing, his willingness to elect the parish beadle or the parish pump if the parish beadle or the parish pump could be trusted to vote straight. Mr. BRADLAUGH, according to the Liberal M.P., held in the estimation of Northampton no higher place than this. And so he, the Tribune of the People, the evangelist of the future, the patriot, the reformer, the man with a mission against pensions and piety, is told to move on and not bother. O these Whigs! these Whigs!

It is difficult to say whether after this bad treatment the conduct of divers comic papers in representing Mr. BRADLAUGH as a white elephant is likely to have been an aggravation or a relief to his sufferings. But it may be modestly suggested that the caricaturists have got hold of the wrong man. Unless they mean to draw a parallel between Mr. BARNUM and Mr. LABOUCHERE, which would be distinctly rude, it is not easy to make it out. Now (though we disclaim all intention of ourselves drawing it) if any one were to draw a parallel between Young Taloung and Mr. BRADLAUGH'S revered leader, there might be something to be said for it. There are some people who hold that Young Taloung is a venerable, a grand, a holy beast, and some who hold very much the contrary, which contrast of opinion reproduces itself with regard to Mr. GLADSTONE. It has been hinted that the white elephant is a very dear bargain, and some have said much the same of the English PRIME MINISTER. Young Taloung is fond of standing on his head in public, and Mr. GLADSTONE is fond of cutting down trees in the presence of excursionists. The white elephant has a suite of seedy and dubious priests who perform unclassified services (of song and otherwise) in his honour; and this also is the case with the member for Midlothian. Young Taloung's backers declare that there is nobody in the elephant world like him; so do Mr. GLADSTONE'S, with the omission of the word elephant. And though one approaches the climax of the comparison with a kind of shudder, it has been hinted that Young Taloung is a Humbug, and—but the completion of the thing is too horrible. Only for the sake of doing justice to a much-injured man by showing that the pictorial barkings of *Funny Folks*, and *Punch*, and the other little comic dogs, might be more suitably addressed in another quarter, could the parallel have even been suggested. Enough must have been said to show that the process of working itself into sympathy with Mr. BRADLAUGH is quite possible to a mind possessed of imaginativeness and sensibility. It is such a new and amiable light in which to regard him that the mind of imaginativeness and sensibility cannot be otherwise than pleased. The brutal frankness of the Liberal M.P. and the mistaken identity of the comic paper white elephant have invested Mr. BRADLAUGH, at least the Mr. BRADLAUGH of fancy, with the Dignity of Sorrow, and he is so much more interesting and agreeable in this novel guise, that sense, coming to the aid of sensibility, suggests that it would be a thousand pities to deprive him of his grievances. A full-fledged member of Parliament, frequent at Mr. GLADSTONE'S councils and convivial assemblies, potent in debate, capable of being "run" for the first Cabinet vacancy, Mr. BRADLAUGH would cease to be interesting, except perhaps to some Liberal M.P.s, who would then be as polite to him as they now are candid. There are other reasons doubtless for objecting to his promotion and extraction from his present limbo, but for the present it is unnecessary to dwell on these.

PRIVATE BILL LEGISLATION.

THE periodical attack on the system of Private Bill legislation has been resumed in a letter or article communicated to the *Times* either by the member who has undertaken the conduct of the movement or by some ally who shares his opinions and his speculative mode of dealing with statistics. Mr. CRAIG SELLAR, though he is an able and experienced partisan, probably found on entering the House of Commons that almost every department of agitation was already occupied. That his selection of the topic of Private Bill legislation was not suggested by any previous knowledge of the subject was proved by the wild statements contained in his last year's speech. Some part of his materials consisted of unauthenticated gossip, and his figures sometimes represented transactions which had been separated by periods of ten, twenty, or forty years. The writer in the *Times* is equally indifferent to minute accuracy, though his remarks are professedly founded on Parliamentary returns of expenses incurred by railway and other Companies during eleven years. Having quoted, perhaps correctly, the returns of various large payments, Mr. CRAIG SELLAR'S zealous supporter doubles or trebles the total sum by a bold guess that the cost of Private Bill legislation in the last ten years is not less than 25,000,000*l.* "That this is not an "excessive estimate may be inferred from the fact that the "Corporation of the City of London spent 13,000*l.* on a "single gas Bill, while the ordinary yearly expenditure of "the Metropolitan Board of Works on Parliamentary "schemes is 8,000*l.*" The last-mentioned sum bears but a small proportion to 25,000,000*l.* The Board of Works represents a population of nearly four millions, and it constantly exercises a special privilege which it has acquired of having a *locus standi* in opposition to any Bill which affects the metropolitan district. According to the careful statistician who speaks of a term of ten years, the returns extend from 1872 to 1882 inclusive; but the difference between ten and eleven naturally appears insignificant in dealing with conjectural millions.

The expenditure incurred by promoters and opponents has undoubtedly been large, and thirty or forty years ago it was extravagant; but the result of Parliamentary inquiries has been the construction of the most complete system of railways in the world and an approximately equitable adjustment of the conflicting claims of private property and of public expediency. As might be expected, the writer in the *Times* repeats the cuckoo cry that the decisions of Committees have been inconsistent, and that they seldom admit of being anticipated. In other words, judgments on complicated issues of fact have been determined by evidence and by argument, and neither by caprice nor by the application to different circumstances of one arbitrary rule. The complaint that Committees have been hoodwinked by counsel as to the effect of the Bills, or overpowered by specious advocacy, might, if it were urged by an ignorant disputant, be thought to represent the vulgar prejudice against the impartiality of judges and the independent advocacy of counsel. The High Court of Judicature is necessarily exposed to the specious advocacy by which disappointed litigants think that the tribunal is hoodwinked. Committees are special juries of a very high order, with a competent chairman carefully selected to act as foreman. Although the chairmen are sometimes lawyers, it is not necessary that they should have professional knowledge, and they have no superiors as impartial and business-like arbitrators. Among the number of those who have commanded in former times universal respect and confidence may be mentioned the present Lord DERBY, the Duke of RICHMOND, Sir RICHARD CROSS, Mr. FORSTER, and the late Sir FRANCIS GOLDSMID. Those who demand that decisions should be uniform ought in consistency to object to the discrimination exercised by juries who find in one case for the defendant, in another for the plaintiff with nominal damages, and in a third for a large amount.

The assailant of cautious and conscientious inquiry has no hesitation in giving a judgment of his own on difficult practical questions of which he can know absolutely nothing. He asserts that, but for the cost of Parliamentary proceedings, "London and Brighton would long ago have been "connected by more than one line of railway; nor would "our (the *Times*) columns periodically teem with the com-"plaints of those who groan under the exactions and de-"ficiencies of the South-Eastern." Those who understand the subject know that it is extremely doubtful whether a competing line to Brighton would be for the public advantage; yet it happens that several years ago such a scheme was sanctioned by Parliament after a long contest in both Houses. The line was not made, nor was it begun, for the simple reason that the capital was not subscribed. In other parts of its system the London and Brighton Company has been compelled to submit to the competition of new lines. The writer seems to assume that the South-Eastern is in possession of a monopoly, though the London, Chatham, and Dover lines run parallel with it to almost all its principal stations. If an ill-informed amateur can settle such questions at a moment's notice, Committees of the two Houses may be trusted to arrive at a reasonable decision after full inquiry. The statement that "a big Gas or Water "Company is able to terrify competitors off the field"

indicates the same unacquaintance with the practice and condition of such bodies. A town sufficiently supplied with water would be only incommoded by a competing Company; and, in fact, the parties to contests relating to gas and water are, in the great majority of cases, Corporations on one side and Companies on the other.

It is absurd to contend that it would be better that Parliament should "lay down once for all the principles on "which given classes of schemes should be settled than to "admit of a perpetual passing of *privilegia*." No principle can be applied to questions of public expediency conflicting with vested rights or interests. If it is in conformity with a principle that there should be two competing railways from London to Dover, no inference can be drawn in favour of a competing line from London to Brighton. If such a line is sanctioned, a third competitor would perhaps demand the extension of the same principle. The conflicts for the retention or acquisition of water supply in populous districts are still more difficult to determine. There is scarcely a stream or a square mile of gathering ground in the hilly region between Yorkshire and Lancashire which has not been the subject of contests among municipal bodies, Companies, and millowners. On the whole, substantial justice has been done, but only by laborious investigations conducted before highly competent tribunals. As the writer in the *Times* politely remarks of another class of topics, disputes for the possession of water "form admi-"rable topics for the bear-garden displays of Parliamentary "counsel." Mr. AUSTIN, Mr. TALBOT, and Mr. HOPE SCOTT were probably not conscious that their polished, subtle, and scholarlike advocacy could be compared to the amenities of a bear-garden. Any substituted tribunal, unless it is to act in total disregard of justice, must also listen to counsel, whose conflicts may be by prejudiced laymen described as performances in a bear-garden. References in cases of compensation and in other litigated matters are attended by counsel, who might with equal justice be accused of belonging to a bear-garden or hoodwinking the arbitrator.

Similar charges have been frequently advanced against the system of private legislation during a period beyond the memory of the oldest practitioner. The fact that no change has at any time approved itself to the judgment of either House suggests the probability that the existing practice is not wholly unsatisfactory. No light is thrown on the subject by vague invective which is also devoid of originality. It is true that the present time is favourable to innovation; and it is possible that recent alterations of Parliamentary procedure may render members less patient of the labour of serving on Committees. The Standing Committees, which may perhaps be increased in number, will occupy the time of many members; and by custom the members of the Government, lawyers in active practice, and to some extent the leaders of the Opposition, have always been exempt from service. The majority of the House is still available for Committees, and the Chairmen will probably for the most part think their arduous duties more important than participation in the work of the Standing Committees. No similar disability or inconvenience affects the House of Lords. The writer in the *Times* expresses an opinion which is popularly entertained that the Committees of the Lords are more highly qualified than those of the Commons. No invidious comparison is contained in the statement that the peers are not overburdened with work, and that young and intelligent members of the Upper House would gladly find additional opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of business and of rendering public service. If it is true that peers are better fitted for judicial functions than the House of Commons, their superiority is likely to increase. When the social standard of the House of Commons is lowered by impending changes, members belonging to a humbler class will not command the confidence which has been reposed in their predecessors. The paid members whom Mr. CHAMBERLAIN proposes to introduce into the House would be obviously unfit for judicial functions. The wholesale corruption of State Legislatures in America furnishes a warning against the control by democratic assemblies or their Committees of great pecuniary interests. The English system has not been cheap, but it has been absolutely pure and remarkably efficient. Its critics are ill advised in betraying their ignorance of its operation, and their indifference to considerations of judicial impartiality

MR. GOSCHEN AND LORD SALISBURY.

PROVERBS are not universally true, and in respect of speechmaking it is assuredly not the case that the night is darkest before the dawn. On the very eve of the opening of Parliament the abundance of talk on the part of public men is more abundant than ever. They may be public men as important as Mr. GOSCHEN, or public men as unimportant as Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD, they may talk solid wisdom or pretentious absurdity; but they talk as if their mouths were going to be sealed instead of opened for the next seven or eight months. Naturally the speakers of the type of the member for Salford vastly outnumber the speakers of the type of the member for Ripon. But, putting aside the Birmingham demonstration, it is not to be denied that various utterances of the present week have been contributions to the discussion of public affairs which are certainly not likely to be exceeded in usefulness by the more regular contributions made within the walls of the Palace of Westminster. Two in especial, the speech of Mr. GOSCHEN just referred to, and Lord SALISBURY'S at Hertford, may be singled out for comment without any injustice to some others of merit.

To read or to listen to Mr. GOSCHEN is at once a pleasure and a pain. It reminds the reader or hearer that the type of politician which more than any other has made England's greatness is not extinct among us, but it reminds him likewise that its individual examples are getting fewer, and that the direct tendency of recent and threatened political changes is to make them fewer still. It is impossible also not to see in the member for Ripon the faults as well as the virtues of the moderate man. The moderate man lends himself to the proceedings of the immoderate, until they begin to startle him—until also it is in many cases too late to leave off lending himself with any useful result. Almost everything that Mr. GOSCHEN said on Wednesday was full of political wisdom, except his expression of friendliness towards the Ministers who are responsible for the imminence of the state of things which he dreads and protests against. It is impossible to understand Mr. GOSCHEN'S promise to "abstain from worrying opposition" to a proposal which no man knows more certainly and which no man has shown with more convincing force to be mischievous than he. "While GOD'S champion lives "Wrong shall be resisted: dead, why he forgives," was probably not intended by Mr. BROWNING in a political sense; but it makes an excellent political motto. As long as there is one grain of fight left in a politician he should show it; but when he is on one particular point, and, metaphorically speaking, "dead," he may leave off fighting. The extension of the franchise, which Mr. GOSCHEN sees to be mischievous, and which he evidently fears may prove disastrous, is not yet an accomplished fact; and every one who sees what he sees and fears what he fears ought to strive to prevent its becoming an accomplished fact by day and by night, by hook and by crook, by all means that are fair in political war, and by all devices that are possible to political ingenuity. Those who make sure of a beating will pretty surely be beaten; but there is no beating so morally certain in matters political that courage and strategy and the chapter of accidents may not at least possibly avert it. A little more of this fighting temper, combined with his actual clearness of political sight, would make Mr. GOSCHEN a political leader of the first rank. His remarks on the ignoble Radical trick of using the London municipal reform scheme, for which country Radicals care nothing, and Londoners, Radical or not, still less, as a kind of trap for the House of Lords; his comments on redistribution; his explosion of the absurd argument that finality can be secured by a reckless Reform Bill; and, above all, the observations on class jealousy with which he closed his speech, can hardly be too much praised. The passage last referred to in particular deserves attention, though unfortunately it is to all appearance spoken too late. Measures in the past, of most of which Mr. GOSCHEN has been a supporter, have all but established the domination of one class; and measures in the future, which he declines to oppose except with philosophic calm, propose to establish it completely. The popular leaders of the party to which Mr. GOSCHEN nominally belongs lose no opportunity of stirring, feeding, and blowing up the fire of class jealousy and class greed. And so, after all, admirable as is much in Mr. GOSCHEN'S speech, correct as are many of his views, sound as are his general political sentiments, there is in the whole utterance something of

that academic and unpractical air, that refusal to look at their own acts in the past, and the consequences of those acts in the present, which are the bane of a certain kind of moderate politicians, Liberal and Conservative alike. If we have got into the very unhealthy state in which Mr. GOSCHEN pretty obviously considers us to be, whose fault is it? If the State is so unhealthy, how can it be right to promise not to "oppose worryingly" attempts to make it still more unhealthy? These are questions which it would be rather difficult for Mr. GOSCHEN to answer, and unluckily they present themselves as a kind of running commentary all through his speech.

It is because in Lord SALISBURY'S speech at Hertford there was no undertone of this kind that it may be said to have been more satisfactory, without any reference whatever to the party colour of the two utterances. Both in regard to the particular question of the franchise and in regard to the general question of the conduct of the House of Lords, the dialectic advantage on the side of a speaker who can show himself to have been consistently opposed to extensions of the franchise, and to have a clear conception of the position of the Peers, is immense. Mr. GOSCHEN, indeed, is on this latter point perfectly sound. The matter could hardly be put more clearly or more fairly than he put it at Ripon. If England has come to the conclusion that a Second Chamber is undesirable, or that (in defiance of universal experience) a really efficient Second Chamber can be got together on the elective system, let England say so. But to quarrel with a Second Chamber for doing the work for which Second Chambers exist is at once unfair and idiotic. Thus far, except that he put it in more measured language, Mr. GOSCHEN himself went at Ripon, and there is nothing in his language there which is inconsistent—there is much that is consistent with the further step taken by Lord SALISBURY, the step of saying that it is within the province of a Second Chamber to demand that, when important changes in the Constitution are made in a Parliament tending towards its end, the mind of the country shall be consulted on the subject. The position that this is a strictly constitutional doctrine it would be hardy even for Radicals to attack directly, and they accordingly attempt to turn it by accusing the Peers of demanding a plébiscite. One is a little reminded of Mr. CARLYLE'S "And what if it were pot-"theism, if it be true?" But as a matter of fact it is not pot-theism. A plébiscite is a vote *en masse*, in which a single question only can be answered "yes" or "no." A new election is the constitutional and regular method of ascertaining the temper of the nation as to the general conduct of its affairs. No one probably would say that it would be constitutional in the House of Lords to force a dissolution in the first or the second, or even the third, Session of a Parliament, unless there were some extraordinary manifestation of popular feeling or the case were one of unprecedented urgency. But when a Parliament (as this Parliament will have done by the time any Franchise Bill can be sent up) has all but reached its grand climacteric, it is not only the right but the duty of the constitutional authority (which is in this case the Upper House) to consider whether the elected part of it may or may not be taken to represent the will of the electors, and the decision can only be taken by the means provided by the Constitution. It is ludicrous to speak of a reference to the people as being contempt of the people; absurd to represent the application for a fresh mandate as a proof of insubordination. Indeed there underlies all Radical argument on the subject a tacit confession of one main danger of democracy. According to those who exclaim beforehand at the supposed action of the Lords, the House of Commons is not representative but sovereign, not intermediate but plenipotentiary, not a means to an end, but an end in itself. That is not the doctrine of the English Constitution. And, despite ready-made Caucus resolutions, bolstered up by deputations of the kind that waited on Mr. GLADSTONE on Thursday—deputations consisting of the resolution makers in a fresh capacity, like the supers of a theatre—there is fortunately no sign that it is the opinion of the English people.

ANIMALS ABROAD.

IN an interesting little pamphlet now before us, Mrs. BURTON gives an account of her efforts to protect animals from ill-treatment in the town of Trieste. In few countries is the law for the protection of animals so stringent as in England, and in few is public opinion so strongly on the side of the law. The Englishman, as a rule, is merciful to his beast; partly, no doubt, because it pays to be so, but partly also because the form of brutality which the contrary implies is repugnant to his character. Even BILL SIKES was kinder to his dog than to his fellow-creatures; and probably few of the roughs who combine to beat and kick an inoffensive person in the streets would find an equal enjoyment in torturing a dumb animal. Enough, however, of the latter form of barbarity exists among us to render the penalties to which it is subjected in the highest degree desirable. But it is curious that in countries where the intercourse of human beings one with another is gentler, kindlier, and more polished than among ourselves, and where what is called in England only horse-play would be looked upon as mere brutal savagery, a hardness of heart should exist with regard to the sufferings of animals which seems to us incredible. We are satisfied that, though the inhabitants of this country do not enjoy as much happiness as belongs to nations of a sunnier temperament, the animals which they keep are much happier. Moved by the animal suffering which she witnessed in Trieste, Mrs. BURTON has formed a Society for its alleviation. Looking down the list of those who have contributed to it, we notice that nearly every name is English. There is nothing to be surprised at in this. Apart from the fact that Englishmen are accustomed to give their money freely to voluntary Societies of this kind, while foreigners are not, there remains the fact that, to the foreign eye, this form of missionary enterprise wears an air of meddlesomeness. English residents abroad are so much in the habit of preaching out of season to those among whom they live that, when they happen to preach in season, their exhortations are apt to be resented. A foreigner who has just been baited by a Salvationist or a rigid Sabbatarian is not in a mood to receive with meekness from English lips the assertion, true though it may be, that he misuses the dumb creatures who serve him. And the more pertinaciously we labour to convert him to our views, the more inclined he becomes to tell us to mind our own business.

The good that the labours of such Societies as this do is that they may induce the people of foreign countries themselves to take up the work. It is then only that it becomes really effective. There are instances given in this pamphlet, both horrible and comic, which show that there is much in need of amendment in Trieste. The mere fact of sensational cases of cruelty occurring is not a reason why any special Society should be founded to counteract them. Sensational cases of cruelty occur everywhere and can never be altogether put a stop to. But where cruelty is habitual, and is not felt to be cruelty, but is freely condoned by public opinion, there is nothing but the propagandism of individuals which can prepare the way for better things. There was a time in England when a proposal to prohibit cock-fighting or bear-baiting would have provoked as much derision as the proposal to prohibit fishing would now. Public opinion, however, has, through the agency of zealous individuals, been led to see that in the use that we make of the lower animals there are limits which ought to be observed. That these limits are not recognized with sufficient clearness is shown by the folly which is sometimes talked on the subject of vivisection; but that they exist and should not be transgressed is what no decent person would now deny. The general recognition of this truth is of recent origin among ourselves. But elsewhere it seems often not to be recognized at all. There is no case more in point than that of horses. A horse can be maltreated, it is true, in private: but the incitements to maltreatment chiefly occur in public; and as the horse is kept for outdoor use, the evidences of maltreatment become clear to all the world. Any one who crosses the Alps from Switzerland to Italy can see in the condition of the horses on both sides clear proof of the different way in which the Swiss and the Italian regards his beast. For ten fat and well-kept horses on the north side he will only find one on the south. Yet in all the little mutual offices of human life the Italian, rich and poor, is kindlier and pleasanter than the Swiss. At Trieste, as Mrs. BURTON observes, most of the cases which come under the notice of the Society are cases of habitual, but not remarkable, cruelty; but others of a more flagrant kind are also reported. Thus, within an hour's distance of Trieste, we read of a rich farmer "who buys up half-"dying horses for a couple of florins, works and starves

"them, and in winter turns them out in the cutting wind "and snow to pasture on nothing." Another case, or rather habit, for which the police and the public are clearly responsible is told as follows. There appears to be in Trieste an official known as the *Schinder*. This gentleman drives round the city every day with two or three companions in a cart, armed with a lasso made of supple iron wire. When a dog is seen without a muzzle on, the lasso is deftly thrown round his neck, and he is hoisted into the cart with the risk of strangulation and the certainty of acute pain. At the end of forty-eight hours, if the master has not claimed the dog and paid the fine, the valuable dogs are sold and the rest are killed. Things are certainly better managed at the Dogs' Home at Battersea. It seems that Mrs. BURTON arranges that for these forty-eight hours the dogs have proper food. A curious instance, both painful and ridiculous, is quoted as showing the way in which the system works. One evening, at nine o'clock, the cart of the *Schinder* passed the barracks. The regimental dog happened to be outside and was lassoed by the occupants of the cart. But a regimental dog is not as other dogs. It is as much a point of honour to defend him as to defend the colours or the colonel. The soldiers rushed out; but their zeal outran their discretion, and, while the *Schinder* had the poor brute by the head with his lasso of iron-wire, the soldiers had him by the feet with their hands. In the struggle the unhappy creature was pulled in pieces. It is satisfactory to right feelings to learn that "somebody," at least, is to be punished: and it may be hoped that a case which must have been locally so conspicuous may lead to the abolition of a brutal and absurd system of torture.

Trieste is a half-Italian city; but in Italy itself both the cruelties to animals and the protests against these cruelties have been of late often brought before public notice. It is strange and ludicrous to see the sympathy which the Italian, naturally the reverse of brutal, will even extend to the creature whom he tortures. At the gates of Florence the following scene might be often witnessed. As the baskets of fowls were brought in from the country the birds were there and then, as usual, subjected to the municipal tax. This inconvenience, it is true, fell on their owners; but another, of a very different kind, fell on themselves. They were taken, one by one, out of their baskets, their mouths were forced open, a funnel was inserted into their throats, and hot water was poured into them. The bystander who might ask the reason of this singular performance was told that it rendered the flesh of the birds more sweet and more tender. The quantity of water injected into them, it may be added, also made them seem plumper and weigh heavier in the market, where they were, before all the public, first feathered and then killed. The perpetrators of these cruelties would, in the very act of torture, sympathetically exclaim "Povere "bestie!" to which the spectators would, with equal tenderness of heart, rejoin "Povere bestie!" It was in Florence, we believe, that the first association for the protection of animals was formed, mainly, if we are not mistaken, through the means of English and American residents. Other associations of the same kind have been formed elsewhere. They are now largely composed of Italians, and enjoy the special favour of the QUEEN, who is undoubtedly the most popular personage in the country, and whose influence may serve to make the protection of animals fashionable.

FRANCE.

SINCE the operations of Admiral COURBET in Tonquin were suspended a few weeks ago, for some reason which has not yet been given to the world, the politics of France have sunk into a state of most promising dulness. M. FERRY has his hands very full of work, and administrative questions of no small importance are being debated. These things, however, are very tame in comparison with the issues which have occupied the attention of his predecessors for much the better part of a century. There has never until quite recently been a time when a more or less open fight has not been going on over the form of government. Whether or not the Republic is destined to endure, it is certainly safe for the present, if only for the sufficient reason that there is nobody to upset it. M. FERRY has scarcely even a possible rival for the post of Prime Minister. Even the foreign relations of France, which appeared to be about to develop dangerous complications a few months ago, have been smoothed down to a condition of at least superficial quiet. M. PAUL BERT may take advantage of his freedom from responsibility to indulge in noisy patriotism at Châteaudun; but the paper war with Germany has been a paper war and nothing more. His speech will probably produce the usual crop of angry articles in German newspapers; but Prince BISMARCK, though he thinks it well to remind France of certain painful facts at frequent intervals, may be trusted to estimate this eloquence at its proper value. The wonderful flourish of trumpets which the Parisian press indulged in almost daily over M. FERRY's spirited policy has been quieted in the most surprising manner. From the moment when the capture of Sontay had shown that the French fighting power in Tonquin was strong enough to punish all attempts to oppose it, the Republic has apparently made up its mind that the time has come for concluding some such arrangement as China will be ready to accept. It is not likely that the Chinese Government will prove very impracticable if once it is thoroughly convinced that it has to deal with an enemy who can and will fight vigorously.

In this political backwater the attention of M. FERRY's Ministry has been called to the condition of France question. Under ordinary circumstances no more dangerous subject of debate could be started for any French Government, and particularly for a Republic. It is not, however, by any means improbable that M. FERRY's Ministry may come out of the discussion stronger than ever. His numerous assailants seem likely to discover that they are so far from having gained anything by trying to make capital out of the distress of the country, that they have given him another opportunity of proving to the peasants and the bourgeoisie that he is the only statesman in France capable of offering an effective resistance to the Radical parties. The longer the debate on M. LANGLOIS's motion lasts—and it has gone on for almost a fortnight—the clearer does it become that the question was opened by the Opposition for purely party reasons, and is being conducted in the most captious spirit. French agriculture has been in no very flourishing condition for some years, and there is very real distress in some of the towns. It is especially severe in Paris, where it is most dangerous. If the various leaders of the Opposition, from M. CLÉMENCEAU to M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC, had confined themselves, or had been allowed to confine themselves, to the general statement that all this trouble was due to the unrepublican character of the Republic, or to the mere existence of that form of government according to their point of view, they might have succeeded in discrediting M. FERRY's Ministry. Frenchmen have always a tendency to think that a Minister who cannot make business flourish is unworthy of the confidence of an industrious country. The untimely zeal of M. LANGLOIS has made the easy course of carping impossible for the Oppositions. He has called upon the Government to show cause why the workmen of Paris should not be in the receipt of regular wages; and so the whole question has had to be threshed out in a prolonged and apparently aimless discussion. M. LANGLOIS could scarcely have done M. FERRY a better service. When once the matter was brought to this test, it became obvious that his critics had no effectual remedy to offer, and that such remedies as they did propose are much worse than the disease. It was a comparatively minor advantage that M. FERRY was able to show that his Ministry was not responsible for the phylloxera or for the inevitable consequences of over-speculation in the building trade of Paris. As much as that was obvious to the minority who take the trouble of considering the facts of the case with any degree of impartiality. The great advantage which the debate has had for him is that it has served to drive this truth into the heads of the large majority, which can realize nothing but what is forced in as with a nail and a mallet. One after another the spokesmen of the Opposition have got up and proved to demonstration that their only complaint against M. FERRY is that he governs a Republic which they cannot upset or else make as Radical as they would like. The Royalists point out that things were never as bad as this under LOUIS PHILIPPE, or what is still worse for their own cause, they insist that France would again flow with milk and honey if it would only return to sound Catholic principles. In the course of their arguments they have contrived to show that they are still widely divided among themselves. The Bonapartists have given their version of the Royalist view in their own

peculiar style. The workmen of Paris, on whose behalf the whole question was started, were not likely to be very grateful for help of this kind, but the arguments of their own men have done them even less good. The Radical speakers of various shades of red who have had their say on the subject have one and all proposed remedies which are not only particularly likely to terrify the peasants and middle class, but have been already tried, and have failed. From M. BRIALOU, the workman's candidate, who amused the Chamber by haranguing as if he was in a club, to M. CLÉMENCEAU, who talked empty commonplace, they have all either said nothing to the point or have given France fair warning that they aim at carrying out just such a policy as ruined the Republic of 1848.

Pitted against adversaries of this sort, M. FERRY should be sure of an easy victory. His version of the Republic may not be a very noble form of government. He has inherited the reckless financial policy of M. DE FREYCINET, and has not been energetic in correcting it; but he does give the country a tolerable administration. The distress on which the Opposition dwell so much can be shown to have been grossly exaggerated as regards the provinces; and in Paris, where it is very real, it is the manifest result of the folly of builders who have invested an immense capital in building hundreds of costly houses for which they can find no tenants. If he is upset, there is nobody to take his place—nobody, that is to say, whom the great mass of Frenchmen are prepared to accept. The Royalists are avowedly waiting till the nation comes to its senses—an attitude which a majority of Frenchmen appear to consider little else than impertinent. The Bonapartists are not only divided against themselves, but are led by a species of political Squires of Alsatia. The Radical Opposition has nothing to offer beyond condemned nostrums and Socialist experiments which France is the last country in Europe to try. M. FERRY offers the country a Republican Government such as the great majority of middle-class Frenchmen can appreciate. It has not a very high ideal. It has a decidedly mean envy of every kind of personal and social superiority. Its foreign policy is avowedly inspired by principles which are both timid and selfish. Its financial policy is to a great extent a *politique de pourboire* for the constituencies; but it is towards such a Government as this that France has been tending ever since the Revolution, and if M. FERRY plays his cards with ordinary discretion, he may feel reasonably confident of ruling for some years over an industrious dead level. A very high-minded statesman would scarcely be content with so little; but Europe has, perhaps, no cause to complain.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE ON EVERYTHING.

AFTER lecturing, with great acceptation, on Nothing, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has addressed the students of Edinburgh University on Everything. He talked to his young constituents, as he himself said, "in a friendly and "desultory way." Some Lord Rectors would weary their flocks with solemn disquisitions on Education. Some would preach them a sermon more appropriate to the College chapel, if the College happens to have a chapel. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE preferred to show a lively example of the pleasure which a man gets out of study. Like the founders of the old Universities whom he described, the new LORD RECTOR had a touch at *omne scibile*. He did not quote BURNS, or at least he did not quote him so much as an English speaker usually does when he addresses a Scotch audience. But he spoke of ARISTOTLE, ARISTOPHANES, ALEXANDER the Great, Sir ALEXANDER GRANT, DANTE, the *Complaynt of Scotland*, VIRGIL, *Œdipus of Colonos*, the Sage CHILON (not to be confounded with the Captive of Chillon), WORDSWORTH, HORACE, ALCIBIADES, *Lycidas*, "the *Thyrsis* of THEOCRITUS," ROGER BACON, Dr. MONRO, THUCYDIDES, and, if he had only thrown in MONTEZUMA and SAKYA MUNI, we might almost have been reminded of the omniscience of the *Daily Telegraph*. However, all Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S great names came naturally into their places, and decorated a friendly talk which, on the whole, was a panegyric of liberal studies. The LORD RECTOR may or may not have been aware of it, but it is true that only a small minority of his undergraduate audience is ever likely to share his pleasure in reading ARISTOPHANES. The mass of the students at no University acquires the power of studying ARISTOPHANES with comfort. When Sir STAFFORD comes home from the House and refreshes himself with the *Knights* or the *Clouds* and perhaps is reminded of certain opponents or allies by CLEON and the Sausage-Seller, he is diverting himself in a way never likely to be common. The great Mr. COBDEN can never have enjoyed this recreation, or he would have abstained from his famous remark, recalled by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, on the comparative merits of the *Times* and "all the works of THUCYDIDES."

The LORD MAYOR, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE appear to be the chief Grecians of modern politics. In Scotland, no less than in England, the study of the classics needs all the help Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE can give it. The intelligent public, North and South, is wakening to the truth that Greek is of little use in dealing with French bagmen or German waiters. To the corollary that Greek should be disendowed it is but a short step. "How much should we lose," said the new LORD RECTOR, "of the pleasure and advantage with which we read the "poetry of our own land and of other countries if we had "not at hand, or in our minds, the poetry of early ages "from which it has been so largely borrowed, or by which, "at all events, it has been so largely inspired." Perfectly true, but not a good argument with a reforming Edinburgh Baillie, who thinks BURNS (as the Philistine in THEOCRITUS thought HOMER) poet enough for all the world, and all other bards superfluous. It is the custom for the LORD RECTOR to offer a prize to be competed for by the students, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE might have devoted his gift to the encouragement of classical studies. But he preferred to aid and abet historical pursuits. No doubt he was well advised. The University of Edinburgh has lately produced a few students of really wonderful proficiency in Greek and Latin scholarship. But, by the nature of things, these scholars must be few, and an historical prize will bring together a much larger "field," and encourage a wider emulation. As Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE went on to praise the study of original documents in history, and to defend ALEXANDER the Great, by the evidence of DEMOSTHENES, against assailants like Mr. PALGRAVE, perhaps he means his prize to encourage "ancient history" rather than the modern history into which party spirit, more or less, must always enter.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, according to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, is a pleasing example of that moderation in party spirit of which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself sets so singular an example. Sir STAFFORD told his young friends that he would rather see a trifling exaggeration of party spirit among them than an entire absence of interest in politics. The truth is that every one who cares for politics at all is a party man. "Every little infant wot is born alive is a little "Liberal or a Conservative," says a poet, whom we quote from memory, almost as artless as the minstrel lately quoted by Sir JOHN ASTLEY. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S constituents, though Scotch, are by a big majority Conservatives, as they proved by electing him. Whether or not they will take his advice about moderating their party spirit we do not know. The Liberal peers and Liberal orators, being "in," are all in favour, at present, of sweet reasonableness in discussing the character of opponents. Four years ago the Liberals were "out," and the reasonableness of Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and Mr. BRIGHT was less sweet than might have been desired. The leaders of both parties are precisely like cricketers who want to "no-ball" throwing when they are at the wicket, and who throw as hard as they can, and at all parts of the batter's body, as soon as they are in the field. How often has Mr. BRIGHT stigmatized the Tories in general by the pretty popular name which has a prominent place in the polemics of the slum and the discussions of the cab-stand! Was it a Liberal or a Tory disputant who habitually brought the word "con-"victs" into his arguments? Was it a Liberal journal which declared that a certain Tory statesman was "stained "with blood and smirched with lusts." And is the same periodical now vastly shocked by Tory license of language? Oh! parable of the kettle and the pot, when will politicians take thy mild wisdom to their hearts? Perhaps the students who elected Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE read the local Liberal print, the *Scotsman*. If they do, what a Rabelaisian library of political proprieties they may collect from its refined columns. Take a recent effusion on Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, a statesman for whose works and ways we have never expressed a high esteem. Lord RANDOLPH recently said that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was not a very consistent person. He declaimed against persons

who neither toil nor spin, and then he allied himself with a young nobleman whose lack of industry and whose love of the dramatic art unfitted him, Lord RANDOLPH thought, to be the companion of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, that austere toiler. We are not at all inclined to defend the language (which partook of the nature of slang) in which Lord RANDOLPH exposed the inconsistencies of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. He also hinted that Mr. GLADSTONE was not unacquainted with the arts of Mr. CRUMMLES. "Who puts these things in the papers, I can't think," said Mr. CRUMMLES, when he was made the subject of what is technically known as "a friendly par." Certainly Mr. GLADSTONE gets a great many "friendly pars," pairs of trousers, walking-sticks, axes (presented in one case by an excited person from Birmingham), and similar testimonials. News of these things, and of all that Mr. GLADSTONE does, appears in the papers. We can't think who puts in those things any more than Mr. CRUMMLES. Moreover, Mr. GLADSTONE is not alone in having all his deeds and sayings proclaimed on the house-top. The movements of poets, professors, actors, are chronicled almost enthusiastically in prints devoted to these distinguished men, and so, not long ago, were the remarks and performances of Mr. OSCAR WILDE. All this is part of the modern system of advertisement, and Lord RANDOLPH dared to apply the general truth to the particular case of the PREMIER. Now if one wants to rebuke the language of ill-temper, flippancy, violence, one should set an example of better style and taste. Here is how the *Scotsman* set about replying to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL; we merely extract the plums from the haggis:—

> Carefully-prepared blackguardisms,
> Shameful mis-statements,
> Absolute fal-choods,
> Gross personalities,
> Malignant libeller,
> Wretched work,
> Saying the things that are not.
> Vilest of lampoons,
> Vulgar libeller,
> Vilest falsehoods,
> Barest accusations.

And the *Scotsman* ends by calling its victim a "fellow" in the sense which nearly caused bloodshed between Mr. TUPMAN and his revered leader, and by mouthing about "horse-whipping." Is it not clear that the youth of Edinburgh have here a very bad example before their eyes? Will they not be apt to associate political discussion with the style of the intoxicated Newhaven fishwoman? Obviously the young men require the example of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S urbanity and courtesy. It is so easy to make things uncomfortable for an opponent without calling him a "blackguard," a "liar," a "wretch," a "malignant libeller," and so forth. No one is much harmed by this palæolithic style of invective—a style peculiarly out of place when an enemy is being reproached with rudeness and violence.

FIGURE-SKATING.

IT is scarcely more than half-a-century since figure-skating became an art in England. The earliest of the clubs devoted to it was formed in 1830; and although before that time there were a few men, at the Universities and elsewhere, who could skate gracefully and well, still the figures they cut were mostly crude and irregular; and of concerted movements, in which more than two men could join, they had only the most vague and imperfect idea. The cramped "8's" and stunted "3's," and other poor little figures which they laboriously accomplished on long-toed, flat-bladed skates, were hardly more deserving to be called the products of an art than the woad-stains on an ancient Briton would be entitled to the name of artistic paintings. But since 1830, when "The Skating Club" first pitched its tent on the banks of the Serpentine, the craft and mystery of skating has been developed with amazing rapidity. Originating in England, it spread very quickly to Edinburgh, and soon afterwards to Canada, whence it has much more slowly found its way to the United States. The chief impediment which has retarded our home skaters is the lack of that most important accessory, the ice upon which to skate. For a quarter of a century past the average of skating winters has been about one in five. The Northern counties are a little better off in this respect than London; but, as compared with any country having the same longitude, Great Britain and Ireland are absurdly handicapped, and enjoy not more than one day's skating for every eight or ten of the Germans, Russians, and Americans. Attempts of various kinds have been made to remove these grievous disadvantages and put our skaters more on a level with their rivals in other lands. The most notable of them was, of course, the introduction of roller-skates, which for a time were thought likely to do away with the necessity for ice. But experience has shown that this sort of skating is not capable of the same high development as the other, and that it is likewise wanting in that vivacity and ease of motion which is one of the chief charms of the art. The best men have not taken kindly to the new practice, and have not found that it assists them much, though it does to some extent, towards excellence on the ice. A much more successful and promising expedient is the formation of rinks made of real ice artificially produced. There is one of these rinks, as we believe, still in existence at Southport; and it is largely frequented by the more ambitious and energetic English skaters, many of whom have by means of their practice there far eclipsed their equals of 1880, who took no such pains during the last two years. Still it is only men who have a good deal of leisure and spare money who can go to Southport on such an errand. What is wanted is that a similar rink should be started in London; and it would not be a bad mode of employing the large surplus funds of "the Skating Club" to devote them to originating or promoting a plan of this kind.

In spite of all the disadvantages which have thus interfered with skating in England, it must be admitted that the art has within the last half-century made extraordinary progress. We shall see presently that, in the opinion of many good judges, some of the London skaters can hold their own even with the cracks of the Canadian and American rinks. On those rare occasions when the English ponds and rivers are frozen hard, the people both great and small rush to the ice with a zeal that nothing seems to subdue. The most hard-worked business-men are seen with their skates on at sunrise; and while they are at it, they lose no time in idling or fooling about, but grind away at their figures with all the serious earnestness of students who are solving an astronomical problem or composing an epic poem. The science of skating has, moreover, quite lately been developed in a masterly and almost perfect manner. It is now just nineteen years since an article appeared in this Review suggesting the idea of reducing to a set code the rules of elegant skating, and describing on paper the figures most admired in this country. There was, indeed, at that time a book on the subject, written by a Scotch skater of high merit; but it is no discredit to him to say that this first attempt was incomplete, and in many respects harmonized badly with the accepted views of the English clubs. Our hint was, however, not long in producing its effect. In 1869 appeared the first edition of what is now the standard work on figure-skating, edited with immense care and complete success by two of the oldest and most accomplished members of the London Club. The work has since been re-edited with large additions, embodying many of the results achieved in the winter of 1870-1 in the way of new figures; and it may now be affirmed that the theory of artistic skating lies clearly defined, and needs only to be practically worked out by those who aspire to excellence in it. Two magnificent skating winters have since been enjoyed in England; but all that they have done is to confirm the views adopted by the editors of this book, and to show that, as they said, the leading principles, once understood, are capable of indefinite extension in the way of practical results. It would be hopeless to attempt any detailed explanation of the figures now established as favourites amongst English clubs; but an idea may be very easily formed of their variety and difficulty. The four leading movements—forward and backward, on the outside and inside edge—are combined most naturally in one of two ways; either by means of a "three," which entirely reverses the movement, as from outside forward to inside back, or by a "change of edge," which only reverses the poise of the body, as from outside forward to inside forward. When both changes are made within a short time of one another, the result is a "Q"; when either movement is repeated the result is either a "double," "half-double," treble turn, &c. in the one case, or a "serpentine" line in the other. By interspersing "Q's" with "doubles" an endless complication of movements is obtained; and, as the first-rate skater is able to continue his work upon one foot for an almost unlimited time without any new impulse, we are landed at once in an art capable of infinite development. There remains, however, to be still mentioned another turn, the most difficult of all—which seems to complete the series. This is the celebrated "rocking turn," by which outside forward is converted into outside back, and so on with the other edges, thus doubling at once the whole number of combinations. "Loops" are only an extreme development of simple edges; and so are "cross-cuts" of "half-doubles." But it is needless to penetrate further into the mysteries of technical terms. It will be more interesting as well as more simple to refer to some of the new principles which modern skaters have established.

Of these undoubtedly the most remarkable is the rehabilitation of the inside edge forwards. For near forty years after skating became an art this particular movement was tabooed as ungraceful, and excluded almost entirely from set figures. The skating confraternity is indebted to few persons so much as to the ingenious wight who boldly affirmed that there need be nothing ungraceful in it. A new attitude, arrived at by merely keeping the "off" foot in the rear, was found to remove the chief objections to this edge; and skaters of the first rank are now seen bravely careering along upon it, perpetrating without fear and without reproach that which twenty years ago would have been deemed an unpardonable heresy. Many of the other changes which have most enriched the modern art are indirect results of this revolution in taste. The "Q's" have by reason of it attained an immense accession of

strength. The "serpentines" have benefited still more. Thus "continuous" 8's on the forward edge were formerly unorthodox, since one-half of the figure must needs be done on the inside edge. They are now quite orthodox, and have become a necessary qualification for the good skater. Some other innovations are of much more doubtful merit, and more especially the introduction of two-foot figures, adopted from the American school. The best English masters continue to speak with disapproval of them; but their practice is found occasionally to accord little with their preaching; and the "grape-vine" and other Yankee abominations may be seen forcing their way into the very sanctuary of high-class skating in the Toxophilite grounds.

English skating retains still, however, its wholly distinctive marks, which continue to be regarded, and probably with good reason, as peculiar excellences. Chief among them is to be mentioned the unbent knee—first and most rigidly exacted essential of a good English figure-skater. Almost all the best Transatlantic skaters offend against this rule, which, indeed, they contemptuously ignore; but our own traditions, and, we may add, our own ideas of what is graceful, are as unbending in this matter as the joint in question is expected to be. Another rigorous principle is the exclusion of small circles and narrow curves. Foreign skaters probably see little to admire in the wide, sweeping strokes prescribed by our clubs. And possibly where "pace" is no object, and "time" has not to be regarded, there may be no great merit in them. But for the purpose of concerted figures, in which these two things are of vital moment, those rather grandiose movements, instinct with what our clubmen regard as the poetry of motion, are not only the most useful, but quite indispensable. It is in this matter of combined or concerted figures, after all, that our country claims to hold undeniably first rank. There are not, indeed, wanting those who, even here, regard them as silly and worthless. But such is not the view which we believe will ever prevail. Those men who own them will be found almost invariably to be wanting either in physical strength and condition, or else devoid of that notion of harmony required for the success of such figures. It is more rational to believe that exercises which require so extraordinary an amount of *esprit de corps*, and try so severely the individual judgment of pace and time, will always carry off the palm in England, just as cricket is always likely to be more popular than racquets, and an eight-oared match than a sculling race. In order to understand what is meant by a concerted figure, in the truest sense of the word, it is necessary to imagine eight first-rate skaters standing at the corners of a large octagon. A. and B., who stand facing north and south, open the ball by crossing one another closely in the centre of this space, and skating outwards in the first stroke of a complicated movement which is to bring them back face to face with one another. A., who started in a north-west direction, will return to the centre facing to the south-west; B., who started towards the south-east, will return facing north-east. But, meanwhile, immediately after they have passed the centre, C. and D., who stood facing east and west, will have likewise started on their corresponding course, and close after them will come E. and F., who stood facing north-west and south-east, followed lastly by G. and H., who faced the other two points of the compass. Now each and all of these pairs as they swing round the large outer circle—now on one edge, now on another; now backwards, and now forwards—are bound to keep exactly opposite one another, and to make each change of movement exactly at the same instant. As the whole set of movements comes to an end, in rush the several pairs to the common centre again, passing one another shoulder to shoulder as they start on the other foot to execute the reverse movement. Let us consider for a moment what all this implies. It is not so much the actual difficulty of the individual figure described on the ice which tests the skater's skill, as the power of so timing his twists and turns that all shall go harmoniously together, and that he shall at the supreme moment find himself exactly where he should be, prepared to cross his partner without the mistake of a fraction of a yard or a fraction of a second. As the men converge together they must avoid chances of collision which look to the spectator inevitable. As they shoot out again, like balls discharged by a catapult, they have to steer equally clear of those who are coming in. The slightest miscalculation or mistake either of head or limb will bring the whole set to grief and make an ignominious example of the offender. Estimate the influence of this fear always impending over the head of each performer, with the consciousness that a "gallery" of critics has its eyes fixed upon him, and you have a fair idea of the excitement which attends such a performance. But then there must be added to this the unavoidable "exaltation of nerves" caused by the rapid motion as each difficult turn is made, the sounding ring of the ice as the eight men swing quickly along, the tension of muscles, the consciousness of success as the figure speeds on with increasing force, and in fine the general dash and "go" of the whole performance. With all these elements of excitement to stir the blood and animate the frame, English skaters may be pardoned for thinking that there is no exercise so enjoyable as a well-skated Club figure.

The headquarters of artistic skating in England are still at the rink of the "Skating Club," which amongst its 150 regular subscribers and a few ladies and other honorary members includes the pick of the national talent, both old and young. It must, however, be acknowledged that both the new Oxford Club—a worthy successor of its defunct predecessor founded in 1838—the Wimbledon, Crystal Palace, and some other clubs, make vigorous and meritorious efforts to rival the success of the older institution. It is said, and on the faith of certain documentary evidence too, that one at least of these younger clubs has heretical tendencies, and allows its men when skating in a set figure to vary the rule by which each pair is kept to its own bearings in the circle—that is to say, that a man who started facing north may find himself as he begins a fresh evolution facing diagonally east or west. But, as long as the divergence from "club rules" is no greater than this, there is no great fear of schismatic teachings; and, as a rule, the local societies maintain strictly enough the sacred traditions of the insular school. It is perhaps necessary to mention a movement which during the last three years has attracted to itself the notice of figure-skaters. An Association, *soi-disant* National, has been started with the avowed object of testing and certifying the relative excellence of different performers. It has offered "badges" of various grades to be worn by those who succeeded in displaying various degrees of proficiency. The wearing of these decorations does not at first strike one as a very happy or very "English" way of proclaiming a man's own capabilities, which would, as one might suppose, best appear by his actual performances on the ice. But the practice, if adopted, will be, at the worst, a harmless vanity; and if the Association can raise funds sufficient to pay for the badges and for the umpires to award them, no one will grudge it the satisfaction which it may enjoy or impart to the recipients of such honours. The example of some other sports would, however, seem to teach us that any attempt at more active competition for prizes in this department of skating would not tend to the credit or advantage of an exercise which has hitherto been essentially and purely of an "amateur" character.

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON INSPIRATION.

IT is almost a truism to say that the question of the inspiration and interpretation of Scripture—for the two are of course closely connected—holds a prominent, if not the most prominent, place among the controversies of the day, as well between different schools of religious thinkers as between Christians and unbelievers. The question indeed is not by any means a new one, though the rapid advance of physical and what may be called critical science during the last half-century has given it a fresh impulse and direction, and is no doubt regarded with exultation by many sceptics and with sincere alarm by many devout believers as having fatally or all but fatally discredited the evidences of Revelation. Not to speak however of the early apologists against Paganism or of Origen's allegorical scheme of hermeneutics, from the fourth century at least the scriptural difficulty came into dispute between Catholic and heretical writers, as may be seen from St. Augustine's treatises in defence of Genesis against the Manicheans; and it is noteworthy that he insists on a spiritual sense which accompanies, and may sometimes supersede the literal meaning. Nor was the Church of that age so imprudent as to commit herself to such theories as were propounded by the ingenious monk Cosmas Indicopleustes in the sixth century, whose *Topographia Christiana* rejects among other things the existence of the Antipodes as an unscriptural and unchristian error; and when two centuries later the Irish priest Virgilius asserted it, Pope Zachary—wiser than his successors in Galileo's time—refrained from condemning him though he was denounced by St. Boniface, and he became Bishop of Salsburg and was canonized. In the seventeenth century a French Protestant writer, La Peyrère, endeavoured to solve Old Testament difficulties by isolating Biblical history and maintaining that Adam was the father not of the human race but of the Jews only, while the rest of mankind lay outside the sphere of revelation, and he also denied the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, and in various ways restricted, without at all intending to repudiate, the miraculous element in Scripture. It was the scarcely disguised purpose of the later German school, of which Lessing and Kant may be called leaders, rather to wrest the Bible into conformity with views independently acquired than to ascertain the original meaning. Lessing expressly tells us that no doctrine should be accepted as scriptural which is not in harmony with "reason," by which he must be taken to understand the general scope and tendency of modern thought, and Kant's language is still more rationalistic. In our own day however, as was implied just now, the controversy has assumed larger proportions, and it concerns equally, if not in precisely the same way, all sections of Christians. When Chillingworth declared that "the Bible only is the religion of Protestants," he meant that they would accept no doctrines they did not hold to be contained in the Bible, but he knew that Roman Catholics also profess to find their doctrines there, and that, if the inspiration of Scripture were denied, it would be very hard indeed for the Church of Rome to make good her teaching or her claim to teach. In some ways, as will presently appear, the difficulty may even be thought to press more heavily on Rome than on Protestantism. Be that as it may, the question is one of common interest, for, apart from some subordinate details about apocryphal books and the like, the ordinary belief of what are called orthodox Protestants about inspiration does not very materially differ from that of Roman Catholics. Both alike therefore may be expected to turn with interest to a paper on the subject from the pen of the greatest living Roman Catholic divine, Cardinal Newman, just published in the *Nineteenth Century*, the more so as it is, we believe, the first serious attempt in our own day to grapple with

the question by any representative of that communion. A short paper of Cardinal Newman's about it written for private use was printed two years ago with his permission at the end of an article of Mr. Regan Paul's in the *Century*, but it only dealt, very briefly and partially, with certain points on which his opinion had been asked. In the present essay he discusses the general bearings of the question as a whole with his accustomed clearness and precision, though there remain some points, by no means unimportant, on which we are left in doubt as to his judgment. When we bear in mind the subtlety of intellect and marvellous mastery of language characteristic of the essayist, we shall best do justice to his treatment of the subject by expounding it, as far as possible, in his own words. It may further be due to him to add that he ends by "unreservedly submitting what he has written to the judgment of the Holy See, being more anxious that the question should be satisfactorily answered than that" his "own answer should prove to be in every respect the right one." We may take it however as tolerably certain that the perfect soundness of his theology will not be called in question by the authorities of his Church.

The Cardinal, as is his wont, goes at once to the root of the matter—by explaining that the alleged difficulty he sets himself to examine is that "we Catholics demand of our converts an assent to views and interpretations of Scripture which modern science and historical research have utterly discredited"; and he refers especially to the charge formulated in M. Renan's recently published *Souvenirs* that "the Roman Catholic Church insists on its members believing a great deal more in pure criticism and pure history than the strictest Protestants exact from their pupils or flocks," so that a convert to Rome "will find the little finger of the Catholic Church thicker than the loins of Protestantism." The question therefore is on what does the Church "insist," or in other words, what does she oblige her members to believe on pain of forfeiting communion with her? The general answer is that the Church thus enforces only "the matters contained in that Revelation of Truth, written or unwritten, which came into the world from our Lord and His Apostles," and which Councils or Popes speaking *ex cathedrâ* have declared to be such. This does not include particular opinions about the authorship or date of this or that book, or inferences drawn even by high authorities like St. Jerome or St. Augustine or St. Thomas. To this a proviso is added that sometimes a new opinion may be so startling and unsettling to ordinary minds, although it may prove in the end to be true, that "there is a duty of silence when there is no obligation of belief." That is quite an intelligible view in itself, but how far it will serve historically to explain the decrees of the Holy See in "Galileo's case"—to which the Cardinal applies it—is another question, far too wide for parenthetical discussion and on which, as it does not directly affect the present argument, we need not enter here. To proceed to what is obligatory and *de fide*, we are told that there are two such dogmas, one concerning the authority of Scripture, the other its interpretation; as to the first, "we hold it to be, in all matters of faith and morals, divinely inspired throughout; as to its interpretation, we hold that the Church is, in faith and morals, the one infallible expounder of that inspired text." The Council of Trent enumerates the Canonical books, the Vatican Council adds, under anathema, that "the entire books, with all their parts, are divinely inspired." And whereas the Florentine Council declared that God is "unus et idem *utriusque Testamenti* Auctor," the Vatican more explicitly defines that the separate *libri* of each Testament "Deum habent Auctorem." But here it must be remembered that the Latin *Auctor* is not equivalent to the English "Author"; its proper sense is "originator," "inventor," "founder," "primary cause." And now follows the very important question "in *what respect* are the Canonical books inspired?" We give the answer in the Cardinal's words:—

> It cannot be in every respect, unless we are bound *de fide* to believe that "terra in æternum stat," and that heaven is above us, and that there are no antipodes. And it seems unworthy of Divine Greatness, that the Almighty should in His revelation of Himself to us undertake mere secular duties, and assume the office of a narrator, as such, or an historian, or geographer, except so far as the secular matters bear directly upon the revealed truth. The Councils of Trent and the Vatican fulfil this anticipation; they tell us distinctly the object and the promise of Scripture inspiration. They specify "faith and moral conduct" as the drift of that teaching which has the guarantee of inspiration. . . .
>
> But while the Councils, as has been shown, lay down so emphatically the inspiration of Scripture in respect to "faith and morals," it is remarkable that they do not say a word directly as to its inspiration in matters of fact. Yet are we therefore to conclude that the record of facts in Scripture does not come under the guarantee of its inspiration? we are not so to conclude, and for this plain reason:—the sacred narrative, carried on through so many ages, what is it but the very matter for our faith and rule of our obedience? what but that narrative itself is the supernatural teaching, in order to which inspiration is given? What is the whole history, traced out in Scripture from Genesis to Esdras and thence on to the end of the Acts of the Apostles, but a manifestation of Divine Providence, on the one hand interpretative, on a large scale and with analogical applications, of universal history, and on the other preparatory, typical and predictive, of the Evangelical Dispensation?

The Bible views facts in a way in which no Greek or Latin historian, or modern writer, such as Niebuhr, Ewald, Grote, or Michelet, can view them. In this sense "it has God for its Author, even though the finger of God traced no words but the Decalogue," and thus "Scripture is inspired in all its parts which *bear on faith*, including matters of fact"; miracles, we are bidden to note, are "doctrinal facts." The writer goes on to infer from the "multiform and copious" contents of the inspired record, as distinct from a code, or a hymn, or a creed, the necessity of "a formal judge and standing expositor of its words," that is of an infallible teaching Church, as well on *à priori* grounds as from the experience of the last three centuries. "How are private readers satisfactorily to distinguish what is didactic and what is historical, what is fact and what is vision, what is allegorical and what is literal, what is idiomatic and what is grammatical, what is enunciated formally and what occurs *obiter*, what is only of temporary and what is of lasting obligation?" The Church accordingly is the one and sole divinely guided interpreter of Scripture, but from this again it follows that "till the Infallible Authority formally interprets a passage, there is nothing heretical in advocating a contrary interpretation"—with one proviso however, which illustrates that deep reverence for patristic authority Dr. Newman has consistently exhibited alike in his earlier and his later career. A certain interpretation of a doctrinal text may be so strongly supported by the unanimous consent of the Fathers as to be "virtually or practically as dogmatic as if it were a formal judgment" of the Church, for, "though the Fathers were not inspired, yet their united testimony is of supreme authority." The general result then is that the Roman Catholic scholar is bound "never to forget that he is handling the Word of God, which, by reason of the difficulty of always drawing the line between what is human and what is divine, cannot be put on the level of other books, as is now the fashion to do, but has the nature of a Sacrament, which is outward and inward, and a channel of supernatural grace." This is of course to allow that there is in Scripture a human as well as a Divine element, though it is often difficult to distinguish them.

The essayist proceeds to apply and illustrate in detail the broad principles he has laid down. It is sometimes asked whether the books or the writers are inspired, and the true answer is, both; "the books are inspired because the writers were inspired to write them," and hence it is natural enough that there should often be "a double sense" in the text, literal and spiritual, nor is it at all necessary to assume that the writer was always conscious of the spiritual meaning, or even conscious of his own inspiration. Some prophets did, and others did not, understand the higher and divine sense of their own words. When David composed under inspiration the *Miserere* (Psalm 51) he may have had no further thought than "that he was personally asking forgiveness and spiritual help." We can hardly suppose the author of Ecclesiasticus would apologize for his style or the author of the Second Book of Maccabees for the imperfection of his matter, if they knew themselves to be inspired. It follows again from the recognition of human agency in the matter that an inspired book may be composed, wholly or in part, of "outlying materials" collected from uninspired sources, as the second book of Maccabees is professedly an abridgment of the five books compiled by Jason of Cyrene, and St. Luke tells us that he made careful inquiry of others before beginning to write his Gospel; and "Moses may have incorporated in his manuscript as much from foreign documents as is generally maintained by the critical school." But still the books as we have them, from whatever sources derived, "have passed through the minds and from the fingers of inspired penmen," and that is enough. A book may be accepted as inspired, though not a word of it is an original document, which according to a learned writer in Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible* (Dr. Westcott) is the case with the first book of Esdras. So again "the Chaldee and Greek portions of the book of Daniel" (which appear under different names in the Anglican Apocrypha) may be written by penmen inspired in matters of faith and morals, though not by Daniel, and the Psalter has notoriously many authors besides David, whence the Council of Trent purposely calls it *Psalterium Davidicum*, not *Davidis*; all that is wanted in such cases is "an inspired Editor."

And so again, whether or not the last verses of St. Mark's, and two portions of St. John's Gospel, belong to those Evangelists respectively, matters not as regards their inspiration; for the Church has recognized them as portions of that sacred narrative which precedes or embraces them.

Nor does it matter, whether one or two Isaiahs wrote the book which bears that Prophet's name; the Church, without settling this point, pronounces it inspired in respect of faith and morals, both Isaiahs being inspired, and, if this be assured to us, all other questions are irrelevant and unnecessary.

Nor do the Councils forbid our holding that there are interpolations or additions in the sacred text, say, the last chapter of the Pentateuch, provided they are held to come from an inspired penman, such as Esdras, and are thereby authoritative in faith and morals.

From what has been last said it follows, that the titles of the Canonical books, and their ascription to definite authors, either do not come under their inspiration, or need not be accepted literally.

It is no matter of faith that the Epistle to the Hebrews was written by St. Paul, or Wisdom or Ecclesiasticus or Ecclesiastes by Solomon.

All this is clear enough so far and sufficiently meets certain plausible objections, but we are left in doubt as to whether—apart from all disputes about date or authorship, which are put aside as irrelevant—it is necessary to accept as canonical and inspired, in spite of all critical difficulties, whatever is contained in the received text, say of the Vulgate. Cardinal Newman implies that the disputed passages in the Gospels of St. Mark and St. John—which have in fact a vast, if not preponderating, weight of critical authority in favour—must be accepted as such; but would he say the same *e.g.* of the famous passage about the Three heavenly Witnesses, which the general verdict of modern criticism—we are of course aware that there are still

respectable authorities on the other side—rejects as spurious? And where would he draw the line? What place in short may be legitimately assigned to criticism in fixing the sacred text? He speaks of "the multitude of various manuscript readings" as a matter still *sub judice*; but if it is permissible to discuss the relative claims of various readings, it seems to follow that the claim of disputed passages to a place in the inspired text must also be open to critical discussion. Or does he hold this to be excluded by a rigid interpretation of the *integri libri cum omnibus suis partibus* of the Tridentine and Vatican decrees—a phrase pretty certainly devised to secure the canonical authority of what Protestants had consigned to the Apocrypha? It would be difficult to reconcile such a view with the numerous recensions of the text of the Vulgate itself, involving several thousand alterations, which have taken place since the Council of Trent under papal sanction. The point is at all events one on which the essayist leaves his readers in doubt. On another point he is more explicit; there are "*obiter dicta*" in Scripture about matters of fact, which do not come within the sphere of its inspiration, "since they can otherwise be perfectly well known," and thus it is not matter of faith that Nebuchadnezzar was King of Nineveh, as stated in the book of Judith, or that Tobias's dog wagged its tail. Our aim throughout has been rather to exhibit Cardinal Newman's treatment of this grave question than to criticize it, and we should be precluded by limitations of space, if by no other reason, from discussing it on its merits here. It will be observed however that his theory of scriptural inspiration allows considerable latitude in handling such portions of the text as do not concern "faith and morals"; its application to the scientific and historical difficulties urged in our own day, *e.g.* as to the creation or fall of man, would largely depend in each case on where the line is drawn between mere fact and fact held to have a doctrinal significance.

MANON.

M. MASSENET has had the good luck to be most ably seconded by his librettists in his latest production, and we are not far from believing that he has found in the joint work of MM. Meilhac and Philippe Gille one of the most remarkable operatic poems which has hitherto been put before the public. The idea of seeking for a subject for the lyric stage in Manon Lescaut is by no means a new one; and, until the present time, it has never been so successfully dealt with. It has naturally been found necessary to make many and important changes in the story in order to fit it for its present purpose; but these alterations have been made with rare skill, and we must add that the essence of the original has been preserved to a remarkable degree. M. Massenet has on his side done his utmost to put himself in sympathy with the personages and the epoch of which he treats; but we find in him an unfortunate resemblance to Mr. Dick in *David Copperfield*, King Charles's head in this case being represented by *Le roi de Lahore*. In the overture, in which we are introduced to the principal motives on which the opera is built, and in which M. Massenet shows, we think, a distinct advance in knowledge of orchestration, we find ourselves face to face with the gravest defect that is to be met with in his score—a very fatiguing alternation between the piano and the forte, the change being almost invariably brusque, and the effect produced being, as far as we can ascertain, wholly uncalled for by the dramatic action of the opera. The curtain rises on the inn-yard at Amiens; the coach arrives, and a crowd gathers to see the travellers. In the chorus which follows M. Massenet has gone far towards spoiling a very effective piece of writing by his undiscriminating use of the cymbals—a fault from which few modern French composers are free. But before giving any analysis of this work, it may be worth while to give some short account of the story of *Manon*, which is, as we have already said, somewhat different from the novel in which the librettists have sought their inspiration. When we first meet Manon at the inn at Amiens she is under the protection of Lescaut, who, in the hands of MM. Meilhac and Gille, becomes her cousin, instead of being her brother, as in the original story. At the inn she meets De Brétigny, De Morfontaine, and Des Grieux, with whom she escapes to Paris. In Paris Manon, tempted by De Brétigny's great fortune, connives at the violent arrest of Des Grieux by his father's agents; but, on hearing that her former lover has entered the church, her passion for him revives, and she succeeds in luring him back to her. We afterwards find them together at the "Hôtel de Transylvanie," where she persuades him to play, while Lescaut presents him with cards which have been "packed" without his knowledge. He plays with De Morfontaine, and the fraud is detected. Manon and Des Grieux are arrested. In the last act Manon dies in his arms on the road to Havre at the moment when he has succeeded in liberating her, owing to the timely bribing of the soldiers under whose charge she was to have been transported. Every scene is skilfully arranged, and the libretto throughout displays those rarest of qualities in such compositions—thoroughly well-written verse and great simplicity of language.

To return to the music. M. Massenet has evidently started with the intention of setting aside the machinery of Italian opera, with its duets and trios and other conventionalities; but he has by no means succeeded, and these old friends are continually starting up in the score of *Manon*, with the thinnest attempts at putting on new faces which could well be imagined. The practice to which he has resorted of accompanying spoken dialogue by the orchestra, which has been referred to in some quarters as being an innovation, has been employed before—notably by Mozart in *Zaïde*. It is in some of these passages that M. Massenet has, to our thinking, obtained his happiest effects. In the first act, Manon's air—

Ah! mon cousin, excusez-moi;
Je suis encore tout étourdie—

which follows her throughout the opera, calls for special praise; it is very charming, and thoroughly in character. Lescaut's reply to it is somewhat heavy, and in one passage suggests a comparison with Offenbach, which is not wholly to M. Massenet's advantage. The scene which follows between Manon and Des Grieux is fresh and original; although the accompaniment, in which the bassoons predominate, is rather noisy, and perhaps unnecessarily complicated. At the end of this scene they start for Paris in De Morfontaine's carriage, which has been previously put at Manon's disposition. In the next scene, in which Lescaut falls upon De Morfontaine, who is ridiculed by the crowd, there is nothing which calls for special notice. The following act takes place in Paris; and, although much of the music it contains reminds one far too much of *Le roi de Lahore*, it is here that we find one of the most striking numbers in the opera. The occasion for the introduction of this delicate melody is furnished by Manon's reading of the letter Des Grieux has just written to his father—

On l'appelle Manon; elle eut hier seize ans.

The accompaniment for horns and harps is admirable, and the development of the motive throughout the scene displays M. Massenet's talent in the most favourable light. The entry of Lescaut and De Brétigny is, however, less happy; and we remark generally throughout his latest work that M. Massenet's attempts at violent contrast are apt to be heavy and weak. Manon's song, "Adieu, notre petite table," is a feeble piece of sentimentality, of which the disagreeable effect is enhanced by an irritatingly commonplace violin accompaniment. The scene which follows, at the end of which Des Grieux is carried off, is not wanting in dramatic force; and we must pause to dwell upon the admirable skill with which throughout the act the writers of the libretto have avoided representing Manon in an odious light. She is made to appear under the influence of an irresistible impulse, which is, for the moment, stronger than her love for Des Grieux.

The third act takes place at Cours la Reine, where a "fête populaire" is taking place. The prelude is largely written; but in the chorus which follows King Charles's head—we should have said *Le roi de Lahore*—becomes painfully evident again. Manon, on her entry, sings a bravura, "Je marche sur tous les chemins," ending on a high D, which is, from beginning to end, suggestive of an air composed for a musical-box, and which is, moreover, thoroughly out of character with the rest of the score. The dialogue which follows between Manon and Des Grieux's father is thoroughly well arranged; and, although the orchestration does not offer any striking originality, it is not the less very effective. It is in this interview that Manon learns that Des Grieux is at St.-Sulpice. The minuet which is danced in this act has been completely ruined by M. Massenet's unaccountable overlaying of the score with brass and cymbals—one of the most intolerable manifestations of false taste of which he has ever been guilty. In the fourth act the scene is laid in the "parloir" of St.-Sulpice. The act opens with an elaborately written chorus, which seems designed to show off M. Massenet's powers as a contrapuntist, and which severely tries the chorus, who do not come out of the ordeal as well as they might. The chorus is followed by a scene between Des Grieux and his father, which is a miracle of wearisomeness, and to this succeeds one of the "clous" of the opera—the scene in which Manon wins her lover back. The situation is admirably worked up to; but it seems to us that M. Massenet has thrown away his opportunity. The duet between Des Grieux and Manon, in spite of the dexterity with which it is written, leaves one cold, and it must be added that the scoring throughout the scene is terribly monotonous. We have noise and vehemence enough, in all conscience, but of real passion not a note. As in all other work of M. Massenet's with which we have become acquainted, we feel the presence of a remarkable talent, polished by careful application, but we find no hint of true emotion or inspiration.

In the fifth act, in which we come to the Hôtel Transylvanie, the abuse of the brass and the instruments of percussion becomes intolerable, the cymbals are hardly quiet for an instant, and the scoring throughout the earlier portion of this act seems to us to be a hopelessly vulgar imitation of Berlioz at his worst. Lescaut's song, "C'est ici que celle que j'aime," has, however, a certain character of its own, and seems to us, despite the great success obtained by a waltz sung by Manon and her friends, to be the only number in this act which calls for any approbation. De Morfontaine detects the fraud of which Des Grieux has been unconsciously guilty, and rushes out vowing vengeance. Shortly afterwards a knocking is heard at the door—the gamblers attempt to fly in all directions, and the Count des Grieux enters accompanied by guards and an officer of the law. The curtain falls on the arrest of Des Grieux and Manon. In the following and final scene M. Massenet has completely failed to grasp the opportunities provided for him by MM. Meilhac and Gille. The scoring throughout this scene is exasperatingly commonplace. In this scene we find Des Grieux and Lescaut together watching for an opportunity to deliver Manon

from her escort. The occasion soon presents itself, and Des Grieux and Manon are left alone on the stage. Here we have further reminiscences of *Le roi de Lahore*, and, after a sufficiently wearisome duet has been sung, Manon dies and the opera comes to an end. It will have been seen from this account that *Manon* is a work of very unequal merit containing many striking numbers; but all M. Massenet's dexterity and elaborate juggling with the motives he has assembled together cannot save him from the charge of monotony, and we may add that he appears to us to have yet much to learn as to the use of brass instruments in the orchestra. Considered as a *spectacle*, *Manon* must be looked upon as one of the greatest successes of the last few years. From beginning to end the mounting of the piece and the grouping of the costumes is well-nigh perfect. Neither can M. Massenet find any fault with the interpretation of his latest work. Mme. Heilbron is a perfect Manon; her acting is not far from being as good as her singing. We may select her treatment of the difficult second act as being especially admirable. It would be difficult to praise M. Talazac's interpretation of the part of Des Grieux too highly; he has made astonishing progress in his art in the course of the last few months, and the faults of style which were observable when he created "Gerald" in *Taklano* have completely disappeared. He no longer forces his voice or resorts to the tricks which are so unfortunately prevalent on the French operatic stage. His acting is passionate and natural, and his performance throughout the opera seems to us to give promise of the highest kind for the future. M. Taskin is excellent as Lescaut, and sings and acts with admirable *entrain*. The performance of the orchestra is remarkable, and would attain to a very high order of merit but for the fact that it occasionally plays too loud. Altogether we have never seen any work so thoroughly well executed and put on the stage at the Opéra-Comique, and we can only regret that the admirable talent displayed on the part of all those concerned in the success of *Manon* should not have been devoted to a finer work.

THE COMPANY OF AUTHORS.

A "PRELIMINARY Prospectus" announces the formation of a Society of literary men under the style and title of The Company of Authors. Its aims and objects, as set forth in the Prospectus, stripped of all but the essentials, appear to be fourfold. Thus, the question of International Copyright is placed in the front, and the Company pledge themselves to take action—but of what kind we learn nothing. The only line of action which seems likely to be effective, after so many abortive attempts, is to awaken the whole American people as a body to a sense of the national iniquity in continuing to permit the piracy and robbery of English writers; but in order to effect this object, there will be needed something more effective than the occasional cry of indignation and wrath which from time to time escapes from an injured author. On this point we await further information, and shall be glad to hear what the Company propose to attempt. The second of their objects is the promotion of a Bill for the Registration of Titles. The present position of things, especially for novelists and poets, has grown intolerable; the search after a good title which has never yet been used becomes daily more difficult; all the short proverbs in the language are used up, all the better known poetic phrases have served in their turn; and an incredible number of names have been invented and combined. If registration were made compulsory in order to secure a title, there are so many thousands of titles in which it would be mere waste of time and trouble to maintain any right that an immense relief would be immediately felt. The grievance is really greater than it seems because, rightly or wrongly, the tribe of novelists attach so much importance to the title.

The next point is the position of the Company towards publishers. This, we are pleased to observe, is by no means one of hostility, but quite the reverse. The prospectus insists that the interests of authors and publishers are identical, and points out that the author is, in many cases, to blame in any disputes which may arise between himself and his publisher; and this from sheer ignorance of everything connected with the trade of publishing. It is devoutly to be hoped that the efforts of the Company to "maintain friendly relations" between author and publisher may be appreciated on both sides. Lastly, the Association will advise and assist the inexperienced writer in many useful ways. The Company is not apparently intended for trading purposes at all, and does not propose to establish itself as a publishing house. The prospectus, in fact, points to an experiment which is entirely new in the history of literature—the combination of authors for the advancement and protection of their own interests. We shall watch its development and progress with considerable interest.

TRAPPED HARE COURSING.

LAST week a yelling mob of men took possession of Kempton Park, and the roads and railway stations between London and the little village were infested by the most unpleasant set of human creatures that the world has to show. About three ladies on the average attended each day, and the rest of the company was made up of the loud-mouthed, loudly-dressed persons who never come to the surface of our society except when they are shaken up from their natural haunts by the petty convulsion of a race-meeting. Many people imagine that the grotesque horror of certain faces drawn by Hogarth is exaggerated and unreal; those people should see a Kempton crowd when the men are thrown off their guard by excitement. Any spectacle so cruel, so sordid, so vulgar, would be hard to find. The Kempton Park Company give five hundred pounds of added money to a sixty-four dog stake, and the winner receives a thousand pounds, so that some of the finest greyhounds in the country have been brought out and enormous sums have changed hands during the week. Ever since last September hares have been collected from the Wiltshire Downs and Norfolk, and turned down in batches at different points of the Park. The arrangements made to ensure the comfort of the little creatures are so complete that any right-thinking hare should be grateful. Bushy shelters are provided, oats are laid down in great quantities, constant silence is ensured, and well-trained keepers strike terror into poachers. The hares have a wide range of ground, and they often grow stout and strong. But there comes a day when all this secluded luxury must be paid for at a heavy price. The keepers drive the hares in flocks from the open ground, and pen them up in an enclosure where some hundreds of tiny bowers made of furze offer shelter. When a hare is wanted, one of the attendants creeps among the covers and drives her gently towards a wicket; a silent and watchful keeper lifts a swinging trap-door and lets it fall, and the hare is bound on her perilous journey. She runs down a narrow lane which measures about a quarter of a mile in length, and takes matters generally in a very unconcerned way until she reaches the open end of the lane; then she strikes out on to a broad expanse of grass land, and sees that there is not a scrap of cover for half a mile or more. The slipper is crouched behind some low shrubs at the end of the long narrow path, and the hare cannot see her enemies as she goes past toward her distant refuge. The dogs catch sight of her as she shoots past their ambush, and puss soon knows that her life depends on her speed of foot. The dogs plunge at their collars and go straining forward for a few yards; then comes the splendid rush of the fierce, serpentine beasts; then one of the greyhounds draws ahead by imperceptible degrees, and there is a loud crash of exulting profanity from the crowd as the hare makes her arrowy swerve; then roar upon roar as turns and wrenches follow each other in quick succession; and last of all a deafening howl if the hare is snapped up or if she shoots under the line of hurdles.

When once puss has passed the curtain of furze no greyhound can catch her, for she runs through close shrubs which unsight the dogs, and then she has her choice of a hundred little holes by which she may creep into a large plantation. After she has got over her terror the full range of the Park is open to her, and she may have all the delights of oats and police protection until her turn comes to make once more that wild journey from cover to cover. The hares at Kempton have been lovingly termed "demons" by idiomatic writers for the sporting press, and indeed the poor things have run desperately all the week. The whole of the stock kept in the Park seem to be powerful and healthy, and the finest greyhounds in training were beaten again and again after courses that lasted longer by far than the average trials at Altcar. Naturalists say that the hares on the Downs have, by the action of natural selection, grown larger and stronger during the last two score years, and there would really seem to be some truth in the saying. The dogs called London and Nancy Macpherson—both cracks in their way—were nearly beaten to a standstill by a very vigorous hare which took them all over the ground and got through the hurdles with a lead of twelve yards. Even such amazingly swift animals as Hotspur and Ballangeich were baffled, so it is quite evident that the game in the Park is well looked after. But there is something cold-blooded about the very care which is bestowed on fitting the hares to run for their lives. To the imaginative observer every course carries unpleasant suggestions of an execution. The stealthy movements of the keepers, the grim coolness of the slipper, the terrified rush of the creature which finds that its doom has all but come, the cruel yells of the crowd—all these things remind an outsider in a whimsically horrible way of the scenes that used to take place long ago beside the Old Bailey. It may of course be said that the hare really gains by being trapped and brought to Kempton. If she remained on the Downs she would be pestered by deadly lurchers that would chase her for a mile at a stretch; the shepherds' dogs would steal on her unawares; the stoats would break her heart with fear as they began their slow, staunch chase; and the foxes, those inventive fiends, would hunt her with new devices. When she is put down in the Park she is secure of weeks, perhaps months, of calm and plenty. No poacher dare molest her, no sudden noises alarm her, and she feeds on good oats and carrots to her heart's content. She pays for her board and lodging by enduring ten minutes of agony for the amusement of betting men; and certain robust reasoners argue that the bargain between puss and the Kempton Park directors is a fair one as things go. A humorist might ask whether any director would accept a long course of Richmond dinners if he had to pay for them by running for a quarter of a mile in front of a brace of active and uncompromising boarhounds; but this question would rightly be deemed flippant.

The real truth of the matter is that trapped hare coursing is only kept up for the benefit of a rather vile class of men, who care for none of the healthy excitement of sport. Fat and bloated fellows who could not walk a mile over a fallow can easily stand in an enclosure and make wagers; they care for nothing else, and they

do nothing else. Of the thousands who go to Kempton, not one per cent. abstain from betting; and a couple of days spent in the grounds will give any decent person an appalling idea of the demoralization wrought by the betting ring. Public-houses all over the country are the outlying ganglia of the villanous system which has its central ganglion at Kempton. To talk about the racing having any effect on improving the breed of dogs is sheer nonsense; neither dogs nor men are improved by the various exhibitions which take place. The dogs are converted into instruments for gambling, and the men do not think about the physical development or the instincts of the brutes; they watch the courses, yell, and consult their betting-books; further than that their interest does not extend. Any man who walks about among the mob in the enclosure will soon learn that the people who carry on the betting might just as well be tossing with halfpennies. They do not know one dog from another, and they pay so little real attention to the racing, and to the action and style of the greyhounds, that they rarely make a good guess as to the winner of a course. An ordinary farmer from the shires, or a pitman who has really seen the true sport of coursing, is very seldom bitten by the greasy capitalists who "make books"; but silly clerks who come down for the day, and who do not know very clearly the difference between a hare and a rabbit, are the betting men's legitimate prey. The foolish lads who stake half a week's wages on a course know, perhaps, as much as the bookmaker about the qualities of the animals which they back; but the bookmaker has capital, and he takes care to secure a margin of profit on every stake. He does not know one dog from another, but he treats them as symbols, and bets upon them just as he would bet upon the entries for the Autumn Handicaps. In short, the bookmaker has no "opinion"; he only has his system; and his income is taken from the pockets of the great silly public who back names, and who do not choose to see that the roaring vulgar fellow who takes their money rarely allows himself to risk any loss, while they must, on the doctrine of chances, lose in the long run. The bookmaker lives in luxury; the people who enable the bookmakers to keep fine houses and fine horses usually come to grief. To watch the faces of the "new hands," and compare them with the coarse assurance, the loud blackguardism of the professional bettors, is melancholy and significant. Lord Beaconsfield called the Turf "that vast institution of national demoralization." He was right at the time when his words were written, but since he died another institution has suddenly sprung up, which is likely to supplant the Turf as a poisonous agent in society. The old fashion of coursing is passing away; our gamblers cannot be content to walk in the free air and see three or four courses to the hour. They want race to follow race swiftly, like the whirling of the ball at roulette; they want to risk their money at close intervals; and thus the beautiful greyhounds are treated like dice, and the "bottled-up" hares can hardly be turned out fast enough to satisfy the feverish excitement of men who degrade sport, and degrade our common race.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY ELECTION.

ON Wednesday evening last the members of the Royal Academy met to elect an Associate in the place of Mr. Frank Holl, the painter, who was promoted last year to be a full Academician. The election was a very hotly contested one, the number of members present being unusually large. On the same day of 1883, on the 30th of January, the members met to perform the same office, and gave the title of A.R.A. to two of the most brilliant and gifted of the young artists of the day—to Mr. Robert Macbeth and to Mr. E. J. Gregory. We wish that we could congratulate them on an equally fortunate choice this year, but Mr. Colin Hunter is very far from being the ideal man for the place. It is no secret that he has stepped in where better men should have preceded him. He is young, and finer artists of an older generation competed with him vainly on Wednesday night.

The Royal Academy has once more had the opportunity of selecting from the ranks of the outsiders a good landscape-painter. It might have secured the services of Mr. A. W. Hunt, or of Mr. Albert Goodwin, of Mr. Henry Moore, or even of Mr. Frank Walton. It has turned aside from these men to present the liberty of the guild to Mr. Colin Hunter. This is a fresh sign that, even within those sacred ranks, the common popular gifts of violent realism, loud, crude colour, and total absence of sentiment are preferred to tenderness, imagination, and style. We do not wish to be severe on the productions of the new A.R.A. His work has at least the merit of individuality. When we see it we know it to be his, and if it is a long time since we have looked upon the sea, and if no better marine paintings are near it, we may even notice it with pleasure. But let a Brett, or a Wyllie, or a Moore approach it, and its knell is sounded. Last year Mr. Colin Hunter was, oddly enough, selected to be one of the British representatives in the International Exhibition in the Rue de Lèze. With Mr. Watts and Mr. Whistler he was allowed to emphasize the versatility of British art for the wonderment of the French nation, which did not appear to greatly appreciate the exaggeration of its own worst mannerism.

We are glad to pass from Mr. Colin Hunter. As he fills up the vacancy caused by the promotion of Mr. Frank Holl, R.A., so the next member elected will fill up the place of Mr. Francis Holl, A.R.A. The distinguished engraver, who died on the 15th ult., would have belonged to the body but one year if he had lived one other day. He was elected in old age, in broken health, after all his work was over. It is said that he never touched the burin after his election. With all respect to this particular artist, we venture to think that his career as an A.R.A., however honourable to himself, reflected but little distinction on the Royal Academy. If the body considered him worthy of membership, it was absurd to delay his election until the honour was practically posthumous. We would express a strong opinion that no man who is past work, no man even whose powers are declining, should be received into the Academy. The act of election should be considered as one which brings duties with it as well as honours. The new member should be, not a decrepit personage who has been unjustly overlooked in the past, but a man in the full vigour of life, ready to take his part in the schools, to lecture, to guide the students, to hold office on the Council.

Another crying reform which is called for in the rules for electing Associates is that of the written or tacit regulation which opens the doors of the Royal Academy to line-engravers and mezzotinters—that is to say, to workers upon steel—and closes them to workers upon wood and copper. We hear much, and yet not too much, about the decline of line-engraving; and yet the hide-bound practice of the Royal Academy closes distinction to all other branches of what the French call *gravure*. Why should a wood-engraver like Mr. J. D. Cooper, or an etcher like Mr. Seymour Haden, feel that membership with the body whom Cousins and Bartolozzi honoured is hopelessly shut out from them?

E. T. W. HOFFMANN.

LES Contes d'Hoffmann, a collection of short tales translated from the German, was better known to the last than to the present generation of general readers. Indeed, we may almost say, as far as England is concerned, that it was hardly known to either generation, for although the French can boast of a respectable translation of the more famous stories, we have had to content ourselves with a version of some half-dozen of them which, with the exception of one that engaged the attention of Mr. Carlyle's indefatigable genius, are all more or less feeble efforts at translation. Thus this singular fact presents itself, that while Hoffmann had achieved a considerable popularity upon the Continent, in England his works were well-nigh unread, and certainly unappreciated. The cause of this, we are inclined to think, was the early publication of his perhaps most ambitious, but certainly weakest and most disagreeable work, *Elixiere des Teufels*. The success which had attended the production of Matthew Gregory Lewis's *Monk* at an earlier date may have misled some over-enthusiastic admirer of Hoffmann to present the insane ravings of Brother Medardus to the English public, with this result, however, that lasting damage has been done to the fame of an author of almost unique imaginative power. It was in his short, vigorous, fantastic pieces, of which he wrote an extraordinary number, and which he collected together under the titles of *Fantasiestücke in Callot's Manier*, *Serapionsbrüder*, and *Nachtstücke*, that Hoffmann was at his best; and we have evidence that he himself set no value on those works which called for more sustained effort, for he never liked the *Elixiere des Teufels*, and never completed *Lebensansichten des Kater Murr* ("Tom Cat Murr's Philosophy of Life"), which, though a masterpiece as far as it goes, we cannot doubt the author felt himself unable to finish. These short pieces, originally written for no other purpose than to replenish a chronically empty purse, are full of most exquisite humour, brilliant wit, and trenchant satire. At times, it is true, he deals in horrors which are rather apt to disgust than attract the reader; but in the tales with which we are at present concerned this fault is scarcely to be detected. There are many persons, doubtless, who will fail to see the beauties and eagerly point out the blemishes of these extraordinary tales; but that is only natural where so many are incapable of appreciating genuine humour and prone to resent anything but commonplace situations in fiction as the greatest of crimes. Our advice to all such is to abstain from an attempt to understand Hoffmann, for certainly he did not write these tales for such readers.

To the due appreciation of Hoffmann's works some account of his life and character would seem necessary, although his life exhibits no particularly romantic situations and is chiefly marked as one of a somewhat Bohemian type, whilst a strong feature in his character is the not uncommon one of a rooted aversion to bores. It was this, in fact, that drove him from the tediousness of the Berlin literary tea-table to the more lively company at the tavern, and finally to his ruin and death. He was born at Königsberg, in Prussia, on the 24th of January, 1776, and was reared under the roof of his maternal grandmother, since, owing to some unfortunate matrimonial misunderstandings, his father deserted his family when our author was only three years old. His early education was undertaken by his uncle Otto, a man little calculated to attract a quick child like the young Hoffmann, for he was a rigid, methodical, and pedantic man. The pupil, however, seems to have suffered but little from such ungenial tutorship; for we find that when he proceeded in due course to the Reformed School he gained the approval of his masters as a boy well grounded in elementary knowledge. As a schoolboy Hoffmann gave decided proof of his love of music and drawing, and, with his uncle for a subject, he made great progress

in the art of caricature, an art which he developed to such perfection that it cost him dearly in after life. To the University of Königsberg was his next step in life, for the purpose of studying law, a profession which was considered as hereditary in his family. While there the young man fell desperately in love with a girl to whom he was giving music-lessons. Her parents, however, objected to the alliance, and he had to solace himself with the thought that his heart was broken. This did not apparently interfere with his studies; for, whatever may be said to his discredit, idleness was not one of his faults, as he passed the necessary examinations with success, and at the age of nineteen entered the profession as Auscultator, a sort of articled clerk. Königsberg, after the love episode, being a somewhat uninteresting place for him, he obtained an appointment under another uncle, who was a lawyer of some standing at Glogau in Silesia. Here he remained for two years, and in the summer of his last year he went to Dresden for a holiday. At Dresden he was induced to gamble, and his success was so great that he was quite horrorstruck, and determined thereafter never to touch a card during his life—a vow which, be it said to his honour, he stedfastly kept. His experience on this occasion and the feelings of horror which seized him are undoubtedly the groundwork of one of his most dramatic pieces, called *Spielerglück*, which he afterwards placed in the Serapionsbruder Collection. When he came back to Berlin in 1798, he passed the "examen rigorosum" with such honours that his examiners recommended him for immediate employment under Government, and finally in 1800 he was appointed Assessor in Posen in Poland. At Posen Hoffmann found himself somewhat lonely at first, as he was to a great extent cut off from the society of the artists who were his friends at Berlin and Glogau, but he set to work assiduously at painting and music, in the latter of which arts it was his particular ambition to shine. The tedium of the humdrum life at Posen, however, began to pall upon him, and, finding his companions and society in general excessively dull, he took to criticizing them in a manner most likely to give offence. No one likes to be satirized, be the satire ever so witty, but to be caricatured under the most ludicrous yet unmistakable aspects, was an offence hardly to be pardoned. Yet Hoffmann, from sheer deviltry, and from a desire for anything which would rouse the society at Posen from its dead level of respectable inanity, persuaded a friend to aid him in perpetrating an outrageous practical joke. His coadjutor appeared disguised as an Italian hawker at a masquerade attended by the *élite* of Posen, and distributed Hoffmann's too evident caricatures to the company assembled, taking care to place them in the hands of those who would be most willing to make use of them. The joke was only too successful, and the consequence was that news of it was sent to Berlin, and, instead of receiving a patent as Rath at Posen, as had been intended, Hoffmann had to content himself with the same position at Plozk, which to him meant exile. At Plozk, however, he found a wife, and in a short time he was transferred to Warsaw. At the Polish capital Hoffmann was in his element. His talents, especially in music, soon gained him many acquaintances, and he here met Hitzig, who became his most intimate friend; in his leisure hours he undertook the superintendence of a musical institution, which he named a Ressource, busying himself with arranging the rooms of an old palace which was hired by some of his admirers, and painting designs for the walls and ceilings thereof. The Ressource was a complete success. Concerts, in which Hoffmann took the leading part, were given, and it seemed to him as if he had reached the zenith of his ambition—a public recognition that he was a master of his best beloved art. The battle of Jena, however, put an end to all this, and by way of a crowning misfortune he was prostrated by a severe attack of fever. When he recovered he found himself in very straitened circumstances, with a wife and children to support, and in despair he hastened to Berlin. His intention was to live by art, but art at that time was at a discount, and he eagerly embraced an offer to become the musical director at the Bamberg Theatre. Here, too, mischance after mischance befell him, and he left his post in disgust. Almost destitute, he determined to write to the editor of the *Musicalische Zeitung*, at Leipsic, enclosing a specimen of those stories which he afterwards collected as "Fantasiestücke in Callot's Manier," and which so delighted Jean Paul Richter that he wrote a preface for the collection. These pieces deal chiefly with music, his special art as he thought, and he little fancied at the time when he wrote them that they would give him a place in literature as a brilliant and singular writer. From this time, however, he was unremitting in his labours, and produced his fascinating stories with incredible swiftness. In 1813 he again attempted to conduct theatrical music at Dresden and Leipzig, and again failed owing to the state of the country and Napoleon's cannons. He never despaired, however, and, though sadly light of purse, he was always light of heart. Having found the pursuit of a livelihood by means of theatrical enterprise, a blank he returned to Berlin, and by the interest of his friends was reinstated in the legal profession as Rath in Berlin. He now devoted himself to writing with that industry which was so characteristic of him, and for seven or eight years produced with comparative ease those marvellous tales which made him in Berlin the wonder of his day. We have already hinted at his partiality for the tavern, and his dislike of the *dilettanti* tea-table. In this, as in everything else, Hoffmann showed a sublime contempt for all conventionality and semblance of respectability. His friends endeavoured without success to allure him from the baleful influence of the wine-house; but the most they could get him to do was to consent to a convivial meeting once a week at his own house, when he read them one of his stories which appeared under the title of "Serapionsbrüder." For some months before his death he was attacked by creeping paralysis, but he would not, even when it reached his hands, forego the pleasure of exercising his marvellous imagination, and on the 24th of June, 1822, he died whilst endeavouring to dictate to his wife the conclusion of his last tale, "Der Feind."

Hitzig's description of Hoffmann is very much such as might be expected. He was a man of diminutive stature, with a sallow complexion and dark, almost black hair, which grew far down his forehead. His eyes were grey, with nothing strange in them while he was quiet, but when excited they would assume an extraordinarily cunning expression and twinkle with mischief. His nose was finely cut and aquiline, his mouth somewhat set. His physique, in spite of his nimbleness, appeared strong, as he had for his size a deep chest and broad shoulders. In fact, he was a mischievous, though not an ill-natured, elf. Vain past belief and of an uncertain temper, he was capable of strong affections and true friendship, and, though naturally shy, was the best of companions when he was not bored. Such was the man whose contemporaries thought it not exaggeration to describe on his gravestone as "ausgezeichnet im Amte als Dichter, als Tonkunstler, als Maler."

Of the individual tales comprised in his three collections, it is difficult to point to any one as excelling the other; but we are inclined to give the first place to "Meister Martin der Küfner und seine Gesellen," a quaint story of Nürnberg life in the middle ages, which for graphic description of old-time manners is equalled by few and surpassed by none. "Der Goldne Topf" is already familiar to English readers in Mr. Carlyle's excellent translation, as well as "Das Fräulein von Scuderi," and others which have also been translated, but which are not now easily to be procured. "Der Sandmann," "Rath Krespel," and "Das Majorat" are amongst the most weird; whilst the exquisite humour of "Signor Formica," an imaginary episode in the life of Salvator Rosa, is of the rarest order. Those in which music takes a large share are such as "Don Juan," "Ritter Gluck," "Die Fermate," &c., and we have already mentioned the powerful tale entitled "Spielerglück." A mere catalogue of these tales would take up too much space, so that it is not possible to do more than indicate the names of those which recur to us as most remarkable. It is much to be regretted that "Tom Cat Murr's Philosophy of Life" was never completed. Hoffmann's names were Ernst Theodor Wilhelm; but the last is suppressed, and Amadeus substituted, in all editions of his works. Some have thought that this arose from his love of Mozart, whose name was Amadeus; but one of his biographers assures us that it happened simply from misprinting A. for W., and that, when it was pointed out to Hoffmann, he refused to alter it, and immediately took the name of Amadeus as a good omen. It may be interesting to note that, when the tales are taken in chronological order, it is found that the wildest and most extravagant are by no means the result of a brain suffering from the effects of excess, but that they were written at a time when he was little given to debauch. The more natural, and, we are bound to say, some of his best, were written, on the contrary, during those sad years when he was accustomed to preside as king of the topers in the Berlin tavern. Perhaps the best proof of the subtle fascination of his stories is the fact that three such men as Richter in Germany, Gautier in France, and Carlyle in England have all testified their enthusiastic approval of them.

It was not as a literary man, however, that Hoffmann desired to be known, but as a musician; and his performances in this branch of art are by no means contemptible. He wrote no less than eleven operas, one of which, *Undine*, was enthusiastically reviewed by Karl Maria von Weber; incidental music for three plays; a ballet; a requiem; two symphonies, and other orchestral and choral pieces. Of his musical views we hope on another occasion to have something to say; but it is sufficient to point out that two of the greatest musicians of the age entertained a high opinion of his musical genius—namely, Karl Maria von Weber, and Ludwig van Beethoven.

SATANELLA.

THE revival of Balfe's *Satanella; or, the Power of Love*, at Covent Garden on Saturday was an interesting event. Produced here in 1858, under the Harrison-Pyne management, its success was almost as great as that of *The Bohemian Girl*, though it did not, like that remarkable work, make the tour of the world. In spite of its popularity, it is very inferior to that cosmopolitan opera and to many others of Balfe's compositions. It is a one-air opera; but its one air, "The Power of Love," proves as fresh and entrancing as ever. The admirable use the composer has made of this air, without in the least exhausting its enthralling power or enfeebling its dramatic significance, is but one proof, among many, of his skill. It is something that it should have survived many years' base servitude to the organ-grinders and retain its old force and witchery. Whatever Balfe's sins against art and taste may be, and they are not slight, there must be something in music of such universal allurement that has escaped the analysis of those who treat of the music of the future. "The Power of Love" is utterly distinct from that large class of melodies that leave the ear titillated and evoke no emotion; its value is far higher and its effect more com-

pensive. It is true that if detached from the opera the collapse of the work would be certain; but this is no more than saying if you withdraw the motive power the machinery would be at a standstill; and though much of the remaining music is trivial or bombastic, it never degrades the central theme with its own weight. The secret of this lies in Balfe's genius, which triumphs over the incredible bathos of his libretto and his own perilous facility. Many of the airs and concerted pieces in *Satanella* are of the most ephemeral value, and one song, "Oh, would she but name the day," is just such a ditty as the serio-comique loves and the music-hall applauds; but mere dulness and that pretentious heaviness which marks the absence of lyrical inspiration were foreign to Balfe's genial spirit and marvellous fecundity.

The libretto is a deranged version of *Le Diable Boiteux* by Messrs. A. Harris and E. Falconer, not without indications of other sources of inspiration. Some of its verses are as defiant of sense and grammar as the famous song "When other lips," which still exercises the ingenuity of commentators. It is not an uninteresting book and very entertaining, being a survival of the wonder-working scribes who imitated Lewis and Maturin with their tales of Gothic times. There are a ruined tower, a Gothic and very facetious knave, a mediæval Panglos who, by precognition, is full of the Eton Latin grammar, a reckless nobleman, a haughty lady, a distressed damsel with a silent sorrow, much necromancy and blue lightning, besides demons and pirates and the indispensable Arimanes. The Count Rupert is detected by his betrothed, Stella, in the act of kissing his foster-sister Lelia, who, though she never tells her love, exercises other blandishments. The offended Stella faces the Count at the gaming-table, and by means of the primitive dice-boxes gains the whole of his possessions save one ruined tower. To this the Count flies with his faithful tutor and servant, and by means of a childish formula, extracted from a book of magic, summons the dread fiend. Arimanes appears with Satanella, as a page, only to find Rupert in a trance, from which he does not revive till Arimanes departs. Satanella ensnares him through a dream, in which she appears as a beautiful woman, and sings the fascinating "Power of Love." In the next act the pirates carry off Lelia and Stella to the slave-market at Tunis; they are followed by Satanella and Rupert. Lelia is rescued by the former, on condition that Rupert forfeits his soul. Stella is no more seen, and was either forgotten in the excitement of these events, or sold as a slave. Once more in the old castle, Satanella repents and destroys the fatal bond, so that Rupert and Lelia may be united, and for this act is about to suffer the vengeance of Arimanes, whom she is saved by a rosary given to her by Lelia; the baffled demons crouch in the foreground, the nuptials of the happy pair are witnessed behind, Satanella floats on a cloud upwards in triumph, while an invisible choir sings "The Power of Love."

This extraordinary farrago is sufficient to daunt the heart of any other composer than Balfe. Always able to make the most of his dramatic opportunities, he was never deterred from his purpose of writing pretty airs by any amount of fatuity in his libretto; he never forgot his singers, and his knowledge of the stage was eminently useful in emergencies. Hence it is not difficult to assure adequate representation to *Satanella*, which at Covent Garden was certainly good. Mme. Rose Hersée was distinctly successful in the chief character. Her delivery of "The Power of Love" in the first act was charming; while the sprightly "Sultana Zulema," and the rather exacting finale of the third act, were sung with brilliant execution. Scarcely less noteworthy was Mme. Hersée's singing in the scene where Satanella divulges her love to Rupert, previous to the trio in the last act, where she displayed deep feeling. The Stella of Miss H. Armstrong and the Lelia of Miss Emily Parkinson were fully acceptable, though want of stage experience was too frequently apparent in the acting of the latter. Mr. J. W. Turner was excellent as Count Rupert, and Mr. Fox sang the spirited song, "Rovers, rulers of the Sea," very finely, and was well supported by the chorus. The spoken dialogue that so absurdly delays the musical movement in the first act was rendered more than endurable by the humorous acting of Mr. C. Lyall, as Karl, and Mr. H. W. Dodd, as the tutor Hortensius. The orchestra was admirably conducted by Mr. Betjemann; Mr. Clinton's execution of the clarionet solo in the second act, and Mr. Barrett's refined performance on the flute, received well-merited applause.

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.

BEFORE the production of *Comedy and Tragedy* Mr. W. S. Gilbert had never succeeded in impressing audiences with any of his serious dramatic essays. In his own peculiar domain of Topseyturveydom it has long been acknowledged that he rules supreme. His quaintness of fancy, always set forth in the most effective theatrical style, his odd humour dressed with a literary skill his contemporaries do not approach, has given him a place apart since in *Trial by Jury* the judge descended from the Bench to marry the plaintiff. But his works with a higher purpose have always lacked something essential; nor is the very remarkable little drama which first saw its light at the Lyceum a week ago free from faults. It may be granted that a dramatist who takes an historical subject is allowed some latitude in dealing with history; but Mr. Gilbert claims and exercises too much. He has strangely distorted facts, and has besides introduced absurdities. In *Comedy and Tragedy* we find the Regent of France, the Duc d'Orléans, going to supper at the house of an actress of the Théâtre Français, attended by the Abbé Dubois, there to be challenged and "wounded to the death" in a duel with the actress's husband. Now in the first place the Duc d'Orléans was not killed or wounded to the death in a duel. He was struck by apoplexy, never recovered consciousness, and died in December 1723. In the second place, it is preposterous to suppose that the Regent of France, the head of the State, would have fought a duel under any circumstances, and especially under such circumstances as those here depicted. In the third place, it is out of the question that Dubois could have accompanied the Regent to the house where he thus met his death, for the excellent reason that the Cardinal died more than three months before the attack which proved fatal to the Regent. It is difficult to suppose that Mr. Gilbert can be ignorant of such well-known facts; yet he would seem to be so, for no dramatic purpose is served by introducing Dubois. The part is allotted to a minor player, and is, by the author's scheme, totally without distinction. Any anonymous personage would have answered the purpose. There is so much admirable work in this drama that these disrespectful perversions of history are to be regretted. As regards the construction, facts apart, Mr. Gilbert weakens his story when he makes the heroine a party to—the inventor, indeed, of—an ignoble plot. The high-minded Clarice would not have consented thus to decoy her persecutor by a device the issue of which must have been, moreover, exceedingly doubtful. So much must be urged against Mr. Gilbert's play. There is very much, on the other hand, to be said on behalf of it. The character of Clarice the actress is an exceedingly powerful one. In it a competent representative would find the opportunity of exhibiting the most varied emotions, which always stand out from a highly impressive background. The piece is well named, for the height of comedy and the depth of tragedy are to be touched by Clarice—if only Clarice knows how to reach to either. It is too late in the day to recapitulate the plot in detail. In brief, Clarice, during the year of her married life, has been sought by the Duc d'Orléans. Her husband, formerly an officer of the Guard, now, for her sake, an actor, has vainly challenged the Duc. In order that he may be driven to accept the challenge, Clarice invites him, with several of his companions, to a supper at her house, so planning that her husband, D'Aulnay, shall witness her interview with her visitor, and shall render his continued refusal to fight—as the dramatist would have us believe—impossible. All falls out as arranged. Still the Regent refuses to meet a statutory vagabond and a social outcast. "If a scullion were to challenge me, I should so far recognize him as to have him flogged. An actor is entitled to no recognition at all," is the Duc's reply. D'Aulnay then tears up his engagement, vows he will never more set foot on the stage, and the challenge is at length accepted. The combatants retire to the garden, Clarice undertaking the task of keeping the attention of her visitors engaged till the issue is known.

Up to this point the actress has been provided with several chances of minor effect; but of none of these did Miss Anderson, who as Clarice is something more than the head and front of play, take full advantage. There was no ring of true tenderness in her voice when she met her husband; she received the Regent's friends with a free and easy air of banter—yet stiff and constrained withal, nor wholly devoid of commonness—which sat ill on the assumption of Clarice's high-minded modesty, and made one wonder at the Duc's determined pursuit. She flirted with him after the fashion of stage flirtation; one looked in vain for some point of merit throughout these earlier scenes and found nothing. But the grand opportunities are yet to come. Can the American actress rise to them? The question does not long remain unanswered, and the answer is an unequivocal negative. By way of holding the attention of her visitors, who presently return, while the duel to the death is being fought in the garden beyond the room where they stand, Clarice at her visitors' request improvises. Before they can find a theme for her, the clashing of swords is heard. She must perforce maintain a cheerful face, vow it is nothing, that a little surprise is in preparation, that all will be spoilt if any one enters the garden. Then she starts upon her task. She is a strolling player, she—that is, he—enters a tavern, is asked to describe himself. One look, one gesture, one intonation of the voice, as Clarice conquers her fears and volubly begins to recite, would have done everything for this truly dramatic incident; but nothing of the sort is forthcoming. Miss Anderson speaks to the ears, never to the heart. Her poses are as statuesque as her brocaded gown will admit. She keeps her face carefully turned to the audience, but it expresses no trace of what should be there. The speech itself is wonderfully well written for the purpose of playing. "Who am I, gentlemen? I am Artaxerxes! I am Antony the Great! I'm a doge, a king, a councillor, a burgess, a lackey. I am the constable who seizes the beggar; nay, I am the beggar seized by the constable. I feast starving; I starve feasting. Beware of me, for I am a very rogue—a swaggering roysterer, with ragged elbows, hat a-cock and bilbo ready." Thus the speaker begins, and in like vein continues, very aptly imitating the personages she names, suiting the action to the word. Only this and nothing more. Miss Anderson gives, as it were, her entertainment. It is very clever, so far as it goes, but it does not go nearly far enough. The audience laugh and applaud. They do not think—Miss Anderson does nothing to make them think—of what the improvisation is done to hide. From this point Mr. Gilbert rises,

and Miss Anderson falls. It remains for the actress to make what follows either profoundly impressive or a mere trick of the theatre. Unhappily at the Lyceum it is the latter. Clarice hears a cry as of a man desperately hurt. Her courage gives way, and she begs the one friend present, to whom she has given the key of the door which leads to the garden, to let her through. Her hearers, however, believe that she is still acting; nor in truth is this supposition unreasonable. There is little sincerity in the appeal of Clarice, and the friend who incurs the derision of the rest by the statement that she is not acting has slight justification that is apparent to the spectators. Miss Anderson is very energetic. That is all. Of real power, of the tragic intensity which the situation invites and demands, there is scarcely a sign. It is sad to watch so fine a scene so misused. Certainly Mr. Gilbert's Clarice has not yet been represented. Miss Anderson was, however, much applauded, but *Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque*. Mr. Barnes as the Duc d'Orléans did moderately well what was demanded of him, though this Regent by no means showed himself endowed with that charm of manner which is said to have recalled Henry IV. Mr. Alexander's performance of D'Aulnay was efficient. It will be seen that the chief situation of this play is nearly identical with the chief situation of *Tabarin*; but it is only just to Mr. Gilbert to say that his construction is different, and may fairly be claimed as original.

THE THEATRES.

AFTER a week's representation, Mr. Pinero's comedy was succeeded at the Globe by *Our Regiment*, a "farcical comedy" by Mr. H. Hamilton, produced originally at a Vaudeville *matinée* last winter. It was then more than suggested that the leading idea of the play was taken from a contemporary German drama—a fact which the value of Mr. Hamilton's piece renders quite unimportant. Since its appearance, we are told, it has met with much success in the provinces, which, indeed, it is eminently calculated to achieve. It is just the kind of drama naturally to be expected and qualified to succeed in the provinces—of British India and Equatorial Africa, or in any society where *ennui* requires an antidote, and all the talents of the neighbourhood, military and civilian, are requisitioned to that end. Its refreshing candour of speech, its amateurish indifference to construction and its impatience of natural evolution, its passion for distortion and caricature, appeal to the jaded spirits of unhappy exiles. The course of the play is foreseen to the untaxed intelligence, which is only mildly exercised by gentle speculations as to what form the familiar screen-trick will take (in the drawing-room) or how the not less pleasant summer-house trick (in the garden) will be worked. The most venerable jokes light up the dialogue with a gay senility which has too much of pathos to be reprehended; misunderstandings that are highly improbable in the frank society of *Our Regiment* lead to impossible complications; in the place of humour we have frolicsome pranks; for banter and sarcasm very current chaff; for wit smartness. Yet, with all these excesses against art, there is no denying that *Our Regiment* is amusing; its spirit is well interpreted by the actors; its rather rough and very ready fun is admirably rendered, and the piece moves with unflagging alacrity towards the desired end.

Mr. Hamilton's accurate description of his play is heartily to be commended, and is an excellent example for the times. The old dramatists would no more have thought of calling certain modern plays comedies that are so entitled than of styling *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* a tragedy. With neither the directness and concentration of farce nor the finished art of comedy, *Our Regiment* is an amalgam in which the farcical material has somewhat "flown," leaving a solitary instance of its unfriendly ally in the love scene of the last act. The village of Mudborough is enlivened by a short visit of a detachment of lancers, who are warmly welcomed by enthusiastic admirers—to wit, Mr. Ellaby and his niece Maud Ellaby, Mrs. Dobbinson, her daughter Olive, and her niece Enid Thurston. Mr. Dobbinson does not share in this generous warmth, and his violent hatred of the military is contrasted with his friend Ellaby's equally unbounded admiration. The latter possesses also a hearty dislike to the clergy, while of course the former differs from him. The appearance on the scene of Captain Featherston and Lieut. Warrener coincides with the presentation of the Rev. John Talbot, their old college friend, to the curacy of Mudborough. Here are elements from which it is easy to divine the nature of an amusing imbroglio. The ladies determine on the campaign, Enid declaring her object to be Featherston; the curate falls in love with Maud Ellaby; Guy Warrener sits down before the heiress Enid, and commences a determined siege, while Featherston appears indifferent. Warrener presents himself to the young ladies with cool effrontery and a delightful presumption of victory, to which Featherston's frank manliness serves as an effective foil. The former discovers Enid to be a native of Jamaica, and instantly proceeds to study the subject, causing great amusement by his surprising knowledge of the island and his naïf confidence in his expedient; which of course only bores the heiress. The curate's procedure is not less entertaining. He has no liking for his profession, ruefully anticipates being "bowled out," feels "the old bird," as he irreverently styles "the old Adam," very assertive, and expresses himself with amazing flippancy. He visits Mr. Dobbinson, and endeavours to sustain his position by covert consultation of a conventional speech, conveniently written on a card, and which becomes inextricably mingled with the footman's colloquy with his master. The scene where he is recognized by his military friends as their old comrade at Oriel is highly extravagant; his bashful air and involved language, his attempt to impress the astonished Ellaby with his set speech, and his discomfiture when Warrener abstracts his "crib," are very laughable. As the play proceeds the fun becomes riotous and the situations more farcical. Much is made of the slight incident of a mishap by which Warrener falls into a lake in the gallant attempt to pluck some water-lilies for Enid. His reappearance in some scandalously ill-fitting clothes of his host evokes a burst of merriment; he mounts a chair, draws a screen about him, and descends only on the understanding that Enid will not look at him, and makes her an offer of marriage. All of which, and much more that needs no mention, is very tolerable fooling, if not very original or forcible.

Much of the favour with which *Our Regiment* was received is due to the spirited interpretation of what would be insufferably dull if not fairly well played. Mr. Gerard Moore succeeds in presenting the unabashed coxcomb, Guy Warrener, with praiseworthy consistency, considering the temptation to excess that the situations offer. His assumption is decidedly clever, but it would gain by a little repression of manner in the second act, where he is much too boisterous towards the close; his change of attire cannot be held responsible for the lapse he commits here. The curate is played by Mr. E. W. Gardiner effectively and without exaggeration. The bearish anti-military Mr. Dobbinson is well conceived and carefully represented by Mr. E. J. Henley, while Mr. Lethcourt as Featherston, and Mr. Young as Ellaby, are thoroughly adequate. The very unfeminine lady characters are well given by Miss Carlotta Leclercq (Mrs. Dobbinson), Miss Fanny Brough (Enid Thurston), Miss Abington (Maud Ellaby), and Miss Trevelyan (Olive).

Mr. Toole, at Toole's Theatre, has produced a "farcical comedy" called *A Mint of Money*, written by Mr. Arthur Law, whose name has been associated with pieces successfully produced elsewhere. We have already referred to the meaning, or want of meaning, of the descriptive label given to many pieces in this day; and perhaps it does not much matter what description is thus given to a play which is the fortunate vehicle for the humours of Mr. Toole and of the clever company of players which he has got about him. When the name of the piece is known, when it is further known that the part which Mr. Toole plays is named Kerosine Tredgold, and that the three acts are headed Captured, The Victim, and Rescued, the accustomed and ingenious playgoer may find some amusement in first guessing what the plot and the situations of the piece may most likely be, and then in comparing the piece on the boards with the piece of his imagination. This is a pleasure of which we do not propose to rob him in any measure, but we may tell him by way of encouragement that Mr. Toole is at his funniest in the situations cleverly contrived for him with the aid of cleverly composed dialogue, and that he is well helped by a company containing such capable actors as Miss Erskine, who plays a mesmerist with an intensity conceived in the true spirit of burlesque (called *pro hac vice* farcical comedy), Miss Emily Thorne, Mr. Billington, Mr. Shelton, and Mr. E. D. Ward, whose acting is always so good that one always wants to see what he could do with some more telling part of comedy or comedy-drama than generally falls to him. *A Mint of Money* serves its purpose very well in giving playgoers an occasion for the welcome which they are always, and rightly, ready to give to Mr. Toole on his reappearance, and it also serves to show that he is no less careful in the "staging" of his pieces than is, in another line, the distinguished actor-manager who is now winning golden opinions in America.

It might be wished, by the by, that the utterances of Mr. Irving to American interviewers were as well regulated as are his stage arrangements. It is, for instance, astounding to find it set down in print, and hardly possible to believe it the fact, that Mr. Irving considers the American stage superior to the French in the matter of tragedy, because France has no tragic actor. This amazing statement, according to the report of a Chicago newspaper, Mr. Irving supported by observing that, on the revival of *Le Roi s'Amuse*, M. Got played Triboulet, and did not play it with any convincing tragic power. Has M. Got ever been considered a tragic actor? Has Mr. Irving ever heard of M. Mounet-Sully? Has he ever heard that, granted all his faults, M. Mounet-Sully (who was hailed, by a discerning person, from obscurity to fill the vacant place of first tragedian at the Français) has ever since that hailing more and more proved himself to be an actor possessed of the rarest of all the gifts that an actor has—that of nobly interpreting the tragedy of noble poets? It would be odd if M. Mounet-Sully's completely deserved fame as a great tragic actor had not reached Mr. Irving's ears. We must hope that Mr. Irving's words have been incorrectly heard by the reporters through whom they reach us.

As we all remember, the common playwright, or dramatic hack, was one of the chief pests of Dickens's life. The great writer suffered from him infinitely; and the angry aversion in which he held the whole tribe was natural and honourable. A free and sincere artist, he had the artist's respect for his conceptions; to see them mangled and deformed for the stage, their humour coarsened and blurred, their pathos vulgarized, the reminder in

them obliterated, and the individuality conventionalized and destroyed—was to him intolerable. The gutter-dramatists of his time were poison to him; and he hated them as bitterly and hit them as hard as a hard-hitting man of genius and a good hater could. Recalling this, one scarcely dares to imagine what he might have said, or how he would have felt, had he lived to see the "entirely new adaptation" of *The Old Curiosity Shop* now playing at the Opéra Comique. Nothing more offensive in the way of adaptation has been seen for many years. We can call to mind no *rifacimento* of a famous work in which the conceptions of the original author have been more hideously grotesqued, in which the ideas and imaginings of the original author have been more stupidly transformed. To have to say thus much is painful in no mean degree. But Dickens's work is a national possession, and Dickens's fame is a part of the nation's own; and we conceive that to protest against any wrong that is done them is the duty of every one to whom good literature and the memory of a great Englishman are dear.

In *The Old Curiosity Shop*, with something that is faulty and even bad, there is much of Dickens's good work. Two generations of English-speaking men have wept over Little Nell; and, if to austere and highly literary critics that much-enduring child is abominable, it must not be forgotten that to Landor she was almost heroic, and that to Mr. Ruskin she is (or was) a great and beautiful creation. Then there are the two Brasses—Sampson and Sally—types new to literature, completely apprehended and observed, and presented with unfailing energy and precision; there is Quilp, the dwarf—perhaps the most admirable expression of the true grotesque in English fiction; there are Codlin, and Short, and the Marchioness—all admirable after their kind; there are Kit, and Barbara, and Mrs. Jiniwin, and Mrs. Jarley, and Tom Scott—a world of wit and fun and invention; above all, there is Dick Swiveller, a piece of right humour, real yet touched with the true ideal—a creation in its way as generous in intention and as irresistible in effect as has been achieved since Walter Scott. To transport a book so rich in fancy and so full of life and fact to the stage is merely impossible. It contains a dramatic idea of singular strength and freshness; but rightly to adapt this idea to stage purposes, it would be necessary, as always in such cases, to forget the novel, make a clean sweep of the personages and their environment, and, approaching the matter from another direction and under a new aspect, begin again from the beginning. In the novel there is absolutely nothing after the play, save only the germinal idea and the rudiments of a situation—the situation in which it is embodied in a narrative form. Dickens wrote, not as a playwright, but as a novelist pure and simple; creating a peculiar atmosphere, inventing a peculiar set of developments, alternating dialogue with description as he thought fit, and relying for the production of some of his largest and best effects on the exercise of his unrivalled faculty of the picturesque. To the author of the "entirely new adaptation" with which we are dealing it has seemed good and right to transform *The Old Curiosity Shop* not into a species of play, but into a regular "variety entertainment"—a dreadful nondescript, smacking a little of the theatre and very much indeed of the music-hall; an opportunity for comic songs, and mimicry, and pantomime, and cellar-flap steps, and what are known to the profession as "lightning changes." There is some attempt at pathos, for Miss Lotta, "America's representative comédienne," is ambitious of distinction as a real actress; so that we are favoured with something of Nell and her grandfather, and Mrs. Jarley and the Waxworks, and a death-scene in the snow, among tombstones, and American angels, to the music of an unseen organ. There is also some attempt at romance and the picturesque; for we are honoured with frantic and unnecessary glimpses of Kit, and Quilp, and Sampson Brass and his sister Sally. But our real heroine is Miss Lotta as the Marchioness, our real hero Mr. Wyatt as Dick Swiveller. For their sake—principally, it must be noted, for Miss Lotta's—*The Old Curiosity Shop* has been turned into a framework for what may be defined as a music-hall entertainment tempered with playacting. In the first act we have the Old Curiosity Shop and the beginnings—vague and feeble enough, but real as far as they go—of a kind of play, with Miss Lotta as a far from plausible Nell, and Mr. Pateman as a loud and antic Quilp, and Mr. Calhaem (dotage personified) as Grandfather Trent, and Mr. Wyatt as Dick Swiveller, and Mr. C. Coote as a not unnatural Kit; we have Grandfather Trent disappointed and discovered, Nell plaintive and angelic, Kit loyal and sentimental, Swiveller ridiculous and unreal, and Quilp insulted and irate; we have a certain amount of character, a trifling amount of action, and something not much unlike a situation. In the next act everything is changed; we are presented to Miss Lotta as the Marchioness, and in the presentation we are plunged neck deep in a variety performance in full swing. The Marchioness appears like a person in a pantomime—tumbling through a suddenly opened door; she mops, she mows, she grins, she antics; she rejoices in "comic business" with Dick, and afterwards in more "comic business" with Sampson and Sally and a mutton bone; she sits on a high stool, and eats beef with both hands, and puts her feet on the table, and slaps her knife on her shoe; and she finishes the scene—the immortal banquet-scene!—with a *pas de deux* with Mr. Swiveller, a parody of a minuet and a comic cachucha. Worse remains behind. After an interval devoted to sentiment and Mrs. Jarley and the humours of Mr. Slum, she appears (with an enormous broom) in Brass's office, assists in the accusation of Kit, and takes part—still with the broom—in the sort of rally with which the "adapter" has thought fit to conclude the act. Then in the famous scene in Dick Swiveller's bedroom, we sound, with her assistance, deeps still lower. After confession and explanation, the Marchioness produces a brass whistle, and declares that *that* she could not pawn; Dick—only just recovered from brain fever be it remembered—requests her to start at once for Mr. Witherden's office, and breaks into a jig on the beautiful instrument she has placed in his hands; and she dances to his piping till her audience is weary of recalling her. Nor is this all. In the next scene, "A Country Churchyard," Nell makes her last dying speech and confession, while Mrs. Jarley looks on and sympathizes and holds her head; and when Nell has done, Grandfather Trent makes *his* last dying speech and confession, and expires beside her corse, even as Ruy Gomez expires beside the corse of Doña Sol, leaving Mrs. Jarley (in light summer raiment) to bury him and his grandchild both. Then, in Mr. Witherden's office, the Marchioness having challenged Miss Sally to mortal combat, and been removed by Mr. Swiveller, the Brasses are confounded, and Dick comes into his fortune. He instantly proposes to the Marchioness, who accepts him *more Americano*—with a grin and a piece of slang. "Sing that song I taught you in honour of the occasion," says the degenerate Richard; and the Marchioness instantly begins aping the works and ways of the operatic tenor, and after much mimicry, betakes herself to the dance, and Mr. Swiveller aiding, goes on until she can no more. Then, for Mr. Pateman's sake (Mr. Pateman being a kind of actor) there is a relapse into drama; we are presented with Quilp's wharf, and we hear Quilp roar, and we see Quilp tumble into the water. Instantly the gate is thrown down, the lights are turned on, and Mr. Swiveller and the Marchioness, followed by all the other personages of the drama, bound in upon the scene; the Marchioness, at Mr. Swiveller's request, delivers an American "tag"; and on a spirited *pas de deux* the curtain falls. Thus it is that the novel has been adapted.

Of the way in which this ignoble patchwork is acted there is little to be said. Miss Lotta is not an actress, in any sense of the word; she is what is called a "variety artiste." She has a curious apish talent for pantomime; she dances with uncommon quaintness and agility; she is a clever caricaturist; but of acting she does not know so much as the rudiments. As Nell she is merely tedious; as the Marchioness she is, if you can only forget your Dickens, decidedly amusing. It is something the same with Mr. Wyatt; he is only tolerable when he is, not acting, but dancing. His make-up is merely an apology; his Dick Swiveller has neither humour nor invention—has nothing, in fact, but a certain glibness and grace; he has taken so little trouble to compose his part that in his mouth the traditional and delightful "old man" becomes the commonplace "old man." It must be added that he and Miss Lotta in their parody of the minuet are really very funny, and that he dances throughout with great spirit and freedom. Mr. Pateman's Quilp is a good make-up, *et præterea nil*. The actor's opportunities are not many; but, it must be confessed, he makes but little of them. In his impersonation there is not a trace of impishness, not a touch of malignity; his voice is full and round and hectoring; there is neither humour nor snarl in any one of his intonations, neither devil nor fun in any one of his gestures; to those who remember the Quilp of the late J. C. Clarke his Quilp is merely non-existent. Of the minor parts the best played was the Slum of Mr. J. Phipps. It was a little spoiled by a bad exit; but it was vulgar, raffish, contemptible, and—up to a certain point—amusing in no mean degree.

THE LABOUR CRISIS IN PARIS.

THE distress of the working classes in Paris, which has occupied much of the debate upon M. Langlois's interpellation in the Chamber of Deputies this week, has its origin in causes partly economic and partly political. France, like the rest of Western Europe, has suffered for a series of years from agricultural depression. Her production of food has not been sufficient for the wants of her people, and she has had in consequence to import large quantities of grain. At the same time the *phylloxera* has destroyed the vineyards of large districts, and has inflicted great losses upon the population of the South. As France is essentially a country of small proprietors, the suffering has been serious enough to lessen the purchasing power of the bulk of the people. Even in England our landowners and farmers have endured very great losses, and similar losses in France must naturally have been felt still more by the peasant proprietors and farmers. There has in consequence been less saving, and wealth, therefore, has accumulated more slowly than formerly. Moreover, France has, like the rest of Continental Europe, fallen back on Protection. Her object has been to secure for her own producers her own markets, but, as other nations have done the same, her merchants and manufacturers have found themselves shut out from neighbouring markets. Lastly, the enormous taxation rendered necessary by the disasters of the war and by the economic and colonial policy lately adopted presses heavily on the producing classes. The taxation of the agricultural classes, for example, has been variously estimated by speakers in the Chamber and in the Senate this week at from 25 to 30 per cent. of the gross agricultural income. And though the taxation upon other classes is not quite so heavy, it is still

exceedingly burdensome. For all these reasons the producing classes find themselves hampered, while the diminution of savings places at their command less capital than they need for the development of their business. So far as Paris in particular is concerned, a more serious cause of the existing distress, perhaps, is the great public works that have been carried on there for so many years. They were begun under the Empire to satisfy the working classes and prevent insurrection, and they have been continued under the Republic for the same reason. Since the semi-Socialist party have got into the ascendency in the Municipality, they have been carried on, too, in the desire to give effect as far as possible to semi-Socialist views. The great works carried on by the Municipality have attracted workpeople from all parts of France, from Germany, Belgium, Italy, and Spain. And this effect of the public works has been aggravated by the speculation in building that has been going on for the last five or six years. Here in this country speculative builders find the means to carry on their operations by borrowing chiefly from Insurance Companies and from solicitors who are employed by their clients to lend out money profitably. They draw, therefore, upon funds which seldom find their way into the market which supplies manufacturers and merchants with accommodation. But in Paris the builders chiefly get their loans from the Crédit Foncier, a great public institution that lends upon land and house property. The Crédit Foncier obtains the money which it lends to the builders by selling its own bonds, and these bonds are largely bought by the banks and credit institutions of all kinds. Consequently the builders in reality compete with merchants and manufacturers for the loanable capital available in the short-loan market. During the speculative mania that ended in the collapse of the Union Générale there was an extraordinary rage for building in Paris. In many cases prices of securities were multiplied many times. There are instances, for example, where prices between 1879 and 1882 were multiplied a hundred times. The speculators who found the shares and bonds they bought increase so enormously in market price looked upon themselves as rich, and increased their expenditure in consequence. They bought or rented fine houses, furnished them in luxurious style, set up carriages, and hired servants. In this way they not only created a great demand for new houses, but they also gave a great impetus to all the trades for which Paris is specially distinguished, and they thus raised wages, attracting more and more of the labouring classes from the provinces and from neighbouring countries. When the speculative mania ended in panic, the bubble fortunes disappeared in a day. Speculators were obliged to give up their houses, to sell their carriages, and to dismiss their servants. The speculative builders then found that they could neither sell nor let the houses they had built, and the furniture-makers and the manufacturers that minister to the luxuries of the rich also found the demand for their goods immensely fall off. There was thus brought about a compulsory stoppage of many works, workpeople were thrown out of employment, and wages necessarily fell.

It is difficult to ascertain how many people are out of employment in Paris at present. Count de Mun has asserted in the Chamber this week that there were as many as 80,000, but M. Ferry treated this statement as a flagrant exaggeration. Whatever the numbers may be, there can be no question that very many people have been thrown out of employment, and that wages have declined very considerably. It is true, nevertheless, that the decrease in building is not as great as might have been expected. Fewer houses were built last year than in the year before, and in the current month the preparations for building show further diminution. Still, the number of new buildings is exceedingly large. For the moment this is satisfactory, since there are no fewer than 120,000 workpeople employed in the building trade alone; and a serious falling off in building would, therefore, cause lamentable suffering. But the continuance of building under existing circumstances is a danger for the future. The builders, as already stated, obtain their funds from the Crédit Foncier, and the Crédit Foncier obtains its funds by the sale of its bonds. The price of the bonds has fallen very considerably during the past two years, and is likely to continue to fall. Under existing circumstances the builders are unable to sell or to let a large proportion of the houses they are erecting; and, if they go on adding to the number of untenanted houses, a day must come when they will be unable to meet their engagements; unless, indeed, there is a much more rapid return of prosperity than now seems probable. But, if a considerable number of builders were to fail, the Crédit Foncier might be involved in difficulties, and its difficulties would be a serious matter, for it is one of the greatest credit institutions of France. For the present, however, the falling off in building is not so serious as might have been expected; and, consequently, the distress is not as great as by many it is represented to be. But it can hardly be doubted that the building of new houses will go on diminishing, and the probability, therefore, is that more and more workpeople will be thrown out of employment. As already stated, the trades that minister to luxury are likewise depressed, and the workpeople engaged in them are also suffering. Another matter that is adding to the distress of the labouring population in Paris is the dearness and scarcity of lodgings. The public works constructed by the Municipality, and the erection of new houses by the speculative builders, have swept away whole quarters formerly occupied by the poor. Nearly all the new houses recently built are intended for the well-to-do, and the labouring classes, therefore, find the accommodation suited for them scarcer and scarcer as well as dearer. In all great cities this is the case. We have been of late rendered familiar with the wretchedness of the houses of the poor here in London. In Paris the house accommodation is at least as bad and the rents charged are exceedingly high. In fact, the measures adopted to give satisfaction to the working classes have to a large extent made their condition worse than it was before. The demolition of quarters where the workpeople formerly dwelt has driven them either to the suburbs at great distances from their places of occupation, or else into courts and alleys, where the air is bad, the tenements rickety and unsanitary, and where whole families are huddled together in a manner quite destructive of decency as well as health. At the same time the competition for even these wretched lodgings has raised rent so high as to go far towards neutralizing the rise in wages that has taken place. Nor is this all. The great public works carried on by the city have accumulated an enormous debt, the service of which requires a very large revenue to be raised every year, and one of the means by which this is done is the collection of high octroi duties. These duties, being levied upon articles of general consumption, have raised prices generally, and thus rendered the cost of living higher in Paris than perhaps in any other city of Europe. Municipal taxes, State taxes, and Protectionist duties, all combine to make the cost of living excessively dear; while the rage for building and other public works at the same time make house accommodation both scarce and costly. The result is that workpeople, even in good times, do not find their position greatly improved, in spite of the extraordinary rise in wages during the past ten years. And now that employment has become scarce and wages are falling, large numbers are plunged in dire distress.

There is another aspect of the question not less important. High wages and the high price of the materials of industry render prices in Paris excessively dear. Not only, as already pointed out, has the Protectionist policy adopted by so many European States closed foreign markets to French manufacturers; but it, with the octroi duties and enhanced wages, has made the cost of producing goods in Paris higher than in competing countries. At a meeting of the workpeople in the building trade some time ago it was stated that a ready-made window imported from Norway was cheaper than a window could be manufactured in Paris, the reason, of course, being that wages and raw material alike are so high in France that the cheap wood and cheap labour of Norway enabled the Norwegian manufacturer to pay the heavy import duties in France and yet undersell his French competition. And what is true of this case is true of various other classes of goods. Articles of which Paris had once the monopoly are now produced better and cheaper in Germany, and Paris shopkeepers find themselves compelled to import the goods from the latter country, neglecting the home manufacture. In other classes of goods, again, Paris manufacturers have been undersold by Belgian and Italian competitors. Thus, the manufacturers are threatened with the loss of the home market itself, unless they can in some way retrieve their position. The most effectual way, of course, would be to reduce taxation, both State and municipal. As regards the city, however, reduction is out of the question; for the debt charge is so heavy that the best that can be expected is some check to the growth of expenditure in the future. But it is difficult to see how expenditure can be checked at a time when there is so much distress amongst the workpeople, and such a loud outcry for public works. In the same way the State expenditure is growing every year, and there is really need for an addition to the taxation rather than a possibility of reduction. Under these circumstances the employers will be forced to reduce wages. Perhaps the measure, however regrettable for the sake of the workpeople, and however dangerous it must certainly be in their present temper, would be in the long run a benefit to the country at large, if not to Paris itself. The building mania and the public works of the Municipality together have attracted to Paris an excessive number of workpeople. Throughout the rural districts there are complaints of a want of labour, and many of the worst paid kinds of work are in fact discharged almost entirely by foreigners. The best workmen in all parts of France are attracted to the metropolis by the high wages there offered, and they are supplemented by a large contingent of foreign labourers. The economic and political results are alike injurious. It would undoubtedly be of advantage to the country if the influx of workpeople into the capital could be checked. That there is really a want of labour in France seems to be proved by the fact that there is a million of foreigners at present resident there, of whom about 200,000 are found in Paris. And this million up to twelve months ago was rapidly increasing. What is most significant is that the increase since the close of the war has been extraordinary. Nor is it only that Paris has been growing at the expense of the rest of France. It is also true that the Paris population is the least productive of all France. In Paris the death-rate is excessive, while the marriage-rate and the birth-rate are both below the average. In a country where the growth of population is so exceedingly slow, this is a matter of no little importance; and everything, therefore, that would check the influx of the rural workpeople into the capital would in the long run be a national benefit.

REVIEWS.

THE LORD ADVOCATES OF SCOTLAND.*

THAT an advocate should give the public a series of historical sketches and portraits of men who have ennobled themselves and their profession is perfectly natural. Lord Campbell set the fashion, and his example has been followed by others who have praised famous men and have shown how their forefathers contributed to the grandeur of the law. There is, of course, a vast space between such works as *The Lives of the Chancellors* and *The Chief Justices of England*, and the imaginary *Lives of Sheriffs' Officers*, which Thackeray somewhere said absorbed the leisure of one of his minor characters. In the two volumes before us, halfway between Campbell and Thackeray's heroes, Mr. Omond has treated of the public and private life of no less than fifty-two advocates who have filled that office, from John Ross of Montgreenan to Francis Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh Review*. Several of these persons may merit no higher praise than what is earned by plodding, conscientious, and successful lawyers. Not a few became Lords of Session, and some filled the office of Lord President of that Court. Others took a prominent part in State trials, remarkable prosecutions, or political episodes and national commotions. In some families legal ability descended like an heirloom. Several county families in the Lowlands owe much of their wealth and position to the eloquence and erudition of an advocate and Lord of Session, and here and there we come on a jurist or a statesman not unworthy to be ranked in the first class, either on account of the depth and variety of his attainments or of the influence which he exercised over the course of public events.

Ample stores of information, either in manuscript or print, have been here digested and sifted with praiseworthy diligence and accuracy. We are distinctly warned by the author that his "lives" are not complete biographies. He traces the descent and development of the office held rather than the private history of each successive holder. This entails a plethora of facts and dates, and here and there the style has that antiquarian flavour which would have delighted worthy Mr. Blattergowl, with his decreet of certification and his history of the teinds. But the arrangement and disposition of the materials is praiseworthy. There is a capital table of contents at one end and a good index at the other; and the careers of several of the most remarkable Lord Advocates naturally are closely connected with rebellions, revolutions, persecutions of independent thinkers, Jacobite plots, Whig proclivities, and all those outbreaks of Scotch feeling which Macaulay averred had always been characterized, even at the most stirring crises, by a sober and judicial gravity. It is scarcely necessary to add that 1737 and 1745, to say nothing of 1831 and the polling-booths at Jedburgh, send the critic at once to the *Waverley Novels* and to Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. Changes and improvements in the law as they affected witnesses, jurors, and prisoners are duly chronicled; there are little sketches of the state of manners and morals in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and, though we miss some characteristic anecdotes of Henry Erskine, of the brutal Lord Braxfield, and others, there are some good stories which enliven the narrative and repay perusal.

Part of the first volume is taken up with the origin and the functions of the Lord Advocate and of the Court before which he appeared. The Stuart kings of Scotland had endeavoured, with some success, to supplant the hereditary and feudal jurisdiction exercised by savage chiefs all over the country. And to James V. belongs the credit of having established the Court of Session, consisting of fourteen judges and a President, in the year 1532, which, with some modifications and one important interruption in the time of Cromwell, has come down intact to our own time. But, before that date, there was an officer known as the "King's Advocate," who at first appeared only on behalf of the Crown in cases of treason or blasphemy. Mr. Omond thinks that the idea of this office may have been imported from France by Scotchmen, who, in the alliances and treaties between the two countries, became familiar with the functions of the Procureur du Roi. Presently the King's Advocate appeared in civil as well as in criminal cases. In the beginning of the sixteenth century he combined politics with law; was employed in diplomacy, and took part "in the general business of the Government." In the reign of Charles I. the appointment was taken from the king and given to the Parliament, which exercised that right till the Restoration. Previous to this we hear of Advocate-Deputes and Joint-Advocates, and, about the end of the sixteenth century, the title of Lord Advocate was given to Sir Thomas Hamilton, the ancestor of the present Earl of Haddington. When he had been formally recognized as an important officer of State, he was made a Privy Councillor; it was contended by the upholders of kingly prerogative that he had a right to sit and speak in the House of Commons without election, in mere virtue of his office; he rose in dignity and importance when the post of Scottish Secretary was abolished, once in 1725 and again in 1746; his salary was doubled after the Union in 1710; and altogether, what with the comparative ignorance or indifference to Scotch affairs on the part of English statesmen, the extraordinary combination of political and legal duties in one and the same individual, and the conspicuous ability of men bearing the name of Dalrymple and Dundas, the Lord Advocate wielded a power and exercised a social influence which caused him to be described not merely in party reviews or pamphlets, but on grave and solemn occasions, "as the Privy Council, the Grand Jury, the Commander-in-Chief of the forces of Scotland, and the Guardian of the whole police of the country." The fluctuations and changes in the office, and the force of public feeling aroused by high-handed or ill-advised proceedings of its incumbents, are described with truth and fulness, and are interesting contributions to the questions now discussed in Liberal Scotch circles, of giving to that neglected and oppressed part of Her Majesty's dominion a separate Secretary or department.

Several of the early Lord Advocates have no more claim to the remembrance of posterity than some of Lord Campbell's obscure and early Chancellors. In a period of two centuries there is not much to be said for one Sir John Nisbet, except that he was the author of *Dirleton's Doubts*, he was raised to the Bench under that title, wrangled with his colleagues, and was of infamous character; for Fletcher, who was dismissed from office for bribery; for Colquhoun, who was unduly preferred to a far more able man, Henry Erskine, the brother of the Chancellor; for Craigie, a dull, plodding, but successful lawyer; and for Charles Hope, of whom it is recorded that, if he had not been a violent Tory, he must from sheer impetuosity of character have been a violent Whig. But the sayings and doings of other men are still quoted by the Scotch Bar, and of one or two others the marks are to be traced on the face of Scotch society to this very hour. Few men have ever wielded such power as Harry Dundas. And this power, though exerted on the side of personal and almost autocratic government, did not hinder him from being one of the most popular men of the day. Nearly eighty pages of Vol. II. are devoted to an account of Scotland under the Government of Pitt and Dundas; and, as regards the latter, we are reminded of his manly figure, his broad Scotch accent and provincial dialect, his occasional insubordination in Parliament, his acquaintance with the affairs of India, unsurpassed in that generation by any one except Burke, his powers of administration in high offices, his errors, impeachment, and acquittal, and his control over the Scottish elections which enabled him to send stout Tories to the House of Commons and to manipulate the list of representative peers. Something of this ascendency is due to the man's character and talents, but something also to the "anomalous" state of the constituencies. In 1790, we are told, the number of county voters in all Scotland was 2,624. Ayrshire, the largest constituency, had 220; and Cromarty, the smallest, only 6. There were 96 in Midlothian, "the premier county"; in nine counties 389 voters in all voted at nine elections, and in twenty others there was no contest whatever. The state of the boroughs was still more deplorable. The average of each constituency was nineteen, and the largest towns for electoral purposes were Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Selkirk, with 33 voters apiece. The electors were the Town Councillors in boroughs, arranged in fourteen groups, and they appointed delegates, who met at the chief borough and chose their member. Votes were easily manufactured for party purposes by the process of conveying pieces of land, in trust, to individuals; and though, from the beginning of the last century, laws were passed to prevent these abuses, they were easily evaded or coolly defied. Even as late as 1830 the boroughs, or burghs, as Mr. Omond spells the word, returned eleven Whig and four Tory members, and the counties seventeen Tories to thirteen Whigs. Two years afterwards the balance of parties was altered to very near its present proportions. Scotland returned nine Tories to forty-four Whigs. Before that epoch Paisley, Irvine, and Kilmarnock, with thousands of voters, were not represented at all. The impeachment of Harry Dundas, when made Lord Melville, is the last event of this kind in political warfare; and Mr. Omond, who wisely is not above noticing squibs and pamphlets on other occasions, might very well have given us a sample of the song to celebrate Melville's acquittal which was composed by Scott, and sung by John Ballantyne amidst rapturous applause at a public dinner given on the 27th of June, 1806. It may not rank very high as poetry, but Lockhart characterizes it as an expression "of some of the strongest personal feelings that ever animated his verse." The air is "Carrickfergus," and after a good deal about French politics, the loyalty of the volunteers, the weakness of the beer-tax, the shameful duty on pig-iron, rebellion, treason, and good claret, the song winds up with an allusion to the refusal of the town magistrates to illumine Edinburgh on account of the acquittal:—

> And since we must not set auld Reekie in glory,
> And make her brown visage as light as her heart;
> Till each man illumine his own upper story,
> Nor law-book nor lawyer shall force us to part.
> In Grenville and Spencer,
> And some few good men, Sir,
> High talents we honour, slight difference forgive,
> But the brewer we hoax,
> Tallyho to the Fox;
> And drink Melville for ever as long as we live.

The brewer is of course Whitbread, who figures by name in another stanza. With a trifling change the verses might easily be made applicable to the events of our time, especially when we are told that the army has had a slap, and that the "Cape is called a bauble unworthy of thanks." We must leave to the reader the other half-length or full-length portraits of Dundas's successors. The colouring of Francis Jeffrey seems to us laid on rather thick.

* *The Lord Advocates of Scotland, from the Close of the Fifteenth Century to the Passing of the Reform Bill.* By George W. T. Omond, Advocate. 2 vols. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1883.

As a lawyer and a critic he showed very considerable powers. But it is going rather far to say that, amongst all the contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*, he has but one rival, the writer whose article on Milton appeared in 1825, just four years before Jeffrey retired from the editorial chair. In wit and humour and in actual mastery of English, the articles of Sydney Smith are surely far superior to Jeffrey's; while for variety and dignity of style, as well as for wealth of historical information, we should place some of the ecclesiastical essays of the late Sir James Stephen above anything that Jeffrey ever wrote. Yet we can read with pleasure the criticisms of Jeffrey on Scott's poems and novels, showing, it has been happily said, how the sun appeared to those who saw it on the horizon, and long before it had attained to its meridian splendour.

For some readers the incidental notices of cherished abuses, barbarous customs, queer ways, and primitive social manners will always have much attraction. As late as the beginning of the sixteenth century jurymen might be arraigned for the improper acquittal of a prisoner, before a great assize composed of twenty-five landed gentlemen, and, if clearly wrong, were liable to one year's imprisonment and the loss of their personal property. We should have thought that, as a consequence, the person wrongfully acquitted might be tried again; but this was not so. In 1606 some ministers of the Scotch kirk were summoned to an ecclesiastical conference at London. Those who went by sea reached the capital in ten days. The others rode and took some weeks. We are glad to learn that James I. treated them kindly, and that the Dean of Salisbury asked them to dinner. When the National Covenant, so familiar from *Old Mortality* and the graves of martyrs in the Western Lowlands, was pitted against the King's Covenant, several of the judges of sessions, though anxious to please King Charles, refused to sign the latter. In the massacre of Glencoe the author takes much the same line as Lord Macaulay, and remarks that outrages as brutal and treacherous on Non-conformists had passed unchallenged, and had been applauded in the reign of Charles II. At the time of the Union the Lord President's salary was raised from 350*l.* to 800*l.* a year; but the King's laundress lost her salary of 50*l.*, which she had drawn yearly for doing nothing. Of Duncan Forbes of Culloden, more conspicuous as Lord President than as Lord Advocate, though eminent in both capacities, it is stated that he was a capital hand at golf, and never lost his temper "unless any one was careless." When Highland regiments were raised in September 1745, the duty of disposing of the commissions of officers was entrusted to this judge, and it is much to his credit that he remonstrated with the Duke of Cumberland for his cruel treatment of the rebels, and was therefore not received with favour at Court. In 1748 Lord Kinnoul wrote to Lord Advocate Craigie that he had ridden from Edinburgh to London in a fortnight or three weeks, as we make out, at the rate of forty miles a day, with stoppages. He found the hills of Cumberland and Westmoreland nearly as bad as the wild country between Peebles and Moffat. We are not surprised to learn that twenty years afterwards the road from Edinburgh to Peebles was still so bad that a carriage could seldom go faster than three miles an hour. Montgomery, then Lord Advocate, got up a subscription to improve communication, gained the title of the "Father of the County," and reformed several of the abuses of the old and vexatious law of entail in the interest of landlord and tenant. Scotch farmers, at the present day, may derive a faint consolation from the fact that in the year 1816 every interest was depressed. In the middle of May the hills near Edinburgh were "white with snow." It rained all summer, and the harvest was a "total failure." At the time of the Union there were only three papers in Scotland, at least two of which were published at Edinburgh, the *Gazette* and the *Courant*. At the close of the war with Napoleon there were thirty or forty. The *Scotsman* was started in 1817, and, then as now, was conducted with singular ability. Into the State trials, followed too often by severe and savage sentences, we have no space to go. Lord Braxfield, then Lord Justice Clerk, outdid most judges in his charges to subservient juries, and we are reminded of an anecdote told of him by Scott, though not quoted in this book. In his judicial tour Braxfield used often to be entertained by a Scotch Laird, with whom he played chess. Subsequently the said Laird was arraigned for an outrage before his quondam guest and found guilty. When sentence of death was passed in the usual form, the Lord Justice after the solemn formula, "and may the Lord have mercy on your soul," dropped his voice, and said, with a chuckle, "And now, Donald, my man, I have checkmated you for ance." The trial of Burke on the evidence of Hare, though not political, convulsed Scotland in 1829. Hare, the King's evidence, was actually detained in prison after Burke's conviction in the vain hope that, though his life had been guaranteed, he might be tried on some new charge. It seems strange that a sheriff should have refused the prisoner his release, and that it became necessary to appeal to the Court of Session, which at once held that, however horrible was the revelation of the informer, he was not be sacrificed, the Lord Justice Clerk neatly said, to the vengeance *vicium prava subentium*. Hare was released, and it was never known what became of him. He was last seen making for England, after nearly being torn to pieces at Dumfries.

Readers of these volumes will do well to bear in mind the distinction between two kinds of burgh reform. One had to do with Parliamentary representation, the other dealt with the election of town councillors. Nothing could be more improper than the old system. At one period even the magistrates elected themselves, and it is just fifty years since the town councillors were similarly chosen. After various unsuccessful attempts, the close system was abolished, and this judicious reform was mainly due to the exertions and eloquence of the Lord Advocate of the day, who thus established a claim to the gratitude of his countrymen which may fairly vie with his services to them as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

JAPANESE ART.*

M. QUANTIN is famous among contemporary publishers. From his shop in the Rue Saint-Benoit there have issued some of the comeliest, most desirable books of modern times. He has the instinct of numbered copies and choice impressions, the cultus of Whatman and Dutch and candid vellum, the sentiment of "states," the true feeling of the engraving *hors texte*. In his newest essay, the two noble quartos of M. Gonse's *L'Art Japonais*, he has surpassed himself. The binding, it is true, is not wholly satisfactory; the crude vermilion of the lettering and the staring contrast of the great red orb and the black bird in the top corner do not suit well with the yellow silk (as of a Chinese Jacket of Honour) which forms the groundwork and the general envelope. Apart from this, however, everything is matter for praise. The several papers are the best possible; the type is new; the printing, in text and illustrations alike, is perfect. The pages are excellently arranged and broken; the margins are broad; the effect throughout is irreproachable. Of woodcuts and process blocks there are upwards of eight hundred; and of etchings (monotinted and polychromatic), plates in *héliogravure*, chromo-lithographs, grisailles, and "aquarelles typographiques" there are sixty-four in all, each one of them an admirable work of art. There can be no doubt that the book (the issue of which is strictly limited to fourteen hundred copies) is incomparably the finest of its year, and one of the finest of its generation.

Nothing, indeed, exists on the subject which is at once so useful and so splendid, so complete in intention and so thorough and exhaustive in treatment. Many have written of the perfections and enchantments of Japanese art; none has written so much and so well as M. Louis Gonse. When Dr. Anderson has arranged his unrivalled collection for the British Museum, and finished the catalogue on which he has been at work so long, we shall doubtless have something to which, as our own, we can refer with proper pride, and from which the best "Japanists," English and foreign, may learn. But meanwhile we can go no further than the text of M. Louis Gonse. It is the outcome of years of labour—the result of a prolonged and passionate study, under circumstances exceptionally felicitous, of the finest and truest expressions of the Japanese genius. The subject is one of the most difficult and most complex, and, under certain aspects, one of the most inaccessible, in art. In all materials, and in every direction save that of pure beauty, the Japanese artists have for hundreds of years been working; and in all materials and in all directions save one they have excelled. For eight or ten centuries—from Kanaoka the Great, the Cimabue of Japan, to the incomparable Hokusai, who is its Leech, its Ingres, its Daumier in one—their activity has rarely slackened for long. The result has been such a world of achievement as is hardly to be equalled by that of any Western nation, not excepting Italy herself. With the greater part of this we are only just beginning to be acquainted. At Italian art we have been working for centuries; but with the manifold and surprising accomplishment of Japan we have been in direct and immediate contact but a few years. And during these, it must be noted, our opportunities have been none of the best. The materials on hand were extraordinarily multifarious, were costly when they were not insignificant, were always in admirable disorder. There had been no attempt at classification; the history of Japanese art in all its manifestations was a sealed book; most of the marks, legends, and inscriptions presented to our notice turned out to be undecipherable and incomprehensible to the Japanese themselves. Time was, in fact—and not so long ago, either—when the art of Japan was thought to be as higgledy-piggledy a matter as a common Japanese picture appears to the uninitiated, and its masterpieces—in lacquer, ivory, wood, bronze, porcelain, painted silk, printed paper—were all set down as "curios," and nothing more. There was no literature; there was a great jumble of matter; the theory and practice both were the antipodes of our own. Critics looked for balance and rhythm, for beauty of line and loftiness of ideal, for emotional expression and perfection of type; they found them utterly lacking; they concluded that art of this sort was neither more nor less than an "immense blague," like the fortune of the lady who became Mme. Robert Macaire. The mistake was pardonable—was less a fault than a misfortune. But that was before M. Gonse had written and M. Quantin produced the two volumes of *L'Art Japonais*. If any one goes on cleaving to the old error, his misfortune will be not less; but that it is so will be wholly his fault.

For M. Gonse has begun at the beginning. He is not content to take Japan as it stands; he does his utmost to discover how it came to be. It is not enough for him to note the presence of Chinese elements in Japanese art and civilisation, and to repeat that these are traditionally reported to have been intro-

* *L'Art Japonais.* Par Louis Gonse. 2 vols. Paris: A. Quantin. 1883.

The Ornamental Arts of Japan. By George Ashdown Audsley. Part I. Vol. I. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

dated in a Buddhistic medium, through Corea; he shows himself keen on determining the exact quality of their influence, the why and wherefore of their absorption, the precise extent of the modifications they have undergone. He finds material for speculation and conclusion everywhere—in Turretini and in Kaempfer, in Reed and Dickson and Reclus; in the *Empire Japonais* of Matsmaïeff which dates from yesterday, and the *Koziki*, compiled for the Emperor Tenmou close on twelve hundred years ago; in Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan* and, the *Zenken-Kojitsou* of the inimitable Yosai; in the pasquinades of Hokkei and in the pages of Professor Morse. Art, legend, history, philology, anthropology, geography, are all pressed into the service in turn. In his first section, a "Coup-d'œil sur l'Histoire du Japon," he begins among the Kamis, the old primæval gods; he tells of the creation of the world and man by Isanaghi and Jsanami his sister; of the birth and disappearance of Hirougo, all-father of the barbarians; of the fortunes of Amaterassou, Goddess of the Sun, from whom proceeds the imperial race of Japan; of the career of Zimmou, her great-great-grandchild, son of Ninighi and the peerless Tamayori, the first Mikado in history, founder of the dynasty of Yamato; of the thousand years of war and conquest which followed his appearance; the seven or eight centuries of peace and Confucianism and the liberal arts that succeed and form the second stage in the development of Japan; of the growth of the Shoguns and the gradual obliteration of the Mikados; of the rise and fall of the clans of Fouzivara, Taïra, Minamoto, Hojo, Ashikaga, and Tokougava; of the heroic enterprise and governance of Yoritomo, the Napoleon of Japan, and of Yeyas, its Richelieu-Colbert, and so to the revolution of 1867, when the Shoguns were finally overthrown, the Mikados were graced once more with the reality of power, and Japan, thrown open to the foreigner, began to be the Japan we know—a Japan with a journalistic circulation of 29,000,000, and an interest in Listerism and Herbert Spencer, and a national debt that would not disgrace the most prosperous of European nationalities. In his second section—"Le Pays, le Race"—he treats not less minutely and carefully of the natural circumstances of the empire than heretofore of its history and its legends. He considers it geographically, philologically, anthropologically and zoologically, botanically and economically; to get at the secret of its art, he takes care to formulate exactly and completely the conditions which form the matrix of that art, and without which it could not have been at all. In his third chapter he treats of painting—from Inshiraga, in the fifth century, to its creation by Kanaoka in the ninth, and thereafter, through the stories of the rival schools of Tosa and Kano—Tosa the classic and heroic, and Kano the realistic and humorous—to Hokusai and Hokkei and Yosai, and the ruin under Western influences of one of the most admirable æsthetic traditions which the world has known. Painting M. Gonse regards as the foundation of all the arts. The chapter in which he deals with it is the longest, though not perhaps the best, in his book. He follows it up with so many more on architecture, sculpture, chasing and metal-work, lacquer-work, textiles, ceramics (by Mr. S. Bing), and prints and engravings. And it is hardly too much to say that the whole forms something like a cyclopædia of Japan and Japanese art.

In a review like the present it is impossible to do more than refer in passing to a few of M. Gonse's many wonderful illustrations. From first to last his book is crowded with pictures, most of them bearing directly on the text, and all with a quality of some sort to recommend them to our attention and regard. Hokusai, Yosai, Hiroshighe, and Hokkei are freely drawn upon, the first and last for their studies of life and manners, the third for his landscapes, the second for his pictures of heroes and famous men. They are mostly reproduced in black and white, and in the text; but of Hokusai, Shinsei, Shighenobou, Gakoutei, and others (especially of the first) there are a number of "squirelles typographiques," by Gillot, the merit of which is really extraordinary. Among the many admirable reproductions in héliogravure (by M. Dujardin) mention must be made of the several plates of netsukés and sword-hilts, and of those which show a landscape by Sesshiu, a landscape by Tanyu, and a picture by Zaïtiu of two adorable little bears in the snow. M. Guillaume's two typo-grisailles, in black and gold, are remarkable; and the lithographs, by MM. Coin and Lemoine, of Hizen, Kioto, and Satsuma ware, are among the best we have seen. Of the etchings the most curious, perhaps, is one by a native of Japan, reproducing, with exceptional delicacy and skill, a set of motives by Hokusai. The strongest and most graphic, however, are certainly those in which M. Henri Gudrard has set himself to reproduce the sentiment, the lines, the textures, of the several achievements in plastic art confided to his charge. One (there are four or five of them) represents a bronze bouquet-holder; it is in the form of a bulged and broken old creel, cast away long since, and sunk full fathom five; its tenant, a great red crab (in copper, "rouge laqué au feu") is crawling with all his might from a hole in the side; it is a very striking work. A second—a masterpiece of reproduction—shows a superb bronze dragon (in real life a harmless necessary incense-burner) all spikes and coils, with awful jaws, and the claws of a fiend, and the make and length and agility of a creature of hell. A third, printed in red and black, is some way the finest of all, is of an antique theatrical mask, a grotesque at once comic and horrible. It is a concept of singular freshness and imagination, and it is modelled with a vigour, an assurance, an apprehension of reality, that suggest the Greeks themselves. From these, indeed, the Japanese had in some ways nothing to learn. They were the Greeks of the ugly.

Of Mr. Audsley's magnificent enterprise there is not, at this moment, very much to say. As yet its publication has got no further than a first part—one half, that is to say, of one volume. It appears as a neat portfolio, inscribed with a Japanese legend, and figured with a flying dusk in gold, and the huge red circle of a sun. The contents include a brief introduction, some few illustrations in the text, and over twenty splendid chromo-lithographs—among the best M. Lemercier has done—and the descriptions appertaining thereto. Ten are of paintings of one sort or another, four of incrusted work, three of metal-work, three of textile fabrics, two each of lacquer and embroidery, and one of cloisonné enamel. The descriptions, we may note, are not quite worthy of the illustrations. Certain of the specimens selected for these latter are excellent. The first is a feeding crane (signed "Ozawa"), a kakemono painted on silk; in the second we have six scenes out of eight from a picture-book, a legend of battle and adventure and terror; in the fourth, the contents of a makimono devoted to a description of hell as it seems to the romantic of these latitudes—an ecstasy of fiends and flames and tortures and misery; in another, a wonderful piece of incrusted work, a goblin dream, an indigestion of imps and devils grotesque and hideous, and appearances suggesting Hoffmann and Breughel d'Enfer; and so to the end. A certain patchiness and scrappiness, a manifest incompleteness notwithstanding, the work is the most sumptuous and elaborate on the subject yet produced in English; and we shall, of course, return to it—as it appears, and in its completed form.

MEMORIES OF SEVENTY YEARS.*

THE author of this pleasant little book "appeals," in the preface through her editor, "to her readers and critics to be indulgent to the effort which it has cost her much to make" in recording her memories of seventy years. Nobody could judge harshly one who writes so modestly of herself. She is sprung on both sides from a literary stock. Her mother's father was the learned, the eccentric, and the unfortunate Gilbert Wakefield, who, in the evil days that came upon England at the close of last century, was punished with a cruel imprisonment of two years for some rash and violent words. Her father's father was Dr. Aikin, who is now known more as the brother of Mrs. Barbauld than as an author himself. Yet his *Evenings at Home*—oddly enough called by his great-granddaughter, the editor of these Memories, "Evenings of Home"—is, we believe, still read with pleasure by young people. Of Mrs. Barbauld's genius it is not needful to speak. A woman who has written lines that have been the object of Wordsworth's envy is not likely to be forgotten. Crabbe Robinson has told us in his Diary how, when he repeated to the poet her beautiful stanza on "Life," he heard him mutter to himself, "I am not in the habit of grudging people their good things, but I wish I had written those lines." Her *Early Lessons* we are inclined to look upon as the best book that has ever been written for very young children. If it is not used in every infant school in the kingdom, there are infants who are defrauded of their just rights. The author of these "Memories"—we could wish that she had given us her name—thus writes of her early years and of those among whom she was brought up:—

> I feel that I ought to have made a better use of the atmosphere of science and literature by which I was surrounded in my childhood; but I had neither the talents nor the industry of either of my sisters, besides which I had very delicate health, owing, as I knew afterwards, to having been brought up in a close part of London, in an undrained house. No one thought or knew anything about sanitary matters then; it was long after that I discovered that the deaths of my mother and second sister a few years later on had been from this cause.
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> As to the rest of my father's family then living at Stoke Newington, I certainly never saw any persons like my elder relations.
>
> Pure in their lives, of perfect integrity, free from envy as worldly ambition, affectionate in their family relations, they were satisfied to live in the most Spartan simplicity, truly
>
> "Content with science in a humble cell,"
>
> though without any coarseness, as their habits were refined as their manners.

We doubt whether families such as the one that is here described are so commonly found as they were in the early part of the century. At that time the wholesome part of Rousseau's teaching still bore good and even abundant fruit, and in perfect simplicity of life happiness was often both sought and found.

While we have read these "Memories" with pleasure, yet our duty requires us to point out that this book is very far from being faultless. Too much of it does not consist of "Memories" at all, but is made up of extracts from other works. Thus we have an account of Howard the philanthropist, who died more than twenty years before our author was born. It is true that he corresponded with her father; but this correspondence, as we are here told, had been already published. There are other pieces also quoted which are rather fit for swelling a volume than for catching the interest of the reader. However, we can well believe that to those who are unacquainted with the times and the people that are described these quotations may prove interesting. For ourselves, while we admit that a well-made hash is by no means bad fare, yet we are not altogether pleased when we come to it in the belief that it is a dish of fresh meat. So much censure as this we must pass on this book, and with so much we may be satisfied. Our

* *Memories of Seventy Years.* By One of a Literary Family. Edited by Mrs. Herbert Martin. London: Griffith & Farran. 1883.

readers shall not be able to complain that we have misled them. We have warned them that it is a work of very unequal merit, and we shall now turn to that part of it which is both original and pleasing.

One of the author's earliest recollections is of the pride of literature. Nearly all her elder relations were authors by profession. She herself and her little sisters "were always introduced as the granddaughters of Dr. Aikin and nieces of Mrs. Barbauld; sometimes as granddaughters of Gilbert Wakefield; all which," she adds, "must no doubt have been very bad for us." That she should have kept herself so entirely free from priggishness is much to her credit. "I remember with shame," she writes, "the contemptuous pity with which I regarded children whose relations had never written books, never seen their own names in *print*." This conceit was greatly nourished, no doubt, by the fact that her family belonged to a small and unpopular sect. Her aunt, Miss Lucy Aikin, has left on record how in her childhood she had been "persecuted by children for words, for names, of the meaning of which none of them had the slightest conception. I have sat," she writes, "a whole evening whilst others were dancing, because nobody would dance with a Presbyterian. I have been pushed, hunted, even struck, as I stood silent and helpless to the cry of Presbyterian." The modern Unitarians, we may remind our readers, are the descendants of the English Presbyterians. Mrs. Barbauld, even in her old age, was not safe from this intolerance. "A beautiful poem which she published after her husband's death provoked so savage an attack in the *Quarterly* that she was quite discouraged from writing again for the public." It is some slight satisfaction to learn that Mr. Murray, the publisher, told Crabbe Robinson "that he was more ashamed of the article on Mrs. Barbauld than of anything he had ever printed." The most famous writer on the *Quarterly* had been anxious to make her acquaintance. But when he was introduced to her, "Sir Walter only bowed and turned away." Some time later he again heard her name, and then exclaimed, "Is that Mrs. *Barbold*? I thought when you said Mrs. *Barbo*, it must be somebody else." He had not known that her husband had retained the French pronunciation of his name. Our author herself heard Scott tell Mrs. Barbauld a very interesting anecdote. He reminded her that when many years earlier she had visited Edinburgh, she had with her a manuscript copy of Taylor's version of Bürger's *Leonora*. This she had read to Dugald Stewart. "He," said Scott, "repeated all he could remember of it to me, and this, madam, was what made me a poet. I had several times attempted the more regular kinds of poetry without success, but here was something I thought I could do." Southey does not properly come within these "Memories." In his youth, whenever he was in town, he had been a constant visitor at the houses of our author's father and aunt. "When he changed his political opinions, however, he at once entirely dropped their friendship, never once visiting or writing to them again." Coleridge she first met on the staircase of the Mansion House, of all places—"a tall stout man, with thick white hair and fine dark eyes." She was once asked to the Gillmans' house at Highgate, at the time that he was living there, and she "listened with wrapt attention to his wonderful eloquence," as he spoke, "without any break, for more than an hour." When she saw Wordsworth he was suffering from the toothache, and scarcely said a word. Godwin she describes as "a little old man, with a clever, striking countenance and polite, almost cringing manners." His voice was as gentle as his manners. Walking one day on Hampstead Heath she saw a great crowd round a tree. "Going nearer, I saw a man preaching—a tall figure, with long black hair parted down the middle, fine features, but with a terrible cast in his eye.' He was the celebrated Edward Irving, the friend of Carlyle. . . . We could not get near enough to hear his words, but his action was impressive and graceful, and he was listened to with the deepest attention." Of a very different kind is another of her "Memories." Lord Denman had been one of Mrs. Barbauld's pupils. For him and for his companions she had written her *Early Lessons* and her *Hymns in Prose*. "He never forgot his early teacher, and would always in after times speak of her to us in terms of warm affection, saying that if he had any eloquence it was owing to his readings with Mrs. Barbauld." At an evening party at his house our author met Lord Brougham and his daughter. "Brougham seemed to doat upon her, and his eyes followed her about always as she danced. At the end of the evening a country dance was formed, in which the two great lawyers joined. All of a sudden Lord Denman fell down as if he had been shot; he had snapped his tendon Achilles." With Samuel Rogers the Aikins were on terms of great intimacy. "I never could understand," she writes, "the brutal jokes made upon his personal appearance. . . . His manners were polished and courteous, and he was most generous and benevolent to all who asked his help." The following anecdote of him she has never, she says, seen in print:—

> Going one night to the gallery of the opera, which he thought the best place for hearing, he noticed a respectable looking elderly man gazing at him very intently for some time. At last, between the acts, he left his seat, and placing himself in front of Mr. Rogers, said in a solemn tone, "Pray, sir, is your name Samuel Rogers?"
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> Mr. Rogers, who always cherished the hope that his works were popular with the lower classes, replied most graciously that it was.
>
> "Then, sir," said the man, "I should be glad to know, if you please, why you have changed your *poulterer*?"

Crabbe she describes as "a gentle, courteous old man, almost painfully humble; he looked as if he had suffered much, which was indeed the case." Stothard also she had often met—"a simple-mannered man, with a kind, thoughtful face, and thick white hair." Malthus had been a pupil of her great-grandfather's. "When I knew him," she writes, "he was a polite, handsome, kind old man, tall and slender, with dark eyes." She heard a curious anecdote of Mrs. Inchbald from Miss Benger. This latter lady, whose name is now quite forgotten, had been anxious to obtain an introduction to the once famous novelist. Failing in all other expedients, "she bribed Mrs. Inchbald's servant to let her take her place at her lodgings in the evening. Accordingly, in cap and apron, she brought up the tea-kettle and tea-tray."

> I presume this led to an introduction, as she once told us, in illustration of Mrs. Inchbald's penurious habits, that she was spending an evening with her in very cold weather, when in spite of the delightful talk of her hostess, it grew so dreadfully cold that she rose to go. Mrs. Inchbald not being able to make up her mind to the extravagance of putting on more coal, but being equally desirous to enjoy the talk, exclaimed, "Oh, stay a little longer, and I will push all the fire to your side."

Of Joanna Baillie we got an amusing anecdote. She told the author how some of her old friends in Scotland had been shocked at the line of writing she had taken to. No doubt it was her plays at which they looked askance. "Have ye heard," wrote one of them, "that Jocky Baillie has taken to the *public line*?" Of a Miss Hamond, a lady who for many years lived with Mrs. Barbauld, some curious stories are told. She was so ignorant of common things that "if she had a hard egg she would send it down to be boiled softer. When her ear was syringed for deafness, she would hold the sponge to the *opposite* side of her head." Readers of Crabbe Robinson's Diary may remember the account he gives of the suicide of the brother of this lady. Among this unhappy man's papers Mr. Robinson, as he told our author long afterwards, had found one entitled "The Best Way of Killing Mrs. Barbauld." She, poor woman, had troubles enough in her own household, for her husband was a dangerous lunatic, and had once attacked her with a carving-knife. Him our author cannot remember. His good will towards her he had shown on the day of her birth by rushing out the moment he heard the news to buy a pound of barley-sugar for the new-born baby. Not long afterwards he drowned himself in the New River. In the touching lines which his aged widow wrote on his death, which are quoted in this book, we find a passage which bears a striking likeness to two fine lines of Dr. Garth's:—

> 'Tis not for thee the tears I shed,
> Thy sufferings now are o'er;
> The sea is calm, the tempest past,
> On that eternal shore.

Garth had said:—

> To die is landing on some silent shore,
> Where billows never break, nor tempests roar.

With one more story we must bring our notice to a close. Collectors of old china will sigh when they read it. The author had been told by her father that once when he was dining with Mr. Wedgewood's sister, Mr. Wedgewood, who was present, "perceiving a few cracks in the plates at the end of the meal, took out his pocket-knife and broke every piece of china on the table. The next morning his sister received from him a beautiful new dinner-service."

A NEW AMERICAN NOVELIST.*

THE fashion of anonymity prevails more in the United States than in Great Britain. It is true that an English author now and again chooses to hide himself for a little space. Lord Lytton's authorship of *The Coming Race* and of *The Parisians* was unconfessed until after his death. Mr. Charles Reade published *The Woman-Hater* in *Blackwood* without his name. *Ready-Money Mortiboy* bore no signature when it first came before the public, and Mr. Besant's later venture, *The Revolt of Man*, also made its mark unaided by its author's name. To this day Mr. Hamerton's *Marmorne* is unacknowledged in England, although it has been attributed to him by authority in the Tauchnitz edition. In the United States there are not a few single instances of unsigned novels, of which *Democracy* is the best known of late; but there are also two series devoted wholly to anonymous fiction. The first of these, aptly called the "No Name Series," has for its motto a quotation from George Eliot, "Is the gentleman anonymous? Is he a great unknown?" In this series have appeared the *Marmorne* of Mr. Hamerton, the stories of the young lady whose signature in England is "George Fleming," and two tales of a peculiar and weird power and fascination, *Mercy Philbrick's Choice* and *Hetty's Strange History*, besides many other novels of varying merit and success. And it is indisputable that the absence of names has stimulated public curiosity and got the stories more talked about than if they had been signed. But the public began to tire of the trick and to demand from an anonymous novel qualities which would repay the trouble and worry of guessing at the authorship. When the first number of *The Bread-Winners* appeared in the *Century* last summer it proved its right to the widespread criticism it excited, and the second and third instalments maintained this interest. The story was strong and the grasp of character firm, and the author showed the skill to

* *The Bread-Winners: a Social Study*. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Warne & Co.

seize on traits of American life and character hitherto neglected by novelists. He spoke as one having authority, and there was much question as to whom he might be. Plainly enough *The Bread-Winners* is not the work of a beginner in authorship, and equally plainly it is not the work of one of the recognized American novelists. There can indeed be but little doubt that there is a new American novelist, and that he has made his appearance in literature with one of the strongest and most striking stories of the last ten years.

The English publishers in their advertisement suggest that perhaps *The Bread-Winners* is by the author of *Democracy*. In the United States those who are best qualified to form an opinion incline to the belief that *Democracy* was written by a collaboration of three or four clever people, at least one of whom was a woman; and it may be that the author of *The Bread-Winners* was one of the authors of *Democracy*. But there can be no doubt as to the relative merits of the two books. In England *Democracy* was ludicrously overrated, was indeed accepted as a revelation; in America it was seen to be quite as superficial as it was clever—even its title was dishonest; it was as though *Ginx's Baby* had been labelled *Aristocracy*. *The Bread-Winners* is a story of another sort; it is quite as clever as *Democracy*, and it is much more than merely clever; while the merits of *Democracy* were fully summed up in the one word cleverness. *The Bread-Winners* is the work of a very clever man; it is told with many lively strokes of humour; it sparkles with epigram; it is brilliant with wit; but it has what *Democracy* had not—it has depth; and its author has what the authors of *Democracy* had not, or, at least, what they did not then reveal—it has both feeling and imagination. The characters of *The Bread-Winners* are rounded; those of *Democracy* are thin and flat. Stick a pin into the best character in *Democracy*—the Senator—and you can see daylight through him. Stick a pin into Mr. Temple or Maud Matchin, of *The Bread-Winners*, and they bleed.

This, indeed, is the prime merit of *The Bread-Winners*: the chief characters in it are actually alive; they are really flesh and blood; they are at once true and new; and they are emphatically and aggressively American. The anonymous author has a firm grip on American character. He has seen, and he has succeeded in making us see, facts and phases of American life which no one has put into a book before. He has attempted to handle certain of the problems of life in America, and his boldness and insight have been rewarded with success. Although the novel is called "a social study," it is not the less a story; it has a beginning, a middle, and an end; it has a plot, a catastrophe, a climax; it is not a mere echo of "the hum of the smallest of talk," without form and void. *The Bread-Winners* is a story; it is true that those who believe that all the stories have been said and sung already may consider that this is a twice-told tale. In fact, there is nothing very novel in the plot, although it is artfully evolved, and although it contains many ingeniously-contrived incidents. It may be conceded at once that the story begins better than it ends, and that its finish is hurried. That the comedy of the earlier chapters falls into melodrama toward the close of the book, and that this melodrama narrowly escapes vulgarity and does not altogether escape brutality, this also must be admitted. But the melodrama is never "sensational"; it never pandors to the unhealthy appetite for horrors; and it springs naturally from the situation.

The scene of the story is laid in a thriving young town on one of the Great Lakes; the author calls it Buffland, as though he wished to hint at both Buffalo and Cleveland; but there can be little doubt that Cleveland was the model from which he drew. "The Bread-Winners" is the name of a secret society of labour reformers, got up by a demagogue by the name of Offitt. There is a general strike in Buffland, stirred up by Offitt and his fellows. The hero of the story is Captain Farnham, a young millionaire, who has recently resigned from the army, after four years of civil war and ten years of Indian fighting. He organizes a squad of old soldiers, repulses an attack on his own house, and protects the house of Mrs. Belding, whose daughter Alice is one of the most beautiful and lovely figures in recent fiction. She is a noble specimen of womanhood, quite as typical of the American girl in one way as was Daisy Miller in another. Offitt robs and half kills Captain Farnham, whose life is saved by Alice Belding. Offitt is strangled by the man on whom he has tried to throw the blame of the murder. The "Bread-Winners" themselves play a subordinate part in the story, and one inclines to the belief that the author having planned a tale of the labour troubles, allowed the development of certain necessary characters to run away with him, and to push into the background the original motive, which is handled only hastily and in the last half of the book. It is to be regretted that the original motive was not wholly discarded, for the author has succeeded only in treating inadequately one side of the discussion between labour and capital. Had he abandoned it wholly, he would have been able to devote himself with singleness of purpose to harmonious elaboration of the little group of characters which give the book its permanent value, and which redeem the disappointment the reader is likely to feel at the discordance between the beginning of the book and the end. The real drama of the story lay in the contrast of Alice Belding and Maud Matchin, and in the development of their characters in consequence of their association with Farnham. This is suggested, but before it is worked out the author turns again to the brotherhood of the Bread-Winners, to Mr. Bott, the Inspirational Medium, to the riot, and the murder. These things are well done, but they have been well done before. And Maud Matchin and Mr. Temple had never been done at all; and they were well worth doing.

Even as it is, Maud Matchin is the unforgettable figure of the book, boldly projected, and standing firm on her feet. The daughter of an English carpenter, she was marvellously modified by her American environment. She left the high school unfitted for work, full of vague hopes and romantic visions, and conscious of her own robust and remarkable beauty:—

> She was too strong and well to dream much; her only visions were of a rich man who should love her for her fine eyes. She would meet him in some simple and casual way; he would fall in love at sight, and speedily prosper in his wooing; they would be married—privately, for Maud blushed and burned to think of her home at such times,—and then they would go to New York to live. She never wasted conjecture on the age, the looks, the manner of being of this possible hero. Her mind intoxicated itself with the thought of his wealth. She went one day to the Public Library to read the articles on Rothschild and Astor in the encyclopedias. She even tried to read the editorial articles on gold and silver in the Ohio papers.
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> Her mind was too much filled with interests of this kind to leave any great room for her studies. She had pride enough to hold her place in her classes, and that was all. She learned a little music, a little drawing, a little Latin, and a little French—the French of "Stratford-atte-Bowe," for French of Paris was not easy of attainment at Buffland. This language had an especial charm for her, as it seemed a connecting link with that elysium of fashion of which her dreams were full. She once went to the library and asked for "a nice French book." They gave her *La Petite Fadette*. She had read of George Sand in newspapers, which had called her a "corrupter of youth." She hurried home with her book, eager to test its corrupting qualities, and when, with locked doors and infinite labour, she had managed to read it, she was greatly disappointed at finding in it nothing to admire and nothing to shudder at. "How could such a smart woman as that waste her time writing about a lot of peasants, poor as crows, the whole lot!" was her final indignant comment.

The character of Maud Matchin is presented with extraordinary vigour and boldness. The girl is cold in feeling and coarse in mind—what a French author would have done with her we all may guess; what the American author has done with her we all may read in these pages. The scene between Captain Farnham and Maud Matchin in the conservatory, in which Maud Matchin, knowing that she does not care for Farnham at all, asks him to marry her—this scene is set before us with a mingled boldness and coldness worthy of the highest praise. This scene is true; it happened—or at least that is the impression it leaves. (And here occasion serves to say that the other scene, at the end of the book, in which Alice Belding reveals her love for Farnham, is quite as clever—but it never happened; Alice Belding would not do what she is described as doing, and could not if she would.) The scene in the conservatory between Maud Matchin and Farnham is more than clever; and it has touches not unworthy of Fielding or Thackeray. With a warmer temperament Maud Matchin would surely go headlong to the devil, and we should expect to see her either in the Potter's Field at Buffland, or with the *demi-monde* in Paris. As it is, the final glimpse we get of her is admirable; she marries the man who killed Offitt. "We need not say," remarks the author, "how much of good or how much of evil was to be expected from a wedlock so ill-regulated and untrained; where the woman brought into the partnership the wreck of ignoble ambitions, and the man the memory of a crime."

After Maud Matchin, the most original and striking figure in the book is Mr. Temple, a quiet, pleasant, social, silent gentleman, fond of the best wines and the fastest horses, and gifted with a command over the damnatory clauses of the English language which would qualify him for the Professorship of Ornamental Profanity in any Western college. We have but a glimpse of Mr. Temple, for he is presented with great reserve; but he is a man to remember. His unfailing flow of American humour and American good humour, his hard sense and his clear grit, unite with other peculiarities in making him one of the best-liked characters in the book, and that liking is a high tribute to the taste and discretion of the author. For one touch, however, we must find space here. It is Temple who warns Farnham against the rioters and proffers aid, and when Farnham suggests that Temple's own house and stable will need all his care, Temple has to explain, with a blush, that the rioters will not touch him or his property. "They say a man who uses such good horses and such bad language as I do—that's just what they say—is one of them, and shan't be racketed."

We have no desire to overpraise *The Bread-Winners*, and we could do the author no worse service. The book is not without faults, frequent and evident enough. The basement is too big for the roof for one thing; the promise of the earlier chapters is not quite fulfilled; there are rankness and crudity; there are many signs of inexperience as a novelist; for, although the anonymous author is beyond all question a writer of experience, he is obviously enough a novice as a novelist. But, after making all deductions, there remains a substantial balance in his favour. *The Bread-Winners* is emphatically a book to be read. It is a very strong story, but its brutal force has no flavour of the muscular paganism of Ouida and her fellows; it is rather the reaction of a highly-cultivated gentleman familiar with camps and courts, and tired of the prettinesses and pettinesses of most modern fiction. *The Bread-Winners* is interesting; it is earnest, it is sincere, it is in many ways a very remarkable book; fine in its performance, and finer still in its promise.

THE HISTORY OF LIDDESDALE.*

SCOTLAND is an old country remarkable for the absence of vestiges of antiquity. While in England there is a venerable church, or a church venerable before it was "restored," in almost every parish, an ancient parish church in Scotland is a kind of miracle. There is usually either the barn-like building, of any date between 1700 and 1860, or there is the Neo-Presbyterian Gothic, of an age in which young Scotch ministers try to dress like the most extreme of curates. The rising red-brick National Zion near Prince's Ground and Hans Place is a good example of Neo-Presbyterian art. However ancient a Scotch town may be, it generally manages to look bleak and new. Probably the old towns were very combustible, and were frequently burned by the English. Whether this be the cause of the absence of old houses (except in parts of Edinburgh old town) or not, it is rare to meet a town house as ancient as the Battle of Philiphaugh. The new look of the old towns is, perhaps, most remarkable on the Border; but the Border is, after all, the happiest hunting-ground for the Scotch antiquary. If the ballads have disappeared (they were certain to do that as soon as they were printed), the towers of the old gentry remain. Sometimes the peel has been turned into a house for a keeper or head shepherd; more frequently it is an empty shell, with crumbling staircases, and rooms from which the wainscoting has been torn. But the solid strength of the antique walls, proof in days past against axe and fire, remains. You may wander up any of the many burns that flow from the green hills into Ettrick, Tweed, Teviot, Ail, or Yarrow, or Liddell, and the odds are that you will soon find the old peel standing in a sheltered nook, the forsaken home of Scotts, Elliots, Armstrongs, Johnstones, and Hendersons of the warlike ages. Occasionally (as at Buccleugh) the tower has long been destroyed, and only a little farmhouse marks the site. But the rule is to find the keep, with all its memories of forays and chieftains, feuds and wardens, and March Treason and Border laws. These towers and the graven slabs, which are all that remain from the chapels in the Wilderness, where a hunting mass was mumbled through when the laird went after the red deer, are not the only interesting remains of the past of the Borders. The history of the Catrail has still to be written, of that singular ditch which runs from north to south across the Border counties, and is the march of some forgotten kingdom, the defence of some race that has not even left a name or a legend.

With all this store of nature and of relic and legend to work upon, Mr. Armstrong, the author of the *History of Liddesdale*, might have made a very attractive book. He has made a very splendid and sumptuous book. Though the landscapes engraved in his work are poorly designed, the little woodcuts of carven slabs that now cover pigstyes, of seals, and the like, and the coloured coats of arms, and the reproduction of early maps, are all capitally executed. Most interesting, too, are some coloured copies of very old water-colour drawings representing certain castles on the Borders. Mr. Armstrong has found in the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum a Military Report of the West March and Liddesdale, with reference to the possibility of their occupation by an English army. The paper was drawn up about 1563-66 by an English official. The illustrations are brilliantly coloured, and give most exact evidence as to the state of the great Border strengths three hundred years ago. We have, for example, Cardines standing in a green court on comically drawn rocks. Chains dropped from beams thrust out above the gates serve to draw up at need the bridge over the moat. The strong square outer walls are only pierced by arrow-slits.

Within the walls a round battlemented tower dominates white houses with high-pitched red roofs and crow steps. The red roofs are still as scarlet as ever on all the white houses of the fisher-folk on the Berwickshire coast. Behind is indicated "the watter Flete" with very conventional waves. The castle is said to be "xxvne foote thicke of the wall." Quainter still is the sketch of "Kirkcowbright," with the wide expanses of green fields and sand, through which the river, crowded with high-decked black ships, goes wandering. There is a lonely church in the fields, another in the little walled town, with its one long street of white red-roofed houses, and with its cross in the centre of the market-place. In those days, as we learn from the English official, "Kenmure was pertenyng to the larde of Lowghinwar"—namely, to young Lochinvar who came out of the west. Unluckily, there is no drawing of the very ancient castle of Kenmure, perched on its high green mound above Loch Ken. Carlaverock, however, is carefully drawn; it has four main walls, with towers at the corners, but no central tower. The town of Annan is as queer a landscape study as any of the rest, and represents a most singular dome-shaped building, like the "treasure-house of Atreus," between the river and the town. As to Annan, the English official seems to have received treacherous information from "Alexander Armestronge, Fargous Grahame, and others of my intelligence that the same towere may be wyn from them, getting there murder holes, which thei have beilded lowe."

In all material matters—paper, type, engraving—it is difficult to praise Mr. Armstrong's *History of Liddesdale* too highly. But it is not, we fear, an attractive or entertaining volume. Perhaps we ought not to complain that, in an age of picturesque historians, Mr. Armstrong has chosen a style and method of extreme demureness. His researches in manuscripts, whether kept in public offices or in private hands, are most creditable. His appendices and notes are exhaustive, and have all the appearance of minute exactness. But while Mr. Armstrong has collected and arranged materials for a history of Liddesdale, he has not done what most people now expect from an historian. He has not made the old aspects of Border life revive again, he is nothing less than pictorial. He treats all topics somewhat stiffly, each matter under its own heading. He follows so minutely the events on the Borders in the time when the Armstrongs were raiding, that one becomes almost lost in the minuteness of detail. A better idea, a more vivid idea of the air and vigour of old times in Liddesdale, may be got in a flash, as it were, and with delight, from Sir Walter's notes to poems and novels, than can be gathered with toil from Mr. Armstrong's history. We are not by any means blaming Mr. Armstrong for this steady laborious method. His beautiful book is not meant to compete with novels and popular histories. Only three hundred and eighty copies are printed. They will find their way into public libraries and into the houses of the great Border families, the modern representatives of Scotts, Elliots, Johnstons, Jardines, and the rest. Mr. Armstrong's book will always be a book to consult, an authority, a guide to documents, but a diverting or engaging book it cannot honestly be called.

Mr. Armstrong says nothing about the prehistoric Border, about Picts and Scots and Romans. His work begins with an account of the divisions of the Marches, the duties and powers, military and judicial, of wardens and lieutenants, the arrangements for truce days. Nobody ever gave a clearer account of the Borders (in spite of his doggrel) than Satchell in his *History of the Name of Scott*. Satchell saw very distinctly that the brigandage of the Border clans was really inevitable. You must have warlike men where the hostile kingdoms "marched," and it was not in nature but that these heroes should keep their hands in, even during time of truce, by raids, blood feuds, and private wars.

> Near to a border frontier in time of war,
> There's ne'er a man but he's a freebooter,
> Where fainting fazard dare not shew their face.
> And calls their offspring thieves to their disgrace.

Satchell keeps repeating (the poet of the Scotts could do no less) that a freebooter was not a thief.

> The freebooter ventures both life and limb,
> Good wife, and bairn, and every other thing;
> He must do so, or else must starve and die,
> For all his lively hood comes of the enemie.

These ideas made the rude morality of the Borderers on either side of the March. Though they lived so long before Mr. George and Mr. Hyndman, they had anticipated the theories of those sages. "They have a persuasion that all property is common by law of nature, and is therefore liable to be appropriated by them in their neces-ities." The "to-names," or nicknames, of the Borderers are themselves proof of their reckless, warlike spirit. We find such names as "Out with the Sword," "Ower the Moss," "Crak Speare," "Shake Bukler," "John with the Jak" (after the wearing of Jacks was prohibited), and so forth. They were good men at arms, as Froissart testifies, and courteous to their prisoners, whom they ransomed speedily. To all of them, Scotch and English, as to the New Zealanders, war was a game, and they played it without rancour or ill temper. From the "account of the Scots slain at Pinkie," it appears that they were poorly armed, and that the gentlemen went no braver clad than the common moss-troopers. "Their armour among them so little differing, and their apparail so base and beggarly, wherein the Lurdain was in a manner all one wyth the Lorde, and the Lounde wyth the Larde; all clad alyke in jackes coovered wyth whyte leather, dooblettes of the same or of fustian, and most commonly al white hosen. Not one with either cheine, brooch, ryng, or garment of silke that I coolde see, onless cheynes of latters drawn four or five times along the thighs of their hosen, and dooblet sleeves for outlyng, and of the sorte I saw many. This vilness of sport was the cans that so many of their great men and gentlemen were kyld, and so few saved." The Borderers, light horsemen, thought that

> The man's an ass
> Who fights in a cuirass.

These wild fellows, who were hunting or playing foot-ball when they were not fighting, and who planned revenges even at their foot-ball matches, had to be "managed" rather than governed. The greater part of Mr. Armstrong's book is occupied with an account of how they were managed. As there was not always war between England and Scotland, while war was always being made by every man for his own hand, truce-days were appointed; cases were tried by a kind of jury; price for stolen cattle was estimated, demanded, perhaps paid; challenges to single combat were shouted or "bawled"; arrangements were made for ending *vendettas* by joint pilgrimages to shrines, and by common prayers for heroes fallen on either side. As times drew near the date of James VI., the wild clans, as the Armstrongs, grew more and more out of hand. Finally, and reluctantly, but firmly, James V. had to hang John Armstrong; and thereafter times were comparatively peaceful. The story of Kilnockie's end is worth quoting once again. It is the most graphic passage in Mr. Armstrong's sober pages; and, in his pages, it is a quotation:—

> Efter this hunting the king hanged Johne Armstrange, laird of Kilnokie, quhilk monie Scottis man bewailie lamented, for he was ane doubtit man, and als guid ane chiftane as evir was upoun the borderis aither of Scotland

* *The History of Liddesdale.* By Robert Bruce Armstrong. Part I. Twelfth Century to 1530. Edinburgh: Douglas. 1883.

or England. And albeit he was ane lous leivand man, and mustrand the number of xxiiij weill-horsed able gentlmen with him, yitt he nevir molested any Scottis man. But it is said, from the Scottis border to Newcastle of Ingland, thair was not ane of quhatsoevir estate bot payed to this John Armstrange ane tribut to be frie of his cumber, he was so doubtit in Ingland. So when he entred in befoir the king he cam verrie reverentlie, with his forsaid number verrie richlie apparelled, trusting that in respect he had cum to the kingis grace willinglie and voluntarlie, not being tain nor apprehendit be the king, he sould obtaine the mair favour. Bot when the king saw him and his men so gorgeous in thair apparrell, and so many braw men under ane tirrantis, commandement throwardlie he turned about his face, and bad tak that tirrant out of his sight, saying, "Quhat wantis yon knave that a king sould have?" But when Johne Armstrange perceaved that the king kindled in ane furie againes him, and had no hope of his lyff, notwithstanding of many great and fair offerris, quhilk he offerred to the king, that is, that he should sustene himself with fourtie gentlmen, ever readie to awaitt upoun his majestie's service, and nevir to tak a pennie of Scotland, nor Scottis man. Secondlie, that thair was not ane subject in Ingland, duik, earle, lord, or barroun, bot within ane certane day he sould bring ony of thame to his majestie, aither quick or dead. He takine no hope of the kingis favour towardis him, said verrie proudlie, "I am bot ane fooll to seik grace at ane graceles face. But had I knawin, sir, that yee would have takin my lyff this day, I sould have leyed upoun the borderis in disphyte of King Harie and yow baith, for I knaw King Harie wold doun weigh my best hors with gold to knaw that I wer condemned to die this dey." So he was led to the scaffold, and he and all his men hanged.

This was the beginning of the end of the system by which the Border clans were allowed, if not encouraged, to behave much like Klephts on the Turco-Greekish frontier, but more honourably, for the Armstrongs would not have held a rich Scot (if such a being had existed) to ransom. At least they would greatly have preferred an Englishman.

SPORT IN THE SOUDAN.*

THE excuse for the appearance of yet another book of African travel is the novelty of the district explored. Mr. James and his six companions, after two seasons in the more familiar regions of the Upper Nile, determined to seek their sport and adventure in a comparatively unknown tract, where, so far as they could ascertain, scarce a traveller had penetrated. The region thus selected was the Basé country, which lies between Massawa and Cassala, on the northern frontier of Abyssinia. Strictly speaking, this forms part of the territory included in the vague term Soudan: but it is not the part traversed by the luckless army of Hicks Pasha. Hicks, indeed, started from the same point—Sawakin or Souakim—but thence he struck nearly west to Berber, while Mr. James and his party journeyed south to Cassala, and then worked their way eastwards to the Red Sea again at Massawa. The route was, however, even longer than that to Berber; and the narrative of the journey over the three hundred miles of desert to Cassala forms an instructive supplement to Mr. O'Donovan's letters to the *Daily News*. The country is barren and desolate; there was scarcely any grass on the way to Cassala, and what there was at that season was burnt up and as brittle as spun glass. The greater part of the country was covered with sparse mimosa bushes, mostly leafless during the dry season, and yielding no shade. Here and there the monotony of the view was varied by rocky hills, and the commonest feature consisted in *Khors*, or torrent-beds, dry at that season, but where water could generally be obtained by digging a few feet below the surface. These Khors were lined with a fringe of bush-jungle and belts of dôm palms, which gave capital cover for large game, but added seriously to the risks of the sport, as it was impossible to tell where your quarry was till he rushed upon you. The record is full of hairbreadth escapes from wounded buffaloes, who take refuge in the thickest of the jungle, and then charge upon their tracker, who has barely time to get his rifle to his shoulder before the maddened beast is at the muzzle. Travelling through this jungle and long grass is tedious work, especially when you have to cut a path for the baggage camels. Even in the more open country a daily march of eight hours, or twenty miles, was as much as could be easily managed; but of course the hunters rode ahead on their *hegeens*, or riding camels, and horses, and thus got time for sport before the baggage came up to the camping place. Here is a specimen march:—

> We crossed several Khors, the country being as desolate as it is possible to imagine. The mountains we had left, and saw no more till we came in sight of the great mountain at the foot of which lies Cassala, and found ourselves in a wide and stony plain, with a few stunted mimosa bushes growing here and there. The heat, too, was very great, and we saw no game. The next two days' journeys, however, were even more trying. We had thought the country could not become uglier or more monotonous to traverse; we soon found that it could—a perfectly level stretch of country to our right terminating in the horizon to our left, and in front of us a range of hillocks at a distance of some ten or twelve miles. We occasionally crossed a *Khor*, bordered by a few bushes and sickly-looking dôm palms; the heat being intense, with a total absence of shade. For miles we passed over country without a bush, and covered with a perpetual mirage; then we would come to a spot on which grew a few dwarf mimosa bushes. In parts the desert was covered with loose stones; as we neared Cassala, however, this gave place to a fine, loamy soil, which no doubt with rain would be very fertile. Once we passed through what had been, after the rains, a *durrah* field. Of animal life we came across a few guinea-fowl, and saw a fine buck ariel, the first of the species we had seen since passing the herd near Sawakin.

Cassala, the largest town in the Soudan after Khartoum, with a population of 15,000 and a garrison, is situated in a very different kind of scenery, rich in trees which give it a park-like aspect, and possessing a wonderfully fertile soil, well watered, but shamefully neglected by the lazy inhabitants, who have no idea of the hard work of the Egyptian fellah, and who are so superstitious and foolish that they would not employ a flour-mill built by a European at Cassala, though it ground their *durrah* (the staple corn of the Soudan) at one-eighth the usual price, because they believed that it was worked by a demon. To judge from the sketches, the scenery along the wild, rocky bed of the Settite must be singularly picturesque; but the travellers seem to have found a good deal of it wearisome in its sameness:—

> A more monotonous journey than the one we made on the following day I never performed. The country became less and less mountainous, with occasional patches covered with kittar bushes—all, of course, leafless—and great grass plains. For miles we travelled through a thick forest of leafless trees, covered with thorns, and which we thought would never terminate; the trees were only twelve to eighteen feet high, and grew so thickly that we could only see a very short distance in front of us. It was more irksome than the most tedious desert, for there there is usually something, some hill or speck on the horizon, to look forward to arriving at; but here there was no object to fix one's eyes upon and to watch the distance gradually lessening. It was, moreover, impossible to say how long we should be in getting through this forest; there was the merest apology for a path, which we frequently lost for some time, and the hatchets were in constant requisition to fell branches in order to allow the camels to pass.

The travellers had, however, worse things to contend with than monotony of scene. They lost a tried servant at the beginning of their campaign by the scourge of African travel—dysentery; and they had to keep a sharp watch upon the tribes through whose land they passed, and who bore no very satisfactory character for honesty or friendliness. They proved, however, better than they had been painted, and Mr. James had no serious trouble with them as a rule; once, indeed, the party was attacked by Abyssinians, with the loss of a horse and some valuable rifles; but, with this exception, they went in no fear of their lives from man, whatever they may have risked from beasts. As far as game was concerned, they had certainly lighted upon a fine country, and one that had, so far, never been shot over:—

> A country may fairly lay claim to be considered to be a gamey one where elephants, rhinoceros, buffalo, giraffes, and ostriches, are all seen on the same day, and where, in addition, are found seven or eight varieties of antelopes, wild boar, or rather wart-hog, to say nothing of lions and panthers, which, though scarce at that particular part at the time of our visit, were nevertheless to be occasionally found. As for birds, there were swarms of guinea-fowl, partridges, pigeons and doves, and many birds of brilliant plumage, if any one cared to collect them.

On the Settite they had some excellent fishing, the fish being small but good eating. Buffalo and antelope, especially *tétél*, formed the staple game, but lion was, of course, the highest ambition of each of the party, and many long night-watches were devoted to this exciting quest. Sometimes the lions almost brushed against them in the dark without giving a chance; at others, they could be seen shaking the long jungle, where a shot would be wasted. Some measure of success attended these hunts, and the excitement by itself was worth some trouble. The hunters made small *zaribas* in which to sit, with a native holding a spare rifle at each side and a decoy sheep in front. Here each man waited patiently all night, hearing lions roaring around him, sometimes seeing five or six in the distance out of range, and now and then getting a shot at one at close quarters, and feeling the joy of bowling him over, only to see him crawl off into the jungle, where he might or might not be found next morning.

> It is difficult for any one who has not had personal experience of this kind of sport to realize adequately how exciting it is. Even buffalo hunting at night is sufficiently attractive, but the excitement is tenfold when the roar of the king of beasts is heard, growing louder as he approaches the hiding-place of the watchers. Then the rifle is grasped with firmer grip, as with beating heart and finger on trigger the sportsman watches the trembling sheep tugging and straining at its rope, in vain endeavour to escape from the shadowy form and gleaming eyes which, though hidden as yet from the eager gaze of the hunter by intervening bushes, are only too plainly visible to the intended victim. An instant of intense suspense, and then with a deep growl the lion bunches himself upon his prey. Now is the supreme moment! a quick shot, followed by a cloud of dust often rendering a second impossible, and for a moment it is difficult to determine how the game is going. Is he dead or mortally wounded? in full retreat, or blindly charging his assailant, separated from him by only a few feet?

We should say the sport was exciting in an even more intense degree to the hapless sheep.

The book is essentially a record of a sporting tour. There is little else that is interesting in it. Of the people—the Wild Tribes of the Soudan—who give the volume its title, we learn uncommonly little, except that they rest themselves (like the goose) on one leg, and are not fastidious as to food or raiment. We read of criminals being arraigned before a sacred tree, of which they must tear off the bark if innocent, and offerings are placed on the tombs of the dead; but this is all the folk-lore we have found in the book. There is a curious account of an Abyssinian monastery of twelve monks at the top of a mountain called Tchad Amba, to which the party ascended by an exceedingly unpleasant path, consisting for part of the way of a sharp ridge, on which they had to straddle with one leg hanging over the right hand precipice and the other over the left. They were the first visitors the old monks had ever received, and some of these had not been down the mountain for forty years. This is about the only interesting episode outside sport in the volume, which contains too much of the common incidents of travel, guides, theft, native lies, medicine, tent-pegs, experimental cooking, and the like. Nevertheless the book will be turned over with pleasure by the large class of readers who like to hear of

* *The Wild Tribes of the Soudan: an Account of Travel and Sport, chiefly in the Basé Country.* By F. L. James, M.A., F.R.G.S. London: John Murray. 1883.

adventures and the hunting of big game: and it is written in a quiet, unpretentious, businesslike way, that will recommend it to those who know the temptations to exaggeration to which a sportsman is exposed in relating the exploits of his own bow and spear. The illustrations, both woodcuts and etchings, add greatly to the value and attraction of the volume, and there is a useful map of the Basé country drawn from the observations of one of the party with the sextant and prismatic compass.

LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN SKINNER.*

IN monographs like this very much depends on the manner of writing, for the interest at best is local or provincial. Mr. Skinner was, no doubt, a remarkable man, and he went through many remarkable experiences: but, as his biographer is compelled indirectly to admit, even his panegyrists must pronounce him one of the brilliant failures. At the same time, we may say that it was marvellous that he did so much, for the circumstances of his life and times were sorely against him. He filled a paltry cure in one of the bleakest and most storm-beaten districts of Northern Scotland; he lived in thoroughly apostolical poverty, and had in great measure to depend on the liberality of his kindly parishioners; and he lived remote from those centres of intellectual life which stimulate the energies of listless talent by offering rewards in one shape or another. It was much to the credit of the Rev. Mr. Skinner that he exerted his powers so industriously. He was more than a respectable Oriental scholar, as scholarship went in those days; he figured somewhat conspicuously in warm theological controversy; he contributed materials for articles in the *Encyclopædia Britannica;* and when he followed the natural bent of his genius, he could cover pages with Latin and Scottish verse. But seldom enjoying the advantages of cultivated society, not having the fear of the critics before his eyes, and being untempted by offers, even from the masters of the Grub Street hacks, his work seems to have been perfunctory, not to say slovenly. The writer of his memoirs, who heartily admires him, almost invariably bestows praise reservedly and apologetically: and no doubt he is right in crediting Mr. Skinner with reserves of power on which he scarcely drew. We may take his judgment to be concisely summed up in the definition of the divine as the popular "author of 'Tullochgorum.'" The learned scholar, the keen controversialist, the martyr for the sake of his persecuted sect, lives in the memories of his countrymen as the writer of a jovial song. Though it is but fair to add that Burns declared "Tullochgorum" to be the best Scotch song that Scotland ever saw; and writers of far wider popularity than Mr. Skinner might be content with a more questionable passport to immortality. We said that in a book like this much must depend on the manner of writing, and we may congratulate the biographer on having done his work well. It is true that his style has a savour of the North; there is a certain precision and formality about it: but he has made nearly all that was to be made of scanty materials, and he has thrown himself sympathetically yet impartially into the character of his subject. We may think that he rates Mr. Skinner rather high; but he is careful to give us all available means for coming to independent conclusions.

Great part of the little volume is occupied with matter which can be of no possible interest to the general reader. Few Southerns, or even Scotchmen, care to hear of the controversies that distracted the suffering remnant of the Episcopalian Church of Scotland in the latter half of the last century. But the pictures of contemporary life in a remote Scottish parish are both picturesque and curious; while as mere matter of history it is worth while being reminded of what the clergymen of the Episcopalian communion had to undergo. Every schoolboy, as Macaulay would have said, knows all about the Covenanters, how their conventicles were scattered by troops of dragoons; how their legs were crushed in the boots and their fingers in the thumbkins; how their women were tied to stakes in the rising tide, and their ministers sent from the Council Chamber through the Tolbooth to "glorify God in the Grass Market." But comparatively few educated people are aware of all that the nonjuring Episcopalian clergy had to suffer after the happy Revolution of 1688 had sent the persecuting Holofernes of the House of Stewart to the right-about. Mr. Skinner lived to enjoy the blessings of a tolerant dispensation, which indeed was due in some measure to his personal efforts. But in his time he had seen his chapel burned down, and had been sent, like St. Peter and St. Paul, to testify for the truth in a prison.

Even at this present day it may be held to be an inconsistency and a scandal that the clergymen of the Scottish Episcopalian Church should be left to semi-starvation by the wealthy members of their flocks. That communion in most of the Scotch counties includes the large majority of the landed proprietors, yet the man who ministers to those gentlemen in spiritual matters has every opportunity of mortifying the flesh in his struggles to keep body and soul together. Things were infinitely worse about the middle of last century, although then there was more excuse for it. Many of the lairds were poor enough; most of them held Jacobite opinions, and not a few had been stricken with confiscation and fines for their concern with the rising of '45. When young Skinner, who had been bred a Presbyterian, changed the form of his religion, it was assuredly not for the sake of the loaves and fishes. He had been a parochial schoolmaster with good hope of a Presbyterian kirk; as a convert to Episcopacy and a candidate for orders, there was little before him but lifelong privation. Obtaining a cure of souls was a practical certainty, because the pay was so small and the responsibilities so perilous that charges positively went a-begging. After accepting a tutorship in the Shetlands, he married the penniless daughter of a clergyman there, and coming back to his native county of Aberdeen, was appointed to the "benefice" of Longside, in Buchan, where he vegetated for the rest of his long life. There is rather a good story told about his speedy "preferment." A clergyman, consulted by the Bishop of the diocese as to an eligible man for the parish, mentioned Skinner. He highly commended the youth's talents and learning, but added that he seemed to be deficient in prudence, since he had married a portionless bride without having either income or home. Then, said the Bishop, "he is the very man for the place. He has had experience of poverty, he has learned to endure hardness, and with his abilities and experience he will be able to adapt himself to circumstances, whatever they may be." Skinner had every opportunity for continuing that discipline of resignation and self-denial. Having made up his mind to live from hand to mouth, and to minister to the altar literally for bread and cheese, he needed no ready money to start with. As Mr. Walker remarks, at that time "the Episcopalian clergyman, as a rule, had no home to furnish." When he did not live in lodgings he became the tenant of a humble cottage, divided into the couple of compartments which the Scotch call a "but and a ben." Very many years afterwards, and when at the height of his reputation, Skinner's well-selected little library of the fathers, &c., was stowed away in an antechamber of less than five feet square. Mr. Walker can only hint at his early privations, for he took them so much as matters of course that he has left no record of them. But if his life was retired and unobtrusive, it was by no means uneventful. He had settled into his parish about the time of the last Jacobite troubles; and after the battle of Culloden the country was under martial law. There were enactments in force, moreover, which made Episcopal assemblies penal, and if Sunday services were conducted by nonjurors, it was simply because the authorities winked at them. When any person of local influence chose to set the law in motion, the authorities had no option but to act. A lady in his parish was Mr. Skinner's personal enemy, and in consequence he saw his little chapel burned down. Coming home late one evening from parochial duty, he found his home in possession of a party of soldiers, who "pillaged the house of everything they could carry with them, hardly leaving a change of linen to father, mother, or child in the family." Regular places of worship were legally proscribed, and we have a curious account of various ways in which the prohibition was evaded. After his very primitive meeting-place had been burned down, Mr. Skinner used to assemble his little congregation in the open yard at the back of his cottage, praying and preaching from one of his windows. Elsewhere the clergyman with his own family and the regulation number of hearers assembled in one small room, while "the other apartments within earshot were occupied by other members of the congregation." Subsequently to being burned out and pillaged, Mr. Skinner, as we have said, had to suffer in person as well as in property. He was charged with non-conformity by some anonymous informer, probably the fair Presbyterian zealot who had set fire to his chapel, and the authorities, though apparently with considerable reluctance, had no alternative but to commit him to prison; and accordingly he was confined for some time in the gaol of old Aberdeen. Thither his character for benevolence and good-fellowship had preceded him, and the sympathy of even the Presbyterian citizens took comforting and practical shapes. They kept his table supplied, and gave him their company as well. It is satisfactory to know that, after all his early troubles and anxieties, the worthy clergyman lived to a good old age, and could look back on that time of persecution as on an evil dream of his manhood. He died peacefully under the roof of his favourite son, who, on Mr. Skinner's declining the office, had become the Bishop of the diocese, having survived his affectionate wife but a year or two.

To those who know the song of "Tullochgorum" we need scarcely say that the author was a "clergyman of the old school." He took his part in all kinds of social gatherings; he is said to have needed and been grateful for a word of friendly counsel, when he seemed to be in the way of carrying the practice of conviviality to excess; he was in the habit of keeping open house for his parishioners on certain Church festivals with the provisions which they had poured into the parsonage themselves; and it was significant that he would have neither blind nor curtain to the study window, because the midnight oil he was burning over his labours might serve as a beacon to some belated parishioner. So, as he said himself, his literary work was sure to be useful in one way if not in another. "He was the life and soul," writes Mr. Walker, "of every party at which he was present. And in the earlier days of his ministry he was probably present at rather many." Among the most interesting of the literary contents of the volume is the account of his intercourse with Burns. Burns met his son, the Bishop, by accident in Aberdeen, and insisted upon dragging him into a tavern to take a social glass with himself and a printer. Other times, other manners! Burns had expressed profound admiration for the genial author of "Tullochgorum" and "The Ewe wi' the Crookit Horn"; when Bishop Skinner told him that he must

* *The Life and Times of the Rev. John Skinner, M.A., Author of "Tullochgorum" &c.* By the Rev. William Walker, Monymusk. London: Skeffington & Son. 1883.

have passed in course of his Northern tour within four miles of the reverend author's parsonage. "Well," said he (Burns) at parting, and shaking me by the hand as if he had been really my brother, "I am happy in having seen you and thereby conveying my long-harboured sentiments of regard for your worthy sire; assure him of it in the heartiest manner, and that never did a devotee of the Virgin Mary go to Loretto with more fervour than I would have approached his dwelling and worshipped at his shrine." The Bishop wrote an account of the interview to his father at length, well knowing how the old man would be gratified by the praises of the poet.

A BATCH OF ITALIAN NOVELS.*

"LOOKING back over the past year," says a well-known Italian critic, reviewing the literature of his country in the pages of one of the best of Italian literary journals, *La Domenica Letteraria*, "we can only call to mind a long and monotonous index of mediocre productions without any boldness of originality, without any new motives or any new forms. It is to us as though we came forth out of a carefully-sown, well-cultivated, and richly-wooded plain, but no recollection remains to us of those even fields, those fine trees, those square houses with their grey-tinted walls and their green shutters." The prospect would be far from encouraging if the writer did not go on to say that "perhaps this silence holds the obscure, unknown, and subterranean fermentation of the seeds of winter," and he confirms this hypothesis by affirming that criticism at least, and the prose of newspaper writing has grown stronger, more temperate, more serious, more honest; while the greater part of the Italian public show an improvement in taste and culture and a better intuition of the truth, inducing him to hope that perhaps a literary spring is about to burst upon his land in all freshness and beauty. Of the novelists of his time, however, Signor Lodi thinks, alas, but poorly. "The romance writers of to-day," he says, "strive for the most part too much to be naturalists; in truth, instead of being historians, they are but too often mere reporters. They have cast themselves upon the fields and amid the mountains of the South; they have filled their pages with carmine and with cobalt; they have even, in trying to give the precise note, reproduced the language of the peasant, so that not only the characters, but the authors, use the style and the words of Sicily or of Calabria."

We recognize in this description the best, and, according to this worthy critic, the worst also, of the books beneath our hand. The names of Giovanni Verga, Luigi Capuana, Camillo Boito will at once suggest themselves. One and all they have "cast themselves upon the fields and amid the mountains of the South"; not all with the same success as regards power of realization, but all with the same anxious search after simple truths and simple sentiments; all seeking emancipation from the "Manzonian mannerism," even though, according to the same authority, "they are precipitating themselves into the naturalistic mannerism—that scholastic prejudice which we have, unfortunately, imported from France, where it is, be it said, already played out." That much has been imported from France into the literature, and especially into the fiction, of Italy we must agree with the critic of the *Domenica Letteraria*. To glance down the new list of the publications of Fratelli Treves of Milan, and to note that two-thirds of them consist of translations from the French, chiefly from the works of Zola, Gaborian, and Daudet, is not of course, strictly speaking, to say that French influence has been imported into Italian fiction; but beyond this there is no lack of indications that assert beyond any question the influence in Italian fiction of the principles and prejudices of the contemporary French school. Something of course must be allowed, although the Italians would probably not be flattered by the concession, to the kindred tastes and kindred temperaments of the educated classes in both nations. In spite of many and important differences of a more serious kind, both the Italians and the French have the Southern love of harmless publicity, and the consequently natural dislike to the secretiveness of suburban English home life. Enjoying climates similar enough to foster the love of outdoor amusements, they naturally have a preference for the same pastimes, and with a code of social laws both of them differing in somewhat the same particulars from ours, they are likely to be the most lenient or the most severe towards the same range of offences. When Anton Barrili—the most fashionable of Italian novelists, and the most competent, according to the showing of one of his critics, to tell us of the customs of the great world—introduces the hero of his last novel upon the pavement of the chief street of the town, loitering there with apparently no better object than to pass the time, we feel that his critics are right in awarding to him the palm for vivid and realistic description of the manners of his world; and we remember that in these pleasant cities of the South, provincial to the core, even where they bear the names of capitals, to loiter at street corners, to wander aimlessly up and down a fashionable thoroughfare watching fashionable ladies driving past in fashionable equipages, to sip coffee or cool drinks in open places, smoking long cheap cigars and discussing the last bit of scandal and the past and future fortunes of friends and relatives, make up that recognized business and the accepted pleasure of the male portion of the followers of fashion. Signor Signorini, the hero of *Fior di Mughetto*, does not, however, properly speaking, belong to the upper classes. He is a perfectly colourless, uninteresting, uncultured, and commonplace "city" youth, and we cannot but feel he richly deserves the title of "idiot" bestowed upon him in the course of the story by the insolent husband of the lady to whom he has been persuaded to pay a mild and ridiculous court. So foolish is he that, because he is short-sighted, he does not even perceive the interest his pink and white face has excited in the childish breast of a young lady who drives past his special street corner every day with her mother, finding nothing better to do in her dulness than to weave a fairy tale around his most uninspiring personality. We admit, of course, that Signor Barrili intended to write a satire upon the nonentities who adorn the market-places of the provincial towns of his native land, and upon the empty-pated maidens who have nothing else to think of but a possible love affair; but in spite of many redeeming qualities in the work, we cannot think that such a subject deserved his attention for the space of 223 pages; nor can we agree with an Italian critic who finds in the heroine's affection for this unknown youth "all the freshness of an idyll." The book, it must be said, is written with all the purity and elegance of style peculiar to the versatile Genoese author, and the description of the wedding journey of Clelia Donati and the Baron is touched off with a light and happy hand; but it remains nevertheless an unedifying picture of Italian society—all the more unedifying by reason of its realism. Signor Barrili has also during the past year followed up his course of so-called sacred romances by an account of the loves of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, in a book called *L'Anello di Salomone*; but it may be doubted whether even this most ambitious performance can save him from the reproach of a falling off since *L'Olmo e l'Edera*, and the *Capitan Dodero*.

Barrili is perhaps, of the more prominent among present Italian novelists, the one who best illustrates our theory that the similarity between French and Italian writers is not all due to imitation, but in some measure also to the natural affinity of taste and genius. He describes the cosmopolitan classes in all nations, but he describes them with something of a national flavour. His men, if they are blunter of wit and coarser of intellect than the Parisian hero, are a thought more chivalrous, a thought more tender-hearted, a thought less cynical; his women, if they are less vivacious, have the softer manners, the subtler grace, the warmer heart of the Italians. But in the much-admired work of Matilde Serao—in spite of a certain originality which makes itself felt as the story advances—we find a close adherence to the French realistic school, modified, however, by occasional reference to older and more classical models, and especially to the author of *Consuelo*; a fact which has, according to an Italian journal, earned for the authoress in Paris the rather exaggerated nickname of "La petite Sand italienne." Matilde Serao is evidently the petted writer of the day in her own land; and one critic declares that when once the true nature of the artist has broken the bonds of self-imposed æsthetic laws, her work swells into a "duet of love" worthy of antiquity. That something of the method of the famous French writer, and something too, in a very modern form, which recalls the pathetic story of *Manon Lescaut*, finds an echo in the work called *Fantasia* (3), is indubitable; but, despite the power and artistic taste that she possesses, we cannot agree with her compatriots that Matilde Serao has been quite able to rival the more classical achievements of French art. Her love-duet is not exactly cast in the idyllic mould that can take it out of the region of vulgar love-making and raise it into a poem overflowing with the most ennobling influences. It has but little of the pure and beautiful spirit of unparalleled devotion with which *Manon Lescaut* thrills our hearts; it throbs with no chivalry, no sacrifice; it is mere earthly love-making, and we cannot feel that it has ever reached higher. And yet the heroine—one of the type of feverishly-nervous, hysterical characters who seem to be the product of our present civilization—high-flown, ecstatic, sentimental, unhealthy, but with some sort of fascination which we feel justly entitles her to the love and homage of all who approach her, is always on the hunt for spiritual rapture. When we are first introduced to Lucia Altimare as a schoolgirl in the convent, she thinks she will find her ideal in ecstatic worship of the Blessed Virgin, and faints with excitement on the cold flags of the chapel before her image. She vows she will have nothing to do with earthly love, that she is born to be lonely and sad; vows it to her bosom friend, a quiet, simple, gentle girl, Caterina Spaccapietra, who is devoted to her strange comrade with all the strength of a fond and straightforward nature

* *L'Assassinio nel Vicolo della Luna*. Jarro.
Il Processo Bartelloni. Jarro. Fratelli Treves, Editori: Milano. 1883.
Fantasia. Matilde Serao. Casanova, Editori: Torino. 1883.
L'Avvelenatrice. De Zerbi. Sommaruga, Editori: Roma. 1884.
Senso. Camillo Boito. Fratelli Treves: Milano. 1883.
Fior di Mughetto. Anton G. Barrili. Treves: Milano. 1884.
L'Anello di Salomone. A. G. Barrili. Treves: Milano. 1883.
Novelle Rusticane. Giovanni Verga. Casanova: Torino. 1883.
Per le Vie. Giovanni Verga. Fratelli Treves: Milano. 1883.
Eva. Giovanni Verga. Treves: Milano. 1884.
Homo. Luigi Capuana. Brigola: Milano. 1883.
C'era una Volta. Luigi Capuana. Treves: Milano. 1883.
Gli Amici. E. de Amicis. Treves: Milano. 1883.
Il Convento. A. Caccianiga. Treves: Milano. 1883.
Dal primo Piano alla Soffitta. E. Castelnuovo. Treves: Milano. 1883.
Confessioni e Battaglie. III. G. Carducci. Sommaruga: Roma. 1884.
Casa Altrui. Cordelia. Treves: Milano. 1884.
Perla. Federiga Guerini. Battezzati: Milano. 1883.

—so devoted that, one day, she saves her friend's life, little guessing to what end. Lucia, in her history exercise on the theme of the unfortunate Beatrice di Tenda, has given vent to such a rhapsody on wedded love that she meets with a stern reproof from the Professor, who is in love with her, as well as from the Lady Superior, from whom she has hitherto had only favouritism. Wounded in her morbid pride, she attempts suicide, and is only rescued from throwing herself off the convent terrace by the good little Caterina, with whom, in an impressive scene in the convent chapel at dead of night, she consequently exchanges half her lapis-lazuli rosary, in token that they two shall be true to their sacred friendship, each willing to sacrifice her happiness to the other, and even, if need be, to die for her. So the school life breaks up. Lucia at home loses herself in religious fervours and in studies conducted under the tuition of the poor Professor, whom she at last drives into a madhouse. Caterina marries a handsome, herculean, athletic cousin, to whom she has long been engaged, and who at first takes a violent dislike to her sickly, "æsthetic" friend; but one evening, on being maliciously left alone with her by his wife, who is anxious to coax the two beings she loves best into some kind of sympathy, he falls a prey to the subtle fascination, and, by a foolish word and kiss, incurs the wrath of his goddess at the same time that he sinks degraded in his own estimation. From this moment the love-duet begins. Lucia considers it a philanthropical duty to marry a despicably selfish, consumptive cousin, whose last years she wishes to brighten; but her elaborate display of pitying affection towards this wretched creature is rather repulsive than the reverse. Even in the last horribly realistic death-bed scene, when the mask has fallen, and the two who have been betrayed sit side by side looking at their fate, and one after the other turning over the leaves of the diary in which Lucia has written her ecstatic love-thoughts to her friend's husband—even in the vicinity of death, the wild and selfish ravings of a poor nature must fill us with disgust; and it is to the silent and patient grief of the outraged young wife that we give all the pathos, guessing what the lapis-lazuli rosary is to mean for her. The character of Lucia is a clever psychological study, but it is little Caterina who claims our tear as she orders her apartment in Naples, like the methodical little housewife that she is, and goes quietly off to the deserted country villa where they all four spent such pleasant summer days, and there lays herself down in the closed room with the smouldering charcoal to keep her part, according to her simple notion, of the bargain of the lapis-lazuli rosary. But Matilde Serao has a fine literary sense, and considerable poetical faculty; in spite of the glowing criticisms of the Italian papers on the work of Signor de Zerbi, her talent seems to us to be far more distinguished than that of the author of *L'Avvelenatrice*, another novel of the same order. The inevitable consumptive figure of Italian fiction, in the person of a fair, young heiress, is more pleasing, if less realistic, than hers; but Signor de Zerbi's intrigue is mere mechanism; it neither fascinates nor excites us; his characters have little beauty, his style is uninspired, the metaphysical and scientific discussions which he introduces by the way are out of place and wearisome, his psychological studies have but little of the pulsation of life. The cold temperament of Isenarda differs of course in type from the feverish impetuosity of Lucia, but the coldness is the coldness of a character too lifeless to be imposing, and her crime does not affect us, for we scarcely know whether it was committed, if committed at all, in a calculating spirit almost too horrible to be possible, or in jealousy of an innocent young girl so unwarrantable as to be equally repellent.

We cannot help it; in spite of the Italian reviewers, we are glad to return to the authors who "cast themselves upon the fields and amid the mountains of the South"; we can even welcome the Sicilian and Calabrian dialects, the carmine and cobalt with which the pages are filled, if they will but tell us of Italy and the Italians, if they will but sound their own national note. And in the instance of Signor Verga we are inclined to think that his critic, in reviewing the works of the last twelve months, was only taking account of the *Novelle Rusticane* published early in the year, and not of the *Per le Vie* which only appeared towards its close. In regard to the former collection of short rustic stories, the criticism is perhaps well founded. There is the same freshness of style and vivacity of thought as in the rare and powerful tales contained in the volume called *Vita de' Campi*, which first made Verga known for his pastoral studies, though he had already achieved a considerable degree of success—merited or unmerited—in his own country by such unpleasant and crude romances as *Eva*, *Tigre Reale*, &c.; but, though the hand that paints the pictures is the same, the composition of them is not so powerful. They are landscape sketches, with the figures only introduced to heighten the effect; they are not human studies, vibrating with human life. "Gli Orfani" and "Pane Nero" are the best in the volume of *Novelle Rusticane*, but they are nothing beside "La Lupa" or even beside "Jeli il Pastore" in the *Vita de' Campi* of 1880.

The author of "Jeli," and of the splendidly terrible Calabrian *contadina* with the poppies in her hand and the black eyes that burn like coals of fire, has not, however, lost his witchcraft. If in the *Novelle Rusticane* the glorious sun of Catania has but illumined the landscape, in the more recent Sicilian sketch of *Nedda* the beauty and pathos of that wild, fair land enters into the picture of the folk who people it, into the face and eyes and heart of the poor little luckless peasant heroine, with her lover dying of cruel labour, fatigue, and famine in the fever-stricken fields where pestilence marches hand in hand with the most daring splendours of nature, and human souls tramp daily to their death in the daily toil, resignedly, even ofttimes perfectly happy, in their quiet ignorance. In *Per le Vie* again, where Signor Verga does for the lower order of town life what he has so often done for the country, there are several instances of the deepest understanding of simple pathos. Let any one read "Il Canarino del No. 15," and judge for himself. The style is very simple, and, in spite of a word here and there adopted from the Milanese dialect, easily comprehensible to a foreign ear; the story is very short. Signor Verga gives us another patriotic tale of luckless love in this volume, "Semplice Storia"; another powerful, though unpleasant, study of low life in the sketch called "Gelosia," and another heart-rending story of betrayed womanhood in "Via Crucis," but none of them have all the beauty, to our minds, of "Il Canarino del No. 15." The simple human interest of those stories reminds us of the *Vie de Bohème* of Henry Murger, though Henry Murger never to our recollection attempted such unpleasant realism as in "Amore senza Benda" or in "Gelosia." The power of these two compositions scarcely atones for their ugliness, and we regret the ugliness all the more because the author knows so well what beauty is. We find this same fault in some of the stories which Signor Luigi Capuana gives us in his new volume entitled *Homo*. The picture of the bad wife in "Mostruosità," who betrays her husband so long as he adores her, and becomes his silent and loving slave after once he has beaten her, and trodden upon the last of her lovers; the horribly living description in "Povero Dottore"; the brutally powerful sketch, in "La Mula," of the countryman's rich but meek and wretched wife, to whom even the mule is preferred, and who might die of the fever, and welcome, when once she has willed her money aright, if only the beast be saved from the disease that is upon it—these will serve enough to show how careless of repose, or even of beauty, as we chiefly understand it, are these searchers after realism. Signor Capuana fascinates us more when we read his charming volume of fairy tales called *C'era una Volta*, in the course of which he admirably recalls without imitating all the pleasant "once upon a time" legends of our childhood. In his country stories Signor Capuana shows himself to be evidently one of those authors who lay themselves open to the censure of the critic of the *Domenica Letteraria* for using provincial colloquialisms inadmissible in pure style. His "Lo Sciancato" is, in its title first and afterwards in its relation, an example of the justice of the reproof. We have not this fault to find with the style of the last on our list of short story-tellers, Signor Camillo Boito. Perhaps he equally lays himself open to the charge of morbid realism, but it is in somewhat a gentler form; and in the matter of language, we cannot find the same tendency as in Capuana, and often in Verga. Perhaps Signor Boito—who, by the way, is the brother of Arrigo Boito, the great composer—being an art critic has been obliged to form his style to suit the stricter requirements of journalism. In his short stories, gathered together under the title of *Senso*, there is, as we have already intimated, much that is charming and a good deal that is original. In Italy we are told that this volume has far more success than its predecessor, published in the first days when the cause of realism had planted its standard in the land of Manzoni and of Salvatore Farina. The reason is evident. The taste for naturalistic effects had not yet ripened among a people used to academical heaviness of diction. But now it is a different matter. The taste for crude naturalism has run rampant, and perhaps Signor Boito is not even equal to the occasion with his fanciful subjects and his comparatively gentle style. He paints his landscapes straight from the "fields and mountains," it is true, but his people are ghosts of the older spirit of romanticism, only freshly coloured from nature by a bold and skilful hand. His "Vade retro, Satana," is a realistic study which perhaps has chiefly won for the book its success; for in the sad, fanciful sketch of the remorse of a man who has betrayed the honour of a young girl, the sole comfort and idolized divinity of an old grandfather, in the morbid dreaminess of such a mere idea as "Il Demonio Muto," whatever fascination there is does not seem to us to be of a kind to attract a general public; while the somewhat sickly cynicism of "Meno di un giorno," and of most of the remaining tales, would, we hope, only find an echo in sickly minds. The work of such men as Carducci and De Amicis—the former of whom is regarded as the growing light of the modern school—has much, however, to answer for, although its influence does not properly extend into the realm of fiction. We can scarcely think that such works as the long and coldly cynical essay on friendship lately published by Signor de Amicis can tend healthfully to influence any public or any school of young writers. The works that we have cited are, however, with their good and their bad points, those by which the Italy of to-day claims her place in literary fame. There are plenty of other novels, however, published and read by plenty of other folk—novels that we cannot quite pass over without a mention in a review of the recent fiction of Italy. There are the somewhat lengthy and uninspired romances of Antonio Caccianiga, an author who enjoys some fame in his own country, and was specially successful with a novel published in 1875 called *Il Bacio della Contessa Savina*. His latest work, entitled *Il Convento*, is the remonstrance of a Tory on the effort to suppress outworn religious fanaticism by modern Radical notions. The motive turns upon the suppression of the monasteries, and gives scope for a priggish young hero to save the ancient convent of his native village from destruction and to invent a new system of religious

retreat, in accordance with the new laws of his country. Unfortunately, the mild social intrigues introduced on the way, by which the wickedness of other women is intended to act as a foil to the supreme goodness of the heroine, are not ingenious enough to relieve the tedium of the book. Another romance, written by one of the order of "False Manzonians," seems to us to be the *Dal Primo Piano alla Soffitta* of Enrico Castelnuovo. Although this author has long enjoyed enough popularity for his next work, *Il Professor Romualdo*, to be held forth, together with the third series of Giosuè Carducci's, so to speak, metaphysical and critical studies — *Confessioni e Battaglie* — as the reward to be given gratis to old subscribers to the journal, we are forced to confess that the style of this writer pleases us but scantly. *Dal Primo Piano alla Soffitta* is a Venetian story, and begins with a fairly picturesque description of a regatta on the Grand Canal in 1838. As its title suggests, it follows the fortunes of an ancient and noble family who, in the first chapter, look haughtily forth from the first-floor windows of their ancestral palace to applaud the family gondola as steered in the race by the scion of the house, and who in the last finish miserably, in the person of that very scion himself, beneath the attics of the same house, whose first-floor glories are let to a rich, insolent foreigner. That the sad fate of this arrogant but hopelessly commonplace family arises, not only from national disaster and unlucky speculations, but quite as much from the inherent profligacy of the male members of it, is of course the gist of the matter. The story is in Venice, with all her beauties, natural, architectural, historical; it tells of Italian people and Italian manners, and tells of them beneath the golden sunsets, the blue sky, and the blue air, and on the blue lagunes of Venice, and yet there is nothing Italian about it, nothing warm, nothing thrilling, nothing individual. In vain we look for individuality and national colour, and in vain again in the easily successful sentimentalities of the author of *Casa Altrui*. The story of the child of the people adopted by the lady of noble birth, and after many vicissitudes finally allowed to mate with the daughter of the house, has nothing new in the manner of the telling, and is neither better nor worse than hundreds of other stories of its kind; nor do the other tales in this volume aspire to any higher place in literature. Less pretentious, and certainly not less worthy of pretensions, is the somewhat involved and sentimental, but prettily written, little volume by Federiga Guerini, the daughter of the professor who for many years taught his language in London. The book has no great literary merit, but the style is pure, simple, and easy of understanding for beginners. *L'Assassinio nel Vicolo della Luna*, already casually mentioned, begins well as an imitation of Gaboriau, but falls off sadly towards the end.

READY-MADE ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN.*

ACROSS the Atlantic many business transactions are systematized in a manner unknown to us in England, and among them is house-building. The method employed there is, according to popular report, a simple one. The client enters the office of an architect, and turns over the leaves of a book containing lithographs of houses suited to various means and requirements. Having made his selection, he "guesses he will have one (or more) of the half-million dollar ones," and this preliminary being satisfactorily settled, awaits the execution of his order. Should some trifling error be apparent in the result, such as that his principal rooms face north instead of south, he has only to give a second order, and his house is promptly moved to the other side of the road.

In England up to the present moment we have left undeveloped the art of making buildings walk about until they have reached an appropriate position. Consequently, the person who wishes to build has a more complicated problem to deal with. He has to consider for himself, or to get his architect to consider for him, the conditions of aspect, site, levels, and views which affect his scheme. He will probably settle the position of his building before his plans are made, and in his comparative helplessness will have to abide by his decision. Inability to change the sites of our houses is not the only respect in which we are somewhat old-fashioned. In an essay of Lord Macaulay's which "every schoolboy" really does or did know almost by heart, it is asserted that we expect some degree of reticence and self-respect even in our tradesmen as regards their methods of advertisement. "We expect some reserve, some decent pride, in our hatter and our boot-maker." This, no doubt, was written many years ago, and much progress has been made meanwhile. Still, as regards the educated professions, we have not yet touched the high-water mark of modern progress. Architects (if we may for the moment except from the category one self-assertive amateur) are, on the whole, still haunted by some degree of *mauvaise honte*, and are so simple as to be content to be judged by their practice, leaving untried at least the more direct methods of advertisement which are open to them.

Though an Englishman, the author of the work under consideration is haunted by no such antiquated restrictions. Not only does he give us the opportunity of studying a great variety of his designs—mostly, alas! unexecuted—but is further very candid in expressing his opinion on their merits. All evince "skilful and ingenious planning, the result of many years' experience"; one is "a well-digested and clever plan"; another is "well worthy of careful study"; a third is "pleasing and picturesque"; while such terms as "well-matured," "leaving little to be desired in the way of good arrangement," are so liberally interlarded that the reader need be put to no trouble of exercising his own critical faculties. That he possesses the power of forming a just estimate on architectural questions is sufficiently indicated by the following passage. Speaking of a restoration which he has in hand, he informs us that "in the course of a few years the whole will appear as if it had been an entirely original conception." A very ordinary result of restorations in our experience is to produce "original" effects such as would startle the first designer could he be resuscitated.

A scheme such as the author's naturally requires great largeness of view. To trade successfully in ready-made designs one must be prepared at all points. Any prejudice in favour of a style may be fatal to our prospects. Moreover, orders must be anticipated from all sorts and conditions of men. Accordingly, we find in this work every style included, from the early Gothic, for the purity and accuracy of which the competent self-critic would be prepared to answer, to the ordinary square modern villa, which requires no endorsement from antiquity. On the other hand, all applicants, from the lowly vicar to the proud duke, will find their very diverse requirements thoughtfully anticipated. The accuracy with which the sumptuousness of the edifice varies with the titular rank of the prospective occupant is much to be commended. Let no one who cannot produce his patent of nobility aspire to one of those mansions in which "my Lord's office" and "her Ladyship's boudoir" are appropriately pourtrayed; nor let the humbler earl pretend to an edifice which is intrinsically "ducal." Even the horses must be content to be accommodated according to the rank of their owner. For the opulent commoner, however, there is still a chance. He may become the happy possessor of a "Mansion House" (No. XLIX.), and therein enjoy a reflection of civic dignity.

Nor does Mr. Birch limit his stock-in-trade to designs for houses and stables. He gives us further a suggestion for an ideal estate. Starting from a landscape which is free from all such embarrassing conditions as undulations or woods, and is endowed only with an accommodating river taking its course at no sweet will of its own, but strictly according to the exigencies of landscape gardening, he has succeeded in realizing an *ensemble* of enviable completeness. Every prospect pleases or should please the occupant of the ducal mansion. All is brand-new, created solely for the pleasure of his eye and for his honour and glory—church, schools, the cottages arranged symmetrically at his gates, "with a pump ('a pump is chaste practice,' said Mr. Peckniff) and sun-dial of old-fashioned design in the centre, making altogether a pleasing, varied, and picturesque effect. Here the tenants and villagers might turn out *en masse* and welcome their lord or any distinguished guest in a suitable fashion as they drive through the triumphal arch" and an avenue "of tall poplar-trees, in almost every case giving dignity and sometimes an amount of grandeur." A charming picture of Arcadian feudalism!

In such a scheme the imagination has free scope, and compasses even the human and social elements of interest. So it is, too, with the interior perspectives, one of which has caused us no small degree of respectful amazement. In a drawing-room of Jacobean character a number of ladies in Vandyck costume are playing with some dogs. In the centre of the group a page of infantile proportions, but with a well-developed beard, is seen feebly gesticulating. His costume is that of the reign of Elizabeth. Similarly attired is a man of gigantic proportions, who stands near a window. His mien is expressive of a morose severity. The ladies appear to be unconscious of his presence. Now here is a mystery of no ordinary complication, apparently involving visitants from the unseen world. The Psychical Society may unravel it; we cannot; nor does the author offer any clue.

As for the merits of the designs, we will not venture to differ from the one competent critic whose opinion has been so freely and candidly expressed. They may, indeed, be taken to indicate the standard which the new method of architectural practice may be expected to inaugurate. On one point only do we feel inclined to differ from him. The date 1565 does not at first sight appear to us to assign a building to "the latter end of the fifteenth century."

CAXTON'S GAME AND PLAYE OF THE CHESSE.*

THIS is, on antiquarian and historical grounds, an interesting book, and was quite worth reprinting; and Mr. Axon has prefixed to it an introductory essay which, though far from faultless, is on the whole interesting and instructive. But we must begin by taking exception to the title-page. The proper title of the work is, as given by Mr. Blades in his *Life of Caxton* (p. 173 of the second edition), *The Game and Play of the Chess Moralized*. The additional word conveys the whole force of the book. From Mr. Axon's title-page one would conclude that it was a treatise on chess; whereas the connexion of it with chess is of the most superficial nature, it being really a treatise on morality, freely interspersed with anecdotes. Previous editors have, it is true, not unfrequently left out the important word on which we have laid stress, so that Mr. Axon does not stand alone; but the omission

* *The Architecture of the Stables and Country Mansions.* By John Birch, Architect. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1883.

* *Caxton's Game and Playe of the Chesse*, 1474. A Verbatim Reprint of the First Edition. With an Introduction by William E. A. Axon, M.R.S.L. London: Elliot Stock. 1883.

is not the less misleading. Again, it is a very minor point, but, since Mr. Axon adopts Mr. Blades's conclusion that the book was published, not in 1474, but at the earliest in 1475, why does he insert the word 1474 in the title-page? To prevent misconception, we must observe that Caxton's original work has no title-page, so that on technical grounds Mr. Axon was free to choose his own title to the book he was editing; but we submit that a title ought to be as correct as it can reasonably be made.

The chief interest of the work before us lies in the fact that it is one of the very earliest works with which the name of Caxton can be connected. Caxton's connexion with it is double, as translator (from the French) and as printer; and it used to be styled "the first book ever printed in England." But Mr. Blades has made it probable that it was really not printed in England at all, but that it came from the press of the Bruges printer, Colard Mansion, and that Caxton merely assisted in the printing. The only point that, as we think, might be urged against this view of Mr. Blades is, that from an expression in the *Recuyell* it would appear as if Caxton possessed a printing-press and types a year or two before the printing of the *Game of Chess Moralised*. Caxton himself says of the *Recuyell*, "I have learned to ordain this book in printe at my great charge and expense." It would be a natural interpretation of this "great charge and expense" to suppose that it referred to the setting up of a printing-press. If so, then it would be hardly possible to avoid the conclusion that Caxton was the sole printer of the *Game of Chess Moralised*: for the *Game of Chess* was printed with the same types as the *Recuyell*, and almost certainly at a later date than that work. However, the words "great charge and expense" may perhaps fairly be explained as referring to the expense incurred for receiving instruction in printing, for at that early date the art must have been almost a secret to the few initiated into it, and it would not be imparted except at a considerable price. The difficulties in the way of the old view, that Caxton was the sole printer of the *Game of Chess Moralised*, are two; first, if Caxton was the sole printer of the *Recuyell* and of the *Game of Chess*, he was in that case the printer of three French works in which the same type is used, and Caxton is never known to have printed in French. Yet this difficulty might be got over by the consideration that Caxton was at this time resident in Bruges, and therefore much more likely to print French works than at a later period of his life, when he was resident in England. The other difficulty is more serious. The terms used by Caxton in the preface to his *second* edition of the *Game of Chess* certainly sound as if he was then printing it, *himself*, for the first time; and the terms in which he speaks of the first edition, "I *did do* set in imprint a certain number of them" (*i.e.* copies of the work) imply, according to the usual meaning of that phrase, not "I printed," but "I caused to be printed," in which case another person would seem to have been the printer.

However, after all, we cannot look upon the matter as quite certain. The exact connexion of Caxton with Colard Mansion is too far lost in the depths of past time to be made out with certain accuracy now. It is probable, indeed, on all grounds that Colard Mansion was the instructor, Caxton the instructed, in the new art. Nor have we any quarrel with Mr. Axon for accepting Mr. Blades's views in their entirety. But in accepting them he was bound to take one of two courses. He might very well have abstained from argument, have stated Mr. Blades's conclusions simply, and for their proof have referred his readers to Mr. Blades's work. Or he might have given the arguments which lead to those conclusions with substantial fulness. But what he has done is to give just half of Mr. Blades's arguments, and then to say that the opposite opinion is "clearly erroneous." Now this is a careless and inaccurate mode of procedure; and throughout Mr. Axon's introductory essay we are impressed with a sense of want of exactness. Our space does not allow us to go through the essay seriatim; we can only comment on a few incidental points. Mr. Axon quotes the passage to which we have referred from the preface to the second edition; it runs as follows:—

> There was an excellent doctor of divinity in the realm of France, of the order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, which intended the same and hath made a book of the chess moralized, which at such time as I was resident in Bruges in the county of Flanders came into my hands; which, when I had read and overseen, me seemed full necessary for to be had in English. And in eschewing of idleness, and to the end that some which have not seen it nor understand French nor Latin, I deliberated in myself to translate it into my maternal tongue. And when I so had achieved the said translation, I did do set in imprint a certain number of them, which anon were dispersed and sold. Wherefore because this said book is full of wholesome wisdom and requisite unto every estate and degree, I have purposed to imprint it.

Upon this passage Mr. Axon comments thus:—

> It is clear from this that both the translation and printing belong to the period of Caxton's residence in Bruges.

It is, we submit, by no means clear. All that the passage says is that the *Book of Chess* first came into Caxton's hands when he was residing at Bruges. As far as this passage goes, it would be a perfectly tenable supposition that Caxton took the book with him to England, and translated and got it printed there. Nay, as far as Mr. Axon's argument is concerned, Caxton may himself have printed the book in England; for Mr. Axon gives up the argument founded on the words "did do." Or why should not the book have been printed in Cologne? for we have no record of Caxton's movements during these years, and the precise year in which he left Bruges is very uncertain. As a matter of fact, the statement made by Mr. Axon in the sentence above-quoted is most likely correct; as an inference, in the way in which he draws it, it is wholly insecure. Again, when Mr. Axon tells us that "there are various indications that confirm Mr. Blades's theory that the book came from the press of Colard Mansion," we feel impelled to ask whether Mr. Axon means that he has discovered new indications of this conclusion, or whether he is merely referring to Mr. Blades's own arguments? The words ought to imply the former; but in that case it would have been better if he had told us what these new indications are. Nor is Mr. Axon's grammar always immaculate; as, for instance, in the following sentences:—"Caxton, we have seen, translated the 'Game of the Chesse' from the French. There were in effect two, if not three, from which he may have taken his version" (p. xix.) Two or three what? If the reader studies the succeeding paragraph attentively, he will discover that Mr. Axon means "two or three French versions." But the words themselves imply nothing of the kind; nor does anything that has gone before. The Glossary, let us add, at the end of the book, is by no means faultless. It certainly was not necessary for a glossary to inform us that "tutours" meant "tutors," or that "mortifyed" meant "mortified," or that "lecherye" meant "lechery," or that "musyque" meant "music"; while, on the other hand, such words as "sourdre" (p. 57), "amolishith" (p. 62), "sortisith" (p. 169), receive no explanation; and we have noted others.

Caxton's book itself is the translation of a translation, or rather (in its different parts) of several translations. The original work was composed in Latin by Jacques de Cessoles, a Dominican monk, who lived (Mr. Axon tells us) towards the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century. The work of Cessoles was translated into French by two contemporaneous writers, Jean de Ferron and Jehan de Vignay; these both lived about the middle of the fourteenth century. Caxton knew and used both these versions. What, then, is the character of the original work, which Caxton esteemed so highly? It is not, as we have already said, a treatise on chess, in spite of its title and form; indeed, it may be doubted whether the author had any more than a very superficial acquaintance with the game. Though the moves of some of the pieces, especially the queen and the bishop, were very different at the end of the thirteenth century from what they are now, we find it hard to believe that the king ever had so portentous a power of motion as that ascribed to him in p. 165, where it is said that he can move from his own square to his queen's knight's second square; and we have observed other moves equally strange. However, it would be out of place to insist on this too much, for the real subject of the book is morality and order in a state. But it must not be supposed that it contains anything very powerful either in sentiment or in thought. There is in it undoubtedly the feeling of duty, and much of the chivalrous sentiment; but it is impossible to believe that it ever stirred any man deeply. Mr. Axon says that the book belonged in its own day to the "literature of power." We should rather say to the "literature of pleasure." It is a storehouse of anecdote, and on the whole of good anecdote; for, though many of the stories told have become familiar to us now, this is not the fault of De Cessoles. Some, again, as may be expected, are coarse. But others are very curious, and none more so than that which gives an account of the origin of chess; it is traced back to the reign of Evilmerodach, son of Nebuchadnezzar (who had previously been described as "a jolly man without justice, and so cruel that he did do hew his father's body in three hundred pieces and gave it to eat and devour to these hundred birds that men call vultures"). We will quote the passage in the original spelling:—

> Thys playe fonde a phylosopher of Thoryent whiche was named in Caldee Exerses or in greke philemetor. . . . The causes wherfore this playe was founden ben thre/ the first was for to correcte and repreue the kynge. For whan this kynge Evilmerodach sawe this playe And the barons knyghtes and gentillmen of his court playe wyth the philosopher/ he merueylled gretly of the beaulte and nouelte of the playe/ And desired to playe agaynst ye philosopher/ The philosopher answerd and sayd to hym that hit myght not be doon. But yf he first lerned the playe/ The kynge said hit was reson and that he wold put him to the payne to lerne hit. Than the philosophre began to teche hym and to shewe hym the maner of the table of the chesse bords and the chesse meyne/ And also the maners and condicions of a kynge of the nobles and of the comun peple and of theyr offices and how they shold be touchid and drawn. And how he shold amende hymself & become vertuous. . . . The seconde cause wherfore this playe was founden and mand/ was for to kepe hym from ydlenesse/. . . . The thirde cause is that euery man naturelly desireth to knowe and to here nouelltes and tydynges.—Pp. 11, 13, 14, 15.

The *naïveté* of the words "and how he shold amende hymself and become vertuous" is incomparable.

Here is a quaint little passage about Cæsar (who is always mentioned with great respect):—

> And also we rede of Julius Cesar that he neuer saide in alle his lyue to his knyghtes goo oon but all way he sayde come come/ For I loue allway to be in youre companye/ And he knewe well that hit was lasse payne & trauayll to the knyghtes whan the prynce is in her companye that touch hem & coforted hem.—P. 71.

Something more must be said about Caxton's share in the work. Caxton's style is, as will be seen, racy; and he is not so slavish a translator but that he will now and then throw in a passage expressive of his own mind, and specially adapted to England. Such is his lament over the good old times, in pp. 161, 162; be it observed that Caxton, whose life had lain in the calamitous era of the Wars of the Roses, had a reason for looking regretfully on the past which many other people who use similar words have not. Still more curious is his complaint (on p. 95) of the over-abundance of lawyers. But we must stop; only further observing

that Caxton's illustrations to the work are quaint and forcible. The picture of the rook—the sage counsellor of the king, with lines of thought marked on his face—especially pleases us. Despite the criticisms we have made, we can thank Mr. Axon for having introduced this work in a popular form to the notice of the public.

RECENT MUSIC.

If any doubt still exists as to the English public's love, or at least partiality, for music of a light and not unwholesome kind, it would be sufficient to convince the unbeliever with a present of the sheet music published during any month of the year by any of our larger music publishers. It is true that not much perhaps of a very high order might be found among the publications, but at any rate very few positively bad, and a fair sprinkling of decidedly good, songs and ballads would be the result of the search. The demand for drawing-room music seems to be unlimited, and the supply, we must say, endeavours to keep pace with the demand. Originality or high artistic excellence, we fear, is not much in request, even if it is not resented as impertinent, among those who support this class of music, and this makes the task of saying something new doubly difficult to the composer who is dependent on their suffrages. The consequence is that it is safest to steer a middle course, and to produce that which has already stood the test with success. At the same time the excellence or mediocrity —which shall we call it?—is of so level a nature that it makes it difficult for a critic to distinguish the work unless it happen to be strangely bad or remarkably good. Nevertheless there is some comfort in the reflection that, as we said before, the positively bad is the exception. After some experience we have, however, come to the conclusion that as a rule the writers of the words to which this kind of music is adapted are perhaps more responsible for the scant amount of originality displayed than even the musical composers themselves. We deeply sympathize with those who have to find pleasing melodies for the undisguised rubbish that serves as poetry for drawing-room songs. The better the words the better the music is a fact that any rate asserts itself emphatically in the works which Messrs. Metzler & Co. have sent us; for the "Six Songs" by Blanche Gore, five of which are written to words by acknowledged poets, are by far the best of the whole collection we have to pass in review. Among the "Six Songs," "Aubade," "Elaine's Song," "Sigh no more, Ladies," "Und bist du Fern," "Shall I like a Hermit dwell," and "The Better Land," though all give evidence of high artistic skill, the palm, we think, should be given to "Und bist du Fern," a song full of deep feeling, and almost Schumannesque in treatment. The next best of the series to our mind are "Elaine's Song" and that to Sir Walter Raleigh's words, "Shall I like a Hermit dwell"; but each of the others is far above the average. "My Heart's Beloved," by Hugh Clendon, to words by Mary Mark Lemon, is a pleasing and effective song; and Mr. G. A. Osborne's "May Joy come to greet thee" is bright and melodious; while the three songs by Arthur Hervey—named respectively "To Thee," "A Message to My Love," and "Only a Dream"—the first of which, we see, is dedicated to the Ranee of Sarawak, are the production of a musician who, working with the best intentions, is hampered with words which can hardly be called poetry. "There let us dream," by Andrew Levey, is sparkling enough; but the verses defy the ordinary understanding. In the refrain the singer is made to exclaim:—

> Wandering hand in hand
> Far into love's own land,
> Safe from the stream,
> There let us dream.

What stream they are safe from, and why they should wander hand in hand in order to dream, the writer does not think it necessary to inform us. It is doubtless pretty jingle, this sort of thing, and, probably in the opinion of the verse-maker, will do for music. The composer, with some humour, makes the pair wander "in waltz time," which is certainly a happy thought. Of a very different kind is Maria E. H. Stested's setting of Arthur Clough's words, "O Stream descending to the Sea"—another piece of evidence in favour of our theory that good words inspire good music. We have before noticed this composer's artistic talent, and we may say that this song shows her to be a practical musician who values her art and will not descend to mere platitude for the sake of pleasing. "Reflection," a trio for soprano, contralto, and tenor, by Henry Guy, which will fully repay the trouble of study, for it has its difficulties, although they do not arise from want of musical knowledge, closes the list of vocal music from Messrs. Metzler & Co. Of instrumental sheet music from the same publishers we have the "Rigaudon" from Joachim Raff's Suite in B flat arranged for violin and pianoforte by Johann Lauterbach, whose name alone carries a sufficient recommendation to all violin amateurs. The ninth number of *The American Organ Journal*, edited by J. Munro Coward, contains an arrangement of "The church scene in *Faust*"—a piece well suited for this increasingly popular instrument, for which also Louis Engel has adapted Schubert's "Ave Maria" with much skill and intelligence. Walter A. Slaughter's "Stephanotis," a dance, is a sprightly and effective little piece for young people, and No. 13 of "Little Treasures," a selection of popular melodies arranged by Michael Watson, is a filtered version of Gounod's charming song "Au Printemps," through the medium of Emile Waldteufel, who set it as a waltz, and under whose name it oddly enough now appears as a piece for beginners. "The Dance at a Forge," a descriptive piece by E. H. Sugg, and "L'Immensité," a waltz by Louis Gregh, are also sent to us by these publishers.

From Messrs. Keith, Prowse, & Co. we have received three songs by John Collett—"Lily's Shadow," "Forget Thee," and "Farewell, if ever fondest prayer"—the last of which is perhaps the most to our liking, although the others show the composer to be a musician who is capable of producing melodious and graceful ballads. "True for Aye," by James J. Monk, is an effective song with harmonium accompaniment, published by Messrs. J. B. Cramer & Co.; but the writer of the words seems to become somewhat "mixed," as the Americans say, when he asks, "Do old memories haunt thee ever, Doth some sad remain?" but perhaps the song will not suffer for this slip. "Shadows," by Edith Cooke, and published by W. Reeves, appears to be already a popular song, judging by the fact that the title-page announces that it is sung by four vocalists; and "A Nice Little Girl," by Arthur Saville Long, from the same publisher, which is described as a "lady's humorous song," is perhaps appropriate for leap-year, but seems a little too long, and the humour is not of the highest order. The first part of a collection of songs, published by H. Vickers under the title "Songs with Words," by James Castle, seems a somewhat eccentric and disjointed production; but as we understand that a second part is in preparation, we hope that it will meet with the success which the composer evidently anticipates. We are pleased to see that the excellent and rational little violin instruction-book, published by Messrs. Kohler & Son, of Edinburgh, under the name of "The Young Violinist's Tutor and Duet-Book," has met with so much success as to make the issue of a second edition necessary.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Almost every political act is susceptible of two interpretations; and the attitude of the authorities in Berlin towards "Comte Vasili's" spiteful comments on Berlin society (1), if it is not evidence of great weakness, is evidence of profound and Machiavellian calculation. For there is little in the book that is not in reality complimentary to Germany. On every page, in every personality, there appear beneath the surface, but not far beneath, two feelings only—Hatred and Fear. Now it is generally admitted by plain-speaking (some call them cynical) moralists that to be hated and to be feared are not degrading or, on the whole, unpleasant experiences when they are combined. It is very unpleasant to be despised or to be simply neglected; it is not nice to be hated without being feared. But here the fear is even more prominent than the hatred, and Germans of any but the thinnest skin can only take "Comte Vasili's" book as a compliment to the success with which, after centuries of comparative effacement, Germany has asserted herself in Europe. *Per contra*, this characteristic is a defect in the book itself. But it is for all that a clever book, and written by a person well informed, if not quite so well informed as he or she would like to seem. The author, moreover, it should be said in justice to him, confines his accusations of immorality exclusively to the higher society of Berlin, and does ample, and even elaborate, justice to the sound-heartedness and wholesome morals of the middle class both there and throughout Germany. It must also be granted that the satire on the German Parliament is, except, perhaps, in reference to Herr Windthorst and the Centre, fully justified. The general political ideas, moreover, are far from unintelligent, and the small but frantic sect of Austrophobes in England may note how "Comte Vasili," with evident unwillingness, admits that the one alliance which could almost certainly prevent a great European war is the alliance of England and Austria. That of course all real political students know, but unfortunately power is in England by no means always in the hands of real political students. As for the points in the book which have made most noise, it must be a very guileless reader who takes "Comte Vasili's" Juvenalesque picture of Berlin society without a considerable allowance of salt. But there is no doubt some, and not a little, truth in it.

The papers which M. Philippe Daryl has reprinted from the *Temps* (2) contain yet another picture of a European nation as others see it. To a great extent M. Daryl deserves the high praise of being absolutely the most faithful reporter—more faithful even than Esquiros or M. Taine, and far more so than Louis Blanc—who has ever held up a French mirror to England. His papers on the present state of English literature and journalism contain none but the most insignificant blunders, and his general attitude is not only free alike from Anglomania and Anglophobia, but also from that subtler and unnamed disease which makes all men, and Frenchmen more than any other men, insist on looking through glasses which they have not taken the trouble to make achromatic. In the political and social part (it should be understood that, except in reference to the Queen—for there M. Daryl becomes somewhat more personal than severe good taste would allow—the book is strictly confined to public affairs) the accuracy of fact is also very commendable, though occasionally it fails. But in this division prejudice, in no bad sense, is a little more apparent. The remarks on the "choquante inégalité des citoyens devant la loi," with which

(1) *La société de Berlin.* Par le comte Paul Vasili. Paris: Nouvelle Revue.

(2) *La vie publique en Angleterre.* Par Philippe Daryl. Paris: Hetzel.

M. Daryl terminates his book, are among these exceptions; and, to justify them, he has unfortunately cited a case in which, if he had been more correctly informed, he would have found that the inequality was very much the other way. We do not, however, quarrel with him seriously on this account; for, when *la manie égalitaire* once fixes its hold, as it has done on most Frenchmen for generations, the sufferer is not responsible. On the whole, M. Daryl has written a most careful, judicious, and remarkable book, a book which ought to go some way towards relieving his countrymen of the charge of adjusting everything to Boulevard standards and troubling themselves no further.

La Syrie d'aujourd'hui (3) is one of those vast and splendidly illustrated books of travel of which Parisian publishers have the monopoly, a monopoly which is still further monopolized, or nearly so, by M. Hachette. The five years which Dr. Lortet spent in Palestine and the adjacent districts do not seem to have been employed in any special researches (except perhaps in botany and zoology); the traveller did not go very far afield, and his account, though agreeably enough written and perfectly readable, has little that is very striking, and consists in great part of compilation. But the feature of the book—a feature made all the more prominent by its great size, which is the largest quarto—is the abundance of engravings, admirably executed, of large size, and giving almost every possible kind of illustration of races, buildings, and scenery.

We have received from M. Rothschild a magnificent album of naval architecture (4), with an accompanying treatise by Admiral Paris; and from MM. Firmin Didot an abundantly-illustrated work on Arab civilization (5). Neither of these can be conveniently or fairly noticed in brief, and we shall hope to return to them shortly.

The story which gives the title to M. Feuillet's (6) latest volume may sustain, but will hardly increase, his reputation. It is brief, but with a brevity which is exposed to the charge of being either too long or too short. Again, it is an attempt in that region of strong passion of which *Julia de Trécœur* showed the author to have the entry, but in which he has hardly in this instance shown himself equally at home. The plot is very simple. One of two bosom friends, mortally wounded in battle, charges the other to carry to his widow the expression of her husband's curse if she marries again. The friend and the lady have never met, and the youngest novel-reader of course foresees the situation. It is complicated for a time by the widow's engagement to her cousin, but from this she frees herself in a manner which may be frankly pronounced disagreeable. Then the catastrophe is no longer to be retarded. Maurice de Frémeuse succumbs to the enchantment, and the pair are married. But, before the wedding-day closes, the words of his dead friend come back to him, and he shoots himself to avoid at the last moment the treason and the curse. This theme is powerful enough, no doubt; but it is not quite adequately handled. Marianne de la Pave, the heroine, is not fully comprehensible; and Frémeuse's weakness, though perfectly intelligible *per se*, is not sufficiently explained in the actual case. M. Feuillet has wisely added the pleasant dramatic trifle we noticed a week or two ago to this sombre story, and most readers will turn to it with some relief.

(3) *La Syrie d'aujourd'hui.* Par le docteur Lortet. Paris: Hachette.

(4) *Le Musée de Marine du Louvre.* Par le vice-amiral Edmond Paris. Paris: J. Rothschild.

(5) *La civilisation des Arabes.* Par Gustave le Bon. Paris: Firmin Didot.

(6) *La veuve—le voyageur.* Par Octave Feuillet. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THE QUEEN'S Speech was expected without curiosity, and it has been read without satisfaction. Mr. GLADSTONE had, after his own fashion, taken the opportunity of explaining his intentions more fully to three Club deputations than he has since communicated them to the two Houses. He perhaps preferred a declaration in his own name and that of his colleagues to the conventional disclosure of the intentions of the QUEEN. It is true that in the more formal document which he has still to present in accordance with ancient custom, he has made statements as to foreign politics which would not have interested delegates of party organizations. Only old-fashioned politicians belonging to the governing classes of former times still concern themselves for the honour of the country. It was not the business of the Radical deputations to inquire whether the intention of the Government to evacuate the Soudan or the wanton announcement of the decision involved national disgrace and probable sacrifice of life. The House of Commons even in its present condition will not be quite as easily satisfied; but the minority has been warned that it must not directly or indirectly obstruct beneficent domestic legislation. Direct obstruction means debate on the Franchise Bill, and indirect obstruction means debate on any other subject. Mr. GLADSTONE, who never misses an occasion of inflaming party animosities, has of late seldom spoken in public without addressing an implied threat to independent members. With a certain infelicity, he lately complained that new modes of opposition had been devised in recent years. He might, if it had suited his purpose, have explained that the first and best example of the practice was furnished by himself in outdoor agitation and by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Sir CHARLES DILKE in direct Parliamentary obstruction.

The announcement of a satisfactory termination of the untoward incidents in Madagascar would have been more satisfactory if a similar statement had not been erroneously made at the Mansion House a year and a half ago. The French Government may perhaps have expressed regret for the interruption of English commerce and the wholesale destruction of English property; but Mr. GLADSTONE's estimate of the sacrifices which it is worth while to undergo for the sake of retaining the good will of France differs widely from that of his countrymen. It will appear hereafter whether the Convention concluded with Portugal as to the Congo is acceptable to France. The Ministers are well advised in making no mention of Tonquin, though still larger interests are affected by the hostile relations of France and China. There is no diplomatic ground for interfering in a quarrel which nevertheless concerns England more materially than either of the belligerents or litigants. The customary declaration that the QUEEN is on friendly terms with all foreign Powers is for once approximately true. If any exception were made it would apply to the French Government; but when there is no probability of an open quarrel it is perhaps politic to assume goodwill on both sides. Mr. GLADSTONE perhaps agrees with an able and remarkably candid French writer who has recommended in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* a good understanding between the two countries. The principal argument of the editor of the *République Française* is founded on the supposed designs of Austria on Salonica and the neighbouring territory. It seems that, with the establishment of an Austrian naval station on the coast of the Ægean, the naval supremacy of England and the safety of the Suez Canal would be fatally compromised. It was unluckily impossible to include France in the list of Governments which are negotiating, or which have concluded, commercial treaties with England. The treaty to which the late Spanish Government had agreed is still exposed to hostile agitation which may perhaps be fatal. The treaty with Turkey is at present in a rudimentary or inchoate state; on the treaty with Corea few persons are qualified to form an opinion.

The SECRETARY for the COLONIES has contributed a paragraph on South Africa which ought not to pass without notice. There will be little disposition to reopen the dispute with the Transvaal, which is now approaching a settlement. The re-establishment of an Imperial Protectorate over the Basutos will be generally approved; but the renewal of anarchy and civil war in Zululand ought to receive a well-deserved censure. Of many errors committed by the present Government, the most wanton, though not the most important, was Lord KIMBERLEY's capricious and sentimental restoration of CETEWAYO. Lord DERBY may probably regret the blunder of his predecessor, but it is not known that he has taken any step towards the restoration of order. According to the latest accounts the ex-King had, from his refuge in the Reserve, organized an expedition against USIBEPU, which resulted in a defeat of the Royal troops. Between two barbarous chieftains there is probably not much to choose, but they ought not to be allowed to prosecute their feud. The most important colonial transaction which has occurred during a long period is not perhaps yet sufficiently complete to be mentioned in a Speech from the Throne, yet it is possible that the Australians may be disappointed by the absence of reference to a matter which is to them of paramount importance. The Colonial Legislatures have not discussed, and some of them may perhaps not approve, the draft of a Federal Constitution which was drawn up by the delegates at Sydney, but they are unanimous in the desire that parts of New Guinea and perhaps other islands should be occupied in the name of the Crown before they are claimed by some foreign Power. The Australian version of the MONROE doctrine, which would have excluded all foreign settlers from the region south of the Equator, has probably not been taken into consideration by the Government.

That there would be a simple Franchise Bill extending to all parts of the United Kingdom was long since known. The managers of the Leeds Conference had probably divined the intentions of the Government, or perhaps they had reason to know that their dictation would be accepted by the Cabinet through the pressure of its extreme members. Lord HARTINGTON soon afterwards uttered a faint protest against the Leeds policy: but his scruples were easily overcome. Mr. GLADSTONE, though he probably from the first shared the policy of the Caucus, made several efforts at the Mansion House and elsewhere to maintain a decent reticence; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN again and again blurted out the secret; and Sir CHARLES DILKE, coming fresh from a Cabinet meeting, confirmed the statement of his sympathetic colleague. The extension of household suffrage to the counties with or without a change in other forms of franchise is intelligible, if neither wise nor patriotic; but the phrases in which it is formally communicated to Parliament would indicate a love of mystification, if they could not be attributed to simple awkwardness. In all England there is but one accomplished

scholar who is capable of describing the scheme as "an enlargement of the occupation franchise in Parliamentary constituencies." If all the world had not known what Mr. GLADSTONE was about to do, his intentions could scarcely have been deduced from his language. In more than half the Parliamentary constituencies, consisting of the boroughs, the occupation franchise will not be altered. In the counties it will be reduced from a 12*l.* rating to an occupation of any value by a process which would not ordinarily be described as enlargement. Whether it is proposed to tamper with the property qualification may be conjectured from Mr. GLADSTONE's democratic tendencies, but not from his official language. The argumentative flourish about the experience derived from former extensions of the suffrage is of questionable accuracy, and in any case it is out of place. The QUEEN is not supposed to give reasons in support of the legislation which she recommends to Parliament.

The London Municipal Reform League, which indulged in a meeting on the previous day, may, perhaps, be dissatisfied by the cold language in which their favourite measure is mentioned only as a branch of improved local government; but there is no doubt that a scheme tending so directly to increase the power of the multitude will be actively pressed. Sir W. HARCOURT will, perhaps, through respect for the House of Commons and for his own character as a statesman, discuss a great innovation in a more instructive manner than Lord DALHOUSIE or even Mr. BRYCE. A Liberal peer condescending to share in a Radical agitation ought to make himself acquainted with notorious facts. Among other statements, Lord DALHOUSIE boldly declared that the supply of water to the metropolis is, among other defects, scanty in quantity. The most superficial inquiry would have taught him that the supply is at least double the possible wants of the consumers. The fault of the speakers in favour of the Bill is not so much that their statistics are loose as that they never attempt to answer the arguments of their opponents. Sir W. HARCOURT will have to explain away the grave danger of investing the representatives of a population of four millions with vast powers, including the control of enormous funds. The agitators—who are, with few exceptions, politicians rather than local reformers—have not concealed the purpose, which they will certainly accomplish, of converting the municipality into a great party organization. It is probable that in London, as in Birmingham, the majority of the upper and middle classes will be excluded from municipal office. Little interest attaches to the elegantly-expressed statement that "the preparation under this (the "municipal) head which has been made by HER MAJESTY'S "directions is not limited to London." The contest within the House and the agitation without will for this year be practically limited to London. The terms of the Speech scarcely require further criticism, for the paragraphs which deal with the Egyptian question require separate consideration.

THE EGYPTIAN MASSACRE.

"TO despatch them [Egyptian troops] on any such errand is little short of deliberate murder." That is the verdict of the chief supporter of the Government in the London press on the rout of BAKER PASHA's force; and it is one which every impartial person acquainted with the history of the last few months will very heartily endorse. But if it be so, who is it that is little short of a deliberate murderer? The supporters of the Government here lose their candour. To despatch Egyptian troops to do the work attempted on Monday was little short of deliberate murder; but to make Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry responsible for their despatch is "a reckless abuse of political invective." It is all very well for Lord GRANVILLE in the recently published despatch of January 4 (a month before BAKER PASHA started on his forlorn hope from Trinkitat) to announce that "HER MAJESTY'S Government insist on the adoption "of the policy they recommend." This apparently implies no responsibility for what followed. It does not matter that the Egyptian Prime Minister was changed under the direct action of England weeks ago. England has nothing to do with the acts of the Egyptian Government. It is irrelevant even that an English Admiral co-operated in BAKER PASHA's advance. Doubtless the sending of BAKER PASHA's troops on their errand was little short of deliberate murder, but to call the Government little short of murderers would be horrible. This is the argument of Government partisans, and this is their comment on the colourless sentences regarding Egypt which had been read by the LORD CHANCELLOR shortly before the news of the disaster arrived. To that disaster Lord GRANVILLE, the only member of the Government who condescended to speak on Tuesday, made no attempt to refer. He will have an opportunity of repairing his omission on Lord SALISBURY'S formal motion of censure next week.

It is not too much to assert that hardly a single Englishman can have read the hideous narrative of the rout at Teb furnished by the Correspondents of the *Daily News* and the *Standard* without an instinctive feeling that the conduct of the Government had been inexcusable. The adroit fashion in which debate was burked while the news was fresh, and the growing habit of subordinating independent judgment to party allegiance may have blunted this feeling later, though even this appears very dubious. But there is sufficient evidence in the comments of the press, provincial as well as metropolitan, that the feeling itself, at the moment when feeling is most genuine and for the most part most trustworthy, was unanimous. It would, indeed, have been surprising if it had been otherwise. Suppose that Lord BEACONSFIELD had taken Egypt under his protection, that he had sent troops there, that he had interfered and meddled with the administration of the country to such a point that the whole gear of government was hopelessly thrown out, that he had at last roused himself to more decided action and insisted on the ruler of the country doing this and not doing that. Suppose further that in a maritime district, and within a day's march of English ships which had been ordered or allowed to take part in the operations, there were garrisons to relieve, and that, without protest of the English Government, a native force had been sent to relieve them. Suppose that over and over again the absolute inadequacy of that force, the certainty of its defeat, if not its annihilation, had been pointed out by every competent authority and foreshadowed by a long course of actual disasters. Suppose that ample time had elapsed in which either to do the work or to forbid all attempt to do it; that ample means existed for carrying out either decision; and that, finally, such a catastrophe as that of Monday had occurred. Is any one's imagination so weak and any one's experience so defective that the thunders and lightnings of Radical eloquence cannot be conceived by him? Yet every one of the suppositions just put forth has turned out to be fact in reference to Mr. GLADSTONE's Government. Against warning, against experience, against the plainest dictates of common sense, they allowed BAKER PASHA to attempt an impossible task with troops for whose shortcomings they are responsible before Egypt, England, and the world. They did not insist that Sinkat and Tokkar should be left to their fate—that would have been a comparatively humane, if still a cowardly, variety of cruelty. They did not take the easy means which were open to them of relieving Sinkat and Tokkar. They pushed the principle of limited liability to the utmost extent of pusillanimous folly, and the result is the massacre of Monday. And, in face of this incident, the crime of which exceeds the disaster, it is said that "controversy may well be hushed." Certainly it may, on one side. The most courageous controversialist would be hard put to it to show that the blood of every man killed on Monday is not on the head of those who have placed Egypt *in statu pupillari*, and then refused to undertake the responsibility of guardianship.

Against all this the defenders of the Ministry have practically nothing to urge. The plea that it is easy to be wise after the event would be feeble in any case, for it is the business of the governors of a vast empire to be wise before the event. But in the present instance it is worse than feeble. For the danger, or rather the certainty, of what has now happened has been pressed on the Government for weeks and months by those who did not wait for the event to be wise. Still feebler and still more unfortunate is the demand for an alternative policy. For there is no need here even of the famous and final rejoinder as to not prescribing before being called in. The head and front of the Government offending is not that Ministers have done the wrong thing, but that they have, save in their heroic step of despatching General GORDON, whose task is now rendered more hopeless than ever, steadfastly refused to do anything at all. As to what ought to be done now, the accumulated blunders of months have made it a less pressing question than what can be done. The general object which any rational Government would have

before it remains, however, the same, though it may have been rendered infinitely more difficult of attainment. Sinkat and Tokkar, if their fate is not already decided, are probably doomed. But Souakim has to be held and its neighbourhood cleared; and it seems to be now evident even to the Government that this can only be done by an English or an Anglo-Indian force. The same, in a less degree, is the case with Massowah. If General GORDON reaches Khartoum, the next thing to do is to stretch out a hand to assist him in carrying off the garrison and inhabitants, or in maintaining the position, as the case may be. This may be done from the coast, or it may be done from Assouan, but here also English or Anglo-Indian troops will have to do it, if it is done at all. This was perfectly well known, and was clearly pointed out months ago, and nothing that has occurred has altered the necessity of it, though it has greatly increased the difficulty and danger. Alternative there is none, except the continuance of the recent system of doing nothing until the rebels have speared the last Egyptian whom they may take it into their heads to spear. Some intelligent Ministerialists have indeed hinted that it would be a great relief if the rebels would do this spearing out of hand, and if that is Mr. GLADSTONE's opinion, there is nothing more to be said. That stone-dead hath no fellow is in this case quite true. But if this is the policy of HER MAJESTY'S advisers it might as well be openly avowed. Englishmen, if not English officers, led those hapless sheep to the slaughter. Not in the Soudan, but in Egypt proper, they were driven by force into the trains on the way to Suez. English sailors, though no doubt with orders to remain at a safe distance, co-operated with them at their base, and are now covering their flight. This unpleasant state of things would at least be put an end to by a proclamation that every Egyptian subject beyond such and such degrees of latitude and longitude must fight for his own hand, that he is not bound to take the side of his Government, and that England will absolutely prohibit any attempts on the part of that Government to rescue or to coerce beyond the limits. But, if this is done, what becomes of General GORDON? If it is not done, how can England escape the responsibility of every life lost? These questions, and others like them, will have to be formally asked and answered in the debates on Lord SALISBURY'S and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S motions next week. It is probable that they have been informally answered by the vast majority of Englishmen already. Even if the field of inquiry were confined to Parliament, the vacillation of the Government could be proved sufficiently. The contrast between Mr. GLADSTONE'S first answers as to his intentions of doing nothing, and the subsequent announcement of the strengthening of Admiral HEWETT'S force, and the pitiable confusion of Lord HARTINGTON in his attempts to define General GORDON'S status, are enough.

COMMUNES AND CORPORATIONS.

IT would be unjust to suspect that the Government will yield to one of the latest demands of Mr. PARNELL'S supporters. It appears that the irreconcilable Irish members have determined to oppose the Metropolitan Municipal Bill, unless the privileges which are offered to London are extended to Dublin. Those who disapprove of the experiment which is about to be tried on a gigantic scale will not welcome the aid of their volunteer allies. The enemies of loyalty and good order discredit any cause with which they may find it their interest to associate themselves: and, if they attempt to effect their object by Parliamentary obstruction, all other sections of the House of Commons will be tempted to concur in baffling their efforts. Municipal institutions have not appeared to advantage in Ireland. In the days of Lord GREY and Lord MELBOURNE Irish Municipal Bills were opposed on the ground that the powers of Corporations would be employed for factious purposes. It was in one of the debates on the subject that Lord LYNDHURST was accused by his opponents of having called the Irish "aliens in blood, language, and religion." What he really said, though it might not be altogether prudent, was much less offensive. In substance he argued that a large section of the Irish neither felt nor professed community of interest and purpose with the nation which was asked to confer upon them equal rights.

The Whig Government was nevertheless right in prosecuting its Liberal policy. It would at that time have been premature to assume that Irish Corporations might not be conciliated by the trust which was to be reposed in their competence and good faith. In Dublin, where the Catholic and Protestant communities were almost equal in strength, the Corporation fairly represented the balance of parties. For many years there was an understanding by which the Lord Mayor was alternately chosen from the two sections; and the Conservatives acquiesced, though not perhaps without misgivings, in the election of O'CONNELL to the office. Recently the enemies of the English connexion have obtained control of the municipality, and demagogues chosen on account of their political opinions have used the dignity of Lord Mayor to promote agitation. It is not forgotten that the assassin CAREY was a member of the Town Council. It is true that his constituents were not aware that he was a murderer, but they probably knew that he was a conspirator and a possible rebel. It would be in the highest degree absurd to confer any new powers on the Dublin Corporation; but it is not surprising that agitators should claim for it fuller independence when the Ministers are voluntarily promising to extend local government in Ireland. It is certain that every elected body which may be established in the disaffected provinces will be virtually a centre of the Land League, the National League, or some similar organization, or that its funds will be misapplied to political objects.

The main object of the local demagogues of Dublin and of their Parliamentary confederates is probably to obtain the control of the police. It is impossible to believe that even the weakest and most unscrupulous of Governments would transfer the only agency for the repression of crime into the hands of a body which might sympathize with some classes of offences. If the preservation of order in Dublin had been entrusted to the Corporation, it is not impossible that JAMES CAREY might have been a member of the Police Committee. The reasons against pursuing a similar course in London, though in some degree different, are almost equally conclusive. A Metropolitan Corporation might, in conceivable contingencies, be disposed to coerce Parliament or the Government, and the command of an army of policemen would make its physical force irresistible. An authorized communication to a Ministerial newspaper shows that the Government will for the present retain the disposal of the Metropolitan Police, but the terms of the statement are not free from ambiguity. The Bill will, according to the official announcement, not effect any change in the control of the Metropolitan or of the City Police. There is, therefore, no immediate danger as far as the larger part of the police force is concerned; but it is difficult to understand the intentions of the Government as to the small and highly disciplined body of the police which is now in the service of the Corporation. If no change is to be made, it seems to follow that the condition of the City of London is to be nominally maintained, while its jurisdiction is widely extended and its mode of election fundamentally altered. The substitution for the actual governing body of a new Lord Mayor and Town Council having nothing in common with their predecessors but a name would furnish but a lame and fictitious excuse for extending to the whole metropolis the organization of the City Police. Such a force would exercise its functions in all parts of the metropolitan area, and it would evidently clash with the larger body which will still be under the orders of the Government. The only remaining supposition, that the City Corporation is still to subsist with a restricted authority, is inconsistent with all the statements which have been made by the promoters of the new Municipality.

But for the special circumstances of the case, the demand which is preferred on behalf of Dublin might well seem reasonable, and even modest. If Dublin were well affected, and if the respectable part of the population possessed a fair share of influence, there would be no reason why the Corporation of Dublin should not be as fully trusted as the Corporation of Edinburgh. The conscientious discharge of difficult and dangerous duties by Dublin jurors proves that moral and political unsoundness is confined to the rabble. The reasons against the proposed incorporation of London are of a different kind. The most instructive precedent which can be studied by those who are interested in the question is that of the Paris Municipality. The Republican Legislature is constantly obliged to check its encroachments, though it neither elects a Mayor of Paris nor exercises any control over the police. The same revolutionary and destructive tendencies which discredited the Commune of 1794 and the Commune of 1871 still prevail in the municipality of the present day. The good sense with which the ratepayers of London

have held aloof from the municipal agitation is not a little remarkable. The Municipal Reform League has no difficulty in assembling meetings in ostensible support of the Ministerial measure, but they consist of Radicals, who would be equally ready to support any democratic project. It is imprudent to insist on the indifference of non-electors to the extension of the franchise, because the challenge at once evokes agitation, as when Mr. BRIGHT appealed, in 1866, to the multitude which afterwards broke down the Hyde Park railings. It would be more difficult to excite popular enthusiasm in favour of a London Municipality. The metropolitan members have, with the exception of Mr. FIRTH, Mr. BRYCE, and Sir CHARLES DILKE, exhibited no interest in the measure, though several of them will vote with their party in its favour.

It is, of course, not impossible that Sir W. HARCOURT's project may be so skilfully devised as to conciliate an amount of popular approval which has not attended the vague and indefinite scheme of the political agitators; but no argument for organic changes has yet been deduced from experience. Unity of civil government in great towns which are virtually single communities has never been suggested as expedient in Salford, which is separated by an imaginary line from Manchester, or in Birkenhead, which is an overgrown suburb of Liverpool. Yet in either case the larger and the smaller city have all their interests in common; while Tottenham and Greenwich only know of one another's existence by reference to the map. Plymouth and Devonport have retained that reciprocal independence from the days when they were divided by a local feud which is now obsolete. It is only on the vast region which has been described as a province covered with buildings that a few theorists, backed by many agitators, think it necessary to enforce compulsory union. In answer to a Society which had asked him for an interview, Sir W. HARCOURT lately stated that he had fully considered the necessity of securing local control over the administration of separate districts. It remains to be seen whether the duty will be entrusted to Committees of the Central Council or reserved to bodies directly elected by the inhabitants. In one case the Common Council will, for administrative purposes, have only a factitious unity; in the other, it will have too much leisure to employ in political agitation. The frequent assertion that the central Municipality is needed to supply motive force is a mere figure of speech; and it has been again and again shown that in dealing with sewerage or with gas and water supply it will, unless it is invested with abnormal powers, have no advantage over existing bodies. The scheme would perhaps be comparatively innocuous if it were not certain that the municipal organization will be applied to political objects. The metropolitan members, largely increased in number, will be compelled to ally themselves with the Corporation for purposes of faction in the first instance, to degenerate perhaps ultimately into corruption.

THE GOVERNMENT REVOKE AND ITS PENALTY.

THAT in old jokes there is much new wisdom is a proposition which would doubtless shock Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD and Mr. JESSE COLLINGS. Its value has been practically illustrated on the first night of the Session of 1884 by a greater than they. No presence of mind could have availed the Government as Sir CHARLES DILKE's absence of body availed it then. In face of the telegram which announced the slaughter of not a few Englishmen, and of Turks, negroes, and Egyptians by the hundred or thousand, as a direct result of the *laches* of the English Ministry, it would have indeed needed a HORATIUS of debate to save Ministers. The PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD was wiser than COCLES, and was fortunately able to attain the same result by the more prudent policy of HERMINIUS. He "darted back," and the stalwart workmen of the Caucus cut the bridge not the less effectually. But no fair politician can refuse compassion to Sir CHARLES DILKE for having so frequently to play these very ambiguous parts. It is scarcely just that a single person should be constantly selected by fortune to be the *exécuteur des basses œuvres* of Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet. Is it necessary to reassure the House of Commons by declaring the intentions, which turn out to be no intentions at all, of the CZAR? Sir CHARLES DILKE is the knight of the post who goes bail for them. Must somebody come forward and profess ignorance of facts known to every telegraph clerk, or every reader of a Continental newspaper? The member for Chelsea is at Mr. GLADSTONE's service. Is it judged convenient to give an account of the sentiments of General GORDON and of Sir EVELYN BARING, which a fortnight will show in the unchallengeable print of Blue-books to be misleading? Still it is the author of *Greater Britain* who is equal to the occasion. Has Redistribution to be treated with a kind of variation on the old game of the Knights, the Nuns, and the Abbess? The PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD can do it. And, lastly, must an awkward, or rather an impossible, debate be prevented? Sir CHARLES DILKE undertakes to continue it, leaves strict orders that nobody else is to take his place, and then disappears. It is heroism, but is it politics? Sir CHARLES DILKE may be reminded of the verdict which was passed on Miss JUDITH MACAN, "Clever old woman! but "revokes too often." For the penalties of undiscovered revoking are considerable, and the motion of censure which Tuesday's proceedings have brought about is in far more awkward terms for the Government than Mr. BOURKE's amendment.

The word was of course passed to set down the collapse of Tuesday's debate as the fault of the Conservatives, which, considering that two Conservatives spoke consecutively, and that not a single member on the Government benches attempted to open his lips, may be said to be a defence necessitating a good deal of modest assurance in those who employ it. It is true that there is an agreeable double-edgedness about it which is highly characteristic of the quarters from which it comes. Had many Conservatives spoken, their number would undoubtedly have been held up as a proof of the way in which the Opposition wastes the time of the House. As many did not speak, they are accused of being responsible for the break-down of this remarkable discussion, which as far as parties are concerned was apparently expected to be a monologue. Unfortunately for the Government this is by no means the first occasion when something very similar has occurred, and Mr. GLADSTONE, to do him justice, has a greater variety of excuse than that which seems to suggest itself to his followers. He asked where was the evidence against the Government? The evidence happened to be in the possession of everybody, but this Mr. GLADSTONE seems to have thought it safe to ignore. However, he did not merely meet the accusation of designing or conniving at the collapse with contempt. Mr. GLADSTONE, it seems, was extremely anxious that the debate should continue, but somehow or other, though he has over three hundred followers in the House, pledged to do and die for him, nobody could be got to open his mouth. And then Mr. GLADSTONE proceeded to make some observations still more unfortunate in tenor. He himself was very anxious to speak, but he thought it a great misfortune that there should be any occasion for speaking. It was no fault of his that the debate was not kept up, but that there should be a debate at all was "a pernicious innovation." The Government "would re-"fuse to be a party to such proceedings" as lengthened debates on the Address. After this, is it not rather unreasonable of Mr. GLADSTONE to be so angry when Mr. CHAPLIN and other people point out that that was exactly what the Government did refuse to be on Tuesday night? And then Mr. GLADSTONE said that Lord PALMERSTON had once been very angry with him because he spoke early. This would have been a very effectual reply if the Opposition had insisted that some particular person should have spoken at some particular time. But, as it happens, they did nothing of the kind. Finally, Mr. GLADSTONE explained Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE's silence by saying that he himself had bidden Lord EDMOND reserve himself. This is a theory of reserves which has occasionally been carried out in actual warfare, but there it is not generally approved. In Parliamentary tactics, however, the conditions are different, and the fortunate possessor of an obedient majority is pretty sure of victory if he holds back his reserves long enough. Once more Mr. GLADSTONE can hardly blame his opponents if they explain his conduct in one or other of the only two possible ways in which it can be explained. If the collapse of debate was an accident, the discipline or the management or the spirits of the Ministerialists must be in a very bad way. If it was not an accident, why (this is, perhaps, the best way of sparing tender sensibilities) it was something else.

There is, indeed, no great difficulty in explaining the actual event. That the Government deliberately planned the postponement of an exceedingly awkward discussion till the first and worst moment was past no one need suppose, and a very charitable person may even grant

that they did not deliberately take advantage of the chance of postponement when it presented itself. But their arrangements were somehow unaccountably slack; and, in the absence of arrangement, no Ministerialist cared to take upon himself the task of speaking while the news of the Tel massacre was buzzing in everybody's ears. Mr. GLADSTONE, in one of the curious flashes of ingenuousness which lit up his apology, confessed that "he found great "reluctance on the part of members on his side of the "House to take part in the debate." It is not at all surprising. Voting is one thing; speaking is another. It would have been an interesting experience if the seventy-seven honourable gentlemen who voted against Mr. BOURKE's amendment could have been put on their oath and asked what their opinion as to the responsibility of the Government for the bloodshed near Tokkar was. It would be paying them a very bad compliment to think that even the odd seven would have pronounced Mr. GLADSTONE blameless. So things explain themselves very well. The Government did not arrange for the stifling of the debate; did not even deliberately avail themselves of it. But nobody had been told to speak, and one man had been told not to speak, and another who might have thought it his duty to speak was unluckily out of the House, and the rank and file were in no humour to speak, and could have found nothing not damaging to the Government to say, and so, doubtless to the great relief of that Government, the debate fell through. But discreditable as this way of playing the political game is to Ministers (and on the most favourable hypothesis it is very discreditable to them), it would have been impossible to acquit the Opposition of all blame had the affair ended there, or even with the wrangle of Wednesday. They were certainly not bound, as is absurdly pretended, to go on speaking, one up and another down, till it was the good pleasure of somebody to answer. But it might well seem that one or other of them should surely have risen to protest against the manner in which the Government was behaving, and to draw the obvious moral from the Tokkar butchery. Unfortunately this kind of speaking requires qualities which are very rare on either side of the House of Commons at this moment. The modern debater appears to be a kind of safety match, and will only go off on his own box—the occasion which has been carefully prepared and arranged for him by his lawful chiefs. It is a commonplace that speaking has ceased to have any influence on votes, and for this there are, no doubt, more reasons than one. But one of those reasons is to be found in the cut and-dried character of the modern "great debate," in its enormous length, in the frequency with which it is repeated. Such an occasion as that of Monday would have been a godsend to an orator, and it is not entirely impossible that an orator might have worked it into something very far from a godsend to the Government. But it did not appear that the orator was forthcoming. This slackness of attack, though it certainly does not justify, goes some way to explain the shabby, shirking fashions of defence which have become habitual with the present Ministry. Their own placemen and Caucusseers care very little whether they show fight or not, and are quite as well satisfied with a silent retirement to the safe stronghold of the division lobby. Their opponents fail to take them on the raw places, and carry the traditional dulness of defensive war into what should be the lively and exciting business of attack. Meanwhile the interests of the country suffer by the constant evasions which the mismanagers of those interests are able and are not ashamed to execute. Fortunately in the present instance matters have not been left in this unsatisfactory position. With new weapons furnished by the very papers on which Mr. GLADSTONE relied for exculpation, the battle will be fought again next week, and, it may be trusted, fought out.

THE BURDEN OF ACTUALITY.

THE time spoken of by Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, the prophet, when we shall all yawn in each other's faces and the whole air shall be filled with the roarings of journalistic young (and veteran) lions, seems to have arrived. We are suffering from the burden of a prodigious dreary earnestness which is quite capable, unluckily, of occupying itself with the most trivial things. What, for example, can be more trivial than Mr. BARNUM's white elephant? What in the world does it matter to any mortal whether white elephants are so called because they are slate coloured and have pink spots? Who cares (except the student of the comparative science of religion) whether the Burmese worship white elephants or not? Yet these weighty topics are daily treated with irreproachable solemnity and dreariness by a cloud of correspondents in the newspapers. Zoologists, showmen, Siamese ambassadors, linguists, travellers, archæologists, Buddhists, they are all hard at it, every man sadder and more resolute than his neighbours. An authority on Buddhism writes to complain that Buddhists don't adore this particular Jumbo, whether he is white or not. The cultivated Buddhists shed bitter tears when they hear of the antics of Mr. BARNUM's priests. "This joke they do not understand, it hurts them "very much." As contending specialists in Buddhism have not yet made up their minds whether Buddhists do or do not believe in a future life, there is probably something to be said yet in favour of adoring the elephant. That something will be said with leaden earnestness, and so the "solemn loquacity" of the age lingers on, till some new Mumbo takes the place of Jumbo.

The consequence of our excessive devotion to solemn inquiries and mature or even over-ripe consideration is expressed in the modern cry for "actuality." Ever since PIERRE LEROUX proposed to write an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and ever since BULOZ replied that the subject "lacked actuality," editors have been determined to have actuality at any price. The public, too, has clamorously demanded actuality.

As a result of this demand for actuality, it follows that the only truly actual literature of the period is in the newspapers. They can project themselves, in the modern fashion, into the news and the interests of the day after to-morrow. Thus it is thought desirable to have articles on the Boat-race before the crews are made up; on the Twelfth before the birds are hatched; on speeches before they are spoken; on events of every kind before they occur. The weak point of this craze for actuality, this outrunning of the constable Time, is that the events thus feverishly anticipated may never occur, may never be actual at all. However, the demand of the moment for an indulgence in paulo-post future excitement is satisfied, and there is something very actual in that.

The newspapers, as we have said, are the prophets of actuality. They have naturally no time, space, or inclination, to waste on literature and art, and the leisurely essay in which our idle ancestors contemplated life and plucked the flower of humorous meditation. A book may get a hasty half column while the appearance of the book is an "actuality" or an item of news. A picture gallery is actual till people have had time to see it, after which it falls back into the dust-bin of forgetfulness. The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth his poppy over every play after the first night, unless, perchance, a quarrel full of very pretty actuality can be got up on a charge of plagiarism or on a trifle of costume. In this anxious chase after the actual, the British newspaper easily outstrips the American journal. The daily papers in America, though not deficient in smartness and "sensational "headings," actually supply their readers with long and apparently "thoughtful" notices of books, music, pictures, and plays. Things of that sort seem to retain their actuality much longer in America than in England. Here the actual varies from moment to moment, and what is a matter for heavy platitudes to-day is neglected to-morrow.

The worst of this state of things is that all literary organs and their editors seem as athirst for actuality as the evening newspapers themselves. The result is that the roaring of the most majestic lions fills the larger monthly magazines. Instead of being devoted to literature, art, fiction, and general entertainment, with a dash of lively politics, as in the old days of the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, and *Blackwood*, the monthly magazines have become bulky collections of signed and, if we may say so, stodgy leading articles on topics thrilling with the actual. It is difficult for any one to read the mere list of contents of the *Fortnightly Review* for this month without feeling the need of some literary pick-me-up. First, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK writes on Party Finance, an affair of figures. Then we have an engaging diatribe on the Anglo-French Alliance, which is followed by a treatise on Parliamentary Reform by Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD. Nothing can be more actual just now than Parliamentary Reform, and if Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD be not brimming over with actuality, why does he come so often and so wistfully before the public? Still his reflections are not calculated to increase the gaiety of nations. Turkish Arabia is very much *en évidence*, so Mr. TREVOR PLOWDEN

chooses this topic as "something craggy to break his "mind upon," to quote BYRON. An article by Mr. O'BRIEN on Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is sure to have at least one anxiously interested reader. Mr. LABOUCHERE is one of the most actual men of our country, but his remarks on Whigs and Radicals may be regarded as a sort of concession to human weakness. We cannot, all of us, be always on the level of Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD and Parliamentary Reform. After another concession to lovers of music, we fall back into the abysmal depths of "Our Colonial Policy," only to sink deeper and deeper into the slough of actuality where Mr. JESSE COLLINGS guides the trembling inquirer through the gloomy yet necessary topic of "Occupying Ownership." The *Contemporary*, meanwhile, cheers our drooping spirits and refreshes our fatigued eyes with the result of Mr. SLAGG's musings on Parliament and India. "The Outlook "in Egypt," though actual enough, perhaps, the day before yesterday, has already ceased to be actual. This is another proof of the mistaken nature of the policy which turns monthly magazines into specimens of the Higher (and drier) journalism. The outlook in Egypt gets blacker every day, and the writer who was an optimist in the middle of last month may be a pessimist in the beginning of this. The *Contemporary* then falls back and folds its hands over the Irish Land Act, as if enough ink had not been spilt over that business. The House of Peers next occupies the muse of actuality, and out of all this mass of printed matter who, except the proud authors, will be able to read a page next month? This kind of literature dies with its actuality, while old *Blackwoods* and old *Quarterlies* are capital reading even to-day, because they are full of humour, and deal with matters of permanent and lively interest. The literature of actuality dies after a brief and not intoxicating span of hurried existence. The *Nineteenth Century* is as actual and ponderous as its neighbours. The record of a "Walk to Coomassie" may not lose its interest, and there is permanent stuff in what Cardinal NEWMAN has to say about the "Inspiration of Scripture." But then come such topics as "The House of Lords"—unfortunate House—on "The Universities and the Poor," on "Cramming in "Elementary Schools" (by Lord NORTON, too), on "Pro-"portional Representation," and the Genesis of Zymotic Disease, and Christian Agnosticism, whatever that may mean—something, perhaps, like Gnostic Buddhism.

While the topics of the day are thrashed out by these heavy and thundering flails, how pleasant it is to turn to Mr. RUSKIN talking in a manner wholly devoid of actuality, on a topic which is not actual at all. Mr. RUSKIN leaves this solid earth, with all its newspapers, daily and monthly, and soars into cloud-land. He is at home with the winds and vapours that walk and weep and laugh through the comedy of ARISTOPHANES. He reminds us of what the clouds were like that HOMER beheld, when the son of CRONUS set them to hang motionless above the mountains. And then Mr. RUSKIN discovers that our sins have poisoned even the upper air; that a plague-wind made of dead men's souls sweeps over us, till all the air is darkened and all the twilight and the sunset soiled, and the grass is white, and the leaves shiver in anger and dread, and the blessed sun himself is more like a bad half-crown in a basin full of soapy water than a fair, hot wench in flame coloured taffeta. Of course all this is not actual. Of course our sins, which are very much what human sins always have been and will be, do not affect the atmosphere. The Icelanders are not sinners above all men, though their climate has changed to a barren winter since GUNNAR saw the fair fields of Lithend white unto harvest. It is not so, Mr. RUSKIN does not think it is so, his hearers do not believe that it is so. But how eagerly they listen; how far more eagerly than they would listen to Mr. JESSE COLLINGS on Occupying Ownership, or to Mr. SLAGG on Parliament and India, or to Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD on Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD, or to any one (except, perhaps, Mr. RUSKIN himself) on Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH. The reason is that Mr. RUSKIN can see with his eyes and speak with his tongue on a matter no more actual than the aspects of the world, the light and air, the shadow and sunshine and cloud. These things are always with us, and therefore are not actual at all, except when Science patronizes them through the spectroscope. But the human heart by which we live does not feed on actuality alone, but wants nourishment of a kind which an eminent and floral man of science calls "radiant." Mr. RUSKIN can give the radiance, and before it Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD and Mr. JESSE COLLINGS pale their actual but ineffectual fires.

IMPORTATION OF CATTLE DISEASE.

UNTIL the Bill for further restricting the importation of cattle from countries in which the foot and mouth disease exists has been actually introduced in the House of Lords, it may be taken for granted that the Government has, at least partly, conceded the principle contended for by Mr. CHAPLIN. The concession has been made at the eleventh hour, and in an undignified way. It is now more than six months since a majority of the House of Commons condemned the existing system. When Mr. CHAPLIN's motion was carried it was opposed by Ministerial speakers, and the vote of the House was practically ignored by the Cabinet. Nothing was said during the recess to show that Government had any intention of dealing with the question. It had no place in the QUEEN's Speech, though the defence of agricultural industry is, in the opinion of everybody except a little knot of fadmongers, incomparably more important than the Municipality Bill to which a great part of the Session is to be devoted. The Ministry has, however, at last recognized the fact that something must be done, or at least promised, if an important body of voters is not to be permanently alienated. How far what it is proposed to do will satisfy Mr. CHAPLIN, it is as yet impossible to say. The Ministry has promised to do something effectual, and if Mr. HENEAGE is right, they are honest gentlemen, and will keep their word. The terms of their undertaking are, however, studiously vague. The powers of the Privy Council are to be extended, and that is all. In a question of this kind the spirit in which the Ministry will act is of far more importance than the terms of the measure they are going to bring in. It is at least probable that the Cabinet is by no means prepared to go as far as will satisfy the agricultural interest. Mr. CHAPLIN will accept nothing short of an almost complete prohibition of the importation of foreign cattle. Such a drastic policy, though there is much to be said in its favour as a measure of reasonable protection for cattle-farmers, would undoubtedly arouse serious opposition among large bodies of voters whom the Government cannot afford to offend; and we must be prepared to see the Bill declared wholly insufficient when it is at last drafted. For the present, however, discussion is useless. The Ministry having announced its intention of doing something, the farmers' friends can only wait to see what it is to be. Mr. CHAPLIN will probably find that he must make a compromise of some sort.

The question on Thursday night was, not what will the Government do, but when will it do it? The tardy Ministerial promise was not calculated to satisfy the Opposition. It had a disagreeable resemblance to the impecunious debtor's eager undertaking to pay something some day soon in order to avoid being dunned for the moment. The assurance usually fails to satisfy the impatient tradesman. When Mr. CHAPLIN tried, however, to bring the Cabinet to book, he learnt, probably with no great surprise, that a coalition majority is one of the least trustworthy of all supports. Nothing could be vaguer than Mr. GLADSTONE's promises, or more audacious than his excuses for their vagueness. He could not be got to say when the Bill would be dealt with in the House of Commons, and his sense of the fitness of things was shocked at the mere idea of giving precedence to a measure not named in the QUEEN's Speech over others which had enjoyed that honour. To a House which has had less than a year to forget the story of the BRADLAUGH Relief Bill, this came within a measurable distance of being impertinent. But, little as the Cabinet have promised, they have contrived to satisfy many of Mr. CHAPLIN's supporters for the time being at least. The Liberal country members who voted for him last Session, and would doubtless do so again under similar circumstances, were not unnaturally glad to find some means of reconciling their duty to their constituents with their loyalty to their party. The attitude of these gentlemen was well defined by Mr. HENEAGE in the devoted confession of faith referred to above. He rejected the amendment intended to bind the Cabinet down as a party measure, and an insult to "statesmen who were also gentlemen," and who "would "fulfil the promises which they had made." If broken promises are to deprive the Cabinet of the right to be called gentlemen, which of that honourable body can consider himself safe? To be sure there is a degree of pressure by adverse circumstances which affords the most honourable man a fair excuse for failing to keep his word. If, therefore, at some future period in a Session which is yet but

four days old, and has already seen the beginning of collapse and confusion, the Bill for extending the powers of the Privy Council has to go the way of so many Bills, the excuse will be ready, and the promise will remain on record to show the good intention. So will "the states-"men who are also gentlemen" avoid the unpleasant task of trying to do something for the farmers without offending Birmingham, and yet preserve their character, at least in the opinion of supporters so trusty as Mr. Illingworth. The defeat of Mr. Chaplin's amendment was inevitable. A Ministry which has any majority at all has only to make a promise, and it can rely on being trusted for a time, at any rate in countries which have advanced far enough in Parliamentary practice to understand the necessity of discipline. Meanwhile Mr. Chaplin may be fairly content. Whether the Bill is properly pushed or not, it must assuredly be drafted; and it will be no small addition to the already considerable difficulties of the Cabinet that it must be so drawn up as to satisfy the country members among their supporters, and yet not offend the Radicals of the towns. If the Ministry contrives to sit upon those two stools, it will almost have proved its capacity to settle the affairs of Egypt. It has already seriously damaged its character by postponing the attempt to protect the greatest of English industries to mere party measures.

SOCIALISM IN VIENNA.

MORE than a quarter of a century has passed since the mob of Vienna stormed the Ministry of War, dragged the unhappy Minister Latour from his hiding-place, and, after barbarously murdering him, hung up his corpse on a lamp-post. The events of the years 1848 and 1849 showed that in no capital of Europe, not even with the exception of Paris, were the forces of anarchy stronger or more active. There was a fierceness and audacity in the Viennese rabble which was wanting in the more civilized populace of Berlin or Dresden. The superior education and, perhaps, the more stolid temperament of the North Germans gave a somewhat different character to the revolutionary movements which took place at the same period among them. Even the purely Socialistic party in the German Empire now relies on argument rather than on force; and the higher education of the German Socialist enables him to master books on the subjects at issue which a Parisian anarchist would not have the patience to read or the training to understand. But to the Viennese, as to the Parisian revolutionist, force is not only the best, but the only remedy. Since the time when Jellachich and Windisch-Grätz put an end to the short-lived dominion of the Viennese mob, force, however, has been on the side of the Government. But in Vienna, as in Paris, the snake has been scotched but not killed. By meetings, when they are permitted, and by murders when they are not, the anarchical party keeps the Government alive to the fact of its existence. And within the last few weeks it appears to have shown so much activity that it has become necessary to suspend in Vienna the laws which guarantee personal freedom to all Austrian subjects.

A large number of arrests have already been made, and the prompt action of the Government will probably have the effect of checking, for the moment, the efforts of the anarchists. The Government claims to have in its possession information which it is at present unable to publish, but which justifies it in resorting to exceptional measures. This information is said to point to a conspiracy of a more dangerous character than any which has hitherto been discovered. The measures proposed for the defence of public order were on Tuesday last brought before the Reichsrath, and passed their first reading. It is obvious that in cases of this kind, when a Government is tracking out a dangerous conspiracy, it cannot prudently tell all it knows. It may have more than ample information on which to act; but a mere hint as to the sources from which its information is derived may be sufficient to give the alarm, and enable all the leading conspirators to effect their escape. The most common way in which such plots are detected is by the treason of some of those implicated in them; and the longer the informers retain the confidence of their companions, the better for the Government. The Democratic Opposition in the Reichsrath has, however, attacked the Government for its reticence, and demanded fuller explanations, but the Government carried the day. A Committee of twenty-four members, all of whom are pledged to secrecy, has been appointed, before whom Count Taaffe will lay the evidence on which he and his colleagues have acted. In the course of a few days the result of their deliberations may be looked for, and if, as is to be hoped, the Government succeeds in laying hands on the ringleaders of the conspiracy, a trial hardly inferior in interest to that which followed the Phœnix Park murders may be looked for.

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It is not, however, by repressive measures only that the Austrian Government proposes to deal with the present crisis. Necessary as these are, they do not remove the causes of the evils from which the working classes in Vienna, as in many other cities on the Continent, are now suffering. The Government and the Opposition alike agree that legislation for the benefit of the poor is necessary. For many years the English Factory Acts have been quoted abroad both by Socialists and by their opponents as examples of what the State may legitimately do for those among the poor who are unable to take proper care of their own interests. It is not, however, surprising that, when once it is recognized that the State has duties of a more or less paternal nature towards its poorer and more helpless members, those duties should be construed in the widest sense in those countries where the State, and not the effort of individuals, has been looked to as the source of all improvement. There is thus a marked difference between legislation on behalf of the poor in England and on the Continent. The initiative in such legislation belongs to this country; but, when first proposed in our times in England, it ran counter to the theories and prejudices of many even of those who had the interests of the working classes sincerely at heart. The general principle that the labour market, like every other market, is best left to regulate itself had been treated in England as a law which admitted of no exceptions. The party, then rapidly gaining the ascendent, which believed in free trade in all other things believed also in free trade in labour. There was, nevertheless, this consideration to be taken into account. The employer of labour is nearly always able to take care of himself; a large number of those whom he employs are able to take care of themselves; but there still remains a considerable number of the latter whose sex and age put them at the mercy, on the one hand, of those who wish to employ them, and, on the other, of the husbands or fathers who wish them to add to the family earnings. The unregulated employment, therefore, of such labour is not free trade at all in the true sense of the word; and the laws which now regulate the employment of such labour only express what the individuals themselves, if they had a fair chance, would naturally bargain for on their own account. It is only lately that ideas have become current in England the drift of which is to extend the protection of the State to people who are perfectly well able to protect themselves. But in countries where obedience to the State is hereditary and natural, and self-government new and strange, the first instinct of the people when times are bad is to distrust their own powers and to look for help to the Government. In France, in Germany, and in Austria the State counts for more, and the individual for less, than in England; and in all three countries the State has assumed, or is asked to assume, functions with regard to the working classes which, at least at present, have never been seriously contemplated in England.

Prince Bismarck's scheme of State Socialism is combated in Germany by that school of politicians which has most in common with orthodox economists in England. Perhaps it is for this reason that the scheme has been too hastily condemned in the English press. A measure which would be both needless and impracticable here may possibly be advantageous in a country where the State requires so much more from the individual, and where the individual looks so much more to the State. What measures the Austrian Government will propose with a view to improve the condition of the poor we have yet to learn; but it is by no means improbable that they will have points in common with those of Prince Bismarck. Meanwhile the Democratic party in the Austrian Reichsrath has made a proposal which has a similar object in view, though the means by which it is to be obtained are somewhat different. According to the plan proposed by Herr Schönerer, a Democratic member of the Reichsrath, and supported by the more moderate section of the Left, a sum of ten million florins is to be added to the next Budget and devoted to the support of labourers who are sick or past work. It is obvious that this proposal, if carried into effect, would act simply as a temporary palliative, and would

in the long run tend to pauperize and degrade the recipients of public charity. A scheme for bettering the condition of the poor, according to which the poor themselves exercise no thrift or self-denial, but merely passively take what comes out of other people's pockets, must of course break down on trial. But that it should be seriously proposed and discussed in the Reichsrath is proof that the distress which it aims at relieving must be acute and widespread. The Austrian Government has thus one more difficulty added to the many which beset it already. Nor is the Socialistic movement confined to the capital. The troubles and disturbances last autumn in Croatia were in no small part due to the spread of Socialistic ideas among the peasantry, though other causes also contributed to produce discontent. There is, however, no reason to suppose that the present Socialistic movement in Austria will have better fortune than any that have preceded it. The Government is strong, is on the alert, and is on the track of its enemies. Of these some are already in prison, and some have fled. But it is evident that in Austria, as elsewhere, the influence of Socialistic ideas cannot be permanently destroyed, except by a permanent improvement in the condition of the mass of the people.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE massacre between Trinkitat and Tokkar, and the Parliamentary incidents thereto appertaining, have naturally occupied the attention of the public to the exclusion of other aspects of the Egyptian question during the present week. This is not merely natural, it is unavoidable. The more glaring instances of mismanagement necessarily obscure the lesser. Consequently the publication of Lord GRANVILLE's letter to the British Suez Canal Directors has passed with comparatively little comment. Yet it is a matter of very considerable importance—of importance by no means limited to the actual and immediate subject. How closely the Suez Canal touches England, both commercially and politically, need not be said. But it is sometimes forgotten—it is indeed the object of a whole party to cause it to be forgotten—that Egypt is not important because of the Suez Canal, but the Suez Canal is important because of Egypt. The one is an accidental, and, it may be, temporary, fashion of utilizing the highway to the East, the key of three continents; the other is the highway and the key. Weighty, therefore, as is the question of maintaining and making the best of the control over the Canal which the wise policy of the late Government gave to England, the question of maintaining and making the best of the hold on Egypt itself which the bounty of fortune has given to the present reluctant and unthankful Ministers is weightier still. The attitude of the Government towards the Canal is intrinsically a matter of interest; it is a matter of greater interest insomuch as it indicates their attitude towards the windfall which they have hitherto abused, apparently through sheer fear of using it.

Practically speaking, the Government have accepted the agreement between M. DE LESSEPS and the Steamship Owners' Association *en bloc*, and have thus given the former something like the "six lines" he wished for. Lord GRANVILLE indeed makes the very proper but somewhat trivial suggestion that England should appoint some nautical men on the Commission for recommending improvements in the means of transit; and he is of opinion that the present official Directors should be added to the London Consultative Committee. It is not quite clear whether this hints at a further increase of the total proportion of English Directors. If it does, so far so good; though it is not easy to say that the services to commerce or to England of the present official Directors have hitherto been of such a distinguished kind that either commerce or England need greatly care whether they are on the Committee or not. But the suggested alterations are really trivial; and thus it may be repeated that Lord GRANVILLE has practically endorsed the agreement as it stood. Certainly it is, as was pointed out at the time of its conclusion, an infinitely better agreement than that which he and his colleagues projected. But that it is not wholly satisfactory, even from the point of view of commerce, the grave objections which Mr. MAGNIAC brought against it the other day sufficiently show. It is certain that the administration of the Canal by M. DE LESSEPS and his nominees in times past has by no means been such as to inspire any extraordinary confidence in the administration of the Canal by M. DE LESSEPS and his nominees in future. It is certain that, although the projected alterations limit and temper his autocracy, they by no means put an end to it. It is certain, further, that the failure of the Canal Company to provide the accommodation which they originally undertook to provide, if it does not go to the full extent of vitiating their title altogether, at least supplies a reason for enlarging and continuing that title only with very great caution. And, lastly, there are some points very interesting indeed to commerce and quite untouched in the agreement. How is the money for the improvements to be raised? How is the permission, if required, for the execution of those improvements to be granted, and by whom, and on what terms? What is to be the status of the furnishers of the new capital, and how are those furnishers to be selected? These, we say, are questions very interesting to commerce merely as such, and they are as yet by no means answered. Perhaps the approaching meeting of the Canal shareholders (except the largest) in Paris may give some hints upon them; but this perhaps is merely a perhaps. So also the expounding of the last paragraph of Lord GRANVILLE's letter gives occasion for a good many more perhapses. Lord GRANVILLE remembers (it is well that he at last does so) that HER MAJESTY'S Government "possess as shareholders a very large in-"terest in the undertaking." This might be thought to be a useful reminder to M. DE LESSEPS, but the hopes which it awakens are dashed by the subsequent remark that the agreement "puts an end to the differences which have arisen." Now there is one difference which has arisen to which the agreement notoriously does not put an end, and it is the most important of all. Englishmen, shipowners and non-shipowners, are profoundly dissatisfied with the present absurd arrangement, whereby their own millions' worth of shares give them no more direct influence in the concern than any Parisian shopkeeper's thousands' worth. Moreover, though the question of monopoly is hung up by the agreement, it is most assuredly not put an end to. Now these are exactly the two most important differences in the whole affair.

It would therefore appear that in civil as in military matters HER MAJESTY'S Government had, up to the middle of last month, at any rate, which is the date of Lord GRANVILLE's letter, learnt nothing and forgotten everything. And as in such affairs there is hardly any possibility of a massacre at the Wells of Teb coming to rouse them, there is no knowing how long they may be able to continue in the same course. The authors of the most restless, meddling, and mischievous domestic legislation that any Government has attempted in England persevere, as regards foreign affairs, in obeying the maxim "Can't you let it alone," thereby exactly reversing the conduct which political wisdom dictates. M. DE LESSEPS's monopoly and M. DE LESSEPS's ingenious by-laws for neutralizing the power of capitalist shareholders are to be let alone, notwithstanding the obvious seeds of future trouble which lie in them and notwithstanding the fresh experience of the immediate past. Lord GRANVILLE at his desk, like Mr. GLADSTONE in Parliament, speaks innocently of shareholders, of the customers of the Company, and so forth, exactly as if the bombardment of Alexandria, and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and the English occupation, and the peremptory order to Egypt to abandon vast tracts of territory were all dreams. England is a shareholder and a customer—that is all; just as when BAKER PASHA's wretched policemen were hustled to their death, England was a looker-on and an adviser merely. It is true that this last illustration was not complete when Lord GRANVILLE wrote his letter; but the jaunty carelessness with which he treated it on Tuesday night shows that he has learnt nothing since that time. Now no good ever came in this world of refusing to acknowledge facts, and no good ever will come of it. M. DE LESSEPS's *imperium in imperio* may at any moment produce the gravest inconvenience while England is sovereign (as, despite Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE, she is sovereign) in Egypt. When, if ever, England is unwise enough to renounce this virtual, if not titular, sovereignty, then M. DE LESSEPS's *imperium in imperio* will produce graver inconveniences still. It is not at the moment when the second naval Power in the world is resuming projects of naval and colonial aggrandizement and aggression that the most important naval communication on the globe can be left under the sway of a Frenchman. This is the plain truth, and it is simply silly to mince the matter about it.

By leaving M. de Lesseps's anomalous position practically untouched (and, as far as political matters go, the agreement so leaves it) the Government prepares for itself and its successors a thorn in the side as long as England is in Egypt, and something much worse than a thorn if England goes out of Egypt. As has been repeatedly shown, there is no slighting of the great commercial interests involved in thus handling the matter from the point of view of politics first. For, if the Suez Canal is made politically safe, all commercial advantages are safeguarded by one and the same operation; whereas the merely commercial advantages depend entirely on the political, which in their turn they do nothing to secure. Both can be made safe by a very simple plan, which has been again and again explained. The creation for the purposes of the projected enlargement of new capital, to be held exclusively by the British Government in addition to the actual English shares, and the assignment of proportionate voting powers to the representatives of the British Government, would secure the whole matter, without wrong or umbrage to any one. No other plan will, in the long run, prevent friction, either commercial or political, and no other will secure what England may in justice, and must in reason, demand.

THE PERSISTENCE OF VANDALISM.

If Robert Bruce were again alive and in difficulties, he would have no need to go to the spider for encouragement. All that can be taught in the way of perseverance would be supplied him by a Railway Company which has an eye on some bit of yet unspoiled scenery. Patience, determination, indifference to obstacles, unbroken courage under defeat—all the qualities, in fact, that go to make up the hero—are exhibited on this confined stage. When a Railway Bill has been brought in, exposed, and rejected, the unthinking bystander supposes that it is done with, and throws up his hat accordingly. Really it is only postponed to another opportunity. The Company hope that by that time its true character will have been forgotten, or that the member who led the opposition will be dead, or that in some way or other those that have resisted its passing once will not resist it a second time. At the earliest moment the necessary papers are deposited and the necessary notices given: and, before the Session is many days old, the victory of the previous year has gone for nothing, and the battle has to be fought over again. At the end of last summer all reasonable people were congratulating themselves upon the rescue of the Lake District from the hand of the railway spoiler. The Borrowdale Bill had been rejected, and the Ennerdale Bill had been dropped, owing to the decision of a Select Committee; and it hardly seemed credible that when February came round either of them would again come to the front. Those who thus thought grievously underrated the zeal that is evoked by the prospect of floating a new Company. The Ennerdale Railway Bill is as lively as though its predecessor had never been upset. Rightly or wrongly, its promoters are of opinion that they can now convince Parliament that the line will do good to many and injure no one. It is hard on the defenders of the Lake scenery that they should have to remain constantly on the watch. But for the present this seems to be the only condition on which the most characteristic and beautiful scenery in England can be preserved from destruction. There may come a time when Parliament will speak its mind so unmistakably and unreservedly as to convince even prospective railway directors that they are only throwing away their money in useless efforts. But until this is done there is always a chance that persistence may at length meet with its reward. For the moment, therefore, it is necessary to forget that an Ennerdale Railway Bill came to nothing in 1883, and to fight as stoutly as last year to ensure that it shall come to nothing in 1884.

The arguments for and against the Bill have in no way changed their character. The promoters, as before, appear not in the character of men of business who want to open up a new industry, and now in that of philanthropists anxious to bring one of the loveliest portions of England within reach of a larger number of visitors. Neither contention will really hold water. Even if the mines which it is desired to open in Ennerdale proved much more productive than seems at all likely, it would still be true that Ennerdale is not the place in which mining ought to be encouraged. Iron is an excellent metal, but it may be bought too dearly, and when the price asked for it is the destruction of one of the finest of the Lake valleys, it certainly would be bought too dearly. If a coal-bed were discovered under Westminster Abbey, and the only way of working it were to open a shaft in the nave, the majority of Englishmen would choose to go without that particular addition to their coal supply. Great Gable is in its way as valuable a possession as Westminster Abbey, and the fact that we owe it to nature instead of to art is no reason for treating it with less consideration. Nor is there, so far as appears, any great reason to believe that the Ennerdale mines would repay working for more than a few years. The destruction of the valley might put a little money into the pockets of a few local landowners; but it would not appreciably cheapen the metal. We do not lay much stress upon this consideration, because, however rich the mines might be, it would be equally improper to give them any encouragement that can possibly be withheld. But it may, perhaps, influence a member here and there whose head would be turned by the prospect of a large output and large profits; and for this reason it is worth while to mention it.

The argument derived from the supposed convenience of tourists is quite as worthless as that derived from the supposed development of mining industry. What is it that a visitor goes to Ennerdale to enjoy? Not merely a pretty view from the windows of a railway carriage—that can be had in abundance on the railways already existing in the district. Not merely the pleasure of leaving Manchester or Leeds behind, and tasting the clear mountain air of Cumberland—there are already routes without number on which this pleasure may be experienced to the full. The merit of the finer Lake scenery lies in its remoteness and difficulty of access. The "tripper" is amply provided for already. All that he really cares to see is brought well within his reach. No doubt if a railway were carried up Ennerdale he would be able to add one more valley to the list already brought within the compass of a tourist ticket. But he will gain nothing by doing this. The pleasure he will derive from going along the Ennerdale railway will be identical with that which he derives from going along the existing railways in the neighbourhood. On the other hand, the pleasure of which those who already know and love Ennerdale will be deprived is one which cannot be replaced. The solitude that belongs to the head of a mountain valley which has been left in its original wildness is something distinct and characteristic. Can there be any interference with human enjoyment more gratuitous than the destruction of a charm which has no fellow in order to multiply others which are already to be had for the asking?

The rejection of the Ennerdale Railway Bill will probably be tantamount to the preservation of the valley in its present condition. Cheap transport is the one thing that can make mining pay there, and cheap transport is not to be had without the use of steam. Accidentally, therefore, all that the lovers of Ennerdale can desire seems likely to be secured if the House of Commons will but do its duty and refuse to read the Bill a second time. But, when this end has been gained—and we will not suppose that the House will shrink from confirming the resolution at which the Committee of last year arrived—there will still be something for the defenders of the Lakes to struggle for. So long as the law remains in its present state, we can never be sure that the work of many Sessions will not be undone by the negligence of one. What is wanted is an Act of Parliament which, without interfering with private rights as they now exist, shall prevent them from being pushed to an extreme which would conflict directly with the public interest. In this respect the Bill for the protection of the Malvern Hills, of which we spoke the other day, might supply a convenient model.

One further remark may be usefully made. A year or so back one of the opponents of the Braithwaite and Buttermere Railway wrote that he would rather see a railway through Hyde Park than through Borrowdale. Borrowdale has for the time been saved; but how about Hyde Park? If it were only to prevent the establishment of a most dangerous precedent, the Parks Railway deserves to be most strenuously opposed.

FRANCE.

THE debate in the French Chamber on the state of the working classes in Paris and the provinces ended in a fashion which is highly characteristic of that remarkable legislative body. M. LANGLOIS made a motion, and various members made speeches calling upon the Government to do something heroic in the cause of the poor. M. FERRY and his colleagues proved to demonstration that nothing but mischief could come of any interference by the State with the working of economic laws. After a discussion prolonged over eight days, the deputies decided by a large majority that M. FERRY was perfectly right. They accepted the motion, which was in the most explicit terms a vote of confidence in the Ministry. It would seem to follow, as a natural consequence, that here was an end of the whole matter. The deputies, however, that is to say, a majority of them, thought otherwise. Having safeguarded the nation against a sudden increase of the Budget, and having given the middle class a proof that they were not disposed to play with Socialism, they felt at liberty to show a kindly consideration for the troubles of the workmen. They therefore proceeded to follow up their vote of confidence in M. FERRY by another of a wholly contradictory character. A motion of M. CLÉMENCEAU'S for the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the state of the poor was carried by a small majority. The PRIME MINISTER pointed out that the Committee could discover nothing that was not already perfectly well known, and that the Chamber had quite enough to do without making an inquiry into things in general. A little reflection, if the deputies had thought it worth while to reflect, would have shown them that they had already voted any further inquiry useless. But some among the numerous subdivisions of the Republican majority which felt that they had done enough to prove their sense now apparently considered themselves at liberty to show a little safe generosity. The pleasure of reminding M. FERRY that, after all, they are the masters doubtless counts for something. Accordingly, when M. CLÉMENCEAU'S motion was put to the vote, a majority was found to agree that a Committee should sit to inquire whether a remedy could not be found for a state of things which had just been declared beyond all cure by any action on the part of the Government.

The Republican deputies who left M. FERRY so suddenly in the lurch are probably of opinion that a Committee of inquiry is a thing of no particular importance, and voted for it simply because they wished to show their constituents of the working classes that the elect of the people are not unmindful of the interests of the poor. These gentlemen may plausibly argue that the decisions of a Committee of inquiry bind nobody to anything. It can go on inquiring for ever, and listening to the rambling talk of witnesses, without coming to any decision. Even if it does make its mind up to propose something dangerous, it will still be in the power of the Chamber to reject its suggestions. The Republican deputies who voted for it, in company with a curious mixture of Radicals and reactionaries, can always vote against their own Committee as easily as they voted against the Ministry. In the meantime they will have the credit of having shown an enlightened sympathy with the "nouvelles couches." It is only by supposing that the semi-Ministerial deputies who gave the victory to the Opposition acted on some such calculation as this that it is possible to account for their alliance with the enemies of the Republic and the more dangerous enemies of all social order. This is exactly the kind of smartness which has at all times seemed admirable to most sections of the French Chamber. They are always ready to vote for anything likely to please the workmen of Paris, provided that it will also embarrass a Ministry not formed by themselves, even at the risk of damaging their own cause by violating their avowed principles. The fact that the manœuvre is almost uniformly a failure never seems to diminish a Frenchman's faith in its wisdom. It is beyond doubt that in the present case it may have the most serious consequences. It is no small misfortune that the Chamber is unable to rid itself of its old weakness for treating a Ministry as if it was a species of skittle to be set up and knocked down at the caprice of the deputies. The patience of M. FERRY and his colleagues is not a little wonderful; but it is quite in keeping with French Parliamentary practice. The Chamber voted directly against him on a matter of the first importance, and he has not resigned. The previous vote in his favour was considered a fair set-off to the second against him, and nobody has been honestly surprised that he has chosen to ignore the fact that his majority cannot be trusted. It is hard to understand how any sincere Republican who is not a Radical—and there were several in M. CLÉMENCEAU'S majority—can fail to see that caprice of this kind must keep the Republic weak. The Royalist and Bonapartist parties are so feeble for the present that there is perhaps no great risk in giving them another chance of saying that no Republican Ministry can possess the stability needed to govern France. It is, however, the height of folly to encourage the Radicals, who have ruined every attempt to establish the Republic. That they are greatly encouraged by the defeat of M. FERRY admits of no question. The deputies may flatter themselves that the vote for a Committee binds them to nothing, and is only a cheap way of showing their philanthropy; but in the opinion of the Radicals it is a recognition by the Chamber of their favourite doctrine that the State is bound to find work and wages for the workman who is left in difficulties by the fluctuations of trade. If the Committee ends by reaffirming the Chamber's approval of M. FERRY'S attitude, which is doubtless what many of those who voted for it hope, the extreme parties will only be angered by what they will consider as a deception. If it, or even a considerable part of it, makes any suggestion of a definite and dangerous kind, which is highly probable, the Republic will have at once to deal with the Socialists of various kinds, who are by much its most formidable enemies. The conduct of the section of Republicans who have inflicted this check on M. FERRY can, at least, scarcely fail to strengthen the hands of the politicians who wish to see the electoral system modified so as to make it possible for a Minister to secure a steady majority. A mechanical majority is, no doubt, a very bad thing; but it is better than a temporary coalition of little cliques which is liable to fall to pieces at any moment.

So many years have passed, and so many things have happened, since M. ROUHER held office, that his death cannot be considered as a political event. The Government which he served has been decisively condemned. It ended in a shameful disaster which France is not likely to forget, and the statesmen of the Empire were necessarily buried in the ruin of their cause. Foreigners have no reason to recognize the distinction which the victorious Republicans and the Royalists are wont to draw between the Government of NAPOLEON III. and the country. The Second Empire represented the nation as faithfully as any Government which has existed since the fall of the old Monarchy. It served the narrow ideas of the shopkeeper and peasant classes, and was steadily supported by them. Its Chauvinism and the vein of maudlin sentimentality which it partly owed to the personal character of the EMPEROR were thoroughly French. But, though it was in many ways an ignoble form of government, it had some administrative virtues which its successor has certainly not surpassed. It can fairly be said of M. ROUHER that he was closely associated with all that was best in the Empire. He did France good service in its own despite when he devoted his great powers of work and undoubted administrative ability to carrying out the intelligent commercial policy which was begun by the EMPEROR. If he served his master with servility, he was at least loyal, and he kept aloof from the intrigues which French politicians have covered with so much fluent rhetoric. His countrymen who do not belong to his party cannot be expected to forgive him his share in the shameful conspiracy of 1852. It is, however, a kind of shame not monopolized by any one French party. The conduct of NAPOLEON III. and his fellow-conspirators can stand a comparison with that of the men who saw in the disasters of their country first of all a good opportunity for rising to power with the help of mob violence. M. ROUHER'S share in the foundation of the Second Empire was comparatively innocent. If he helped to put all the intellect and culture of France under lock and key, it must not be forgotten that they had already proved their inability to govern. He was not among the worst specimens of the "attorney species" which has generally shared the government of France with soldiers since the Great Revolution.

THE FIESTA DE TOROS.

THE bull-fight or, as the Spaniards call it, the bull-feast, cannot be called a national game in the strict sense of the word. In its fully developed form it is not an amusement in which anybody can share, but a performance by highly trained professionals. It is, however, a national game in so far that nothing else is so characteristic or so popular. No other thing of Spain is so thoroughly Spanish. In the Northern provinces it is not the custom for ladies to be present, but their husbands and brothers go to a man. Spaniards who do not smoke are few, but they are far more numerous than those who do not visit the ring at least occasionally. The great majority of foreign visitors see at least one fight during their stay, and of those who have once gone, not a few go again, and keep on going. It is needless at this time of day to speak of its barbarity, especially as it has been made the subject of not a little cant, more particularly, as is only natural, in England. The bull, the horses, and at times the men, suffer, it is true, yet it may very well be doubted whether the pursuit is more cruel than coursing bagged hares or pigeon-shooting. In a world which is so rich in barbarity of a very sordid kind, some allowance may be made for the brilliant bull-fight.

Elaborate descriptions of the show have been given quite often enough. Foreigners who have visited Spain for centuries past have mostly written accounts of it more or less fully, and it may be taken for granted that our readers are already familiar with the main features of the fight. They know that it takes place in an open amphitheatre; that the bull is first worried by men on horseback, then maddened by men on foot armed with various instruments of torture, then mortally wounded by the chief performer, who uses a sword; and, finally, when it has fallen, put out of its pain by a blow with a species of dagger on the spine. Some six or seven bulls are disposed of one after another in this way, and then the "fiesta" is at an end. The internal organization of the game is less known, and we will endeavour to explain how a fight is got up, and how the work is divided among the various combatants. Firstly, then, as to place. Most towns of any importance in Spain have a regular "Plaza de Toros." It is an open amphitheatre, which in some cases is very large. The ring at Valencia will hold twelve thousand persons. According to amateurs of severe taste, a fight cannot be seen to full advantage in a large ring, because the men have too much room to avoid the bull, and are therefore never called upon to show their utmost skill. When he has plenty of space to run in, a banderillero is tempted to trust to his legs rather than to the accuracy of his eye and the neatness of his dodging. Besides, the bull gets tired too soon. In small towns, which can only afford one fight or so a year, the market-place, or principal square (plaza), is temporarily fitted up. This was at one time the universal practice, and hence the name of the ring, to which the title of plaza has descended, just as the pit of the theatre is called the patio, or courtyard—the comedies having been originally given in that part of the houses of the nobles, or in large inns. A strong stockade (la barrera) runs round the ring. It is about six feet high, and has a ledge about two feet from the ground, for the convenience of the men who have to jump over. Inside the barrier there is a passage rather higher than the level of the ring, then another barrier. The seats rise from the top of this second barrier, so that even if the bull gets out of the ring, he cannot reach the spectators. These seats, mere rough benches without a back, rise in tiers, and above them are the boxes. As the fiesta is given in the afternoon, one side of the plaza is in shadow, and the seats here cost rather more than those in the sun. In the middle of the boxes in this half of the amphitheatre is the seat of the president. Right under him is a passage from the ring, with which it communicates by heavy folding doors. Wounded men can be taken out by this way into the room where the doctor waits. Similar doors on one side lead to the stable for the horses. Opposite the president's box, and on a level with him, is the seat of the bugler, and under it another passage with other folding doors, which leads to the torral—the yard where the bulls are kept. All these doors open back from the ring, and for a very intelligible reason. When the bull has got over the barrier and sets off trotting round in the narrow passage, he must be turned back into the plaza. One of the attendants, therefore, runs to the door, towards which he is moving, and shuts the further flap back across the passage. The bull, finding his road barred, makes a halt. Then a second attendant gets nimbly on the top of the barrier, and begins to shut the nearer flap. The bull turns instinctively towards the open space on one side of him—namely, the ring—and plunges into it. Instantly the doors are slammed to behind him, and the poor "toro" is back on his fatal field of battle.

Such is the place, and now for the persons, who may be divided into the organizers of the fight, the four-footed and the two-footed combatants. A fiesta may be given by a Town Council, or a politician in search of popularity, or by charitable persons to raise money for the poor, or by an impresario in the way of business. The ring is hired from the company or municipal authority to which it belongs. There are two classes of tickets, first for the "entradas," which cost five or six reales—a shilling or fifteenpence—and merely give the right of entry, and then for the seats, which range from tenpence or so for a place on a bench in the sun to four or five pounds, or even more, for a box. You need not buy a seat if you do not object to standing about, but you cannot get in without an entrada. The usual division of the spoils is that the owners of the ring get the entradas, and the givers of the fight the money for the seats. There must be a president, whose function it is to give the signal for the beginning or ending of each part of the fiesta and decide all disputes as to the behaviour of the bull-fighters. He is commonly the chief local authority, civil or military, and his post is not always a pleasant one. If his generalship does not please the people, they are considered entitled to howl unlimited abuse at him, and they use their privilege to the fullest extent. A president who is not learned in the niceties of bull-fighting, and who lacks the fine tact which tells a true "aficionado" when anything has lasted long enough, does wisely to have a more experienced friend at his elbow. We have seen an unlucky and bungling civil governor reduced to putting himself into the diminutive hands of a charming Andalusian lady, the wife of a distinguished Alphonist general. By the universal consent of a Republican audience, she discharged the arduous duties of the post in a masterly manner. The horses and bulls are provided by the empresa—*i.e.* the managing committee or impresario, as the case may be. As for the horses, little need be said of them. They are all the broken-down animals which are only fit for the knacker, and no words can be too strong for the brutal cruelty with which they are treated. Of late years it has been the custom to kill them as soon as they are badly wounded, which shows some sort of beginning of a feeling of humanity to animals in the Spanish mind. The bulls come, for the most part, from Navarre, Castile, and Andalusia. It would require a treatise of some length to specify and explain the many terms used in Spain to describe the varying characters of these animals. They range from the bravo pure and simple, the courageous beast which charges with blind fury, to the cabrito or kid, which skips about the ring and does nothing effectual. One name may be quoted for its exquisite absurdity—it is the bull of bad intentions, the beast which will not be deluded by flags and cloaks, but charges straight for the man. Such bulls are dangerous. As a rule, the bulls are not big; but they are remarkably fierce and active, and, coming from the vast pasture-grounds, are always in good training.

When the empresa has secured the ring, the horses, and the bulls, the next step is to find the fighters. The usual way of doing so is to hire the troop of some well-known espada, or those of two espadas. Bull-fighters are divided, as everybody knows, into several classes, all called toreros. The old word toreador means an amateur who kills the bull from horseback with a short, broad-headed spear, weighted at the handle, and called a rejon. It is held like a dagger, and the blow is struck downwards. The toreador only appears now at royal feasts in Madrid, and is always accompanied by a troop of professionals, who advise him and get him out of scrapes. The great man among the toreros is the espada, or sword, also called the diestro, the fencer. He is the manager of the troop (la cuadrilla), and pays its subordinate members out of the lump-sum advanced him by the empresa. There are always two espadas at every fight, who kill alternate bulls; and, as a rule, the wage-fund is divided between them, each paying his own troop. Next in dignity come the banderilleros, who worry the bulls with barbs called banderillas—which is, being interpreted, little flags. There are generally two banderilleros in a troop—that is so say, four in all in the ring. One of them is selected to be sobresaliente de espada, or third man to the chiefs. If either of them is killed or disabled, he takes his place, and it is his function to kill the extra bull, or "toro de gracia," which is generally given to the spectators at the end. Then come the capeadores, the smart lads with cloaks (capas), who draw the bull off from the fallen picadores, and otherwise make themselves useful. All these toreros fight on foot, and stand on different rungs of the same professional ladder. The espada has always begun by being a capeador. The picador, the horseman who fights with the long spear called garrocha, comes after all. He has the roughest work, the poorest pay, and he remains a picador all his life. By the rules of the ring he is compelled to cover the head of his spear with a sheath which leaves only about an inch of steel exposed. He must hold the weapon so that when his arm is hanging straight down the point comes four inches in front of his horse's breast. By another rule he must never turn the point on the bone of the bull's shoulder. In fact, he is hampered in every way, and stands in constant need of the armour he wears on the right leg and thigh, the gregoriana, as they are called from the Christian name of the illustrious Don Gregorio Gurri, who invented them in the last century. Calderon, one of the few picadores who has enjoyed much personal reputation in our time, has always said that he could bring any decent horse untouched through a fight if he was only allowed to do as he pleased with his garrocha. But even he could only do it by crippling the bull and spoiling sport for the banderillero and the espada, and so he has to take his share of tumbles with other picadores. There is also in every troop a cachotero, who, when the bull has fallen after the fatal thrust, divides the spine with the short dagger, also called the cachetero. This is the man whom the Spaniards now call the matador, or killer, and he is a mere butcher. A miscellaneous crowd of chulos—knaves in the old sense—is employed to rake and water the ring, spread fresh sand over the blood, and tend the gaily caparisoned mules which gallop off with the dead horses and bulls. The pay given to these different classes of men varies from two pounds or so for an ordinary picador up to twenty or thirty for the sobresaliente de espada. They are paid by the fight. All that remains after paying them goes to the espadas. As the lump-sum provided for paying

the toreros is sometimes as much as five hundred pounds, of which one-half will cover the wages and travelling expenses of the troop or troops, an espada may make as much as a hundred and fifty pounds. When it is remembered that he may take part in thirty or forty fights during the season, it requires very little arithmetic to show that his gains may amount to thousands. With ordinary prudence in money matters and good luck in escaping "bulls of bad intentions" he may rely on spending an honoured old age in the enjoyment of a pleasant little fortune.

In the ring the work is divided according to well-established rules. At a signal from the president—the waving of a pocket-handkerchief—the toreros march in from a door to the right of his box. The procession is opened by two alguaciles on horseback dressed in handsome black costumes of the sixteenth century. Then come the two espadas walking side by side, as magnificent as silk, satin, gold lace, or jet can make them, each man with a cloak of the same colour as his dress carefully arranged over his left shoulder and round his waist. It is held in its place by the left hand, the arm being placed akimbo, while the right hangs gravely down by the side. The banderilleros and capeadores march in order after their chiefs in the same attitude and in soberer versions of the same dress. Behind ride the four picadores in a line abreast. The president throws the key of the toril to one of the alguaciles, who should catch it neatly in his hat, gallop across the ring with it, and hand it to the doorkeeper. As they are indifferent horsemen, they generally bungle their work; and great is the delight of the spectators if one of these officers of the law gets spilt, particularly if that happens when the bull is already in the plaza. When the key is delivered, the alguaciles take themselves off without standing on the order of their going. Meanwhile the toreros have taken up their positions. Even if two cuadrillas are employed, all the men except the espadas are in the plaza at once, and act together. The espadas relieve one another. If, for instance, the two hired for a night are Lagartijo and Chicorro, and the former is to kill the first bull, he withdraws inside the barrier as soon as the key is thrown to the alguazil there to wait till his work begins. Meanwhile Chicorro acts as captain of the team. He posts his men on either side of the door leading to the toril. Two picadores are put on each side, while the banderilleros and capeadores are posted near them, cloak in hand, ready for an emergency. When a picador is down, he must be saved and the bull drawn off. It will be Chicorro's business to see that this is done promptly and without confusion. When the picadores have done enough, the president again shakes his handkerchief, and the bugle sounds. Then the ring is cleared of riders and their horses (those which can move), and the banderillero does his feats of skill, aided by the capeadores under the direction of Chicorro. Once or twice in the course of a night the directing espada is expected to do some feat of skill himself, but that will be in the middle or towards the end. At the beginning he husbands his strength. When the second act has lasted long enough, there is another waving of the pocket-handkerchief, and another bugle call. In an instant the toreros retire to the barrier, and Lagartijo comes out. Gravely he takes his place facing the president, with his sword and flag, the blood-red bandeja in his left hand. With the right he gracefully takes off his hat. Then in a loud voice he pronounces perhaps the only oath, not being one of vengeance, which is piously observed in Spain. He swears to do his duty, and he does it. His hat is thrown behind him with a gay toss. Holding the bandeja in the left hand, the sword in the right, with one trusty capeador at his back, he stands forth to fight his duel with the bull. Like the picador, he is bound by strict rules. He must keep on his ground in front of his enemy. No blow can be struck from the left side or from behind. If the bull rushes away, it must be tempted back to below the president's box. An espada must show a certain amount of graceful play with his flag before giving the final thrust. When he has done that for a sufficient time, he gives his blow. It is delivered in front of the bull's right shoulder, as the animal charges, and with the hands down. The commonest blow is the volapié, when the espada springs to meet the bull, but a recibido—a thrust given with the feet firm—is perhaps more honourable. It shows less skill, and is not so graceful, but it is more risky, and requires a strong wrist and steady eye. The sword must enter up to the hilt. If the blow is properly given the bull stops at once, and soon falls. Then the cachetero finishes him. The carcass is dragged out at a gallop by the mules, and the ring is raked and watered. Lagartijo enjoys his applause, and places the men for the second bull. He directs until Chicorro is called on to kill him, and then takes his turn of rest. Chicorro then swears his oath, disposes of his bull, and acts as captain till Lagartijo's turn comes round again. Each man, be it observed, swears once only. It is also well to do the toreros the justice of saying that, although they are divided by jealousies of a truly theatrical rancour, they are never known to foul one another in the ring. Indeed any one of them who played another a base trick would soon find that, between the rage of the spectators, the universal contempt of society, and the knives of his rivals' friends, the coldest corner in the Guadarrama would soon be too hot to hold him.

What we have described here is a fully organized fiesta. The various inferior forms are too numerous to detail, and they are increasing. It is sometimes said that a public opinion against the amusement is forming in Spain, and that the bull-fight is destined to disappear. No sane man will prophesy what will happen in the twentieth century, but there are reasons and reasons for thinking that the toreros will not find themselves short of work in our time. In the first place, there have always been people who thought the game barbarous, and at one time all who attended it were excommunicated by the Church. Yet the mass of Spaniards, including churchmen, went. In our own time the spread of civilization in the shape of railways has given it a great impetus. Fights now take place in towns where they were unknown when the bulls could only be brought by the road. The attitude of the Spanish mind towards the bull-fight is indeed well described in a popular apologue told to illustrate the stiffneckedness of the Arragonese. "Erase que se era," as Sancho Panza would have said, once upon a time it happened that the Archangel Gabriel was going his round of inspection on earth in the kingdom of Arragon, and he met a native trudging along the road. "Where are you going, my friend?" asked the Archangel. "I am going to see the bull-fight at Tudela," answered the Arragonese. "Si Dios quiere—please God," added the Archangel with pious gravity. But the Arragonese solidly repeated his assertion. "Say if God pleases," said Gabriel, intent on improving his morals; but it was no use. Then, in great wrath, the Archangel turned him into a frog, and left him croaking in a puddle. After many years the celestial inspector came to those parts again. As he walked along the frogs croaked from the puddle, and his attendant angel said, "How loud do those frogs keep saying 'Coax, coax' in the puddle!" "My son," answered Gabriel, "you remind me of a duty." Then he went to the water, and summoned forth a frog, which at his word took human shape, and again became the Arragonese. No sooner was he on his feet than he started off along the road. "Now then," shouted Gabriel, "where are you going?" All the answer he got was, "I am going to Tudela to see the bull-fight." Now the whole Spanish nation might be turned into frogs, if there be water enough in their dried-up land to hold them, and soak and croak there for many years, and yet would their love of the "fiesta de toros" not depart from them.

MR. HAYWARD.

MR. HAYWARD'S death has left vacant a place in society which will perhaps not be soon filled. If he had chosen his own lot in life, his aspirations would probably have extended beyond the success which he actually achieved: nor is there any doubt that he would have done credit to a considerable rank either in his own profession or in political life; but in such a competition he would have had many equals, while in his social career he had scarcely a rival. There can be few survivors who remember his entrance into the London world more than fifty years ago; but without any external advantages of birth, fortune, or connexion he at once occupied a position which he never lost. He acquired by his prose translation of *Faust* a literary reputation which seems disproportionate to the most scholarlike execution of such a task; and for several years he kept up his connexion with the Bar by occasional practice and as editor of the *Law Magazine*. His promotion to the rank of Queen's Counsel through the favour of Lord Lyndhurst would probably have been fatal to his prospect of professional employment if he had not soon afterwards practically retired from the Bar. He had rendered valuable service to his patron in his opposition to Lord Brougham's County Courts Bill; and on one occasion Lord Lyndhurst told the representatives of the solicitors that the gratitude which they had professed to himself was really due to Mr. Hayward. His legal knowledge and his general ability would perhaps have qualified him for a silk gown; but he had little experience in the conduct of cases, and he had not the physical gifts of an effective advocate. It is not now known whether he intended to pursue his profession, or to take the opportunity of an ornamental retreat. He would in the ordinary course have become a Bencher of his inn; but he had unluckily incurred the implacable resentment of Mr. Roebuck, who had the anomalous power of excluding him by his single vote. The rule of admission was consequently altered; but it was thought that the original decision could not be reversed. Although the vote was nominally secret, Mr. Roebuck always avowed his act. The cause of offence was Mr. Hayward's repetition in print of a story which reflected, as Mr. Roebuck thought, on his moral character. The use of a power which Mr. Roebuck possessed in an official character to gratify private revenge, however just, was wholly indefensible.

Many years afterwards Mr. Hayward lost by singular ill-fortune his only chance of suitable official employment. He was appointed by an outgoing Government to the post of Assistant Poor Law Secretary, but the successor of the head of the department asserted his right of patronage; and the claim was allowed. The disappointment must have been the more mortifying because the candidate who was ultimately preferred was, like himself, a well-known member of fashionable society. Mr. Fleming performed the duties of his office creditably; but he could scarcely be compared with Mr. Hayward in general ability. It is strange that an active, though cool-headed partisan, the friend and associate of several Ministers, a lawyer and a man of business, should neither before nor after that solitary occasion have been invited to enter the public service. Mr. Hayward, as he showed in his writings, was scrupulously accurate, and he had an inborn love of minute detail. It is possible that he may sometimes have thought that he was treated with undue neglect; but his loyalty to the statesmen to whom at different times he attached himself was never

shaken. His political opinions never underwent any violent change. Originally by connexion and inclination a Tory, he was wholly exempt from bigotry; and when Sir Robert Peel began to modify the policy of the party, Mr. Hayward gladly followed his lead. He had formed relations of intimacy with the younger members of the Government, including Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Newcastle, and Mr. Sidney Herbert, and it was in connexion with some of the number that he took for a short time an active part in the composition of the *Morning Chronicle*. He had a showy associate in Mr. George Smythe, afterwards Lord Strangford; but it was soon found that Mr. Smythe had exhausted all his resources in a dozen or a dozen and a half of articles. Mr. Hayward was more fertile and much better informed, but he perhaps found the task of daily journalism uncongenial. His literary habits had accustomed him to careful finish and to minute investigation of facts; and daily newspapers must always be written in a hurry. After a year or two he also retired from the paper, which was from that time conducted by writers who afterwards formed the original staff of a more prosperous and permanent undertaking.

After the close of his brief connexion with the *Morning Chronicle* Mr. Hayward never again took an active part in political controversy. His relation to parties was almost entirely personal, and it was because they were his friends and associates, rather than from devotion to their novel opinions, that he adhered to the seceders of 1846. He even exposed himself to some inconvenience for the purpose of asserting the unpopular doctrine that the followers of Sir Robert Peel were still the true representatives of Conservative principles. For this purpose he continued to frequent the Carlton Club when it had been practically appropriated by the followers of Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli. It was not until he had been exposed to some personal discourtesy, which nearly resulted in a duel, that he abandoned his laudable but paradoxical enterprise. It was natural that he should continue his allegiance to the same political section through all its subsequent changes. He was probably neither more nor less Conservative or Liberal in theory at the end of his life than in the days when Sir Robert Peel led the Tory party. It is as improbable that he should have shared Mr. Gladstone's enthusiasm for the Irish Church as that he should afterwards have wished to disestablish it. Revolutionary projects and democratic agitation were alien from his tastes and habits of thought; but it was enough for him that the present Prime Minister was the same person to whom he had attached himself forty years ago. The comparatively mild political antagonism of modern times fortunately allows of friendly intercourse with members of contending parties. At the beginning of the century the most unprejudiced member of society must have confined himself to Whig or Tory houses. Mr. Hayward was welcomed among all political denominations; and he had no disposition to shock the prejudices of opponents or to engage in unseasonable controversies. The subjects in which he was principally interested had nothing to do with party. Literary criticism of the lighter sort, biographical anecdote, and social gossip supplied him with his favourite subjects. His command of French, which he spoke with confident fluency, though not with perfect accent or faultless accuracy, proved in his case, as in that of many others, one of the most valuable of social accomplishments. It is sometimes difficult to provide for the entertainment of foreign guests, for even good linguists often hesitate to talk French across a London dinner-table. Acquaintance with eminent strangers, afterwards renewed in their own country, furnishes new sources of information and interest. Mr. Hayward was always full of the latest news of Paris as well as of London.

Although Mr. Hayward never composed an elaborate work, his contributions to literature were voluminous in amount, and for the most part excellent in quality. More than one series of selected essays fairly represents the character of his numerous articles published in the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. The best of his writings contain a large proportion of personal reminiscences; but he was also a diligent student of those branches of literature which relate to manners and character. His industry in the collection of details and his accurate memory were equally remarkable. In the course of his long career he had enjoyed unusual opportunities of accumulating the kind of experience which he required. It is to be regretted that he never wrote formal biographies of any of the interesting personages whom he had known in their later years, and more especially of Lord Melbourne; but he perhaps knew better than others the nature and limits of his own capacity: and his writings are always good in their kind, except when he attempts purely literary criticism. He disliked novelty, eccentricity, and perhaps originality, and his taste in poetry scarcely extended beyond a resolute admiration of Byron. For the literary puzzles which demand a kind of forensic sagacity he had a wholesome relish, though his judgment was not infallible. He took an active part in the Junius controversy when it was revived ten or twelve years ago, with a result scarcely worthy of his industry and ingenuity. He retained throughout the discussion his original prejudice against the claim of Sir Philip Francis, and he stood almost alone in his belief that Junius was Lord George Germaine. If he was not happy in his attempted solution of a standing problem, he exposed at various times many prevailing fallacies. His *Pearls and Mock Pearls of History* is a good example of the assiduous ingenuity with which he investigated received traditions.

Whatever may be his fate hereafter, Mr. Hayward was still better known to his own contemporaries as a member of society than as a man of letters. A word is wanted to express without invidious associations the function which he discharged with general acceptance to the great advantage of a wide and conspicuous circle. A "diner-out," besides that the term is awkward and ungraceful, suggests to unfriendly commentators the notion of a parasite. The welcome guest in the best houses gave more than he received, and he maintained without effort or question absolute independence. That he shared with those around him habitual interest in the private history of the moment merely proved that even in exalted spheres there is a great deal of human nature, including curiosity as to the affairs of neighbours. The typical philanthropist in Terence who thought that nothing which concerned man was foreign to himself, must have included in his lawful objects of interest gossip and scandal. It may be admitted that benevolent sympathies of this kind account in some degree for a certain amount of detraction to which Mr. Hayward was exposed. On the other hand, it must be remembered that reputed unpopularity tends to augment its own volume by echo and reverberation. A successful man is often disliked by those whom he has never offended, merely because he is supposed to be disliked by others. Casual observers fear that, if they fail to notice anticipated defects, they may be accused of dulness of perception. The best proof of Mr. Hayward's merits is that during half a century of unfriendly remarks, which were not always without foundation, his social position was never impaired. Thirty or forty years ago fashionable novelists sometimes introduced under a thin disguise caricatures which were intended to render him ridiculous; but he probably cared little for additional notoriety; and the attacks of his enemies can seldom have cost him the loss of a friend. It is remarkable that, notwithstanding his ability and his social aptitudes, Mr. Hayward was not a brilliant talker. In the rapid interchange of thought which forms the best conversation he scarcely pretended to excel. His special gift was that of a narrator, for no one had a greater store of anecdotes or told them better. It was not without the exercise of labour and of skill that he became a master of modern mythology. Among the various versions in which good stories are commonly circulated he selected not the most closely accordant with facts, which might indeed be difficult to ascertain, but the most pointed and most amusing. If necessary he had no hesitation in pruning excrescences or in adding needful amplifications. If story-telling is not the highest form of talk, it is the most uniformly available, especially as, unlike good conversation, it requires no second performer. If Mr. Hayward made friends by his ability, he kept them by higher qualities, and especially by his own fidelity. No man was more tenacious of attachment or less capricious, and his loss is deeply and widely regretted.

DETECTIVES.

WHEN it came out, not long ago, that eleven of the jurymen who tried Bondurand and Woolf for conspiring to blow up the German Embassy were for acquitting the accused, and that the only juror who was for condemning them based his decision, not on evidence of guilt, but on the broad generalization that all foreigners are naturally rascals, there was but one course to be adopted. It was hopeless to try the case again; so the Attorney-General entered a *nolle prosequi*, the Recorder duly discharged the prisoners, and the police, who had cut such a ridiculous figure in the business, doubtless hoped that we should all dismiss the matter from our minds as soon as possible. That is unfortunately not in our power; for their lack of success in tracing crime has been so marked of late that they have, so to speak, forced the hand of censure. Mr. Howard Vincent lately told us that, as regards life and property, London under his guardianship has become the "safest capital in the world." In saying this he was as modest as one of his predecessors, Mr. Jacob Townsend—an illustrious Director of Criminal Investigation of whom Mr. Vincent may possibly have heard, or read—who used to poke Home Secretaries in the ribs, and, when they affected to ignore his importance, playfully remind them that "the business of the State couldn't go on without the help of us as knows the tricks of the town." Could he have foreseen the recent revival of garotting, and the pitiful failures of the police, not only to detect the murderer of the woman in Artillery Square, Westminster, but to unravel the mystery which shrouds the "plot" against the German Embassy, might he not have slightly qualified his boast? As for Townsend, he of course was a vulgar, underbred, uneducated thief-taker. Mr. Vincent, on the contrary, is, as we all know, a cultured and courteous gentleman, animated with the best intentions, and it is in no way our desire even to suggest the remotest comparison between them. In fact, if by some process his self-sufficiency could be kept in just proportion to his intelligence, Mr. Vincent's public performances would not provoke our criticism at all. But as things go, they do; and, when grave measures affecting the future management of the Metropolitan Police Force are being canvassed—when, on one hand, we have people demanding that it be governed by the new Municipality of London, and, on the other, that its control shall still be vested in the Home Secretary—it may be not amiss to draw attention to one branch of its administration of the failure of which we are reminded by late events, and concerning which many wrong views prevail. That branch is not the keeping of order, but the detecting of crime, and it is interesting to observe that

failure in this has been utilized as an argument from analogy in favour of putting the police under the "Municipality of the Future." The recent detection of the Fenian dynamitards both in Birmingham and Glasgow, we are told, proves that a police, ruled by local authority, can be effective. Therefore it is argued, the London police force, if ruled by the new metropolitan local authority, will also be made efficient for detective duty. We are quite willing to admit that the discovery of the plots in Birmingham was a piece of legitimate detection, such as we have little right to look for in London. But it does not at all follow that the London detective force would be a bit sharper under a Municipal Government than they are now under the rule of the Home Office. It is not at all likely that the system in accordance with which the force is organized would be changed, and it is the system, not the rule, which is at fault.

For that it is at fault is not now to be concealed, even by Mr. Vincent's gushing reports and speeches. It is absurd to take a city like Paris, and compare the numbers of crimes detected there with those for London, and then draw the inference that, because more are discovered here than in Paris, our detective force is superior to that of the French capital. There is the greatest difference in the world between the two cases. When Mr. Vincent talks of London being "the safest capital in the world," he not only forgets that it is a comparatively easy business to make it safe, our criminal classes being of a low type of intellect; but he also forgets that the precincts of the Savoy and the Thames Embankment are not even now, with all his precautions, much safer than Hounslow Heath in the days of Jonathan Wild, or Kent Street in the time of Jerry Abbershaw. Does he not also ignore the 124 persons who disappeared in London last year, of whom all traces are lost? What allowance does he make for the number of dead bodies in the river, technically known to Rogue Riderhood and his fellow-fishermen as "stiff uns," which these toilers of the Thames bring to land every week, usually bearing marks of violence? The plain truth is that the business of detecting crime is very badly done in London, save when the criminal is a dull-witted brutal rough or a reckless dissipated rogue "so loose of soul" that in his cups he will talk incautiously about his affairs in the hearing of associates, especially female associates, who can betray him at will. But if he is a clever fellow, a man of brains and pluck, and some degree of education, if, above all things, he lives "respectably," haunts no thieves' tavern, takes no woman into his confidence, and limits his partnership in crime to one or two men as wary and secretive as himself, he can go on for years committing all manner of misdeeds in defiance of Mr. Howard Vincent and all his works. Low-class crime can be dealt with fairly well by our London detectives; but as for high-class crime, that is quite another affair. In attempting to discover a murder or a burglary committed by an intelligent person, Mr. Howard Vincent's "staff" are pretty nearly impotent. Since the time of the late Inspector Field there has been but one man known to fame at Scotland Yard who could even make a pretence of tackling a crime committed by a person of high skill and intelligence, and that was the luckless Druscowitch, who ruined a great career by permitting himself to be inveigled into the De Goncourt betting frauds. Of course we know that the popular idea of the Scotland Yard detective is very much like that which Mrs. Gamp had about "young Bailey." To him "all wickedness is print." The secrets of the dark side of life are all open to him. In virtue of an almost occult power, he can follow up the thinnest "clue" and track the most tortuous villany to its source. He is supposed to be a being of preternaturally sharp wits, who devotes his superhuman intelligence to the discovery of hidden crime, all for the modest salary of three or four guineas a week. Another and probably a better founded belief, however, is that detectives have no occult power of divining criminal mysteries, and no mysterious sources of information. They are as a rule only promoted constables, and have, according to this view, simply a large and varied acquaintance with the lower order of criminals, with whom they converse amicably when they meet, with whom they even hobnob in pot-houses, and who regard them with superstitious awe. They have a still closer acquaintanceship with the women with whom these persons associate, and who usually possess themselves of their secrets. Our omniscient detective, in fact, rarely knows more than can be got by the treachery of one knave to another, or, failing that, can be wormed out of some woman in the knave's secret, her tongue having been first of all loosened either by jealousy or drink. And it is certainly a curious—one might almost say it was also a corroborating—fact that, when murder or outrage is committed by people who either do not keep company with men or women "known to the police" as likely to "peach," or who confide their plans and their secrets to nobody likely to divulge either, it is apt to remain a secret for ever, and hold a permanent place in the long list of "undiscovered crimes."

There is a strange story told in the life of Munden the actor which will illustrate the strength and weakness of our system of criminal investigation. Munden one day complained to his friend, Sir William Parsons, the magistrate at Bow Street, that his house in Kentish Town was robbed. He was advised to say nothing about it, because the sum lost was less than the reward usually given (40*l.*) for discovering a burglary; but, by way of compensation, Sir William told him he might, if he chose, see the man who did the deed. Munden agreed. The magistrate then asked him to go to the "Brown Bear" tavern "over the way" next day at noon, where he would meet Jacob Townsend the "runner" entertaining a company of thieves and burglars. Townsend would invite him to sit down, and, when he did, the man on his (Munden's) right hand would be the burglar who had "cracked his crib" in Kentish Town. The actor followed his instructions. At the appointed hour he saw Townsend at the head of the table in the "Brown Bear" carving a round of beef for a most villanous-looking gang of guests. The officer asked one he called "Jemmy" to "sit up and make room for Mr. Munden," who, as soon as he took his seat, knew that he had his man on his right. For the moment he turned to look at him, all the other thieves broke into guffaws of laughter, and "Jemmy" himself showed signs of distress. A good deal of "chaff" was spent on him—showing that everybody, from the detective downwards, knew what had happened and how the affair had been taken—and then Munden, who enjoyed amazingly the joke of lunching with his own burglar in company of a Bow Street runner, bowed to the company and left the room, much edified by his odd experience. But the same kind *of* thing goes on now, for the traditions of old Bow Street are to a great extent still maintained in Scotland Yard. Now, as in the old time, the detectives associate with the criminals, though not so blatantly or openly as did the famous triumvirate—Townsend, Macmanus, and Jealous—"delightful company, delicious fellows," Peter Pindar ironically calls them in his ode satirizing the "Shields of Kings." It is true that we have no such shameful arrangement as that in accordance with which a thief was let alone provided he did not steal 40*l.* worth of property. That being a hanging matter, and entitling the police to "blood money," he could not well be let alone. But there is now, it is said, an informal understanding between the police and the criminal classes that the minor crimes will not be gone into hotly, when those who commit them can make themselves useful as spies. The person termed the "policeman's nose" is, in London, a minor criminal, who has a certain amount of indulgence extended to him, so long as he does nothing very desperate, and serves the detectives well with hints and suggestions which may help them to trace out that mysterious "clue" they always follow nowhere, when they are flying at game which soars beyond the scent of their humble coadjutor. But the keenness of the scent depends on the keenness of the "nose," and, unhappily, that is not keen when the scent is left by one not of the creature's own kind. It must not be supposed that we are blaming the authorities only for acting on the old principle of setting a thief to catch a thief. This has been adopted in the best of detective services, such as that organized by the famous, or infamous, Vidocq, in Paris during 1812-27. Our complaint is that it has always been applied badly in London, and that it has never been applied so badly as it is now by Mr. Howard Vincent. It has always been applied badly because we have never engaged the services of *cassiniers* of a superior grade, and we have never enlisted in the detective force men of real ability and fair education, who should devote themselves to working out attenuated "clues" in difficult cases. What we have done has been to try to bring hidden crime to light by means of the "policeman's nose" and the promoted constable—by a thief who is, as a rule, a blockhead, and a constable who is seldom a match for a criminal with more than the average intelligence of his class.

But we have of late done something even more foolish than this. The system of detecting crime by means of "the policeman's nose" was one which depended for its efficiency on its localization. At each police-court there is usually a local detective, who knows the district, as he himself will tell you, "like a book." He knows every thieves' den and "leaving shop" in it. He knows the history, private and public, the life, prison and domestic, of every male and female criminal practising in his neighbourhood. He is on familiar terms with them all, and it is through him that the "nose" is put on the scent. He and his "nose" having between them worked up a case, in the old time he got some credit by it, for he often made the arrest, and appeared in court to give evidence, where he was sometimes complimented by the newspapers as "the active and intelligent officer attached to such and such a district." Now that is all changed. Mr. Howard Vincent has centralized the detective work of the London police. The local men have still to ferret out the case on to which they are put. But they are puppets pulled from headquarters, and all they do is buried in "reports" which they send to Scotland Yard, where their chiefs sit at ease and read them. Then, it would seem, when they have got all the rough work done for them by the local man and his "nose," these great personages appear on the scene, make the arrest "from information received," and amid the plaudits of the press give their evidence at the Old Bailey. Mr. Howard Vincent and his principal subordinates in Scotland Yard are, by their local *confrères*, technically termed "the swaggerers," and the very mention of their names to a district detective fills his heart with exceeding bitterness. Thus it comes to pass that since the mania for centralization began to affect Scotland Yard, the system of working through local detectives, who in turn worked through spies and informers of the criminal class, has not been improving in efficiency, for the simple reason that when the local officer sees the fruits of his labour seized at their ripest by the person he styles "a swaggerer from headquarters," his zeal is apt to slacken and his enthusiasm to abate. No doubt Mr. Vincent hoped, by separating the people in Scotland Yard as much as possible from direct contact with the criminal classes, to obviate the recurrence of such scandals as that which doomed the unfortunate Druscowitch to ruin. We have always believed Mr. Vincent's intentions to be excellent; but our point is that

the carrying of them out has led to the results we have now mentioned. Then another change was to be made about which Mr. Howard Vincent is always suspiciously silent. We were to have brought into the detective force a superior class of spies and detectives, men who were not to be taken from the ranks of the ordinary criminal class and the ordinary policemen. What has been the result of that experiment? Have the lawyers' clerks, the led captains, the broken-down gentlemen, the Irish generals, the Argentine admirals, the Servian brigadiers, and all the motley crowd who usually serve the French Prefect of Police as *mouchards* been a success when employed by Mr. Howard Vincent in England? Then, have any of the new order of detectives been tried—men, that is to say, taken from that branch of the legal profession devoted more especially to Old Bailey practice, and from the curious class of newspaper reporters who have a monomania for ferreting out crimes, and who, if the truth were told, have given the police nearly all the best suggestions they ever got, in cases where they were pitted against high-class criminals? Or, if they have been tried, have they been found wanting? Some people, who ought to know, say that both experiments have been made, but with discouraging results. Others say that they were made in such a way that the results were certain to be discouraging; and this might well be the case. The whole strength of Scotland Yard is put forth against the introduction of any but promoted constables to the higher grades of the detective force; indeed, the feelings of the local officers to the "swaggerer" are reproduced in "the swaggerer" himself when the person he terms "the outsider" threatens to invade his domain. But the result of it all is that, as compared with the French *police de sûreté*, our detective force is a feeble sham.

MR. JOHN HENRY PARKER.

A LONG and laborious life cheerfully and usefully devoted to the development of learning, art, and piety among his contemporaries, is the phrase by which the career of Mr. John Henry Parker can be most aptly summed up, and it is a record well deserving of a grateful and sympathetic commemoration. Mr. Parker's social position was admirably suited to bring out his characteristic qualities; for he was both a publisher and a bookseller in a University town, and was so identified with one of those select forms of the lesser "commerce" which directly minister to culture. One book was not like another to him, for he had a strong predilection for archæology and architecture, and especially those of the middle ages, and was born at a happy moment for persons who felt that preference to make themselves both useful and famous, when pioneers like Rickman, Thomas Hope, the first Pugin, Britton, and Willis had cleared the way for architectural and ecclesiological societies and for that brilliant bevy of writers, architects, and architect-like amateurs whose works have been so grateful to Mr. Parker and his compeers in their official character of publishers. So there appeared years ago from his pen *The Glossary of Architecture*, profusely but wisely illustrated, as octavos in those days were less commonly issued than in this age. Successive editions, always enlarged and improved, have long testified to its popularity and to the patient love of the compiler. The classical styles could claim but a subordinate position in its contents, and it was after a due interval followed by the Manual of Gothic Architecture, which has also been frequently republished; while at a much later date Mr. Parker brought out a new edition of Rickman's standard treatise on Gothic Architecture, with additions which quite transformed it. Of the early instituted Oxford Society for the Study of Gothic Architecture he was from the first an active member; and his cheerful presence and copious and much-tried powers of explanation were till a very late period an indispensable feature at the annual Congresses of the Archæological Institute. Church architecture, of course, was copiously handled by Mr. Parker in his various books, lectures, and papers; but he never would call himself an ecclesiologist. Indeed, the quiet good man's inbred caution was often a source of half-humorous annoyance to his younger and more ardent ecclesiological friends, who felt that he might have safely spread with a more extended arm the ægis of his unimpeachable respectability over their own much heckled selves. But to him they were boys, and forward boys, whom he kept in order because he really loved them. He had in due time the opportunity of showing how much he knew of and cared for the domestic side of mediæval architecture, by taking up and completing, after the death of the original writer, the unfinished work of Mr. Hudson Turner, which, with its double authorship, is a standard authority on its subject.

Mr. Parker's position towards the "Oxford" movement in the Church of England was that of publishing largely for it, and although his habitual caution prevented his saying much, his sympathies were clearly with its more moderate developments. He was a constant publisher for Dr. Pusey, and he brought out the Libraries of the Fathers and of Anglo-Catholic Theology.

In his old age Mr. Parker appeared in quite a new and unexpected character. His health was enfeebled, and he was ordered to spend his winters in Rome. He had already made his mark in the investigation of mediæval French architecture. But Old Rome was very different from France or England, yet the spirit of the veteran archæologist was unquenched, and the necessity of working imperative with him. The times were propitious for one of his temperament, for people were beginning to sicken of the negative and destructive archæology of theorists, and to welcome those minute investigations which have transformed the science, as in Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor, so in Egypt and on the plain of the Euphrates and the Tigris. The Rome which Mr. Parker set himself to decipher was that of the Kings no less than of the Republic and the Empire. He had much to contend against in Italian jealousy, but he plodded on cheerfully. His friends might occasionally smile in good-humour at his eagerness in unearthing fossways. But it is certain that the honest indefatigable Englishman has had no contemptible share in the great work of discovering the forgotten remnants of old Rome.

"PRECEPT" AND PRACTICE.

THE London School Board has decided to issue precepts for the sum of 948,745*l.* to meet the expenses of the next year. In order to satisfy this demand, a rate of eightpence in the pound must be imposed, and the public (with a fair amount of reason) are becoming somewhat alarmed. In 1870 Mr. Forster named threepence as the outside limit of the rate, and any one who ventured to say that the figure would probably be exceeded was instantly set down as a purblind foe of education. Yet in five years the rate had passed threepence, and it has gone on steadily rising in spite of yearly assurances that no further increase was possible. Excepting a few desperate apologists, nobody now fails to see that a shilling rate will be levied in a very short time. When that amount is named in the annual budget, there will probably be a violent reaction against even rational expenditure on education, and the blundering of amateurs and unpractical crotcheteers will have deplorable results. When the new precepts have been collected and spent, the Board will have succeeded in getting rid of 12,949,312*l.* in fifteen years, which is a very tolerable sum for one body of experimentalists to command and apply. A few plain words, showing how the money has been spent and what has been gained by spending it, may have good effects. The total amount borrowed by the Board up to the autumn of 1882 was 4,800,000*l.*, and this sum was wholly expended on building. In addition to the money paid for bricks and mortar, 3,780,000*l.* was spent on paying the teachers and on buying school materials. For 1883 the expenditure was 821,000*l.*; so that 9,381,000*l.* has been directly paid for elementary schools alone. Offices, clerks, visitors (who enforce the compulsory clauses of the Act), industrial schools, and legal expenses will, by the end of another year, have raised the total to nearly 13,000,000*l.*; and the annual outlay is expected to become greater. We have thus set up a huge public department in our midst, and this department has received powers which are practically unlimited; for the veto of the Education Department need hardly be taken into account. Let us now see what we have got for our money, and how far the promises made ten years ago have been fulfilled. We were told that poor and lowly children would be forced into school, and the majority of people really believed that the new Act mainly aimed at benefiting the classes that had hitherto been neglected. The Board has provided school places for 286,276 children at a cost of over 5,000,000*l.* Scrutinizing the returns, we try to hit on a way of discovering how far the Arab class has been considered in disposing of this heavy sum, and the result of our examination is very startling and very disappointing. We may take for granted that the Arabs are not required to pay more than the minimum fee of one penny. For boys and girls above seven years of age 27,245 places have been provided in penny schools; for infants under seven years of age a total number of 30,327 places have been provided. But, of the infants who pay one penny, 20,000 attend schools which are meant for children of the more "respectable" class, so that we are quite safe in saying that for the *residuum* about 37,000 school places have been provided. After all the flourishes about lifting the lowly, it is most melancholy to learn that the lowly have been left almost out of the reckoning. There are 300,000 children on the rolls of the Board schools, and of that number less than 30,000 belong to the class in whose interest our pence and our pity were to be bestowed. The accommodation for children who pay a sixpenny fee is 6,016; fourpence, 14,723; threepence, 66,034; twopence, 140,760; from which figures it becomes very evident that the poor Arab's untutored mind has not been very heavily remembered. The children of artisans, clerks, and small tradesmen have been well cared for; but the voters who were so enthusiastic about education in 1868 and 1869 scarcely imagined that the provisions of the great reforming measure were to be stretched so far; certainly none of them thought that nearly 100,000 school places would be provided for people who could afford to pay from threepence to sixpence per week for each child. The difference between promise and performance is very strikingly marked here.

Pass to another item of expenditure and observe the gain. We used to be informed that no children would remain uneducated in future. Sir Edmund Hay Currie, a most vigorous enthusiast, now says:—"I will venture to say that there are as many poor children now in the streets who do not go to school as there were eight years ago." The honesty of this confession certainly shows how little mere personal considerations influence the best of the men who have worked on the Board, but at present we have

nothing to do with sentiment; we are balancing promises and performances. The average attendance in London schools during 1874 was 270,466; it has now risen to more than 400,000. Allowing for the normal increase of population, it does not appear that the Board's action has been productive of much result, and this conclusion is strengthened when we observe that in 1877 it was customary for 80·2 of every hundred children in Board schools to attend daily, while in 1882 the percentage was 80·5. Now the sum of 30,000*l.* per year is paid for enforcing compulsion; so in five years the ratepayers paid 150,000*l.* to produce an improvement of 0·3 per cent. in the attendance. A corps of 250 visitors and 10 superintendents is employed in the work of compulsion; the Vice-Chairman of the Board states that, when the visitors are taken off, the attendance, in some districts, becomes better; yet this useless and superfluous staff is kept on at heavy cost. About 6,000 parents are summoned to the police-court every year, and about 45,000 are warned on account of their children's irregularity; and this is about all that is done for the money. The Chairman of the Bye-Laws Committee reports that, "for the real work of compulsion, the Board are not spending more than ten thousand pounds." But, if the real work costs ten thousand, why pay thirty? The question is simple, and should be practically answered.

We turn to another item. The Architect's Department for the Board costs 6,200*l.* per year; but the head of this rather expensive office does not give his whole time to the service of the ratepayers, and the results are remarkable. When 3,000,000*l.* had been spent on building schools it was suddenly discovered that every one of the costly buildings had been, so far as the floors were concerned, built upon a wrong principle. The floors of all the schools in London were torn up and altered at a sweep, and the cost of this operation was enormous; in short, three millions were paid for an experiment which turned out to have been made in a wrong direction. The average cost per annum of alterations in schools is 15,000*l.*; yet the officials whose architectural conceptions need such expensive modification receive more than 6,000*l.* per year. This does not look like economy. Another and more trifling matter may be mentioned, not because of the magnitude of the expenditure involved, but because it illustrates the Board's methods. In 1877 the Industrial Schools Committee reported that it was desirable to obtain a school-ship. The Committee declared that a vessel to accommodate 500 boys might be bought and fitted for 15,000*l.*, and the Board resolved that 15,000*l.* should not be exceeded. This was in October. In April 1878 the Board resolved that the cost should not exceed 22,000*l.*; in July 1878 they resolved that 40,000*l.* should be paid. A superintendent was appointed in October 1877, at a salary of 350*l.*, with unfurnished apartments; in April 1878 a bill for 390*l.* was paid for furnishing these "unfurnished" rooms. The officers' quarters cost 646*l.*; the manager's rooms, 274*l.*; the deck-house, 55*l.*; and then, what with the Daghestan rugs for the carpenters, Caspian rugs for the stokers, Sournach carpets for the officers, and Kurd rugs for the lampmen and night-watchmen, the bill for upholstery ran to near 2,000*l.* It now turns out that the first cost of the ship was 50,000*l.*, and much of this amount was spent without any authority whatever. We now learn that 450 boys are maintained on board at an average gross cost of 30*l.* per boy per annum; so that up to the present date the vessel and her crew have cost more than 100,000*l.* For what? The Home Secretary, on May 4th, 1877, issued a definite command that all the boys should be trained as seamen. But the boys do not become seamen; nothing of the sort. They go back to a shore life as a rule. It will scarcely be believed that every merchant sailor who has been trained by the *Shaftesbury* has cost the ratepayers *three thousand pounds*: the rest of the boys have gone to employments for which the costly vessel was never intended to educate them. This interesting muddle is a typical example of the way in which the deep pocket of the ratepayers has been drained. At every step we see want of foresight, want of consideration, want of practical ability, and an utter and almost inconceivable lack of system.

Continuing with another instance of what we may term minor extravagance, we may notice the body of instructors and inspectors who are now kept in the Board's service. After a staff of teachers had been appointed at salaries sufficient to tempt the best men in the country, the Board proceeded to assume that these teachers were incompetent. The teaching staff costs half a million per year; but, besides paying these officials to teach the children, the Board employs a perfect army of costly instructors to teach the teachers. A commonplace man might ask, If the school staff are incompetent, why appoint them? If they are not incompetent, why pay a corps of instructors to teach them their business? The commonplace person would get no solution to his problem; but we think that a solution should be demanded in a very peremptory way by the ratepayers. The few instances which we have named may help outsiders to understand how it is that the rate has gone up to eightpence, but we have not as yet done more than touch the fringe of the subject. Our examples are rather illustrative than exhaustive; yet they are sufficient to show the financial and administrative methods by which a gigantic sum has been "melted." So far as we have gone we see that five millions have been paid for buildings, most of which are in many essential respects very faulty, and that three of the five millions were laid out on schools which had to be radically altered. We also see that, out of a school accommodation of 286,000, only about ten per cent. of the places are prepared for the very class for whose good the Act was passed; the other ninety per cent. are devoted to classes which were not thought of when the Act was passed. We also see that the persons who were abused and laughed at for saying that the rate must rise above threepence were right to a melancholy degree. We also see that about half a million has been spent on a staff of visitors and clerks, with the result that "as many children are in the streets who have never been to school as there were eight years ago." The minor eccentricities of expenditure speak for themselves. People who inquire "Where have the thirteen millions gone?" now possess a few data which may guide them. Should we return to the subject we trust to explain the disappearance of the millions with still more emphatic proofs and interesting details. We do not know any more bitter warning against the folly of trusting good intentions than is furnished by the career of the School Board. No men ever meant better; few men ever worked half so hard, and few men ever rode crotchets and encouraged benevolent whims with more unhappy results to the public.

COMFORT IN RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

AFTER having hitherto adhered almost entirely to the type of railway carriage originally constructed by the earliest Companies, the managers of some of our great lines have shown a tendency to abandon it for new forms. These are not merely improvements produced by a greater perfection of detail; but they are so different from the old type that their advocates must believe that hitherto the world, or at least the first-class world, has paid for an altogether wrong kind of comfort. At any rate, acting as if this were their belief, the managers have announced that they intend to substitute Pullman cars for first-class carriages on some of their trains. Now, we must suppose that railway directors know their business, and that these changes would not be made unless it was evident that the public seemed to prefer the American pattern of carriage. But, at the same time, it may be well worth while to consider in what genuine comfort in railway travelling consists, and how far such comfort is supplied by the different forms of carriage which the public have now had ample opportunities of trying. We all know the fable of the Emperor's new clothes. And it may be noticed that their invisible glories must have compensated through many a winter's day for their chilliness, until it was discovered by a child, gifted with a habit of independent observation, that neither the glories nor the clothes existed. Have we not assumed that Pullman cars (like the German army organization) are suited to our needs because they are suited to the needs of those who invented them? And is it not the novelty and reputation which they still possess, rather than their real comfort, which induces English passengers to regard them as desirable? It may be that we are becoming Americanized, and that this is one of the signs of the process. But, if this be the real explanation, it is rather unfortunate that we cannot Americanize the mileage of our railways simultaneously with the polish of our manners.

Amongst the inventions of the present century one of the most modest, but at the same time one of the most important, is that of the armchair. A careful distinction should be made between a chair with arms and an armchair. Chairs with arms were no doubt common during the earlier civilization of the world. The remains which we possess of Egyptian art abound with examples of them, and they were equally common in classical and mediæval times. But the armchair is of an entirely different character. It is not merely a different variety, it is a different species. Its introduction is so recent that many old-fashioned people regard it as the effeminate production of an over-luxurious age. It is essentially an English product, and is seldom to be met with on the Continent. But, like the works of educational authors, it came into the world "to supply a want that had been felt"—by the schoolmasters. Now one of the chief merits of a genuine armchair is that it gives repose not only in one position but in many. One can sit up in it, one can almost lie down in it; the head can nestle into its corners, the cushioned arms may serve as supports for the body, for the elbows, or even for a book. It is not adapted for the exercise of social intercourse. A drawing-room furnished entirely with lounging-chairs would no doubt be comfortable. But the hostess who was rash enough to venture on the innovation would probably find that her guests preferred enjoying their luxury in silence. It is, however, well adapted for the support of the human frame under all circumstances when men are required neither to talk nor to write.

Now these seem to be exactly the circumstances which a man finds himself in when travelling. A few people, it is true, are able to keep up conversation in a train. But such people must be gifted with very remarkable powers both of voice and ear to find the occupation anything but excessively tiring. And they little know the torture they inflict on their less favourably-endowed neighbours by refusing to take the many hints which these latter, as a rule, so freely give in order to stop the ceaseless flow. Most men in a railway carriage divide their time between reading, looking out of the window, and sleeping. They wish, as far as possible, to make the period of their journey, whether it is long or short, a period of repose. With this view, an Englishman will always do his best to choose the most empty compartment he can find, so as not only to be able to give himself ample space for his person and his smaller luggage, but also to ensure as much quiet as possible. He will usually place himself next a

window, so as to be able to see the country he is passing through to the greatest advantage with the least effort. And he will often go the length of spending half-a-crown, if his journey is long, in order to retain the advantages he thinks he has secured. He must then clearly desire to lounge during his journey in the nearest approach to an armchair that can be furnished him. Our ordinary first-class compartments furnish him with this to a good degree. They are not yet perfect, but on some of our great lines they have so improved of late years as to be nearly so. The managers in many cases deserve the greatest credit for having realized in this matter the true direction of advance. They have borrowed from the American car all its best features, and have adopted them without the sacrifice of privacy or repose. There are two or three English lines which have introduced carriages which retain the comforts we have always enjoyed and add to them new luxuries. The general principle of these is always the same, although they solve the problem in rather different fashions. The subdivision into isolated compartments is retained, and the privacy of the occupants is as great as before; but, instead of opening directly to the outside, each group of seats communicates with a through passage, which passes from end to end of the whole carriage, and from which access is gained to a lavatory. The sleeping-carriage which the East Coast Railway provides on its Scotch trains is a very perfect development of this principle. The number of passengers in each compartment is reduced to two, and the abominable system of berths placed one above the other is discarded. But there still, no doubt, remain a certain number of improvements to be made. The lighting is still disgraceful. Companies may be waiting for the further perfecting of electric light. But they should notice that in electricity we have already attained to the certainty of a relatively better apparatus than the ordinary carriage-lamp. The heating arrangements are still very clumsy. Each compartment should be warmed by steam or water, capable of being turned on to or off from that compartment by its occupants at will. A separate stove in each carriage should be most carefully avoided, since American experience shows that the danger of fire from these is very great. Many people, having been jammed after collision amongst the wooden *débris* which have caught fire from the scattered coals of the stove, have been burned to death, calling out for help to those who, standing but a few yards off, have been unable to move a finger to assist them, owing to the heat of the burning wreck. Other little matters will no doubt suggest themselves to many travellers. With what advantage, for instance, might we borrow the always freshly washed "antimacassar" of the Italian carriage. It is the careful consideration of all these small improvements in detail, and not by any violent and crude change, that the perfection of comfort will be reached.

But in turning to the more showy structures that have come from America one is really puzzled to guess why what is pompously termed a drawing-room palace car should ever be used twice by the same passenger. It is decorated in a style which leaves the mind of the beholder blank to all other thoughts but the question what grudge the designer can have borne to travellers that he wished to consign them to an early lunatic asylum; while it suggests to the bad sailor associations which he would prefer keeping absent from his mind. Railway carriages are no fit place for decoration or art in any form. They should merely look clean, neat and negative. Then the unfortunate passenger finds that, instead of an armchair to sit in, he has only a chair with arms. There is no corner to get his head back into for a quiet sleep, and he cannot settle himself into an easy position for reading. Presently, if the train is going fast, he finds that the car is actually rolling from side to side. True, there is little of the jolting motion which is the only annoyance in the ordinary carriage; he could even write with comfort. But this rolling begins to produce the feelings which that of a ship will do under similar circumstances. He looks around for a way out of his difficulty, and thinks that perhaps if there were a little more air he might be better. He orders a window to be opened. But, alas, he has no longer the control of the window as he used to have in his first-class carriage. The open window would produce a draught at the back of some passenger's neck who is sitting at the other end of the car. He has no resource but to devote his energies to struggling against the feeling of nausea until the express train arrives at the next station—a long time perhaps. Meanwhile he congratulates himself that at least he has not to talk. But this delusion does not last long. An acquaintance has espied him from the other end of the car. And he brings and introduces three more acquaintances. And the traveller, almost overcome by his nausea, has to invent civil speeches and to keep up the conversation and to strain his ears to hear the voices of the others above the noise of the rolling wheels and the rattling lamps. Few arrive at Dover Pier with a greater sense of satisfaction than he feels when he steps out of the drawing-room palace car into an ordinary first-class carriage, vowing within himself that he will never pass its portals again.

However well Pullman cars may be adapted for the climate, the country, and the people for which they were invented, it seems clear that they will not suit either our habits or our railways. In America the pace of the trains is slow compared with that of our great expresses, and, owing partly to the enormous length of the lines, and partly to the action of the frost on the road in winter, the permanent way is not maintained with that almost microscopic accuracy to which we have become accustomed. The arrangement of springs under the car is calculated, as far as possible, to neutralize the jolting that would be produced by the roughness of the tracks. But this very arrangement renders the whole structure liable to that rolling motion which produces feelings of sickness in so many people when the train is running at a high rate of speed. It becomes absolutely necessary also to warm the car artificially when the travellers have to remain in it for a week, during part of which the thermometer may stand at many degrees below zero. This can easily be done by a stove placed at one end of the car and watched by the attendant. Americans often live in rooms which Englishmen would regard as intolerably stuffy, so that they feel no necessity for open windows. The sense of quiet seems a thing unknown to them. They are largely consumed with a desire to learn all about the private affairs of the stranger who sits next them, and have but little delicacy in attempting to satisfy their curiosity by the most abrupt questions of the most personal kind—a process which, it must be observed, is not resented amongst themselves. All these things make the Pullman car, if not a perfect, at least a fairly suitable means of conveyance for Transatlantic purposes; but they make it an intolerable one here. It came here with a reputation as glittering as its own gilding, and there are many people who are so entirely ignorant of the meaning of the word comfort that there seems to be some danger of its being sufficiently patronized to induce the managers of railways to continue it in some cases even to the exclusion of the first-class carriage. So long as the two are used in conjunction no harm can be done. But it will be a very serious matter for the comfort-loving portion of the public if the drawing-room palace car is ever allowed entirely to exclude any other form of compartment.

LEO XIII. AND HIS CARDINALS.

THE death of Cardinal Bilio, at a comparatively early age, will have something more than a personal significance for all who watch with interest the present fortunes and future prospects of the Papacy. That it should have so closely synchronized with the death of one of the most widely known of foreign Protestant theologians, the Danish Bishop Martensen, whose treatise on Dogma has been translated into more languages than one, and has justly attained a European celebrity—is a curious coincidence, but nothing more. The special point to be noted here is the position held by the late Cardinal in the Sacred College and the destiny anticipated for him by a large party in the Curia and the Roman Catholic Church. As he was only born in 1826, and raised to the purple in 1866 at the age of forty, he was still a junior member of the body to which he had belonged for eighteen years, and Cardinals are apt to be longlived. At the last Conclave in 1878 he received the largest number of votes next to the present Pope, and his name would pretty certainly have been put forward by the reactionary party among the electors at the next vacancy, and with a reasonable prospect of success. That his election would have meant, so far as it is possible to predict the conduct of a future Sovereign from the actions of an heir presumptive, a reversal of the policy of the present pontificate and a return to the spirit at least of the *régime* of Pius IX., need not be said. We have no intention of writing an obituary of Cardinal Bilio, nor would his life in itself have any particular claim on the attention of our readers. But he was far the ablest as well as the youngest of the surviving "creatures" of the late Pope—there is no discourtesy in the term which is habitually used at Rome to designate the Cardinals "created" by any given Pontiff—and his vigorous action at the Vatican Council has an historical and might have had a prophetic interest. He was thoroughly in the confidence of the late Pope and the Jesuits, and was employed in the editing of the Syllabus. It was even rumoured at the time that there was a scheme of Pius abdicating after the Vatican Council, with a view to Bilio succeeding him. For those who do not happen to be familiar with the *Letters of Quirinus* it may be worth while to recall some of the leading incidents of the Council in which he took a prominent part. It may be recollected that several preliminary Commissions were appointed to prepare the work for the future Council, and in the directing Congregation of Cardinals the most conspicuous figure was that of Bilio, then one of the youngest of the body both in age and membership, who was already observed never to lose an opportunity in conversation of extolling the proposed dogma of papal infallibility. It was said indeed that Archbishop Manning and Cardinal Reisach were the foremost personages in carrying on the infallibilist propaganda, but the former was not yet a Cardinal, and Reisach was out of health and died, away from Rome, within three weeks of the opening of the Council. And, while the wires might be, and no doubt often were, pulled from behind, the ostensible and public leadership in the business of the Council was assigned exclusively to members of the Sacred College as representing the Pontiff, who only attended himself on State occasions, or what were called Solemn Sessions, after the real work had been already settled. And it was considered that among the Cardinals "the four papal pillars of the Council"—in other words the four most powerful supporters of infallibilism—were De Angelis, De Luca, Capalti, and Bilio, especially the last, who passed for an eminent theologian at Rome, and of whom it was facetiously remarked that, "whereas the rest of the Cardinals and Monsignori held it a sin to understand any German at all, he knows two

German words which he constantly repeats, but always with a shudder, *deutsche Wissenschaft.*"

One of the first great wrangles after the opening of the Council was over the *Schema de Fide,* and then Cardinal Bilio was employed at the last moment to persuade the more indiscreet of the infallibilist party to withdraw premature amendments which it was feared might drive the Opposition bishops to extremities. But his method of procedure was not always characterized by similar moderation. When the learned French Bishop Maret, who had written a book against the new dogma, observed in the course of his speech that for the Council, which was assumed to be a lower authority, to affect to bestow on the Pope, who was *ex hypothesi* higher, the gift of infallibility was arguing in a vicious circle, Bilio rudely interrupted him with the passionate exclamation, "Concilium nihil dat Papæ nec dare potest, sed solummodo recognoscit, suffragia dat, et Sanctus Pater quod in Spiritu Sancto ipsi placet decidit"—which was of course to assume as a first premiss the very point under discussion. Even the majority thought this outbreak somewhat indecent, and it was publicly disowned by the presiding legate, Cardinal de Luca. He was however no less summary in his treatment of Bishop Verot of Savannah in a later Session, who not unnaturally objected to a statement in the preamble of the proposed decree that the new article was "juxta communem et universalem doctrinam," as being simply untrue in fact, since it was merely the opinion of the ultramontane school. Hereupon we are told that Bilio again interposed, "like a brawling monk," and declared the speaker was wandering from the question. He was however a shrewd man, and, in the narrow and technical sense of the term, a theological expert, and he had the advantage of knowing his own mind and the courage of his opinions. It may fairly be questioned whether any representative of the *intransigenti* faction among the Cardinals at all his equal is now to be found. And in spite of Pius IX. having twice over during his long reign filled up the Sacred College, his nominees are gradually dropping off. Twenty-eight Cardinals have already died since the accession of Leo XIII., and twelve "Hats" are at this moment at his disposal. Of the 58 existing members of the College, one was created by Gregory XII., Cardinal Schwarzenberg, Archbishop of Prague, 37 were created by Pius IX., and the remaining twenty by the present Pope; and of these last it is noteworthy that three are German, two French, one (Cardinal Newman) English, and one Irish, one an Armenian, and another a Pole. Nearly half of them therefore are now Italians, raising the whole number of foreign members of the existing College to 20 as against 32 Italians; a proportion unprecedented, we believe, for a very long time past. It would in fact be easy for his Holiness, if so disposed, to equalize the numbers by his distribution of the places now actually vacant. Among these vacancies are two of the six "Suburbicarian Sees," from which the Cardinal Bishops take their titles, Albano through the resignation of Cardinal Hohenlohe and Sabina through the death of Bilio. It is now more than three centuries and a half since any but an Italian has sat on the papal throne, Adrian VI. who died in 1523 being the last, but a large infusion of the foreign element into the Conclave might materially influence future elections. And the great reforming Popes, like Hildebrand, who in former ages did so much to restore the failing fortunes of their Church, were of Teutonic not Italian blood. It used during the last pontificate to be a favourite cry among those styled Liberal Catholics, "We want a Teutonic Pope."

The Sacred College now includes the greatest genius and first divine among English-speaking Roman Catholics, and in Cardinal Hergenröther, who was appointed in the same year as Dr. Newman, it has secured the greatest German historian—though of course far inferior to Döllinger—who would be at all a *persona grata* at Rome. Haynald again, Archbishop of Kalocsa, and Prince Furstenberg, Archbishop of Olmütz, both created by the present Pope, are men of mark, and took an active part in the opposition at the Vatican Council, and after voting against the decree of July 13 signed the Memorial against it presented to the Pope by the minority before leaving Rome on July 17. Haynald was considered, next to Strossmayer, the best Latin speaker at the Council, as well as one of the most adroit debaters. He made himself conspicuous, in a manner very unpleasant to the ruling authorities, both at the beginning and at the end of the Council, and if he has, like his colleagues of the minority, managed to swallow the obnoxious decree since then, it may fairly be conjectured that he too is one of those men convinced against their will who remain very much of the same opinion still. At an early session on February 22 he denounced the passion for new dogmas as the cause of dissension in the Church, and added that the authorities would be much better occupied in preserving the ancient doctrines in their purity which had hitherto proved sufficient, than in devising new ones; whereupon the President, Cardinal de Angelis, rang his bell violently and bade Haynald at once come down from the tribune, which however he did not do. When he had finished the excitement was so great that the sitting was at once adjourned. At the last session attended by the minority bishops, on July 16, the presiding legates bitterly censured a French pamphlet published under the title of *La Dernière Heure du Concile,* generally attributed to Archbishop Darboy of Paris, who was afterwards murdered by the Communists. The Spanish and Italian prelates—most of whom did not understand a word of French, and of course had not read the brochure—at once exclaimed "Nos condemnamus," and the Opposition bishops, who knew it well, replied "We do not." The presiding Cardinals however peremptorily required those present to subscribe a condemnation of the work, whereupon Haynald ironically advised them to have it translated into Latin, that he and his colleagues might examine it and see whether it deserved such rough treatment. Haynald himself is now a Cardinal, and the reputed author of the incriminated tractate is by many revered as a martyr; were he still living, he too would not improbably have been by this time raised to the purple. It is clear that a silent change has been going on for some years past, not merely in the personnel but the composition and character of the Sacred College, and every fresh vacancy that occurs seems to facilitate the process. Much will necessarily depend on the manner in which the twelve places now vacant are supplied, but the loss to the *intransigente* of a leader like Bilio is much more than a numerical one. The present Pope, in spite of his in one sense very real imprisonment at the Vatican—which the impression produced on the Curia by the recent judgment of the Roman tribunals in the matter of the Propaganda property will not tend to relax—may yet live many years, and for the interests of his flock, and of religious concord in Europe generally, a continuance of his reign is to be desired, but it cannot at his age be reckoned upon. And at Rome conjecture is always rife about the *papabili,* though it is seldom justified by the event. No one, that we are aware of, had predicted the election of Cardinal Pecci, and as long as the French Empire lasted there had been much talk of a Bonaparte wearing the triple crown. What may be affirmed with tolerable confidence is that the chances of an ultramontane succession, and especially of one likely to be both strong and durable, are sensibly diminished. More than that no looker-on mindful of the changes and chances of human affairs, and not least of that particular portion of them which is transacted in a Papal Conclave, can venture safely to assert.

MME. VIARD-LOUIS'S RECITALS.

THERE is something imposing in the mere idea of giving the whole of Beethoven's chamber compositions in chronological sequence, and Mme. Jenny Viard-Louis, who undertakes the pianist's share of the vast undertaking, may be congratulated on its novelty and enterprise. The immensity of Beethoven's pianoforte compositions, their enormous range of aim and variety of accomplishment, are sufficient to try the confidence of any but the most ardent students and the most able interpreters. If we except the five concertos, as being strictly orchestral works, there remain for the pianist no fewer than thirty-eight sonatas for piano—some of them presenting difficulties of the most exacting kind—ten others for piano and violin, five for piano and cello, eight trios for piano and strings, the sonata for piano and horn, a prodigious number of variations, &c., for the piano, besides the quintet for wind instruments and piano, and the quartets for strings and piano. In addition to these, the programme of Mme. Viard-Louis includes the occasional vocal compositions. It is manifest that, while the public are presented with a grandiose scheme, the pianist has set herself an arduous task, and one which, on completion, must necessarily abound in inequalities of rendering, technical and intellectual. While it is true that such an enterprise as this may be completely realized by few, there is no denying its attraction, though the long intervals between Mme. Viard-Louis's recitals must detract somewhat from the vague autobiographic interest which makes a chronological interpretation of Beethoven attractive. In the opening recital at Prince's Hall last Tuesday the programme comprised the three trios for piano, violin, and violoncello (Op. 1), and the three sonatas (Op. 2) dedicated to Haydn; the vocal pieces being the six "cantiques de Gellet" and "Adelaide." In the trios the pianist received the assistance of M. Hollander (violin) and M. Libotton (violoncello); these were well rendered, particularly the famous third which Haydn advised the composer not to publish. The performance of the well-known sonatas demands no special notice, and Mr. Iver McKay's singing would have been more successful if his phrasing did not suffer from his slight acquaintance with German. He would have been heard to greater advantage in the six "cantiques" if he had been accompanied by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, as in the "Adelaide," instead of by Mme. Mina Gould.

THE CRIMES OF PARIS AT THE OLYMPIC.

IF the theatrical events of the season had not crowded upon us in such a serried throng, we should have given an account ere this of the melodrama which has been running for some time past at the Olympic. It is the same piece which was introduced at the Surrey not very long ago by Messrs. Merritt and Conquest, adapted by them, with their habitual skill, from some French original which has left its obvious traces here and there upon the dialogue. *The Crimes of Paris,* however, in no form could have been one of the best of melodramas. It is confused in plot, and, in spite of reiterated points of "business," so intricate as to be scarcely intelligible. There has been a cruel murder in the Rue Belgique, and a person called the Demon, of whom the police have

lost sight, is suspected of committing it with his left hand. Of course a left-handed Viscount attracts the attention of everybody, except the police, from the very opening of the play, and a great deal of agreeable knavery is performed by three attendant murderers, the Dummy, the Dandy, and the Plunger, who skip about upon the stage to slow music whenever the plot drags at all, which is very often. The pathetic scenes are as harrowing as usual, and the bigamy of the heroine, who marries the Demon during the lifetime of her husband, a virtuous wearer of a blouse, forms rather a new feature, and a topstone to the pile of the agony. But the piece is distinctly too long, too nerveless, and too clumsy, to be a lasting success.

The Crimes of Paris is played in the fine old country style, with a good deal of conviction. The only real actor is Mrs. Chippendale, who appears as the worthy mother of the unworthy hero, in the first two acts, and then disappears, to the great disappointment of the audience. The detective, Pepin Cardel, is played by Mr. C. W. Somerset, with an occasional suggestion of the manner of Mr. Fernandez. There was something quite refreshing in the studied ease with which this gentleman made his first appearance in the Flower Market, and told an incredible tale of a cock and of a bull and of a pious convict to a young lady who was a total stranger to him. The style, down to the false emphasis on the pronouns, was a finished example of a certain method of acting. A better Pepin Cardel would carry the play through with more success. But, if Mr. Somerset sometimes seems to imitate Mr. Fernandez, the compliment Mr. Philip Beck, who takes the Demon Viscount, pays to Mr. Willard is more flattering still. Mr. Beck has caught, not only the "get-up" of Mr. Willard in *The Silver King*, but the tones of the voice, the tricks of the hands, the very waxing and waning of the terrible fashionable eyeglass. But Mr. Beck is, after all, only an imitation, and one which lacks the strength and vivacity of the original.

The female parts lack interest, with the exception, as we have said, of Mrs. Chippendale. It is a pity that the heroine, Angèle (Miss Alma Murray), and her friend Lizette (Miss Laura Linden) were so much alike in face and figure and stature that the eye was sometimes puzzled, in their various changes of costume, between the one and the other. This greatly increased that cloud or mist of unintelligibility which continued to hang over the plot until near the close. La Belle Hélène, an artful minx whose desperate egotism goes near to ruin the happiness of several virtuous and prominent characters, was played by Mlle. Carrara in a very odd and emphatic style, but, at all events, so as to preclude all danger of confusion. La Belle Hélène was instantly recognizable in any disguise. The part of an English confidential clerk who has lost his wife for the time being on their wedding tour was taken by Mr. E. Hendrie, who made it very comic without descending to burlesque, and deserves more praise than most of his colleagues. The Dummy, a dumb hunchback of revolting appearance and still more revolting manners, was played by Mr. Batson, who was decidedly effective in it. It is, perhaps, not below the dignity of criticism to remark that the gates of Mabille were adorned on each side with this remarkable inscription, "Prix d'entre 2 frcs."; it mattered little, however, for there was no one to take this "prix," the characters going in and out as cheerfully as though the place had been their private garden.

There would not be much in *The Crimes of Paris* to attract public attention if it were not for the extraordinary merit of the closing scene. We suppose that the energies of the company are reserved during the evening to be concentrated about eleven o'clock upon this final *coup*. At all events, the scene called—we have not the slightest notion why—"Her own Avenger" is thoroughly worth seeing, and we recommend playgoers who are not inclined to spend the whole evening at the Olympic to drop in for this. The self-styled Viscount, the murderer of the Rue Belgique, is followed to his rooms by the woman he has forced into a bigamous marriage. She has found out his crimes, and she threatens to denounce him. He leaps upon her, and is about to strangle her, when her first husband, Jules Martel, enters. He frees Angèle, puts her outside the door, and then the two men face one another. The Demon has his back to the audience, and we see him open a clasp-knife behind his back, and suddenly dart upon his enemy. But Jules Martel has a knife too, and now begins a really splendid fight, carried on with incredible fire and fury, and manifestly studied with the greatest care. We have rarely witnessed a duel more excellently managed, more terrible in its vraisemblance. The two men seem exactly matched. In their crafty and sudden movements the eye detects no trace of unreality, and neither actor seems to help the other in the smallest degree. Presently they drop their knives, and something of illusion is lost in the very tame way in which Martel falls beneath the mere threat of a chair. But the fight is only half over; the detective enters, and, with the handcuffs in his teeth, leaps on the Demon, and a fresh scuffle begins, even more exciting and more full of ruse than the former. The way in which the Demon crawls across the floor to regain his knife is extremely pretty and "to-the-heartish," as Leigh Hunt would say. We have no hesitation in saying that the whole of this fighting scene is most effectively contrived, and if the management choose to call it "Her own Avenger," that is their business and not ours.

CAMARALZAMAN AT THE GAIETY.

THE interest which attaches to Mr. Burnand's *Camaralzaman* is not the interest which attached to *Ariel*. Before *Ariel* was exposed to that fierce light which beats upon a new burlesque drama the air was filled with signs and wonders with portents such as herald a prodigious birth. With *Camaralzaman* a very different course has been adopted. No masterpiece ever crept more quietly into being.

Of the Arabian story the new burlesque-drama has little or nothing but the name, the quarrel between Danasch and Maimouné, and the winning of Badoura by Camaralzaman. In the Arabian author, Camaralzaman conquers Badoura by means of his foster brother, Marzavan—one of those invaluable foster brothers who are wizards as well; he marries his love; he is parted from her; he has, and she has, surprising adventures; he takes to himself, with her full concurrence, a second wife; he departs from our ken the parent of a couple of noble boys, and the hero of a most romantic story. All this, Mr. Burnand, with the audacity of true genius, has changed. To him, writing for a peculiar company, and obliged to work up to the exigencies of a peculiar audience, the Arabian author's situations and effects have seemed valueless. For him, the hero of the story is *not* Camaralzaman, though Camaralzaman is played by Miss Farren, but Danasch the Djin, who is played by Mr. Edward Terry. In his version Danasch appears to be in love with Maimouné, Maimouné to be in love with Camaralzaman, Badoura to be spirited away by Maimouné; and, by the operation of a magic beverage, it is almost certain that Maimouné at the last moment is made to become enamoured of Danasch. To an author capable of invention of this sort (there is a good deal of it in *Camaralzaman*) a little incoherence and confusion may be pardoned, especially when it would appear that the author's intention has been not to work out a common plot, but to achieve a piece of pure literature. It is at the dialogue rather than the plot of *Camaralzaman* that the author seems to have laboured most lovingly. He takes his rouse, like a primæval hero, amid the wreck of English and the crush of words.

True it is that he is not always himself. The fact that his hero is a Djin, that a considerable number of words in the dictionary begin with "gen," and that "gen" and "djin" are to the punster convertible terms, has led him many times astray—so many that we have not dared to count them; the fact that in "peri" you have a couple of syllables which have to do a certain amount of duty in the English language has likewise seduced him into excesses which are reprehensible. But even Homer nods. It is better to leave these extravagances on one side, and to take our author at his brightest and most careful. Here is a specimen of his ingenuity:—

DANASCH. Oh, my princess will win—that I foretell.
MAIMOUNÉ. Where is she?
DANASCH. Coming! Coming!
MAIMOUNÉ. Sure. *Bar sell?*
DANASCH. Bar-sell, *bar door*, *Bar-doura* will—
MAIMOUNÉ. Don't boast.
DANASCH. *Force it*—and here she comes by *Bar-cels* post.

Whereupon the Princess enters! On the next page Maimouné remarks, "I'll set my *masher* going by *mash*inery"; while some pages further on there occurs the following flow of soul:—

CAMARALZAMAN. See here, this golden ring—it's the Princess's.
SHALA. Is it? Then it is *silver-gilt*. 'Twas dropped
Some time ago.
CAMARALZAMAN. For an *a-Claudian* swopped.

After this, the Emperor of China's barber's remark that his master is "better after shaving, so to speak, During the *lather* portion of the week" sounds almost unliterary; but the facetiousness of the lines—

Daughter of Wan Lung-yi
Descended from Khan Sing and Bad Li Sung,
Emperors of China, in the line of Hung,
The race of Ham and Dynasty of Tung—

is obvious to the meanest capacity. Not quite so obvious, though quite as admirable, are the author's excursions into French:—"Turn me into stone! Oh, que vous êtes *ai-marble*." For the rest it remains to say that Miss Farren, who is rather more Miss Farren than ever, sings a song, "I don't know so much about that," with much cleverness and point; that Mr. Elton dances very well; that Mr. Terry is more amusing than usual; that Miss Gilchrist is not quite so inanimate as she was in *Ariel*; that the Gaiety chorus has often looked better and been more becomingly undressed; and that the absence of Miss Kate Vaughan is dreadfully apparent.

THE GREAT FAILURE IN THE CITY.

THE failure of Messrs. P. W. Thomas, Sons, & Co. has given a shock to the City greater than has been experienced for many years past. The firm had been in existence for more than a century. It was of the highest standing in the Stock Exchange, had formed in many directions a valuable connexion, and was doing a very profitable business. Successive generations of partners, in short, had built up for it a solid success by industry, capacity, and honourable dealing, and the high credit they had acquired passed to their successor. It would have seemed a few weeks ago to most City people utterly incredible that a man so circumstanced, inheriting a large income and a fine position, should,

without apparent motive, out of a mere passion for gambling, ruin himself, his partner, and every friend that trusted him, inflict heavy losses on his clients, and perpetrate crimes of the vulgarest and basest kind. Yet, if the charges now made against him by his creditors be substantiated, Mr. Blakeway has for years been engaged in most reckless speculation, has lost thereby enormous sums, and to keep himself afloat for a brief period has misappropriated securities left with him on deposit by friends, relatives, and clients, while he abused the confidence reposed in him by bankers to cheat, if not to commit forgery. And the shock given to the City by a discovery of this nature is increased by the fact that outside of the Stock Exchange, and even inside with few exceptions, nobody had the slightest suspicion of the kind of life he was leading. To the very last his credit remained intact. Nor was this all. He had a partner, who had at all times access to the books of the firm, and whose duty it was to make himself acquainted with what was going on; yet Mr. Thomas affirms that he was entirely ignorant of the sort of transactions in which the firm was engaged. Furthermore, it is clear that much of what Mr. Blakeway is accused of could not have been done without tampering with the books. Accordingly the accounts are in hopeless confusion. Yet the clerks were either kept in ignorance of what was going on, or conspired to screen their guilty employer. Lastly, it is evident that Mr. Blakeway could not have lost the enormous sums gambled away without the fact being known to several members of the Stock Exchange. Yet no intimation was given by them to the banks and money-lenders who have lost so heavily by his misconduct. It is impossible to explain fully how all this could have occurred until the matter is investigated in a court of law, and the exact nature of every transaction is clearly proved. In the meanwhile, however, it is not difficult to show that the conditions under which bankers and stockbrokers transact business afford exceptional facilities for fraud to dishonest stockbrokers to whom favourable circumstances have conspired to give a high character.

A stockbroker is an agent for the public for buying or selling Stock Exchange securities. Strictly speaking, he ought not to speculate on his own account. If he were to do so his interest might run counter to that of his clients, and he might be tempted, therefore, to advise them to sell at a time when to do so would be to throw away their property, or he might induce them to buy at too high a price. But the most prudent broker can hardly avoid speculating for others. The greater part of the business now done upon the Stock Exchange is speculative, and if a broker were rigorously to refuse to engage in speculation, he would certainly make but a very small income, and might probably lose all his clients. Practically, therefore, all brokers speculate more or less for their clients. And the speculation is carried on in two ways—one is for the client to lodge with his broker a certain proportion of the price, say 20 per cent., and to instruct him to borrow the remainder from a banker, undertaking always to keep up this percentage of the price, or "margin," as it is called. If he fails to do so, the banker has a right to sell the stock pledged with him. And so he has likewise if the borrower does not pay back when called upon to do so. In this case, it will be seen, the broker is tolerably secure. The second way is much more risky. Every fortnight there is a settlement upon the Stock Exchange of all the bargains entered into between one settling day and another. Buyers, that is, stipulate that they will then pay for the purchases made in the interval, and vendors stipulate that they will deliver the stock sold. But in speculative transactions the purchaser and seller are rarely prepared promptly to fulfil their bargain. The speculator usually therefore instructs his broker to "carry over the account" to the next settling day, paying interest for the accommodation. If the price of the stock has risen after purchase, the buyer is entitled to the "difference" between the price at which he bought and that quoted for the stock on the first day of settlement. If, on the contrary, the price has fallen, he is bound to pay the difference. If the broker is cautious to do business only for solvent people, his clients send him the "differences" payable in due time, and he has no difficulty on the settling day. But, if he is at all rash, the clients may fail to pay their "differences," and then, according to the rules of the Stock Exchange, he has to make good the deficiency. In this way, it will be seen, a broker may be ruined by the default of his clients just as completely as by his own. In theory, as already stated, the broker is supposed not to speculate on his own account. But, as in many other cases, theory and practice do not accord. Still even when the broker is really acting for clients, the jobber from whom he buys or to whom he sells looks, not to the client, but to the broker, for the fulfilment of the contract. Now, if a broker begins to increase very largely his speculative account, it is evident that the fact cannot escape the jobbers, and that they will soon become apprehensive. He may, of course, be acting for wealthy people, and his business therefore may be perfectly safe. But, on the other hand, he may be recklessly executing the orders of gamblers without a penny in their pockets. Or he may even be wildly speculating on his own account. In such a case, therefore, it is usual for the jobbers, after a few settlements have passed, to compare notes with one another, to find out whether the broker in question is speculating in various kinds of stocks. If he is, they decide to charge him for "carrying over" more than they charge others. If the business he is conducting is a safe one, and he stands in good credit, the broker refuses to submit. Either he "closes the account"—that is, sells what he has bought, or delivers what he has sold—or he goes to his banker and obtains a loan from him. But if he submits to pay the higher rate, the jobbers conclude that their suspicions are justified, and soon afterwards they again increase their charges for the purpose of compelling him to close the account, which they now see to be a risky one. Mr. Blakeway's first offence was reckless speculation on his own behalf; and from the above explanation it is quite clear that the jobbers must have known that, for whomsoever undertaken, the transactions in which he was engaged must prove ruinous. It is said, for example, that at a single settlement he had to pay "differences" amounting to 200,000*l*. As a matter of fact, it is understood that several of them gave hints to friendly brokers employed by banks to lend money on the Stock Exchange, not to be too ready to give him credit. How completely the suspicions of the jobbers were aroused, indeed, appears firstly from the small proportion of his total losses that have fallen on the Stock Exchange, and secondly from the crimes he is accused of having had recourse to.

It is said that the widow of the late senior partner of the firm had left securities in the custody of the firm to the enormous sum of 200,000*l*., and that Mr. Blakeway sold these securities without the knowledge of the widow, and appropriated the proceeds to his own use. He is also accused of having sold the securities of clients who had entrusted them to his charge for safe keeping—a custom very much followed by clients who do not care for the trouble of collecting dividends and coupons themselves, and who either live away from London or do not keep a banker. Lastly, it is known that he has defrauded several banks to very large amounts. When brokers borrow large sums from a bank, the securities they give the bank must usually be of various kinds. These securities are locked up in a box, and kept in the vaults of the bank. But the broker may require access to this box for various legitimate purposes. He may wish, for example, to sell some of the securities, substituting others equally good for them; or he may be called upon to give further security because of a fall of prices; or, lastly, he may want to ascertain the number of a bond. Therefore it is indispensable for the easy conduct of business that the broker should be allowed access to his securities. Where he is trusted implicitly by the banker, it would seem that too often he is allowed to go to the box when and as he pleases. For instance, it is alleged that Mr. Blakeway took away some of the securities pledged with banks, leaving in their place paper that looked like the securities, but in reality was absolutely worthless. He is furthermore accused of pledging the same security twice over to different banks. It is said that he has taken a certificate representing shares in a Company, and pledged it with a bank, and then has represented to the Company that the certificate has been lost, has got a second certificate for the same shares, and has used the second certificate to obtain further advances. To be quite safe, a bank of course ought to have the shares upon which it lends registered in its own name. A solicitor, were he to lend upon shares, would be careful to do so. But there are many reasons why a bank should be less rigid in enforcing its legal rights. In the first place, it wishes to attract customers by making itself as accommodating as possible; and in the second place the banker, like the broker, is a man of business, and knows business cannot be carried on if great facilities are not given. The owner of the shares may be a merchant, and may fear that his credit would suffer if it became known that he had to sell his property. Or he may wish to vote at a coming meeting, and could not do so if the shares were taken out of his name. It is very usual, therefore, for bankers to lend upon registered stocks without having those stocks registered in their own names. And Mr. Blakeway is charged with taking advantage of this laxity of bankers to obtain duplicate certificates and pledge them elsewhere. Lastly, he is accused of having given cheques, which he knew would not be honoured, and obtaining stocks that he had pledged with persons who still had confidence in him.

It will be asked, Is there no way of preventing the repetition of such frauds? We are afraid that the answer must be in the negative. If a wealthy man of high character chooses to abuse the trust that is reposed in him, we fear that to the end of time he will be able to swindle. At the same time it is clear much might be done to make such frauds less easy than they are at present. A banker, for example, ought not to allow any customer, however trustworthy he may seem to be, to have such control of the securities he has mortgaged to the bank, as Mr. Blakeway seems to have been permitted. Every bank too, should, not once or twice a year only, but frequently, examine the securities lodged with it, and see that every paper is what it purports to be, and that all the securities are actually in its custody. If this had been done, it seems clear some acts of which Mr. Blakeway is accused could not have been committed. Again, it is obvious that, if bankers took a little trouble, they could render it impossible to obtain duplicate certificates. When a banker lends money upon registered stock, he should inquire whether the borrower really holds the stock, and whether it is registered in his name. Such inquiry would at once prevent the issue of a duplicate certificate on the application of the borrower. And, lastly, it is manifest that, if bankers had inquired as to the mode in which Mr. Blakeway was carrying on his business, they must have heard something that would have aroused their suspicions before last week. As we have stated above, several jobbers had had their suspicions aroused, had charged Mr. Blakeway exorbitant rates to compel him to lessen the speculative account open with them, and even had given a warning to some of their friends. It was, of course, no part of their business to go about the City giving notice of the dangerous operations in which the firm

was engaged. That would have exposed them to an action for libel. But it is also certain that, if inquiry had been made of them by a banker, he would have learned enough to put him on his guard. The banks, therefore, cannot be acquitted of much negligence in this matter. In the same way, it seems clear that the Stock Exchange Committee might adopt measures which would throw obstacles in the way of fraud in the future. For the convenience of settling transactions, the Stock Exchange has already established a Clearing House; but the accounts of brokers and jobbers are not passed through the Clearing House until the settlement. The result is that brokers, jobbers, and the officials of the Clearing House are all overworked during the three days a settlement lasts; as, indeed, are the banks. The business of settling is, therefore, hurried through in a haphazard manner. If the Clearing House were to insist in future that every evening a return should be made of all the transactions entered into during the day, and if it were to check those transactions and see they were regular, laxity would be put an end to, and a wholesome restraint would be imposed upon the reckless members of the Stock Exchange. And this further advantage would follow, that when jobbers got alarmed at the speculations in which any broker was engaged, they would be able under such a system to call the attention of the Stock Exchange authorities to the matter. There would be at the Clearing House ready means of ascertaining whether the charge was well or ill founded, and then the Stock Exchange authorities could call upon the broker in question to give some account of the kind of business in which he was engaged. This, no doubt, would be inquisitorial; but the inquisition would hardly be set on foot except where it was desirable a restraint should be put upon reckless gambling; and in that case we apprehend that no respectable member of the Stock Exchange would be sorry to see any investigation, however annoying, set on foot.

REVIEWS.

THE VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES.*

WE can hardly err in thinking that when the author planned this work he contemplated only those historic or ancient families that for some cause or other had gone down in the world. In the preface he says distinctly that his topic is the greatness that has gone by. And in his opening chapters he talks about the vicissitudes of great families, dry and dusty materials, and ancient chronicles. But he has sketched some individuals of no family at all, who, to repeat a saying of the Emperor Tiberius, were *ex se nati*, and whom the satirist of the same generation as the historian to whom we are indebted for the above *mot*, describes as

> Quales ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum
> Extollit, quoties voluit Fortuna jocari.

The work gains in interest and variety by this extension, but it is not easy to see at first what connexion old Jemmy Wood the miser of Gloucester, and Ward the Prime Minister and trusted servant of the Duke of Parma, have with the aristocracy. The plan of the work might have been improved. The table of contents is very poor. There is not much of an index. We look in vain for historical, social, or national sequence. Jack Mytton comes after the Princess of Connemara, and De Vere, "the noblest subject," &c., after the O'Neills. It would surely have been simpler to divide the chapters into nationalities, or to have dealt with the most celebrated houses. However, the reader may dip into any part of the two volumes without losing in order the thread of discourse, and may follow the plan of some inveterate novel-reader who always begins with the third volume, then takes up the first, and ends with the second. There are other traces of carelessness and haste. In the account of the claim to the Breadalbane peerage we expected to catch the main point of the lawsuit, which was decided some eighteen years ago, or in 1867, by the House of Lords. If we remember right, the contest lay between Campbell of Glenfalloch descended from the second son of a former earl, and Campbell of Boreland descended from the sixth son, and the latter must have succeeded had not Glenfalloch proved a marriage which took place about a century ago. There could not be the smallest impropriety in alluding to facts which had been searchingly investigated in at least two courts of law. At p. 163, vol. ii., we hear of a cousin of Lord Berners, "the hero of Delhi, the present Major-General Sir Archdale Wilson, Bart., and G.C.B." The soldier who, with the aid of Lawrence and some others recaptured Delhi, died in 1874, and was succeeded by his nephew Sir Roland Wilson, as Sir Bernard's other works might have reminded him. The present Baronet, we learn, was an Etonian, Fellow of King's, and Senior Classic. Another omission occurs in the Mar peerage, though perhaps Sir Bernard may think that the public is already cognizant of this unfortunate dispute. What is tolerably certain is that the well-known judgment of Lord Cairns in the House of Lords, whatever else it decided, did not really decide what had become of the old earldom of Mar, and the descent from Celtic rulers termed Maormers, and Mortacus who lived in the time of Malcolm Canmore. We could have wished that the age of the celebrated Countess of Desmond had been more critically discussed. The common story is that she was born in 1464 and died in 1604; that she danced with Richard III. some two years before the battle of Bosworth; and that she died, according to Moore's lines, by falling from a nut or a cherry tree—for the point is still in dispute—at the age of one hundred and forty. A little scepticism is excusable on this head. In the account of Mr. Mackenzie, of Kintail, we might have been informed that the recent purchaser of the Kintail estate is a gentleman of the same name as the chief of Scott's *Lament*, well known to Anglo-Indians as an enterprising, clear-headed, and successful merchant. On the other hand, it is amusing to find that the ex-Empress of the French arrived at Ryde in Sir John Burgoyne's yacht in 1870, at 2.45 in the day, and not, as the newspapers wickedly and shamefully would have it, at 3.55. And when Sir Bernard tells us of the Fitzgerald chief of the house of Desmond, who was carried away from the battle-field "in his proper place on the necks of the Butlers," his enemies, we wonder it did not occur to him that this excellent specimen of Irish readiness and humour had been admirably illustrated by the brush of Macliss. It would be refreshing, in these days of successful ruffianism, to remember that Irishmen could once display humour without ferocity.

It is scarcely necessary to add that Sir Bernard Burke is not one of those who think the House of Lords an anachronism, and who is anxious that its members should "clear out of the way." He has tears—literary if not literal—for the total disappearance of famous houses or for representatives of tried statesmanship and worth, whom he discovers in cobblers, toll-bar collectors, sextons, or inmates of the workhouse. But we cannot say that his scheme for continuing the union between titles and land or property and position strikes us as very feasible. He suggests that every man who takes an hereditary honour from the sovereign should be required to create a perpetual endowment in favour of the dignity he is about to receive. It does not seem to occur to him that in a democratic age the only mode of providing for such contingencies is for no man to accept a peerage or baronetage who has not a fair estate, and for his descendants not to impoverish their inheritance by extravagant and riotous living. A title and land cannot be secured to posterity by letters patent any more than an individual can be made virtuous by Act of Parliament. Sir Bernard speaks more to the point in his observation that there is no legal tribunal to take cognizance of the claim to a disputed baronetcy. All that the law can do is to decide the succession to the real and personal estate; and as his title in most instances follows the land, society can generally make up its mind as to the real Sir John or Sir Thomas. As Zekiel Homespun remarks to Dick Dowlas in the *Heir at Law*, "A peer without *summat* be a wishy-washy sort of thing, Dick," the same may be said of a landless or portionless baronet.

As we have remarked, not the least interesting of Sir Bernard's pages are those devoted to self-made men. The history of Tom Ward, the Yorkshire groom, is an illustration of the "profound" remark of Mr. Weller, senior, that "a man who can form an *ackerate* judgment of a horse, can form an *ackerate* judgment of anything." And here, fortunately, there are no misty traditions which the sun of criticism ruthlessly dispels, no tombstones at variance with the registers of births and deaths, and no entries about one sister's age, which are subsequently shown to have reference to another, born afterwards but christened by the same name. Of early advantages Ward had none. Neither the squire of the village, nor the parson, nor even the attorney, paid for his schooling or gave him a start in life. He went to the church school at Howden in Yorkshire, became a fair scholar, and, what is more to the purpose, acquired good steady principles, to "which he steadily adhered through life." In the year 1823, after serving in the stables of Mr. Ridsdale the trainer, he was sent to Vienna with a horse, and was retained by Prince Aloys von Lichtenstein. Here he might have remained with no higher reputation than that of a light weight, a good jockey, and a man of strict probity. Fortunately the Duke of Lucca wanted to rival the English in the matter of stables and horses, and carried off Ward. He soon found that this clever under-groom, with his grey eyes, neat dress, and cleanly person, was a man on whom a Prince, beset with flatterers and intriguers, could thoroughly depend. From groom Ward became valet, and from valet confidant and keeper of the privy purse. Then the public finances fell into confusion, and by the advice of the Duchess the task of checking abuse and restoring credit was entrusted, not to Ward as the reader might anticipate, but, by her agency, to the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand, governor of Gallicia and maternal uncle to the Duchess. However, Ward's elevation was not long delayed. He was created a baron, and made Minister of Finance. Practically, it would seem, he became Prime Minister, directed important negotiations, and managed the cession of the Duchy of Lucca to the State of Tuscany. The accession of the Duke of Lucca to the Duchy of Parma, and the troubles of 1847-48, are matters of history; and Ward's share in these events and his mediation between Austria, Medina, and Tuscany, are all described in his own correspondence. Ward had managed to acquire a good knowledge of French, Italian, and German, and his letters in his own language, correct, idiomatic, and forcible, are proof, if proof were wanting, that eminent success in diplomacy and statesmanship can be attained without duplicity, evasion, or unnecessary concealment. In 1854, after the death of Charles Duke of Parma, his widow thought fit to remove Ward from his post as Minister, and to order him to leave her dominions. The

* *Vicissitudes of Families.* By Sir Bernard Burke, C.B., LL.D., Ulster King-at-Arms, Author of "The Peerage and Baronetage," "The Landed Gentry," &c. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1883.

last five years of Ward's life were spent near Vienna, where he took to farming, and, as far as we make out, lived in comparative independence. Sir Bernard does not tell us what became of his children, or whether any of them inherited their father's capacity and knowledge of men. But the Italians to this day talk of "Signor Tommaso."

We are glad to see that no countenance is given in this work to the story of Cromwell's low origin. The brewery Sir Bernard treats as a fiction: and whether the Cromwells could trace any connection with Thomas Cromwell Earl of Essex, or not, it is quite clear that the ancestors of the Protector were men of high repute in their own county, good fortune, and princely magnificence. The male line of the family has been extinct for the last fifty years, but Sir Bernard traces the descendants in the female line almost to our own time, though we could wish he had been a little more particular as to dates.

A search for the descendants of the Palæologi, the Greek emperors, proved ineffectual. More than forty years ago, after search had been made in vain in Italy for some one of the house, a Greek gentleman, employed in indigo cultivation in the district of Pubna in Bengal, asserted himself, with what foundation we know not, to be a descendant of that Royal family. We can confirm what Sir Bernard tells us of another instance of fallen greatness. The descendant of the Cheslyns, owners of Langley Priory, was reduced to such poverty, owing to an unsuccessful lawsuit in which his father was involved, that he was glad to wear the cast-off clothes of his aristocratic friends. "This coat," he would say, "was Rancliffe's; these pants, Granby's; this waistcoat, Scarborough's; these etceteras, Bruce-Campbell's." The writer of this article remembers meeting Dick Cheslyn long ago in a country house, where the other guests being dressed in the usual evening suit of black, the wearer of his friends' cast-off clothes appeared in trousers of a bright blue. Sir Bernard might have added that the said Dick Cheslyn was a capital cricketer, though better in defence than in hitting. We should have liked farther particulars of the mode in which the late Mr. John Shakespear acquired the means to purchase the valuable Langley and Disworth estates. It is quite correct to say that he was one of the best Hindustani or Urdu scholars of his day. His Dictionary, Grammar, and Selections, are still standard works and the delight or terror of students. But, though they commanded a large sale, they were hardly as remunerative as Mr. Trollope's novels. Most people have heard of Law and the Mississippi Scheme, but it is not every one who knows the particulars of his duel with Edward Wilson, commonly called Beau. They had a quarrel about a lady, and one of the combatants drank a pint of sack at the other's house. Then they both got into a coach, and drove from the Strand in the direction of Bloomsbury. The duel was fought with swords in the square, and the unlucky Wilson was run through the body at the first exchange of passes. Law was tried for murder and found guilty, but pardoned by the Crown; whereupon the relatives of Wilson lodged an appeal of murder under an old custom, which was not abolished till 1817-18, when it was well known as "Thornton's case." The upshot was that Law was confined for eight months in prison during the appeal; and then, by corrupting his gaoler, got away to France. As a sort of set-off to the many persons ruined by Law's wild finance, 100*l.* *per cent.* were paid as compensation to the Wilson family, and Law was at last allowed to revisit his native country. Eventually, all his property in France was confiscated and he ended his life at Venice. Lauriston, the General, who did such good service under Napoleon at Essling and Wagram, was descended from a younger brother of the financier, and his descendant the third marquis, is well known in Parisian circles at this day. The chapter of "Testamentary Eccentricities" is somewhat hastily put together; but these volumes are fairly pleasant reading, though they would have been much improved by a careful revision.

BORDIGHERA AND THE WESTERN RIVIERA.*

THIS book is to be regarded as a collection of pamphlets by different authors rather than as a connected work by a single hand. Its arrangement we must take leave to characterize as dreadfully untidy. M. Hamilton, a banker at Bordighera, is the titular author of the book which Mr. Dowson, as the preface informs us has translated from the original French. But this statement is not to be accepted without qualification. In the first place, the "French edition" of the book is frequently referred to as containing different matter. Next, the book before us is divided into five parts, of which I., III., and IV. are by M. Hamilton. In Part II. chapters XVI. and XVII. are by Mr. Dowson, and the rest are by M. Hamilton. Part V. (artistic features of Bordighera) is by a third hand, M. Charles Garnier. Our author or authors treat of a wonderful variety of subjects—climate, health, manners and customs, government, finance, taxation, law, history, banking, fauna, flora, and geology. *Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetæ.*

It is much to be able to say, as we do, that the confusion which is rife in the book does not destroy its value. The several subjects have been industriously got up, and much curious information is to be gained by the reader. One defect, however, for which we can find no forgiveness is the want of maps. The historical portion of the book, especially, is so filled with minute local and geographical allusions that the mapless student must become hopelessly lost. Should a second edition be required, this grave omission should be made good.

Many who lack patience or leisure to master M. Lenthéric's learned work on "La Provence Maritime" will gladly read M. Hamilton's sketch of the early history of the Ligurian coast-lands. The latter leans to the opinion that Hannibal's army passed into Italy in B.C. 218 over the Col di Tenda, and not over the St. Bernard. One hundred years after this event Liguria became a Roman province, and the Via Aurelia was opened. This great road left Rome at the Janiculan Gate (Porta S. Pancrazio), and struck the coast of Italy at Alsium. From this point it followed the coast through Pisæ into Liguria, within the limits of which it passed through Matuta (San Remo), Albintemelium (Ventimiglia), Tropæa Augusti (Turbia), and Cemenelium (Cimiez). The Via Aurelia seems to have had a shorter life than most Roman roads; but, no doubt, the physical changes in the coast-line and the incessant warlike operations of the middle ages are answerable for its early disappearance. It is altogether uncertain how much of the ancient track remained to facilitate the construction of the Cornice road many hundred years later. Dante, writing in 1315, alludes to the paths "tra Lerici e Turbia" as the ideals of roughness and steepness on earth. M. Hamilton holds that the Strada Romana at Bordighera follows the old line of the Via Aurelia.

The person whom the Greeks might have styled the *oikarchs* of Bordighera was St. Ampelio or Ampelius, a monk from Egypt, who settled in a cave at the point of the Cape of Bordighera which now bears his name. This was in the year 411 A.D. About the same time St. Honoratus founded an abbey on the Lérins islands off the coast of Cannes. He seems to have been attracted by their peaceful beauty, as St. Fridolinus was by that of the little island in the Rhine which Von Scheffel has immortalized in *Der Trompeter von Säkkingen*. St. Ampelio, our own particular saint, died in 428 A.D. His death was followed by a thousand years of war and confusion, during which Genoa, Ventimiglia, Nice, San Remo, and Monaco were involved, turn by turn, and on different sides. The body of the saint was removed from Cape St. Ampelio to San Remo in 1140, and thence to Genoa in 1258. It is probable that from very early days there was a fishing village on the *bordigue* or creek formed by Cape St. Ampelio. The sea retreated considerably in course of time, and the position of the original inlet is now ascertainable by that of the marine spoil which may be dug up some way inland. In 1470 some thirty families from Bourg St. Nicholas founded a new town, the present Bordighera, *loco dicto la Burdighetta*. It soon became one of the Ville Ventimiliennes, or confederation of eight towns which acknowledged the headship of Ventimiglia. The others were Camporosso, San Biagio, Soldano, Vallecrosia, Sasso, Vallebuona, and Borghetto.

The suzerain or over-lord common to Ventimiglia and the Confederacy was the Republic of Genoa. In the year 1514 the Republic sold the eight towns to the bank of San Giorgio—"a foreshadowing, perhaps," as M. Hamilton remarks (p. 124), "of what was to occur to their neighbour Monaco 400 years later." This bank, founded in 1346, the year of Cressy and Neville's Cross, soon acquired an influence and power in Liguria analogous to that of the Fuggers and Welsers in the old German Empire. Corsica and the Levantine possessions of Genoa successively passed into its hands. In 1740, four hundred years after its foundation, it concluded a disastrous loan with the Republic, but did not finally succumb until comparatively recent times. In 1562 Genoa was enabled to resume possession of the eight towns. Charles Emmanuel I. of Savoy endeavoured to annex them some sixty years later; but the title of Genoa was confirmed afresh by the treaty of San Remo in 1625. The period that ensued was fruitful in domestic troubles for the Confederacy. Ventimiglia had from the first proved somewhat of a stepmother to her eight children. She not only claimed a royalty of one-fifth on the value of all fish caught by them, but ordered that such fish should be offered in the first instance to her own citizens at a fixed price. All the industries of the subject country were heavily taxed, and in particular the sale of grain and the baking of bread was farmed out to Ventimiglian *mestrali*, or corn-factors. The latter occasionally failed to supply Bordighera at all, owing to the exhaustion of their stores or the difficulties of communication. Our little town seems to have taken a spirited part in the opposition which these measures provoked. Certain petitions presented to the Syndics of Ventimiglia in 1619, 1622, and 1633 show that the population of Bordighera in those years was chiefly of a seafaring character. The attacks of the Mediterranean pirates and the heavy burden of the Ventimiglian tribute (which amounted to 300 crowns) had reduced most of the inhabitants to destitution. All aid or redress was, however, refused. The eight towns accordingly appealed to the Senate of Genoa, and demanded that in matters financial and administrative there should be a complete separation between themselves and Ventimiglia. The new system was, in fact, to be one of Home Rule under the protection of Genoa and subject to the payment of a quota towards the expenses of the Capitanato and town of Ventimiglia. The prayer of the Confederates was granted in 1683, but it was not until some time afterwards that the Genoese Commissioner charged with the business effected the final settlement of the various conflicting claims.

The eight towns now started as a self-ruling Confederacy under

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* *Bordighera and the Western Riviera.* By Frederick Fitzroy Hamilton. Translated from the French, with additional matter and notes, by Alfred C. Dowson. London: Stanford. 1883.

the style of "Magnifica Communitas Locorum Octo." They had a Parliament of twenty-four members (six falling to Bordighera) and four Syndics as chiefs of the Executive. The powers and duties of all these dignitaries were minutely detailed in a Deed of Federation drawn up at Bordighera in 1686. The War of the Spanish Succession brought great suffering on Ventimiglia, but her former subjects flourished considerably until the outbreak of the French Revolution. In 1793 Ventimiglia and Western Liguria were occupied by the army of Italy, then on its march against Genoa. The resistance of the Doge's Government was terminated by the popular revolution of 1797 and the constitution of the Ligurian Republic. The eight towns displayed a diplomatic enthusiasm, and hastened to send a deputation to Genoa to join in the rejoicings over the downfall of the aristocracy. Their spokesman's address to the "Cittadini Provvisori" of the metropolis is marked by all the pedantic bombast peculiar to revolutionary utterances of the French school. But Liguria was not destined to remain a democracy. Her *sans-culotte* liberators became Imperialists within seven years, and she was cut up into Departments to suit the new French Empire. Ten years later another change came. In 1814 Napoleon went to Elba and left in Liguria no trace of French rule except the half-finished Cornice road. This splendid work was begun as early as 1806, but did not reach Bordighera before 1823, and was not completed until five years later. Hence M. Lenthéric's patriotism is a little too strong for the facts when he calls the road "une œuvre toute moderne et française."

The Treaty of Paris gave Liguria to Victor Emmanuel I., and the whole province remained under the Sardinian sceptre until 1860. In this year the Emperor Napoleon III. claimed the right of determining the Western boundaries of the new Italian kingdom. Savoy and the county of Nice were chosen as the price for his armed assistance at Magenta and Solferino. The history of this painful surrender, in which Cavour made a virtue of necessity, is too recent to bear repetition. It fell to Bordighera, after a brief period of uncertainty, to remain on the Italian side of the new frontier. The opening of the Cornice road, and the gradual receding of the sea, gave the population of the little town an impulse seaward which has largely determined its present position.

Mr. Dowson contributes some matter of his own on travelling in the Riviera in old days, and on the British naval operations off the coast against the French and Spaniards in 1742. Our country seems to have been represented by an undermanned and unseaworthy fleet and a loquacious and irresolute admiral. There is reason to believe that Smollett was serving in one of the ships, the *Ipswich*, as a surgeon. Both Ventimiglia and Bordighera sympathized with their invaders rather than with their British defenders. The Spaniards, indeed, had been suffered to accumulate large stores of grain and forage at Ventimiglia. But the crew of an armed galley sent by Admiral Matthews destroyed the entire supply without having to fire a shot.

Of the quiet charms of Bordighera M. Hamilton writes with some enthusiasm. Its famous palm-groves, indeed, yield to nothing that is to be seen in the "Petite Afrique" between Villefranche and Monaco. As yet it is a village, with none of the pseudo-Parisian pretensions of the neighbouring towns. Its rural character, if it be possible to preserve it, will always attract the class of travellers which can exist without casinos and boulevards. M. Hamilton has little faith in the fine distinctions drawn by some doctors between the climates of the various towns on the Riviera. But, on his own showing, the wind and dust, which are the two curses of this coast, are slightly worse at Bordighera than elsewhere. He remarks, with great truth, that, in spite of the tropical vegetation of the soil, the atmosphere of the Riviera is brilliant rather than warm. The mistral that sweeps away the clouds also chills the invalid who is endeavouring to admire the blue sky.

In translating this book Mr. Dowson has had a difficult and varied task, which he has executed fairly well. But the following specimens of English are fitted to administer a shock to the system:—"Men will not tolerate with impunity," p. 129; "productions of the country," p. 131; "the Ossian dialect," p. 177; "captinate," p. 137; "rif-raf," p. 106; "games *at* pure chance," p. 111; "batteries manned by highly-organized troops and *led* by an officer," &c., p. 217.

THREE NOVELS.*

THE three stories before us have at all events one thing in common. Each of them begins with a description of the weather. Of the three authors, Mrs. Marshall is the most ambitious in this kind of writing. In her first four lines we have amethyst and gold, ethereal green and tenderest sapphire, opal tints and indescribable loveliness. Mr. Buchanan may claim the second place, for if he is not so strong in words, yet he is first in originality. He gives us in a Scotch churchyard a scene of nocturnal blackness, with a tombstone here and there flashing, and the rough graves rolling like a sea. The author of *The Millionaire* comes last, with nothing better than rolling masses of mist, a fiery glare left by the sun, and a grey wan look upon all the landscape. These descriptions help us in each case but little towards understanding the story; but it seems to have been for some while generally admitted that as we Englishmen always open a conversation with remarks about the weather, in like manner our novels should begin. The time may come when we shall find on the first page of every first volume the weather report as published in the *Times*. Thus we may hope to have the hero introduced to us in some such way as the following:—"The forecast from New York announced the approach of a storm likely to develop dangerous energy north of latitude 53; the north cone had been hoisted in district No. 2; a deep depression was passing over the centre of England; the wind was backing to the north-eastward; the temperature had fallen as low as 24 degrees—no less than 12 degrees below the average as calculated by Mr. Glaisher—the dew point, as obtained by the use of a Dines's Hygrometer, was 20 degrees; when in a lonely mansion that stood in the aforesaid district No. 2, the deep voice of a man was heard imperiously calling for his shaving-water." There will be one advantage in a description such as this. It can be kept truer to nature. We shall not find—as we find in the pages of *The Millionaire*, the harvest-moon shedding its glorious light a few days at most after "a ghastly moon in the last quarter had been hanging in the heavens like the wreck of a world." Neither should we find in Scotland, as we find in Mr. Buchanan's story, "the outer world trembling to the first dim rays of wintry dawn" so early as five o'clock. There would be a further great advantage gained by thus strictly following the weather-reports. Two volumes would in many cases, if not in most, suffice, instead of three. We must not, however, expect our old stagers to fall into this concise and accurate style of writing. For instance, we must still allow Mr. Buchanan to tell us how "the vitreous rays of the moon began playing on the window-panes." It is well, by the way, that many of his readers do not know what vitreous means. Their ears would have been less pleased if they had been told that "the glassy rays of the moon began playing on the window-glass."

When we come to consider the merits of the three books as stories, we do not find any very good standard which will suit them all. They are, in fact, addressed to different classes of readers. *In Colston's Days* may be read with perfect propriety in a serious family on a Sabbath evening. The worst it can do for any one is quickly to put him to sleep. It is innocence itself. It throws, to quote the words of the preface, "round the early youth of Edward Colston—the great Bristol philanthropist—the halo of romance." It does not, by the way, do any such thing; for, though the story is not true, there is no halo and no romance. The author affects the style of the seventeenth century. Her characters say at stated intervals forsooth, methinks, an' it please you, I must e'en be, I mind me now, it irks me, prythee, I am right glad, and so on. But all these scraps give no reality to the tale. How little, indeed, she herself is capable of entering into the spirit of the times that she describes is shown by her calling Colston "a thorough Conservative." "An' it please you," we would say to her, "it irks us to have the right-worshipful Master Colston called a Conservative, for we mind us, well warrant, that whilome Conservatives forsooth there were none." With all its dulness it is a book very well suited for giving away; not the less so as it is adorned with some very pretty pictures of Bristol streets as they used to be.

A very different kind of a story is Mr. Buchanan's *Annan Water*. It has, he tells us, been already dramatized and represented. That we can easily believe, for the close of very many of the chapters makes us think of the speeches that are addressed to the gods of the gallery just before the curtain falls. The novel opens with a white-haired man who has been, we are told, sexton of the churchyard where the tombstones flashed "man and boy for forty years." However, we must do the author the justice to admit that this character has some good points that tell well even in a story. His devotion to his old master, the minister, is at times touching. The heroine, too, is not ill drawn; but the story is spoilt by the extravagant character of the villain and the rapid succession of grossly improbable scenes. Any one, too, who has the least regard for accuracy cannot but be annoyed by the monstrous blunders into which Mr. Buchanan falls in describing events so recent as the siege of Paris and the insurrection of the Commune. Before the siege had begun, while the German line was advancing, we have an artist's model introduced dressed in the "costume of a pétroleuse." When the public distribution of food had been going on for some while in the besieged town, we have people going in and out of Paris by the railway, just as if there had been no blockade. All this would perhaps pass muster on the stage; but surely in a novel some little regard should be paid to that history which few people besides Mr. Buchanan can have forgotten. No less ignorant is he of the laws of his own country than of the recent history of France. The villain had not only deserted his wife for another woman, but he had struck her, and left her and her child in utter destitution. If it had not been for the charity of others, both one and the other would have perished in the streets. Yet when he followed them to Scotland we are told:—"Of his power over Marjorie and the child there was no question; by the laws of both England and Scotland he could claim them both." Why cannot some one set up as a consulting lawyer for novelists? They all delight in law, and they almost all in dealing with it make the grossest blunders. But Mr. Buchanan, no

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* *In Colston's Days: a Story of Old Bristol.* By Emma Marshall, Author of "Life's Aftermath." London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1884.

Annan Water: a Romance. By Robert Buchanan, Author of "The Shadow of the Sword," "God and the Man," &c. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

The Millionaire. 3 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1883.

doubt, is acquainted with the tastes of his readers, and is well aware that a succession of startling conclusions to his chapters covers a multitude of errors even worse than those into which he falls. The book certainly begins pretty well, with tombstones flashing, two wild eyes looking in at a window like the eyes of a spirit, the wind springing in like a tiger at the door, a baby left on the doorstep, and a woman drowned in the Solway. But it is in the third volume that the most striking effects are produced. Thus, as the chapters close one after the other, we see the heroine bleeding and swooning on the floor, thrown with her child upon the great city where she had not even one friend, refused as a foreigner her share of bread in the public distribution, searched for in vain by friends from home, who, in spite of the siege, had entered Paris by the railway; then, in what is called a lifeless swoon, next discovered and acknowledged by her long-lost mysterious mother, and free, it seemed, at last as she read that her husband the villain had been shot by the Committee of Public Safety. Then turning to the path he had taken, we find him, after he had beaten his wife, marrying another woman. On the very evening of his marriage day he is arrested by the Commune, while his new wife takes advantage of his absence to steal all his money. The chapter closes on him in a dungeon, hiding his face in his hands, and moaning in mad despair, and on her in possession of his stolen property. When the curtain next falls he is a free man in Scotland, having escaped in a wonderful manner, while the heroine throws up her hands with a wild cry as he claims her and her child. We then see the scene close as he is grasped by the throat by the virtuous hero and dashed violently to the ground. The following chapter, which is entitled "Nemesis," ends with "a bearded human countenance gazing in upon him" through the window, while "he struggles like a drunken man, glaring back at the face." Then we see our last of him as he lies dead in his bed, with his false beard beside him. One more chapter, just five pages long, shows the heroine first a widow, then married to the virtuous hero, and then a gentle matron with a family of sons and daughters.

So far as extravagance goes, *The Millionaire* scarcely falls behind *Annan Water*, but then the extravagance is more artfully concealed. It can even boast of a certain cleverness; unfortunately this cleverness is in many places thickly overlaid with vulgarity. The author thinks to overpower his readers with a display of riches. There is nothing in which he more delights than in making his characters lose or gain vast sums of money. Everything must be done on a big scale. Even a kind of pomp is given to a tailor's bill when it is swollen to the amount of 2,000*l*. We cannot but regret that the items of this remarkable account were not given. With what relish should we have read that, say, for 100 pair of trousers the spendthrift Captain owed 300*l*. It is to the millionaire who lends his name to the story that the author gives all his strength. This great man, we read, kept by him in his safe, as a little reserve, ten millions of pounds of railway securities, besides other papers of vast value. At an hour's notice he was ready to pay twenty millions to get the control of a railway. At times he would "embark a colossal fortune in some enterprise which would have made a whole syndicate of bankers tremble in their shoes." He startles first a lawyer by handing him suddenly learns that for 80,000*l*.; and next the heroine, who finds her dressing-table a she is his granddaughter, by leaving 500*l*. stood to her credit. banker's book which showed that 20*l*. At this wonderful man dined To heighten the effect we are told, not on chop or a beefsteak. Had the at one o'clock upon a mutton-cutlet or a million mutton-chops or a million author made him daily eat excited our admiration. The lesser beefsteaks, he would have lost of this big man. There are two great characters are not unworthy London solicitors into gigantic liquidations, while the other was from the arrangement held in greater fear than any man in his profession, for no one was acquainted with so many personal and family secrets. He is so big a man that he even dines with a duke. The author is not content with not only a Cabinet Minister, but even the Premier, bringing people. He flies at a different kind of game, In local part of the book there is a good deal of smart writing. It is curious that with this smartness there should be mixed up some rubbish about the rapt and mysterious look of a gipsy, and the weird, unaccountable influence that stole over the millionaire as she examined his hand. When to this strange mixture is added the vulgar worship of money which we have already censured, the result is by no means pleasant. Smartness, vulgarity, and superstition are certainly none the pleasanter for being united. Yet the story has considerable merits. The heroine is a charming young lady, and even the old millionaire has one side of his character that is very winning. The author, we feel sure, might write a good story if he would keep to a far lower level. We call to mind the advice that many years ago was given to a youthful person just entering the University. "Keep, my lad," said a prudent old friend, "to the family tailor." In like manner, let the author keep to the people with whom he and writers like him pass their time. What has he had to do with Prime Ministers and millionaires? Whenever has he come across these famous solicitors, or the spendthrift who owes two thousand pounds for his clothes? Let him tell us of Dick, Tom, and Harry, and make his hero and heroine comfortable on a thousand a year at most, and he may yet write a very pretty story.

VAGARIES IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

MORE than one of the books before us notices the recent disarray among political economists, and every one, we think, refers to the portentous apparition of Mr. George and his theories among the placid dovecotes of the followers of Catallactics and the wage-fund theory and the like. We have no desire to "lightly" Mr. George, in old Scotch phrase. It is written in the history of the world that such books as his have their influence. But it is certain that a political economist who trembles in his faith because of *Progress and Poverty* must be a very weak-kneed political economist indeed, for the theories of that now famous pamphlet need no falling back on Millism or on Ricardoism, on the principles of Bastiat or the principles of Quesnay, in order to demolish them. The *elementa artis logicæ* and a slight study of human nature as interpreted by history are sufficient to grind them to powder. This, indeed, does not dispose of their practical importance; for the mass of men, who are tending more and more to be the arbiters of their own destiny, are no more guided by the *elementa artis logicæ* than they are acquainted with the teachings of history. But that a book so weakly in logic and in facts, however plausible it may be in rhetoric and in appeals to cupidity, should bother the devotees of what calls itself a science is certainly a curious phenomenon. It does not indicate that political economy is a delusion, but perhaps it does indicate that political economists are very often deluded.

It is one of the merits (and they exist side by side with not a few drawbacks) of Mr. Devas's original book that he recognizes this fact. He recognizes it indeed rather too forcibly. Few economists with whom we are acquainted have apparently a larger acquaintance with the literature of their subject than Mr. Devas, and this is a very good thing. But, unluckily, with Mr. Devas to know is to despise. We do not say that he is not right in his condemnation of many separate points in the creed of the luckless persons whom he successively arraigns. But when the ordinary plain man has read for some time of Buckle's "folly and impertinence"; when he hears that "even Cossa seems involved in obscurity and contradiction"; when Cairnes "verges on the absurd"; when he is confronted with Herbert Spencer's "philosophical delusions"; when Adam Smith makes "absurd assumptions"; when the learned Roscher "has specious illusions"; when Carey and Patterwitz "indulge in extreme unhistorical folly"; when the late Professor Jevons is "feeble and contradictory"; and the late Mr. Bagehot "so arbitrary as to be intolerable," he must be a very odd sort of plain man if he is propitiated. That Mr. Devas is the sole prophet of political economy may be true; but he goes a doubtful way to prove it by simply damning all the other prophets. Even if the reader agrees with more or fewer of his particular objections, he can hardly fail to be offended at the manner in which they are put. Nor is this offence mitigated if we deftly take our plain man away and substitute in his place an expert in political economy and logic, with no particular leaning to one system or to another. For such a person will pretty soon discover that Mr. Devas, so severe on other people's slips, is anything but a consistent walker himself. "Reason," he observes in a kind of demonstration intended to show the true method of political economy, "tells us that it is wrong for a man for mere pleasure to deprive himself of his senses wholly or partly." What reason? and whose? and where? and when? and why? When we lie down to sleep and court that refreshment, we deprive ourselves of our senses. Is that wrong? Oh, but Mr. Devas will say, it is not for the sake of pleasure. Who told Mr. Devas that pleasure was *per se* an unworthy aim? Certainly not reason. Let it be understood, of course, that we are not arguing for artificial paradises. We are only pointing out that the position that reason shows them to be bad and wrong *simpliciter* is unsustainable. Again, Mr. Devas, who is certainly a Roman Catholic, and apparently an Irishman, is good enough to say that "those who seriously maintain that Ireland is over-populated are scarcely within the pale of economic reasoning." Language of this kind is very easily retorted, and not worth retorting. The paragraph in which these words occur teems with paralogisms; but the very sentence just quoted from contains one the citation of which may serve. "When Ireland was most peopled," says Mr. Devas triumphantly, "it poured forth every year a stream of exports of food." It is a little wonderful that a writer on political economy should fail to see the simple connexion between these three following propositions. The more peopled Ireland was, the more over-peopled was it. The more over-peopled it was, the less had the people to spend on food. The less they had to spend on food, the more certainly did the produce of the island seek foreign markets.

Despite, however, the acrimony of his tone and the frequency of his paralogisms, Mr. Devas's book is not without value. For it is in the first place, as has been said, a really learned book, and in the second, its method, which shuns systematic making of principles and ranges as widely as possible among all sorts of economic facts, secures a very interesting and valuable collection of instances and some discussions of points of opinion which are worth attention, notwithstanding the glaring and already fully commented on defects

* *Groundwork of Economics.* By C. S. Devas. London: Longmans & Co. 1883.

A System of Subjective Political Economy. By Arthur M. Smith. London: Williams & Norgate. 1883.

Manual of Political Economy. By the Right Hon. H. Fawcett. Sixth Edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

Land and its Rent. By F. A. Walker. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

backs of the author's tone, his *parti pris* against "modern thought," and his apparent determination that the one thing needful is to disagree with everybody.

The author of *A System of Subjective Political Economy* is one of those not un-numerous persons who remind the reader of Carlyle's good-natured description of the author of an absurd Life of Voltaire as "an inquiring honest-hearted character, not destitute of talent, some of whose statements and opinions must have begun to astonish himself several years ago." Mr. Smith, indeed, will not come in for the latter part of his description for some time to come, inasmuch as his book is quite new; but otherwise it seems to fit him. He somewhere complains, with a *naïveté* which is eminently characteristic and rather attractive, that "he knows he cannot express himself clearly or well," and he certainly cannot. At the outset he very properly anticipates that his readers will ask "Why subjective?" And we are sorry to say that he quite fails to give any intelligible answer. Of all the writers, and they are a long and stately list, who have entangled themselves in the mysteries of "sum-m-m-ject and om-m-m-ject," hardly any one at present occurs to us who has wound himself into such a nine-fold coil of botherment as Mr. Arthur M. Smith. His grievance is that the average political economist "disregards mind and concentrates his attention on matter"—which, if the average political economist does, he certainly is an ass. But does he? Mr. Smith fails, as far as we can see, to produce any proof of it. Mr. Smith, "with a frankness which we're sure must charm ye," as Mr. Trevelyan said when he was young and amusing, and as yet not wedded to Radical politics, tells us at the outset that objective political economy means Free-trade and subjective political economy means Protection. The hasty Free-trader *quand même* will probably read no more after this avowal, wherein he will be wrong, for Mr. Smith has a kind of useful gospel to say if he could only say it. His system of subjective economy is, of course, mere moonshine, as one of the first attempts which he makes at an argument, properly so called, will show. Mill, he says, is wrong in saying that doubling the productiveness of a country doubles its purchasing power. For, says Mr. Smith, "the doubling of the production will not make desire for the things produced twice as great." Now, if Mr. Smith, instead of sitting in the Cave, had gone into the Market and the Theatre, he would have found that this fancy is quite unjustified by the actual facts. The more purchasing power a man (and in the same way a nation) has the more does his appetite for purchasing grow, and supply has nearly as much effect in quickening demand as demand has in eliciting supply. The grain of truth which, if Mr. Smith had only acquired a better faculty of reasoning and stating his reasons, might have made his book of some value is that sentiment, national prejudice, and other similar things are, as a rule, somewhat overlooked by the economists of what he calls the orthodox school, or by some of them. But, though these items of the problem correct results to a considerable extent, they supply nothing like a basis for a new system exclusively founded on them.

Mr. Fawcett is probably regarded by the innovators in political economy, of whom Mr. Devas and Mr. Smith are in different ways representatives, as a fossil person whose utterances are not worthy of attention. That, fortunately, is not the general opinion of Englishmen, and the sixth edition of his well-known manual may be taken as indicating that there is a public for sober discussion of the subject. It is needless to say that we do not endorse everything that Mr. Fawcett says. It is still more needless to say that even his general conception of the science or the art or the collection of reasoned instances (whichever term may be preferred), called political economy, is a fair matter for discussion and debate. But as we have now, and before now, endeavoured to make clear, it is not the general conception which any man forms of this most perplexing and hazardous division of human thought, but the attitude of mind which he displays towards each particular problem, which is of the main importance. Professor Fawcett's attitude is always sane and moderate. The chief addition to the present edition, the chapter on Land Nationalization theories, which has been already separately published, displays these qualities eminently. Some readers may think that it deals with the Nationalizers too tenderly, that it treats them too much as reasonable antagonists, and not enough as crazy fanatics whose doctrine has these two fatal faults—that it is almost impossible to see how it is to be put in practice, and quite certain that, if by violence or by accident it were put in practice, it would directly and immediately fail to produce the effects claimed for it by its proposers. But the error, if it be an error, is one on the right side. On Land Nationalizers themselves and all folk of their kidney argument is indeed lost, but the battle will not be decided by Land Nationalizers any more than it will be decided by landowners. It will be decided by the great mass of the moderately intelligent, and not directly interested, public who have neither land to defend nor land to covet, and on this mass Mr. Fawcett's "plain man" reasoning is likely to have a better effect than subtle logic or high-flying heroics.

Very few words are necessary to recommend Mr. Walker's excellent little book on "Land and Rent," which, as may be expected, deals mainly, though not wholly, with Mr. George and his theories. We have had occasion before now to differ with Mr. Walker on some points. But he is perhaps the ablest living American economist, and his work here is very valuable because he certainly cannot be suspected of "feudal" leanings.

CAMPING AMONG CANNIBALS.*

PHÆACIA is not wholly a fable, and the Lotus-eaters have not perished out of the Lotus-land. There are countries where even Mr. Ruskin would find nothing to grumble and swear at in the weather; pleasant countries where the sun is always shining, the sea is always warm, and the happy people do nothing but bathe, smoke cigarettes, and crown each other with flowers. Rumours of war and defeat come never there, no one knows that politics exist, and the only serpent in the Paradise is the Missionary.

Mr. Alfred St. Johnston, who has visited this modern land of the Phæacians in the proper spirit of simple enjoyment, gives his book an unlucky name—*Camping among Cannibals*. Of cannibals he saw very little, though a temporary companion of his in a walk across the centre of Fiji seems to have been made into *lalouka*, and devoured in the fearless old fashion. But Mr. St. Johnston was much more at home in Tonga and Samoa, among the fair, beautiful, and peaceful races of the Summer Islands, than in Fiji among the lately converted or unconverted man-eaters. Mr. St. Johnston is not a scientific traveller. Though keenly interested in birds and plants, he does not introduce technical terminology into his charming volume. He is not much of an anthropologist either, and does not even seem to have read Mariner till after his return from the simple people who used to worship stray white "beach-combers" as gods. Yet no man could travel through Polynesia in a better or kindlier spirit than Mr. St. Johnston. He had no Aryan prejudices about him. In Tonga he did as the Tongans do. Nothing can be more pleasant than his account of how he made friends on the sunny shore with the first set of natives he met; how they bathed together, picnicked together (cooking pig by a prehistoric process of baking), and how they then fell to athletic sports. To the credit of the Aryan race, Mr. St. Johnston won the high jump. He is too modest to give his "record." He remarks "how painful and horrible seems to him the behaviour of many white people in countries such as this, where the inhabitants are said to be of an inferior race. It has struck me much in India, but even more here, where we have not even that shadow of a right to it which conquest seems to give. The supercilious, patronizing, and confoundedly impertinent manners that a white man generally assumes are not only horrible to me, but incomprehensible. Do they thus expect to gain the love or respect of the people? It is just the reverse; and I believe it has been chiefly my feeling of affection and fellowship with these Polynesians that has taken me so well all through the islands." The truth is that Mr. St. Johnston went through the islands in the spirit partly of a poet (though he never drops into poetry), partly of the boy in the story who asked the priggish dog and industrial bee to come and play with him. The Tongans and the other *café-au-lait*-coloured people were delighted to come and play with Mr. St. Johnston. They all enjoy "day-long blessed idleness." But the ordinary visitors to the isles are not poets or sentimental travellers, but Philistines and men of business. They swagger about progress, and try to impress all the good, jolly islanders into the race for wealth, into the struggle of competing enterprise. The islanders have all they need, and all that any man really needs, without labouring at all. They naturally object to digging and toiling that the white man may "make a pile" to spend in 'Frisco or Paris, and so the white man reviles them as a lazy, loafing lot of something niggers. Their ideal is the old Greek ideal. His ideal is that of Birmingham or Manchester. If, by some impossible accident, ancient Athens had maintained its ancient life, and had only been discovered thirty years ago, by this time we should have destroyed half the population with measles, and the rest would be drinking themselves to death in gin-palaces, slaving in the mines at Laurium, and wearing clothes made by cheap London tailors.

Fortunately for the lotus-eaters of the Pacific, Tonga is a good distance out of the way of merchants and missionaries. Yet even Tonga is being "improved," as the Riviera is improved, with hideous modern buildings. Mr. St. Johnston went to the islands from New Zealand in a very small trading schooner. In the office at the docks he met "a fat, methodistical-looking person, with a huge double chin and unctuous countenance." This person turned out to be the Minister of the present King of Tonga. By him, and such as he, "pretentious wooden erections, presumably of the reverend gentleman's own design," have been erected, with "a hideous palace for the King, awful Government buildings, and a great gaol, which the ordinances and restrictions invented and framed by the reverend gentleman manage generally to keep full, and last, but certainly not least, the large and handsome home of the poor self-sacrificing missionary himself." That these lovely buildings may be the better appreciated, the man has cut down a shady avenue of ancient trees which would have concealed his "white staring sheds." But all this vandalism is as nothing compared to the puritanic criminal code enacted by the "erstwhile missionary," for, according to Mr. St. Johnston, this holy man is no longer an official representative of his sect, whatever that may be. He has tried, by a system of fines, to stop the lotus-eaters from lotus-eating, to hinder the women from smoking the tiny native cigarette. The wrestling matches and the beautiful dances have also been repressed. "The consul tells me that vice has enormously increased under this system of

* *Camping among Cannibals.* By Alfred St. Johnston. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

repression, as it always will when a nation's customs are tyrannously prohibited and repressed." Again, "one frequently sees the best looking of both sexes in *bulianga*, as prison is called, and it is their mutual admiration of beauty that brings them there." Why even in the Scotland of last century Robert Burns did not pass all his time in prison, as so energetic an admirer of beauty would certainly do in modern Tonga. Mr. St. Johnston points out that the old creed of Tonga, as described by Mariner, was "surely a good enough creed," inculcating "honour, justice, patriotism, friendship, meekness, modesty, fidelity of married women, parental and filial love," and many other Christian qualities. "It will be said that we teach them the beauty of self-denial and unselfishness. Why, no Tongan, however hungry or small his meat, would *think* of refusing to share it with another; and unselfishness was so general that it could not be thought a virtue." When Mariner lived with them it was a saying "As selfish as a *Papalagi*," which was not very complimentary to Mariner.

Thus even the modern Phæacia is being corrupted. But much remains, and Mr. St. Johnston's descriptions of these "summer isles of Eden" are extremely tantalizing to the dweller in dismal London. Mr. St. Johnston never acquired the art of walking up a cocoa-nut tree in the manner common in all the Pacific Islands; but he swarmed up a stem in boyish fashion, and he reports very favourably of the milk in the cocoa-nut. He drank *kava*, too, and says it is by no means bad, and not nearly so intoxicating as Miss Bird imagines. Miss Bird "raves against it in very impassioned language"; but the *kava*-drinkers whose society she frequented must have had weaker heads than Mr. St. Johnston's friends. "The brightness of face and intellect was always the same among the natives after the drinking as before, and I myself never felt any 'faculties numbed'" Miss Bird's repartee, if she chooses to make it, is obvious; but Mr. St. Johnston acknowledges the general brilliancy and accuracy of her account of the Pacific. Being a fair-haired man himself, he found himself the glass of fashion in Tonga, where the natives have dark hair and dye it yellow. Whence came this passion for fair hair in the dark races? It is difficult to write any connected account of experiences which were naturally disconnected themselves. Mr. St. Johnston had the great joy of seeing a fire lit with implements exactly like the old Indian *pramantha*, or fire-drill:—

> Two pieces of wood are selected, one a long piece, rather soft and dry, which is flattened at the top and a slight groove cut in it; the other is a short hard piece, pointed at one end. The larger piece is steadied by a second man, or by the operator sitting on one end of it himself, and the smaller piece is held by both hands, the wood resting between the thumbs and forefingers, the other fingers on the top of it, so that great pressure can be put on to it, and nearly all the weight of the body. Kauhiva was the operator; taking the pointed piece in his hands, he slowly began to rub it up and down the groove cut in the larger one. This motion scrapes away a fine powder from the sides and bottom of the groove which lies at the end of it, and the speed of the rubbing gradually increases till it is very quick indeed, when you see a little smoke arise from the under, and at last a tiny spark which smoulders slowly in the little heap of wood powder formed by the friction. The rubbing then ceases, and, blowing gently, they manage to set fire to a small piece of fine dry *gnatoo* tor from their *vala* or their turban. They managed very quickly to get a light, and soon the wood in the oven was blazing.

He found that the native chiefs are still "Zeus-sprung kings," as in Homer, and descended from the gods. He learned that a certain native medicine will cause toothache to vanish away and never return again. "There is money in this," but that idea does not appear to have occurred to Mr. St. Johnston, a most uncommercial traveller. Already a patent medicine called Tonga exists, but that does not appear to be the same article. Uncommercial as he is, Mr. St. Johnston connived at smuggling by the simple process of drawing the native revenue officer's portrait while the contraband goods were being stored. Of the labour question and its present solution he gives the following account, which is unprejudiced either by philanthropy or planter *esprit de corps*:—

> There is a species of very mild slavery existing here in the Pacific; ships go to the islands to the west, New Britain, New Ireland, the New Hebrides, and the Solomans, and also to those just at the equator, the Hervey and other groups, or, as they are called here, "the Line Islands." There they engage men, it does not matter how savage, for a certain term of years at, one may be very sure, a very low rate of wages. These men are brought to the more civilised islands, where they are made to work upon the plantations of the white man. It is to the advantage of the white to serve these fellows well and keep them in good condition, to get the most work out of them that is possible in the time; now all these vessels that transport the men—labour ships they are called—are looked after by Government-appointed agents, who do all that they can to prevent kidnapping and barbarous treatment after shipping. Still kidnapping—"blackbirding" as it is called—goes on to some extent. These savages at the end of their term receive their wages in "trade," as it is technically called—that is to say, they have goods given to them to the value of the amount they were engaged for; in this, in old times, these poor fellows were generally terribly robbed, having all sorts of rubbish given to them as equivalent for the money they had earned; but this, too, has been subjected to the supervision of Government overseers. At the end of the three years for which they generally engage themselves, without knowing either what the time means or what the work is to be, they are returned to their native homes. I believe hardly any of them will engage again after their first experience, for such work as they have to do in the plantations—continuous, monotonous, and hard—is very different from even a hard day's work at home.

Another curious point mentioned by Mr. St. Johnston is the magic song which actually does call sharks into a circle:—

> They charm the sharks with a strange wild song, which they sing in chorus from their canoes, and the fish, hearing, ascends and is caught. A missionary some short time since remonstrated with them for this practising of wicked witchcraft, which he denounced as being useless, as well as savouring of the devil; whereupon his audience said that if he would go with them some time, they would convince him of the power of their charm. So out they paddled him silently, and no shark was seen, until at last they chanted all together their song, and almost at once the black fin showed.

Talking of sharks, he tells us a story of a chief whose big canoe was wrecked, and whose thirty followers made a group round him in the water, and swam the chief in the centre to land. The cry was still "Another for Hector!" and when the chief landed only four or five of his men were left alive. Mr. St. Johnston also heard of fish something like salmon which leap fifteen feet into the air. What joy to be fast in a fish that can give the salmon some ten feet in a high jump! We conclude with Mr. St. Johnston's description of the art of pot-making as practised in Fiji. In New Caledonia, where the natives used to make pots as big as that in which Ares was imprisoned, the art, we believe, is now lost:—

> The potter is always a woman, such work being far beneath the attention of the men. Taking a round stone in one hand, she forms the bottom of the jar by pressing it into a lump of moist clay, which she gradually moulds to the shape of the stone with a smooth piece of wood, and, adding clay to the edge of the growing jar, she continues to mould it in the same way with the stone inside, and smoothing with the wood upon the outside. . . . Too wise to waste much ornament on mere cooking utensils, she simply decorates them with a few lines or dots only; but upon other pieces, such as water jars and the other quaint vessels that they make, she lavishes great fancy in varying the design, and skill in application of it. No two pieces that I saw were decorated the same. There is a constant variety, although, as far as I have seen, the designs for their pottery decoration, like those for other work, are always linear and geometric, and never pictorial.

In taking leave of *Camping among Cannibals* we may repeat that the temper and spirit are models of what should animate a non-scientific book of travels. Mr. St. Johnston is to be congratulated on his happy tour, and on its unassuming and most interesting record.

THE ART MAGAZINES.

THE spread of an intelligent interest in art for its own sake is shown by nothing more than by the increase and success of the magazines which depend entirely upon such an interest for their circulation. Most people can remember those dark ages in which *The Art Journal* was the sole representative of art in English journalism and the sole pabulum prepared for our æsthetic appetites. It presented us with cut-and-dried criticism, adorned by steel engravings of popular pictures. The style of these engravings, although they often contained excellent work with the burin, was monotonous in the highest degree. The same traditional system of dot and line, the same linear convention, was used for all subjects—for heads, for landscape, for sculpture itself. The grand style of engraving introduced by Reynolds and Cousins, and even the robust work of such men as Mr. Doo and Mr. Lumb Stocks, cost too much time and labour to attract the publisher of a magazine. He was led to aim at securing work which should at once be cheap and pretty. The machine-ruler came into fashion, and superseded free-hand drawing with the burin; while common steel was called into requisition where the diamond was formerly in use. The result was not always bad; but it became, as we have said, exceedingly monotonous in the long run.

It was not, however, then conceived possible to compete with *The Art Journal*. Its prestige was first shaken by a rivalry from which it seemed to have little to fear. There was introduced the practice of illustrating the ordinary magazines in a new and brilliant style. Mr. Millais and Mr. Sandys recovered the habit of drawing strongly and simply on the block, with vigorous imitation of nature, thus returning to the study of Dürer and Holbein; while a little later the peculiarly English school of Lawless, Frederick Walker, Topham, and Pinwell poured into the pages of the popular weeklies and monthlies the treasures of their genius. But still the prestige of the dry steel engravings in *The Art Journal* remained unshaken. The new procedures were used for all manner of illustrating purposes before they were brought to the services of fine art itself. The outcry against this monotony, however, was constant; and at last, in 1869, Mr. Hamerton started *The Portfolio*. In 1874 there appeared, simultaneously in Paris and London, a venture on a far more ambitious scale, *L'Art*, a folio periodical, illustrated copiously by means of as many of the graphic arts as it was possible to bring together. *The Magazine of Art* followed, in a more modest shape; and three years ago *The Art Journal* itself, which had proudly held aloof, refusing to adapt its methods to these modern notions, was forced to give way, and began to appear under new auspices in a fresher and more varied form. At the present moment, therefore, without mentioning any other efforts than those which time has proved to be successful and durable in their results, there are four copiously-illustrated periodicals now flourishing in England, all of them exclusively devoted to the study of the fine arts.

The latest volumes of each of these magazines are now before us, and we can estimate the importance of the lively competition which is kept up between them. In the issue of the *Portfolio* for 1883, which first comes to our hand, we find enough to exercise the attention for hours, and the subject-matter for a complete education in the various graphic processes. It is agreeable, too, as we turn over these pages, to reflect on the truth of the good old maxim, that when things are at their worst they will mend. Twenty years ago the prospect looked dark indeed on the horizon

of the graphic arts. It was supposed that photography would destroy all the finer forms of handicraft in illustration. This idea became quite a scare in the minds of some of the best critics, and there is no doubt that the danger existed. It is strange to think that, as lately as 1867, M. Philippe Burty could lift up his voice in such wailing words as these:—

Il reste acquis que le monde se désintéresse de la gravure sur métal, que l'eau-forte succède au burin, que le bois est en péril, que le "procédé" tend à supprimer le burin, l'eau-forte, la lithographie et le bois, et que l'agent provocateur de ces menées révolutionnaires, c'est, directement ou indirectement, la photographie.

We are glad to point to the plates of *The Portfolio* as a proof that after fifteen years the burin is not yet suppressed. The frontispiece to the volume of 1883 is a pure line-engraving by Mr. Lumb Stocks after Mr. Millais's "Souvenir of Velasquez," a little girl with her hair floating over her shoulders, seated with an apple in her hand. This picture is, we believe, in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy, and it gives us a very good instance of the nature of the work demanded from a first-rate line-engraver. This picture, it will be remembered, was much critized on its appearance. Its texture was in Mr. Millais's roughest manner—vigorous, effective, but not delicate, although the nature of the subject, and the allusion in the name, would seem to demand delicacy. Mr. Stocks has produced an engraving which reproduces the qualities of the picture, minus the colour of course, but plus a delicacy which the bright scheme of colour rendered needless to the painter's design, but which the engraver felt to be demanded by the exigencies of black and white. Mr. Lumb Stocks would perhaps hesitate before admitting that he is capable of improving Mr. Millais's drawing; but it is notorious that the exact method of the engravers does give them an opportunity of doing this, an opportunity of which Mr. Cousins has never hesitated to take advantage; while Sir Joshua Reynolds remarked that "Mr. Bartolozzi sets us all right in our drawing."

But it is not usual to take a text in favour of line-engraving out of the pages of *The Portfolio*. Mr. Hamerton claims special credit for a catholicity of taste from the fact of his admitting Mr. Lumb Stocks among his etchers and wood-cutters. It is etching for which *The Portfolio* has been specially famous, and it is not without a foundation in fact that Mr. Hamerton and his publishers boast "that we ourselves are responsible in some degree for the change of fashion" from the popularity of the burin to that of the point. This is certainly the most remarkable alteration of taste which has taken place in our time. A generation ago etching was absolutely neglected. If any man was old-fashioned enough to preserve a portfolio of etchings, or interested himself in Wilkie and the little group of Scotch etchers who tried to keep the lamp burning, he was looked upon as a pure eccentric, and he hardly would venture to bring out his despised treasures to be looked at. Nowadays, etching is the department in which the art magazines achieve their boldest successes. *The Magazine of Art* has lately presented its readers with an original plate, expressly designed for that purpose, by Mr. Robert Macbeth, while in *L'Art* for 1883 we find an entire series of original etchings, the plates by M. Lucien Gautier, of scenes in Marseilles, which might be removed from the pages of the magazine to form a little collection of their own. It is, however, still to *The Portfolio* that we look for the more characteristic exercise of the art of etching. The series of articles on Paris are illustrated by some exquisite architectural specimens, ranging from the celebrated "Abside" of Nôtre Dame, by Méryon, to recent designs by Léon Lhermitte and Brunet-Debaines. The Méryon is itself a marvel, which would have seemed impossible to us fifteen years ago. It reproduces in every detail, with scarcely any perceptible detriment to the artistic beauty of the original, a noble etching, which now can only be obtained for many times the price of the whole magazine of which this is only one plate. This is an example of the process which takes its name from its inventor, M. Amand-Durand, in which bichromatized gelatine is spread over copper as an etching-ground, and a new plate is produced in facsimile of the old one, on any scale that may be desired. The Amand-Durand process is likely, however, to pass away with the inventor, for he is an artist as well as a mechanician, and there is much more in his reproductions than can be secured by a merely mechanical process. The Dujardin process is also exemplified in *The Portfolio*, particularly by some specimens of the work of Donatello. The Dujardin plates are produced by photographing the object on a bronze surface, and the eye is conscious of a bleared look, which does not detract from the artistic fidelity of the reproduction, but betrays the fact that the camera and not the hand of the reproducer has done the drawing. The lines are cleared by a skilful scientific process, of which Mr. Hamerton has given such particulars as are known in his *Graphic Arts*. Of the three processes now performed in Paris, and known as the Amand-Durand process, the Dujardin *héliogravure* and the Goupil *photogravure*, the details of which last are entirely a secret, the first appears to us to be the most valuable because distinctly the most individual and artistic. If the latter two could be combined and greatly reduced in expense, it is probable that they would carry before them the entire field of ordinary illustration, in which clearness and accuracy are of more importance than direct artistic beauty. For this last object the mechanical systems of process will probably never supersede the handicraftsman's labour.

The columns of our contemporary the *Spectator* have been opened during the last few weeks to a correspondence which many of our readers must have noted with amusement. The art-critic of that newspaper, in reviewing a posthumous translation of the Eclogues of Virgil illustrated by Samuel Palmer, was led astray by a blunder in the preface, in which a certain plate, which happened to be the mechanical reproduction of a water-colour drawing, was referred to by the number of another plate, which was a pure piece of original etching. The unfortunate little mistake might have passed if the criticism which accompanied it had not been expressed with unnecessary arrogance, and if a curious ignorance had not been displayed in charging the publishers with forging an impression around the facsimiles to make them look as though they had been printed from a plate. We cannot disguise from ourselves that this last suggestion could scarcely proceed from a writer who had any pretension to be an authority on the subjects which he presumed to criticize; but we confess that the throng of modern processes in illustration are more bewildering than those professionals who have been withering the unlucky critic of the *Spectator* are quite prepared to admit. For instance, there has just lately been invented a new plan by which water-colour drawings can be reproduced in colours with a fidelity that is absolutely amazing; and we have ourselves seen one of the most accomplished artists of the day poring over these new Goupil facsimiles and confessing himself baffled by their astonishing precision. Nay, more, it is said that M. Edouard Détaille, the eminent war-painter, was lately struck by seeing a water-colour drawing of his own in a shop-window day after day as he went to his studio. Sometimes it would disappear for a day or two, but it would always reappear. At last, unable to bear this irritating apparition any longer, he burst brusquely into the shop one morning, and said, "Since you can't persuade anybody to buy that drawing, I will buy it myself." "O but, sir," they replied, "it is having a very large sale." "What do you mean?" said the painter. "How can a water-colour drawing have a large sale?" "It is the Goupil facsimile of your drawing, sir"; and when he examined it closely in his hands he found that it really was the facsimile. When it is possible thus to deceive even the very elect, the errors of the poor art-critics should be more leniently dealt with. But they, at the same time, would do well to be quite sure of their ground before they charge their opponents with a fraud.

In country places and towns where original art scarcely exists, these artistic periodicals must be invaluable to people of taste. For a few shillings they can enjoy the full, or almost the full, pleasure which is given to an amateur by an exquisite artist's proof of some rare etching which he consigns to an innermost drawer of his collection. By the expenditure of a very little money, a poor man in a provincial town can, when he has finished reading his *L'Art* or his *Magazine of Art*, carefully remove the principal illustration from its cover, and have it remounted and glazed, and cheaply surrounded by an Oxford frame. He can thus enjoy the possession of a little gallery of works in black and white, which will have every merit except that of rarity, and to the periodicals which offer such a boon to the multitude we cannot deny the praise of effective usefulness. Nor can we believe that the inventions by which works of art can be multiplied are more than past their infancy. We should like to be able to indulge ourselves with a glance at the art magazines of 1904.

IRISH MANUSCRIPTS.*

THE publication of this work is one of many signs of the growing interest felt in Celtic literature proper, as distinguished from the study, for purely linguistic purposes, of the earliest remains of Irish and Welsh preserved in the so-called glosses. Since the study of the Celtic languages was placed on a firm basis by Zeuss's *Grammatica Celtica* just thirty years ago, great strides have been made in our knowledge of these languages through the labours of a small but remarkable band of scholars, of whom the late Professor Ebel and Mr. Whitley Stokes are the foremost. Ebel was prematurely lost to the science of philology at the very moment when he had attained a position which gave him greater leisure and increased opportunities for the pursuit of those studies in which he already ranked so high. Mr. Stokes is happily still with us, constantly adding to the already heavy debt which all Celtic students owe him.

The labours of these great scholars, and of others whose names will readily occur to all who are interested in Celtic studies, are producing their natural results in a closer and more critical study of the early legendary literature of Ireland than was possible or perhaps conceivable to the older race of native scholars. We are far from undervaluing the work of such men as the late John O'Donovan and Eugene O'Curry, whose books are still indispensable to students; it will be sufficient to point to Mr. Stokes's edition of the *Calendar of Oengus the Culdee*, an undertaking which would have been beyond the powers even of O'Donovan, the greatest and most scholarly of the Irish scholars of the past.

M. d'Arbois de Jubainville, the author of the volume before us, is a distinguished French archæologist, whose previously published works have won for him an honourable place among the Celtic scholars of the Continent. In the summer of 1881 he spent some ten weeks in the libraries of England and Ireland, having been charged by M. Jules Ferry, then Minister of Public Instruction in France, with a *mission littéraire* to examine and report upon

* *Essai d'un Catalogue de la littérature épique de l'Irlande, précédé d'une étude sur les Manuscrits en langue irlandaise conservés dans les Iles Britanniques et sur le Continent.* Par H. d'Arbois de Jubainville. Paris: Thorin. 1883.

the collections of Irish MSS. in the British Isles; the present volume is in substance the report addressed by M. d'Arbois de Jubainville to M. Ferry's successor, and it forms a useful and indeed indispensable supplement to the well-known work of O'Curry on the MS. materials of Irish history. As the title of the book shows, the author professes to deal only with the epic literature of Ireland. The bulk of it is mainly a compilation from the catalogues of the libraries visited. The titles are arranged alphabetically, and under the head of each tale is given a chronological list of the MSS. in which it occurs. Information is also furnished on points not less important—namely, as to the publication of editions, translations, or imitations. Thus, under the headings "Aided Chloinne Uisnig" ("Death of the Children of Usnech") and "Aided Conculainn" ("Death of Cuchulainn"), we find references to Macpherson's Darthula and Fingal respectively. As no catalogues have been published of Irish MSS. contained in any of the public libraries of the British Isles, with the exception of those in the Bodleian, M. d'Arbois de Jubainville has rendered a very great service to students of Irish literature. At the same time, as the author himself points out, his work is far from being exhaustive. At both the Royal Irish Academy and Trinity College, Dublin, the MSS. appear to be most incompletely catalogued; and as, owing to the short time at his disposal, he had to rely mainly on the catalogues for the information he gives, the value of his work is proportionately limited. It is, however, consoling to be told that everything of value is believed to be known.

The total number of MSS. of which the catalogues have been examined by M. d'Arbois de Jubainville is 953, of which 560, or considerably more than half, are in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, which, however, is said to contain as many more uncatalogued. The catalogue of Trinity College, Dublin, contains 63 MSS., out of a total of 140, according to O'Curry. The British Museum contains 166 MSS., the whole of which are catalogued, the greater part having been described by Eugene O'Curry more than thirty years ago.

The MS. of greatest interest to the student of Irish legendary history and mythology is the *Leabhar na hUidhre*, or "Book of the Dun Cow," belonging to the Royal Irish Academy. This is a collection of miscellaneous pieces transcribed about the end of the eleventh century. There are unfortunately many gaps in this noble volume; but, in spite of them, it is without a rival in the interest and value of its contents.

Trinity College possesses in the "Book of Leinster" a volume of similar character and of hardly inferior interest; the greater part of it dates from about the middle of the twelfth century. The Royal Irish Academy has published facsimiles of [illegible] volumes, and also of the *Leabhar Breac*, or "Speckled Book," which contains the principal text of the Calendar of [illegible] Culdee. The execution of these facsimiles has [illegible] subjected to a searching criticism by Mr. [illegible] their imperfections, they are of inestimable [illegible] scholars and to those who are unable to [illegible] libraries.

On his last page M. d'Arbois de Jubainville records with strong approval the purchase by the [illegible] portion of the Ashburnham [illegible]. While sharing his pleasure [illegible] of the Government of the Stowe [illegible] perhaps difficult to speak [illegible] of the Government. The [illegible] portion of the library has been entrusted to the keeping of the Royal Irish Academy, without apparently being strictly the pro- [illegible] body, will probably not be objected to by most [illegible]

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. CHURCH has perhaps not made the best possible choice of a title (1) for the last addition to his series of books founded on classical history or literature. It is not, properly speaking, a picture of Roman life in the days of Cicero, but a *causerie* about the great orator, with incidental notices of his friends and enemies. The author enters into very few details. He says nothing about the military side of Roman life, and very little about the political. It would not have been easy, and perhaps not possible, for him to have shown fully how a Roman politician could rise in the State, and how he got elected to office, but from want of a few words of explanation much of his book will be nearly unintelligible to a reader who does not bring at least some knowledge of the constitutional history of Rome to the reading of it. Mr. Church's narrative is also at times a little confused. At the close of his account of the Catiline conspiracy he breaks off his story of Cicero's life to sketch the struggle between Cæsar and Pompey, and continues it to the end. Then he comes back to the exile of Cicero, and the fight between Clodius and Milo. It will be those who know the subject best who will read Mr. Church's book with most profit. He begins with a chapter on the schooldays of a Roman boy, which is followed by another on the Roman undergraduate. These are the fullest and most interesting in the book. The public schoolboy who has been sent up to the head-master may be consoled at learning from them that the birch and its uses, even to the minutest detail, are strictly classical. There are several passages in the book on the private life of Cicero which are interesting and pleasantly written. The political side is, as we have said, less good. It is treated in a rather confused way, and much is either suppressed or left unexplained. Mr. Church does not try to make a hero out of Cicero, but he is more inclined to accept the view of Convers Middleton than that of Mommsen, for which we are far from being inclined to find fault with him. There are some of the excuses he makes for Cicero which are the best possible justification of his political enemies. When, for instance, we are told that he left Rome rather than fight Clodius, because "he hated to confess that freedom was becoming impossible in Rome, and that the strong hand of a master was wanted to give any kind of security to life and property," we cannot help reflecting that a freedom which is unable to fight for itself is not worth preserving. If Cicero had stood his ground, and beaten Clodius, he would have given the best possible proof that the strong hand of a master could be dispensed with. As a matter of fact, however, it was not from Clodius that he fled, but from the men who stood behind the demagogue. Mr. Church very properly abstains from either sneering at or trying to defend the complaints against his friends uttered by Cicero in his exile. They were not dignified, but they were very natural. He had not behaved with heroic firmness, but the Senatorial party had certainly treated him a little as Jack's friends did Jack in that matter of the voluntary hanging. The book is well illustrated by "ink-photos" of famous statues and busts. As a rule they are fairly successful, but the head of Cæsar has been poorly rendered. It gives no idea of the intellectual vigour and terrible keenness of expression of the original in the British Museum.

We are decidedly of opinion that three stout volumes is too much for the history of New Zealand (2). Gibbon himself could hardly have written so much on the subject without becoming tedious, and Mr. Rusden has decidedly failed. If he had rejected much, and compressed more, so as to confine his work to one volume, he might have produced a book which would be both readable and valuable. As it is, the task of going steadily through his three is almost too much for the patience of anybody who is not an historian engaged in original research. To him the work will doubtless be valuable. Mr. Rusden has obviously studied his subject thoroughly, and deals with it in a very fair spirit. Only those who have gone to the original sources can [illegible] whether he has also treated it with uniform accuracy. [illegible] would appear from his preface to [illegible] to undertake the work by his interest in the Maories. [illegible] he is careful throughout to defend them from the accusations brought against them by unscrupulous and greedy colonists. It is a very respectable motive, but, after all, the Maories are only one of the many weaker races which have been doomed to disappear before a superior people in the struggle for life, and the process of extermination is at no time gentle. The Maories are proudly conscious of having eaten up somebody else. Then, too, nearly two thousand pages about the weakness of this Colonial Governor and the shiftiness of that Colonial Secretary is more than enough. By far the most interesting part of Mr. Rusden's book is the introductory account of the manners and customs of the Maories. After that we get too much Blue-book and newspaper, with strictures on the same.

Mr. J. Frederick Hodgetts, "late Examiner in English to the University and District of Moscow," is plainly one of those estimable Englishmen whose patriotism only becomes warmer in a foreign land. Judging, however, from the six lectures delivered by him in what he is reluctantly compelled to call the British Museum (3), it has been heated to a perhaps excessive pitch. Mr. Hodgetts's imagination has been apparently so fired by the writings of the late Mr. J. R. Green and other prophets of the Old English, whom the unregenerate call Anglo-Saxons, that he can see little else of any value in history. It is certainly commendable in a gentleman who suffers from this queer enthusiasm that he does not write Daily Telegraphese, but beyond that we cannot say much for his lectures. Mr. Hodgetts's heart warms to the Scandinavian, but he tramples on the mere British, and vilipends the poor Romans. He denounces the wicked renegades who have introduced Latin words into English, and laments our weakness in adopting the Latin alphabet in place of the runes. Would Mr. Hodgetts be surprised to learn that his beloved runes have been plausibly supposed to be nothing but an attempt to imitate the alphabet he despises? He waxes poetical over the noble weapons buried with the ancient chiefs, in total ignorance of the tolerably well-known fact that many of the swords and spears found in graves are mere imitations supplied by the primitive undertaker. What it is just, though a little brutal, to call Mr. Hodgetts's nonsense, is at its best when he has to speak of the "Anglo-Saxon sword." In an inspired passage he asks, "But what chance could the Roman 'gladius' or even the 'ensis' have had against such a weapon as one of those in the British Museum must have been before its decay? The heavily-armed legions of Rome went down before the superior arms and superior weight of the Teutons, as the cuirassiers at Waterloo went down before the unarmoured Life Guards, who, as the great Duke observed, 'smashed them like

(1) *Roman Life in the days of Cicero: Sketches drawn from his Letters and Speeches.* By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1884.

(2) *History of New Zealand.* By G. W. Rusden. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. Melbourne and Sydney: George Robertson. 1883.

(3) *Older England illustrated by the Anglo-Saxon Antiquities in the British Museum in a course of Six Lectures.* By J. Frederick Hodgetts. London: Whiting & Co.

lobsters in their shells.'" It is generally supposed that by the time the heavily-armed legions began to go down before the Teuton, they were mainly recruited among Teutonic peoples, and that the invaders had often learnt war in the service of the Empire. But there is no limit to the eccentricities of the Old English enthusiast when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit.

Although *Aunt Charlotte's Stories of American History* (4) has a wonderful frontispiece, representing General Sheridan careering through space on a wondrous black horse, with various little military figures gyrating round him, the book is written in a sufficiently mild spirit. It is a species of American history reduced to nice little stories for good children. The authors cover the whole ground in a rather thin fashion, beginning with the state of the native races before the discovery by Columbus, and ending with the War of Secession. The conquest of Mexico and Peru are there, and so is Pocahontas and the traditional General Washington. The slavery question is treated in the usual goody-goody way, though without conspicuous rancour. We should like to know, however, how Miss Yonge or Dr. Weld or the publishers reconcile their insertion of a picture showing a gang of black field-hands being driven to their work in chains with decency or the slightest regard for truth.

In a very closely-printed volume the Rev. John Mackenzie gives his experience of many years' work as a missionary in South Africa (5). All books of this kind have a strong family likeness. They tell of long journeys and hardships, and remarkable conversions and equally remarkable relapses into paganism. Mr. Mackenzie's book is no exception to the rule. To the majority of educated readers they are apt to be rather tedious, and the missionaries' belief that a barbarian can suddenly be changed into a civilized being is apt to look a little silly; and to that rule Mr. Mackenzie's book is also no exception. The most interesting parts and the most valuable are those which deal with the habits and characters of the natives. The tribes of South Africa are likely to occupy so much of our attention for some time to come that any book which gives us first-hand information about them deserves a welcome. The "personal equation" of the missionary can always be calculated by the use of a little cold criticism.

Mr. Kay's work on *Education and Educators* (6) has certainly one merit. It is, perhaps, the most copiously annotated book which has appeared in our time. Whenever the author advances a proposition of any, even the most harmless, description, he hastens to support it by a most formidable array of authorities. All literature is ransacked from *Quintilian* to *Celebs in Search of a Wife*. Thus, when Mr. Kay points out that the word education is commonly used as if it meant school-teaching only, he supports this not very audacious assertion by quotations from Rosenkranz, Paley, John Foster, J. D. Morell, Dr. Jas. Donaldson, Dr. Curtman, and C. Schmidt, which cover the better half of a page. When, again, he says that "He who is under the dominion of his own desires and passions may in truth be a greater slave to them than ever one was to the will of another," he defends this harmless truism by citations from Dr. Whichcote, Dr. Smiles, Goethe, and Lovelace. The author's name explains how a writer on education comes to assert that "his labour shall not have been in vain" if certain things happen. For the rest, Mr. Kay's book is full of sound, though not original, general propositions, but a little barren of practical instruction.

"In *Our Friend the Dog*" (7), says the author, "is given not only all the information possible about every breed of dog under the sun, but the standard of points of the different breeds as recognized by judges at the present day." We quote this passage from the preface to show what it is that Dr. Stables has undertaken to do, but without pretending to decide whether he has faithfully kept his word. The subject he has chosen is great, and the chance of making mistakes is in proportion. Without venturing to decide whether Dr. Stables is uniformly accurate, we can bear witness that he does mention an immense number of dogs, and says his say about them very clearly. His rules for training these friends of man, housing them, and keeping them in health are both kind and sensible. The numerous illustrations to the volume are of very unequal merit, some of them being simply libels on the noble beast, while others are decidedly good.

Mr. Hueffer has yielded to the universal weakness of writers, and issued a second collection of his magazine articles (8). There are nine in all, including one lecture, and they deal with such various subjects as the friendship of Petrarch and Boccaccio, and "The Literary Aspects of Schopenhauer's Work," "Musical Criticism," and "Mr. Pepys, the Musician." Mr. Hueffer treats them all with an obvious desire to set his facts right, but occasionally with a slightly wooden jocularity.

We are so ill supplied with good English works of reference on art subjects that the new edition of *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers* (9), which is being thoroughly revised under the editorship of Mr. R. E. Graves, of the British Museum, deserves a hearty welcome. Without pretending to criticize it, we may point out that it is being brought up to date. The publishers have had the good sense to bring it out in monthly parts, of which two have appeared, at a moderate price. It is, however, well printed on very good paper.

There are doubtless many readers who, though they are not Roman Catholics themselves, will appreciate a work which gives them information about the Roman Catholic Church with accuracy and in a convenient form. It is needless to insist that such a book should be welcome to members of the communion. Messrs. Addis and Arnold may therefore feel assured that they have supplied a want in compiling the *Catholic Dictionary* (10) published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. They must be supposed to speak with authority, for the title-page shows that "Eduardus S. Keogh, Cong. Orat., Censor Deputatus," has put his "Nihil obstat," and "Henricus Eduardus, Card. Archiep. Westmonast." his "Imprimatur," to the editors' work. For the non-Catholic not the least important thing to know is the spirit in which the Dictionary has been compiled. It is pleasant to be able to say that it is, on the whole, fair and free from rancour. In the article on the English Catholics, for instance, the author tells the story of their sufferings with temper, and even with a general acknowledgment of the fact that Englishmen are good-natured as a rule, and only take to persecution under provocation. Some amusement is to be got out of his eagerness to prove that the revolution of 1688 showed that England practically recognized the existence of a deposing power somewhere, and ought, therefore, on all sound logical principles to have had no objection to the Pope's. To the mere heretic there seems to be a broken link or two in that chain of reasoning. It is natural, though a little malicious, to turn to the article "Inquisition." We observe that the Dictionary draws the usual fine distinction between the general and the Spanish forms of the institution, and we see with the respect due to courage that the writer, his editors, and his official censors stoutly lay down the law that the Church has a divine right to persecute wherever it is strong enough.

Mr. Mulhall, the well-known statistician, has published another Dictionary likely to be quite as useful as that of Messrs. Addis and Arnold, though in a different way. This is a *Dictionary of Statistics* (11), the first work of the kind "ever published in any language," according to Mr. Mulhall. It is full of facts and figures, and further illustrated by diagrams.

The small minority of ladies who are oppressed by the painful consciousness that they have nothing to do worth speaking about will read Miss Kingsbury's funereally bound little book on *Work for Women* (12) with melancholy sympathy. The author is moved with grief and indignation when she looks round her on the unhappy position of her sex. She sees that the tyranny of man has left sister women to the corrupting influences of idleness, and has the gloomiest ideas about the future of the world in consequence. These ideas are detailed in page after page of her little book. How such a sad state of things is to be remedied Miss Kingsbury does not tell us. If looking after their houses and acting as the judicious bottle-holder is not enough for women, what are they to do? We have a notion that there are men enough in the professions already.

To try to translate La Rochefoucauld (13) is next to attempting a poetical rendering of Heine, the unwisest thing in literature, and that is probably the reason why it has been so often tried. Every respect is no doubt due to the courage of Lieutenant-Colonel Bolton, who has attacked the difficulty once more, and, not content with that, has "Englished" Sainte-Beuve's preface to a French edition; but it has not been rewarded with success. He gives the meaning correctly enough, but contrives to miss the sinewy elegance of the original. He has apparently forgotten or never learnt that the translator of the Maxims must not only know French, but must also be a master of English.

If only good advice could make men wise in money matters Mr. Urlin's *Hints on Business* (14) would be a useful little book. It contains a great deal of sound sense on the subject of investments, will-making, and so forth. Fortunately for Capel Court and the Bar, mankind is largely indifferent to good advice. His *Hints on Business* will be neglected by everybody except the sensible people who can be trusted to look after their own money.

Most of us have heard of the curious little barbarism called "hop-picking" (15), which goes on for a few weeks of every year in some of the southern counties. It is a spectacle which is considerably more barbarous than picturesque. What it really is, and to what disgusting immorality and disorder it leads, may be learnt from the

(4) *Aunt Charlotte's Stories of American History.* By Charlotte M. Yonge and H. Hastings Weld, D.D. London: Marcus Ward & Co. 1883.

(5) *Day-Dawn in Dark Places: a Story of Wanderings and Work in Bechuanaland.* By the Rev. John Mackenzie. London: Cassell & Co., Limited.

(6) *Education and Educators.* By David Kay, F.R.G.S. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

(7) *Our Friend the Dog.* By Gordon Stables, C.M., M.D., R.N. London: Dean & Son.

(8) *Italian and other Studies.* By Francis Hueffer. London: Elliot Stock. 1883.

(9) *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers.* New edition, thoroughly revised. Edited by R. E. Graves. London: Bell & Sons.

(10) *A Catholic Dictionary.* By W. E. Addis and Thomas Arnold, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

(11) *Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics.* By Michael G. Mulhall, F.S.S. London: Routledge & Sons. 1884.

(12) *Work for Women.* By Elizabeth Kingsbury, Author of "Thoughts on Marriage." London: Bickers & Son. 1884.

(13) *The Maxims and Essays of La Rochefoucauld.* Translated by Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Bolton. London: Remington & Co. 1884.

(14) *Hints on Business, Financial and Legal.* By R. Denny Urlin, F.S.S. London: Suttaby & Co. 1884.

(15) *The People's Library—Hops and Hop-Pickers.* By the Rev. J. Y. Stratton. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

Rev. J. Y. Stratton's contribution to the "People's Library." The best account of the whole business is given in the words of the old woman who came hop-picking from the Borough:—"They treat us like beasteses, and we b have accordingly."

In a course of six lectures delivered to railway workmen, Professor Stuart propounds the weighty question What is a law of nature? (16), and gives a series of answers which may be read with profit by others than workmen.

The life of "the Philatelical Millionaire" (17), as written by Nemesis, is decidedly worth reading. Not because there is anything very wonderful in the fact that twenty thousand pounds should be made by an industrious tradesman, but because the writer expresses the grovelling admiration which not a few of us feel for anybody who has heaped up a round sum of money, in the most characteristic fashion. He bubbles over with admiration of Mr. Palmer's genius and industry. His jocularity is a thing to wonder at. A philatelist, it seems, is a person who collects stamps. Why does not somebody invent a fine name for a marine-store dealer?

Among new editions a word of praise is due to the "Jewel Poets" published by Messrs. Macniven & Wallace of Edinburgh. The volumes are small enough to go into a waistcoat-pocket, and are nicely printed on good paper. We have received selections from George Herbert (18), Henry Vaughan (19), and William Blake (20).

Messrs. Macmillan's new edition of Lord Tennyson's Works is a fuller and larger version of the "Globe" edition (21). It is better printed, but still in too small a type. That is inevitable if the volume was to contain all the poet's writings, but it is not the less trying to the eyes. The arrangement in double columns is also, to our mind, very ugly. As the text has been carefully revised, the edition will, however, probably be the standard for purposes of reference. The portrait at the beginning is excellent.

Except for the sake of the illustrations, there does not seem to be any particular reason for publishing an English translation of Mr. V. Duruy's History of Rome (22). The illustrations are numerous, and in some cases good. Some of them have no particular right in a history of ancient Rome. What is the use, for instance, of the picture of the modern Insula Tiberina in such a work? The translation seems accurate, though a little wooden.

We need only mention Messrs. Bentley's handsome new edition of the Memoirs of Mme. Campan (23).

It is a good sign that Mr. Fyffe's *History of Modern Europe* (24) has been sufficiently successful to call for a new edition.

The ninth edition of Mr. George Craik's *Manual of English Literature* (25) has been enriched by a chapter on the prose writers of the beginning of the century from the pen of Mr. Henry Craik.

The English reader who desires to know what kind of thinker was the philosopher who said *passim* that this is the worst of all possible worlds will be able to satisfy himself by tackling the translation executed by Messrs. Haldane and Kemp (26) for Trübner's "English and Foreign Philosophical Library."

Mr. Abbott's translation of Kant (27) has reached its third edition.

Mention must be made of the fact that new editions of the following works have appeared. Dr. Dyer's *City of Rome* (28) has reached a second edition.

Messrs. Macmillan publish a complete translation of the voyage of Baron Nordenskiöld in the *Vega* (29).

The late Captain Gill's account of his journey through China and Eastern Tibet to Burmah (30) has been "condensed" by E. C. Baber, and published, with a memoir of the author, by Colonel Yule.

The Letters and Memoirs of Charles Kingsley (31) have also been published in a condensed form.

Messrs. Bentley & Son also publish a new edition of *The Out-of-Door Life of the Rev. John Russell* (32).

What need is there to praise the venerable *Almanach de Gotha* (33), or what is the use of finding fault with it? This patriarch of Almanacs has now reached its one hundred and twenty-first year, and continues to give accounts of royal or noble persons in the usual erratic style, some being taken and others left, on no very obvious principle.

The *Era Almanack* for 1884 (34), which deals with a less magnificent but perhaps more amusing side of life, may be recommended to all who desire theatrical information and gossip.

Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co. have begun to publish a new periodical designed, according to the prospectus, to "*advance the great and valuable interests of our Service Institutions* (35), to give precise and accurate information upon all subjects, directly or indirectly connected with the army, navy, and auxiliary forces, and to afford a work of reference upon military and naval stations, barracks, &c., not elsewhere to be found."

The managers of the Orient and Pacific Steam Navigation Companies have been well inspired in publishing their handsome *Illustrated Guide* (36). It is full of excellent lithographed portraits of steamers, and of maps or pictures of the colonies. The text is much above the level of productions of this sort.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE ninth volume of M. Elisée Reclus's gigantic gazetteer (1) includes "Anterior" Asia, a term not so familiar in English that it is unnecessary to explain it. It is a semi-classical phrase for the countries which occupy the south-western portion of the continent east and west from the frontiers of India to the Ionian Sea, north and south from the Caucasus to the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. In other words, it embraces Afghanistan, Beloochistan, Persia, Asia Minor, Syria with Mesopotamia, and Arabia. Perhaps no volume of this vast work can have presented greater difficulties, the historical importance of the districts and their abundance in interesting places being complicated with somewhat imperfect exploration in modern times. That M. Reclus has made good work of it need hardly be said. But, in passing, we may be allowed to regret that he gives an example of the foolish pedantry of innovation too common nowadays by substituting "Cypre" for the proper French form "Chypre."

All who know, and many who have been unable to know (for it has been for some time out of print), M. Yriarte's interesting and useful *Vie d'un patricien de Venise* (2) will be glad to hear that the author has reissued it with an abundant illustrative commentary of engravings in and out of the text, printed in various inks, and excellent both in selection and execution. The book itself made its mark long ago, and needs no fresh criticism; but it is well to remark that the present issue is as a beautiful volume, remarkable even among the exceptionally careful and tasteful productions of its publisher. It ought to force itself on every student of the Italian Renaissance and on every visitor to Venice who has the means to buy it.

M. Léon Roches's (3) account of his Algerian adventures is such an exceedingly strange one that the modest critic might almost prefer to wait for its completion and for the opinions of specialists and persons familiar with the actual events of fifty years ago before noticing it. But that would be unjust to the reader and perhaps to the author. Suffice it to say that M. Roches claims to have spent a long time with Abd-el-Kader when he was an independent chief as secretary and favourite, to have simulated Mahometanism, though with no formal act of apostasy, to have been forcibly married to a Mussulwoman, &c. In the next volume, to which we shall certainly hope to return, we are promised a visit to Mecca. In the present there are included many letters from the Emir, whose recent death may probably have stimulated M. Roches to bring out these reminiscences.

A collector who grudges his trois-cinquante for M. Eudel's valuable annual record of the Hôtel Drouot (4) sales, now in its third year, must be a very foolish or a very penurious collector. Besides, M. Eudel ingeniously baits his hook with interesting prefaces by other hands. This year the "hand" is the eminently

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(16) *The People's Library—A Chapter of Science; or, What is a Law of Nature?* By J. Stuart, M.A. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

(17) *A Strange Life; or, the Philatelical Millionaire.* By Nemesis. London: Palmer & Co. 1883.

(18) *The Jewel Poets—George Herbert.* Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace. 1884.

(19) *The Jewel Poets—Henry Vaughan.* Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace. 1884.

(20) *The Jewel Poets—William Blake.* Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace. 1884.

(21) *The Works of Alfred Tennyson, Poet-Laureate.* London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

(22) *History of Rome and the Roman People.* By Victor Duruy. Edited by the Rev. J. Mahaffy. Vol. I. Parts I. and II. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

(23) *The Private Life of Marie Antoinette Campan.* New and revised edition. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1883.

(24) *A History of Modern Europe.* By C. A. Fyffe, M.A. New and revised edition. London: Cassell & Co., Limited. 1883.

(25) *A Manual of English Literature.* By George L. Craik. Ninth edition. London: Griffin & Co.

(26) *The World as Will and Idea.* By Arthur Schopenhauer. Translated from the German by R. B. Haldane, M.A., and J. Kemp, M.A. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(27) *Kant's Critique of Practical Reason; and other Works on the Theory of Ethics.* Translated by T. K. Abbott, B.D. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

(28) *The City of Rome.* By T. H. Dyer, LL.D. London: Bell & Sons. 1883.

(29) *The Voyage of the "Vega" round Asia and Europe.* By A. E. Nordenskiöld. Translated by A. Leslie. London: Macmillan & Co.

(30) *The River of Golden Sand.* By the late Captain William Gill, R.E. London: John Murray. 1883.

(31) *Charles Kingsley; his Letters, and Memoirs of his Life.* Edited by his Wife. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

(32) *The Out-of-Door Life of the Rev. John Russell.* London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1883.

(33) *Almanach de Gotha.* Gotha: Justus Perthes. 1883.

(34) *The Era Almanack.* London: "Era" Office. 1884.

(35) *The Service Advertiser.* London: Allen & Co.

(36) *Illustrated Guide of the Orient Line of Steamers.* By the Managers of the Line. London: Maclure & Macdonald.

(1) *Nouvelle géographie universelle.* Par E. Reclus. Tome IX. L'Asie antérieure. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *La vie d'un patricien de Venise.* Par Ch. Yriarte. Paris: Rothschild.

(3) *Trente-deux ans à travers l'Islam.* Par Léon Roches. Tome I. Paris: Firmin-Didot.

(4) *L'Hôtel Drouot en 1883.* Par Paul Eudel. Paris: Charpentier.

eminent one of M. Charles Monselet, who has a charming story of a wicked ventriloquist who played tricks with the dealers.

Two of the remarkable illustrated books of science, science popular and semi-popular, of which M. Rothschild has made a kind of specialty lie before us. *L'esprit des fleurs* (5), a very highly ornamented volume, has on one page certain imaginative letter-press by Mme. Raymond, surrounded by elegant *encadrements*, and on the other a group of flowers in chromo-lithography, as delicate as chromo-lithography can be, and a description, both technical and popular, of the plants composing it. There are over sixty of these plates, making a very beautiful volun . "The Atmospheric Phenomena" of the Norwegian Professor Mohn, translated into French, and abundantly illustrated with dia rams and engravings, is of a severer style, but by no means rp. lsively severe. Now that weather forecasts have added a new terror to life, meteorology has almost ceased to be a merely "facultative" subject, and it is here treated very well.

We very rarely look gift-horses in the mouth, and are almost always ready to accept M. Jouaust's charmingly executed reprints without question. The addition of Florian's *Jeune Espagnol* (6) to the "Petits Chefs-d'œuvre" might, however, lead grumblers to inquire after the definition of a masterpiece; and we rather grudge three volumes of the delicate "Bibliothèque des Dames" to Dumoustier. The elegant if rather *fade* gallantry of the eighteenth century is well exemplified by him; but his letters are far too long. A whole Pantheon in the Gentil-Bernard style is intolerable. But the frontispieces are charming, and the book, as a book, faultless.

Where are the bad and ungrateful men who have hinted that newer competitors are displacing M. Fortuné du Boisgobey from his proud position as chief purveyor of blood, thunder, and mystery? Let them read *Margot la balafrée* (7) and blush. A murder and a vitriol-bottle at the beginning, two deaths and two vitriol-bottles at the end, with suitable connecting links (including much information on the noble game of baccarat), await the student. Neither let us be taken as speaking scoffingly; for the book is good of its kind, whatever the kind may be.

(5) *L'esprit des fleurs.* Par Emmeline Raymond. *Les phénomènes de l'atmosphère.* Par H. Mohn. Paris: Rothschild.

(6) *Lettres à Emilie sur la mythologie.* Par Dumoustier. 3 vols. *Mémoires d'un jeune Espagnol.* Par Florian. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(7) *Margot la balafrée.* Par Fortuné du Boisgobey. 2 vol. Paris: Plon.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

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Total Annual Income	£333,188
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Agnostic (ægnǫ·stik), *sb.* and *a.* [f. Gr. ἄγνωστος unknowing, unknown, unknowable (f. ἀ not + γνω-know) + -ic. Cf. GNOSTIC; in Gr. the termination -αστ never coëxists with the privative ἀ.]

A. *sb.* One who holds that the existence of anything beyond and behind material phenomena is unknown and (so far as can be judged) unknowable, and especially that a First Cause and an unseen world are subjects of which we know nothing.

[Suggested by Prof. Huxley at a party held previous to the formation of the now defunct Metaphysical Society, at Mr. James Knowles's house on Clapham Common, one evening in 1869, in my hearing. He took it from St. Paul's mention of the altar to "the Unknown God." R. H. HUTTON in letter 13 Mar. 1881.]

1870 *Spect.* 29 Jan. 135 In theory he [Prof. Huxley] is a great and even severe Agnostic, who goes about exhorting all men to know how little they know. 1874 STUART *Mem. Relig. etc.* 208 Our modern Sophists—the Agnostics,—those who deny we have any knowledge, save of phenomena. 1879 *Spect.* 14 June, Nicknames are given [illegible]ents, but Agnostic was the name demanded by Professor Huxley for those who disclaimed atheism and believed with him in an "unknown and unknowable." In other words that the ultimate origin of all things must be some [illegible]known and unknowable. 1880 Mr. FRASER in *Manch. Guardn.* 25 Nov., [illegible] neither denied nor affirmed God. He simply put Him on one side.

B. *adj.* Of or pertaining to agnostics or their theory.

1875 *Q. Rev.* CXXXV. 192 The pseudo-scientific teachers of what has been called the Agnostic Philosophy. 1876 Principal TULLOCH *Agnosticism* in *Weekly Rev.* 18 Nov., The same agnostic principle which prevailed in our schools of philosophy had extended itself to religion and theology. Beyond what man can know by his senses or feel by his higher affections, nothing, as was alleged, could be truly known. 1880 BIRDWOOD *Ind. Arts* I. 4 The agnostic teaching of the Sankhya school is the common basis of all systems of Indian philosophy. 1882 FROUDE *Carlyle* II. 216 The agnostic doctrines, he (Carlyle) once said to me, were to appearance like the finest flour, from which you might expect the most excellent bread: but when you came to feed on it, you found it was powdered glass, and you had been eating the deadliest poison.

Alternately (ɔltə·nətli), *pl.*). *adv.* [f. ALTERNATE *a.* + -LY².]

1. In alternate order; one after the other by turns, by alternation, time about.

1552 HULOET, Alternately, or by torne. *Subalternatim.* 1646 SIR T. BROWNE *Pseud. Ep.* 96 Parallels or like relations alternately relieve each other. 1661 *Grand Debate* 68 Singing Psalmes alternately. 1781 GIBBON *Decl. & F.* II xliii. 417 The sea alternately advanced and retreated. 1849 MACAULAY *Hist. Eng.* I. 620 Lumley and Portman had alternately watched the Duke. 1880 UMBLE *Phy. Geog.* iii. xviii. 154 The current runs alternately east and west.

2. By taking the alternate terms; by permutation.

1695 ALINGHAM *Geom. Epit.* 16 If *A* : *B* :: *C* : *D*, then alternately compar'd it will be as *A* : *C* :: *B* : *D*.

3. In alternate positions, on each side in turn. *Alternately pinnate*: see ALTERNATE *a.* 9.

1751 CHAMBERS *Cycl.* s.v. *Alternate*, There are also two external angles, alternately opposite to the internal one. 1821 S. GRAY *Nat. Arr.* I. 72 Alternately opposed.. Leaflets alternate, instead of being opposite and in pairs.

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THE EGYPTIAN DEBATE.

THE interest of individual speeches in the Egyptian debate (which is likely to be protracted) is perhaps inferior to the general question of its probable result on the country. Lord CAIRNS in the House of Lords and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE at the St. Stephen's Club dinner commented justly enough on the character of the Government defence as conducted by the Government chiefs. Lord GRANVILLE paid us the compliment of adopting our suggestion that he should make the speech that he ought to have made a week before; but he unfortunately imposed on us the duty of suggesting now that he should make next week the speech he ought to have made on Tuesday. Mr. GLADSTONE with immense energy, and almost more than his usual luxuriance of subterfuge, devoted himself to the task of marching past the enemy, and exploring regions which the enemy had not occupied or thought of occupying. Ministers are charged with allowing the massacre of Sinkat, and they reply by discussions of the Dual Control. They are asked why, in the just language of their own supporters, they committed the "little short of deliberate "murder" of sending BAKER PASHA's troops to be speared, and they reply that Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD is sensibly ameliorating the condition of the Egyptian prisons. Exactly the same contrast reproduced itself between the two chief speeches of Thursday. The whole gist of Mr. FORSTER's able argument for the motion (characteristically capped by a promise to vote against it) lay in the question, "Why did "you not do weeks ago what you are doing now?" The whole drift of Sir CHARLES DILKE's equally able and equally characteristic reply was a "drift past," a skilful evasion and eluding of the demand. The special as opposed to the general object of this course of apology is obvious enough. What is above all things necessary is to apply a sedative to the consciences of Liberal members which may enable them to vote for the Government without unbearable twinges. Everybody knows that the vote of the House of Lords on Tuesday was the vote, as Lord SALISBURY has said, which every Englishman who was not constrained by party ties to be silent would have given in a plébiscite on Tuesday night after the news of the fall of Sinkat. Everybody knows that that unhappy garrison looked daily for English aid. What is wanted, therefore, is to obliterate as far as may be this knowledge and these sentiments in the Liberal party. For that purpose and for no other the indignation and the circumlocution, the arguments on points which nobody wants argued, and the refusal to argue the points which everybody wants argued, may be supposed to be suitable.

Outside the walls of Parliament it is very noteworthy that the Government have not succeeded in rallying a single defender beyond the ranks of a small and faithful band, who follow a celebrated Parliamentary character by "denying "everything." With these last very short work can be made. If they deny that, after Lord GRANVILLE's despatch of the 4th of January, every step taken by BAKER PASHA was a step for which the English Government was responsible unless the English Government directly forbade it; if they say that between that date and the last agony Sinkat could not have been relieved; if they assert that the force under BAKER was, on good and valid testimony of experts, reasonably sufficient for the work; if they urge that TEWFIK BEY knew nothing of England, and had no ground for expecting anything from England—they say what they know, or ought to know, to be false, and they deny what they know, or ought to know, to be true. A certain common ground of respect for proved and notorious facts is necessary before political argument is possible—before, indeed, any man who respects himself can condescend to attempt it. The responsibility of the Government for the fate of HICKS PASHA is a matter on which, though it may be difficult to imagine how any one can honestly and with knowledge deny that responsibility, there yet may be two opinions. The slowness of the Government to come to any definite decision as to the Soudan is another point on which, though the balance of argument is very greatly against them, there are yet such contents in the lighter scale that the process of weighing is not wholly frivolous. But, with respect to the rout of Teb and the massacre at Sinkat, the facts are absolutely unchallengeable, and entirely on one side. For a full month before the one, and for nearly six months before the other, England, by her own declaration, had assumed an absolute initiative and an absolute veto in the dealings of Egypt with the Soudan. Every act done, or not done, by an Egyptian commander within reach of telegraph or messenger was done, or not done, under formally announced English overscership and command. Ample means were at hand for doing what was necessary, and ample powers for forbidding what might have been deemed undesirable. The Government neither did nor forbad doing. They knew that Sinkat was in extremities, and all Mr. GLADSTONE's assurances will not convince a single soldier that they did not know the entire untrustworthiness of BAKER's force. If they did not know it, so much the worse for them. And they capped the climax of imbecility by waiting for days, during which it was impossible to get at General GORDON, in order to find out General GORDON's opinion on a point on which, from his own words, he seems to have been almost entirely indifferent. Certainly excursus on the administrative excellences of Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD and historical criticisms of the Dual Control are, from Mr. GLADSTONE's point of view, thoroughly in place. He said nothing in exculpation of his cruel and cowardly fault. And he did not say it because he could not say it, because there was nothing to say. The one word approximating to the actual situation was his assurance of BAKER PASHA's satisfaction with his chances. As if, supposing that this rather Bardolphian security as to BAKER PASHA's utterances were accepted, any General was likely to declare himself utterly hopeless and helpless in a task which he had undertaken, and as if the Government had not abundant means of knowing from expert and unbiassed sources the forlornness of the hope!

These things are so clear that, with the exception of those who, as has been said, start from propositions demonstrably and notoriously false, no attempt has been made anywhere to explain them away. Pile after pile of newspapers devoted to the Government may be turned without discovering a single really hearty defence of the Government conduct by any one who does not invent his premisses and beg his conclusion. It is not that the faithful followers desert their chiefs. It is sometimes said that party hatred is less bitter than it once was; it certainly cannot be said that party allegiance is weaker. After comforting himself with the irrelevant diversion of blaming the form of the Opposition attack, or insinuating that the Opposition themselves would have done no better, or taunting their chiefs with the absence of an announced policy, and the inferiority of their appeals to passion as compared with Mr. GLADSTONE's, follower after

follower of the Government ends by the tell-tale confession that it would be well if these measures had been taken earlier, that a firmer policy would have been preferable, that in fact the Opposition charge is substantially true, and that there is no defence to it. The quibblers about vacillation forget that the vacillator need not necessarily do one definite thing one day and another another. It is in the inconsistency of acts with any definite tenor of purpose that vacillation consists, and it is this inconsistency which the Government have displayed. Even since the beginning of the debate they have exemplified the fault charged against them. Their warmest apologists, the very apologists who most boldly deny the facts, admit that the measures taken now might have been and ought to have been taken long ago, even if it was necessary to wait for BAKER'S defeat and GORDON'S permission before actively undertaking the relief of the garrisons. The plaintive suggestion is put forward that "some commencement of preparation for the contingency "of GORDON'S non disapproval might have been made." And why was it not made? Simply because the Government has vacillated, is vacillating, and will vacillate to the end of the chapter. The same intolerance of facts which showed itself before the first Egyptian War shows itself before what Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE calls the second. Had Lord ALCESTER had a couple of thousand men ready to land at Alexandria, there would have been no first war. Had Lord GRANVILLE'S despatch of the 4th of January even then been accompanied by the despatch of a small force to Souakim, Sinkat would not have fallen, the rout and butchery of Teb would not have happened, and General GORDON would have been as free as he is at the present moment to do what seems best to him in the interior. But this would have required Ministers to look facts in the face, to give up political living from hand to mouth, to abandon their absurd theory that England is protecting Egypt without a Protectorate, and occupying it without an occupation. It was not done, and thousands of lives have been sacrificed, a great disgrace has, in the serene judgment of the civilized world, fallen upon England, and a costly expedition of which no man can see the end has been made necessary.

CAVES.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL boasted a week ago in an election speech at Bridgwater that in the conduct of the Franchise Bill the Government will not have to fear the establishment of a Cave. There were, indeed, as he said with a strange confusion of metaphors, two or three hyænas prowling about in search of such a refuge; but they would look in vain for the shelter which was provided for their kind in 1866. A political Cave, which owes its name to Mr. BRIGHT, is a resort, not of wild beasts, but of malcontents. When a small section of Lord RUSSELL'S followers began to oppose his Reform Bill, Mr. BRIGHT, affecting to doubt whether Mr. LOWE or Mr. HORSMAN was their leader, declared that the party reminded him of a Skye terrier, so much hidden in hair that it was difficult to say which end was head and which was tail. In a short time, when it was evident that Mr. LOWE had become the chief of a considerable body of seceders, Mr. BRIGHT devised a new parable, reminding the House how every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented joined DAVID in the Cave of Adullam. Mr. LOWE and his friends at once accepted the description, only complaining that the Cave was becoming too small to hold them. That there is now no Cave, as far as domestic politics are concerned, is a result of the diminished independence or of the less scrupulous consciences of Liberal members. The Caucus keeps watch over every available opening, and the ultimate defeat of the dissidents of 1866 discourages imitation. The former Cave defeated the Reform Bill on Lord DUNKELLIN'S amendment, having already divided the House almost equally on Lord GROSVENOR'S motion for giving precedence to the question of redistribution. The hope of a coalition between the moderate sections of both parties, under Lord STANLEY as Minister, was disappointed; and in the following Session Mr. DISRAELI threw over the party to which he owed his accession to office. At the next election several denizens of the Cave paid in the loss of their seats the price of their political honesty and courage. Mr. LOWE himself would have been excluded from Parliament if the constituency of the University of London had not been created as if for the express purpose of providing an independent and unpopular politician with a seat.

A main disadvantage of party government consists in the arbitrary nature of the tests by which political loyalty is judged. The leaders of a Government or an Opposition can change their principles more easily than their adherents can disregard their personal connexions. The House of Commons of 1866 had been elected in the lifetime of Lord PALMERSTON, who, as it was well known, would never have allowed a Reform Bill to pass as long as he remained in office. The great majority of the Liberal party would have been well content with the prudent policy of the aged Minister; but Lord RUSSELL, who was his inevitable successor, had for some years past associated his ambition with a further change in the Constitution; and Mr. GLADSTONE was already understood to incline to democratic changes. The measure which was consequently introduced was comparatively moderate; but only the Radicals, who were then far less numerous than at present, heartily approved its provisions. Many of those who voted with the Ministers sympathized with the objects of the Cave, though not with its independent or mutinous organization. It was evident that ultimate success must depend on a coalition with the Conservatives, which would have been highly distasteful to the great body of Ministerial members. The heretics of the Cave were punished for their deviation from orthodox standards not only at the general election but in the later distribution of offices. When Mr. GLADSTONE formed his Government he excluded every inhabitant of the Cave with one remarkable exception. Mr. LOWE, if he had failed to prevent the degradation of the franchise, at least established the sound principle that, when a party includes in its ranks a man of great ability, it is judicious to give him office. There could be no better reason for allowing Mr. LOWE to hold a high Cabinet place in the Administration of 1868. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL is probably justified in his confidence that no second Mr. LOWE will disturb the harmony of the Liberal party during the discussion of the Franchise Bill.

An imminent contingency had not disturbed the confidence of one of the ablest official apologists of the Government. The House of Commons, if not an administrative body, supervises current policy with a vigilance which is sometimes keener than its interest in legislation. While it is doubtful whether a large portion of the assembly cares for the extension of the franchise, all its best members share the anxiety of their constituents for the national honour. Since the beginning of the Session, notwithstanding several episodes of secondary importance, the attention of Parliament and of the country has been almost exclusively concentrated on Egyptian affairs. The repeated refusal of Mr GLADSTONE to gratify the general curiosity naturally increased the irritation which has been produced by the comparison of disastrous events with the records of Ministerial policy. When the PRIME MINISTER felt or professed surprise at a simultaneous reference to the defeat of BAKER PASHA and to what he called the wholly pacific mission of General GORDON, it became impossible to restrain universal impatience. Fantastic paradoxes sometimes cause amusement when they are introduced into theoretical discussions; but in moments of danger and difficulty they become wholly intolerable. As a consequence of the strange Ministerial tactics, an inchoate Cave began to form itself within forty-eight hours of the time when the ATTORNEY-GENERAL declared that it was impossible. On Monday it was said that certain Liberal members had signed a paper in which they insisted that the Government should openly avow the existence and assume the responsibility of a protectorate which had already been assumed in practice. The expediency and justice of the demand must be considered in connexion with the general question of Egyptian policy. For the present purpose it is only material to note the risks of internal division which happily limit the omnipotence of the strongest Ministry.

The security from internal schisms which pleased the fancy of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was, as has already been said, mainly founded on the solid strength and constant activity of the Liberal Associations. As long as the Government moves in the direction of democracy it is assured of the support of the organized partisans who are inaccessible to adverse reasoning. The Associations will accept the concessions which are expected from Mr. GLADSTONE, though they would prefer the more revolutionary measures which are threatened by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. In questions of foreign policy of which the managers know little, and for

which they care less, their course is determined either by the supposed bent of popular feeling or by calculations of the interests of the Government. It is not a little significant of the present state of public opinion that the Caucus has not ventured to issue a mandate in anticipation of the division on the Vote of Censure. It was therefore possible for dissatisfied Liberals to impose conditions on their support of Government, or at least on their cordial adhesion to a policy which has not hitherto secured their confidence. It is indeed not a little absurd that alternative schemes of international policy should be inseparably associated with party divisions which represent conflicting systems of domestic legislation. At different periods the Whigs and the Tories have several times changed places as the respective advocates of peace or war. It was by mere accident that Lord BEACONSFIELD, happening to be in office when the Eastern question was reopened, became the principal representative of the policy which had before his term of office been maintained by Lord PALMERSTON. The negotiations and wars in which his Ministry were engaged had nothing to do with Conservative or Liberal doctrines. At the time of the Berlin Treaty the Government had acquired great popularity by its conduct of affairs; but the dissatisfaction which was afterwards caused by untoward events in Asia and Africa transferred political power to the combined Liberals and Radicals.

It is unlikely that the dissatisfaction which has been caused by transactions in Egypt should at present dissolve the Liberal majority. The members who protest against the continuance of idle and mischievous fictions in Egyptian policy have for the most part no other ostensible cause of quarrel with the Government, nor will the lines of division on questions which are for the time urgent coincide with permanent tendencies to separation. A few extreme Radicals, such as Sir WILFRID LAWSON, Mr. LABOUCHERE, and Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, desire a summary abandonment of Egypt; but other members of the same political section are solicitous to defend the honour of the country, and even within the Cabinet it is said that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN inclines to a vigorous course of action. Perhaps a majority of the Liberal party, though it abstains from promoting a victory of the Opposition, may not have regretted the exposure of errors and miscalculations which have led to their natural results; but a coalition is still far distant, and there are not yet sufficient materials for the construction of a Cave. It will not be surprising if the discipline of the majority is temporarily strengthened by a partial and casual display of independence. Scrupulous members who decline to be parties to a national dereliction of duty will be eager to assure themselves and their constituents that their party allegiance is still unshaken. Nothing will be easier than to exhibit severe Liberal orthodoxy by voting for the Franchise Bill, for the postponement of the Redistribution Bill, and for the London Municipal Bill. By the end of the Session Egyptian difficulties, if they have not disappeared, may probably have changed their character. It is not equally certain that recent miscarriages may not affect the result of the next election. War is sometimes popular; but a timid shrinking from danger always causes feelings of resentment. In 1880 the contest was in a great measure decided by considerations of foreign policy. It is not for the interest of the present Government that such issues should be raised on the next appeal to the constituencies.

THE BRADLAUGH MUDDLE.

THE most probable comment of the plain man on the conduct of Mr. BRADLAUGH during the beginning of the present week is What does it mean? and it is not improbable that it only means Mr. BRADLAUGH's desire that the plain man should ask himself that very question. The late member for Northampton has not been flourishing lately, and even his usual ragged regiment of followers appear to have been conspicuously absent on Monday. The very significant letter which a Liberal M.P. recently addressed to him in a Liberal paper corresponded well enough to facts. There is no doubt that to many Liberals Mr. BRADLAUGH is simply what an impatient guide-book maker calls the stone at the entrance of Borrowdale, "a "huge, vulgar nuisance." A new election and a new mandate seems to him probably the best way of recovering a little importance, if only by renewing the disturbance in Parliament which after Monday he would have been unable to renew this Session. His own mysterious hints of a weapon which he is going to use with terrible effect need not receive much attention, for Mr. BRADLAUGH is very good at these mysterious hints, and nothing ever comes of them. Expert as he is at the clever, but rather useless, devices which suggest themselves to an amateur of ability in law, even Mr. BRADLAUGH can hardly hope to get his own conduct recorded or regarded as a precedent in his favour; while his acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds, though it would not bar the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's action, deprives himself of all benefit from the very improbable result of that action being brought and failing. It is probable that he at first contemplated the course of action to which his conduct on Monday seemed naturally to lead—that of provoking legal proceedings and abiding their result—and then decided that this by itself was too tedious or too unexciting a course. Of that which he finally fixed upon, it can only be said that Northampton has another opportunity of recovering its rank among constituencies deserving respect. It is probable that the aspects of the matter which will decide the election are local rather than national, otherwise the Conservative candidate ought, despite the intimidation practised by Mr. BRADLAUGH's mob, to have a fairer chance than usual at the present moment. Mr. BRADLAUGH himself appears to have no extraordinary assistance, except a five-pound note sent by the Rev. Mr. REES of Somewhere. The ease with which the Rev. Mr. REESES of this world and their five-pound notes are parted has been frequently remarked on by the ancients.

The Parliamentary incident itself was distinguished from others that have gone before it chiefly by the license of insult to religion and decency which the senior member for Northampton permitted himself, and by what must be regretfully called the weakness—a very unusual weakness—of the SPEAKER in preserving order. If a statutory ceremony, obligatory on members of Parliament, and held to be sacred by a great majority of them, may be described in the terms which Mr. LABOUCHERE used, it is a little difficult to comprehend how any merely verbal indecency can be a breach of order. It is still more difficult to comprehend Sir HENRY BRAND's ruling that Mr. LABOUCHERE, using these unbecoming words "on his own "responsibility," was not to be interfered with. It is not known that any member, Irish or other, who has been rebuked or suspended for improper language during these last years, has ever been shown to have used the words complained of on any responsibility other than his own. There was perhaps some inconsistency in the series of confused divisions which followed; but the only important results, even before Mr. BRADLAUGH's application for the Chiltern Hundreds, were his exclusion and the hinted prosecution, and with the granting of the Chiltern Hundreds the former of these ceased to be of any importance. The House, it is to be feared, must be content, for reasons to be presently touched on, with keeping this brawler out of its precincts every time that a constituency is ill advised enough to return him. Much, no doubt, is to be said for the suspension of the Northampton writ. The offence of a constituency where some scores or hundreds of voters take glasses of beer or five-pound notes not to vote against political convictions which do not exist, but simply because the glasses of beer and the five-pound notes are pleasant things to have, is, in any philosophic estimate, venial as compared with the offence of a constituency which obstinately returns a person like Mr. BRADLAUGH. But the one is a legal offence and the other is not. Again, there is considerable reason for thinking that Mr. CHILDERS should not have complied with Mr. BRADLAUGH's application for the Chiltern Hundreds. But this again is a matter which it may be argued ought not in strictness to affect Mr. BRADLAUGH's rights or the rights of Northampton. In strictly abiding by the thoroughly reasonable, lawful, and constitutional course of conduct which it has hitherto pursued, and in simply excluding Mr. BRADLAUGH every time that he presents himself to take an oath which he cannot take, the House, at the cost of some trouble to itself, and at the risk of affording Mr. LABOUCHERE further opportunities of misbehaviour, is absolutely secure from all other inconvenient consequences. It is not easy to point out any other course in pursuing which it is equally secure.

There remains, however, as there generally has remained in this question, through all its phases, the singular, eccentric, and extraordinary conduct of the Government.

No reference is made by these words to Mr. GLADSTONE's remarkable, but now usual, proceeding of temporarily suspending himself *ab officio*, but by no means *a beneficio*, as first Minister of the Crown and leader of the House of Commons. That is now a familiar spectacle, and there is some justice in his own claim to be allowed to present it afresh as a mere matter of consistency. But Mr. BRADLAUGH seems born to be a stone of stumbling to the Government. In the original debate of Monday they were in vain solicited for a clear exposition of what they intended to do in the matter of Mr. BRADLAUGH'S repeated and contumacious votes. But it certainly was then understood (Mr. GLADSTONE indeed has expressed himself on the subject in words which would have bound any other man except that no other man than himself would have been likely to use them in the circumstances) that a prosecution was to take place. This being so, the action of Mr. CHILDERS in conferring the Chiltern Hundreds on Mr. BRADLAUGH was at least peculiar. For either the Government thought that Mr. BRADLAUGH had brought himself within the penalties of the statute or that he had not. If he had, he had ceased to be a member of the House of Commons before his application. He had, therefore, no more right to the Chiltern Hundreds than the first man who happened to walk over Westminster Bridge that day. If, on the other hand, the Government had come to the conclusion that Mr. BRADLAUGH had not vacated the seat, it might at least have been supposed that a formal statement would have been made by a responsible Minister, that the change of the Government ideas from what had seemed to be their course would be announced, explained, and supported by argument, and that the House thus fortified and informed would be asked to give its decision on the issue of the writ. But neither of these courses would have comported with Mr. GLADSTONE'S favourite ostrich-like attitude in reference to matters he does not like; and so probably the third course of doing nothing was adopted. Even here the singularity of the Government conduct did not cease. The remarkable reply of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to Mr. NEWDEGATE on Wednesday exhibited all Sir HENRY JAMES'S ability in that department of law learning which consists in giving answers unintelligible, or nearly so, to the profane layman. But it seemed to suggest that the prosecution of Mr. BRADLAUGH, which Mr. GLADSTONE had seemed to speak of on Monday as certain, and which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had referred to on Tuesday as at any rate an argumentative probability, might never come off at all. Sir HENRY doubts gravely "how far the Cabinet can direct an Attorney-"General against his discretion to sue for penalties." This is a very pretty constitutional question; but the raising of it is anything but consistent with the tone of the scanty remarks on the subject which the Cabinet, as distinguished from this nobly independent and discreet adviser of theirs, had previously given. It is odd that the second thoughts of Ministers always seem to tend to Mr. BRADLAUGH'S advantage. But, perhaps, this portrait by an Attorney-General of an Attorney-General discreetly resisting the pressure of a persecuting Cabinet was only a fancy picture drawn to magnify the artist's office, and perhaps to make Mr. NEWDEGATE unhappy.

LIFE AND DEATH OF CETEWAYO.

THE death of CETEWAYO, though it may remove some embarrassment, ought to excite compunction in the minds of many official and non-official Englishmen. For the varied misfortunes of his later life he was but in a small degree responsible. It was not his fault that, born and bred a military despot, he sacrificed the welfare of his people to the effective organization of his army. He maintained evil customs which he inherited from his predecessors because he shared the superstitions and prejudices of his countrymen. When a civilized neighbour was seeking a cause of quarrel, the Zulu KING was accused of having broken certain promises which he was supposed to have made to the English agent on his accession to the throne. If he had been skilful in argument, he might have answered that he was crowned because he was already KING, and not in consideration of pledges which he perhaps scarcely understood. Like his ancestors, and, indeed, like some European sovereigns in former times, he took the property or the lives of subjects who had become obnoxious by reason either of large possessions or of suspected disloyalty. The process of smelling out witchcraft would have commended itself to LOUIS XI. of France as a mode of dealing with turbulent nobles which would have been at the same time pious and profitable. English functionaries who were shocked by the compulsory celibacy of Zulu warriors could scarcely be ignorant that similar restrictions are practically imposed on millions of soldiers in European armies. A less capricious objection was raised to CETEWAYO'S occasional declaration that it concerned his honour to celebrate his reign by washing his spears. In the course of some years he had never executed his threat; and there was at least an even chance that, like FREDERICK WILLIAM I. of Prussia, he would keep the peace through disinclination to spoil or deteriorate so perfect an instrument as his army.

If he had discharged his alleged duty by invading any neighbouring territory, there was every reason to believe that he would have attacked the Boers of the Transvaal rather than the English colonists. No intruders from Natal were in the habit of encroaching on his territory; while settlers from the Transvaal constantly passed the border of Zululand. The question of the title of the disputed lands was referred to the arbitration of the English High Commissioner, who ultimately gave his award in favour of CETEWAYO. Unfortunately in the meantime the government of the Transvaal had been assumed by a representative of the Crown, and, consequently, the chosen arbitrator had become a party to the litigation. The consequence was an act of flagrant injustice, for the High Commissioner, while he nominally confirmed the award, drew an arbitrary distinction between the sovereignty of the debatable territory and the actual possession of the land. The district was restored to CETEWAYO as a part of his kingdom, but the Boers were allowed to retain possession of the farms. As the Zulus wanted the lands, and not an empty title, CETEWAYO, with good reason, from that time ceased to entertain friendly feelings to the English authorities; yet he abstained from any act of hostility until his own dominions were invaded on the most frivolous pretexts. He was suddenly required to disband his army, to allow his young soldiers to marry; to discontinue the custom of smelling out witches; and to abandon other barbarous practices. Whether he could have retained his throne if he had complied with the peremptory demand, it is impossible to know. His disinclination to engage in a struggle with his imperious neighbour was shown by his moderation in returning no answer to the challenge. If he still thought it possible to negotiate, his hopes were disappointed. After a short delay the English troops crossed the Tugela, which formed the boundary between Natal and Zululand. Since greedy potentates first illustrated or suggested the fable of the wolf and the lamb, there has seldom been so causeless a declaration of war. It is true that the immediate result confirmed the estimate which had been formed of the formidable character of CETEWAYO'S army. At Isandlana the Zulus, armed almost entirely with spears and javelins, stormed an English camp and destroyed the garrison. In the later battle of Ulundi they once more proved themselves to be among the bravest of mankind, though they were at last utterly defeated by regular troops armed with weapons of precision.

The KING became a fugitive, and when he was soon afterwards taken prisoner he seems to have forfeited the allegiance of his subjects. The tribe which had become under the dynasty of himself and his immediate ancestors the most powerful section of the widely-spread Kaffir nation, had been organized with Spartan asceticism rather as an army than as a State by DINGAAN, PANDA, and CETEWAYO himself. The loyalty which depended on military discipline was dissolved when the Zulu force was destroyed or scattered at Ulundi. No opposition was offered to the singular arrangement by which Sir GARNET WOLSELEY distributed the Zulu territory among thirteen petty chiefs, one of whom was of English birth. There was no trace of attachment to the fallen KING, or of desire for his return, and some of the members of his own family zealously deprecated a restoration. The ties of blood are generally lax among barbarous chieftains; and CETEWAYO himself had first made himself king by killing several of his brothers in battle and by deposing his father. Unfortunately for the peace of South Africa, and for CETEWAYO himself, some English philanthropists, in their feeling for personal wrongs, misjudged the interests of the Zulus, and began an agitation which has resulted in widespread anarchy and bloodshed.

It is easier for sentimental persons to sympathize with an ex-king than with an unknown multitude of his former subjects. Bishop COLENSO, who had long been regarded as a patron of native chiefs whom he deemed to have been unjustly treated, cordially espoused the cause of the Pretender. Deputations from Zululand visited the BISHOP'S house in defiance of the protests of the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, and the reaction against the policy of the Zulu war had proceeded so far at home that the Secretary of State for the Colonies at last acceded to the request that the prisoner who had been detained at the Cape should be allowed to visit England. The next step was, as had been expected, a nominally conditional restoration. Lord KIMBERLEY had with some difficulty been persuaded by the urgent representations of Sir HENRY BULWER to recognize the title of a chief who was too powerful to be expelled to retain his dominions in the north; and a small territory bordering on Natal was reserved as a place of security for the other chiefs whose rights had been summarily disregarded. In London, and again at the Cape, CETEWAYO, while he accepted the terms proposed for his signature, plainly intimated his purpose of disregarding limitations which he considered unjust. He can scarcely be charged with a breach of faith because on his arrival in Zululand he took little notice of his formal engagements. He at once attempted to levy troops in the Reserve, with which he was not to meddle; and he attempted to reconquer the territory of USIBEPU, which he had undertaken to respect. If he had succeeded, his contumacy would probably have been condoned; but the fortune of war turned against him, and USIBEPU, in alliance with OHAM, a brother of CETEWAYO'S, inflicted on the restored KING two or three successive defeats. From the Reserve in which he had been compelled to take refuge he organized another unsuccessful invasion of his enemy's territory, and consequently he subsided from the condition of a guest to that of a prisoner. A few days before his death he contrived to escape from the custody of his not unfriendly gaolers. It is possible that annoyance at his recapture may have been one of the causes of his death. He will be remembered for a time as a sufferer from the contest between civilization and barbarism, and also as a victim of special injustice. During his time almost every possible mistake has been committed by the English Government in its dealings with the Zulus.

Lord DERBY, who possesses a negative qualification for dealing with uncivilized tribes, inasmuch as he is not a sentimentalist, will now have one difficulty the less to encounter in settling the future condition of Zululand. A new, but not unexpected, complication has resulted from the recent troubles. The Boers of the Transvaal have taken the opportunity of internecine civil war to gratify their characteristic appetite for land. USIBEPU, OHAM, and perhaps CETEWAYO himself, have invited their assistance, and adventurous volunteers have rendered services which are of course to be rewarded by territorial grants. It may perhaps not be the business of the English Government to interfere with such transactions on the North-Western frontier; but it is not desirable to have the Boers for neighbours where their presence can be avoided. The first step ought to be the termination of internal war; and the most obvious mode of attaining the object would be the establishment in some form of a protectorate, such as that which is about to be instituted in Basutoland. There is a certain tendency to bloodguiltiness in a policy which allows barbarians who might be kept in order to kill one another without restraint. The Reserve, which, but for Lord KIMBERLEY'S perverse policy, would have been double its present size, ought to be more directly governed by English functionaries. The Zulus are as manageable as they are brave, if only they are governed as in Natal with prudence and justice. Even the soldiers of CETEWAYO'S former army probably prefer peace and freedom to rigorous discipline; but, if civil war is prolonged, the military caste will revive, and perhaps some warlike chief may succeed to the powers and pretensions of the former dynasty. The system of leaving neighbouring barbarians to settle their own affairs has not proved successful. In the great majority of cases, it is cheaper and easier to govern them than to repel their encroachments. The partial failure of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY'S experiment was probably due to the absence of a central authority. An English Resident might contrive to keep the peace, and to promote improvement with the aid of the chiefs, including perhaps USIBEPU.

CORRECTING FORTUNE.

"I DON'T believe there is a single offence that I have "not committed," said an undergraduate once, as he awed a whole wine party with examples of his knowledge of life. There was a respectful silence; then a small voice asked, "Did you ever cheat at cards?" With shame and blushes the *fanfaron* of vice came down from his bad eminence, and owned that he had never cheated at cards. This is, indeed, the very lowest depth to which civilized man can descend, and he seems at present to reach the abyss pretty often. No one can defend a man who has cheated at cards; the only estimable person who ever did so was the Chevalier DES GRIEUX, and he had the one constant excuse for his conduct admitted by all admirers of *Manon Lescaut*. The case of the Chevalier must be placed on one side in that world of random morality to which CHARLES LAMB good-humouredly consigned the comedies of the Restoration. No, a man may do many shady things; his accounts may be difficult to unravel; he may decline to fight a duel in a foreign country; he may find that urgent private business calls him to Europe when his regiment is in the Soudan or Nova Zembla, and people will make excuses for him. But he really must not cheat at cards.

As the whole world seems in a gamblesome humour, while clerks play napoleon in railway-carriages, and Park Clubs explode in every direction, it may be as well to point out that gambling has two inevitable ends—men don't pay, and men take to cheating. The former disaster always occurs as soon as "paper" is admitted as a legal tender over the green baize. When I.O.U.'s accumulate sport decays, firm friends quarrel, and a club or a loo-playing set at college breaks up in confusion. Some of the members become suddenly scrupulous, and explain to their unconverted companions in iniquity that they think it wrong to waste money in the payment of obligations which it was sinful to incur. This kind of thing is not pleasant, but it is less unpleasant than the habit of correcting fortune. The pigeons of this world are not unsoiled doves; but the pigeons are better than the rooks, into which, by a familiar process of ornithological differentiation, unknown to DARWIN, they are apt to develop.

A very fine rookery has just been discovered, according to the newspapers, in a Parisian club in the Rue Royale. Most French clubs exist merely for the purpose of gambling. Their sacred hearth is the long green baccarat-table, with that pit in the middle which has so often proved "a nice opening for a young man." From dusk till dinner-time, from dinner-time to dawn, bankers are giving cards, or performing the act of *abatage* (unexplained by LITTRÉ), while the ghost of *Banco* perpetually walks. At the club in the Rue Royale the game of *quinze* (which we regret to say that we are practically unacquainted with) seems to be more popular than baccarat. While the sport of *quinze* was in full swing one of the players thought he saw, or felt, something odd in the cards. Apparently the point of the game is to make fifteen, as the object in baccarat is to make nine, or nearly nine. This inquisitive player continuing his researches found by a "comparison of instances" worthy of BACON that the court cards and fives were marked. This could scarcely be regarded as fortuitous, but rather showed clear proofs of design. The court cards had been pricked at the corners, the fives at the corner and in the centre, with a needle dipped in a solution of gum arabic. Now in clubs of this kind the cards are usually supplied by one of the servants, who is also a sort of banker to the establishment. For the convenience of players he changes bank-notes or paper into counters of a recognized value, and these counters are redeemed at the end of the play. The card-room servant has also been known to cash cheques, and perhaps to lend money to the *décavés*. Thus the functionary gets an unhealthy sort of importance, and has opportunities which he appears to have abused at the club in the Rue Royale. In the great club scandal at Nice some years ago, when an Englishman of good family was found out in cheating, his system was, we believe, to deal with carefully-arranged packs procured from one of the club servants. The ordinary processes of cutting and shuffling had no effect on those packs, "with which," as the Henwife says to the Queen in the Irish tale of *The Black Thief*, "I do not think you can "lose." Now, at the club in the Rue Royale a number of packs of cards and some 4,000*l.* worth of securities "payable "to bearer" were found under the bed of a servant. Here is a plot ready made for M. FORTUNÉ DU BOISGOBEY. The club servant is doubtless a profligate Marquis in a

"make-up" he has introduced into the club (while he was still a member of it) the chief of a band of brigands who wins with the marked cards furnished by the Marquis. Can any scene be finer than that in which the hero unmasks and pulls the powdered wig or the whiskers off the "made-up" footman, proving that he is "no waiter but" the long lost Marquis DE KERIGHIAN "in disguise." The question is whether it would be necessary for the hero afterwards to fight the Marquis, in whose veins runs some of the bluest blood in Brittany.

Perhaps matters have not been quite so romantic in real history, but it remains certain that, if there was a felonious servant, there must also have been a felonious accomplice, actually a member of the Club. In one of M. CHAVETTE'S tales, the cheating is done by a hero who has such enormous hands that no one can see what is going on behind them. Yet even he has a confederate, and a confederate is necessary, we think, to any gentleman who wishes to correct fortune. He may, or may not, be a servant or disguised as a servant. "Having a remarkably fine eyesight and "a great natural aptitude," says Mr. BARRY LYNDON, "I was speedily able to give my dear uncle much assist-"ance against his opponents at the green table." Mr. LYNDON goes on to observe, and members of the club in the Rue Royale should note his noble indignation, "It is only "the clumsy fool who *cheats*, who resorts to the vulgar "expedients of cogged dice and cut cards," or tattooed cards, we may add. It is not so very hard to detect a card which is only "correct" in an immoral sense. "Such "a man," adds BARRY, "is sure to go wrong some time or "other." So is the person who, playing without a confederate, stuffs his sleeve after the manner of the Heathen Chinee. "Everything successful is simple. If I wiped the "dust off a chair, it was to show that the enemy was strong "in diamonds; if I pushed it, he had one king; if I said "'Punch or wine, my lord?' hearts was meant; if I said "'Wine or punch?' clubs." It was only from hearing FRANK PUNTER yawn thrice when the Chevalier held the ace of trumps that Mr. LYNDON knew Greek had met Greek when Lord DEUCEACE encountered DE BALIBARI.

Without a confederate the now fashionable game of baccarat does not seem to offer many chances for the Greek. He may carry nines concealed about his person, but this sort of cheating requires very great skill in sleight of hand. Only a "sneak thief," as the Americans say, would sink so very low as to put his stake half on and half off the table, and withdraw it when he lost

The plan of dealing over a large, highly-polished, silver cigar case is good, but old. Of course the cigar-case shows the dealer in its burnished surface what cards he is giving the players, and he knows better whether to stand on his own hand or not. According to a competent authority, while there is no game at which one may not be cheated, at *écarté* one may be cheated in from fifteen to twenty different ways. One gallant gambler played against a Greek, and his friends warned him that he was being duped. He answered in a loud voice, "Monsieur triche! mais je "le sais bien que monsieur triche! Seulement il est con-"venu que chaque fois que je le prendrai, je marquerai "un point!" This was, indeed, a sportsmanlike handicap, and argued a great love of the game in the player, and a cynical indifference to the character of an antagonist. The tale of the old General in a country town is also good, though rather well known. This veteran cheated habitually and execrably. It was thought "good form" to take no notice of his exploits; but one day a small civilian, a stranger to the club, observed, "Why, "General, you are cheating!" "Yes, sir," said the General, who stammered dreadfully; "yes, sir, I know very well I'm cheating; but I d-d-d-don't like to be t-t-t-told it"—a remark to which there is no very obvious repartee. A splendid failure to cheat was that of the French Greek. No one had suspected him; he usually won some fifty louis every time he took the bank; and on one occasion he left the theatre at Nice in the middle of a play and went on to the club. There he took the bank, won on an eight, and on a nine. Then he offered to "give cards"; his opponent accepted, and the banker laid down a card marked

THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS
DE NICE.

It was the ticket of readmission in case he had wanted to go back to the play. Obviously this could not have formed part of a normal pack, and as obviously the banker had taken it out of his pocket by mistake. On the whole, the moral of cheating at cards is that expressed by Mr. BARRY LYNDON:—"Such a man is sure to go wrong some "time or other; and my advice to people who see such a "vulgar person at his pranks is, of course, to back him "while he plays, but never, never to have anything to do "with him."

THE ARMY AT SIXES AND SEVENS.

MONDAY night's sitting in the House of Lords began with a brief conversation which suggests some matter for reflection at the present crisis. The subject was the state of the army, which deserves more practical attention than it gets at all times, and is of vital importance at this moment. Like most other people, the Earl of GALLOWAY had been a good deal surprised by Lord WOLSELEY'S breezy confidence, as shown in that remarkable speech to the Artists corps, and he asked for information—or rather he asked for some explanation of the ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S sources of information. The answer was most instructive. It seems that when Lord WOLSELEY startled his hearers by stating that the army returns proved so many pleasant things, he "inadvertently" forgot to add that they were a year old. The British army, which contains within its ranks fifty-eight per cent. of men over five feet seven inches high, for instance, was not the army that we know, but the force of 1882. In other words, it was the reserves and the old regiments of General ROBERTS'S army which made the average such as it was. The question of dates is of no small importance in dealing with the state of our army. A year makes a considerable difference when we are losing seasoned men by thousands, and replacing them by a mob of recruits five feet two inches high and thirty two inches round the chest. The Earl of GALLOWAY commented with by no means undue severity on the "inadvertence" of a General holding a high post in the War Office who uses figures in this fashion. Lord WOLSELEY'S discretion was indeed at fault in a sufficiently remarkable way. He took care to supply himself with the figures because he sagaciously foresaw that they would be needed. He paraded them with some solemnity. He insisted on their importance, and he only forgot to say that they proved nothing to the point. When a high Government official supports his assertions by statistics, we fondly imagine that he is giving us the benefit of his particular information, and not merely drawing on sources open to everybody, unless he says so. Lord WOLSELEY is too good a soldier to damage his chance of securing a good position, even for temporary purposes, by letting his opponents into the secret of his manœuvres, and so he, of course inadvertently, used the neat little stratagem animadverted on by the Earl of GALLOWAY, and revealed by Lord MORLEY. How surprised the *Times* must have been to learn that its little crow of triumph was supported by nothing better than the carefully prepared blue pamphlet we all had the pleasure of reading last year! The intellectual suppleness of the scientific soldier is truly great. There is to be sure nothing new in Lord WOLSELEY'S little slip. By some law of nature not as yet investigated by science, official persons are terribly liable to commit these oversights when giving us information about the army.

It is, indeed, a wonderful proof of the irrepressible hopefulness of politicians that any body can be persuaded to undertake the care of that undoubted white elephant. The disappointments of the Admiralty are neither few nor trivial; but it is rewarded with a certain amount of success. Ships and crews can be relied on to answer modest expectations, but no man can tell what will be the state of the army a week ahead. A few days ago the War Office was talking about holding autumn manœuvres once more, and was apparently looking forward to a year of quiet drift. It calculated on showing again how it can leave the Guards dinnerless within a few miles of Salisbury, or in some other distant and barren region. While all these fancies are in full bloom comes the nipping frost of a call for actual service, and we see how very fit the army is for the work it is always liable to be called on to do. The papers are full of makeshifts and rumours of makeshifts. A force of a few thousand men is to be sent to Suakim at the eleventh hour, and to get it together there is such a turmoil as took place in the United States when M'DOWELL'S army was getting ready to enter Northern Virginia. Before we can get at OSMAN DIGNA there is to be a complete change round. The Cairo garrison is to be hurried to Suakim, and to be replaced by the regiments at Alexandria, which again is to be occupied by the blue

jackets of the Mediterranean squadron. The sailors must do the work, for the ships have been stripped of Marines to reinforce General GRAHAM's army on the Red Sea. Our recent experience of the results of setting everybody to do somebody else's work has plainly taught the Government nothing. It would be equally foolish and impertinent to compare the seamen of our squadrons to the poor wretches sent by the cruel pedantry of Mr. GLADSTONE to die on the road to Sinkat, but garrison duty on shore can assuredly do their discipline no good. Meanwhile their ships will be as useless for naval purposes as if they were laid up at Chatham, and the Channel Squadron will probably have to take their place in the Mediterranean. It also is to be stripped of its Marines. The Egyptian army under Sir EVELYN WOOD probably deserves to be considered useless. It is no reproach to its European officers that they are not believed to have made an efficient force out of a race which cannot fight, but though that is a very sufficient reason for leaving them at home, it is a still better one for not wasting any more English officers on them. More are to be sent, however, and that of the very kind we can least spare. The most spirited non-commissioned officers at Aldershot are being tempted to volunteer for Egypt, as if our own regiments were not in manifest and increasing need of their services.

The most notable feature of the whole muddle is the treatment of the Marines. It is undoubtedly right that they should be used, and it is in the highest degree satisfactory that we have at least one military force which is at all times fit for service. In all our little wars of late years—ever since the intelligent reformer went crazy over the German army, in fact—we have used the force continually, and with excellent results. Nobody has anything to say against making use of them again. There are, however, ways and ways of doing the best of things, and it may be roundly asserted that the War Office takes the worst in its dealings with the Marines. It is no small abuse that the men of the force should be suddenly called away from active service on board ship. To land Marines for a definite operation is one thing. To send them away for weeks is altogether another, for it entails leaving a whole squadron insufficiently manned. If we asked why the whole battalion formed to serve under General GRAHAM was not sent from home, the answer would doubtless be that they could not be spared. The force has been so seriously reduced of late years that it is just adequate to the ordinary calls of the service and no more. But this is only one detail of the whole policy of the War Office towards the corps. The Marines have only been allowed to exist, as it were, on sufferance for years. Its officers have been deliberately treated as if the authorities wished to discourage any one from entering the force. They have very hard and very various work to do both on sea and land, but all the prizes and honours of the military profession are denied them. At this moment the Ministry is giving an extraordinary proof of its partiality. A body of Marines is being collected in hot haste to make up General GRAHAM'S force, and a colonel of that arm is being sent out to command them. Colonel TUSON led the battalion of Marines which distinguished itself so highly in the last Egyptian campaign; but it appears that he is not thought worthy of acting as a general officer, and Colonel REDVERS BULLER is sent from England to act as second in command to General GRAHAM. It is not easy to see why a second in command, whom the Duke of WELLINGTON thought a superfluity at all times, is wanted in a force of some four thousand men; but, if an officer had to be named to the post, it might, it would seem, have been found in the commander of that part of the little army which we are learning to rely on more and more. Indeed, the commands at Suakim are all being distributed on what appears at least a curious principle. There are five general officers with the seven thousand men in garrison in Egypt. Nearly half that force is detailed on service, but the five generals are left behind, while two officers are hurriedly despatched from England. If the field officers in Egypt are incompetent, why are they employed? If they are, as we must suppose, capable officers, why are they passed over when a chance of gaining distinction presents itself? The answer is not difficult to find. General GRAHAM and Colonel BULLER have been already associated with Lord WOLSELEY, and it is to that fact rather than to their acknowledged abilities that they owe their present employment.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

WHEN Mr. LABOUCHERE announced in the House of Commons the other day his intention of bringing in a Bill extending the provisions of the Cruelty to Animals Prevention Acts to bears, there were some who laughed. The joke was not obvious. But the necessity for the legislation was. Only a few days before a police magistrate had been compelled to dismiss a charge of savage cruelty to bears on the ground that they did not come within the terms of the Act of 1849. They were not domestic, said Mr. HANNAY, and that statute only applied to domestic animals. We are aware that the truth of the evidence for the prosecution is challenged, and we have no intention of expressing or implying any opinion upon the facts. Whether they were as alleged, or something quite different, is not a question which affects the argument. For the purposes of the decision it was of course assumed that the ill-treatment of the bears was made out, and the conclusion unfortunately is that, so far as the law goes, they may be ill-treated with impunity. Of course this serious omission does not affect bears only. It concerns all animals of a wild nature, whether they have been actually domesticated or not. We need not enter into any elaborate contention that this is an unsatisfactory state of things. Every humane and sensible man must admit at once that it is so, and that the only doubtful point is what would be the best practical remedy. It is not difficult to see why Parliament excluded wild animals from the security afforded by the fear of punishment. For hunting and partridge-shooting might otherwise have been made illegal, and the bitterest enemy of those amusements would probably agree that they are matter for separate and independent consideration. Historical explanation is not, however, as a good many people seem tacitly to assume, the same thing as logical justification. To account for a thing is not to defend it; and, whatever the cause may be, there is a serious defect in the law. Mr. LABOUCHERE'S Bill, which has been introduced, and which is backed by Mr. COLERIDGE KENNARD and Mr. O'SHEA, goes a long way, if not the whole way, to supply what is required. It provides that "the word "animal" in the existing Acts shall "mean and include "every animal, whether of domestic or wild nature, ex- "hibited for purposes of gain." Whether this system of piecemeal legislation is theoretically sound or practically convenient may perhaps be doubted. But it is, if ever, justifiable in circumstances like these, where an immediate cure is wanted for a definite complaint. Mr. LABOUCHERE'S Bill, which we rather hope than expect may be passed without unnecessary delay, would certainly be beneficial, if not, as it stands, completely adequate. The words "ex- "hibited for purposes of gain" would exclude acts of wanton cruelty perpetrated on what may be called, in the technical sense, "pet" bears, or monkeys, or other creatures of a wild nature; and in this connexion a suggestion in the *Globe* of Thursday last seems very well worth attention.

It will perhaps be easier to pass than to enforce Mr. LABOUCHERE'S Bill. The amount of barbarity practised on wild creatures in travelling shows, or stationary menageries, or circuses, and on beasts who are required to "perform," is, no doubt, much exaggerated. The best trainers are the least severe in their methods, partly, no doubt, from self-interest, but partly also because, as a rule, only stupid people are cruel. Lions who have been tormented are not insensible to the pleasures of revenge. "They bear malice "just like Christians," as the groom said of horses, and the consequences are unpleasant to the tormentor. Gentler beasts are still more easy to manage by the kindness and patience through which RAREY succeeded in breaking the most intractable steeds. But amendment of the law is required because these plain truths are not unfrequently neglected. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals may be invited to turn its attention to the Zoological Gardens, and to the conduct of some visitors to that resort. It is a fact, which cannot be too widely known, that some people go to the Gardens with the deliberate purpose of inflicting pain. They poke the animals with pins fastened into the end of sticks. They tempt monkeys to beg, and then put red-hot fuses into the poor creatures' hands. To comment on these barbarities would weaken the effect which must be produced by simply stating them. The keepers no doubt do their best to protect the animals under their care from annoyance. But nevertheless, as we have said, sticks with pins in them and red-hot fuses are introduced and employed by persons whose

superabundant energies might more harmlessly and most appropriately be dissipated on the treadmill. At present they cannot be punished, taking possibility in its legal sense. If these things are done in Regent's Park, what may not be done in obscure corners of the country, or even in suburban places of amusement? It is a curious fact that a recent interference of the Legislature on behalf of animals has made the law more ridiculous, if not more monstrous, than it was before. The Vivisection Act, as is well known, prohibits, except under the most stringent conditions, experiments upon live animals for scientific purposes. Not very long ago a prosecution was instituted under that Act at Bow Street. Had the defendants chosen to say that what they did was done, not in the interests of research, but in the way of amusement, they must have been at once discharged. They were men of science, and of course they said nothing of the kind. Indeed, we ought to apologize for supposing such a thing even by way of illustration. But the law which makes such an hypothesis legitimate is an absurd one. It is high time, indeed, that all distinction between animals of a domestic nature and animals of a wild nature, which have as a matter of fact been tamed, should be swept away. There are still animals which, not being specially protected by statute, may be stolen with impunity from their owner, because the common law recognizes no property in them. Mr. LABOUCHERE'S Bill does not of course go beyond the particular sphere of punishing cruelty. More general legislation may perhaps stand over till the day when the whole of English law is codified. Parliament will do well to pass this unpretending little Bill without trying either to enlarge or to restrict it. There are plenty of honest zealots in the House of Commons who are glad to seize every opportunity of attacking and protesting against field sports. But they should reflect that, if they seek to amend the Bill in this direction, they will go far to ensure its failure, and thus miss an object which they in common with the general public desire.

Mr. ANDERSON has again brought in his Bill for the suppression of pigeon-shooting. We wish him every success. His measure, after he had abandoned some clauses which would have affected the sacred rite of stag-hunting, passed the House of Commons last Session by a large majority. It was, however, thrown out in the House of Lords, though, with the exception of Lord REDESDALE, every distinguished peer who took part in the division voted with the Contents. This year its operation is restricted to shooting birds liberated from traps or from the hand. There is no use in mincing words about pigeon-shooting. It is a cruel, unmanly, and degrading pastime. The better class of sportsmen detest it, and are prepared to vote for putting it down. People who live in the neighbourhood of Hurlingham and the Gun Clubs know that it is a nuisance to respectable people as well as a barbarous pursuit. The wounded birds who flutter away to perish miserably in gardens or on housetops are at once a proof of the latter and an illustration of the former. Such is pigeon-shooting at its best. At its worst it will hardly bear describing. The methods by which the pigeons are prevented from sitting, and made to fly in one direction rather than another, are too shocking to mention unnecessarily. These abuses are no doubt punishable under the existing law, for pigeons are domestic animals. But there is no compensating advantage in the so-called sport at which Mr. ANDERSON'S Bill is aimed which excuses its recognition in spite of incidental outrages. The whole thing is abominable. It does not brace the nerves by involving the smallest risk. It does not promote health, like sports which include riding or walking in the open air. These are not, of course, in themselves reasons why the Legislature should interfere with it. If people prefer unhealthy amusements, that is their own affair. We are no believers in the revived doctrine which many Radicals tacitly or openly profess, that the majority ought to prevent the minority from doing anything which the majority considers to be wrong. Pigeon-shooting ought to be prohibited, not because it gives pleasure to the marksmen, but because it gives pain to the pigeons. But, when it is urged that this pain is an evil which ought to be tolerated on account of the social benefits which accrue from it, then the points which we have urged may legitimately be pressed in rejoinder. "If," said an opponent of the Bill last year, referring to Mr. ANDERSON, "if the "honourable member were a blue-rock, would he rather "run the risk of being shot in a fair way or not come into "existence at all?" We leave this conundrum to the acumen of the Irish party, from whom it ought to have come, though it did not. It was the effort of a Scotch imagination, and is a fair sample of the arguments in favour of pigeon-shooting.

FRANCE, ITALY, AND THE VATICAN.

THE POPE has a fresh grievance. The Italian Government, which for many years has freely appropriated or sold property once belonging to the Church, has now attacked the Propaganda. This institution, founded by GREGORY XV. more than two centuries and a half ago, is, as is well known, the centre of the missionary enterprises of the Roman Church. The broad block of buildings which is its seat, and which stands at the southern end of the Piazza di Spagna, is familiar to every visitor to Rome. The annual income of the college, which flows in from every part of the world, is said to amount on the average to some five or six million francs a year. But besides these annual contributions, the extent of which naturally varies with the zeal and the means of the faithful, the Propaganda is possessed of a large amount of real property; and this property, said to be nearly a million and a half sterling in value, has been to a large extent bought with money furnished from abroad. The faithful Catholic has always maintained that the Papacy is an international Power, and that the past action of the Italian Government in treating the Pope as no more than any other Italian Prince is *de jure* null and void. The present action of the Government does not, therefore, raise any new question of principle. It simply illustrates afresh the principle, which Italian statesmen have long maintained, that Rome and the Roman State are as much Italian ground as Naples or Milan. Acting on a decision of the law courts, the Government is now proceeding to seize the landed property of the Propaganda, and to give the College Consols in exchange. But the conditions of the transfer are such that, what with one new tax or another imposed upon the property, its value in Consols is much less than half of what it was as real estate.

It is not unnatural that a measure of this kind should excite the keen resentment of the Vatican; and it is not unnatural that the most should be made of the fact that the confiscated property should have largely, and perhaps mainly, been due to the liberality of non-Italian Catholics. It is said that the Vatican has made representations on the subject to the French and other Governments; and it is also said, with less probability, that the French Government is inclined to take steps in favour of the Propaganda. It is hard, however, to see on what grounds the action of the Italian Government can be fairly challenged by any foreign Power. Whatever sums of money individuals scattered over the Catholic world may have sent to the Pope are subject, in case of dispute, like sums of money sent to any other individual in the kingdom, to the jurisdiction of the local courts of law. Apart from this general fact, there is a special reason why foreign contributors to the support of the Church in Italy have no claim whatever to be insured against risk. The secularization of monasteries and the sale of ecclesiastical goods have proved over and over again by how uncertain a tenure the Church held its corporate property; and no living donor of ordinary intelligence can have been unaware that his gift might share the fate of many others. By far the largest part of the ecclesiastical property already confiscated by the Italian Government (to say nothing of prior confiscations under the old *régime*) has been derived, directly or indirectly, from foreign sources. It is absurd to suppose that Italians are likely to show any special tenderness towards those foreigners who support by their gifts what for centuries was the chief, and what is now the only, enemy of Italian unity. It is the more absurd when we remember that for years the Italian Government has offered to the Pope an annual income, which has been steadily declined, of more than three hundred thousand pounds. A Government which guarantees to the Pope a sum like this, which does not hinder him from receiving whatever further gifts his widespread body of adherents may wish to send him, which leaves him in possession of the noblest palace in the world, and which secures to him the free exercise of his spiritual functions, cannot reasonably be charged with abusing its power. It is enough to compare the position of the Clericals under a Liberal Government now with that of the Liberals under a Clerical Government twenty years ago. If

one-tenth of what is now freely said and printed against the Government by the Clerical party, from the Pope downwards, had been then said or printed by any Liberal, he would have had summarily to choose between prison and exile. At present, whatever the Pope may say, the Italian Government takes no notice of his utterances, and continues to offer him its money and to confer on him its protection.

The present relations between the Papacy and the Government of France are curious. For several years after the close of the Franco-German War the Vatican had cherished the hope that the temporal power, the fall of which was hastened by the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome in the summer of 1870, might be restored in consequence of a monarchical restoration in France. Even when the events of the autumn of 1873 showed that such a restoration was impossible, the French Government still maintained an attitude friendly to the Vatican and suspicious, if not hostile, to the Government of Italy. For a considerable time a French ship of war was kept at Civita Vecchia, as an advertisement that, if the Pope desired to leave Rome, he could find a welcome and a shelter under the flag of France. There is not the least doubt that the restoration of the Bourbons in the autumn of the year 1873 would have had, as one of its consequences, a religious war between France and Italy. Nor was it till the resignation of Marshal MacMahon that the Clerical party ceased to hope that the question of the temporal power might serve to embroil the two countries. It must be remembered that the interest taken by Frenchmen in this question was by no means confined to zealous Catholics. Multitudes in France who never went inside a church from one year's end to another felt their national vanity flattered by the thought that the Pope had long lived in his own capital under the protection of French bayonets. It is notorious that the expedition to Rome in the year 1849 was due only in part to the desire to win over the Clerical vote. France destroyed the sister Republic mainly because, if she had not done so, Austria would have taken her place. The northern part of the Papal States was already occupied by Austrian troops when the French forces moved on Rome; and in the course of a few weeks, had France remained inactive, the influence which she coveted in the Catholic world as protector of the Church would have passed into other hands. Even now the feelings which prompted the Roman expedition are by no means extinct in France, though the opportunity of satisfying them has long gone by. It is said that the Nuncio in Paris has requested the Government of France to remonstrate with that of Italy on the recent confiscation of the property of the Propaganda, a part of which has been the gift of Frenchmen. It is improbable that M. Ferry's Ministry will do anything of the kind; and it is certain that, if such a remonstrance were made, the French Government would be politely told to mind its own business.

THE NEW BISHOPS.

THE announcement last Wednesday of the appointments to the See of Chester and the new diocese of Southwell will probably be received with very general satisfaction. One at all events is conspicuously suitable, and there is nothing to be said against the other. It is only fair to admit that Mr. Gladstone, whatever may be the strength of his party bias in other matters, has usually shown a creditable disregard for such considerations in his ecclesiastical patronage. Both the new bishops designate are, we believe, Conservatives. Both may, roughly speaking, be called moderate High Churchmen, but with a difference. Dr. Stubbs, if any one, has a right to claim membership in the "Historical High Church Party," for his Churchmanship is moulded on a large and accurate knowledge of English ecclesiastical history and law in which he has few or no living rivals. The long list of works he has composed or edited need not be reprinted here; is it not written in Crockford? To the general public he is of course best known by his *Constitutional History of England*, and lately by what is acknowledged on all hands, even by those who least approve the practical suggestions of the Commissioners, to be his masterly handling of the historical portion of the Report on Church Courts. But his *Registrum Sacrum Anglicanum*, his editions of Mosheim's *Church History*, Wilkins's *Concilia*, and many other kindred works constitute a most valuable contribution to a subject which is in these days acquiring or rather regaining a high interest and importance. It might indeed from one point of view be regretted, as in the somewhat similar case of the election of Dr. Lightfoot—his predecessor in his canonry at St. Paul's—to the See of Durham, that he should be raised to a position where he must necessarily have much less time for the prosecution of studies for which he has shown so remarkable an aptitude. And it is certainly to be regretted that Dr. Lightfoot's elevation, though he makes an excellent bishop, should not even have left him time to republish in a permanent form the admirable series of papers he wrote shortly before in the *Contemporary Review* in reply to *Supernatural Religion*. But Dr. Stubbs is as far as Bishop Lightfoot from being a mere bookworm, and it may be hoped that in the See of Chester, now reduced by the separation of Liverpool to more reasonable dimensions, he may find scope for his practical energies without the necessity of abandoning all literary work. The Bishop of Lincoln has shown, though in a somewhat different department of literature, that the two may quite possibly be combined. Dr. Stubbs is a man who made his mark early, and under serious difficulties, and has always more than held his own in the position he had once acquired. He had hardly taken his degree, graduating in double honours, when he was elected to an open fellowship at Trinity, and he not long afterwards took a Trinity living. Since that time his advance both in reputation and preferment justly earned has been steady and continuous. He will vacate by his elevation to the See of Chester two important posts, a canonry of St. Paul's and the Regius Professorship of Modern History at Oxford, which it falls to the Government to fill up. And recent experience has taught us to look for a high standard of excellence in both. It will soon indeed come to be thought that Canons of St. Paul's hold a high place among the *episcopabili*, if such a coinage may be allowed, members of the Chapter.

Of Dr. Ridding much less is known to the general public, but what is known is mainly in his favour. It cannot be said that he came quite satisfactorily out of the "tunding" affair at Winchester some years ago, and he certainly did not meet the crisis with the outspoken fearlessness and decision exhibited by the present Dean of Llandaff, when a similar attack was made on an earlier occasion on the monitorial system at Harrow, then under his wise and efficient rule. But Dr. Ridding's administration of the oldest of our public schools has on the whole been a successful one. We are entirely unable indeed to agree with the *Times* that "men who have succeeded as "schoolmasters have *rarely* failed as bishops"; and "the "fact that two successive Archbishops of Canterbury "have been men whose qualities were proved in the ad"ministration of great public schools" would in any case be an inadequate, and is for reasons to be stated presently an irrelevant, allegation in evidence of it, for we presume the reference is to Archbishop Longley and Archbishop Tait, as it would be obviously premature to formulate a verdict on a primacy only just begun. The cases have not been rare but frequent in the past—though it would be invidious to name examples here—of schoolmaster prelates whose pastoral staff has borne too visible a resemblance to a ferule not to suggest the incongruous idea of a mitred Busby or Keate; nor are the "qualities proved" in a successful headmastership by any means identical or coextensive with those required for a successful episcopate. "An accu"rate knowledge of the middle voice," for instance, as Sydney Smith long ago pointed out, is not only not the one thing needful—it is not that in either case—but is hardly needful at all in a bishop, though a far from undesirable accomplishment. And there are some qualities useful or necessary in the one office which are, as far as they go, an actual disqualification for the other. To take the example suggested by the *Times*, the *mitis sapientia* which marked Dr. Longley's primacy, and which made him through life beloved by all who knew him, was far too mild for the successful control of those unruly members who have always to be reckoned with in a large public school, and who more than once got the upper hand during his brief and somewhat turbulent reign at Harrow. The "qualities" which were found acceptable at Lambeth were precisely those which had not been proved—except in the sense of being proved inefficacious—in his magisterial career. And it would not be difficult, though it would obviously not be proper here, to name more than one meritorious headmaster or ex-headmaster of our own day whom no judicious adviser would recommend to Her

MAJESTY for the bench. On the other hand, one very eminent and excellent member of the present episcopate was not altogether successful, though his shortcomings have been often unfairly exaggerated, in his magisterial capacity. But we do not at all mean to imply that a headmaster may not make a very good bishop, or that he may not have exhibited qualities in the one sphere—for instance an organizing capacity—which afford reasonable presumption of success in the other. And we know no cause why the anticipation should not be verified in Dr. RIDDING'S case. It may be added that in the formation of a new diocese constructive and administrative capacity is especially required. Dr. RIDDING is an excellent scholar—he gained a first class, the Craven Scholarship, and the Latin Essay at Oxford—but we are not aware that he possesses anything of that historical and ecclesiastical lore on which Dr. STUBBS has laid so strong a grasp. This, however, will not be specially needed for the consolidation of the new diocese of Southwell. It is not the special forte of the present Primate, also an ex-headmaster, who succeeded admirably in a similar work at Truro. Old Wykehamists will probably feel less anxiety as to the fitness of their chief for the sphere of labour he is about to enter upon than as to the appointment, now lodged for the first time in the hands of a reconstructed governing body, of his successor in the most ancient of the scholastic thrones in England. And even those who are not Wykehamists may be permitted to share the hope that a post so dignified at once and so important will not be less worthily occupied than under the former régime. It says something for the discretion of the superseded Warden and Fellows that their choice of a headmaster should twice running have received what may be called an independent ratification by his promotion to the bench, and that in a day when the old sneer can no longer be repeated, that to have edited a Greek play or been tutor to a nobleman was sufficient qualification for a mitre.

Dr. RIDDING will pass from beneath the shadow of one of the largest and grandest to one of the smallest of English cathedrals; Dr. STUBBS from the newest, as an edifice, to one of the most venerable, though it has only enjoyed its dignity as a cathedral for three centuries, having been before the Reformation a Benedictine Abbey. The Collegiate Church of Southwell, now for the first time to become the *cathedra* of a bishop, was plundered, like so many others, by that zealous Church reformer, HENRY VIII. L, but MARY restored a part of the stolen property, which it still retains. What means this may provide for the endowment of a Chapter we are unable to say, but it may be hoped that the new Bishop will see his way to securing somehow so desirable, if not essential, an adjunct to his episcopal throne. In the days, still well within living memory, when it was customary to say that "the Church of England was "dying of dignity," those who retailed the familiar sarcasm with a smile or a sigh were thinking especially of bishops and cathedral bodies. But it has long since become impossible for a bishop, and will ere long cease to be possible for a dean, "to "rust out," according to the elegant phrase attributed to Bishop RYLE. And when two or three Chapters have emulated the high standard presented to view at St. Paul's, there will be as little thought of reviving the *laissez faire* ideal of capitular life as of reproducing the episcopal ideal of the age before Bishop WILBERFORCE, when a bishop was supposed to see nothing except through the "eyes" of his archdeacons, and no more precise definition could be framed of the duties, ocular or other, of archdeacons than that it was their business "to discharge archidiaconal functions." The most perfect sovereign cannot rule aright without the aid of competent counsellors and representatives, and an increased and reawakened episcopate connotes, so to speak, a corresponding revival of cathedral life, the cathedral being so termed simply because it is the church where the bishop's chair is fixed. Not much has yet been achieved in this way at Liverpool, but something is already being done at Truro, and we may hope that something will ere long be done both at Southwell and St. Albans. Meanwhile there is a certain fitness in the first occupant of the See carved out of the previous diocese of Lincoln being, like Bishop WORDSWORTH, a Wykehamist. And there is a still more obvious fitness in the honoured, if somewhat archaic, representative of the solid theological learning of the Oxford of a past generation handing over the burden which increasing years had rendered too heavy for him to a successor, with whose theology he would have much in common, and whose learning is in some respects deeper, and for present needs more directly available, than his own. The name of Dr. STUBBS is one with which our readers have long been familiar, and which they have always been accustomed to see mentioned in these columns with the respect due to his unique literary services in a field he has made peculiarly his own. Henceforth they will look to him also for services, if not of a higher, of a more directly practical kind, and we shall hardly incur the charge of indiscreet prediction, if we venture to assure them that the expectation is not likely to be disappointed.

THE CARNIVAL IN ITALY.

THE first sight of an Italian Carnival is generally disappointing to all but the very young. In many of the larger towns all that the stranger sees of the celebrated festival are a few groups of shabby maskers, whose purpose is evidently profit rather than pleasure, and who endeavour to extract soldi from the pockets of the simple foreigner by the repetition of obsolete jokes and mechanical antics. In Rome and Naples, it is true, the processions are occasionally even more splendid than they used to be. Both cities depend to a large extent on their English, American, and Russian visitors. An unusual influx of these is what a remarkable vintage or olive harvest is to a country district; their rarity is dearth, their absence famine. As with the grape and olive, too, their quality is of greater importance than their quantity, and the innkeepers declare that the former has deteriorated of late. This is chiefly due to the increased ease of travelling. Formerly a journey to Italy was the great event in the lives of many men. It was the conclusion of a young noble's education, the cherished purpose for which poor scholars hoarded their scanty savings. And Rome was the place in which both were anxious to appear at their best. Did not the good, frugal wife of Herder insist that her husband ought to procure a violet silk coat—at Dalberg's expense, of course—in order that he might represent the Protestant Church of Weimar with fitting dignity in the city of the Popes? It may well be believed that whole batches of Gazo's tourists do not leave so much money behind them as one of the old "Milordi" who used to take princely apartments for the winter and surround themselves with large retinues. But, besides this, the Romans had a special cause of complaint. After the fall of the temporal power of the Popes, the splendour of the great religious functions of the Holy Week was overclouded. Believers who had no special business at the Papal Court shrank from visiting the scene of what they considered a great desecration; while one of its chief attractions for the mere sightseer was removed. Under these circumstances, great efforts were made to increase the glory of the Carnival; large sums of money were subscribed, and to take a conspicuous part in it was considered a sign of attachment to the new dynasty. Naples, the shrewd and somewhat envious rival of Rome for the affections of the moneyed foreigner, soon followed the example of the capital. Ever since the system of short Italian tours began, the innkeepers of each city have been able to assure their guests that a dreadful fever is ravaging the other. They are subtle and persuasive reasoners, and possess a medical and geological knowledge which it is rather surprising to find in a class which is not usually numbered among the learned professions. But like other great authorities they are unfortunately apt to disagree. While the Neapolitans have excellent grounds for asserting that an eruption of Vesuvius may take place at any moment and cannot possibly be delayed beyond a certain number of weeks, the Romans can prove by equally weighty arguments that, under the well-known and carefully ascertained conditions of the time, such an event is clearly impossible. Scientific differences of this kind frequently lead to social emulation, as we know by the sad fate of Heine's hero who was obliged to fight a duel to establish the fundamental doctrine of all theology. So as soon as Rome had a successful Carnival, it was clear that Naples must have one too; since then her efforts have been great, though somewhat spasmodic, and once at least the Southern city bore away the palm. The procession that moved through her streets during Victor Emmanuel's visit was probably the most magnificent that ever graced such a festival.

Though the most striking feature of the Roman Carnival, the race of the wild unridden horses from one end of the town to the other, has been abolished in consequence of an accident that happened a few years ago, the traveller who desires nothing but a spectacle will therefore find enough to satisfy him in either of the cities we have mentioned, if the weather be fine and the year favourable. Both on the Corso and the Toledo he may see masks as quaint and groups as varied as those that Goethe figured and described; the flowers and the sugar-plums fall as thickly as ever, and the plaster pellets sting as sharply as heretofore; and yet to many of us something seems wanting which the old poets and novelists taught us to expect. It is not merely that the glamour of romance is gone, that no queenly form beckons to the moody stranger, that no Fifish dwarf thrusts a love-letter into his hand; nor is it that we are old and lonely, and therefore find the bright scene wearisome, as Goethe told Crabb Robinson he himself had done. It is in the Italian groups that we look for something that is not there. Their costumes are far more costly than we had imagined they would be; but where is the thoughtless and innocent mirth, where are the wild outbursts of perfectly harmless fun? The form of the Carnival is with us

still, has the spirit flown for ever? The only persons in whom it still seems to live are the youths and maidens of England and America, who pelt and chase each other wildly for an hour or two, and then go home to write rapturous letters to distant friends about the light-heartedness of the Italians. Why is this? Many explanations have been given; some say the people are ground down with taxes till all the old merriment is crushed out of them, and others that they were formerly children, but that politics have made men of them, and they have cast away childish things. Others again argue that the sight of foreign luxury has robbed them of their old capacity to enjoy simple mirth and inexpensive fun. You are so wearied and dispirited that you scarcely care; you get out of the crowd as quickly as you can, and wend your way to the "Wapping of Rome," where you know a little tavern in which a sound old wine may be had. There you cast aside your domino and mask. At the other end of the high damp vaulted room, or rather cellar, a number of respectable shopkeepers are seated round an oil lamp. They are celebrating their Carnival with an extra *fiasco* or two of the right sort. You will follow their example, only you do not want the light; it is pleasant to sit in darkness and moralize on the dreariness of all official holidays. You have hardly drunk your second glass, however, when a sound of suppressed tittering is heard at the door, and an old woman enters in her everyday costume followed by a bevy of masked girls. Their dresses have evidently been patched together out of old odds and ends, but they have the true old Roman grace and bearing, and you can see at a glance that the true spirit of the carnival is alive in every pulse. They can hardly restrain their laughter while their venerable leader demands the best and oldest wine, and they turn to drink it so that no one may recognize them when they lift the dark veil which hangs from their half masks and hides the lower part of their face. When they have finished, the old lady advances to the table and says to one of those who are seated there:—"Sir, I have the honour to inform you that you have been selected to pay for our wine. And, oh!" she adds, in a very audible whisper, "if you only knew who drank it, you would consider this the happiest day in all your life." A shout of laughter arises, and everybody wants to know the secret name. After a long apparent hesitation, during which all the girls have escaped, the crone reveals the Christian name of somebody whom the victim is supposed to affect, or, failing this, she boldly cites one of the greatest and most beautiful ladies in the noble families of Rome. It is characteristic of the Italians that this joke is never played off upon a stranger or a poor man, unless a priest happen to be seated among the rest, when he is selected as a matter of course; but in that case it is understood that the whole company pays the very inconsiderable tax.

But, if you have any of the electricity of the time about you, you have not waited to watch this scene, but have put on your cloak and mask and quickly followed the girls. If you find them laughingly crouching in some byway, do not seem to notice them, but keep them carefully in sight. After indulging in a good many jests, they will probably pass through a low archway, and, when you attempt to follow them, a porter will demand your ticket or your name. You answer, you are a poor brother of the Carnival—too poor, in fact, to possess either. In that case, he will tell you there is dancing in such or such a place, to which you will doubtless be welcome, but this is a private society. In the meantime, two or three of the young men who manage the affair will probably have made their appearance. You single out the most forbidding of them, and, turning to him, you say:—"Sir, I have a secret to impart; if you knew it, I think you would sympathize with me." He steps forward; and you continue, in a whisper as audible as you can make it:—"Pity me: I have fallen in love with a lady whose name and address I have no means of finding out, but who has just entered this gate. I only wish to speak to her for a moment. You would not like to be obliged to step over my corpse on leaving your ball—at least I think you would not." "But what kind of a lady is it?" he will probably ask, suspiciously. "An unmasked lady, who entered with a number of masked attendants a few minutes ago"; and here you must describe the duenna as graphically and satirically as you can, always adding when you have dwelt on her game eye, her hunchback, or her wry leg, that there is an indescribable charm in this which has captivated your heart. Some such jest is almost sure to secure your admission to any popular Carnival dance that is worth the visiting, at least in Rome. But you must keep up your part for the evening, and be prodigal and extravagant in your admiration of your partner, who will in all probability play the prude, the coy, the tender, and the offended maiden, by turns, with no inconsiderable skill. When you enter all the male part of the company will crowd round you with their glasses, and you must take a sip from each—not to do so would be an offence—then you must order wine and offer your own full glass to each in turn. That is the only expense you need incur; but it may be well to slip out in an hour or two and purchase as many sweetmeats as you can carry. The landlord will lend you a tray, and you and the lady of your adoration may carry them round and request the other ladies to partake of them in honour of your betrothal. A bottle or two of wine at the same time for the male part of the assembly would not be out of place; but, above all things, take care not to be ostentatious.

What renders such evenings possible is the extraordinary tact of the lower-class Italians. The old woman with whom you have carried on your mock flirtation may perhaps unexpectedly turn out to be your own washerwoman, but she will never refer to the subject unless you do so, nor will any of the merry company bow to you in the street unless you encourage them. But to continue the description. The ball-room is probably large and high, but it is furnished only with chairs hired for the occasion from some neighbouring church; the music is somewhat worse than middling, but the fun grows heartier and the dancing wilder from hour to hour. If you wish to take part in the latter, you must ask the dame of your choice to stand up with you. After she has hobbled a few paces and returned to her seat, girl after girl will ask her permission to dance with you, and you too are free to choose what partner you will. At last the moment for unmasking comes, and now you may admire not only the stately forms and graceful movements, but the dark, passionate, unfathomable eyes. Take care, however, not to look too deeply into any single pair of them; the youths around you, for all their soft manners and careless gaiety, have sharp knives in their pockets, and there are many dark corners between here and your lodgings.

TRAGICOMŒDIA POLITICA.

THE "comparatively very limited" throats (see Mr. Gladstone on Monday night) of the garrison of Sinkat have been duly cut, and the House of Lords has been informed that it "may be the worse" (see *Daily News* of Wednesday) for having dared to remonstrate with this method of educating Egyptians in the blessings of constitutional government. Some one has said (or if he has not we make him a present of the remark) that there would be no such roaring joke as politics if the thing were not so serious, and that the student of matters political would break his heart over their seriousness if it were not that politics afford such endless amusement. At the present moment there appear to be three distinct defences of the person whom they rudely call in Berlin "the author of the Soudan massacres." The first is that it was impossible to relieve Sinkat; it being perfectly well known to every expert that even after the 4th of January, when Lord Granville assumed absolute command over Egyptian policy in the Soudan and elsewhere, the garrison of Aden and Sir William Hewett between them could, without a man from Suez or from Bombay, have relieved Sinkat three times over. The second is that it was necessary that the comparatively limited extent of jugular should suffer in order that the absolute consistency of cowardice on the part of the Government should remain intact; on which it is unnecessary to make further comment. The third recalls exactly the argument of Caiaphas on a celebrated occasion. It was, it seems, expedient that the garrisons of Sinkat and Tokkar should perish in order that General Gordon might relieve Khartoum and the garrisons of Darfur, Bahr-el-Gazal, and the equatorial provinces *sans coup férir*. Here, also, it is not necessary to add a word. Those who are of the opinion of Caiaphas are fully entitled to the benefit of his highly respectable authority. They may even have overlooked this important leading case; and, if it be so, they are most welcome to it. We shall not discourse further of them from this point of view.

The garrison of Sinkat, two days' march from English territory—that is to say, the sea—have died fighting, and perhaps it is not good to dwell too much on their fate. They will add a contingent to the goodly army of shadows which, as has been before now pointed out, is ready to play a part in a new version of the last act of *Richard III.* Here in England we are quite helpless. A person of the name of Thomasson, who appears in Dod as a member of Parliament, and whose name has sometimes been seen in division-lists as an advocate of refusing grants to the Royal Family, of establishing atheism as the religion of Parliament, &c., is reported by the newspapers to have said that he is unable to see why we should go and kill one set of people in order to prevent their killing another set. It would be interesting to know whether, if Bill Sikes were in his house, Mr. Thomasson's views on the duty of the police would be wholly consistent with this remarkable utterance. But we are perhaps letting the tragedy, though it is certainly not without an obvious comic touch here, have the ground too much to itself. The present purpose is rather to survey the proceedings of the persons and the party who are responsible for the late massacres from a less serious point of view. "There is a superabundance of blood in the picture," as a certain critic remarked, perhaps rather wisecrely than wisely, of Campbell's "Lochiel," and it wants relieving. There is no lack of relief. In the first place, there is the Radical attempt, surely a pyramidal farce in itself, to play the old game of 1879. The poor old horses are trotted or stumbled out of their poor old stables. Once again we hear of the blatant clubman, of the wicked London press, of the carpet Jingoes who sit at home at ease and call for spirited policies. Surely this is a little reactionary on the part of the party of progress. Surely they might have hit upon something a little—only a very little—newer. Even their own prophet Lord Granville might have taught them a salutary lesson with his plaintive appeal to the doctrine of probabilities and his expostulation with those who, contrary to that doctrine, declare that the Ministry is always wrong. The very clubman, poor creature, who is alternately and consistently reproached with his bloodthirsty desire to gain "steps" in Egypt, and his cowardly determination to stay at home and send somebody else, cannot, according to Lord Granville, be always wrong. Even the ignorant

metropolis, despite its notorious inferiority in intellectual and moral qualities to Kennaquhair and Llanpumpsaint, must, on the same authority, sometimes be right. And then, too, the facts happen to be dreadfully unmanageable. It is not the metropolis alone by any means that entertains a mild objection to the butchering of the allies and virtual wards of England within a few cannon-shots of Admiral Hewett's long-range guns. The immaculate provinces, despite the fact that their newspapers are, as a rule, much more under the immediate command of party influences than those of the capital, have been by no means behindhand with expressions of disgust at the sanguinary silliness of the Ministry. The calls for a firmer policy in Egypt come from the very quarters which four years ago furnished the forces wherewith to fight the wicked clubman and the luxurious Londoner. Our good friends of the party of scuttling and slaughter should have stuck to "great is Diana of the Ephesians." There is apparently some conjuring still to be done with that. The provinces might be conciliated by the suggestion that if Mr. Gladstone exactly reverses his policy he will still be the best man obtainable. But it is a bad way to conciliate them by calling names at those who express the very opinions which they express themselves.

But the attitude of the few partisans who have not feared to throw everything but party allegiance to the winds, and to defend the most cowardly blundering that any English statesmen have ever been guilty of, is less amusing than the behaviour of some of their leaders. The House of Commons at question time on Monday and Tuesday was for a cynic pure and simple the finest, happiest hunting-ground possible. The echo of Lord Hartington's celebrated announcement last week in two breaths that General Gordon is not in the service of the Khedive, and that General Gordon is Governor-General, by the Khedive's appointment, of the Soudan, dies away in the distance, and the fuller symphonies in prevarication and subterfuge which Mr. Gladstone and Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice executed on these two days fill the enraptured ear. Now it was Lord Edmond requiring notice of a question about already-printed telegrams and disclaiming cognizance of notorious communications. Now it was Mr. Gladstone remarking that the distance from the English army in Egypt to Sinkat is "a matter for debate and discussion." Then the Prime Minister continued with the comparatively very limited extent of the garrisons of Sinkat and Tokkar—certainly the extent of the garrison of Sinkat is now very limited indeed. By the grace of Mr. Gladstone, it is limited to four sick men. These things led up by a gradual crescendo to the magnificent Bunsbyism in which Mr. Gladstone announced that "the instructions and the actions of Her Majesty's Government would be conformable to their views and intentions." After this, even the *coda* that "no part of the case [especially the throats of the garrison of Sinkat] will be found to have been neglected" might have seemed merely a dying fall. But Mr. Gladstone had not done. He said in reply to Mr. Forster (who apparently cannot forget out of office that he was a humanitarian in it, while Mr. Gladstone is a remarkable example of a successful forgetfulness in the opposite conditions) that "a comment [he was not asked for a comment, but an answer] might probably lead to expectations beyond what he contemplated." Next day Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice outdid even his chief in the execution of a difficult movement. He promised to make an inquiry "immediately," and then he defined immediately as "in whatever way I consider best." One ought perhaps to be rather grateful to Lord Edmond for this last striking word. The definition of "immediate" by "in whatever way I consider best" is characteristic of Mr. Gladstone, and his young friend showed his fitness for a position in the Government by using it. Only it would be a great mistake to limit the phrase to this particular use. The right time to do a thing is the time that Mr. Gladstone and those about him consider best, and the time that they have considered best must have been the right time. They considered it the best way to let the garrison of Sinkat be massacred, and there is no more to be said on that point. They consider it (not without considerable pressure from without) the best way not to let the garrison of Tokkar be massacred, and that will be right too. They could not insist in the case of Hicks Pasha's expedition, because that would be to assume responsibility; but they did insist in the case of Baker Pasha's expedition, and yet that did not impose any responsibility upon them. Their actions and instructions will be conformable to their views and intentions; and, as their views and intentions are *ex hypothesi* infallible and impeccable, their actions and instructions must be ditto, ditto. This kind of verbal wriggling is called by their henchmen "high argument" ("high old argument" would be a slight addition and a considerable improvement). The garrison of Sinkat was such a little one! The improvements introduced by Mr. Clifford Lloyd in the Egyptian administration were so remarkable! It would be such a pity to spoil the symmetry of General Gordon's plan by drawing swords and charging muskets! High arguments indeed!

The political Democritus has quite the best of it on this occasion, and it is with very great regret that we acknowledge our own inability entirely to rise or sink to the level of his situation. It is very weak, no doubt, very childish, very un-nineteenth-century. We ought to do nothing but avail ourselves of the abundant pasture for the humourist which is presented by the spectacle of the honour of a great nation and the duties of common humanity dragged in the dirt to the accompaniment of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's definitions of "immediately," of Mr. Gladstone's emulations of Captain Cuttle's great oracle, and of the admiring applause of Radical newspapers. But in order to do nothing but this a man must forget that he is an Englishman; and then Englishmen who forget that they are Englishmen do not perceive the joke. So here is the eternal incompatibility. *Si M. Schnadhorst savait*—what a figure his chiefs are cutting; *si nous pouvions*—laugh at the figure which they make Englishmen cut! But Mr. Schnadhorst will still be Mr. Schnadhorst and keep his Schnadhorstian mind; and we for our part do not greatly envy him. The tragedy somewhat spoils the enjoyment of the comedy, but it is a tragi-comedy still.

THE NEW MARTINI-ENFIELD RIFLE.

THERE seems to be some difference of opinion as to the merits of the new 40-inch bore rifle lately reissued from the Royal Small Arms Factory, Enfield, for trial and report. The arm as it now stands differs in some minor details from that issued experimentally in 1882, but the differences are of the nature of improvements which occur during the making of any new machine, and need not be noticed here. It is of more importance to consider in what respect, if in any, the new rifle is likely to prove a better infantry arm than the present service Martini-Henry rifle. The breech-loading action—namely, that invented by Martini on the falling block system—is the same in both rifles. It will be convenient in this notice to speak of the present service rifle as the Martini-Henry, and of the new experimental rifle as the Martini-Enfield.

The improvements claimed for the Martini-Enfield consist mainly of a new pattern fore-end, of several additional appliances which could, if desired, be fitted to any rifle, and of a very considerable reduction in the diameter of the bore and in the weight of the bullet.

The fore-end, it should be explained, is that part of the stock which is in front of the breech. In the Martini-Henry rifle a groove runs along the upper part of the fore-end, and forms a bed for the barrel. Held together by steel bands, the barrel and fore-end form the shaft of a pike sufficiently light and strong, whose point is the fixed bayonet. It is stated at Enfield that water finds its way to, and lodges in, the barrel-groove of the fore-end; that in this way many barrels get injured through rust, and in time become unserviceable. In order to obviate this liability to damage, the barrel of the Martini-Enfield is made to rest upon the fore-end instead of lying in it—that is, the exterior of the barrel is exposed to view both above and below—so that there ought to be no difficulty in keeping every part of it perfectly clean and free from rust. Time and a certain amount of wear and tear will be required to show whether the change is a good one. The necessity for any change in this respect would have been more clear had it been stated by the authorities at Enfield what proportion of barrels become unserviceable through the setting up of rust between the barrel and the present fore-end.

The Martini-Enfield is fitted with an improved pattern back-sight. The leaf, instead of being graduated for every hundred yards only (as in the Martini-Henry), is marked for every half and quarter hundred between 500 and 1,500 yards. There is also a sliding wind-gauge—the device of the Armourer Sergeant at Hythe—attached to the back-sight. These additions will doubtless be of great use in enabling the soldier to correct his elevation and allowance for wind. As at distances over 1,500 yards a man cannot (if the butt is in his shoulder) raise his eye sufficiently above the breech to get the required elevation, the Martini-Enfield is provided with a long-range sight, consisting of a fixed back-sight (on the left side of the rifle) and a long-range front-sight graduated from 1,000 to 2,000 yards. When in use, the long-range front-sight hangs down from the left side of the upper band. Thus elevation is obtained, not by depressing the breech below the line of aim, but by raising the muzzle above, and of course slightly to one side of, that line. When not required for immediate use, the long-range front-sight can, as a sailor would say, be stowed along the barrel and fore-end; when not required at all, it can be unshipped and stowed away in the pouch. It may be noticed that, in aiming at extreme ranges with the long-range sight, few men will be able to rest the cheek or chin on the butt of their rifle; the difficulty of aiming and holding steadily will be thereby increased at least twofold. This drawback might be got rid of by placing a pad between the cheek and the butt. In the Martini action the very act of loading places the rifle, so to speak, at "full cock."

To the breech action of the Martini-Enfield a safety bolt has been added. When the bolt is pressed back, the trigger does not act, and the action is thus kept, as it were, at "half cock." In order to make the rifle ready for firing, the bolt must be pressed forward. When it is intended to fire the rifle immediately after loading, there is, of course, no occasion to use the safety bolt. Thus in the Martini-Enfield action there are two methods of bringing the rifle to "full cock." Men used to guns will most likely consider there is some danger attending the formation of a double habit in the matter of cocking a gun. But the safety bolt, like the new pattern back-sight and the long-range sight, is undergoing trial. It is not improbable that the general verdict will be adverse to the safety bolt, decidedly in favour of the new pattern back-sight and sliding wind-gauge, and pretty evenly divided about the long-range sight.

The Martini-Enfield is chiefly remarkable for the reduction in

the size of the bore and in the weight of the bullet. The bore of the Martini-Henry rifle is 0·45 inch in diameter, and is rifled on the Henry system. The bore of the Martini-Enfield is 0·40 inch in diameter, and is rifled with a ratchet rifling, the grooves being either seven or nine in number, and the twist one turn in 15 inches. The weight of the Martini-Henry bullet is 480 grains, that of the Martini-Enfield 384, the powder charge of 85 grains being the same for both. The effect of this reduction of about one-fifth of the bore-space and of exactly one-fifth in the weight of the bullet is to raise the starting or muzzle velocity, as it is called, from 1,315 to 1,570 feet per second.

The importance of the difference of these rates is apparent if we extend the comparison to the rifles of other countries. As regards muzzle velocity, the French, Austrian, Russian, and German rifles are all superior to the Martini-Henry, and all inferior to the Martini-Enfield. It is noticeable that the muzzle velocity of the French Gras, which is the lowest of the four alluded to, is higher by 100 feet per second than the muzzle velocity of the Martini-Henry; whereas the muzzle velocity of the German Mauser, which is the highest of the four, is lower—also by 100 feet a second—than the muzzle velocity of the Martini-Enfield. In all probability, the *raison d'être* of the experimental bore is due to the growing conviction that the English bullet ought to leave the muzzle at least as quickly as the bullet of any other infantry in Europe.

In order to take full advantage of superior muzzle velocity, it is absolutely essential that the bullet, when set in motion, should have in itself the greatest possible power of maintaining velocity throughout its flight. This power depends on the relation—conveniently termed sectional density—which exists between the weight of the bullet and its diameter. In this respect the Martini-Henry bullet is superior to those of all the Continental rifles, but inferior to the new ·40-inch bullet used with the Martini-Enfield. The new bullet has, in fact, a greater driving power in proportion to the surface directly opposed to the resistance of the air. From the combination of a vastly superior muzzle velocity with a most favourable sectional density, it follows, as a matter of course, that the new bullet—provided it has a rotation sufficient to ensure perfect stability—has a greater velocity, and consequently a flatter trajectory, throughout its entire flight than any other known infantry rifle. Stability of the bullet is ensured, and air-boring power still further augmented, by the increased rotation due to the higher muzzle velocity and the quicker twist of rifling. The Martini-Henry and Martini-Enfield bullets leave the barrel making respectively 720 and 1,250 revolutions per second.

What does not follow as a matter of course is that, when the bore is reduced, the accuracy of shooting should remain unimpaired. Hitherto experience has shown that the quicker the twist and the smaller the bore, the greater the risk of unmanageable fouling; and, if the fouling becomes excessive, the muzzle velocity will vary and the shooting will be uneven. But Enfield—if responsible for the cartridge as well as for the rifle—has been equal to the occasion. The modifications in the cartridge consequent upon the reduction of the bore appear to be perfectly successful. To begin with, a solid-drawn cartridge case is for several reasons a great improvement. The freedom from fouling—due probably to an improved wad—is most marked. The amount of recoil is very much the same as with the Martini-Henry—that is to say, if the rifle be held properly, it is insignificant. The accuracy of the Martini-Enfield at 1,000 yards is equal to the accuracy of the Martini-Henry at 500 yards. Beyond 1,000 yards no strict comparison appears to have been made. It would be interesting to the country at large, as well as to those more nearly concerned, if the accuracy figure of merit of both rifles could be taken at 1,500 and 2,000 yards with the same exactness as it has been taken at 500 and 1,000 yards. Perhaps the experimental range at Enfield does not admit of this; and in any case a horizontal area, say a tide-washed sand, would probably afford the most convenient target for determining how closely the shots will group at extreme ranges. The Martini-Henry, in spite of its comparatively low muzzle velocity, and in virtue of its good sectional density, more than holds its own when compared with any of the foreign rifles for long range and accuracy. It would, therefore, be most satisfactory if the comparison between the two Martinis were made as complete as possible. The inference to be drawn would be direct and valuable. It is probable that the new bullet, which is comparatively light and long, would of the two be more affected by a side wind. This, as bearing on the possibility of any further reduction of bore, seems to be a most important point. At all events, the trials to be thoroughly instructive should be carried on in boisterous as well as in still weather.

When it has been shown what can be done in this climate with a limited number of specially-made rounds, it will still remain to be seen what results can be obtained with ammunition which, having been made in bulk and carried for a time in the men's pouches, is afterwards expended in continuous firing under an Indian sun. If under these conditions there is no appreciable diminution in the accuracy of shooting, the Martini-Enfield must in the fundamental matters of barrel and ammunition, and in the adaptation of each to the other, be pronounced a far more powerful rifle than the Martini-Henry.

On the other hand, the Martini-Enfield is heavier than the Martini-Henry. The weight of the stock and the exterior form of the barrel are the same in both, but the greater thickness of barrel in the case of the smaller bore causes a difference of six ounces in weight between the two patterns. It is urged at Enfield that, since the Martini-Enfield ammunition is round for round lighter than the present Martini-Henry ammunition, the weight of the new rifle and seventy rounds is not greater than that of the Martini-Henry with a like number of rounds. It must be recollected, however, that, while a soldier can never part with his rifle, more or less of his ammunition can on occasion be carried for him. That the outside of the new barrel is of the same dimensions as that of the Martini-Henry is probably due to economical reasons. Alterations in the shape and dimensions of a machine-made barrel would entail a corresponding change in the factory plant. Perhaps, too, the extra thickness of metal is conducive to good shooting. But on this head it may be said that there ought to be no room for surmise. It should in fact be positively determined by sheer experiment whether the new Martini-Enfield barrel cannot without any serious loss of accuracy in shooting be made as light, or even lighter, than the barrel of the service Martini-Henry.

A contrivance called a "quick-loader" has been issued for simultaneous trial with the Martini-Enfield. It could be used, if desired, with any rifle; its efficiency does not affect the intrinsic merit of the rifle; still a short notice of it may not be out of place. The object of the "quick-loader," as the name implies, is to facilitate rapidity of loading. It is a case made of metal; and in shape and appearance is somewhat like a small pouch. When not required for use it can be slung from the waistbelt. When in use it is attached to the right side of the rifle, close to the breech-action. It contains six cartridges, which by means of a spring are forced up one after the other in a very ready manner to the loader's hand.

The most that can be said for it is that, after it has been filled and fixed to the rifle, a nimble man may fire the six rounds about four or five seconds quicker than he could when loading in the ordinary manner from the pouch. It is possible that some pattern of "quick-loader" may be introduced into the service, but no contrivance which involves the handling of the cartridge between each round can be compared for rapidity with a self-loading, or, as it is called, a magazine rifle.

By a magazine rifle is meant a rifle that contains within itself—presumably in the butt—a magazine or reservoir (holding a limited number of cartridges), combined with a mechanical action which, by trigger pressure only—or at all events with the aid of one other motion—performs all the functions of loading; so that, the magazine being filled beforehand, the firer can repeat his shots almost as quickly as he can aim and fire. In the hands of well-trained troops the odds in favour of a magazine rifle as against the ordinary breech-loader would, *ceteris paribus*, be very like the odds in favour of an ordinary breech-loader as against the old muzzle-loader. At present there does not appear to be any satisfactory pattern of a magazine rifle; but it is notorious that, so soon as some ingenious inventor can design a thoroughly efficient magazine action, one, at least, of the great European Powers is ready to adopt the system. This means, of course, that every other Power who can afford to follow the example set, or who cannot afford not to do so, will sooner or later re-arm their infantry in a similar manner.

Whether after further experiment, including trial of the wear and tear sort, it would be worth while to substitute the Martini-Enfield for the Martini-Henry as a general infantry arm, is a question which probably depends on the condition of the service rifles now in use, on the number of these not yet issued, and on some other considerations. It might be good economy to reserve the present stock of Martini-Henry rifles for issue to the Volunteers in exchange for the Snider. It may be imperative—no one can say how soon—for us to adopt a rifle of the magazine type; but in any case, if we have to re-arm the infantry of the line, the arm should surely in every respect be the very best we can make.

Opinions may vary as to the exact requirements of an infantry rifle. With regard to rapidity of fire it can of course be argued, as it was on the introduction of breech-loaders, that a magazine system will lead to much reckless expenditure of ammunition; but ammunition is meant to be expended, of course under proper control. Again, with regard to accuracy, in a letter to the *Times* (27th December last) an authority no less than General Boxer contended in so many words that because our soldiers have not sufficient skill to do full justice to the rifle they have, it would be unwise to give them one that shoots better. It may be true that in any infantry battalion there are not half a dozen men who can get the most out of the Martini-Henry; but the bulk of our soldiers can use their rifle with more or less effect; and the question is not, in fact, whether the skill of our men is up to the power of the rifle, but whether, on the whole, a better-shooting rifle will increase the chances of hitting. On this point all arguments must give way before the practical reason that we are obliged, as before hinted, to keep pace with our neighbours. If we are a little in front of them, so much the better.

In the hands of young troops—however well trained, but unused to war—it must be expected that the worth of a superior weapon must now and then be cancelled in the flurry and excitement of the first onset. But for English infantry, steadied down to their

work, the best rifle must—weight and other things being equal—always be that which combines, when wanted, the greatest rapidity of fire with the greatest hitting power at all ranges. At the same time, it is well to be reminded that the best rifle in the world is of little use unless it be backed up, not only by sufficient skill in rifle-shooting, but also by sound training in the proper application of rifle-fire. In this latter respect we are perhaps somewhat behind our nearer neighbours.

LISBON

To write with any enthusiasm about a place which Fielding described as "the nastiest city in the world," and where Childe Harold found that

> Hut and palace show like filthily,
> The dingy denizens are reared in dirt,

might seem, at first sight, to require considerable courage or even audacity. But it must be remembered that "the father of the English novel" composed his *Voyage to Lisbon* some hundred and thirty years ago, and, which is more important, before the occurrence of the terrible earthquake which, destroying a great part of Lisbon, shook the hearts of all Europe. Fielding's death at Lisbon on the eve of that catastrophe saved him from the coming horror, but it also prevented him from seeing the rapid regeneration of the city which followed. As for "the Childe," he was in that unwholesome state of mind which leads the unreformed but *blasé* debauchee to flee from his fellow-creatures and all their works to recruit himself by the contact with silent nature. Had he visited Lisbon somewhat later in his course of travel he might very well have dealt more gently with its defects, or even have discovered beauty in the city, as he could not help doing in its surroundings.

Anyhow, the traveller of the present day who visits Lisbon with Byron's description in his thoughts will be agreeably disappointed. It is a city with much to recommend it to the tourist, who will often like it better after a fortnight's sojourn than in the first glow of novelty. It is a city of contrasts, and therefore pleasing to various tastes. Old and new, crooked and regular, hill and level, garden and street, are in close juxtaposition. For those who love uniformity and geometrical plan there is the new and handsome central quarter on the ground where the earthquake played its fiercest havoc; for the antiquarian there is the rambling and tortuous Alfama district in the east, with the castle and cathedral, and Belem in the west; while he who would find the country in the town has only to mount a little way, to roam along the streets of upper Lisbon, over the seven hills which look down on Tagus flowing seaward. There is dirt in the more squalid parts of the city as there is in every capital; but certainly in these days, whatever may have been the case in the past, it does not soil the fair town promiscuously or make the tourist eager to flee from its highways and its quays to the open country. The extreme beauty of the surroundings of Lisbon affords a more than sufficient explanation of any neglect of the city itself. Lisbon is almost crushed by its proximity to scenery such as Cintra can show. Those who care not for a capital that does not possess celebrated pictures, museums, and art treasures generally, must go elsewhere than to Lisbon, for Lisbon belongs to that class of cities which are in themselves pictures, and so situated that they can be seen in panoramas; and it so happens that few of such cities have any wealth of art collections to show. To this class belong, among European capitals, besides Lisbon, Constantinople—with which city Lisbon has often been compared as regards situation—and to some extent the gem of the Baltic, Stockholm. Were the comparison with the former to hold good in other respects nowadays, the abusive utterances of Fielding and Byron would not seem obsolete, but might stand unchallenged.

Of the English travellers who visit Lisbon almost all approach it by water, and there is no doubt that this is the most impressive introduction to the beauty of the city and its neighbourhood. Nor does it involve any sacrifice, for the time taken in the sea passage is practically no more than that occupied by the overland journey from England; and, as a set-off to the possible miseries of "the Bay" and the worry of the quarantine inspection off Belem in the Tagus, the railway traveller will have to endure long and dusty drives in the slow trains of the Peninsula. Most of those, however, who do thus come to Lisbon only spend a few hours there on their way to South America or some island of the Atlantic, and have no time to explore the city thoroughly during their flying visit.

Still, a day of ten hours or so in Lisbon is a day well spent, and introduces the stranger to much that is novel to his eyes. He finds himself in a city which only misses being on the margin of the vast Atlantic by some seven miles of river, while the river itself in front of Lisbon widens to six or seven miles, forming a deep and spacious lake, in which all the monster vessels of the world can lie at anchor. From the quays he may often behold many an English man-of-war, along with vessels that wear the flags of all the countries of the world. He will have the Tagus with him wherever he roams, whether along the river frontage or on the higher ground of upper and suburban Lisbon, with Almada across the water on the south standing high against the sky. He will see the waggons, with their yoked pairs of patient bullocks and their solid wooden wheels, creaking and groaning in all their primitive springlessness, as though fresh come from some old Mantuan farm where Virgil had stepped aside to let them pass. Many a foot-passenger will brush by him in the graceful short jacket and turban hat common also in Spain; while the ladies of fashion will pass him dressed in Parisian style, but often carrying the large fan as parasol, and he will very likely wish that they still wore the mantilla, which would make a far more suitable setting for their dark brunette features. The negro and the mulatto he will often see, the African stock which has crossed back from Brazil, descendants of the Moor, Madeirans, and generally a great mixture of facial types everywhere. Carriages drawn by pairs of mules will dash past him in apparently reckless fashion down the steep streets, for Lisbon is all hill except near the river; and from time to time he will come upon some one of the *chafarizes*, or public fountains, fed from the splendid aqueduct of Os Arcos across the Alcantara valley, with its crowd of Gallegos, or Gallician porters from the North of Spain, filling their water-kegs from its spouts, which done they bear them off upon their backs to sell their contents to any householder along their route who may be attracted by the plaintive, prolonged, and nasal cry of "Agua-a-a."

These gallegos do most of the rough and menial work of the capital. It is said, indeed, that the Portuguese are too proud to undertake it themselves; however that may be, their imported servants bear in their figures and in their faces clear evidence of the dignity of toil, for they are the handsomest and best set-up men in the place, and now and then one sees among their number a very Hercules, brown-faced and brawny, with dark curling hair, especially in the numerous boats that keep up communication between the vessels in the river and the shore.

Modernized Lisbon lies in the centre of the city and is terminated towards the river by the Praça do Commercio, called by the English Black Horse Square, a handsome open space flanked on the east by the Custom House and on the west by the Marine Arsenal, both fine buildings. A triumphal arch on the north side introduces the vista of the Rua Augusta, one of the parallel handsome streets, crossed by smaller streets at right angles, which terminate northwards in the square which holds the chief theatre of Lisbon. Hard by this spacious quadrangle another smaller square is enlivened by a market, where in summer huge white standard umbrellas protect the market-women and their wares from the heat of the sun, and where the thirsty traveller can buy his melon and eat it on the spot. On the other side lies the Paseio Publico, a small but beautiful park, aromatic on a hot day in summer with the scent from the pepper-trees, which render a snuff-box superfluous and often induce a sneeze, while the ear is struck by the industrious strident note of some great green tree-cicala, rubbing his ugly body with his legs. Here, in the evening, a regimental band often plays while the Lisbonese sit drinking their black coffee with Brazilian sugar, of which a whole saltcellarfull scarce seems to sweeten it.

In the older part of the city, to the east, are the Cathedral, partially destroyed by the great earthquake, but since then restored, and the Church of St. Vincent, where are buried the sovereigns of the House of Bragauza. The tombs of these great ones of the earth afford a strange spectacle, as they are in the form of studded hair trunks, such as our grandmothers used in travelling when they were young. As one gazes at these unusual coffins, the droll idea will arise that their late Majesties have been packed up ready for conveyance ere long to the Stygian shore as personal luggage of the shrivelled sacristan who haunts their resting-place. This is the district of narrow, winding streets, where lean ownerless dogs lie about on the roadway, useful as scavengers of offal, but attractive neither by breed nor condition; here, too, the long brown cloak worn by the older women among the poor predominates, and the tall, pointed, blue woollen cap of the men, fishermen and others, its upper part drooping over and lying flat in front.

At the other end of the river-frontage the picturesque tower of Belem, a more euphonious contraction of Bethlehem than our word Bedlam, juts out into the Tagus, while near it is the monastery of Belem, or Church of the Hieronymites, a splendid specimen of highly ornate, though perhaps overloaded, late Gothic; the old Necessidades, and the newer Ajuda Palace, are also in this direction. Some fourteen miles to the west lies Cintra, whose beauties have been too often described to need further mention, and Collares, a place of vineyards overhanging the Atlantic seaboard by Cintra, while Torres Vedras is northwards from the other two.

No memory of Lisbon can be called complete which does not embrace the approach by water and the view of the city from the river. Only the brush of Turner could adequately describe the effect of a midsummer sunrise upon the lofty crags which look down on Cintra and the Tagus' mouth, lighting them up with golden, purple, and violet hues; while Cascaes, the favourite bathing-place of the Lisbonese, nestles on the shore under the protection of the mountain shadow. Beautiful, also, is the short stretch of river which lies between the city and the ocean, adorned as it is with the olive, the orange, the cork tree, and the vine; while along the heights are innumerable windmills, each with many arms. Belem is soon passed by, and then, on the right, Lisbon itself lies before us, looking out on the broad expanse of the river, with four miles of frontage, quays, and houses, behind which are its hills, crowned with churches and dazzling white villas, which are the prettier in that they have no chimneys,

winter here being no colder than much of an English May, and fireplaces being missed only for three weeks or so in the year. As background to the whole runs along the ridge which ends near Cintra in the Rock of Lisbon, which ridge is so near the city that the traveller from the North is close over its houses before he can see them, just as one walking from the centre of the Isle of Wight to Ventnor comes suddenly upon that pretty town over the slopes of Boniface. The whole panorama may be described, without fear of contradiction, as one of the most beautiful in the world.

Nor is Lisbon by any means devoid of historical associations It was there that Columbus lived some while, and there, as he gazed on the great ships sailing to the unexplored ocean, the thought of Asia beckoning to him from the West flashed on his brain—a thought destined in the end to bear the rich fruit of a new hemisphere disclosed to the Old World, after many disappointments in Portugal, in Italy, and in England. It was from the beach in front of the Belem Monastery that a few years later Vasco da Gama put off to mount the vessel which was to carry him round the Cape of Tempests—now bearing a name of better omen—to India; while, in the words of the *Lusiads*,

> A gente da cidade aquelle dia,
> Huns por amigos, outros por parentes,
> Outros por ver somente concorria,
> Saudosos na vista, e descontentes.

For in those days they might well doubt whether they should ever see the bold mariners again. Perhaps, as they dropped down the river oceanwards, they got a parting God-speed on that memorable morning from the sardine-fishers returning, then as now, at early dawn from their nightly toil in the deep, their boats, with crossed lateen sails, looking like a flock of snowy sea-birds hovering over the pale green water of the Tagus, and dipping their breasts again and again in its waves. It was at Lisbon that young Camoens dwelt, and there he found his "Circe" in Catharina de Atayde; there also, after many years of adventure in the far East, he laid aside the sword and took the pen to complete his Rimas, "lived poor and miserable, and so died,' as the inscription on his grave in the church of Sta. Anna recorded, though less miserable than if he had lived for another year or two to see his "nobre Lisboa" become a provincial town of Philip II.'s Spain. It was from Spanish Lisbon that the great Armada sailed to be shattered on the Hebrides and the wild west coast of Ireland. At Lisbon the body of Henry Fielding still lies in Os Cyprestes, the English cemetery near the graceful domed church of the Estrella, the earthquake sparing his newly-dug grave. Memories of Wellington and the Peninsula War carry us to modern Lisbon, where, on the 8th of June, 1880, the Portuguese paid a tardy tribute to their mighty dead by transferring to the monastery at Belem the bodies of Vasco da Gama and the great poet who found in him the hero whom his epic should immortalize.

EDUCATIONAL SUPERFLUITIES.

THE people who complain that children in elementary schools are being "over-educated" do not know what they are talking about. So far from being over-educated, the children are under-educated and mis-educated by reason of the facts that their school life is very short, and that foolish attempts are made to teach an impossible number of subjects. We shall now prove this proposition, and, for the sake of clearness in argument, we shall suppose ourselves to be dealing with ordinary Board schools in London. On the time-table of an average school the following subjects may appear:—Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Dictation, Scripture, Drill, Grammar, Geography, History, Social Economy, Physiology, Drawing, Music, and English Literature. In girls' schools one such subject as Literature or Physiology may be dropped, and Needlework taken instead. The time spent in school is 27½ hours per week for 48 weeks per annum, and the very utmost extent of time during which attendance is enforced is from the age of three to the age of thirteen. Now in London schools forty minutes per day must be taken up with Scriptural teaching; and five hours per week must be spent on drawing, music, and drill, so that boys have eighteen hours per week for the study of "special subjects," reading, writing, and arithmetic. Girls are much worse off, for they are compelled to spend at least five hours on needlework, and thus their time for book learning is very meagre. In London Board schools 23,000 children are examined in literature, 10,000 in domestic economy, 500 in botany, 4,500 in physical geography, 9,000 in animal physiology, 48 in mechanics, 450 in French, 213 in mathematics, 220,000 are taught drawing, 200,000 learn drill, and about 3,000 learn cookery. It is not necessary to take all the subjects required by the Education Code; but, if any teacher failed to earn the utmost possible amount of Government grant, he would very soon be required to go; and thus a multitude of subjects are taught in a scrappy way, and no one subject receives proper and exhaustive attention. The teachers cannot help themselves; some of them work overtime to an absurd and harmful extent; some of them cease to be educators, and become mere "drivers"; and all of them find the burden more than they can bear. They would be only too glad if they could succeed in over-educating any child; but they have not the chance of doing so. They can only struggle against heavy odds to impart such a smattering of knowledge as may enable their schools to pass muster with the Government Inspector. Let us now consider the nature of the superfluities which produce this educational deadlock. Drawing is taught to the children in boys' and girls' schools for about two hours per week. In some places the instruction is given in a really useful way; but in the majority of cases the drawing lesson is a mischievous and expensive farce. Let any one look through, say, two thousand of the papers collected in a school on the day of the annual drawing examination, and he will probably have something to remember for the term of his natural life. Not five per cent. of the children have real aptitude for the subject; very few of them have an acquired aptitude; and the gross results of the ninety-six hours' labour bestowed on special work are really distressing. Some papers show an insane collection of twirls; some are blurred hopelessly; some of the figures lean to the right, some to the left; some are extravagantly corpulent, some are unspeakably thin; a few are neat and free from smudges, but destitute of power or skill; and a very limited selection show natural taste and ability. But week in, week out, all these unhappy youths are taught drawing. They use millions of pencils, waggon-loads of paper and india-rubber, and they require thousands of compasses and rulers. For the whole country the Government pays in grants alone 35,000*l.* per year for keeping up this absurdity; and the London Board schools alone take 3,000*l.* of that sum. Besides this, some 30,000 prizes are given every year, and each prize must be worth at least half-a-crown. We are not far wrong if we say that the country spends 40,000*l.* a year on teaching children to draw, and we venture to say that not forty children leave school in a year who are capable of drawing a leaf from nature. If special pupils were picked out and diligently trained no one could find fault; but to take up the brief time of poor children in teaching insufficiently a subject which is useless is an unwise proceeding. It occupies hours that should be devoted to essentials, and it produces the scantiest results. A thoroughly equipped art school might be kept up with half the money now spent in encouraging the production of smudgy abortions by elementary scholars.

We may now return to our time-table. Let us suppose that half an hour per week is given to grammar, the same to geography and history, one hour to physiology, or French, or mechanics, or botany, one hour to another alternative "special" subject, and half an hour to such mechanical work as marking the rolls, we find that at the outside only 14 hours per week can be devoted to reading, writing, and arithmetic. In girls' schools not much more than eight hours can be given to those branches. What is the consequence? The ability of the teacher is frittered away; the child cannot learn anything thoroughly; and a dull round of hurried labour is substituted for genuine education. A good elementary school under an artist in the work of teaching is one of the most charming sights that can be seen. There is order everywhere, good humour everywhere, and an indescribable suggestion of "good tone" is conveyed to the most casual visitor; yet even in such model places the work is only superficial, for the simple reason that the teachers have to give twelve years' instruction to pupils whose school life rarely extends beyond two-thirds of that time. If the teachers were left alone, the result would be that boys and girls would receive a rational and solid education; but every crotchetteer wishes to have his own pet subject taught, the schoolmasters are worried with a multiplicity of requirements, and the consequence is that, instead of over-education, we have half knowledge, cram, and general triviality.

We may now give some suggestive figures. Out of 2,875,003 scholars above seven borne on the registers of aided schools in the whole country, only 591,000 were examined in Standards IV., V., and VI. of the Government Code. In the London Board schools, out of 300,000 scholars, only 2,222 *have gone beyond Standard VI.* according to the latest return. There is certainly not much "over-education" shown by these sad statistics; and the reason why so poor a general result can be shown is that the labour of the teaching staff is frittered away, instead of being concentrated. Ambitious attempts are made to perform educational miracles, and those in authority will not learn that to education, as to politics, the metaphor about driving six omnibuses abreast through Temple Bar applies very aptly. In order that it may seem how very far we are away from over-education, the Government requirements in the "essential" subjects for Standard VI. may be given:—"(1) To read a passage from one of Shakspeare's historical plays, or from some other standard author, or from a history of England. (2) To write a short theme or letter on an easy subject. (3) Fractions, vulgar and decimal; proportion, simple and compound; and simple interest.

Twelve millions have been spent in London, and we now have 2,222 children who can go beyond this stage. The "over-education" cry seems somewhat premature in the face of these significant facts. Had we tried to do less, more might have been done, and the sooner the lesson of simplification is learned the better for teachers and children, and for those unconsidered creatures the ratepayers and taxpayers. And now we may glance for a moment at some few of the children on whom these cramping and bewildering educational superfluities are inflicted. Last year a most brilliant report was written by one Mr. T. Marchant Williams. No more suggestive document was ever printed; and, although it was unaccountably suppressed by the London School

Board, we are able to quote from a chance copy which was not burked:—

SCHOOL A.

This school is supported by 313 families, 182 of which live (each) in one room only.

No. of families,	two in a family, living in one room only	.	2
„	three „ „	.	12
„	four „ „	.	27
„	five „ „	.	67
„	six „ „	.	31
„	seven „ „	.	20
„	eight „ „	.	14
„	nine „ „	.	9
	Total	.	182

SCHOOL B.

This school is supported by 487 families, 402 of which reside (each) in one room only.

No. of families,	two in a family, living in one room only	.	106
„	three „ „	.	133
„	four „ „	.	61
„	five „ „	.	49
„	six, and upwards „	.	27
	Total	.	402

SCHOOL C.

This school is supported by 339 families, 289 of which reside (each) in one room only.

No. of families,	two in a family, living in one room only	.	14
„	three „ „	.	50
„	four „ „	.	70
„	five „ „	.	91
„	six „ „	.	38
„	seven „ „	.	17
„	eight „ „	.	9
	Total	.	289

Ten are orphans, 10 are children of fathers who have deserted their homes, 69 are the children of widows, 6 are the children of fathers who are undergoing penal servitude. It would be mere impertinence to expand or make lengthened comment on these terrible figures. To such children we are trying to teach drawing, and history, and the rest; on such children we are bestowing educational superfluities. It does not seem quite wise. Some men are already tempted to despair when they think of such facts as those we have given; but there is no reason for despair. A little common sense, and a little contempt of benevolent platitudes are all that we require. Too much has been attempted; we should recognize the truth and try simplification before it is too late.

MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE.

ONE is used to hearing as an ordinary exclamation of every-day life, "How small the world is!" To get out of the reach of the circle of one's friends and acquaintances is a work of almost superhuman difficulty. On the summit of Cotopaxi one finds oneself face to face with Jones of the Admiralty, and under the palm groves of Otaheite one is hailed by the strident voice of Smith. But though the world is so small a place and solitude so impossible to find, it is remarkable how many things occur in our immediate neighbourhood of which we are profoundly ignorant. We may know the exact number of moral pockethandkerchiefs and flannel-waistcoats that have been exported to Boriboolaga, and at the same time be altogether ignorant of what is being done in the lane behind our house. As a rule, we know nothing of the lives, the aims, the sorrows, the joys, the occupations of the immense populations with whom we share this great city. Here in the West-End the inhabitants are but a small and numerically insignificant item in comparison to the millions of the South, East, and Centre; yet in the principal daily papers the only mention made of the latter is the record of crime at the various police-courts. The readers of these papers would, no doubt, feel considerably surprised if they were to find under the heading of "Places of Amusement" a list of the entertainments at Rotherhithe and Bermondsey, at Shoreditch and Whitechapel. Perhaps their surprise would be much increased if they could know how large a place music has in all the amusements of the poor.

It has often been said that the English are not a musical nation. This remark has a considerable show of truth on its side. England has not had for a considerable period any distinct school of music of its own. The well-known English airs are nearly all very old; the best amongst them date back to perhaps the sixteenth century. From that time down to the present English music of a distinctive character has been, practically speaking, non-existent. National music, such as is possessed by Germany, Spain, Italy, and Ireland in so marked a degree, is not to be found in England. Whether the efforts that have been and are being made to develop musical instincts amongst the people will bear fruit and raise a distinct type of popular music, something better than a music-hall song, remains to be seen. Many enthusiasts believe it will; and, if such a success is arrived at, posterity will have something left with which to sweeten the memory of this terribly practical nineteenth century. Without, however, indulging in so far a look into the future, one may certainly congratulate the various musical Societies on the good results they have already attained. The English may not be a musical nation *per se*, but it is a pleasant fact to find that they are able to appreciate good music when they can get it. They are also capable of distinct discrimination between good and bad. "Lend me thine ear" has not been said to them in vain. Few things can be more utterly disheartening to a nervous singer at an East-End or South London concert than the dead silence of disapproval which follows doubtful singing. Cat-calls would be more tolerable, a storm of hisses would be a positive relief, to the dead-blank silence, broken after a pause by some small attempt at clapping on the part of the occupants of the front line of seats. They may be touched by the forlorn expression of the unfortunate singer, who bows and smiles in a sickly way before retiring from the platform; but the gods have no pity. They have paid their money to hear good singing and music, and they see no reason why they should not make it perfectly plain when they do not think they are getting their money's worth. They resent poor singing as a personal offence; for they imagine it implies that they are not capable of knowing the difference between a good and bad performance. But, if they are open in their signs of disapproval, they are equally ready to show their pleasure. They burst out into applause between each verse as if they could not help it, for it is instantly hushed for fear of losing a note of what follows; every person in the vast hall, crowded as it is, seems condensed into nothing but eyes and ears, and at the close of the last verse there is a unanimous sort of sigh of satisfied delight, which, with the thunders of applause that follow it, are something not likely to be forgotten by the favoured singer. If allowed, they would have an "encore" to everything that pleases their fancy, and even an encore of an encore is sometimes insisted upon in a manner there is no denying. The length of a concert by no means appals an East-End audience. With them there is no question of "going on" to some other entertainment nor of "keeping the carriage horses waiting." The more they can get of music which pleases them, the better they are satisfied, and if the concert has been a good one in their eyes, or rather ears, "God save the Queen" always seems to come before it is wanted. Their taste in music, as a rule, is decidedly sound, and by degrees, under the influence of the various Societies who provide music for the people, a love for certain kinds of classical music is being developed. Beethoven's "Creation's Hymn" or Handel's "Honour and Arms" will always evoke far greater enthusiasm than such ballads as "Lord Mayor Whittington" or "Mary of Argyll." As a rule, however, ballad music of a good kind is the most popular. Anything declamatory, anything dramatic, a story in song, will always find favour. The words of each song are printed at full length in the programme, and a most noticeable evidence of the interest taken is shown when a page has to be turned in the middle of a song. The rustling that ensues for a few seconds is like the crackling of dead autumn leaves under foot. Few greater compliments of an implied character can be paid by one of these audiences to a singer than a general indifference to and relinquishing of the programmes. A known favourite will generally receive this mark of favour. The audience know by experience they will hear every word he or she sings, and they are too anxious to listen with their eyes as well as their ears to have time to read their programmes. A fact worth noticing with an East-End audience is, that the more miserable a song makes them, the better they like it. Of this there is no sort of doubt; songs that tell of early death, of bitter partings, of shipwrecks, of sad memories, of regrets, of all things that are saddest in the world, seem to give them intense delight. To judge by the frantic and continued applause that greets songs of this description, one may truly say that, to please a South or East Londoner, one must begin by making him unhappy. To harrow his feelings is perhaps the surest way to his musical affections. This is all the more strange when one remembers that the music most easily within his reach consists of the songs of the music-halls which, among their numerous attractions, have not yet tried the one of making their audience sorrowful. The fact remains, though unexplained, that fictitious sorrow will please where fictitious joy falls flat. Perhaps it is that these poor people know by experience more of the former than the latter; and a song that brings home to them the belief that sorrow has a nobler lesson to teach than joy, comes as a ray of sunshine to gild the hardships of their lot. If through the means of music one can succeed in raising their minds from the dull level of their everyday round of toil, suffering, and endurance, it is no small step in the right direction. Even if the gleam be but transient, it may help to make their "set grey lives" a little more bright. The Societies, therefore, which are formed to give the people this mental sunshine as often as possible, are working in a good way to reclaim to civilization the lost tribes of the South and East of London. Their methods are different, though their end is the same. The People's Entertainment Society gives free concerts, to which the people are only admitted by tickets distributed by the clergymen of the various parishes where the concerts take place, by the managers of factories, &c. Occasionally a paying concert is given at the special request of the inhabitants of the district where it takes place; but these are exceptions, the distinguishing feature of this Society being, that the public is only admitted, as it were, by personal invitation instead of by payment. This Society has established choirs which, under the name of the Metropolitan Choral Union, have performed at many of the concerts given by the Society. Amongst the many good features of this movement of providing music for the people, none is better than this one of establishing choral classes. Those established at Clerkenwell, Bermondsey, and elsewhere by the Popular Concert Ballad Committee have had the most unvarying success. Many, in fact most, of the pupils are ignorant of the very

alphabet of music, but by dint of good instruction and hard work their progress has been very rapid, and certainly proves the innate love of music which is in the English character. Instrumental classes have also been formed, and have had the same success. The delight of the girls when they found that they were allowed, as well as the boys, to learn to play the violin, was almost absurd, and at Bermondsey that instrument bears away the palm as the favourite of the pupils. A great effort is being made by the Committee to provide the pupils with cheap instruments which they can keep at home and practise on. It is easy to see the good these classes must do to the young people. Not only the love of good music must have an elevating and refining influence upon young minds at the very time when they are most open to receive impressions, but the necessity of practice, stimulated by competition and emulation, will keep them at home or at the class-room many a night when they would otherwise be roaming the streets or hanging about public-houses. And who shall say that to send forth music by the voices of children into the homes of the London poor may not do something towards revivifying that love of home life which of late years, owing to many deplorable causes, has grown so faint?

BENGAL LANDLORDS AND TENANTS.

IF Lord Ripon had not managed to absorb public attention by two measures, one the Ilbert Bill, and the other, called the Extension of Self-Government but more correctly the abdication of our responsibilities as governors of India, his policy regarding such vast subjects as occupancy, rent, and the position of landlord to tenant, must have attracted notice. But he has so cleverly contrived to offend the unofficial community by attempting to deprive them of a very just and reasonable privilege, and to disgust the district officers by depriving them of a portion of their work which is pleasant to themselves and profitable to the State, that little has been said about the new Rent Bill for Bengal. In ordinary times we should despair of conveying to English readers a just idea of the position held respectively by the Government of India, by the Zemindar, and by the Ryot; of familiarizing the average householder with the ordinary phraseology of landed interests in Bengal; of showing under what conditions rent has hitherto been levied and enhanced; and of proving that the high position, the wide influence, and the numerous manorial privileges of the landholder are by no means inconsistent with freedom of cultivation, and, in theory at least if not in practice, with that security of possession on the part of the tenant which is tantamount to a sort of ownership in the soil. But a generation which finds time to listen to the woes of Irish landlords on the one hand and to the wail of Highland crofters on the other, may spare a few moments for the antagonism of Ryot and Zemindar in Bengal and Behar. We start by affirming that, while the Ilbert Bill has been proved to be absolutely unnecessary and wanton, and the Bill for the Development of Self-Government, as it is called, is nothing less than a political abdication of the first duties of the ruling race, a Rent Bill in some shape or other has lately become a measure not to be put off to a more convenient season. No just regret at the revival of antipathies of colour and race, no amazement at the recklessness and obstinacy of the Indian Government, no detection of the party feeling barely concealed under the placid assurance of politicians that on all Indian topics Lord Lytton might to them be a perfect Whig and Lord Ripon an absolute Tory, ought to blind us to the struggle that for the last ten years has been going on in Bengal and Behar. It is more perilous than the oppression which led to the Rent Act of 1859 or to the Indigo Commission of 1860. In it are involved the welfare and contentment of the agriculturists of a vast and populous kingdom dependent almost entirely on agriculture. The guarantees given by Courts of Directors, Lieutenant-Governors, and successive English statesmen, are at stake. Even the Zemindars, when confronted by the determination of bodies of tenants no longer to submit to exactions, and to pay only their lawful rents, have reluctantly admitted that "something must be done." It is idle to talk of enlisting natives of character and ability in the work of local government, of placing in their hands conservancy, sanitation, and the construction of roads and bridges, while the main elements of Oriental society are threatened with dissolution, and one of the primary functions of an alien but beneficent Government is unperformed. We start by saying deliberately, after a careful perusal of two large Blue-books, a draft Act of two hundred and thirty clauses besides schedules and appendices, and some excellent speeches on both sides of the question made on the introduction of the Bill in March 1883, that a revised and improved edition of the famous Act X. of 1859 has become a paramount obligation. To prove this we cannot help going back nearly a century; in fact, to the origin of the revenue and rent system of Bengal, Behar, and a part of Orisse. When our first administrators were settling down to their task of ruling a land to which they had been admitted as merchants, they very properly did not discard the principles and maxims of their predecessors, the Moguls. To pay revenue or land-tax to the ruling powers is always the evidence of loyalty and the guarantee for order. And the first duty of any Power, native or foreign, is to say when, by whom, and under what conditions this tax is to be paid. We found that the Nawabs or Lieutenants of Akbar, Jehangir, and Shah Jehan, who under later Emperors were virtually independent of Delhi, had been in the habit of collecting the dues of Government from a set of men termed Zemindars. In several cases these Zemindars had sway over large portions of the Lower Provinces, and had enjoyed power and privilege long before the first Mohammedan mosque had risen side by side with the Hindu temple, or the first shrine of the Pir had attracted Musulman devotees. Of this kind were the Rajas of Nuddea, of Tippera, and of Bishenpore; and later in date there arose the princely houses of Burdwan, Beerbhoom, Nattore, and Durbhanga. But where such great personages did not exist it was not unnatural to supply the deficiency by appointing farmers of the revenue, or even by putting up the land-tax of certain districts to public auction. When Clive, Verelst, Cartier, and Warren Hastings began to lay the foundations of law, order, and civil government by a fair assessment of the revenue, they employed as agents in the collection both the old Rajas and the hereditary Zemindars, as well as farmers of the revenue, who might be Hindus, Mohammedans, or Englishmen. This stage continued for about twenty years, or from 1772 to 1793. Settlements were made for periods of five years; collectors were being gradually trained to understand the mysterious terms connected with an Indian Zemindary, the privileges and position of the Zemindar, and the substantial interest which the Ryot had in the soil. Then came a time of stricter inquiries and of long reports. Something was done to ascertain the capabilities of divers districts, and very much was written in favour of Settlements for periods and Settlements in perpetuity. At length Lord Cornwallis, with the approval of the Court of Directors, put an end to all discussion by a series of manifestoes, which took the form of the Laws of 1793, embodying the principles of the Permanent Settlement, and establishing revenue agencies or collectorates, and judicial courts all over the country.

That statesman took the Zemindars as he found them—ancient Rajas whose blue blood could be traced from times when Ayodha flourished and Kanauj was not a heap of ruins; later Mohammedan adventurers, who had supplanted Hindu nobles; tax collectors in whose families the office had become hereditary; and men of yesterday, who had engaged to collect the revenue of estates when the natural incumbents declined the responsibility, and were quite content to accept a sort of subsistence allowance calculated at ten per cent. on the collections. All these different classes were included in the title of Zemindars, and the areas for which they became responsible for the land-tax were termed estates. Lord Cornwallis assured them that no further increase would ever be demanded on the assessment fixed by Shore and himself for ten years provisionally, and then confirmed for ever; and he added that, as long as they paid their dues with punctuality, they would never be ousted or sold up. As far as language can make thought clear, as far as intentions can be deduced from ordinary phrases, or as far as theory can be confirmed by subsequent practice and experience, it is absolutely certain that Lord Cornwallis never invested them with complete ownership as we understand and apply this term in England and Scotland. He even contemplated a sort of dual ownership. He distinctly recognized the existence of other classes, whom he termed "dependant Talukdars, Ryots, and other cultivators of the soil." He reserved to himself and to his successors, by the clearest and most emphatic warning, the power to intervene at any time for the above dependant or inferior proprietors, should they need the protection of the law. And no reliance on loose and inaccurate expressions about "estates" and ownership, rights and "property," to be culled here and there from the Code of 1793, can convert a Zemindar into the likeness of an English squire, or justify us in comparing a Bengal Raja to either of those great chiefs of rival parties who have recently forced the public to admit that English aristocrats can excellently expound the duties and rights of landlords to tenants in the country, and propose a plan for bettering the dwellings of the poor who inhabit great towns. By all but the most obstinate partisans the theory of English ownership, once or twice claimed for the Rais and Choudaris of Bengal, is now given up. We could go further and show from the Regulations passed after 1793 and in the beginning of this century, that for years subsequent to the Permanent Settlement the Zemindars of Bengal were kept in leading-strings. They were not allowed to grant leases of sub-tenures beyond a certain term of years. Many restrictions were put on that sale and subdivision of estates which would naturally follow on the establishment of peace and order, or from the Hindu law of inheritance, partnership, and subdivision. The Zemindars were expected to confirm the Ryots in their holdings by giving them written titles for their plots; they were to be bound by the terms of such documents; and there was a general tacit understanding that, while the Zemindar was to improve his estates, clear jungle, and extend agriculture, the Ryot was not to be evicted or changed as long as he paid the customary rent.

There is no one law, series of Regulations, or Blue-book, or manual from which the actual position, rights, and privileges of a Zemindar can be deduced or wherein they are clearly and absolutely defined. They are, however, to be found here and there in the laws passed between 1793 and 1859, the year of the great Rent Act, in judicial decisions of the old Sudder and the present High Court of Calcutta, notably in that known as the rent case of 1865, and in that unwritten law and custom of the country which statutes try to embody, and which neither Collector nor Magistrate nor lord of great manors can wholly override. The following sketch will show what a Zemindar may do and still keep the

windy side of the law. In the first place, he is entitled to a certain amount of rent from every portion of his Zemindary or Taluk tenanted by sub-proprietors, middlemen, mechanics, squatters, or artisans. The Bengal theory is that, as a given area with distinct boundaries constitutes an estate and is liable to the Government demand, so every resident and cultivator within that area is liable to pay a quota of rent to make up the revenue. Not only is the Zemindar at liberty at once to dispossess any rent-free tenant claiming under a grant of later date than 1793; but he can also sue in the Civil Court to cancel any ostensible rent-free title of any date or age, not covered by a genuine and valid deed given by some authority that had power to confer it. No prescription avails against a demand for ordinary rent, and no mere squatter, though he had cultivated unnoticed for the full limitation of twelve years which would bar any other action, can maintain a claim to sit without payment. All waste land belongs, as far as any land can belong to one person, to the Zemindar, who can cultivate by his own servants, or hand it over to cultivating tenants. All plots and homesteads vacated by death without heirs, by famine, pestilence, inundation, or oppression, revert to the Zemindar. Besides the ordinary rent due from the arable land and the homestead, from the rice-field and the garden, the Zemindar can exercise rights of fishing or give fishing leases in rivers, marshes, and lakes. He has a portion of whatever the jungle or the uncleared forest produces; trees cannot be cut without his permission; and when marshes silt up by the deposit brought down in the countless affluents and distributaries of the Ganges and become fitted for the plough, the new formation receives a tenant at the pleasure of the Zemindar. No right of fishing in a lake which by some slow process or some sudden freak of nature has become suitable for the spade and the mattock, can give to the fisherman any title to the land, though he and his family had set nets and weirs there for a century. In the discussions which preceded the Perpetual Settlement, it was for some time a grave question whether large markets for wholesale and retail—known locally as the *Gunje*, the *Haut*, and the *Bazaar*—were to be considered the separate property of the Government or were to form part of the Zemindar's estate. It was at length decided that they were part of the Zemindary assets. The Zemindar is entitled by custom having the force of law to levy a higher rate of rent on all the better kinds of produce, and on every shop and dwelling-house in a bazaar which contains thousands of inhabitants and is the centre of exchange for hundreds more of adjacent villagers; and he only can at pleasure set up new bazaars or *Hauts*. He can dig reservoirs, or allow them to be dug, cut canals to drain swamps, and make village and cross roads to serve as feeders to the highways. He can prevent the tenant from cutting valuable fruit and timber trees, or at least he can impose a cess or levy a fine for the permission to cut. This is not based on the theory that the Zemindar planted the trees or that the Ryot planted them for the Zemindar's sole use and benefit, but on the leading principle which pervades the whole law on the subject—viz. that nothing tending to reduce the extent or value of the land and its capacity for paying a certain rent as a contribution to the revenue, can or ought to be done without the authority of the landlord. The same reasoning applies to new tanks or roads, for which the Zemindar's consent is necessary. The culturable area of the estate is diminished when a road is cut or a tank dug; and to this diminution, however advantageous to the community, the consent of the Zemindar is required. Then the same person, now freed from the restrictions of the early legislation of this century, can grant leases for a term of years of areas embracing twenty, fifty, and a hundred villages and square miles of rice-field, swamp, garden, and bazaar, with all rights and privileges appertaining thereto. In some cases the lessee may be a native more acute and enterprising than the Zemindar himself. In others he may be an Englishman who seeks the prestige inseparably connected with land, in order to grow indigo or to carry out some other commercial end. The Zemindar can also charge his estate with permanent sub-infeudations, called *puttunis*. In this case the grantor becomes by his own action a mere rent-charger on his own lands, and the Puttunidar, for all practical connexion with village and agricultural life, becomes the Zemindar. By a law specially passed some sixty years ago to regulate dealings with these sub-infeudations down to the second and third degree, the Zemindar has no need to institute any suit, summary or regular, for rent against a defaulting Puttunidar. Four times in the year the Zemindar himself is liable to see his estate put up to auction and sold to the highest bidder if he defaults in his dues to Government; and, in his turn, twice in the year, without court pleadings or note of preparation, he may in the same way put up and sell the tenure of a recusant Puttunidar. One thing, however, he must not do. If he divides his estate with brothers and partners or sells a portion privately, due care must be taken that in the division or separation of the land each distinct portion shall bear its proper share of the revenue. There must be no unfair halving of the advantages and the burdens, as in the classical instance recorded by Tacitus of two chieftains in Thrace, who were in the exact position of our tributary Rajas in India. One got the jungly and barren and the other the cultivated land. Any area registered in the collectorate as an estate must bear its proper proportion to the whole of the original demand. The fundamental notion is that in all contingencies the Government dues fixed in perpetuity must be secured against collusion, trickery, and loss by all possible legal and judicial safeguards.

In the above view the Zemindar of Bengal, if not in the position of an English landed proprietor, has with his obligations great prestige, privilege, and power. Given his right to rent from every cultivated acre, to fisheries and forest and swamp, to new lands rising out of the marsh or cleared from the jungle, to an octroi in large and populous bazaars crowded with every article of produce that supplies the food and the few luxuries of a rustic population—given his power to cancel invalid rent-free tenures and to impeach for waste; and then add to these solid advantages a knowledge of law and procedure, the command of money and good legal advice, and the indefinable but well-understood consequence conferred by his position between the Government and the Ryot, it may well be asked what, on the other hand, is the status of that Ryot; what may he lawfully call his own; and what protection, with or without self-reliance or combination, does he find in the past pledges of English statesmen and the present administration of a select Civil Service? This, the other side of the vital question, we may explain hereafter.

RECITALS AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE first of a series of nine recitals by Mr. Clifford Harrison was given last Saturday at the Steinway Hall. A varied programme enabled the reciter to display to advantage versatile talent and a considerable range of expression. In delivery he makes free use of action, but never to excess; he is rightly content to regard it as auxiliary to the voice, the means by which impersonation acquires perfection and finish of vraisemblance. In fine quick changes of gesture, in the slightest shades of expression, and in all those delicate touches which are felt as much as detected, and indicated facially as well as vocally, Mr. Harrison showed genuine histrionic ability and the sensibility of an artist. In Stone's "Knight of Intercession" and Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie" Mr. Harrison's success was very striking. The touching story of the knight who rode, vizard down, through the world, taking no reward of those he benefited but the promise that they would pray for his proud lady-love, who denied him grace, was told by Mr. Harrison with exquisite grace and feeling. In the bare narrative his elocution was excellent; but when he told how the news of the poor knight's death was brought to the lady who had scorned but secretly loved him, the dramatic situation was presented with instantaneous force. Whittier's little poem is, in expression, like many of his ballads—simple, direct, almost homely. It is possible to read it without experiencing any great emotion, still more possible that it should be read—and well read—without producing such a result; but it is quite impossible, we think, to have heard Mr. Harrison's interpretation without being stirred to the depths by its passion and pathos and exaltation of patriotism. For his chief essay in humour Mr. Harrison chose Theodore Hook's "Practical Joke," and gave to it an excellently humorous rendering. The reciter's versatility was also well displayed in a spirited declamation of "The Revenge," by Tennyson, in the quiet, dry humour of Bret Harte's "Dow's Flat," and in Mr. Clement Scott's "Women of Mumbles Head." In "The Raven" Mr. Harrison was most impressive in the two stanzas beginning "Prophet, said I, thing of evil," where he got over the difficult suddenness of the passion by his clever simulation and the broken, troubled chords of the piano accompaniment. We must note, too, Mr. Harrison's use of the piano in "The Knight of Intercession," where a plaintive melody and the recurrence of certain chords were happily introduced.

Mr. Brandram began a new series of readings on Tuesday at Willis's Rooms with a remarkable rendering of *A Christmas Carol*. The series is to include scenes from *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and miscellaneous selections. Mr. Brandram has lost nothing of his old charm and power and astonishing memory; his reading of Dickens's work was wonderfully fresh and vivid. In none of his performances have we been more struck with the beauty and finish of his articulation. In those passages of the story where quiet narration follows impersonation and action, these admirable qualities of his elocution were excellently shown. In the *Christmas Carol* the reciter displays more of the movement and pantomime of action than is usual with him; and in the scene where Scrooge is confronted with his own tombstone, and also in his final interview with Bob Cratchit, his demonstration was a little excessive. Nothing, however, could be better than his reading of the humorous scenes, such as the dance at the Fezziwigs and the immortal dinner at the Cratchits'. The reality and nature, the fidelity of voice and expression and gesture, the spontaneity, with which these incidents were given have never been exceeded by Mr. Brandram.

Interest in readings seems to have kept pace with the awakening public sense of the educational importance of the art of speaking and reading. Elocution is now a generally recognized branch of study, and if it has not attained the position in the scheme of education which is its due, it is yearly receiving more consideration. To feel how neglected is this noble art we have not only to listen to the speech we have about us daily—the average oratory of the House of Commons, the pulpit, the treatment of blank verse at the theatres, afford lamentable instances. In a little *brochure* before us

styled *The Art of Speaking: or, the Principia of Vocal Delivery*, by Mr. Harold Ford (London and Manchester: John Heywood), we find indicated with perfect truth the cause of this unpleasant fact. Most people assume that effective speaking is no more an art than good reading, that people are born good readers or speakers. What they mean is, that some are born with eloquence and quick apprehension, which alone, however, will never render them good speakers or readers. This primary truth is most lucidly set forth by Mr. Ford. His little manual is practical, sensibly written, and well proportioned; the rules and examples given should prove useful aids to those under tuition, and to people who indulge in the passion for mastering principles for themselves. Excellent encouragement is given by Mr. Ford to all who conceive modestly of their vocal organs, without having ever afforded them the advantage of training.

Mr. Charles Du-Val, who gives his entertainment at St. James's Hall, is an entertainer of the good old-fashioned kind, though his method is quite his own. "Odds and Ends" is the title of a variety entertainment in which the performer presents with great success a number of humorous characters that involve strongly varied contrasts and rapid transitions of costume. His aim is to amuse, and he succeeds admirably. In these portentous times, when the shadow of the Georgian democracy and a hundred attendant crazes threaten us with universal dulness, Mr. Du-Val's entertainment should be welcomed, especially by all who remember, with a sense of grim irony, one ancient characteristic of our country. Though we have little leisure to grow fat, we may still laugh and correct the serious tendency of our days with such whimsical impersonations as Professor Dulbore and Betsy Scrubbe, which indeed are excellent alteratives, as the medical men say. Mr. Du-Val's happy disguises and surprises, his pleasant humours and ready quips, should be quite as beneficial to the dyspeptic as the lights and glitter of the theatre, or the flinging of a stone—remedies so earnestly advocated by the ingenious Mr. Green in his witty poem of "The Spleen." There is no doubt about the heartiness of the laughter Mr. Du-Val provokes; it has all the contagious force of genuine merriment; in Professor Dulbore's scientific lecture the least elevation of the savant's eyebrow, and the slightest drop of the mouth, arouse those curious isolated outbursts, so full of individuality and so pleasant to hear, that fill the pauses in the general laughter like the explosion that follows the surrender of a long-held citadel. In truth, the lecture is irresistibly funny. Not less good, in another style, are the female impersonations. Mrs. Clearstarch, the laundress, who has had "fifteen childer and brought 'em up respectable," and who, in a moment, is transformed into Miss Dashaway, the belle of the ball, shares the honours with her successor. The young lady's singing of a parody of "Beautiful Star" is one of the cleverest illusions in the programme. Better than these, more racy, more complete and distinct, is the maid of all work, Betsy Scrubbe. Another notable feature in the entertainment is Mr. Pallette's exhibition of portraits, where the faces of prominent public characters are very cleverly imitated. The entertainment is altogether remarkable for its versatile humour, the never-failing spirits of the unassisted impersonator, and a commendable freedom from vulgarity.

NELL GWYNNE AT THE AVENUE—*PAW CLAWDIAN* AT TOOLE'S.

WHILE listening to M. Planquette's new comic opera *Nell Gwynne* at the Avenue Theatre the hearer will often be struck by the thought that such graceful music deserved a better book—a notion which will occasionally be weakened as M. Planquette degenerates into the commonplaces of the lighter French school. The book is certainly a very poor one, hovering as it does between *opéra comique* and *opéra bouffe*, with few good points from either. In spite of all that can be said against "pretty witty Nell," it seems a sort of degradation to her to make her the heroine of so feeble a play as Mr. Farnie has here constructed. The plot is a parody of Flotow's *Marta*, though a new motive is given for making Nell follow in the footsteps of the Lady Henrietta. Here Nell hires herself a waiting-maid at an inn, because the inn is kept by the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Rochester, who are in disgrace at Court, and thus beguile the period of their banishment; and Nell's desire is to charm the Duke, who has refused her a part in a new play he has written. She wants to convince him that she can act, sing, and dance, and this leads to an effective scene in the third act. But there is also a first act, and likewise a second act, which are padded out in a way that would be insufferable but that where the author flags the composer often comes to the rescue. Episodes are clumsily joined on to the thin thread of the story; the second act is wholly taken up with farcical business arranged after the fashion of modern *opéra bouffe*, and bearing little or no relation to the matter in hand. Then, again, the introduction of Nell Gwynne has caused the author to introduce Buckingham and Rochester, and these parts fall into the hands of two worthy young players who cannot be supposed by the wildest flights of fancy to bear any sort of resemblance, in speech, manner, or bearing, to those whose titles they assume. Any other name would have suited the piece as well as *Nell Gwynne* suits it, and any other names would have suited Buckingham, Rochester, and the unconsciously comic Charles very much better. There are at the Avenue two low comedians, and it was in the first place essential that they should be fitted with comic parts, or with parts as comic as they could be made. As the representative of stolid, self-satisfied stupidity Mr. Lionel Brough is always exceedingly funny; so he is made into an anonymous Beadle, and it is only just to him to say that the part, which has no real connexion of any kind with the plot, is made laughable by Mr. Brough's humour. Mr. Arthur Roberts, a recruit from the music-halls, is gifted with a vein of vulgar fun, but no character for him grew naturally out of the author's scheme, so he is tacked on to the story as a pawnbroker, who is supposed to drive a flourishing trade in the village where the action is laid. All this is very trivial and clumsy. The quaintness of Mr. Brough apart, the comic business is felt to be sadly forced.

The honours of the work are unquestionably carried off by M. Planquette, whose melodious fancy, already shown in *Les Cloches de Corneville* and *Rip Van Winkle*, is here again very favourably, sometimes very charmingly, displayed. It has pleased Mr. Farnie to portray Nell Gwynne as a highly sensitive and delicate-minded girl, with visions of a noble life and a deep appreciation of art and beauty. This was not the idea Pepys formed of her when he notes that "to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was strange"; nor were the experiences of the evening when, in the girl's tiring-room, he heard Knipp her part in *Flora's Figgarys*, calculated to support Mr. Farnie's view. The result of it is, however, a well-written scena, "Only an Orange Girl," scored with much taste, and sung at the Avenue with no little dramatic force by Miss Florence St. John. The chief success of the score is in the second act. In a rustic rondo, "Ah! work-a-day life's hard, but at ev'ning all passes," M. Planquette has caught a happy echo from an earlier century. This is a delightful melody, half-tender, half-humorous, but wholly picturesque. It will be remembered when the opera, as a whole, is forgotten. The "Song of the Clock," which follows, is also a flowing and effective number, for the singing of which Miss Warwick, formerly a member of Mr. Carl Rosa's company, merits a word of praise. There is good writing, too, in the finales to the first and second acts. No scope for power is provided, and it is useless speculating what would be the result if M. Planquette were called upon to set a work dramatically stronger. Here he does all that is possible. There is no lack of melody, and his orchestration is agreeably varied and ingenious, while happily free from tricks, meaningless in themselves, and devised merely to arrest attention. The scene in which some excuse is made for dragging Nell Gwynne into the opera, where the "maid" shows her "master"—that is to say, the disguised Buckingham—that she can sing and dance, and could, in truth, adequately fill the part she desires him to find for her on the stage, is remarkably well done by Miss St. John, who sings with taste and dances the minuet, the pavane, and a merry jig to the air of "Green Sleeves" with evident zest, entering heartily into the situation. If the plot had not been so much obscured that the significance of all this is almost lost, the incident would be extremely telling. In spite of lapses, the work will enhance M. Planquette's reputation.

We have had no hesitation in expressing a decided opinion with regard to Mr. Burnand's recent burlesques; that opinion having been to the effect that they were, for the most part, utter rubbish. It is the more satisfactory therefore to be able to speak of his new burlesque, which was produced on Thursday night at Toole's Theatre, in terms of commendation. It may be described as a really humorous piece of work. Mr. Burnand, with a keen eye for fun, has watched Messrs. Wills and Herman's play; he has noted those points in it which were open to parody, and these he has treated with a real sense of burlesque. Those who sighed at *Ariel* will laugh at *Clawdian*. That the piece is as good as it might be made is not to be asserted, but nevertheless in much it is good. Most of the principal characters of the play are introduced. Mr. Toole, his face strangely altered by a Roman or Claudian nose, has caught with considerable adroitness the manner of Mr. Wilson Barrett, his gait and movements, as he toys with Serena's hair or waves her feathered fan. Mr. Toole now and again speaks a line of the text as it is written, without missing two or three feet, or adding half a dozen; and this is something, for, quaint as the popular comedian always is, his ear for the rhythm of verse is very defective, and Mr. Burnand's lines seem to run smoothly. Serena—she is called Alserena in the burlesque—is a departure from the original, for she is shown as a strong-minded woman, the mother of a most commonplace boy instead of the beautiful child of the drama, and, far from being horror-stricken at her purchase by Claudian, she glories in the appraisement of her substantial charms. Mr. Ward, who has a decided capacity for burlesque, makes a really comic personage of the Holy Clement, here shown as a Cremorne hermit; he sings a capital song, and the curse is amusingly parodied. Claudian—who has slain the hermit—is doomed to play his part for ever, while a little black attendant "shall grow up and play Othello." All this is very good fooling, and Miss Marie Linden as Almida—Almi-i-da is the daring but not very successful attempt of the author to make something out of the name—admirably sustains the fun of the skit. Her voice is the voice of Miss Eastlake, whom she closely resembles in attire, in the fashion of hair and in general bearing. The earnest pleading manner, the ardent adoration, which the Princess's Almida shows for Claudian is reproduced with precisely the correct amount of extravagance at Toole's. Mr. W. Brunton likewise follows the original Agazil with good results. The earthquake is not well done or diverting. When fun depends on the stage carpenter, and it is here made to do for lack of fun

in other quarters, the effect is rarely striking. The pillars of the chamber where Claudian and Alunda are conversing give way, and comic heads replace the capitals. Claudian is discovered, when the lights are turned on, in a four-post bedstead; and the events of the play are supposed to have been a dream. Here the author's imagination has greatly flagged. In other places Mr. Burnand has contrived to show, both in his lines and in his treatment of incident, that the spirit of humour has revived in him.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

IT has often been our unpleasant duty to speak disparagingly of Mr. Long's pictures. When he painted single figures, such as the daughters of Saul, and a half-length in the Institute, his eye for colour seemed to have deserted him. It is therefore with a pleasure not unmingled with surprise that we notice the great work "Anno Domini" now being exhibited at 168 New Bond Street. In another room are "Merab, elder daughter of Saul" and "Michal," side by side with "A Question of Propriety," the gipsy dancing before the Inquisition, a picture which may be said to have founded Mr. Long's fame. It is therefore very possible to judge of his powers after a visit to this gallery alone; and their inequality will be found to be very striking. There is, in the gipsy picture, almost an excess of dramatic effect. Every face is individualized, and its expression carefully marked. At the same time the colour is brilliant and well arranged, and the composition is such that the story is plainly and naturally told. When we turn to the single figures all is changed. The faces are soft, and have a kind of sallow beauty, but without expression. The attitude and drawing are commonplace, the details very slight, and the drapery distinctly weak and without colour. When we remember how much of late Mr. Long has confined himself to this kind of work, and especially when we recall the half-finished details of "Egyptian Gods and their Makers," the brilliant colour, completeness, high finish, and easy composition of the "Anno Domini," our pleasure, as we have said, is mingled with surprise.

The design appears at first sight so simple that it is not until some time has been spent in study that its real complexity becomes apparent. In the foreground a little to the right is the Holy Family. The Mother holds her Child on her knee, and is seated on an ass, which, with head down and heavy footsteps, is driven by St. Joseph, a finely conceived figure. His robes are dark, but he has a yellow "kufich" on his head which brings him well out. Immediately in the path of the Family is a despairing mother with a dying child lying across her lap. A little negress holds a figure of Osiris to its breathless lips. This is, as the catalogue points out, an allusion to the beautiful legend that, when the Holy Family went into Egypt, the Virgin restored to health a dying child by taking it into her arms, and that the child grew up and became a robber, and hung, as Dysmas, the repentant thief, on the cross at Calvary. In the middle is a pretty group of children playing in the dust, a group which may be seen any fine day in a native village on the banks of the Nile. One of them holds up a figure of Pasi, the Egyptian cat-headed Minerva of purity, but the Holy Family do not notice it. A little higher are sellers of sacred images and beads, and quite to the left is a very charming group, representing a young lover who is clasping a necklace round the throat of such a lovely girl as Mr. Long can easily paint when he pleases. At the opposite extremity some equally lovely faces adorn the leaders of a long procession. Each girl bears a sistrum, and cries out in honour of the golden Hathor, whose image is being carried in at the gigantic portals of a temple. The procession winds far into the background, a Roman in his chariot taking part in it, and other temples, with their pylons, catch the rays of the sinking sun. In the furthest distance are the pyramids glowing in the sunset, and a reach of the Nile gleams below. All the details are thoroughly worked out. We do not know whether the Egyptians of this period or any period actually used the sacred emblems of their divinities as they are here represented, and let children and slaves handle images of the gods. But the painter is perfectly justified in assuming the point for the purposes of his art; and we note with great satisfaction the care with which Mr. Long has studied the forms and colours of the smaller objects, as well as the great reliefs on the temples and the giant figures by the entrances. It is perhaps hypercriticism to complain, as a traveller who has visited Egypt may, that it would be impossible to get any group of pyramids and temples into exactly this position; for, though the front of On, or Heliopolis, faced the west, the nearest pyramids are at least ten miles off, and on the other side of the Nile. This is not the spirit in which to approach a noble picture, well thought out and carefully finished to the minutest particular—a picture to which we may point when a foreign critic tells us that high art is extinct in England.

Messrs. Goupil have a gallery full of good things at their new house in Bond Street. There are several old favourites by Corot, Millais, and others; but the great attraction is M. Le Febvre's "Psyche." A nude fair-haired girl, seated on a lofty rock, her yellow hair blown about by the wind, a serpent creeping towards her foot, a dark abyss before her—such is the picture. The modelling and drawing are all that can be expected from the great French school to which M. Le Febvre belongs; but the colour is a little cold, and the modelling wanting in the softness inseparable from the idea of so youthful a figure. In short, whether the artist intended it or not, Psyche seems to be shivering as she waits for the Stygian ferryman. In the same room is a fine picture by Rossetti, of the ordinary later type, a giantess in blue, with a swollen throat, distorted thumbs, and the other peculiarities of the artist—in fact, a very characteristic example. A fine Herkomer and an Israels are among the other prominent pictures.

Another small exhibition is also in New Bond Street. It is open at Mr. Dowdeswell's, and consists of a series of cathedral sketches, chiefly interiors, by Mr. Wyke Bayliss. There are both oil and water-colour pictures, unusually complete in the architectural and archæological details. We cannot admire the "Sainte Chapelle" (23) as much, perhaps, as the skill evidenced in the painting deserves. The Chapel has been really rebuilt in living memory, and we cannot feel satisfied with the tawdry colouring and the dark crimson and steel-blue glass which were substituted for the beautiful thirteenth-century windows now at South Kensington. In "St. George's, Windsor" (39), the artist is at his best. The heraldry, the old transparency east window, and some other features now destroyed make this picture interesting as well as pretty. "Chartres Cathedral" (12) is very fine—the finest picture, perhaps, of all; but "Coutance" (11) comes very near it; and neither is injured by a spottiness to which Mr. Bayliss is sometimes given in his anxiety to preserve every architectural feature. Some of the pictures have sonnets appended to them in the Catalogue, presumably by the painter. One on Westminster Abbey is too good for the very cold and inadequate sketch to which it belongs. A large picture of St. Mark's at Venice (7) has been purchased by the Corporation of Nottingham; it is a grand work, but somewhat spoilt by want of room and by the pressure of so many other pictures by the same artist.

Mr. Pownell Williams exhibits at Mr. McLean's, in the Haymarket, as on two former occasions, the results of a year's sketching in Italy and the Riviera. They are all in pure water-colour, and are as vigorous and direct as skill and rapidity of hand and eye can make them. Mr. Williams does not quite please us in his bluer pictures. It is impossible, as any one who has studied the Mediterranean must know, to assert that the strangest shades of purple and indigo may not occasionally appear; but surely these deep tones are not so frequent as Mr. Williams seems to think. But we have nothing but praise for "The Land of Roses," a noble flower-piece, or for the beautiful vine-leaves against a yellow sky entitled "Evening in a Venetian Garden," or for the view of Mentone, hung at the end of the room, and probably the most highly finished and important of all the sketches.

In a second edition Mr. Stephens has considerably altered and improved his annotated Catalogue of the Reynoldses at the Grosvenor Gallery. Under No. 5 two important words are added to the sentence about the former exhibitions of this painter's works. A long note to No. 6, "Admiral Lord Anson," is inserted. The funny sentence in which Reynolds, Johnson, and Mrs. Abington were so curiously mixed up, as we noticed when the exhibition was opened, is left as it was, together with the erroneous date. Under No. 21, "The Dilettanti Society," we have an alteration for the worse. The sentence in the first edition stood thus:—"This picture was painted for the Society, but, if not all of the members, some of them severally paid Reynolds, each for his own portrait." This is, at least, intelligible. We have in the new edition this curious statement substituted:—"This picture and its companion were painted for the Society; each member being bound to present his own portrait, the whole were grouped in these cases." The groups in cases somehow suggest stuffed birds, but otherwise the meaning of the sentence escapes us. The statement that Miss Morris, who sat for "Hope nursing Love," was present at Reynolds's deathbed is repeated, although, as we pointed out, she was herself dead many years before. The names of the Countess Spencer's portraits are corrected. The "Young Lady, niece of Edmund Burke's Lawyer," is altered to "Young Lady, Miss Hickey, niece of Edmund Burke's Lawyer." To No. 177, "The Marchioness of Thomond, Mary Palmer, niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds, sister of Mrs. R. L. Gwatkin," a note is now appended in which the mistake as to Miss Morris is repeated. The "publisher" is left out of the description of the portraits of the "Macklin Family." Long notes are added to "Muscipula"; to "Mrs. Siddons"; to "Miss Cholmondeley," which is now designated, in full, "Miss (Hester Frances) Cholmondeley, afterwards Lady Bellingham, 'Crossing the Brook'"; to "Lord Althorp," "Mrs. Thrale," and several more, and could we but feel confidence in the accuracy of the details, they would add very much to the interest both of the catalogue and the exhibition.

THE MONEY MARKET.

THE course of the money market during the past twelve months has been very abnormal. At the beginning of last summer, the season when the rate of interest payable for the use of capital in the short-loan market usually falls, the Directors of the Bank of England found themselves compelled to raise their rate of discount to 4 per cent. And they had to keep the rate at that figure until the beginning of the autumn, when under ordinary circumstances the rate of interest payable for the use of capital in the short-loan market would have risen. At the end of September, however, the

Directors found it expedient to reduce their rate of discount to 3 per cent. At that figure they kept it until last week, when they raised the rate to 3½ per cent., although we have now reached a period of the year when the value of money in the London market ought to be lower than in November or December. What is the cause of this curiously abnormal condition of the market? Trade is very dull, and all the indications point to increasing depression rather than to revival. At the same time there is no speculation. Consequently the demand for the use of loanable capital either by merchants or by speculators is exceedingly small. It might reasonably be expected, therefore, that the value of money would be low. But the internal causes affecting the market are overruled by external causes. As our readers are aware, the Bank of England holds the ultimate reserves of all the banks of the United Kingdom. Directly or indirectly those banks keep what passes for their reserve with the Bank of England, and upon the Bank of England, therefore, they have to draw in every emergency. The condition of the market, then, depends in the first place upon the amount of the reserve held by the Bank of England. But the Bank of England reserve itself depends upon the amount of gold held by the Bank. Now for several years past there has been a drain upon the gold held by the Banks of England and France. First on account of Germany, when she exchanged a silver for a gold currency; then on account of the United States, when they resumed specie payments; then on account of Italy, when it followed the example of the United States; and now a drain has set in on account of Australasia. The stock of gold held by the Bank, therefore, is much smaller than it was some time ago; so small, indeed, that the Directors of the Bank are obliged carefully to watch that it be not seriously diminished further. When, therefore, they see any reason to believe that a new drain is beginning, they are bound to adopt the only measure within their power for protecting their supply of gold; that is to say, to raise their rate of discount, and thereby increase the value of money in London. The step they took last week has now rendered the rate payable in the short-loan market of London higher than in any of the great Continental cities or New York. The first cause, then, of the enhancement of the value of money in London is the export of gold to Australia that has recently taken place.

How is it that gold has been sent from this country to Australia? Australia is a producer of gold, and hitherto has always been a seller of the metal. How is it that Australasian banks should have imported gold into England, and then exported it back again to the place of its production? To send it round the world in this way seems to be a very unprofitable business, and no doubt it must be so. That the banks have found themselves compelled to export gold notwithstanding the unprofitableness of the transaction is proof that they have not displayed very much foresight. Usually the value of the exports from this country to Australasia is much higher than the value of the imports of Australasian commodities into the United Kingdom. Consequently, the Australasian Colonies have to send gold here to make up the balance, every now and then borrowing to completely settle their account. But quite lately the position has temporarily changed so as to give the Australasian Colonies a command over the London money market, which they usually have not. There has been for several years past a very active speculation in the Australasian Colonies. The banks have lent money largely to "squatters" to buy their holdings, to "planters" to develop their sugar plantations, and generally they have increased largely their advances in every way. During the single year ended with September last the increase in their loans has amounted to over 7 millions sterling. But at the same time they have been allowing their supply of gold to diminish. The banks, of course, are able to make their advances to merchants and others only out of their deposits; that is to say, they themselves borrow in the first place the money they lend to their customers, and the deposits are repayable in gold. Some of our contemporaries have been pointing out that the coin reserves of the banks do not amount to one-eighth of their liabilities; but it is to be borne in mind that a large proportion of the deposits held by the Australasian banks are lodged with them for fixed periods of a year or more. They are not, therefore, repayable on demand, and consequently the banks are not bound to keep always a coin reserve to meet these deposits. Still it is evident from the fact that the banks have been obliged to send gold to Australasia that they felt their coin reserves to be insufficient. They had clearly been doing a risky business, using up their resources too fast without exerting themselves to replenish them, and they at length wakened up to the conviction that an accident might cause disaster. They have been enabled to send out gold to make up their reserves by a combination of favourable circumstances. The exports of wool from Australasia to this country are larger this year than last year; and at the same time the wheat harvest seems to be exceptionally good. It is estimated that the exports of wheat from the Australasian Colonies will this year exceed those of last year by about 6 millions sterling. There will, therefore, be a smaller debt due by the Australasian Colonies to this country than in past years. At the same time, the Governments and local authorities of the Australasian Colonies have during the past few months been borrowing very largely in the London money market, and the banks and mortgage Companies have also been borrowing deposits largely. The loans made to the Governments and the deposits received by the banks not only set off the debt due by the Australasian Colonies to this country, but leave in the hands of the banks a considerable surplus, which they are free to employ as they please; and several of them, as already stated, have found it expedient to ship a portion of this surplus in gold to make up their coin reserves. The amount so sent in itself is not large; and had it been remitted to Paris, or to any other part of the Continent, it would have had little effect upon the London money market. But for some time past we have been depending upon Australasia alone for any considerable gold supply. Since the resumption of specie payment in the United States, the whole yield of the Californian mines has been retained at home. And, since the adoption of a gold currency by Germany, the whole yield of the Russian mines has been retained in Russia and Germany. We have, therefore, been dependent upon the Australasian mines for our gold supply. And the fact that the Australasian banks have begun to take gold from us and send it back to Australasia shows that for some time to come at least this supply will be cut off. But at all times there are demands of greater or less amounts upon the Bank of England for gold. London is the centre of the banking system of the world, and demands are constantly coming upon it for Egypt, the Continent, North and South America, and elsewhere, which have to be honoured. Moreover, there are always possibilities of accident of one kind or another. A considerable war might necessitate the remittance of large sums of gold to pay the troops and provide provisions. Or a panic in Paris or New York might lead to a drain of gold from London. The Directors of the Bank of England, therefore, knowing that their supply of gold is small, that they have kept it up for some months past in spite of an export of the metal of over 3½ millions sterling solely by withdrawing gold from the home circulation, and that they cannot hope for a fresh supply from Australasia for some time to come, felt it incumbent on them to adopt measures to protect their supply, and if possible to attract gold from the Continent or New York.

Some other causes have, no doubt, had their influence upon the minds of the Directors. Since the failure of Messrs. P. W. Thomas, Sons, & Co. there have been apprehensions in the City that other embarrassments would come to light. There may, perhaps, be little ground for these rumours. In any event they probably are a good deal exaggerated. But the fact that they exist has to be taken into account. For the moment a shock has been given to credit, banks are cautious how they act, and all who have large liabilities desire to strengthen themselves. Furthermore, there have been rumours of financial difficulties of various kinds in the provinces. Under these circumstances it is desirable that the Bank of England should increase its reserve. Whenever the Bank's reserve steadily decreases, the City becomes apprehensive. In its present temper, when it had come to see that for some time to come no fresh supply of gold could be expected, it would have easily fallen into alarm had the drain of gold been allowed to go on. Merely then as means of restoring confidence the action of the Bank Directors is to be approved. Over and above all these causes, another influence has been tending to enhance the interest payable for loanable capital in the short loan market. When Mr. Lowe was Chancellor of the Exchequer he made a change in the collection of certain taxes which had for result to make the amount of taxes collected in the last quarter of the financial year much larger than in any other single quarter. As the taxes are paid into the Bank of England, the effect of this, so far as the money market is concerned, is to withdraw from all other banks of the country money that could be used in lending and discounting, and to transfer it to the control of the Bank of England. The other banks, therefore, have smaller resources than usual, and the Bank of England has larger resources. But the Bank of England usually charges a higher rate than the other banks, and, therefore, the mere fact that the Bank of England has a greater control over the money market than at other times tends to enhance the value of money. The Bank of England, of course, would not take advantage of this circumstance to raise its rate of discount. On the contrary, the Directors recognize that their privilege as bankers of the Government obliges them to give exceptional facilities at this season of the year to trade. But the fact, nevertheless, has enabled the Bank of England to act with greater effect upon the money market than it could at any other time. For the rates charged by the other banks being very nearly up to those charged by the Bank of England, when the Directors of the Bank of England found it expedient to raise their rate the other banks have been obliged to follow their example. The result is to make it more probable that the action of the Bank will be effective, and therefore that the Directors will not have again to raise their rate. But of course it is too soon yet to form any definite opinion upon that point.

REVIEWS.

HER MAJESTY'S "LEAVES."*

THE reviewers can necessarily have little to say on these later "Leaves" from Her Majesty's journals. For in their style and general arrangement they are precisely similar to those in her former book, and every one has read the *Journal of a Life in the Highlands*. Nothing could be a more conclusive proof of its popularity than the immense circulation it has obtained in cheap

* *More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands, from 1862 to 1882.* London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1884.

editions. And there are good reasons why it should have been permanently popular, independently of the notoriety assured by its authorship. It suggested to the many who are in the habit of feeling rather than thinking how Her Majesty has made herself universally beloved. It showed her in her home circle as the happy wife and mother, living and moving and sunning herself in the warm atmosphere of the affections. She felt the heavy cares and anxieties of her station; no doubt she had mourned the loss of some devoted servants; but till then she had been mercifully spared any crushing domestic bereavement. She had learned to lean, perhaps to lean too much considering the uncertainty of life, on the strong arm of a husband whose heart had always beat in unison with her own. It was to him she turned for advice in all circumstances, as he was the most cheerful and sympathetic of companions in the excursions both loved so well. Consequently in the former journal, from the beginning to the end, it was the Prince who was brought forward in every page; whose individuality in one form or another invariably lent those pages their gayest colouring. In the volume before us all is changed; the bright colours have faded out, and a long and lasting shadow has fallen over everything. The Queen, in her faithfulness to her beloved husband's memory, has striven to resume their former habits. She feels, as she told Dr. Norman Macleod, that changes of scene, with relaxation, are absolutely necessary if she is to fulfil the imperative duties of her station. She still goes on the long drives and rides through the most romantic scenery of the Highlands, and she is still happy in having affectionate daughters for companions. She can still endure her life, and can enjoy the beauties of nature. But an eternal sense of pain underlies superficial distractions, and the saddest associations are awakened when she revisits the most cherished scenes. Even when she makes acquaintance with picturesque spots where her husband had never been, she remembers how *he* would have delighted in all that excites her admiration. Such natural feelings must be altogether beyond the control of earnest natures that have attached themselves passionately, and it is a proof of the Queen's assurance of her subjects' sympathy that she has made no effort to conceal them. Yet, on the other hand, there is no morbid indulgence in grief; she not only perseveres in the recreations that may often be more trying than actual tasks, but her practical charity has been quickened by her own heartfelt afflictions. We see her by the bedsides of the sick and dying, as we meet her at the funerals of the relatives of her faithful servants; and she is just as ready to take a part in their homely merrymakings—to look on at a Highland dance or be present at a cottage christening. But our readers will probably be grateful to us if we pass on, to give some variety of extracts from the Journal.

The first of the entries, dated in August 1862, strikes the keynote of the tone of the melancholy which pervades the volume. It describes the writer's feelings when she had driven up the hills on Deeside in her pony chaise to examine the cairn which was being built in memory of her husband. "I actually drove in the little carriage to the very top, turning off from the path and following the track where the carts had gone. Grant and Duncan pushed the carriage behind. Sweet baby (Beatrice) we found at the top. The view was so fine, the day so bright, and the heather so beautifully pink—but no pleasure, no joy! all dead!"

And here at the top is the foundation of the Cairn—forty feet wide—to be erected to my precious Albert, which will be seen all down the valley. I and my poor six orphans all placed stones in it; and our initials, as well as those of the three absent ones, are to be carved on stones all round it. I felt very shaky and nervous.

A few days afterwards, on the anniversary of the Prince's birthday, she makes a pilgrimage to the "Old Cairn"; and the remarks of one of the gillies in attendance show the respectful freedoms she encourages in her "loyal Highlanders," especially when she knew them to have been attached to the Prince:—

We went to see the obelisk building to his dear memory; Bertie left us there, and we went on round by the village, up Craig-Gowan in the little carriage, over the heather till we reached near to the old cairn of 1852. Grant said:—"I thought you would like to be here to-day on his birthday"!—so entirely was he of opinion that this beloved day, even the 5th of December, must not be looked upon as a day of mourning. "That's not the light to look at it." There is so much true and strong faith in these good, simple people.

The visit paid in the following autumn to the Duke of Athole at Blair was a sad meeting on both sides:—

The Duchess was much affected, still more so when she got into the carriage with me. Lenchen and the others went in the boat-carriage, the one we had gone in but two years ago. We drove at once to the house which we had visited in such joyful and high spirits (October 9) two years ago. The Duchess took me to the same room which I had been in on that day; and, after talking to me a little of their dreadful affliction (the Duke was suffering from an incurable illness), she went to see if the Duke was ready. She soon returned, and I followed her downstairs along the passage, full of stags' horns, which we walked along, together with the poor Duke, in 1861. When I went in, I found him standing up, very much altered; it was very sad. He kissed my hand; gave me the white rose which, according to tradition, is presented by the Lords of Athole on the occasion of the Sovereign's visit; and we sat a little time with him. It is a small room, full of his rifles and other implements and attributes of sport, now for ever useless to him. A sad, sad contrast; he seemed very much pleased and gratified. . . . The poor Duke insisted on going with me to the station, and he went in the carriage with the Duchess and me. At the station he got out, walked about, and gave directions. I embraced the dear Duchess, and gave the Duke my hand, saying, "Dear Duke, God bless you!" He had asked permission that his men, the same who had gone with us through the glen on that happy day two years ago, might give me a cheer, and he led them on himself. Oh! it was so dreadfully sad. To think of the contrast to this time two years ago, when my darling was so well and I so happy with him, and just beginning to recover from my great sorrow for dearest mama's death—looking forward to many more such delightful expeditions; and the poor Duke then full of health and strength, walking the whole way.

The next visit to the widowed Duchess was in her cottage in the beautiful grounds of Dunkeld. In the getting there and the going back there was more excitement, as there was more roughing; and the expedition illustrates the way in which Her Majesty covers long distances in the Highlands, when the short cuts across moss and moor strike away from the regular and well-kept carriage roads. The party had started early from Balmoral in a threatening and misty morning; but when plans are arranged beforehand in the Highlands weather must never be suffered to interfere. They posted to Castleton of Braemar through steady rain. Then followed the long weary stage through the grim Spital of Glenshee, where all enjoyment depends on the doubtful chance of sunshine. There was a thick mist which obscured everything. Shortly after changing horses at the Spital, they pulled up to lunch in the carriage. On the Blairgowrie road they were met by a local laird on horseback, who guided them over the byways to a farmhouse, where ponies were in waiting by appointment. Her Majesty's Highland stables must be well appointed:—

We mounted our ponies (I on dear Fyvie, Lenchen on Brechin) and started on our course across the hills. There was much mist. This obscured all the view, which otherwise would have been very fine. At first there was a rough road, but soon there was nothing but a sheep-track, and hardly that, through heather and stones, up a pretty steep hill. Mr. Keir could not keep up with the immense pace of Brown and Fyvie, which distanced every one; so he had to drop behind and his keeper acted as guide. There was by this time heavy driving rain with a thickening mist. About a little more than an hour took us to the "March," where two of the Dunkeld men met us. . . . Here dripping wet (at Loch Ardie) we arrived about a quarter past six. It was dark already from the very bad weather. We went into a lodge here and had tea and whisky, and Lenchen had to get herself dried as she was so wet.

At Loch Ardie they left the ponies for a carriage. In a dense pine-wood they missed the road, and could only move forward through the darkness at a foot's pace, Brown walking at the heads of the horses, Grant going before with a carriage lamp. At last they saw lights in the windows of a keeper's lodge, and then they came out upon a good driving road. It was an agreeable surprise, even to the Duchess of Athole, who had altogether lost her bearings, though in her husband's "country." It was a quarter to nine before she welcomed her Royal guest into her "nice, snug little cottage" at Dunkeld.

Though the Queen lost her way in taking a short cut, that picturesque district between Blairgowrie and Dunkeld is familiar enough to the ordinary tourist. So are the shores of Loch Maree, where she spent a few pleasant days in the "Loch Maree Hotel"; and the wild valley of Glencoe, where she wandered about the scenes of the massacre. But she made her way too into the most remote nooks of the Highlands, given over to deer, grouse, and eagles, where the commonplace traveller seldom ventures. There is nothing more savage in Scotland than Torridon, to the north of the wild Applecross district, which has been broken up into sundry forests since it was sold by the late Duke of Leeds, who had bought it from the Mackenzies.

We came to the Upper Loch Toriden, which is almost landlocked and very pretty. In the distance the hills of Skye were seen. Village there really is none, and the inn is merely a small, one-storied, "hurled" house, with small windows. We drove beyond the habitations to a turn where we could not be overlooked, and scrambled up a bank, where we seated ourselves, and at twenty minutes to three took our luncheon with good appetite. The air off the mountains and the sea was delicious and not muggy. We two remained sketching, for the view was beautiful. To the right were the hills of Skye, rising above the lower purple ones which closed in the loch. . . . We were nearly an hour sitting there, and it was so fine, and such a wild uncivilized spot, like the end of the world. . . . An old man, very tottery, passed where I was sketching, and I asked the Duchess of Roxburghe to speak to him; he seemed strange, said he had come from America, and was going to England, and thought Toriden very ugly.

In scenery almost as savage, and of greater historical interest, the Queen's fancy would conjure up the history of the troubled past, and she was reminded of the political changes which made her present journeys so peaceful. On the desolate banks of the lonely Loch Shiel she remembers that

In 1746 poor Prince Charles was a fugitive hiding in the mountains on the sides of Loch Arkaig or Loch Shiel. As we suddenly came upon Loch Shiel from the narrow glen, lit up by bright sunshine, with the fine long loch and the rugged mountains, which are about 3,000 feet high, rising all around, no habitation or building to be seen, except the house of Glenaladall, which used to be an inn, and a large picturesque Catholic Church, reminding one, from its elevated position to the right and above the house, of churches and convents abroad, I thought I never saw a lovelier or more romantic spot, or one which told its history so well. What a scene it must have been in 1745! And here was *I*, the descendant of the Stuarts and by the very King whom Prince Charles sought to overthrow, sitting and walking about quite privately and peaceably.

Although, we are sorry to say, it was not always that she was permitted to walk about so peaceably and privately. On one occasion she was beset by a band of irrepressible reporters for the Scotch papers, who, having stalked Her Majesty's party like a herd of deer, lay down afterwards on the heather to study them leisurely through telescopes. The chief of them nearly passed from words to blows with the sturdy John Brown, who, we doubt not, was rather rough and peremptory under the strong provocation of the circumstances. And after the dedication we have already quoted, we need scarcely add that that trusted servant of the Queen figures conspicuously in many of her pages. He was

always either seated on the box of her carriage, or walking at the bridle of her pony, and was never beyond call when she was in residence anywhere. On her rough-and-ready mountain expeditions he generally waited at table. And so entirely had his fidelity won on her confidence that it was Brown who was usually charged with the painful and delicate duty of breaking any shock that was sure to be painful. It was he who announced the death of Dr. Norman Macleod. It was he who brought the terrible news that the young Prince Imperial had been speared by the Zulus. Nor does Her Majesty ever miss an opportunity of expressing her gratitude for his devotion.

We have done our best to give a fair idea of the varied contents of the volume; but we feel that tearing a leaf here and there into tatters is unfair to any book, and we can only recommend Her Majesty's subjects to read Her Majesty's Journal for themselves.

THREE NOVELS.*

MR. PAYN'S latest novel differs widely, in many respects, from its numerous predecessors. Indeed, but for the jokes which he puts into the mouth of his much-tried Canon, and which sometimes sparkle up throughout the work, it may be doubted whether many of Mr. Payn's most constant readers would recognize *The Canon's Ward* as coming from the pen of one of the most popular of contemporary novelists. Hitherto the crimes committed by his villains have been of a robust nature, but Mr. Payn has grown weary of substitutions and impersonations and mere ordinary murders, and has decided to delineate the troubles in which a young lady involves herself by a clandestine marriage. Not that there is no murder here, but it is a mere *hors d'œuvre* thrown in by way of settling the villain. In his new task Mr. Payn's proverbial modesty of style has proved almost too much for him. He hints at the natural consequences of the marriage, and then, overcome with confusion at the sight of his own words, he covers his face, and makes his plot obscure, seeming to exclaim, "No, no, I did not mean that—I meant nothing but what was strictly proper." And the result is that the last page is reached before the reader can make up his bewildered mind whether the heroine's very precocious infant, answering to the name of "Willie," is the child of Sophy Gilbert's first or second husband.

As regards the love-making of the story, Mr. Payn has proved faithful to one of his own traditions. The oldest of the lovers in *The Canon's Ward* (we do not reckon Mr. Mavors, for he never has a chance) is presumably not three-and-twenty, for he has not yet taken his degree. This is the most advanced age at which Mr. Payn will allow the tender passion to be felt with any reasonable prospect of success, and most of his heroines are wives and mothers before they are out of their teens. Miss Sophy Gilbert has, however, passed her twentieth birthday before we make her acquaintance. She is living at Cambridge with her guardian, Canon Aldred, and his maiden sister, and as a pretty, lively girl possessed of twenty thousand pounds, and blue or hazel eyes (compare vol. i., pp. 35 and 238), is the object of adoration of the whole university. Her guardian has looked with disfavour on the attentions of Mr. Herbert Perry—known as Pink Perry, from his complexion—the handsome and disreputable stroke of the Third Trinity boat (Third Trinity is not wholly composed, as Mr. Payn thinks, of Eton men), and is anxious to incline the heart of his ward to his own *protégé*, hatchet-faced Mr. Adair, a villain of the old type. Adair has been witness of a meeting between Perry and Miss Gilbert in the Roundabout, and has drawn conclusions highly unfavourable to the young lady. He does not scruple to let her know this fact, and to make use of his hold over her by compelling her to consent to see him in spite of her terror. Matters are in this state when Mr. Perry threatens one day to disclose their private marriage to his father, and actually goes home and writes the necessary letter. It is never sent, however; for, before it is posted, he drowns himself accidentally, and the letter is stolen from his table by Sophy's maid, Jeannette, whose baptismal name was Susan (vol. i., p. 158), yet who was "*née* Jenny" (vol. ii., p. 86). This Jeannette is the kind of waiting-maid with whom old English plays and modern French dramas have made us familiar, only she has not half the intelligence of her prototypes. She had been the solitary witness of Sophy's marriage, and the confidante of the subsequent interviews of husband and wife; yet she does not understand the unfortunate Sophy's real predicament, though she continues to urge her union with Adair. This, at least, is what we gather from the conversation between mistress and maid in vol. ii., p. 135; but it may really be only Mr. Payn's modesty again asserting itself. Anyhow, Sophy prefers marriage, with a man whom she hates and despises, to a confession to her indulgent guardian of a love affair which, though silly and sly, was not criminal. And, what is even more astounding, she postpones the ceremony till Adair has taken his degree, six months after she became a widow. We are not told how the world regarded the excessively precocious appearance of Willie on the scene; but, as far as we can make out, no one seems to have given a thought to this unusual circumstance. Adair goes rapidly downhill from the moment of his marriage. In real life, Sophy's position would have been infinitely worse than if she had made no second marriage. In five years we find him swindling the public by means of bubble companies, inducing the Canon, as trustee of Mrs. Adair's fortune, to advance him fifteen thousand pounds to buy himself a partnership, and then reclaiming the amount on behalf of Sophy's child; and finally insuring the child's life for a large sum preparatory to poisoning him. Of course all these diabolical schemes come to nothing in the end: Mr. Payn knows better what is due to the feelings of the British public than to permit the wicked to prosper. So a boy's eye applied to a hole in the curtain (what a premium on untidiness!) discovers the murderer; an ancient admirer of Sophy's restores the Canon to affluence by a legacy; and Adair, while seeking to escape to the Continent with his ill-gotten gains, is tracked by an accomplice, and murdered in a cellar near the river. It is not every woman who can boast of having lost two husbands by violent deaths, and of being thankful to be rid of both of them. In spite of the absolute impossibility of the main facts of the story, and the unattractiveness of the heroine, *The Canon's Ward* is an amusing and exciting book. The very obscurity of which we have spoken keeps our minds on the stretch, and a far duller work would be redeemed by descriptions like the following of Mr. Adair:—"He was certainly thin, thinner in his suit of evening clothes than usual, and still thinner in comparison with Mr. Mavors, who not only towered above him, but appeared on either side of him, giving the young scholar for the moment the remarkable appearance of having four arms." The tale is full of good things and good stories. The character of the Canon, with his unfailing humour and consolatory quotations from Milton, is admirable; admirable, too, is the young lawyer Irton, and there is much amusement to be derived from Mr. Payn's unconcealed dislike of law, mathematics, and athletes who are nothing but athletes. Still a heroine of Mr. Payn's who is *sournoise*, and who steals letters, is so startling, and so unlike Mr. Payn's general method and favourite fair ones, that we confess we have derived more pleasure from other works by the same diverting author.

In vol. iii. p. 293 of *Susan Drummond* there occurs this sentence, which forms part of a soliloquy indulged in by the hero Nicholas Gayre:—"One short year ago had any one said, 'You will behave to the girl you love like a cad, you will try to shirk your duty to your neighbour, and strive to skulk by on the other side if you can; you will ask a woman for money who you know has always hoped you would marry her, and accept substantial help, though you are well aware you never had a feeling of affection for her.'" These words are a fair summary of the story of *Susan Drummond*, a fearless sweet-natured girl, lovely to look upon, who was first seen by Nicholas Gayre, formerly colonel, now banker, riding through Hyde Park. For love of her this commonplace representative of the most conservative of banking houses neglects his business, and frequents the society of his brother-in-law, Sir Geoffrey Chelston, and his beautiful daughter, old friends of the fascinating Susan's. This is more of a sacrifice than it sounds, for the baronet is a gentleman of the most disreputable type, who is introduced to us in the beginning as lacking even one redeeming quality. In the course of the story, however, he develops quite a reasonable number of virtues, and most readers will greatly prefer him to the excessively rude and sneering Mr. Gayre. We hear about "plain-spoken men of business," but if many are as "plain-spoken" as Mr. Gayre, murders will become more frequent and duelling revive. He addresses an acquaintance, Mr. Sudlow, in these terms:—"You do not amuse, and you do not instruct me. I have no daughter I want you to marry, and I have money enough of my own without trying to rob you of any of yours. If you discover why I am civil to you, tell me." Instead of cutting Mr. Gayre's acquaintance on the spot, Mr. Sudlow begs for an introduction to that gentleman's niece, Miss Chelston, to whom he subsequently proposes. When, however, he realizes that the damsel will have nothing but her beauty, and that Mr. Gayre by no means intends to make her his heiress, he shows symptoms of backsliding, upon which the furious banker threatens him with an action for breach of promise. Surely the British army and the banking confraternity will not remain quiet under such an imputation on one of their order. No censure is, however, passed on Mr. Gayre.

The banker is, however, remarkably unfortunate in his love affairs. Not only is Miss Susan Drummond quite indifferent to his passion, but she makes use of it in order to obtain the release of her lover, Mr. Oliver Dane, unjustly imprisoned for forgery and theft. In fact, she treats poor Mr. Gayre as the heroine of *The Scrap of Paper* treats her lover, and declines to think or speak of anything till the banker has obtained Oliver Dane's release. At last a very improbable series of events gives Gayre the clue; but he wrings a consent from Susan to be his wife as the price of her lover's freedom. It is not from any return to virtue on Gayre's part that the compact is not fulfilled, but merely because in order to get money to carry on the business, he applies to a rich widow who has long been in love with him, and proposes to her as her reward for the loan. We are glad to say that the widow soon finds out that they are unsuited, and we leave Mr. Gayre in the last chapter still sneering, and on the point of marrying a third lady.

In spite of a very faulty construction of the story, of occasional slips in grammar, and of a frequent clumsiness in style, the success of Mrs. Riddell's last novel is ensured by the leading character, Sir Geoffrey Chelston. He stands before us, from the first page to the last, perfectly consistent with himself, though not with the original description of him, always attempting to take care of number one, yet always coming to grief in the process. He represents himself to the world as the victim of circumstances, and notwith-

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* *The Canon's Ward.* By James Payn. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.
Susan Drummond. By Mrs. J. Riddell. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Sons.
The Building of St. Barnabas. London: Chapman & Hall.

standing his exterior (which is that of a groom), succeeds in taking in various people who hope to make money out of him. His good spirits are unfailing, and his sense of humour tolerably keen, and it is with some satisfaction that we see that the inherited instincts and tact of a gentleman come to the surface even in this reprobate, for he knows how to console Susan in her trouble, while the good intentions of the others only irritate the girl. Sir Geoffrey is one of the cleverest portraits that has been drawn for many a day, and Mrs. Riddell deserves all the more praise for her work, from the fact that he is entirely unlike the hard-working City men with whom her pen has made us familiar. Sir Geoffrey, who is at first described as a kind of Sir Francis Clavering, develops humour and affection and tact as the story goes on. The author obviously delights in him (his is a part for Mr. Arthur Cecil), and so will all her readers. His presence makes up for the almost total eclipse and absence of the chief lover, Mr. Oliver Dane, who is a kind of invisible prince, a character spoken of, not seen, like the widow in *Forget Me Not*, after the widow's part was cut out by an economical management. The heartless, false daughter of Sir Geoffrey is a clever study. Mrs. Riddell thinks apparently that an "old Elzevir" is necessarily a thing of price. All novelists think so; but half-a-crown is a fair average tariff for Elzevirs.

The Building of St. Barnabas has almost every fault which a novel can have. It is often ungrammatical; it exhibits no knowledge of life; it is occasionally coarse; but, above all, it is dull—so dull that we doubt whether any one, not inspired with a strong sense of duty, could ever arrive at the last page. The plot is simple. Michael Warner is lying on his death-bed, and sends for his lawyer to make his will. Being a spiteful old man, he resolves to keep his nephew and natural heir in suspense as to his intentions as long as possible, so bequeaths 5,000*l.* to build a church, and 7,000*l.* more for the same purpose, provided the church is finished within four years of his death. Should the church not be completed, all the money, except the original 5,000*l.*, is to go to Stephen Rushworth, the nephew. The reason given for the name of the church is characteristic of the book, and is a sample of the humour it contains. "They say Barnabas was the son of consolation, and I intend it to be awfully consoling to that scamp Stephen when he hears my will read."

From this point the whole story is a dreary and prolix record of attempts to raise enough money to ensure the building of the church within the required time, and the unwilling reader is dragged to vestry meetings attended by men with such names as Basso, Dipink, and Riskall, or forced to assist at lengthy conversations between Mr. and Mrs. Dittany, the vicar and his wife. The choice or invention of such names is a true indication of the style of the book. Then we have interminable descriptions of the town of Thoroton, where the church was to be erected, and of the local quarrels. Some of these descriptions read like a schoolgirl's translation of a German philosophical work, as, for instance, the sentence on page 6, vol. i. "But the chief pride of Thoroton was the river, which was crossed just before the shops began by a noble bridge, erected, as strangers sufficiently were informed, by the proud inhabitants, by the great Telford himself." Nowhere is there a spark of humour, of true insight, or of human interest. Everybody is low and sordid when they are not criminal, and we certainly could wish for a little of Mr. Payn's shyness in the story of the fall of Mary Lowbridge. The incident is hinted at in the crudest way, and without a single excuse for either of the sinners. Altogether *The Building of St. Barnabas* is to be avoided by every class of reader.

FIFTY YEARS OF IRISH CONCESSION.*

WE do not suppose that any one will quarrel with Mr. Barry O'Brien's general principle that "English politicians, publicists, and legislators, who speak, write, and vote on Irish questions, should make an effort to understand those questions." But when Mr. O'Brien instances Mr. Bright as a perfect and almost unapproachable example of the successful study of Irish questions, it becomes painfully obvious what Mr. O'Brien means by understanding. Mr. Bright studied the Irish question as he studied the Crimean War, the American Civil War, the Indian Mutiny, and every other public question of the kind, down to the bombardment of Alexandria the other day, with, as starting-point, the general axiom that his own country was in the wrong. If this is a necessity of mental attitude, we for our part, who yet venture to think that we have studied Irish questions and Irish history with some care, acknowledge freely that we cannot satisfy Mr. O'Brien. To give him his due, he promptly disavows any intention of reviving disagreeable recollections. He wishes that "whatever there is of unpleasantness should be forgotten," and so forth. This is very creditable, but how, for instance, does this philosophic and amiable temper square with Mr. O'Brien's description of such a man as Lord Clare? Mr. Fitzgibbon or Lord Clare was one of the most distinguished of all Irishmen. His rancorous enemies themselves acknowledged his extraordinary ability. It is granted even by those enemies that the Union for which he did so much not only did him no good but practically deprived him of a perpetual Viceroyalty in his own country. His temper, no doubt, was harsh and unconciliatory, and the measures which he advocated were only defensible in such times as the time of the accomplished French and the attempted Irish Revolution. But he himself explained his position in a famous speech which Mr. O'Brien quotes. His belief and his justification was that nothing but Protestant ascendency could give Ireland herself prosperity and tranquillity, or the Empire political union and strength. He might be right or he might be wrong in his methods; but loyalty to the Sovereign and the Constitution of Ireland were the unquestionable motives which actuated him. Now let us hear Mr. O'Brien's character of this great man:—

> The grand passion of this extraordinary man's heart was a consuming hatred of the land which had given him birth. But let justice be done to him. His hate was impartial. Catholics and Protestants, landlords and tenants, were all equally and thoroughly the subjects of his dislike and anger. To have been born an Irishman, no matter of what class or creed, was all sufficient to earn the lasting enmity of John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare.

This insane diatribe is followed up by another in which Lord Clare, after compliments to his intellectual abilities, is described as "animated by not one pure and noble sentiment, and influenced by not a single just and honourable principle." This has the familiar, the wearisome, and, above all, the hopeless ring of Irish political controversy. For it all means simply this, that John Fitzgibbon was a loyal Irish-Englishman who took facts and history to be history and facts, and did not believe with Mr. O'Brien that provincialism was patriotism, and that an imaginary Irish nation which never has in any solid fashion existed historically from the foundation of the world ought to absorb the devotion of Irishmen. Mr. O'Brien himself carefully avoids extreme Separatist or Nationalist expressions. But his whole book is pervaded by the grand Irish fallacy that a man who accepts the historical and inevitable relation of the smaller of the British islands to the larger is somehow a traitor and a scoundrel. All over the volume there is the silly railing at "the Castle" which is characteristic of this fallacy. As Mr. O'Brien has been good enough to indicate the spirit in which the history of Ireland should be studied, we may fairly in our turn retaliate. Neither he nor any one else will ever study the history of Ireland to any purpose unless he keeps before him the following facts—first, that, save in semi-mythical and semi-savage ages, Ireland never has been a single, independent, substantive nation: secondly, that for seven hundred years of authentic history it has been a part of a single, independent, and substantive nation; thirdly, that England, in the narrow sense, has (doubtless often in a very injudicious fashion) unceasingly striven to introduce good government into Ireland; fourthly, that a section of the inhabitants of Ireland have unceasingly striven to substitute anarchy therefor. These four historical facts all the leagues, all the platform eloquence, all the newspaper abuse in the world will never disprove; and no one who refuses to recognize them, however pure his intentions, however untiring his labour, will ever succeed in taking a true view of Irish history or of Irish politics.

Mr. O'Brien's prejudices have, however, done more than lead him into occasional absurdities like the above horns-and-tail portrait of Fitzgibbon. They have led him to some curious oddities of arrangement. His book is entitled *Fifty Years of Concession*, the *terminus ad quem* being 1881, and this volume takes him nearly to the end of the first decade. But he has considered it necessary to prelude the discussion of concessions in Irish education, economics, and franchise law by an elaborate account of certain events towards the close of the last century, which he thinks useful for the understanding of the later history. Unfortunately this lengthy exordium deals only with the comparatively orderly and constitutional agitation for the franchise, which was terminated by the concessions of 1793. Now there is something to be said in favour of the proposition that it would have been not unwise to grant not merely the franchise but complete emancipation early in the revolutionary period. On the one hand the Protestants of the North were honeycombed with republican sentiment, had but recently behaved in something not unlike a treasonable fashion, and by their attitude in the independent Parliament had shown a very considerable lack of patriotism. On the other, the Roman Catholic clergy were thoroughly hostile to Republicanism, the Roman Catholic aristocracy were thoroughly loyal and trustworthy, and the mass of the Roman Catholics of lower rank had been well disciplined by a century of firm government. This view, however, with the few historic facts necessary to illustrate it, might have been put very briefly; while Mr. O'Brien's actual course has the singular result of giving the constitutional agitation fully, and passing over entirely the rebellion and the anarchy which marked the last years of the century. No doubt he is entirely guiltless of any attempt at suppression. But you cannot take a slice of a history and give it to the reader, telling him when he has finished that he shall have another slice cut out of a different part. All history is continuous, and all history requires continuous knowledge to explain itself.

These grave drawbacks of spirit and of plan do not, of course, prevent the book from containing much useful information. Beginning nominally, and with the curious excursus already quoted, at 1831, Mr. O'Brien has nothing to do directly with emancipation. He starts with the Irish Reform Bill of 1832, and with the education arrangements of the previous year. The history of the education question is curious, and worth reading. Afterwards he takes up the tithe war, of course adopting the utterly illogical position that it was wrong to tax Roman Catholics

* *Fifty Years of Concessions to Ireland.* By R. Barry O'Brien. Vol. I. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

for the support of another Church, and forgetting that in reality the farmers and peasants paid their land subject to a certain impost, and that the destination of the amount of that impost no more concerned them than it concerned them whether the recipients of the tithe bought blue coats or brown ones with the money. Then we have the Poor Law, and then the Municipal Reform Act of 1840. Except that Mr. O'Brien has a bad habit of making his quotations at second or third hand, he is a careful and, as far as his abiding prejudices will let him be, an impartial historian. Impartial, unfortunately, those prejudices will not let him be in any considerable degree. His expostulation with Whately (a person whom, for our parts, we have no very great care to defend), "Did he think that the Irish people were to be denationalized and Anglicised," &c., shows that pretty clearly. So long as any man thinks that Anglicizing is for an Irishman denationalizing, so long will he be in a state of outer darkness about the facts of the case. But Mr. O'Brien's natural fairness (a quality which we have the greater pleasure in acknowledging in many, perhaps the majority, of Irish writers, in that we have frequent occasion to stigmatize the fatal delusions which make that fairness of none effect) is shown by his very frank statement that Wolfe Tone "hated England profoundly." Mr. O'Brien is so scrupulously fair that he quotes as a testimony to the wrongs of Ireland the following absurd sentence, in which the egregious M. Duvergier de Hauranne says, that in established churches in Ireland "the ringer rings the bell for the curate and the sacristan, the sacristan *takes up his halbert* for the ringer and the curate, and the curate preaches for the two," perhaps one of the most delightful instances of the way in which Frenchmen carry France everywhere that can be found. A curious outbreak against the author's namesake—Sir Lucius O'Brien—on p. 571, deserves to be consulted by readers of the book, for it is characteristic of the author's attitude, as is his remark that in a certain commission "only Englishmen or ascendency men had been appointed; no popular appointments had been made." Nor is it unsymptomatic that Mr. O'Brien, apparently without the faintest idea of what he is doing, quotes pages of the impertinent personalities, alternated by withdrawals as soon as the situation became serious, of which O'Connell set a constantly copied example to a series of Irish patriots who have not succeeded in reaching even his own level of patriotism or conviction, and that he describes one of Shiel's gaseous orations as having crushed (whom does the reader think?) Lord Lyndhurst.

We part from Mr. O'Brien in no unkind spirit. In the first place, he has given us in this volume, and is pretty certain to give us in his next, valuable instances of the characteristics which make his countrymen utterly impossible as conductors of their own affairs, and thus he has done a service. In the second, he has shown the pluck, the manful fidelity against rhyme and reason, the generous if rather scatter-brained loyalty to ideals, and the gratitude to even very dubious benefactors, which are among the numerous private merits of Irishmen. He has arranged a valuable, if not an extraordinarily well-planned, collection of those facts of Irish history which are mortal to his own cherished desires; and, last not least, he has recalled public attention to that admirable speech of Fitzgibbon's which is at once the most complete defence of the much-reviled English rule during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the strongest argument against the system of concession which has been pursued during the nineteenth. We may not now agree with everything that the great Irish lawyer and statesman then said; we may think that his policy was too nakedly coercive, his attitude too uncompromisingly hostile; but his triumphant reply to the Bishop of Killala—a reply to which Mr. Froude has done rather less than more justice than should be done—contains the end and the beginning of Irish government according to rational principles and to the teachings of history.

SOME BOOKS ON LOGIC.*

WHEN, about seven years ago, Mr. Bradley published his *Ethical Studies*, he confessed in his preface that too much of his book was polemical. At the beginning of his new book on logic he makes the self-same confession. Now confession without contrition is naught, and we cannot bring ourselves to believe that he is really contrite. We heartily agree with him that he is too polemical, and will add that he has thereby done much towards spoiling his two books. He seems to have persuaded himself that his fellow-countrymen lie in bondage to the system of J. S. Mill, and that it is his duty on all occasions to raise his voice loudly and harshly against the tyrant. So, just when we are beginning to interest ourselves in his intricate arguments, he breaks away from us to denounce for the twentieth time the superstition, the prejudice, the fatuity of empiricists, utilitarians, and other "advanced thinkers," of what he calls the English school, the dominant traditional orthodox school. Surely this is all nonsense. We do not believe that there ever was a time when, among Englishmen who cared for philosophy, there was less agreement than there is at present, or less disposition to regard any question as finally, or even provisionally, answered. Mr. Bradley protests to us that a Hegelian school exists only in our fancies. Be it so; but this provokes us to ask, Where exists that orthodox English school which he is for ever belaboring? The joys of heterodoxy are doubtless sweet, and pleasant it is to call one's adversaries fashionable and "advanced thinkers"; but we doubt whether Mr. Bradley is fairly entitled to these delights. Transcendentalism, like empiricism, has its unintelligent adorers; and, if all we hear be true, there are circles in which a contempt for Mill is already considered a distinctive note of the higher culture. The typically deep young man of Mr. Gilbert's play was, if we remember rightly, a transcendentalist, and a score of love-sick maidens drank in his philosophy. In all seriousness though we are getting a little tired of being told that ever since the days of Hume English philosophy has been off the true track, that "we live in an island" and are growing insular, that just across the sea, in Germany, they have a philosophy "which *thinks* what the vulgar *believe*" and does many other remarkable things too numerous for mention. Mr. Bradley, and the English writers with whom he has most in common, have already succeeded in perceptibly loosening the hold that Mill once had of the English mind. But this they have done in the name, not of impartial scepticism, or of unreasoning faith, or of unsophisticated common sense, but of a sounder philosophy. Yet until last year we had no continuous statement, no instalment even, of the promised philosophy, only historical criticisms, hints, and suggestions. With the appearance of Professor Green's posthumous *Prolegomena to Ethics*, a new period seemed about to begin in which controversy was to be happily subordinated to exposition. We know now what the great critic of Locke and Hume, and of their English followers, would have us substitute for the ethical parts of the systems which he attacked. There is a good opportunity for similar constructive work in the field of logic; and on opening Mr. Bradley's book we hoped that he had seized this opportunity and followed the excellent example set him by one with whom he agrees, at least on very many questions. We are disappointed, therefore, when he begins again that scolding of Mill of which we have already had almost enough. And Mr. Bradley's scolding is not of a very good kind; it is often very bitter, and not always very fair. In the substance of his criticisms we can often agree; many of them are not very new; but when we read, for example, that "these touching beliefs in a pious legend may babble in the tradition of a senile psychology, or contort themselves in the metaphysics of some frantic dogma," we cannot imagine what good purpose such a strident passage can serve. Mr. Bradley may have had some provocation to anger. He cannot properly be called a Hegelian, but still he holds Hegel in high honour, and it is to be feared that Hegel has too often been jeered at by those who have not been at pains to read a line of his writing. Still, philosophy is one thing and hereditary blood-feud another. Mr. Bradley will gain nothing and lose much by throwing about such explosive phrases as "self-righteous innocence and blatant virtue."

Two books have come to our hands along with Mr. Bradley's which sufficiently show that these boisterous outbursts against Mill are not needed. We ought perhaps to apologize to Mr. Rogers and Mr. Alfred Sidgwick for introducing their names in this parenthetical way, but their works are much less ambitious than Mr. Bradley's, which, therefore, must be our main theme. Mr. Rogers, an Australian school inspector, has made two remarkable discoveries about which he is modestly triumphant. One is the true definition of a verb, and this we must pass by, though the world has been in want of it "not for centuries only, but for two thousand years." The other is that the copula as anything distinct from the predicate has no real existence, "but is a mere myth and fabrication of certain logicians." Mr. Bradley's own phrase is only a trifle more emphatic; "the necessity for the copula is a sheer superstition." Mr. Rogers again goes about to show that Mill's pet doctrine concerning the ambiguity of the verb *to be* is a delusion. Here again he is in agreement with Mr. Bradley, and yet to all seeming Mr. Rogers has not studied the Germans, at least does not tell us that he has done so, and he lives, if not in England, yet in another island. He indeed supposes that Mill and Hamilton still share between them the allegiance of English-speaking logicians; but this does not prevent him from believing also that he has sapped the foundations of Mill's system. Mr. Alfred Sidgwick has added to the International Scientific Series a pleasant and sensible book about Fallacies. His object, when compared with Mr. Bradley's, is humble. He writes less for students of philosophy than for readers who may wish to know what logic can tell them about the practical means of avoiding error. But, as it were by the way, he has much to say about inference which, whether quite new or not, is certainly not traditional, and as certainly not derived from Mill. This we must pass by; probably it would teach Mr. Bradley nothing, for he has never found any English book on logic, save only that of Mr. Jevons, of any great use to him. But Mr. Sidgwick, though he confesses a debt to Mill, says against so prominent a point of his system as the five methods of induction all or nearly all that Mr. Bradley, declamation apart, can say. They are of value, says Mr. Sidgwick, "rather as systematic hints for tentative discovery than as methods of proof at all." Mr. Bradley uses almost the same words of one of these methods; it is "most useful as a tentative means of inquiry, but unsound and imposturous if you take it as proof." Really, we are not quite so stupidly conservative as he supposes, and if we are at times a little deaf, the worst thing that he can do is to shout at us.

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* *The Principles of Logic.* By F. H. Bradley. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.
Grammar and Logic. By J. W. F. Rogers. London: Trübner & Co. Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide: George Robertson. 1883.
Fallacies: a View of Logic from the Practical Side. By Alfred Sidgwick. (The International Scientific Series. Vol. XLVIII.) London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

We the more regret that he should have given himself good cause for considering his book too polemical, for to this seems due the somewhat fragmentary and incoherent manner in which he states his own opinions. He had a very difficult task to perform, for in the end we discover that he had no complete system to explain. In his preface he says that his metaphysics are really very limited. "On all questions, if you push me far enough, at present I end in doubts and perplexities." On a first reading we regarded this statement as the graceful but purely formal disclaimer of omniscience familiar to the reader of prefaces. But we soon found that it has a more real meaning. Mr. Bradley is very confident about the quality of some metaphysics; indeed "bad metaphysics" is his favourite phrase of condemnation. Thus he is sure enough that the metaphysics of Mr. Huxley and the orthodox Christian are bad, and bad for the same reason. But of some other metaphysics he reserves judgment. At the end of his book we leave him face to face with the Hegelian identification of reality and reason. He can find no warrant for it; he shrinks from it as "cold and ghostlike"; though dragged to the conclusion, he cannot embrace it. Reading his book backwards, with this final doubt as a starting-point, the many passages in which he abruptly breaks off a discussion with the remark that we must not trespass on metaphysics gain a new significance. No lover of metaphysics, as he rightly says, will judge him hardly because of his doubts and perplexities, and we gladly welcome his frank avowal of them; such avowals are not so common as they should be. We may be a little uneasy in following a guide who confessedly does not know whether the reality to which he leads us will be "some spectral woof of impalpable abstractions or unearthly ballet of bloodless categories" (we use his own picturesque words), or will be something of which no more can be said than that it is not reason; but at least he does not offer us mere verbal solutions or a delusive show of knowledge. Now it may well be that fragmentary conclusions are the best that can be had. Even if we are not sure of the right road, it may be satisfactory to know that Mr. Huxley and the orthodox Christian are in the wrong. But it is difficult indeed to lay down principles of logic when one is not only very uncertain about the nature of reality, but fully conscious of the uncertainty. Mr. Bradley has read and thought too much to set about drawing a definite line between logic and metaphysics, and is too much in earnest to be content with such beggarly elements of logic as can be had by one who will not face metaphysical questions; indeed, he seems to us to have proved sufficiently that such elements must be even more beggarly than is usually supposed. A very cautious and perspicuous method of exposition might possibly have triumphed over these difficulties and shown us exactly what the author regarded as proved, what as merely probable. But Mr. Bradley was also intent on giving battle to Mill all along the line, and so lays himself open to the charge of maintaining for controversial purposes a theory about reality which in the end he pronounces unsatisfactory. Very possibly such a charge would be untrue, but it would at least be plausible, and he is too deeply engaged in controversy to guard himself against it. He compels us to say of his book that the whole is less than the sum of its parts. Many of its parts are valuable and very original; we may mention in particular a chapter on the association of ideas. Mr. Bradley is well read in recent German philosophy, but is no retailer of other men's thoughts, and adopts no opinion without fairly making it his own. But we cannot bring his theories into connexion with each other. He seems to have given us, not his philosophy, but the materials of which his philosophy is or might be made. If asked to define his position we could only do so by reference to Mill. Mr. Bradley, we should say, disbelieves every single principle which Mill would have thought of first importance to his system, and accepts as true, or possibly true, every opinion which Mill would have considered a quite fundamental error. The principle of contradiction is indeed the vital principle of his logic, and it is because work moulded by that principle can never be perfectly successful that his book as a whole will have less influence on English philosophy than many of its parts deserve to have. Our present clothes may not fit us, may be ragged, old-fashioned, and generally disreputable; but we shall not cast them away until a new suit is ready, for few of us are hardy enough to live in nude scepticism. This may be a weakness of the flesh, similar to that weakness of the flesh which, as Mr. Bradley hints, makes him hesitate about the identity of reality and reason; but at any rate it is a fact, and philosophers must make the best of it. As yet we have been shown not the new suit, nor even the pattern of it, but only cloth out of which it might possibly be made. Still the book is full of good arguments, which will have weight with those for whom philosophy is a serious pursuit. Mr. Bradley evidently has a very genuine love for hard metaphysical thinking which is as rare as it is admirable. He knows that the metaphysician's first, perhaps only, duty is not to hunt for the occult and the mystical, but to describe the obvious as precisely as possible, "to *think* what the vulgar *believe*." Having called him a lover of metaphysics, we must add, to prevent misunderstandings, that he is no dreamer of dreams, but has quite as much respect for science and experience and plain matter of fact as any of the sensationalists against whom he argues; and without accepting his opinions it is quite possible to prefer his open, unblushing metaphysics to the covert metaphysics which are often offered to us in the name of positive science by those whose chief boast is that they are not metaphysical.

FORMAN'S KEATS.*

MR. FORMAN has been engaged for many years on the preparation of these volumes, which are admirably edited. The bibliographical talent which he displayed in bringing out first the Poetical Works and then the Prose Works of Shelley has found more scope in Keats than we should have imagined possible in the case of a young man who died at five-and-twenty, and who was on the spot in London when his three volumes of poetry were passing through the press. If anything is to be blamed in Mr. Forman's manner it is a certain narrowness of sympathy, exemplified in the very small circle of writers to whom he turns for citation. The name of the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti is mentioned, as we think, too often, in consideration of the absence of reference to elder and contemporary names. For Rossetti's poetical gifts we entertain the greatest respect, but we do not hold him to have been a good critic of poetry. His published letters show that he was narrow in many of his views, narrow as Mr. Forman himself is narrow. The opinions attributed to Rossetti throughout these volumes rarely appear to us as just, and never as very penetrating. It is curious and interesting, not so much for the student of Keats as for the student of Rossetti, to be informed that the latter poet preferred the cancelled preface of *Endymion*, with its affectations and cockney self-consciousness, to the stately and eloquent sentences that Keats eventually substituted. The predominance of this one poet, and of some of his very feeble imitators, as set against a total absence of reference to what other and greater writers, down to Mr. Matthew Arnold, have said about Keats, is almost the only fault which we have to bring, in this instance, to Mr. Forman's charge. The absence of reference to Mr. Arnold, who has written the best existing study of Keats's quality as a poet and a man, is very marked. Can it be that Mr. Forman has not forgiven Mr. Arnold's sharp reproof of the publication of the letters to Fanny Brawne?

The doggerel of the great poets is a branch of poetry which has not received hitherto its due amount of investigation. A very droll little volume of the nonsense and occasional verse of the accredited poets might be formed with a great deal of propriety. In most other languages, it may be remarked, not to be flippant, such a collection could not be formed without a great deal of impropriety; but the English mind has happily found it possible to be gay and eccentric, and yet decent. In such a volume we should have plenty of Byron, with "Huzza, Hodgson" in a front rank, Coleridge's "body-and-soul-stinking town of Cologne," Wordsworth's "The Cock is Crowing" and "O who would go parading," with several grim fantastic things from Shelley; but perhaps the most copious contributor would be Keats. It seems as though Keats was never metrically at rest. He wrote a great deal of serious verse in his very short life, but he was not content with this; he was for ever keeping his instrument in tune, and trying its powers in odd experiments. It bears out all that we know of his thorough apprenticeship to the art of poetry to find that he did so, and one of the most interesting features connected with Mr. Forman's edition is that it gives us an opportunity of observing Keats in the full swing of his practice, when anything interested him very much, of pouring verse, serious and doggerel, around it. We refer to the recovered verses which the poet scattered broadcast during his little Scotch tour in July 1818. He seems to have scribbled verse almost every day, some of it quite serious and good, like the exquisite octosyllabics on "Staffa," and some of it mere fantastic folly, always, however, with a certain touch of style. In a letter here first printed he says to his sister, "Since I scribbled the song we have walked through a beautiful country to Kirkcudbright, at which place I will write you a song about myself," which Mr. Forman gives, and a very odd song it is. But we see the principle—for every new incident, for each new scene, a piece of verse, good, bad, or indifferent.

It is true that Lord Houghton had already picked out the best, and that what has been left for Mr. Forman are mostly indifferent. But in the case of Keats so much interest accompanies the action of his unique imagination that we are not scandalized, but only very much diverted, at seeing it throw off its coat and play at leap-frog in the corner. Mr. Forman has found nothing unprinted which is so good of its kind as "God of the golden bow," or "Spirit here that reigneast," nothing so good even as "Little child o' the western wild." He has found some elegiacs, assigned to the year 1814, on "Death"; some terrible sing-song beginning "O come Georgiana," which belongs to the year of Keats's curious apostacy to the style of Tom Moore, 1816; a piece written January 31st, 1818, beginning "Hence Burgundy, Claret and Port," of which this passage may be quoted as characteristically Keatsian:—

I retreat of a pitiful rummer
My wine overbrims a whole summer;
My bowl is the sky,
And I drink at my eye,
Till I feel in the brain
A Delphian pain—
Then follow, my Caius, then follow;
On the green of the hill
We will drink our fill
Of golden sunshine,
Till our brains intertwine
With the glory and grace of Apollo;

* *The Poetical Works and other Writings of John Keats.* Now first brought together. Edited, with Notes and Appendices, by Harry Buxton Forman. 4 vols. London: Reeves & Turner.

and a rather brilliant piece of reckless rhyming called "Sharing Eve's Apple." Besides these his only contributions to the verse of Keats are the series of pieces to which we referred above, written during the Scotch tour.

The new letters in the present edition are mainly those addressed by the poet to his young sister Fanny, now the sole survivor of the family. They are very pleasant and quiet, and have none of the hectic excitement which spoils the reader's enjoyment of so much of Keats's correspondence. The first is addressed from Oxford, in September 1817, when Keats was hotly engaged in finishing the third book of *Endymion*. He says to his sister:—

I am living at Magdalen Hall on a visit to a young man [Benjamin Bailey] with whom I have not been long acquainted, but whom I like very much—we lead very industrious lives—he in general Studies, and I in proceeding at a pretty good rate with a Poem which I hope you will see early in the next year. Perhaps you might like to know what I am writing about. I will tell you. Many years ago there was a young handsome Shepherd who fed his flocks on a Mountain Side called Latmus—he was a very contemplative sort of a Person and lived solitary among the trees and plains, little thinking that such a beautiful Creature as the Moon was growing mad in Love with him. However so it was: and when he was asleep on the Grass she used to come down from heaven and admire him excessively for a long time; and at last could not refrain from carrying him away in her arms to the top of that high Mountain Latmus while he was a-dreaming, but I daresay [you] have read this and all the other beautiful Tales which have come down from the ancient times of that beautiful Greece.

This letter from Oxford contains a great deal that is pleasant and valuable to us; but we note that the poet proposes that his sister should carry on a copious correspondence with him, that on each side they should speak quite freely of all their interests and avocations, and that each shall preserve the letters of the other till they each hold "a good Bundle." Nothing would be more delightful than such a bundle of Keats's letters, describing his doings during this his healthiest and brightest time; but perhaps his sister did not find time to carry out her part of the plan, for there is no other letter to her preserved until July 1818, when her brother again writes to her to her school at Walthamstow. He is by this time in the midst of his Scotch tour. His letters to her now become more frequent. He attempts to wean her from a preposterous design she has formed of learning to play the flageolet, and all through Tom's fatal illness he gives her news of him with great tenderness and delicacy. So much has been said about the character of Keats, as though he were merely what has been elegantly called "a saddling hedonist," that it is really acceptable to find him in these unconsidered notes to his young sister so manly and so full of wholesome common sense. In 1819, when he is already in his fatal illness, he writes thus to Fanny, who had just left school:—

I recommend you to keep up all that you know, and to learn more by yourself, however little. The time will come when you will be more pleased with Life—look forward to that time, and, though it may appear a trifle, be careful not to let the idle and retired life you lead fix any awkward habit or behaviour on you—whether you sit or walk, endeavour to let it be in a seemly and, if possible, a graceful manner. We have been very little together; but you have not the less been with me in thought. You have no one in the world besides me who would sacrifice anything for you. I feel myself the only protector you have. In all your little troubles think of me with the thought that there is at least one person in England who, if he could, would help you out of them. I live in hopes of being able to make you happy.

He looks forward to a time when he and she will be "corpulent old folks, with triple chins and stumpy thumbs" together, pathetically unconscious that his own grave lay right before him, and that more than sixty years later his "little Fanny" would still remain, a living link between the neglected poet and his modern admirers.

In addition to the novel elements to which we have drawn attention, this edition of Keats deserves praise for the care with which it collects and reproduces all the authentic portraits of the poet, portraits which certainly have never been brought together before. That the face of the young man must have been singularly striking and attractive is obvious from the fact that, although he lived an isolated and obscure life, so many persons were found who made it a privilege to request him to sit to them. We agree with Mr. Forman that the mask, which it is almost certain that Haydon took from the life, is of paramount value; and we believe that when a monument is erected to Keats, as must certainly happen sooner or later, the sculptor who accomplishes the task will find it more serviceable to him than any other portrait. There is no doubt that Severn was tempted, as years went on, to idealize those replicas of his friend's head which he was frequently solicited to produce. Some of Mr. Forman's appendices are very curious and interesting. He has shown a genuine spirit of research in ransacking the periodical press of that time for passages which throw a collateral light on the career of Keats. We are glad to see that he holds, and supports with his great knowledge of the facts, the same view with regard to the relation of Leigh Hunt to his friend which has always been held in these columns, and which has lately been controverted with more flippancy than erudition. He reprints the most famous of the reviews of *Endymion* and of the other volumes, and such portions of the poems of John Hamilton Reynolds as are indispensable to a full comprehension of the poems and letters of Keats. He gives a great deal of correspondence, some of it never printed before, from Haydon, Charles Armitage Brown, and Severn. In short, he brings together the whole body of material necessary to the full comprehension of the situation of the poet among his immediate contemporaries.

It would be an exaggeration to say that these volumes will do anything to improve the position which Keats holds in the history of literature, because by universal consent that position has long ago been assured. Keats modestly said, "I think I shall be among the English poets," and, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has finely remarked, "He is—he is with Shakespeare." But it may be admitted that the present edition was well called for. The text of Keats was far from settled, and, by constant careless reprinting it had become more and more corrupt. The original editions of his three volumes, which once lay like a drug upon the market, have increased in value until there is perhaps no modern English poetry, except some of Shelley's, which is so hopelessly out of the reach of a collector with a slender purse. It was therefore high time that a careful bibliographer, and Mr. Forman is eminently trustworthy, should prepare a final collection of Keats. It must be confessed, at the same time, that these volumes are bulky, and they are also, of course, costly. We are therefore pleased to see that Mr. Forman promises us a further edition, of the text alone, without notes. For ordinary readers this will be everything which they can desire. We hope that Mr. Forman will take care that the type is clear and large enough, and that there is a good index. The type of the edition now under review is excellent, it is even luxurious. We can hardly expect that of the cheap edition to be as good as this; but we look to Mr. Forman to make it as satisfactory to weak eyes as he can. The microscopical editions of the classic writers now in vogue may be pretty, but they are almost useless.

THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH.*

1.

THE writing, as well as the reading, public is generally pleased to devote itself simultaneously to the same subject; its interest seems to run in seasons, as it were. Just at present the Great Pyramid seems to be again a favourite. For no less than three new books have lately appeared on the subject—*The Solution of the Pyramid Problem*, by Robert Ballard; a little book by Mr. Proctor, called *The Great Pyramid*, in which the author has left, for the moment, his usual line of merely popularizing knowledge already acquired by experts, and has given us a theory which, so far as we know, is entirely new, and which seems to us to be the most plausible solution which has yet been suggested of the great mystery; and, most important of all, *The Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh*, by Mr. Petrie. This last is an elaborate collection of facts, and gives the results of an accurate survey and measurement of the site and masonry of the Great Pyramid, and, to some extent, of the other Pyramids and the temples of Gizeh.

"The materials of the present volume," the author tells us in his introduction, "have been selected from the result of two winters' work in Egypt." The portions of that work dealing with numerous minor points and less important buildings have been already published, or are about to be published, elsewhere; this volume deals simply with one time and place—the buildings of the fourth dynasty at Gizeh. And, even so limited, it must not be regarded as a treatise on the subjects with which it deals, but rather as a complete description of those facts which can be ascertained by measurement, and which have been either neglected or misstated in the more ambitious publications of Colonel Howard Vyse and Professor Piazzi Smyth.

All previous investigations were wanting in accuracy. Some of them, like Howard Vyse's, consisted rather in exploration than observation—exploration, moreover, in too many instances, carried on with a wanton destructiveness that calls to mind the mediæval Arab in search of treasure, rather than the modern European in search of truth—some of them, like those of the Prussian expedition, were concerned with inscriptions rather than measurements; others, like those of the French expedition, proved sterile, because the measurements made attained to a less degree of accuracy than was achieved by the original builders; and others again, like Waynman Dixon's and Piazzi Smyth's, consisted solely of measurements of the masonry and neglected survey by triangulation. In none of them were the measurements verified by check observations, nor their limits of probable error ascertained and recorded. One only attempt at an accurate survey had been made before Mr Petrie's work was undertaken. During the transit expedition of 1874, Mr. Gill, now Astronomer Royal at the Cape, and Professor Watson spent three days in making a survey of the Great Pyramid base, as Mr. Petrie says, "in true geodetic style," and with abundant check observations; but, unfortunately, these observations "were not reduced till five years after, and then by an entire stranger to the apparatus" employed, and hence their results can scarcely be regarded as trustworthy.

In a paper, published in the thirteenth volume of the Edinburgh Astronomical Observations, Professor Piazzi Smyth gave a summary of the measurements that still remained to be made at the time that Mr. Petrie set out on his expedition. He pointed out that the interior had been already fairly investigated, and that all that was likely to be obtained in that direction was still greater accuracy. The exterior had, however, been scarcely touched. The points he specially put forward for determination

* *The Solution of the Pyramid Problem.* By Robert Ballard.
The Great Pyramid. By Richard A. Proctor.
The Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh. By W. M. Flinders Petrie.

were—the exact position of the original entrance doorway on the north side; the remains, if any, of the pavement, which was supposed to have originally surrounded the Pyramid, and a bit of which Howard Vyse cut down to through the rubbish heaps accumulated on the north side; the levelling of the base; its true corners; its orientation; its squareness; the lengths of its sides; and the slope of the original plane sides of the Pyramid. For these determinations Professor Smyth advised extensive excavations in the rubbish heaps which surround the base of the Pyramid—the cost of which, however, he enormously overestimated—and he pointed out, for special examination, the sockets in the rock, which were generally supposed to mark the original corners of the Pyramid's base, and to have held its corner-stones. All these points have been determined by Mr. Petrie, and recorded in the volume before us. In order to carry out this work, Mr. Petrie lived at Gizeh from December 1880 to the end of May 1881, and again from October 1881 to April 1882. He occupied the rock-hewn tombs previously used as a dwelling-place by Waynman Dixon, and he obtained the services, as his servant, of Ali Gabri, who has assisted Gill, Smyth, and Dixon in their investigations, and even began at the age of four as basket carrier for Howard Vyse in 1837.

To avoid the possibility of mistakes the observations taken each day were reduced the same evening; but to the special care taken in the measurements, the many check observations made, the accuracy of the instruments, with many peculiar contrivances devised and actually constructed by Mr. Petrie himself, we have not space to refer; and indeed the subject is too technical for the pages of this Review. Suffice it to say, that all these precautions have enabled the author to attain a degree of accuracy and certainty unapproached by any previous investigators. His work is indeed an admirable performance; and it will be long before theory will have overtaken the mass of facts he has recorded in his book, and any further observations will be demanded. In all cases the probable error is stated; the linear measurements are given in inches, and are generally carried to the second place of decimals, and the angular measurements to a single second. "The horizontal measurements outside the Pyramid," as the author tells us, "were entirely performed by triangulation, and this included in a single system the bases of the three larger pyramids; the pavement of the Great Pyramid, the trenches, and basalt pavement, on the E. side of the Great Pyramid, and the walls around the second and third Pyramids."

The most important extension, or correction, of our previous knowledge that Mr. Petrie has made is the determination of the true original base of the Great Pyramid. The pavement originally running round the Pyramid, and portions of which were found by Howard Vyse, has been traced on all four sides. It appears, from the few bits still remaining, that the casing originally rested on the pavement, which is twenty inches thick, and not on the rock beneath. The corner sockets in the solid rock are therefore below the level of the original pavement: they no doubt held the lowest corner-stones of the casing, which, therefore, unlike the rest of the lowest course of casing stones, must have passed through the pavement and rested on the solid rock; greater firmness could thus have been obtained for those stones the accuracy of whose positions was most important. These sockets in the rock are not all of the same level; and hitherto it has been usual to reduce the sockets to the level of the pavement orthogonally, and to assume that the corners of the original base were at the feet of the perpendicular from the sockets on the pavement; but taking the base as determined by the few base casing stones that remain *in situ*, it is found to lie twenty or thirty inches inside the base formerly accepted. This suggests that the corners of the true original base are to be determined by the points where the lines drawn from the sockets to the apex of the Pyramid meet the pavement, and this base is found to agree with those portions of the sides which can still be traced on the pavement, by the few base casing stones remaining, and, strange to say, is far more accurate in orientation and squareness. The levelling of the pavement was not examined with the same care as was devoted to most other points; but, from the observations which best indicate it, it appears that the greatest distance of any part examined from the mean level plane was ·7 of an inch. The mean length of a side of the base was found to be 9068·8 inches; the east side is most in error, being 1·1 too short; and the mean error of all four sides is only ·6. The accuracy of the angles is even more remarkable. The mean inclination of the sides to those of a mean square is only 12″; and the greatest error is on the north side, which is inclined 23″ to the corresponding side of the mean square. The orientation is, however, far more in error; the east and west sides of the mean square being directed as much as 3′ 43″ to the west of north.

The slope of the sides has an important bearing on the general plan of construction followed by the builders, and 51° 52′, with a probable error of 2′, seems to be the most probable value. This gives the height as 5776, with a probable error of 7 inches.

With regard to the inside of the Great Pyramid, the edges of the original doorway are, of course, gone with the casing, and it is therefore impossible to determine by direct observation what method, if any, was used originally to close the Pyramid. The fact, however, that interior passages have been found plugged has led, of late, to the general belief that the entrance passage was permanently closed with a block of stone. Yet Strabo, in his account of the Pyramids as they were in his time, says:—"The greater one, a little way up one side, has a stone that may be taken out, which being raised up there is a sloping passage to the foundations." Mr. Petrie has found unmistakable traces in the doorway of the South Pyramid of Dahshur of a stone flap-door, which must have been opened in a manner exactly suiting the description of Strabo. This, then, was probably also the method by which the Great Pyramid was entered.

The length of the entrance-passage has been carefully re-measured, and Smyth's results have been found to be too short by about one inch on the whole length. The mean inclinations of the entrance and ascending passages are found to differ by about 8″; but it is important to notice that in the immediate neighbourhood of the junction of the two they are much more nearly equal. The azimuth of the entrance-passage was found to be —3′ 44″, with a probable error of only 10″; and the most probable value of that of the ascending passage is —4′, although here there is the large probable error of 3′. The grand gallery itself has been found, again, to have been measured by Smyth about ·8 inch too short. It is worth mentioning here that Mr. Petrie has discovered a relation between the lengths of the short and long slits alternately bored in the ramps on each side; the horizontal length of a long hole is found to be equal to the sloping length of a short one, both being equal to one of the pyramid cubits determined by Mr. Petrie.

Of the ante-chamber Mr. Petrie's observations enable him to say, "The rough and coarse workmanship is astonishing, in comparison with the exquisite masonry of the casing and entrance of the Pyramid"; and, he adds, "the main object in giving the 'details of its measurements' is to show how badly pyramid masons could work." Of the King's Chamber accurate measurements are difficult, owing to the fact that the whole chamber is shaken larger, probably by an earthquake, which has broken every one of the roof-beams across near the southern side. It is, however, just here that Mr. Petrie's measurements are of greatest importance as bearing upon the Pyramid theories. An American gentleman, he tells us, a warm believer in Pyramid theories, came to Gizeh while he was there, and after two days left him with the words, "Well, sir, I feel as if I had been at a funeral." We have not space to give Mr. Petrie's numbers, which overthrow so many of the theories. We will therefore merely state what theories have been overthrown.

Taking the King's Chamber and its coffer first, the King's Chamber does not contain 20 millions of cubic "Pyramid inches"; nor does it contain 1,250 cubic "sacred cubits." The lower course of the King's Chamber does not surround a volume equal to fifty times the interior contents of the coffer. It is, however, just within the limits of probable error that "the outside of the coffer fills $\frac{1}{50}$ of the volume of the chamber up to the first course." The coffer itself does not show the accurate workmanship hitherto attributed to it:—

> It is not finely wrought, and cannot in this respect rival the coffer in the second Pyramid. . . . On the N. end is a place, near the W. side, where the saw was run too deep into the granite, and was backed out again by the masons; but this fresh start they made was still too deep, and two inches lower they backed out a second time, having altogether cut out more than $\frac{1}{10}$ inch deeper than they intended. On the E. inside is a portion of a tube drill hole remaining, where they tilted the drill over into the side by not working vertically. They tried hard to polish away all that part, and took off about the $\frac{1}{20}$ inch thickness all round it; but still they had to leave the side of the hole $\frac{1}{20}$ inch deep, 3 long, and 1·3 wide. . . . They made a similar error on the N. inside, but of a much less extent.

All this forms a strange comment on Piazzi Smyth's enthusiasm over what he calls "a regularly formed and exquisitely prepared specimen of ancient mechanical art." After the quotation we have just made, it is perhaps superfluous to notice any of the theories of exact relations in the coffer; yet we may mention that its hollow contents are not equal to its solid bulk; nor is the bulk of a side and end equal to that of the bottom; nor is the volume equal to the cube of a double Egyptian cubit.

Coming back now into the ante-chamber, we learn that its measurements have been found to be so inaccurate that there is no ground for believing any theory of exact relations to be true. "The granite leaf," says Mr. Petrie, "which has been so much theorized on is but a rough piece of work, and the 'boss' on it is not only the crowning-point of the theories, but is the acme of vagueness as well. To seriously discuss a possible standard of 5 'Pyramid inches' in a thing that may be taken as anywhere between 4·7 and 5·2 inches in breadth, or a standard inch in a thickness varying from ·94 to 1·10, would be waste of time." And Mr. Petrie goes on to give a very unromantic, but probably true, explanation of it. He says it "is merely a very rough projection, like innumerable others that may be seen, left originally for the purpose of lifting the blocks. When a building was finished these bosses were knocked away (I picked up a loose one among waste heaps at Gizeh), and the part was dressed down and polished like the rest of the stone"; and he then adds many instances of complete or partial remains of similar bosses to be found in the Great Pyramid, of which fifteen or sixteen are in the King's Chamber alone.

As to the theories of the construction of the Queen's Chamber, there is too large an error for truth both in the theory that the contents of the Queen's Chamber are 10 million cubic "Pyramid inches," and also in the theory that the circuit of the floor is one-third the circuits of the King's Chamber side walls; and "the theory of the wall height being $\frac{1}{365}$ of the Pyramid base is quite beyond possibility." Neither the breadth of the top of the niche nor its excentricity are one "sacred cubit" in length, though the latter is nearer this theoretic quantity than the former; and "the 'shelf' at the back of the niche being merely a feature of its

destruction, and not original, cannot have any connexion with the original design."

As to the position of the chambers within the Pyramid, their levels are now found not to have been determined by the square equal in area to the vertical section of the Pyramid, nor by the square inscribed in the vertical section of half of the Pyramid; nor are the chambers placed at vertical intervals of 40 cubits.

The entrance of the Pyramid is not 12 cubits east of the middle, as has been supposed, and of course the discovery that each side of the base is some 30 inches shorter than was formerly believed has upset the strange theories founded on its former value, and consequently those founded on the magnitude of the height of the Pyramid and also those relating to its weight.

Owing to Professor Smyth's mistaking the rock bed for the floor of the Pyramid, and thus counting the lowest course as two, his theories relating to the peculiarities of the thirtyfifth and fiftieth courses of masonry break down in so far as the numbers are supposed to have any significance. But, of all the new facts and assertions that will most stagger Professor Piazzi Smyth and his disciples, is the one that "there is no authentic example that will bear examination of the use or existence of any such measure as a 'Pyramid inch,' or of a cubit of 25·025 British inches."

NEW LAW BOOKS.*

MR. MONTAGUE LUSH, as becomes one of his name, has published a law-book of solid excellence. The law relating to the property of married people may, since the Act of 1882, be considered to have attained as nearly permanent a form as it is given to any branch of English law to reach. The effect of that Act, stated in the fewest possible words, is to give a married woman as nearly the same rights over her property as if she had remained single as is found practically feasible. The marriage settlements of to-day are required, not to prevent the Common Law from handing over to the bridegroom all the property of the bride, but to save the bride from the temptation of making him a present of it, by putting it out of her power to do so. Mr. Lush's book is not, as so many new law-books are, with such disastrous results in the hands of the incompetent, a digest, but a treatise at large in the old style. This is, perhaps, not to be regretted. The proper compilation of a digest is a most difficult and laborious task; and, when it is done, it supersedes the materials on which it is founded only for those who already know the materials pretty well. The digests of Sir James Stephen and Mr. F. Pollock are as useful, when properly understood, as they are skilfully written; but they have before now proved a snare to second-rate authors and superficial readers. Accurate and exhaustive though Mr. Lush's work is, we have not found in it any mention of a defect in the new Act which in our opinion calls for a remedy. This is that no provision is made to give a husband a successory right to a share of the separate property of his wife upon her decease intestate, corresponding to that which the wife has upon the decease of her husband under the Statute of Distributions. Under the new Act, however, a more just arrangement is made than those of its predecessors as to the liability of a husband for his wife's debts and other obligations incurred before marriage. The law relating to the property of married people is sufficiently definite to require a treatise to itself; and Mr. Lush's book, which satisfies a distinct want, will probably become the standard work on the subject.

Mr. H. A. Smith has published a second edition of his arrangement of the Act to which we owe the appearance of Mr. Lush's work. The book is portable and convenient in form, and the sections of the Act are followed by brief notes explanatory of the principal points that may arise under them.

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* *The Law of Husband and Wife.* By Montague Lush, of Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

The Married Women's Property Act, 1882. By H. Arthur Smith, M.A., LL.B., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

The Law of Copyright; being the Yorke Prize Essay of the University of Cambridge for the year 1882. By Thomas Edward Scrutton, M.A., LL.B., Barrister-at-Law. Revised and enlarged. London: John Murray. 1883.

A Manual of Bankruptcy and Bills of Sale Law. By J. Edmondson Joel, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

The Law of Compensation for Unexhausted Agricultural Improvements. By J. W. Willis-Bund, M.A., LL.B., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition. London: Butterworths. 1883.

The Conveyancing Acts, 1881 *and* 1882, *and the Settled Land Act*, 1882; *with Commentaries.* By Henry J. Hood, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, and Henry W. Challis, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition. London: Reeves & Turner. 1884.

The Judicature Acts and Rules of the Supreme Court, 1883. By the late Frederic Philip Tomlinson, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Edited by R. T. Reid, Q.C. London: Clowes & Son, Limited. 1883.

Guide to the New Rules and Practice. By Robert Woodfall, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1883.

The Pastors' Acts (1823 *to* 1877). By Hugh Fenwick Boyd and Arthur Berry Pearson, of the Inner Temple, Barristers-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

The New Law of Patents, Designs, and Trade Marks. By Edward Morton Daniel, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1884.

The Law Student's Annual (Second Year). Edited by Joseph A. Shearwood, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

No critic could approach with a hard heart the consideration of a treatise, expanded from a prize essay, of which the preface modestly concludes, "It is a commonplace of criticism that no good thing can come out of a prize essay, the 'Holy Roman Empire' of my friend Professor Bryce supplying the exception that proves the rule. I dare hardly hope that the following pages may escape this sweeping judgment." Mr. Scrutton's book on *The Law of Copyright* gained the "Yorke Prize" at Cambridge in 1882, and, though we doubt not that its success was well deserved, it contains many of the faults from which a prize essay might be expected to be free. The style of the original reflections upon the place in the cosmic entity occupied by the law of copyright, and upon the first principles which form its foundation, is extremely bad. When we meet with "which have mainly reference to," "The return for the author's intellectual labour thus is obtained by," and "He asks that such unauthorized communication be restrained," in the small compass of one largely-printed octavo page, we cannot attribute all these blemishes to the pardonable haste of a man of less than seven years' standing from his first degree, which is the condition of candidature for the Yorke Prize, to get his work before the public. And, though it makes them less startling, it does not make them more agreeable, to be told that "the question here is whether the protection granted to printed works should also be extended to spoken lectures . . . . or, shall a hearer be allowed," &c.; that something "may satisfy a demand which would otherwise have purchased the original work," and that the laws of certain countries make it piracy to translate without authority "any work from a dead language into a living one," before we are one-sixth of the way through the book. We also regret to have to state that most of the speculations about utilitarianism as the theoretical if not the actual basis of legislation, and what is and is not the aim of the State, are perfunctorily written and unprofitable reading. In fact, the whole of the chapter of jejune philosophy which is headed "Principles of the Law of Copyright" is almost as uninteresting from the ornamental as it is unimportant from the business point of view. But the reader who is not disheartened by this unpromising beginning will have his courage rewarded when he comes to the statements of hard facts whose sources are accessible to any industrious person who chooses to study the subject. The chapter on the "History of the English Law of Copyright," and the following one, giving an account of the existing state of the law as to copyright in books, are particularly good. The subject is manageable, as the statutes passed from time to time have been few and not very complicated, and the reported cases that preceded and followed them are capable of being brought well within Mr. Scrutton's limits. Following chapters give lucid and sufficiently accurate accounts of copyright in plays, musical compositions, and works of art respectively, and we are glad to notice in passing that the chapter on "Principles of Artistic Copyright" is quite inoffensive in spite of its title. The questions of Colonial and International Copyright are briefly dealt with at the end of the book. The author gives in each chapter the recommendations of the Copyright Commissioners upon the branch of the subject under discussion, and his own not always very cogent reasons for approving or disapproving of them. If the book consisted only of the good part of it (about three-quarters) it would be a highly praiseworthy performance, and not only more useful but much more convenient in size and shape. Mr. Scrutton is not a profound or a very accurate philosopher, but he is laborious and exhaustive, and states simple facts simply and pleasantly. He would do well, in future works, to be less free with his italics, and to refer in his indexes to pages and not to articles.

If a manual means a book that can be conveniently carried or held in the hand, Mr. Joel's *Manual of Bankruptcy and Bills of Sale Law* is rather misdescribed by that title. It contains, however, as complete an account of the Bankruptcy Act of last year as could be given before there had been any decisions upon it, and is enriched by the Rules for the administration of the Act which were published at the end of December, and by a goodly collection of forms, scales of costs, &c. It also enables us as literally as possible to obey the behest of the Bills of Sale Act, 1882, that "this Act shall, so far as is consistent with the tenor thereof, be construed as one with the principal Act [that of 1878]"; for the two Acts are printed together, section for section, the repealed parts of the Act of 1878 being printed in italics. This arrangement makes it possible to ascertain the law on any point with great ease and quickness, and altogether the great size of the book is the chief fault we have to find with it. The writers of law-books have cause to bless Mr. Chamberlain—a singularity of which they should be proud.

Though books on bankruptcy are very common, we doubt whether there are not almost as many books on the Agricultural Holdings Acts. We noticed two of them a few weeks ago, and now we have a second edition of Mr. J. W. Willis-Bund's excellent work on the Law of Compensation for Unexhausted Improvements, with the Act of 1883 duly annotated, and an appendix containing forms of a lease, an award of compensation for improvements, and every conceivable kind of notice. The chief feature of the book, however, is the short account given of "the custom of the country" in every county in England and some in Wales, which, presuming them to be as accurate as the appearance of a second edition seems to indicate that they are, can hardly fail to be of use to those concerned in agricultural litigation.

The rapidity with which a second edition of Messrs. Hood and Challis's book on Conveyancing has followed the first makes it un-

necessary for us to say more than that it appears to have been adapted to recent legislation with all the care which the merits of the book and the learning of the authors would lead us to expect. The new features in this edition are a considerable addition to the disquisition on the law of real property generally with which the book begins, the text of the Conveyancing and Settled Land Acts of 1882, the rules incident to those Acts, and a useful summary of the provisions of the latter of them. It is a book which no conveyancer should be without.

Mr. Reid, Q.C., prefaces with a graceful note a voluminous work on the Judicature Acts and Rules written by his brother-in-law, the late Mr. F. P. Tomlinson. The book contains the text of the Acts of 1873 and 1875, and of the Rules, those parts of them which are now being indicated by different typographical devices. The appendices contain vast wealth of forms, and the whole book betokens so much patience and industry that every one must share Mr. Reid's regret that the author's life should have been cut short at the moment of the accomplishment of his design.

Considering how very many books on the New Rules have been published, we cannot confidently predict any overwhelming measure of success for Mr. Woodfall's *Guide to the New Rules and Practice*, for the merit for which it is chiefly conspicuous—that of brevity—has been attained by the simple method of "not printing the Rules *in extenso* . . . but omitting all those which are identical with the former Rules." We fear that those practitioners who know their Rules so well as never to want to refer to those parts of the present code which are only re-enactment are too great and good to have need of any books at all.

In reading Messrs. Boyd and Pearson's book on the Factors' Acts it is impossible not to feel a constant assurance that it was written only because the authors had nothing better to do. The body of law of which it treats practically assumed its final shape as long ago as 1842, since which time it has remained unaltered, save by a short and not very important Amending Act of 1877. Under these circumstances, and considering that the law about factors is tolerably well ascertained in the somewhat limited circle of those habitually engaged in its administration, we cannot hail this little book as one likely to be of great service to the profession. The authors are worse than Mr. Serjeant Sullen with which they have scattered italics throughout their volume.

Mr. Morton Daniel publishes an edition of the Patents, Trade Marks, and Designs Act, with the rules, and a number of forms. His introduction gives a careful account of the still not otherwise than complicated things which a patentee should do to secure his rights. His book is very complete, and will be useful to patentees.

The Law Students' Annual is now published by Mr. J. A. Shearwood for the second time, and must therefore be presumed to have been useful to somebody. It consists of copies of all the papers set in the various law examinations for admission to the Bar and to the roll of solicitors throughout the year, with hints for answering them. Mr. Shearwood recommends some very surprising text-books to intending candidates, which makes the success in tuition of which his advertisements boast all the more praiseworthy. We are more sorry than surprised to read in a chapter called "How to Answer Examination Questions" that "there are some points, more particularly in Common Law, which are based on common sense." For we have ever held facetiousness in law-books to be the lowest form of humour.

THE NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY.*

AFTER years of delay, we are now fairly embarked in the way of having a real English Dictionary. What! the reader may exclaim, have we not Johnson, Richardson, Latham, and Webster's Unabridged, and more also? Yes, good reader; all these are certainly with us. There is Johnson's great original work, a truly "path-breaking" work, as the Germans say, with its preface which no scholar at this day can read without sympathy and reverence; a work not free from the faults of its age, nor from other individual defects known and admitted, with characteristic frankness, by the author himself, but in the main a vast and worthy monument of honourable toil. Its methods and its philology are, of course, those of the eighteenth century. To say this is to say that it cannot suffice to the nineteenth century, even as a groundwork. Almost nothing was known in Johnson's time of the real history of our language. Its evidences were obscure, and in great part unfinished. Etymology, wherever doubt was at all possible, was at best lucky guesswork, for scientific philology was not yet born. Johnson's Dictionary, like Blackstone's Commentaries, deserved and won lasting fame for the man who could, single-handed, make so much of order out of a chaos. But a century does much to change law and language themselves, more to change the scope and the methods of our knowledge concerning them. If we would truly honour the work of our fathers, and effectually satisfy our own needs, we must do in our day what our fathers did in theirs, not patch and boggle their work, but begin orderly anew. This consideration alone would dispose of Latham's Dictionary, which is to Johnson as Stephen's Commentaries to Blackstone—a performance doomed by its conditions to be timid and meagre, unpleasing in form, and savourless for want of any root of individual substance; and yet meritorious in its way, and useful until the time be ripe for something better. Then there is Richardson, that curious mixture of wide reading and happy literary illustration with philological perversity; perversity we must say, for in the second quarter of this century a man who dealt systematically with the English tongue ought to have made some advance on Horne Tooke. And there are those who put their trust in Webster; of which there is only to be said that it does not even pretend to do real service for philology, or to be more than a copious word-book for common use. It has discredited, so far as in it lay, much that had good warrant, has given credit to things without warrant, and has corrupted the spelling of half a continent. There are dictionaries of another class, such as the "Imperial," which add a certain amount of general information to the explanation of words, making, in fact, a compromise between a Dictionary and a Cyclopædia. For that very reason it is not possible that they should deal adequately with the language as language.

As long ago as 1857 the plan of a scientific and historical English Dictionary was laid down, Archbishop Trench being the first mover in the matter, by the Philological Society. Considerable preparations were made in the methodical reading of books, especially the earlier books, by various workers, and in digesting the material thus collected. But partly for want of funds, partly for want of an editor and publisher, the scheme languished for many years. At last the editor has been found in the person of Dr. Murray, and the other difficulties have been removed by the Clarendon Press undertaking the publication. Perhaps the lapse of time is not wholly to be regretted. For there has appeared meanwhile the great French Dictionary of Littré, which is not only, like Johnson's, a marvellous achievement for one man, and great for its time, but (we think it may be said without exception) the most absolute masterwork in that kind yet accomplished by human learning. In divers ways this has manifestly furthered the work in England. First, it has shown what is possible to be done, and that by one man, in illustrating a modern language; it has fixed a standard for emulation, and refuted the cruel saying of Charles Lamb. So far from being of those books which are no books, Littré's Dictionary is a book whose one fault is that it is dangerous for a busy man to use, for one can hardly leave it; one lingers and expatiates in it, and feigns to oneself plausible reasons for looking out another word. And of such, or, if possible, of greater interest (for the field is wider and the materials richer), the new English Dictionary likewise will be. Another gain more positive and tangible than this, though hardly greater, is the weight of knowledge and authority contributed by Littré for the history of such words extant in modern French as have at any time passed into English, or have a common origin with distinct English words. Add to this the store of experience offered to us ready made by Littré, the pattern and details of a master's handling set forth in complete execution. If we say, in one word, that Dr. Murray and his fellow-workers are giving us an English Littré, we shall give a better summary notion of the Clarendon Press Dictionary than by a laboured description. We almost fear, indeed, that to some competent judges we may seem to say too much; but, knowing something of the work and the workers, we do not think the parallel overshoots the mark.

In one material respect the present plan is of greater scale than Littré's. That admirable scholar, being single-handed for the main stress of his enterprise, limited himself to French words yet living in current usage. Our English Dictionary, the full harvest of many reapers, draws no such line. It "aims at exhibiting the history and signification of the English words now in use, or known to have been in use since the middle of the twelfth century." This period is fixed as being approximately that when English had ceased to be a fully inflected language, and had lost most of the native words that were destined to disappear. When, however, a word is once included as having been in use since 1150, its history is traced back as far as possible, it may be to the very first records of Old English. The philological advantage of this enlarged aim is obvious; for oftentimes the history of a living word can be fully made out only by the help of words akin to it in root, meaning, or construction, which have themselves become obsolete, as well as obsolete meanings and construction of words that survive in other usages. For the rest, this is but one of the points on which the scholar will find information in the pages of "General Explanations" prefixed to this first part, which should be read if only to appreciate the carefulness with which the plan has been worked out. One thing, however, is not explained. Dr. Murray dates his Preface from "The Scriptorium." What is the Scriptorium? Is it an inkhorn term for the kind of room our great-grandfathers called a closet, and we call a study? Not so; Dr. Murray is too good an English scholar to use Latin words for nothing. It is a temporary house in Dr. Murray's garden at Mill Hill, in externals much like a greenhouse, wherein the rest of the Dictionary is a-making. (The Dictionary *s.v.* A, prep. = on, par. 13, says this use of the verbal substantive is archaic. So much the worse for the Dictionary, and let this be our first criticism.) This house or hut, then, is lined with what seem book-cases, only the cases are divided, not into common shelves, but into rows of pigeon-holes. Every pigeon-hole is assigned to some portion of a particular letter of the alphabet, and is full of slips containing illustrative quotations, which have already gone through a first process of sorting according to date and signification. The bundle of slips relating to any given word is the skeleton of the article on that word which will

* *A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles; founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society.* Edited by James A. H. Murray, LL.D. &c. Part I. A—Ant. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1884.

appear in due course in the Dictionary. How the bundle of slips is converted into the finished article (the harmless ambiguity of the phrase is unavoidable and will be excused); with what anxious care doubtful points have been sifted by correspondence and discussion; how unexpected lights have been found, or a suspicious word left under a cloud only after all ways had been exhausted; how, now and again, a mere *vox nihili* of earlier dictionary-makers (see *Abacot* in this part) has been run down to its original error and exploded—all this will, some day, make a most curious record, and we hope to see it either as an appendix to the Dictionary or as a separate publication. Littré's example is not wanting for this also. But the time and the manner are for Dr. Murray to determine, not for us. We perceive, moreover, that we have said next to nothing of the contents of this first instalment, of whose quality we are bound to give some taste. To satisfy our readers in this behalf must be the office of a further notice.

THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS.*

LOVERS of fine verse will hail with pleasure the republication of those stirring ballads which Sir Francis Doyle first gave to the world some fifteen years ago, and to which he has now added several new poems. Sir Francis Doyle's claim to be considered one of the direct contributors to the poetic achievement of the age is based upon the success with which he has treated modern heroic themes. The poetry of a nation must, indeed, be decadent if none of its singers dare to handle the deeds of courage and devotion which take place in the world around them. Yet were it not for a few writers like Sir Francis Doyle and Sir Alfred Lyall, we should hardly escape this reproach. The author of *The Return of the Guards* seems to have the power, as Scott and Macaulay had, of realizing intensely the emotional elements in historic events. This power is quite apart from that of the dramatist, and, if it has no name, is easily recognizable in the failure or success which waits on those who attempt to write ballads. All who love ballads and the ballad spirit in poetry, have only to read Sir Francis Doyle's poems to recognize the true ring in the swift and loud-resounding verse which tells of "The Charge of Balaclava," "The Red Thread of Honour," "The Private of the Buffs," or "The Wreck of the Birkenhead." There are many other good ballads in the volume, but the four just named are by far the best. "The Charge of Balaclava" is one of the most spirited battle-songs of modern literature. Throughout Sir Francis Doyle's poem the metrical expression fits closely round the thought, and the rhythm changes and develops as the action changes and develops in a way which greatly enhances the effect. There should be no need to introduce our readers to such lines as—

> But still against the wondering foe
> In stubborn silence onward go,
> Unchecked, unslackening, undismayed,
> The living of the Light Brigade.

Yet we give ourselves the pleasure of quoting them. In "The Red Thread of Honour," it is impossible to congratulate the poet on so complete a success in the manner in which he has treated his subject, though the emotional effect he has produced is even more remarkable. It would be a distinct improvement if the long lines which are here employed to give somewhat unnecessary explanations were left out. They break the unity of the ballad. Fortunately they adhere so loosely to the vital stock of the poem that its noble and chivalrous numbers can be easily enjoyed without reading them. "The Private of the Buffs" is another of those poems which are certain to be remembered for their power of touching those emotions which respond to the record of deeds of chivalrous devotion, of sacrifices for the sake of personal honour or of patriotism. "The Wreck of the Birkenhead" appeals to such emotions in their simplest form, unmixed with what by comparison seems sophistication, the mere ideals of military honour, pride of race, or unwillingness to yield to force. Who could treat a subject of such chastened sublimity with adequate words. Still Sir Francis Doyle has told the externals of the story well, and has written a poem of great tenderness and nobility of expression.

In two other poems on modern subjects, "Robin Hood's Bay" and "The Doncaster St. Leger," a less distinct success is achieved than in the four poems already touched on. "Robin Hood's Bay" is the most important of the additions to the present volume. The story is another of those themes of modern heroism which the poet so rightly chooses. It is simple enough in scheme. A fisher lad carries a girl in safety through the surf. She had been one of a party of pleasure-seekers caught by the tide. He saved her in the discharge of duty. The point of the poem is the exaltation of both actors by the accident of their situation. The development of this motive leads the poet to general reflections and reviving hopes which, if not particularly remarkable in expression, are at least the result of noble and generous aspirations. Still, the poem is very pleasant reading just because it is full of these aspirations, which, spread as they are throughout his poems, give Sir Francis Doyle's work so simple and honest a character. In "The Doncaster St. Leger" Sir Francis Doyle essays to be the Pindar of the Yorkshiremen. Surely there needs no kind of apology for such a choice of subject. Yet the author is asking us all through not to "sneer" at his poem. It is this and the contemplative or critical attitude which he adopts which spoil what might have been a fine ode on a fine subject. Directness, simplicity of mood, is what we want, but the poet all the time is not really entering into the spirit of the Yorkshire crowd, but telling us instead how interesting it was to watch them, and how keen they were. Of course they were keen, but our Pindar of the Moors will not write like this:—

> And during all that anxious time
> (Sneer as it suits you at my rhyme)
> The earnestness became sublime;
> Common and trite as is the scene,
> At once so thrilling and so mean.

It is impossible not to regret that so large a part of Sir Francis Doyle's work should have been devoted to classical subjects. Those of the classical subjects which he treats in the ballad form, like "Caius Manlius Capitolinus," "The Mother and Daughter," or "The Athenian Battle Hymn at Marathon," are indeed full of spirit; but we could well spare "The Vision of Er the Pamphylian," or "Demosthenes," if the poet instead would tell us how Gillespie led his troopers from Arcot to Vellore; or how Baird, remembering his chains and the dungeons of the Sultann, stormed sword in hand the palaces of Hyder. This is, however, a very ungracious way to thank the poet for work like the elegy which gives its name to the volume. Nor is the vision of "Er the Pamphylian" anything but an interesting poem. The numbers are harmonious and the language is elegant and scholarly throughout. Couplets such as

> Unkindled yet the war-god's altar flame,
> And his red planet flared without a name,

are enough to show that the poem has a *raison d'être* of its own. The tale of the Lower Empire called "Gythia" also displays the qualities of careful versification, and makes a fine story; but again the thought returns of the ballads which might be enjoyed in its place.

* *The Return of the Guards, and other Poems.* By Sir Francis Hastings Doyle. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

NAUTICAL HANDBOOKS.*

THE neat little word-book which Mr. Clark Russell has published may prove a useful glossary to some of his own novels, and may also be useful to others than readers of romance. He says in his preface—which, notwithstanding that it is the preface to a dictionary, is a great deal more entertaining than prefaces usually are—that his work is "offered to the public because many might be glad to possess a cheap book of convenient size that would enable them to satisfy themselves without trouble about the meaning of nautical words often met with, but not always intelligible." Here, no doubt, he is quite right. Sailors' language is a strange mystery to those who have had the misfortune to pass their lives on dry land, and a short and simple key to it is likely to be appreciated by a good many people who occasionally want to know the meaning of nautical terms mysterious to them as the symbols of the mathematician. The word-book of the late Admiral Smyth is in many respects an excellent one, and in speaking slightingly of it the present author certainly shows no great wisdom; but it is a very elaborate work, and there is room for a smaller and cheaper one, which may be useful to not a few who have to give a little study to the strange words that sailors use. Mr. Clark Russell specially refers to lawyers as needing some knowledge of sea talk, and being occasionally sorely puzzled by it, going so far as to say that, "of all the various features of procedure in marine courts, nothing is so curious as the bewilderment excited in the legal breast by the statements of nautical witnesses." It may be doubted whether he is altogether right here; and probably, if he ever has the misfortune—which we trust he never may have—to be cross-examined by a counsel practising in the Admiralty Court, he may discover that the barrister who has been stimulated to learn by heavy fees is not by any means so ignorant or so helpless as he imagines him to be. It can fairly be admitted, however, that there are few barristers who would not be puzzled by the words he cites in his preface; but, in endeavouring to show how the ignorant lawyer may be bewildered, he unfortunately succeeds in showing how even the high nautical scholar may go wrong. He gives a specimen of the kind of sentence that puzzles counsel, and in it makes mention of "spritsail gaffs." Vainly will the anxious reader bent on deciphering the enigma turn to the glossary to ascertain what a "spritsail gaff" is. No enlightenment will he find, and he will be driven to the conclusion that Mr. Russell is like Hegel, who, when asked to explain one of his own sentences, said that he had forgotten the meaning. Possibly he may also come to the conclusion that a writer who does not explain a term to which he draws attention at the outset is not a very able guide, and that, in this case, the tutor is not those two pages ahead of his pupil which, according to good authority, a competent teacher ought to be.

Such a view, however, would be unfair to Mr. Clark Russell, who has a knowledge of sea-terms not always possessed by those who have left the sea for some time, and has in some respects evidently been very careful in compiling his little book. Unfortunately in others he has been careless. He says very modestly in his preface that he does not pretend that his catalogue is ex-

* *Sailors' Language: a Collection of Sea-terms and their Definitions.* By W. Clark Russell. London: Sampson Low & Co.

The Sailor's Handbook. By Captain F. G. D. Bedford, R.N. Portsmouth: Griffen & Co.

haustive, that scores of words of which he never heard are no doubt wanting, and that any sea-terms and definitions addressed to him will be gratefully received. In this he is, perhaps, too diffident. It is difficult to suppose that he is in any way ignorant of the most esoteric portion of a sailor's phraseology. Of the more recondite words, of those least likely to fall on a landsman's ear, he seems to have full knowledge. He may very possibly please inquirers who want to plunge deep into nautical lore; but, strange to say, he is not so likely to please those who desire information of a simpler kind. A good many men who would not care to know the meaning of "boot topping," or "pazarie," or who would be even indifferent to a rendering of the mysterious spritsail gaff, may want to know what a main-deck is, or what a maintopsail is, or what the main-boom of a fore-and-aft craft is; but on these points Mr. Clark Russell cruelly refuses to give information, though he describes the two divisions of the topsail under "upper" and "lower." He certainly ought to explain what a main-deck is, because the word is so often used, and, strange to say, is not always used in the same sense by naval officers and by merchant officers. The maintopsail is, on the whole, the most important sail in a ship, and it is not enough briefly to describe the topsail yard without mentioning the sail; and it is curious that the author should ignore the main-boom, as he once showed great regard for that spar, and overlooked the fact that it is generally rendered powerless for good or evil in a gale of wind and the modest trysail substituted for the mainsail. Other omissions mar the value of the work. Although the words "lee" and "windward" are by no means unknown on shore, landsmen on board ship are sometimes much puzzled by the constant repetition of the terms "to windward" and "to leeward," and get confused over them, jumbling them up with port and starboard, and suffering much in consequence before the truth is revealed to them. Mr. Clark Russell defines "leeward"—not particularly well—but does not define "windward" or "to windward." In like manner he gives no definition of "lie to" or "lying to," and does not explain what is meant by the expressions "carrying lee helm" and "carrying weather helm," which frequently bewilder those who have got through elementary difficulties. On another point of interest he is also unfortunately silent. The cat-o'-nine-tails is now laid up for good, but, considering its long and valued services, it ought certainly to be described in a dictionary of sea-terms, and not merely mentioned incidentally.

With regard to sea language of a lighter and more sportive kind Mr. Clark Russell's dictionary is also at once excessive and deficient. In his anxiety to teach everything, he gives words which can hardly be considered as being specially sailors' words, while he omits one or two time-honoured expressions. "Swig," for swallow, is an old word, originally identical with "swidge," and no more belongs specially to sailors than it does to labourers or artisans. "Tight" as indicating drunkenness is merely old and very vulgar slang, quite as common amongst cockneys as amongst those who dwell in the forecastle. "Slewed," with the same meaning, is no doubt a sailor's word, but it belongs to very dull nautical slang, and might well have been left out. "Bully for you" is, unless we are much mistaken, an Americanism, and, though it may now be common amongst sailors, it was not originated by them. These words should not appear in the vocabulary; and, on the other hand, two or three words which certainly should be there find no place in it. "Shellback," that most expressive term, meaning a sailor, whose back, owing to constant pulling and hauling generally becomes more or less convex, is not given in the body of the work, though attention is drawn to it in the preface. The clumsy expression "sleep in," indicating slumber during the whole night, or during what ought to be a watch on deck, is given, but the phrase "all night in," which tells its own story so well, finds no place in the Index; and that quaintest of terms, "sky pilot," whereby a seaman means a priest, who knows how to steer the right course aloft, is not given in "sailors' language." It must be added that one or two words are inserted which are obsolete, while some of the explanations are not full and accurate. Mast-heading, the amiable practice of captains of former days, was put a stop to by the Admiralty many years ago. Main-topmast studding sails, which the writer describes, may still be used in merchant ships, but they were discarded long since in the navy as doing more harm than good. To define "beam" as meaning the point of the sea or horizon abreast of the midship section of a ship may in one peculiar sense be accurate, but it is most eccentric and misleading. "Beam," one of the commonest expressions amongst sailors, usually means a vessel's breadth, and it is used in this sense by Mr. Clark Russell when describing a Baltimore clipper. For defining "athwart our hawse," as being said of a ship crossing another's bows, Mr. Clark Russell may have authority, but surely the expression properly relates, as his definition of "athwart hawse" tends to show, to the case where a vessel, or a boat, or a spar has drifted across the bows of a ship at anchor. It is difficult indeed to see how the word "hawse" can be rightly used about a ship which is under sail. Even, however, if this definition is accepted, it can hardly be maintained that Mr. Clark Russell is correct when he says that "fetch" means to "reach or arrive at by sailing or steaming, as, We fetched the harbour"; and that to "fetch out" means to get out of harbour by beating or sailing close. The word as commonly used on board sailing ships refers to a vessel's getting past a point, or to windward of or close to a lightship or buoy, or into or out of harbour, without making a tack. Such mistakes as this and the others we have pointed out ought not to occur in the work of a writer who has great knowledge of the sea, and has given much attention to sea-terms; and we regret to have to point out another which calls for graver reprobation as showing a slight forgetfulness of good taste. Mr. Clark Russell defines a freshwater sailor as "A yachtsman. A green hand." As in *The Lady Maud* he made some mistakes which any competent yachtsman would have corrected in a moment, he had better have abstained from this feeble joke, which can only be attributed to the fact that he knows nothing whatever about yachting. A good many yachtsmen neither are, nor pretend to be, sailors in the very least; but some, on the other hand, are excellent fore and aft seamen. Quite lately one amateur, Mr. Hartley Burton, has sailed a schooner of ninety tons round the world, while another, Mr. E. F. Knight, has sailed a thirty-ton yawl to Buenos Ayres, and thence to the West Indies—a feat which it would puzzle many a certificated master and first mate to perform. Appreciation of these facts, and of a good many others which the author will discover if he will turn his attention to a subject of which he is at present ignorant, will doubtless induce him to expunge this pleasantry in a second edition. To a second edition his book may very possibly be destined. It has, as we have shown, considerable faults, but, on the other hand, it is by no means without merits, and is likely to be consulted by many. By careful revision and correction of sins of omission and commission it may be made a really valuable handbook.

Of a very different order from Mr. Clark Russell's compilation is the remarkable *Sailor's Handbook*, by Captain F. G. D. Bedford, R.N., of which a new edition has lately appeared. We live in days of epitomes, but, as a rule, those who produce them are indifferent to bulk, if indeed they do not prefer bulky books; and it is something new to find an epitome which gives a vast amount of information, but takes the shape of a small, handy volume. Most singular, indeed, is the amount of practical and useful knowledge shown in this book, which, like others, happily gives proof of the unswerving diligence with which naval officers of the present day study all that relates to their profession. Captain Bedford treats of parts of the coasts of North America, the West Indies, South America, Africa, China, Japan, and Australia, and of the Pacific. He mentions the principal lines of steamers to the great ports, briefly sums up sailing directions, states what charts and books are required for various seas, and gives a good deal of pertinent information in a wonderfully compact form about the various seaports, about the money current at various places, about the weights and measures in use, and about other matters. In many respects is Captain Bedford's book, containing so much in such a small space, likely to be useful to mariners of all kinds and degree; but in one respect it is almost certain to be pre-eminently useful. Steamers are more and more thrusting out sailing, and seem likely before long to monopolize the traffic of the world, and for the owners and captains of steamers the question of coal supply is all-important. Captain Bedford states, in many cases, where coal is to be obtained, what the prices are, and is so careful as to explain how it is brought on board. The price, of course, must necessarily vary from time to time; but no doubt the prices mentioned fairly represent the average, and at all events they will give the captains of ships some idea of what they will have to pay for restoring the vitality of their vessels. By giving information on this point and on so many minor, but by no means unimportant ones, Captain Bedford has earned the gratitude of sailors; and if his book is as accurate as it appears to be, it will certainly take the place which he modestly claims for it, and, "while principally useful for those who are paying a first visit to a station," be found "a handy book of reference for all."

THE FOLK-LORE OF SHAKESPEARE.*

MR. T. F. Thiselton Dyer's *Folk-Lore of Shakespeare* contains a mass of information and quotations diligently brought together, much of which is curious, much amusing, and some useful. We cannot say, however, that the scholarship and general knowledge brought to bear on the work are such as they might have been, or even such as might be, fairly expected. Thus in one paragraph two impossible derivations of the word "gossamer" are quoted from different sources; the true one, given in Mr. Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*, which every student and worker in English literature ought to have at his elbow, is not mentioned. The note on "sagittary" reads as if the writer had never met with Centaurs in art or mythology, nor with the signs of the Zodiac in an almanac. The transmigration of souls is described as a "primitive superstition" which "is almost effete amongst civilized nations," but still "retains an important place in the religious beliefs of savage and uncivilized communities." Neither Brahmanism nor Buddhism is effete by any means, nor can the races and nations of India, China, and the Indo-Chinese countries be disposed of as "savage and uncivilized communities." Perhaps a compiler is not to be censured for being content to quote Nares without addition; but it is the fact that the custom of swearing by the sword is much older than the Crusades in both Europe and Asia.

These are perhaps venial faults of omission; but we cannot help being surprised by the curious want of relation to common knowledge of modern things which frequently crops up in Mr. Dyer's remarks. On "gaudy days," he notes, "feast-days in the colleges of our universities are so called." For "our universities" read

* *Folk-Lore of Shakespeare.* By Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer. London: Griffith & Farran. 1883.

"Oxford." The term is not in use at Cambridge. Football is described as a "once highly popular game"; and we are told that "at a comparatively recent period it was played in Derby, Nottingham, Kingston-upon-Thames, &c." Our own belief is that "at a comparatively recent period"—say any day this winter—it has been played in these and a great many other places, including Oxford, Cambridge, and (from the end of the Midsummer to the beginning of the Christmas holidays, or, in some cases, till Easter) every public school in the kingdom, to say nothing of the rest. Then one need not be much of a naturalist to know that the slow-worm is not "a little snake with very small eyes," not being a snake at all; and if the "ancient belief that sorrow shortened life" has been disproved, it is a very strange though welcome piece of news. The game of stool-ball, the rudimentary form of cricket, though supplanted in renown by its offspring, is not extinct, but still flourishes as a rustic pastime in Surrey, and elsewhere for aught we know. A quotation from "Mr. Blackstone's" Commentaries looks odd at this time of day. Apart from the tolerably familiar fact that Blackstone became a judge and was knighted, we do not cite Mr. Gibbon or Mr. Hume. But most singular of all is this elucidation, which the judicious reader will appreciate without comment:—

Small-pox. Such a terrible plague was this disease in the days of our ancestors that its name was used as an imprecation.

On the whole, we fear the author of *Folk-Lore of Shakespeare* must have either written in great haste or amassed a plentiful lack of things generally known.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE saying that "one shall be taken and the other left" is strikingly illustrated by the respective literary fortunes of Wilhelm Vatke (1), the subject of Professor Benecke's copious and handsome biography, and his early friend David Friedrich Strauss. Both came forward at the same time with equal hopes and equal learning to apply the principles of the Hegelian philosophy to historical exegesis; but while Strauss's *Leben Jesu* has produced an immense direct and a still greater indirect effect upon opinion, Vatke's "Biblical Theology" never penetrated beyond professional circles, and was never completed by the author. Other and more successful critics may probably have been largely affected by Vatke's views, but he scarcely survives as a distinguishable first-hand influence in theology. His career was in other respects more fortunate than his friend's. He was neither unsettled in his circumstances nor unhappy in his domestic relations; and his activity as teacher at the University of Berlin was for a long time highly important. It was eventually paralysed by the intrigues of Hengstenberg, who, backed up by a reactionary King and Ministry, systematically intimidated students from attending Vatke's lectures. The latter, however, maintained his position nearly till his death; studying incessantly, but publishing nothing. We gather that he came to distrust his old teacher Hegel; his negative views in Biblical criticism underwent no change. He was a man of sterling worth, firm, sensible, and benevolent. His most remarkable friends were Strauss and Zeller, the historian of Greek philosophy. The numerous letters from Strauss are perhaps the most interesting things in the book. They exhibit his wonted eagerness and candour, with the shade of petulance habitual to him. Vatke was an accomplished musician, Strauss a passionate admirer of music; and the account of the friends' joint pursuit of their favourite recreation is almost pathetic, with that touch of drollery from which German pathos is sometimes not exempt. Professor Benecke's biography is ably and impartially written, and, barren as Vatke's life was of external incidents, hardly seems too long. One of its most valuable chapters is an analysis of the "Biblical Theology," laying special stress on Vatke's views on the fusion of Jewish and Persian religious ideas during the Captivity.

Lukasz Gornicki (2) was one of the most distinguished of the Polish humanists who in the sixteenth century introduced into their country a refinement of taste destined to be obliterated in the next age by the bombast and pedantry of the Jesuits. He had the advantage of passing his youth in Italy, and after his return adapted Castiglione's *Cortigiano* to the needs and capacities of his countrymen. It is significant that he found himself obliged to place the portions of the dialogues assigned in the original to ladies in the mouths of male speakers, and to omit allusions to pictures and statues, with which his untravelled countrymen were totally unacquainted. He also translated Seneca's *Troas* and *De Beneficiis*; and composed poems, political treatises, and minor essays in an elegant, though diffuse, style, which contributed much to the refinement of his native language. A master of form, but destitute of original talent, a patriot, but a willing servant of the great, he was a perfect type of the character most frequently produced by the Renaissance.

Professor Hermann Schumacher (3) seems to have spent some years at Bogota as director of the National Observatory, and to have thus had ample means of making himself acquainted with the labours of the few distinguished men who, in the face of every discouragement, have laboured to introduce science into one of the most intellectually backward portions of Spanish America. Three typical personages have been selected by him—the botanist Mutis, the astronomer Caldas, and the geographer and naturalist Codazzi—whose biographies, interspersed with copious references to their scientific coadjutors, constitute in some measure a history of Colombian science from 1760 to 1860. All were meritorious men. Mutis, a Spaniard, despatched on a scientific mission, formed a great botanical collection and founded the observatory, which Caldas, a self-taught astronomer, greatly improved. Caldas also founded the first literary and scientific journal in the country. Codazzi, an Italian by birth, did wonders in topographical and geological exploration and surveying. All were unfortunate: Mutis was neglected until, in his old age, the respect shown him by Humboldt enlightened his fellow-citizens as to his merits; Caldas died a martyr to the independence of his country; Codazzi's labours were allowed to remain unpublished. Professor Schumacher's volume, though over-bulky, and not very clearly arranged, is well adapted to excite interest and sympathy for these men and others like them who have contended with the ignorance and turbulence of South America. It is accompanied with copious notes, containing a great amount of most interesting scientific, biographical, and bibliographical information.

A new journal devoted to cuneiform studies under the editorship of MM. Bezold and Hommel (4) will form a welcome medium of intercommunication among the select body of the learned devoted to this interesting and difficult pursuit. In the first number Schrader, Oppert, Sayce, and Hommel appear as contributors, and Bezold, Halévy, and Strassmaier as correspondents. The most generally interesting papers, perhaps, are Hommel's on the date of the dynasty of Khammarabi, and Oppert's translation of a Babylonian contract for the sale of landed property.

Gustav Körting's "Encyclopædia" of the philology of the Romance languages (5) threatens to deserve its title, if an opinion may be formed by the extent of preliminary matter comprised in the first part, much of which seems wholly superfluous. Herr Körting's fault, however, is rather irrelevance than tediousness. He writes clearly and forcibly, and two chapters of his work are very excellent—his history of the philological study of the Romance idioms, and his admonitions respecting the spirit in which it should be prosecuted.

The Genealogical Almanack of the Dresden Court bookseller (6) is a useful compendium for those who find the Almanach de Gotha too extensive; it is, however, a serious defect that, being limited to families actually reigning, it contains neither Bourbons nor Bonapartes, while full justice is done to Lippe and Monaco. The feature of the present volume is a portrait of the King of Spain in his renowned Uhlan uniform, in which he certainly appears to advantage.

Dr. Hasbach's treatise on mutual insurance among the English working classes (7) is one of those exhaustive monographs which compel students to resort to Germany for information about their own countrymen. With marvellous industry, and a lucidity no less admirable, Dr. Hasbach has digested the entire history of English Benefit, Provident, and Friendly Societies, and of the legislation relating to them, from a mass of Blue-books and Acts of Parliament; deriving, no doubt, great assistance from the Reports of Mr. Ludlow and other labourers in the same field. His ultimate conclusion is that the amount of insurance must be increased by seventy per cent., involving a nearly corresponding augmentation in the rate of wages, and its management much improved, ere the English working class can be regarded as beyond the dread of want. He does not despair of this result, but considers it more likely to be realized by the mutual sympathy of classes than by compulsory legislation.

Professor Du Bois-Reymond (8) has collected into a little volume three of his elegant orations before the University of Berlin. The subject of the first is the defence of Frederick the Great against the harsh judgment of Macaulay. Macaulay unquestionably coloured too highly here as everywhere else; yet we must think that here, as elsewhere, his error is rather one of form than of substance. Professor Du Bois-Reymond's attempt to retort the charge by taunting the English nation with the misdeeds imputed to Warren Hastings is sophistical. The actions of Hastings are not incapable of defence; yet, granting them all that Professor Du Bois-Reymond would have them, they were still dictated by hard necessity. But Frederick's motive was sheer rapacity; he was under no kind of compulsion to appropriate Silesia or partition Poland. The brief parallel between Copernicus and Darwin lays hold with great sagacity of the fundamental point of resemblances between the two philosophers—that they

(1) *Wilhelm Vatke in seinem Leben und seinen Schriften.* Dargestellt von H. Benecke. Bonn: Strauss. London: Nutt.

(2) *Lukasz Gornicki. Sein Leben und seine Werke. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des Humanismus in Polen.* Von Raphael Löwenfeld. Breslau: Koebner. London: Nutt.

(3) *Südamerikanische Studien. Drei Lebens- und Cultur-Bilder. Mutis, Caldas, Codazzi.* Von Hermann A. Schumacher. Berlin: Mittler. London: Nutt.

(4) *Zeitschrift für Keilschriftforschung und verwandte Gebiete.* Herausgegeben von Carl Bezold und Fritz Hommel. Bd. 1, Hft. 2. Leipzig: Schulze. London: Nutt.

(5) *Encyklopädie und Methodologie der Romanischen Philologie, mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Französischen.* Von Gustav Körting. Th. 1. Heilbronn: Henninger. London: Nutt.

(6) *Genealogischer Almanach.* Jahrg. 4. Dresden: Grumbkow. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Das Englische Arbeiterversicherungswesen: Geschichte seiner Entwickelung und Gesetzgebung.* Von W. Hasbach. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Friedrich II. in Englischen Urtheilen. Darwin und Kopernicus. Die Humboldt-Denkmäler von der Berliner Universität.* Drei Reden von Emil du Bois-Reymond. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

shifted the central points of their respective sciences, and substituted one simple principle for a number of ingenious refinements called into existence to account for the apparent absence of such a principle. The oration on the statues of the brothers Humboldt is as long as the other two together and a masterpiece of elegant exposition. It is but natural that a physicist should find more to say of Alexander than of Wilhelm, who, if a less conspicuous and imposing figure, probably possessed more exalted and refined mental powers.

We are highly indebted to Dr. Veckenstedt (9) for the diligent collection of the materials of a remarkable popular mythology, interesting from its own picturesqueness, from its relation to kindred mythologies, and as embodying the traditions of the only branch of the Aryan family who have possessed their primitive speech as a living language. Sanskrit, Persian, Greek, Latin, exist as spoken languages only in philologically degraded forms; but the speech of the Zamaits or Lithuanian Lowlanders, better known in this country as Samogitians, is probably in grammar and structure much the same as when their forefathers settled by the amber-giving Baltic. How far the traditions themselves are primitive is another question. It is somewhat startling to find the stories of the Flood and the destruction of Sodom combined at the very outset of what purports to be a national epic setting forth the divine origin of the Zamaite nation. If the tradition is really authentic in all its main features, it points to deep primitive affinities between Aryan and Semitic mythology; if it is merely borrowed, then its introduction into Lithuania must be comparatively recent, and the scientific importance of Lithuanian folk-lore is altogether much diminished. In any case, the interest and picturesqueness of the collection are extraordinary, and many traits are almost certainly original; such as the helplessness of the Zamaites when first dismissed from their Rasselas-like seclusion to make their way in the world, and the simplicity of their proceedings, recalling the works and ways of the wise men of Gotham. These details form a portion of the great national epic recalling the origin of their race and the exploits of their King Dungis, and their sorceress-queen Zamaite. The remainder of the Lithuanian traditions may be divided into the strictly mythological, survivals of their primitive Pantheon, and the local stories and popular superstitions. The former class are especially interesting in their points of affinity and difference with Greek and Indian mythology. Elemental worship is their sum and substance; of animal worship little trace is to be found. It is frequently difficult to determine how far the various mythological personages are to be regarded as divinities and how far as genii, or ministers of the supreme Deity; but it is evident that the Christian influences to which the popular belief has been exposed for so many centuries must have tended to obliterate the traces of original polytheism. There does seem, however, to have been always a broad distinction between the thunder-god Perkun and the other divinities. Perkun's attributes are nearly those of Indra, and on the whole the Lithuanian religion may perhaps be not unfairly taken to represent the Hindoo creed in a state of arrested development. The minor folk-lore of spectres, cobolds, nixes, and the like is full of most entertaining stories, but does not materially vary from the general character of popular superstitions elsewhere. Dr. Veckenstedt points out its affinities with the Russian, and the support thus accorded to the theory of the original identity of the Lithuanians and the Slavonians. The value of the collection is enhanced by an excellent glossary and index.

"From Two Worlds" (10) is in every sense a very pretty volume, though it scarcely gets beyond the prettiness of mere sentiment. A young lady, fascinated by the book of a German professor, initiates a correspondence with him, which, beginning with raillery and mystification, speedily becomes serious, and leads up to a betrothal, a marriage, all kinds of misunderstandings and misfortunes, and finally a happy *dénouement* by reason of the serious peril of the young wife, who reconciles everybody by the simple and not altogether unheard-of expedient of first falling ill, and then getting well. Instead of a funeral, therefore, the book ends with a christening.

The Queen of Roumania's works follow each other too rapidly for an enduring reputation. If any excuse can be made for this over-fecundity, it is in the case of a pretty little volume like her "Sketches" (11), where the execution is professedly slight, and where at the same time its negligence is compensated by ease and vigour of treatment. There is, indeed, no slight literary merit in these careless sketches, hastily outlined as they are, and fanciful as is their implied parallel with various styles of pictorial art. They evince real dramatic power, with a decided talent for the vivid representation of scenes and persons. The situations are always powerfully imagined, and Her Majesty may yet produce an excellent novel if she possesses the powers of invention and construction which cannot be fairly tested by her present experiment.

It is a pity that Turgenieff's recollections for some time past in course of publication in the *Rundschau* (12) should be broken off just as they are becoming really interesting. The former instalments have dealt principally with insignificant persons little known out of Russia; in the present we have Turgenieff's impression of the moody and Byronic Lermontoff, of the taciturn Kriloff, of Iwanow, the unfortunate painter whose fine ideal faculty was condemned to impotence for want of technical skill. More interesting still are Turgenieff's revelations of himself, his profound astonishment and disappointment when the character of Bazaroff in *Fathers and Sons* was interpreted into an attack on the tendencies of the Russian youth, and his avowal of general sympathy with Nihilism. The most important of the other contributions is an essay on the Pergamenian remains by Professor Milchhoefer, directing attention to the originality of the sculptures at the time of their execution, and to the remarkable affinity of sentiment between them and some modern works of art. Philipp Spitta's pleasant article on Spohr's opera of *Jessonda* traces the plot to its source in Lemierre's *Veuve de Malabar*. Fiction is represented by two novelettes translated from the Italian of Salvatore Farina, who seems to be rapidly acquiring a European reputation; and "Handsome Valentine," a promising tale by Helene Böhlau, depicting a German youth on his travels, a theme invariably attractive.

The continuation of Fritz Lemmermeyer's "Alchemist" in *Auf der Höhe* (13) deals chiefly in the horrors of mediæval prosecutions for witchcraft, a subject so shocking and repulsive that the author's unquestionable success in harrowing the reader's feelings affords no real criterion of his power. "Above the Clouds," by Jenny Schnabe, describes with considerable spirit a young lady's ascent with a young aeronaut, with the consequences to be anticipated. Karl Hannemann's account of the Basques is full of interest; and the translations from Paul de Mont introduce us to a Flemish poet of considerable merit.

The German Literary Calendar (14) continues its useful course, with its list of living German authors and literary societies, necrology, texts of the year's copyright conventions and legislation, and other matter of importance to literary men.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. DE MAUPASSANT'S edition of Flaubert's letters to George Sand (1) consists of two parts, the first of which, the editor's long notice of the great novelist with whom he was so nearly connected, is worthy of the second. Except for a natural, but certainly rather unjust, protest against M. Maxime du Camp, and a totally uncalled-for fling at M. Cherbuliez, this notice is written in excellent taste throughout, which is not always the case with the work of its clever author. It is much the best personal sketch of Flaubert that has appeared, and if not fully sufficient as an accompaniment to his works (for, little as we love personal details of authors, we must hold against M. de Maupassant that the novelist's constitutional disease is an important literary as well as biographical fact), it is all but sufficient. The literary criticism it contains is for the most part sound, and far less crudely expressed than might be expected from one of those about M. Zola, a breed for which we have always held M. de Maupassant far too good, despite his occasional *fredaines* in prose and verse. This notice, which fills nearly ninety pages, is followed by the letters. They cover exactly ten years, beginning in 1866 and ending only with George Sand's death. "Chère madame" quickly passes into "chère maître," and the tone of affectionate admiration which this last false concord inspires is maintained throughout. Flaubert's amiable, and in some respects almost childish, nature, his intense love of literature, his noble Romantic scorn of the "bourgeois au front glabre," and his scarcely less vigorous hatred of "realism," all appear. The letters are of that kind which make the reader like better and think better of both writer and receiver, as all good letters from and to good people do. Evil is the case of those whose really private letters leave a bad taste in the mouth. At the same time, it cannot be said that Flaubert is a model letter-writer. His jocularity (never his strong point) is passable, but not more, and the graver passages lack precision and weight. It is evident that the enormous pains he took with his printed style have not been exaggerated. But in this book we do not look for a work of literature, but for a personal "document"; and we have it.

M. d'Escamps's "Madagascar" (2) is a considerably altered and enlarged reprint of a book issued nearly forty years ago. It contains a great deal of information excellently printed and compendiously arranged; and the author takes especial pains to disavow any hostile feelings towards England. But almost all the new and much of the old part of his book is devoted to urging the annexation of the whole of Madagascar by his countrymen, and to the attempt to show that such an annexation would only be the carrying out of old, recognized, and unextinguished French claims. This latter position it is impossible for English students of history and politics to admit.

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(9) *Die Mythen, Sagen und Legenden der Zamaiten (Litauer).* Gesammelt und herausgegeben von Dr. Edm. Veckenstedt. 2 Bde. Heidelberg: Winter. London: Nutt.

(10) *Aus zwei Welten.* Von Dito und Idem. Berlin: Friedrich. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Handzeichnungen.* Von Carmen Sylva. Berlin: Duncker. London: Nutt.

(12) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 10, Hft. 5. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(13) *Auf der Höhe: internationale Revue.* Herausgegeben von Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. Bd. 10, Hft. 28. Leipzig: Licht & Meyer. London: Nutt.

(14) *Deutscher Litteratur-Kalender auf das Jahr 1884.* Herausgegeben von Joseph Kürschner. Berlin: Spemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(1) *Lettres de Gustave Flaubert à George Sand.* Précédées d'une étude par Guy de Maupassant. Paris: Charpentier.

(2) *Histoire et géographie de Madagascar.* Par H. d'Escamps. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Firmin Didot.

A few historical students may be aware, but most are probably ignorant, of the resolution taken by the French Foreign Office two or three years ago to publish in a classified form the instructions issued to French Ministers abroad between Richelieu's time and the Revolution. The first volume of the series (3), a goodly octavo of five hundred pages (the print and paper of which deserve especial commendation) concern Austria, and is edited by M. Albert Sorel, whose works on diplomatic history are well and most favourably known. England has been assigned to M. A. Baschet, Russia to M. Rambaud, Spain to M. Morel-Fatio, and the remaining countries to hands doubtless equally competent. The whole ought to form an exceedingly valuable collection, necessary, if not to every gentleman's library, at any rate to all public libraries and to the shelves of all students of modern history whose houses are tolerably ample and their purses moderately well furnished.

It is a debatable point what is the best form for a book of reference, or, at any rate, of instruction, in classical archæology. Practice, if not theory, has in England long inclined to the dictionary, and there is no doubt of its superior convenience as a perpetual commentary on the classics themselves (4). But the lexicographer has, of necessity, to keep apart, even in the most ingenious system of grouping, things which ought to be together, and the most elaborate cross references will not wholly obviate this defect. The archæological manual of Herren Guhl and Koner, as offered to French readers, proceeds on the opposite principle, that of continuous narration in chapters under general titles. It is well translated and excellently presented in the version of MM. Trawinski and Riemann, while the illustration appears to have been largely increased and is now excellent.

Mme. Le Breton's *Botanique pour tous* (5) is a very beautiful book, lavishly illustrated, carefully printed, and almost marvellously cheap for its size and general appearance. Its system is something like that of Joyce's *Scientific Dialogues* and other friends or enemies of our youth. Playing at science is rather out of favour in England just now, but M. Decaisne's revision and imprimatur ought to be sufficient warrant for Mme. Le Breton's orthodoxy.

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(3) *Recueil des instructions données aux ambassadeurs et ministres de France depuis les traités de Westphalie jusqu'à la révolution française.* Tome I. Autriche. Par A. Sorel. Paris: Alcan (Librairie Germer-Baillière).

(4) *La vie antique d'après Guhl et Koner.* Par F. Trawinski, O. Riemann, et A. Dumont. Partie I. La vie des Grecs. Paris: Rothschild.

(5) *La botanique pour tous.* Par J. Le Breton. Deuxième édition. Paris: Rothschild.

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"Electoral Statistics: a Review of the Working of our Representative System, from 1832 to 1851, in view of Prospective Changes therein."
By JOHN BIDDULPH MARTIN, Esq., M.A. The Chair will be taken at 7.45 P.M.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL and UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION, 1884. To be held at the CRYSTAL PALACE.
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RUSSIA AT MERV.

IT would not be uninteresting to know whether there is a single Englishman possessed of the most rudimentary knowledge of the facts who is pleased at the compliments which the Russian press has addressed to England in the matter of the annexation of Merv. We say annexation, for on that point there is practically no dispute. The resolve of Government after Government, Liberal no less than Conservative, that Russia never should have Merv, appears to have vanished simultaneously with the determination that Britons and persons with whom Britain has to do shall never be slaves. But that is a very minor matter. Just now in England we have supped full with humble pie, and a fresh dish may be brought in without any fear of attracting particular attention. It may even be thought remarkable that any Russian should have thought it necessary to garnish the pie with such elegant flowers as those which the *St. Petersburg Journal* has been good enough to offer. Wonder at this, however, would testify to a certain insufficiency of comprehension. In the first place, the Russians have not forgotten, if English Radicals have, how an English Government, despite the factiousness of an English party, stopped them not six years ago at the gates of Constantinople and the frontiers of Afghanistan. They probably think that, without a little blarney, England might be tempted to repeat the process. They may have heard of some expressions of Lord GRANVILLE's, and they know that Lord GRANVILLE is still Foreign Secretary. Besides, they owe a considerable debt of politeness to Mr. GLADSTONE, and your Russian is rarely wanting in that virtue. For our parts, as we may claim without fatuity to have kept our readers thoroughly informed of the progress and prospects of things in this out-of-the-way corner of the world, and as we have never used hard words of Russian conduct, so we certainly shall use none now. Russian statesmen ought to act, and do act, for the good of Russia, and it is small blame to them even if they sometimes stretch a point of international morality in so acting. We also have statesmen who are not ill at this stretching of points, only they generally stretch them for England's harm.

The formal acceptance of the submission of the Merv Turcomans by the CZAR has not the importance that it would once have had, and any one who has the simplicity or the dishonesty to do so is welcome, if he likes, to make the most he can of this acknowledgment. The Russianization of Merv is still very dangerous to England, and entirely incompatible with friendly action on the part of Russia towards England. But whereas but four or five years ago the only obvious road to India lay, for Russia, through the so-called oasis of the Murghab, it does not so lie now. The activity of Russia and the supineness of the English Government has provided another and a far better route. By the subjugation of the Western Tekkes and the laying of a railroad from the shores of the Caspian eastwards, Russia has provided herself with an access to Herat, where the real gate of India lies, infinitely more convenient and speedy than that which formerly seemed her most probable route—the Sea of Aral, the Oxus, and Merv. The latter place has lost its importance exactly as Ostend would lose it in the hands of an enemy to England who possessed Calais. It is a danger which has been dwarfed by a greater danger, a court card which has been dexterously exchanged for a trump. It would, indeed, be paying too great a compliment to the knowledge and the intelligence of the mass of Englishmen to suppose that they are aware of this. But it explains the comparative indifference with which the news has been received by those who have intelligence and knowledge. A man does not greatly excite himself if he is wise about calamities of such a kind as this. It proves, indeed, the incapacity of the present English Ministry; but a proof of that is about as novel and as valuable as a proof of the multiplication table. It is a fresh humiliation to England; but we are quite used to humiliations. It exposes the absurdity of the arguments of some who said that Russia would never get to Merv; the dishonesty of others who declared that let her once get there and she should see what England would do; but there is little consolation in this. The most humorous and to the political cynic satisfactory upshot of the matter would be that Mr. GLADSTONE's Government, after allowing the straight road to India to be occupied by Russia at Kizil Arvat and Askabad, should make a solemn protest against her occupation of a roundabout road at Merv. Perhaps we shall even have Sir CHARLES DILKE saying that the CZAR is not going to accept the Turcoman submission. *Cela s'est vu.*

Here, however, Stoicism must stop, and it will not be found that the fault of the Government is much lessened by even its fullest exercise. They have provided Russia with two roads to India instead of one, and so far as that goes, the one road is less important than if it were the only one. They are very welcome to this confession. But as to the present state of affairs and the future which may be expected, it is once more necessary, however hopeless the process may be in face of what has just happened, to give careless-living Englishmen an opportunity of understanding the truth. Another and a vast stride has been made in the obliteration of those deserts and mountains which the English critics of the optimist school even the other day boasted of as standing between Russia and Afghanistan. An alternative road is secured to the glacis of the outwork of India. A fresh accession, and a very numerous and important one, is made to those warlike and predatory troops upon whom Russia can draw for the invasion of a rich and peaceful country—a fresh deduction from the forces with which she has to reckon on her way thither. A fresh blow is dealt at English prestige in Central Asia. A new warning is given to the peoples of that region that Russia is unsafe to oppose and England unsafe to support, because the one never relaxes and the other never perseveres. And the Russians, in their courteous notices of *faire part*, do not at all conceal that they are not yet satisfied. It will indeed, they say, be unlikely that they ever need occupy Sarakhs—as they said of Khiva, as they said of the Tekke country, as they said of Merv. But this reassuring, though extremely indefinite, pledge is accompanied by the intimation that it will probably be necessary for them to occupy the Attock—the important, fertile, and populous region which intervenes between Askabad and Sarakhs itself, and which extends to the very river that waters Herat. This district, it is said, forms no part of Persia (which is exactly as true as that Wales forms no part of England), and it is a haunt of brigands. Precisely. The Tekke country was a haunt of brigands; so was Merv; so is the Attock. And so England is politely informed of the next thing to which she may make up her mind—a next thing which will all but accomplish the famous saying, and bring the Cossack horses to

water of the Heri-Rud itself. This of course will be poohpoohed as alarmist talk by those who have poohpoohed the constant and distinct prophecies of every step which has preceded it. Between ourselves and the school of which the Duke of ARGYLL used to be the chief advocate there is this main difference. Everything they used to say has turned out false; everything we have constantly said has turned out true. The impossible deserts and the insuperable mountains are mastered and passed; the warlike tribes are vanquished, slain, or turned from foes into allies; the buffer between Russia and India has been transformed into the head of the ram which Russia can direct against India. Henceforward one line of defence which has been usually adopted for the policy of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government must be abandoned; it will probably be abandoned in silence. There can be no further talk of neutral zones, for there is no neutral zone left; of natural barriers, for the natural barriers have ceased to exist. Russia has not a stride, barely a step, to take before her frontier becomes continuously conterminous with that of the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN, who is in England's pay. And whereas the English side of Afghanistan can only be reached from England by an immense distance of ocean-travel, the Russian side is already all but reached by one, and will, beyond doubt, in a short time be reached by several lines of railway communication, divided only by a short stretch of inland sea, entirely under Russian control, from the headquarters and arsenals of the Russian army. This is what the annexation of Merv means, and this is what the policy of Mr. GLADSTONE has brought about.

THE OPPOSITION.

THE importance of organization to a party in opposition is not inconsiderable, though it is often exaggerated. If there is no leader of undisputed pre-eminence, it is impossible to supply the defect by any process of formal or informal election. The *New Whig Guide* alone preserves the memory of Mr. PONSONBY, who was the official leader of the Opposition of seventy years ago. The "Trial of HENRY "BROUGHAM for calling Mr. PONSONBY an old woman" accurately represents, as reported by PEEL, the relative positions of the reckless orator and of the orthodox chief of the Whigs. When, thirty years later, the Protectionists were left, by the death of Lord GEORGE BENTINCK, without a head in the House of Commons, Lord STANLEY wished to retain for himself the sole direction of the party. On several occasions he rebuked or slighted the pretensions of Mr. DISRAELI, once going so far as to propose to his unwelcome ally that the office of leader should be put into commission, in which Mr. DISRAELI was to have an equal voice with two colleagues of indisputable mediocrity. At a much later period the gossiping underlings of the party were in the habit of hinting that General PEEL or some other respectable Conservative should be substituted for their uncongenial leader; yet Mr. DISRAELI retained his post without serious disturbance for more than thirty years. It must nevertheless be remembered that after he left the House of Commons he exercised the functions of leader of the Opposition only for a few months. From the spring of 1880 to the recess his party was powerless in the presence of the newly-elected majority, and Lord BEACONSFIELD died almost at the beginning of the following Session. If he had retained his vigour to the present time he would probably have in a great measure controlled the policy of the party; but he must, to some extent, have divided his authority with the leader of the House of Commons. There is not the smallest ground for suspecting that he would have attempted to revoke his own selection of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE as his successor and principal colleague. The leader of an Opposition in the House of Commons must necessarily exercise independent action, because he bears the brunt of Parliamentary contests.

The proposal of a provincial partisan that Lord SALISBURY should supersede his present coadjutor has attracted more attention than it deserves. The suggested change would add nothing to the power of the Conservative leader in the House of Lords, who must be represented in the House of Commons by some unspecified lieutenant, if he could not command the support of an independent colleague. The malcontents would probably prefer Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL for the vacant office, not remembering that Lord SALISBURY lately described the policy of abandoning the KHEDIVE as the basest desertion. There is no doubt that more than one candidate for the place of leader might be found who would say disagreeable things of Mr. GLADSTONE in stronger language than that which is likely to be used by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE; but the denunciation of a political adversary as a traitor, a slave, or a Moloch, has no tendency to detach a single vote from the Liberal majority. It may be true that, if the two Opposition leaders could change places, the position of the Government would be more uncomfortable than at present. Lord SALISBURY would gratify not only his own followers, but many Liberal members, by exposing and stigmatizing as it deserves the immoral sophistry of Mr. GLADSTONE's rhetorical quibbles; and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE would consult the taste of the Peers by a more dispassionate examination of Ministerial policy. As the transfer cannot be effected, judicious politicians will make the best of their actual resources. They may console themselves for occasional disappointments by reflecting that the most eloquent denunciations of Ministerial shortcomings would not, as the House of Commons is at present constituted, bring the Opposition into office. Mr. FORSTER and Mr. GOSCHEN, though their unanswerable arguments must at least have convinced themselves, had no hesitation in promising their votes to the authors of the Sinkat catastrophe. As Mr. FORSTER said, with evident sincerity, he preferred the present Government, whatever it had done or left undone, to the only possible alternative. If Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had anticipated Mr. FORSTER by delivering the same speech, it would assuredly not have produced a more practical result.

Whatever may have been the effect of the Opposition speeches, the notice of motion was followed by a total change of policy on the part of the Government. The arguments against the culpable inaction of the Ministers were weakened in exact proportion to the concessions which were made. The majority in the House of Commons would not, perhaps, have strained the bonds of allegiance so far as to approve of a deliberate sacrifice of the garrison of Tokar; but it was too late to save the garrison of Sinkat. The issue of vacillation was less urgent when inconsistency was exhibited in the form of tardy vigour substituted for tame acquiescence. It may be true that the Opposition showed a want of readiness in profiting by a popular outburst of just indignation; but there was from the beginning of the incident to the end no opportunity of coalition with dissatisfied supporters of the Government. The feelings and opinions of theoretically independent Liberals were fully expressed by Mr. FORSTER, who also anticipated their decision to stand by their party at the division. It is probable that recent scandals may not have affected the comparatively unsophisticated minds of electors, though they were powerless to penetrate the hardened partisanship of members of the House. It is impossible to judge whether the Somersetshire farmers thought more of Sinkat than of the foot-and-mouth disease; and perhaps the respectable minority of Paisley objected rather to general encouragement of revolution than to the abandonment of a few Egyptian garrisons. There is some reason to hope that a general election, if it occurs before the virtual disfranchisement of the present electorate, will disclose a partial reaction against the delirium of 1880; but the result of an appeal to the constituencies is wholly uncertain. It is not even known whether moderate Liberals will vote against a Government which they undoubtedly fear and dislike. Mr. LABOUCHERE, Mr. GEORGE, and from time to time Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, are doing their utmost to accelerate the process of conversion. The alliance of Whigs with Jacobins and Socialists is too unnatural to last.

If the leaders of the Opposition could have controlled the action of the House, they would have been well advised in dividing, like the Lords, on the first night of the debate. While the Vote of Censure was moved, the massacre of the garrison of Sinkat was fresh in recollection; and there can scarcely have been half a dozen members who shared the doubts of Mr. WADDY whether it would have been desirable to accept the responsibility of saving a limited number, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, of lives. It is not known whether a laudable feeling of indignation would have detached any Liberal vote from the party; but, if the Government would have incurred any danger of that kind, the long interval which was afterwards occupied with the debate destroyed all chance of secession. The details of reinforcements forwarded to Suakim were published day after day, and before the division it was known that General GORDON had arrived safely at Khartoum, and that he had met with an enthusiastic reception. The

change of circumstances, though it really involved a condemnation of the previous policy of the Government, nevertheless removed or diminished popular dissatisfaction. The attention of the House and the country was diverted from past miscarriages to a future which may perhaps be more satisfactory. The Opposition may fairly claim a portion of the credit of a more spirited policy; but it incurred the disadvantage of aiming at a moving object which had changed its position before the missile could reach it. It must not be inferred that the leaders judged wrongly in trying to profit by an apparent opportunity. When Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE gave notice of the motion, it was uncertain whether the Government would at last act with vigour; and it was possible that things might go from bad to worse. An opposite result only illustrates the inconvenience of depending on occasions and on chance.

Votes of censure have often been proposed for the purpose of profiting by an anticipated coalition. A combination arranged by Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Mr. DISRAELI, and Mr. GLADSTONE, forced Lord PALMERSTON to dissolve Parliament in 1857, and in the following year the same league drove him from office on an entirely different ground. There is now no section of disaffected Liberals with which the Opposition can form a temporary alliance, and it is not worth the while of either party to bid high for the support of Mr. PARNELL and his followers. If the Government had been in serious danger, the diplomacy of Kilmainham might possibly have been revived; but the Opposition had nothing to gain by courting a disaffected faction. Even a casual victory obtained by such methods would have been embarrassing; and there was little advantage in diminishing the Ministerial majority. Some of the criticisms which have been directed against the conduct of the late struggle are not without foundation; but it must be remembered that it was impossible to win. Lord SALISBURY and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE were not so simple as to take the advice of opponents who urged upon them the expediency of announcing a policy of their own. The proposition that the conduct of the Government has been weak and perverse may be affirmed without assuming the responsibility of defining the policy which ought to be adopted for the future. It is not necessary or reasonable to condemn every step in a career of vacillation. As Mr. FORSTER said, the disaster of Sinkat would have been averted if the Government had done a short time earlier what it has done since the catastrophe. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S motion has at least had the merit of eliciting Mr. FORSTER'S speech in its support.

EGYPT

THE reported, and seemingly confirmed, surrender of Tokkar throws even further into the shade the debate which closed on Tuesday. Although, as Lord HARTINGTON ingenuously complained, the speeches of that night were, for the Government, embarrassingly good, and although the last debate thus somewhat redeemed a discussion of a general dulness as inordinate as its length, the division which followed had remarkably little interest. It was not only completely anticipated, but its circumstances made it in fact—what the division in the Upper House last week was falsely represented as being—little more than a farce. Perhaps, if the House of Commons had divided, like the Peers, on the night of the introduction of the Motion, a rather more genuine expression of opinion might have been obtained; but even that is doubtful. The rank and file of the majority only needed, or hardly needed, excuses for putting their consciences in their pockets; and the excuses were provided, on the one hand, by Mr. GLADSTONE'S discourses *de omnibus rebus* (except the charge brought against him), and by the tardy despatch of an expedition to Tokkar. But it would be unfair to confine remarks to the rank and file. It was not merely the *faex Schnadhorstii*, the riffraff of the Caucus ticket of 1880, that flocked into the Government lobby on Tuesday. Persons of the rank of Mr. FORSTER and Mr. GOSCHEN were found to say—in the latter case literally—that the Opposition indictment was perfectly justified by the evidence, but that they would not "give blank cheques" to their political opponents. After this, it may be supposed that in the present and in future Parliaments the idle farce of votes of want of confidence will be omitted, at any rate when a Radical Government is in power. Such a Government has the proxies of the delegates sent up by the Caucuses safe in its pocket, and need trouble itself about nothing further, or at most about very little. The majority of Tuesday was consistently composed of persons like Mr. FORSTER, who abominate the Government policy up to the date of the despatch of the present expedition, and of those who like Mr. WADDY, abominate the Government policy since that date. It affirmed in effect nothing except that the members of it do not wish to see their own party out of power; it denied nothing except that they are willing to postpone factious to national interests. Lord HARTINGTON complained that his opponents, whether Liberal or Conservative, took no notice of the Government defence. It was not easy to take notice of what did not exist. So long as the despatches of the 4th of November and the 4th of January remain in print, so long as history records the presence of English troops at Cairo and at Aden while the garrison of Sinkat were being butchered, so long as files of the newspapers which daily exposed the hopeless condition of BAKER PASHA'S force are preserved in the British Museum, so long will defence of the conduct of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government during the last four months be absolutely impossible. The attack of the Opposition may have been and was arranged with little skill, and carried out with surprisingly little vigour; the wave of popular sentiment last week may have been left unused; the tactics of delaying and watering down the debate may have been infelicitous and ill deserving of success. That is a mere party matter. If the attack had been as close and fiery as it was scattered and lukewarm, if the defence had been as stubborn as it was in fact evasive, the argumentative result could have been in no way different, and very likely the divisional result would have been the same. The disasters of Teb and Sinkat were due to the vacillation and inconsistency of the Government, and the majority of the House of Commons were determined that the Government should be acquitted of them in the teeth of evidence. Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. FORSTER have each in his way said as much, and the last word may be very safely left with these distinguished members of the acquitting jury.

So much for the past—a past than which it is not easy to imagine anything more disgraceful to the Government, and than which it is possible to imagine several things more creditable to the Opposition. There remain the present and the future. Of the present at Khartoum it appears useless to say anything. The country is bidden to put its trust in General GORDON, and General GORDON will pull it through. It is not to trouble about the formal establishment under the protection of England of practices against which England, whether wisely or unwisely, has fought with purse and pains and the lives of her sons for the greater part of a century. It is not to ask what the possible meaning of a remission of taxation can be when the right to tax, if it has not already been formally renounced, is about to be so. Nor is it to have one rebellious twinge at the recognition as Sultan of a rebel adventurer, who not many weeks ago slaughtered Englishmen and troops despatched against him, with the connivance—at any rate by the laches—of England. That there is one Mr. GLADSTONE, and that General GORDON is his plenipotentiary, is the appropriate formula provided for the use of Englishmen on this occasion. It is obviously impossible to criticize from any point of view of political experience, of precedent, or of probability a course of proceedings which avowedly sets all three at nought. England being, by the Gladstonian hypothesis, powerless, has effaced herself entirely, and put a single Englishman in her room; and there is nothing to do but to wait for the result of this singular experiment. At the other point of interest, Souakim, an expedition is being collected, apparently in vain, to do a task which could have been done a month ago with little trouble and a minimum of expense. English troops are not likely to lie down and howl when OSMAN DIGNA'S Arabs approach, even after the encouraging effect which the fall of Tokkar, as showing the impotency of the English Government, must produce on the rebels. But, if the Arabs do show fight, it is well to remember that it will be fight of a very different character from that shown at Tel-el-Kebir. There has, moreover, been no time to "salt" the troops with old soldiers, as Lord WOLSELEY took care to do two years ago. But on the whole it is probable that nearly a month's frantic exertion on the part of the whole English military organization may enable the country to deal with some thousands of spear-armed savages.

In all this tangle of mismanagement and disgrace, of paradox and fuss, there is one, and only one, gleam of comfort. It is acknowledged on all hands that the date of English departure from Egypt is indefinitely postponed. Lord HARTINGTON himself has so entirely changed his mind since he made a certain celebrated announcement that he

pleads inadvertence in making it, and urges that it was not made in Parliament. Whence it appears that a statesman divests himself of all responsibility when he steps into Palace Yard. The chief pillar—the corner-stone, rather—of the ricketty edifice reared by the Government in Egypt, the army devised by Sir EVELYN WOOD, has proved to be unusable abroad and mutinous at home. The late events have shown that not the remotest sense of public spirit, not the faintest glimmering of independent patriotism, exists in the fellah. The crowning farce of turning him into a free and independent elector has been too glaring to be yet carried out. The merely administrative reforms which have been attempted represent the result of a direct contest between English and Egyptian views, and are admittedly certain to be reversed the moment that England turns her back. Nothing has been done to redistribute taxation in an equitable fashion, nothing to relieve the peasantry of their load of indebtedness. The whole action of the English Government, except in the retention of the English garrison, has been simply that of a boy who takes an ill-going clock to pieces, and studiously avoids putting it together again. We have upset Egyptian government in Egypt proper, and destroyed it in the Soudan, and at present we are creating useless and expensive posts to salve French vanity in the former, and offering the domestic institution as a panacea for all evils in the latter. All this is bad enough; but at any rate it is not so bad as that which is the cause of it all—the paralysing influence of Lord HARTINGTON'S and Mr. GLADSTONE'S threats of speedy withdrawal. Those threats have not been formally cancelled, but everybody knows them to be at the present moment merely absurd. Instead of withdrawing our garrison, we are strengthening it; instead of pointing to institutions firmly set up and working to admiration, we have to admit that the only institution which seemed to be in something like working order is perfectly valueless. There is not a reasonable man living, except, perhaps, Mr. GLADSTONE from one point of view, and Mr. JOHN MORLEY from another, who is ignorant of what this means. It means that we are in Egypt till the Greek Calends; and so much the better for Egypt when the fact is officially as it is nationally recognized.

THE WOOER AND THE WOOED.

IT is not without amusement that many persons must have read of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S candidature for the next vacancy that may occur in the representation of the borough of Birmingham. An attempt to conquer the virgin fortress of Radicalism by the most audacious of Conservatives is an event which even persons not otherwise interested in politics may regard with curiosity. It is an event also which, the more we consider both the personality of the young Conservative politician and the character of the constituency which he seeks to win, is full of instruction. For it cannot be denied that both may be said to be phenomenal. Colonel BURNABY, to whom we refer with all respect, does not differ, politically speaking, from the majority of his party; and his candidature only signified that the Conservatives in the borough were in sufficiently good heart to put forward a candidate. But Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL represents a new and distinct type of Conservatism. It is certain that Conservatism of the older sort would have no chance of success in the birthplace of the Caucus. For three generations the current of political feeling in Birmingham has flowed in one direction; and if the next election should show that it has changed, the change will be due to the fact that there, as elsewhere, people are finding out that the terms "Liberal" and "Conservative" stand for something wholly different from what they represented fifty years ago. But truths of this kind are not brought home to a large electoral body by a process of sober reasoning. Some startling event occurs to break and scatter its habitual set of ideas, or some energetic individual catches the popular eye, and draws popular sympathy into new channels.

It was formerly the fashion to represent Liberalism as being, among many other things, the cause of the poor against the wealthy and privileged classes; and at one time, in the best days of Liberalism, there was a good deal of truth in this representation. The idea is still in vogue among the baser sort of demagogues, and is sometimes made use of by persons who ought to know better, to excite those who toil and spin against others who, though they may do the former, do not happen to do the latter. The Conservative, according to this view, is a man who wishes cunningly to frame unjust laws with a view to maintain and concentrate wealth and power in the hands of a small class; the Liberal, and especially the latest flower of Liberalism—the Radical—is one who would diffuse happiness and plenty equally among all. This assertion raises, however, a curious question. Why, if it be true, do large constituencies, in which the working classes have the preponderance, and can return to Parliament whom they choose, persist in returning Conservatives? Why should an artisan at Preston perversely vote for a member who is going to be unmindful of the interests of the working classes, and look with suspicion on the promises of the poor man's friend? Hardheadedness is commonly said to be a characteristic of Lancashire and Yorkshire; and yet in these Northern counties we find, among the large constituencies, that the Liberal constantly fails and the Conservative succeeds. It is obvious that there must be a strong basis of Conservatives among the mass of the people when, in spite of all that is said to inflame and seduce them, in spite of all appeals to their greed, their need, their envy, and their ignorance, so large a number of them remain true to the Conservative cause; and can clearly perceive, in spite of all the assurances to the contrary which Radical candidates for their support lay before them, that the Liberal cause and the popular cause are not the same.

Even Mr. BRIGHT must have misgivings on this point. Nearly all the speeches which he has made of late years have consisted of recitals of what the Liberal party accomplished long ago. Since the Free-trade question was settled, the initiative in movements for the benefit of the working class cannot be said to have belonged to any one party. The credit both of the factory legislation and of legislation for the improvement of the dwellings of the poor belongs to the Conservatives. The credit of the Education Act belongs to the Liberals. To any sensible man it appears only natural that such honours should be divided. There is no conceivable reason why the condition of the poor should be an object of greater interest to a Liberal than to a Conservative, or to a Conservative than to a Liberal. A humane statesman, to whatever party he belongs, will naturally devote many of his thoughts to such questions; and, though what is called humanitarianism is much more strongly represented on Liberal than on Conservative benches, there is not the slightest reason to believe that either party is a whit more or less humane than the other. The quick sense of the duty which those well placed in this world owe to others less fortunate is, as a general feeling, of recent origin; but, so far as it exists, it is in no sense a special characteristic of any party. It depends on the character of the individual and has no connexion with his political views. Whatever their politics may be, it is the interest of a Ministry in a popularly-governed country that the people should be contented; and contented the people will not be so long as they suffer under recognized and removable evils. The advance which has been made of late years consists, not merely in what each party has achieved for the benefit of the people in general, but also in the fact that a large class of evils once left unnoticed have been recognized, and a large class of evils once deemed inevitable have been removed or palliated, and the praise of this belongs to no political party alone.

In his Midland campaign Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL will accordingly find the ground prepared for him as it could not have been for a Conservative candidate in former times, or would be now to any one of the few survivors of the old type of Conservative. His personal qualities will also do him more good, and his defects less harm, in the constituency which he seeks to represent than would probably be the case anywhere else in the kingdom. There is no other constituency where energy, pluck, self-confidence (even when carried further than is to be commended), zeal for one's political creed and party, the love of a fight, the desire to excommunicate those who differ from one, a turn for strong language, and other such qualities are received with more favour than in this. Much of what to us may seem ungraceful and indiscreet in the language of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL will not appear exaggerated to those accustomed to the denunciations which have often fallen from the lips of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE and the ex-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. We differ as strongly as Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL from the political opinions of the PRIME MINISTER; but we prefer to express

our dissent in language a little less highly flavoured. Yet, if the cases were reversed, and a Conservative Government were responsible for the bloodshed in Egypt and for the apparent sanction, however inevitable it may be, given by the British Government to the slave-trade in the Soudan, we may be sure that language as strong, and stronger, would have been spoken on many platforms, and, among others, in that of the Town Hall in Birmingham, and this by those who have not the excuse of youth and inexperience which may be pleaded in defence of the member for Woodstock. At the time when the massacres in Bulgaria took place, for which the Conservative Government was not in any way, directly or indirectly, responsible, language was used towards it in all parts of the country, and by men who had a character to lose, which should keep them silent, if they are inclined just now to make political capital out of such indiscretions as those of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S, regrettable as they may be. But, as we said before, the constituents to whom Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL intends to appeal will hardly object to him on the ground of his strong language. On the contrary, they will probably like it, as people are in the habit of liking the things to which they have been long made accustomed. It is not in the constituency represented by Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that invectives against opponents will seem irrelevant and tasteless. Nor is it in the constituency which has witnessed and partaken in the success of the latter gentleman that an eager and persistent self-assertion will not seem the best and purest road to honour. The event, in any case, of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S candidature will be looked forward to with peculiar interest.

THE TRANSVAAL.

LORD DERBY'S negotiations with the Transvaal delegates seem to be at last concluded. From the beginning there was little doubt that the COLONIAL SECRETARY would concede the greater part of the demands which were preferred. Lord DERBY was not personally responsible for the sham Convention of Pretoria, and he may perhaps have taken a cynical pleasure in making the virtual admission that the document was originally framed for the purpose of disguising a discreditable surrender. The PRIME MINISTER at the time assured the House of Commons that the just claims of the Imperial Government and the rights of the native residents had been as fully secured as if the Boers had been defeated in the field. Having effected his immediate object of pacification, he probably ceased to interest himself in the efficiency or validity of the ostensible compromise. When the Government a year ago agreed to reopen the question, first through a Commissioner to be sent from England, and afterwards by the reception of a mission from the Transvaal, the Convention was practically superseded. The Government of Pretoria had succeeded not only in relaxing its obligations, but in establishing a precedent for repudiating any agreement which might be onerous. It may perhaps have been judicious to abstain from claiming the full performance of existing covenants; but it must not be forgotten that a just and permanent settlement might have been made four years ago if the English Commander-in-Chief had been allowed to retrieve the disasters of Lang's Neck and Majuba. The Transvaal Government, once finally relieved from the fear of military coercion, had something to gain and nothing to lose by subsequent negotiation. It is true that the Boers had to deal with a greatly superior Power, but under the condition that it would in no case resort to force.

The terms of the new arrangement have not yet been published; but it is understood that the only point on which the delegates have failed is the determination of the Western frontier of the Republic. The trade route between the Cape Colony and the interior will remain outside the territory of the Transvaal, in spite of the anxiety of the delegates to acquire control over a portion of the line. Measures have been taken for the prevention of outrage on the border; and it is possible that the lawless aggressions of the Boers on the lands of native chiefs may be discouraged or repressed. The remission of a part of the debt due to the Imperial Government may perhaps involve little pecuniary loss. The Republic is to call itself by any name which may be deemed advisable; and it will enjoy not only absolute independence, but the right of entering into diplomatic relations with foreign Powers. The suzerainty of the Crown is thus wholly abolished; and the change of relations will probably be recognized by the appointment of a Consul in place of the Resident at Pretoria. The duty of protecting the native population of the Transvaal has been practically renounced, and it may be admitted that no case of recent domestic oppression has been known to occur. In the determination of the frontier line provision was made for the independence of the two Bechuana chiefs who have remained loyal to their English connexion. In other respects the delegates have obtained all that they desired, having probably found that Lord DERBY was almost as anxious as themselves to sever the last ties between a nominally dependent community and the Crown. It may be hoped that one of the most discreditable episodes in recent history is now finally closed. The annexation was unwise; the surrender which followed the skirmish at Majuba was unworthy; and the acquiescence which will attend the results of the late negotiation will scarcely amount to complacency. The country has scarcely noticed the transaction, partly because the whole subject has become unpalatable, and also because public attention has been directed elsewhere.

The resumption of the protectorate over the Basutos has been simultaneously completed. As long as MASUPHA and one or two other chiefs of the Basutos stand aloof, the proceeding cannot be regarded with unqualified satisfaction; but on the whole the agreement, both with the Cape Colony and with the friendly natives, may be considered judicious. The Cape Government contributes 20,000*l.* a year to the expenses of the protectorate, in consideration of a release of its former liability. The occasion and the result of the quarrel between the Basutos and the Colonial Government are not uninstructive. The natives were contented to be dependent on the Cape till an unwise attempt was made to disarm them; and in the contest which followed they proved themselves strong enough to resist all attempts at reconquest. Until the date of the premature establishment of responsible government at the Cape, the Basutos had willingly submitted to the supremacy of the Crown. They have since their rupture with the Colony contended with good reason that their allegiance ought not to have been transferred to another ruler without their consent. The great majority of the chiefs recognize the advantage of a protectorate which may both maintain internal peace and prevent collisions with the neighbouring Republic. The Orange River State some years ago annexed a portion of Basutoland in retaliation for frontier outrages committed by turbulent chiefs. The forfeited lands were afterwards restored on the intercession of the English authorities, and a certain responsibility for preventing a recurrence of disturbances was consequently incurred. An English Resident has now been appointed; and it is believed that the expense of the protectorate will be covered by the proceeds of a moderate hut-tax, together with the contribution of the Cape. The Basutos appear to be more susceptible of civilization than any of the other South African tribes; and probably the Government has exercised a wise discretion in assisting them to guard against anarchy. It would be wrong to renounce the duty which has through various circumstances devolved on the Imperial Government of assuming a benevolent supervision of native interests. The mismanagement which has caused the establishment of two independent States in the neighbourhood of the English dominions is now irrevocable, but all branches of the Kaffir nation have learned to prefer English influence to the supremacy of any other European race.

The task of restoring or creating some kind of order in Zululand is at the same time difficult and urgent. The barbarous confusion which at present prevails is the consequence of English intervention and of subsequent official caprice. Before the Zulu war the country was subject to an oppressive military despotism, but the supreme power was strong enough to prevent internal feuds and to restrain all oppression but its own. The system of government under CETEWAYO, though it shocked the minds of sensitive neighbours, was preferable to the present condition of chronic civil war. The Boers on the North-Western border will not fail to promote the disorders which induce contending chiefs to invite their costly aid. Rival candidates for their support bid against one another by offers of lands which may perhaps not in all cases belong to the liberal donors. It is said that CETEWAYO orally bequeathed his sovereignty to an infant son; but probably the claims of a helpless child will be disregarded by his own kindred as well as by

open enemies. If the internecine contest is allowed to continue, some warlike chieftain will perhaps found a dynasty; or, if the competitors are approximately equal in strength and in fortune, a crowd of petty potentates may divide the country among them. The English Government cannot release itself from moral responsibility by declining to interfere. It might have let CETEWAYO alone; and, when he was once deposed, it ought to have forbidden his return. As the Colonial Minister of the time chose to effect an unwise restoration, the Government is bound to mitigate the consequences of the blunder.

At present it is probable that the contending chiefs would submit with little opposition to any reasonable arrangement. The Government is pledged to maintain USIBEPU in possession of the territory which he received from Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, and which he retained after the return of CETEWAYO because he was too strong to be easily removed. The same authority which assigned to the restored KING all the remainder of the country with the exception of the Reserve, may now regard the territory as escheated in consequence of his death. It will be possible to make a suitable provision for the heirs of CETEWAYO if they appear to have a tenable claim; and also to compensate the chiefs who were deprived of their lands for the benefit of the KING. It is perhaps too much to expect that the present Government should institute a protectorate and call it by its proper name; but there is little doubt that such a measure would both satisfy the natives and reduce to the lowest point the difficulty of preventing disturbances and wars. The division of the country into no less than thirteen petty principalities succeeded better than could have been expected, because the natives supposed that the appointed chiefs were really the delegates, as well as the nominees, of the English Government. Their kindred in Natal have for many years lived at peace, though they outnumber the white colonists in the proportion of twenty to one. Even if the scheme of a protectorate is abandoned in deference to popular prejudice, it is probably not too late to follow the advice of Sir HENRY BULWER by largely increasing the Reserve. There might still be a neutral zone interposed between the protected province and the territory of USIBEPU; and, as far as English authority extended, there would be no danger of encroachment on the part of the Boers, and internal war would be rendered impossible.

A JOURNALIST'S DAY.

THE world is full of young men who think they would like to be journalists. They would prefer, of course, to be some one's private secretary, because that is reckoned more respectable and even more easy than the pursuits of journalism. But the number of secretaryships is strictly limited, and the press seems to have a promise of good things. Youth anticipates a constant series of "first nights" at plays, of "private views" (a pleasure apt to pall), of jolly suppers, and amusing companionships. For all this hopeful youth will have nothing to do but to turn out a little "copy" now and then; and what can be easier? It is true that the young men who thus regard the profession of the ready-writer are ignorant of books, ignorant of life, often dull-witted. They have no special knowledge, still less half a dozen different sorts of special knowledge. They do not even possess the arts which it is the business of Oxford to teach, of appearing to know, and of turning out hasty generalizations with the rapidity of machines. If you ask one of these ambitious persons why he, more than another man, should be allowed to "mould the masses," and why people should pay him for saying things when he has nothing to say, he is without a reply. He admits that he has nothing to say, but is not impressed by the corollary plain enough that he will find no one to listen. Other fellows write, and why should not he?

Yes, and other fellows teach in schools, and plead causes, and farm, and go to the diamond mines, and manufacture, and break stones in the road, and why should not he? The neophyte replies that he "hates ushering," that he "hates "the Bar," that he "hates the country," and that he "does "not like going abroad." Very likely not; but he may just as well do so as attempt to make a living by his pen, when he has neither acquaintance with affairs, nor knowledge of literature, nor energy, nor impudence and push, and a brazen brow, nor even light-hearted sprightliness of style. In one or other department of the great trade which ranges from Quarterly Reviewing to scribbling in boys' papers and parish magazines, from scolding a political rival to interviewing a comic actress, from reviewing a novel to describing a battle, the qualities which we have mentioned are available. But our ideal aspirant has not even the right sort of bad qualities necessary for success in the least reputable directions. Why then should he persist in pestering people who know some one whose wife's cousin married an art-critic for an introduction to the press?

The reason, as we have already hinted, is that the journalist's life seems an easy one. He need never read; he need never observe; he has only to scribble any disjointed chat as he sits in slippers by the fireside. How very different the facts are, how necessary study and knowledge of men, women, and cities, how needful promptitude and enterprise are to journalists of various sorts, people who have reflected on the matter probably know. Persons who don't know, and who think the press a kind of light, gentlemanly occupation, may study Mr. SALA's description of a day of his life in the *Illustrated London News* of last week. Mr. SALA's is one of the three or four names of men connected with the press which are known outside a very small professional circle. Our English system of anonymity is so well preserved that the majority even of newspaper men have no more than a guess as to the writer of this or that article in a journal. But Mr. SALA has travelled so much, has seen so much, has written so much about so many subjects, and has such a way of becoming the friend of his readers, that, even in the depths of the country, people have heard of Mr. SALA. They know him as a *conteur*, as a "walking" (not very walking, after all, it appears) "encyclopædia" and embodied Notes in reply to all men's Queries. They know him as the successful wooer of the shy Echo of the week; they know him as a novelist, a critic, and in many other ways. Probably, in spite of his multitudinous occupations, the aspirant to journalism thinks that Mr. SALA has an easy time of it, that pearls and rubies of anecdote and criticism drop from his pen in a kind of automatic way while he takes his pastime or repose.

Mr. SALA, who need not fear that he "has been a bore in "thus dwelling on the details of the daily life of a busy "writer for the press," removes the ideal visions of the aspirant. He shows how he rises early, and late takes rest, and takes no exercise at all, and very little food. Yes, the journalist is the modern anchorite, who "should eat and "drink as little as he possibly can," who breakfasts on a bit of toast, and lunches he knows not how nor when. The ideal day of the would-be journalist is to rise about twelve, breakfast at one, go into the park, dawdle about a club, hear a lot of gossip, write somehow a few "notes," dine with a Cabinet Minister or at a fashionable restaurant, and so, after a brilliant supper, to bed about the time when the lark is rising. Mr. SALA's ideal day is different. He shuns delights, and even eggs and bacon at breakfast. He lives laborious days, and if he outwatches the Bear, his vigils are occupied with severe classical studies, now, alas! almost unknown to polite writers. "In the morning, punctually as the clock "strikes eight," the busy journalist is found mortifying the flesh with a morsel of toast and a cup of coffee, "breakfast-"ing in spectacles, and with a pair of scissors in his hand." The scissors are not, of course, a professional substitute for a fork, but imply the zeal of the journalist to be cutting out paragraphs and trifling with the paste-pot. Then, the morsel of toast despatched, this industrious student (who sincerely deserves the respectful sympathy of all) sits down to read the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily News*, the *Standard*, the *Post*, the *Advertiser*, the *New York Herald*, and *Figaro*. Besides this ocean of stuff which must be read, there comes "a desultory deluge of newspapers "and periodicals," containing marked paragraphs about yourself, your past, and your future. But the neophyte may be informed for his comfort that this particular deluge only sweeps into the rooms of persons as well known as Mr. SALA. Between eight and ten there is no harder work to do than reading the papers. Between ten and one is given to answering letters. These, again, the aspirant will only be troubled with when he is a recognised authority on Cookery, Cremation, the Conscience Clause, Folk Lore, Geography, Sport, Fiction, History, the Drama, Science, Diplomacy, Dancing, Gerrymandering, Swordsmanship, and Serendipity. Besides answering letters, the journalist is cutting out of newspapers paragraphs which may be made the topics of articles, is pasting them on slips of paper, and is adding his own view of how each matter should be treated. These slips are carried to an able editor, who makes his selections

among the subjects. At one you have luncheon, "like a "Christian" if it is not a very hard day, "more like a "maniok" (if we may quote the Claimant) if it *is* a very hard day. "You lunch off a chair by your side" (is not this meal rather heavy, and too like "bolting a door"?) and "forget, ten minutes afterwards, whether you have had any "lunch at all." *O dura ilia!* Yet is journalism thought a nice profession for people in feeble health. After lunch, if the day is not so very hard as to demand luncheon off a chair, you read "some solid book." There are, however, journalists who smoke a cigarette at this period of their labours. Then comes the tug of war. "From two to a "quarter to seven you are 'at it,' writing leading articles, "or stories, or essays." Perhaps most people find the hours between ten and one the best for composition; not so Mr. SALA. Just when the world is walking, riding, lounging, playing lawn-tennis, looking on at a cricket match, or enjoying the wild excitement of a garden party, the truly vigorous journalist pens his immortal, though fugitive, works. At five he unbends over a cup of tea and a slice of plum cake. At seven he dines. Then he is free till eleven P.M., when he comes home, and "devotes two solid silent hours" to study. Meanwhile bores, beggars, mad people, people with grievances, and (we may add) young gentlemen and ladies who wish to write for the press never cease to assail the writer. "These are only incidental items in your "daily burden. There is the calling, such as it is. It "does not lead to anything in particular" (except to a congested liver and a lunatic asylum), "and it is poorly re-"munerated." But at the bottom of PANDORA'S box remains this good thing; "it is certainly a most amusing trade," although, Mr. SALA says, "the journalist must work on "Sunday." Thus the newspaper man may cry, like DANGLE in the *Critic*, "it's plaguey, but it's pleasant too." The trade may be amusing when an amusing writer plies it; but in too many cases it is both dull and the cause of dulness in others. Such as it is, the trade which is ill paid, leads to nothing, and demands the life of a Benedictine monk is much coveted by people who do not bring to the business one single necessary quality. These people are the chief of all the bores who haunt the journalist.

THE WATER COMPANIES' CASE.

THE Water Companies' Bill promoted by the Corporation of London has had the unexpected result of making Mr. COOPE a supporter of the Ministerial plan for governing London. At least he is negatively a supporter of it. He does not so much care how it will affect London as how it will affect the Corporation. Provided that he can see the Water Companies avenged on this treacherous body, he will be content. Londoners may pay more rates and have less to show for them; but, so long as the Corporation suffers, Mr. COOPE will not care. Retributive justice is all that is now left him. If he can but see the measure which the Corporation propose to mete out to the Water Companies meted out to them in return, all else will be endurable. They have had the presumption to lay their unhallowed hands upon vested interests in the shape of back dividends and payments regulated, not by the value of the article, but by the wealth of the purchaser; and the one pleasure that Mr. COOPE can still enjoy is to recall in how short a time other and stronger hands will be laid upon interests with which the Corporation will be less willing to play fast and loose.

Besides being frankly revengeful, Mr. COOPE is also a little hasty. It has not yet been proved that the Water Companies are legally entitled to the large present and yet larger future incomes to which they so confidently lay claim. The increase in the dividends of the various Water Companies is something quite distinct from the ordinary growth of a trading concern. No doubt in a city like London the Water Companies would have derived a considerable increase even from this source. The inhabited area is constantly extending, and houses which consume a great quantity of water are constantly taking the place of houses which by comparison consume very little. On the system on which the Water Companies are allowed to base their charges, these causes alone would have accounted for a good deal of prosperity. But the process which has been most conspicuously at work is of another kind. The Water Companies were not only allowed to charge their customers in proportion to the value or the rent of their houses—that in itself might have roughly, but not inaccurately, expressed the actual quantities supplied. The hardship is that, when provision was made for revaluing London houses from time to time, Parliament omitted to provide that the increased value should not be taken into account by the Water Companies. Interference with the income derived from the periodical growth in the valuation of London is not the same thing as interference with the income derived from the original valuation. The latter is in the nature of a sum of money paid in accordance with an Act of Parliament for water supplied by the Companies. The former is merely an accidental result of an Act of Parliament passed for a different purpose. The Legislature chose a rate as the method by which the London Water Companies should levy their payments in the belief that it would prove generally convenient, and the only way in which payment by meter can now be substituted for payment by rate is by fixing the price per thousand gallons at the figure which will bring in as nearly as possible the amount brought in by the water-rate originally fixed. But it has never been proved that when Parliament passed the Metropolis Valuation Act it intended to swell the receipts of the Water Companies. It is much more probable that this was an unforeseen and undesired consequence, and that, if the attention of Parliament had been called to the point, care would have been taken to guard against it. Parliament can hardly be precluded from repealing the Metropolis Valuation Act, and introducing in its stead a kind of Perpetual Settlement. If it did so the claim of the Water Companies to a constantly increasing income from the increasing value of houses would disappear, and if this disappearance can be effected by the repeal of an Act, why should it not equally be effected by an amending of it? Whether payment by meter is a better or worse system than payment by rate, and whether the amounts at present suggested will be found sufficient when the Bill put forward by the Corporation is in Committee, are points upon which it is not now necessary to express or even to hold an opinion. It is not on these grounds that the Bill is opposed by the Water Companies. Their contention is that to deprive them of the income hereafter to accrue from the successive revaluations which house property in London will undergo is an act of robbery, and as yet there is nothing to show that this contention can possibly be maintained.

The payment of back dividends out of current profits, which is another of the rights to which the Bill proposes to set a limit, must be justified by the provisions of the special Acts by which each Company is governed. But in estimating the extent of the claim it ought not to be forgotten that the Companies do not come into court with clean hands. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT laid great stress on this fact the other day, and it does not appear that Mr. COOPE was prepared with any reply. The decision of the House of Lords in the DOBBS case makes it clear that the dividends of the Water Companies in past years have been swelled by payments which they had no right to exact. They have rated a large number of houses on their gross value when they ought to have rated them on their net value, and the difference between the two measures has had an appreciable influence on the dividends paid to the proprietors. If the Companies mean to stand by the letter of their rights in the matter of back payments they must not be surprised if Parliament shows equal determination in the matter of back repayments. If the Companies can appeal to statute law, their customers can point to a judgment of the highest court of the realm—a judgment which, oddly enough, Mr. COOPE seems to take credit to his clients for not disobeying. Nor is the method by which some of the Companies have kept down their rate of dividend in order to appear less rich than they really are a particularly straightforward one. Ordinarily speaking, if a prosperous Company chooses to give its shareholders new shares at par nobody has any right to complain. It may be an extravagant way in which to pay additional dividend, but that is the look-out of the shareholders. They are distributing their own money, and they can distribute it how they please. It is different when a Company is administering a quasi-public trust, and when its profits are consequently a matter of public concern. In this case it is impossible to be too open and straightforward, and it argues some want of these qualities when a Company alleges a low rate of dividend as a proof of poverty, and treats the issue of new shares at par as something too remote from the controversy to be worth mentioning. The mistake into which the Companies seem inclined to

fall is one which may in the end do them more injury than we should at all like to see inflicted on them. The air of injured innocence with which they come before the public is only calculated to provoke resentment. They have a case which up to a certain point is a perfectly just one, and their wisest course will be not to go a step beyond it. No title, it is true, can be better than a title by Act of Parliament; but as time goes on it is likely to be more and more difficult to convince the electorate that what Parliament was free to do it is not always free to undo. The holder of a perpetual pension has an excellent right to his property, but he will be wise to commute it if he has the opportunity, and not to be too solicitous about the terms. If the Water Companies wish to keep all that they have a clear claim to, their best course is not to stand out for everything that the most favourable reading of their pretensions might possibly assign them.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

IT is the happy fate of M. FERRY's Ministry to prove how easy it is to govern the French Republic after a fashion. To judge from the history of his administration the times have gone by when a strong administration, working by means of a sham Legislative Chamber, was the only alternative in France to a rapid succession of feeble Ministries. The Legislative Chamber is a very real part of the Government. It has its own way, whenever it knows, or thinks it knows, its mind. The majority of the deputies, made up out of continually varying combinations among the numerous parties, can reject the proposals of the Cabinet, and carry amendments against it. They can and do contradict themselves continually. After voting that the Government is in no way bound to find work and wages for the labouring classes, they still feel at liberty to name a Committee to reopen the whole question. When the Cabinet bring in a Bill to strengthen the hands of the authorities against the evil disposed persons who make seditious manifestations, the Chamber accepts the measure, and then amends it till it becomes no longer recognizable. But all this, and more of the same sort of thing, seems to produce no effect on the Ministry. Little more than a year ago Cabinets came and went every few weeks. The most short lived among them lost at least one of its members in the course of its brief existence. M. FERRY has seen his way to change all that. He brings forward a plan for confiscating a large part of the land of the Algerian Arabs, and sees it rejected with the greatest philosophy. The financial policy of his Cabinet is disapproved, and he is indifferent. A part of his majority leaves him in the lurch, and shows that it may do so again at any moment, but M. FERRY stays quietly where he is. It is sufficiently surprising that a politician who might be supposed to have a very strong position should be content to hold office on such terms, but nobody in France seems to think it at all wonderful. Bonapartists and Royalists sneer at M. FERRY, but they do as much for every Republican Minister. The Republicans of Radical parties are very much of the same mind as the reactionaries. Their Republic is to be something very unlike the actual Government. Another Revolution must be gone through before it is attained, and compared with that a change of Ministry is a very small affair. Meanwhile the majority of the Chamber is on the whole inclined to believe that it has got just the Cabinet it needs. M. FERRY will do nothing very dangerous, and obeys orders. His Ministry goes quietly along yielding to every pressure, and with that they are perfectly satisfied. He certainly cannot complain that the country makes the task of government too difficult; for it has agreed to forget that there are still two awkward little wars to bring to an end. If the colonial policy of France is to be judged by the tests applied in any other country, it is at present, and not for the first time, a masterpiece of frivolity. Madagascar is as if it never had been as far as France is concerned. It is never heard of except through the correspondents of English papers. In Tonquin the capture of Sontay has been the end of everything. Admiral COURBET's force is keeping quiet in its quarters, while France is waiting to see whether something may not turn up for its advantage in Egypt after all. Until that is settled the country is obviously disposed to let the magnificent scheme of a colonial empire in the Far East go to keep company with last year's snows.

The most recent example of the Chamber's practice of playing with its Cabinet has been the treatment of the Bill for preventing seditious demonstrations in the streets. It is perhaps entitled to say that the Ministry has invited the treatment it has received. The Bill is one of the various consequences of Prince JEROME NAPOLEON's little escapade at the beginning of last year. The Republicans were then so terribly frightened at being attacked with a cloud of handbills that they felt something must be done to make anything of the kind impossible in future. The Courts having decided that pasting a political placard on a wall was not an act of sedition, the Chambers resolved that it must be made one. It was not enough to imprison the Bonapartist Pretender and send the Orleanist Princes on their travels. Accordingly a Bill was prepared by which it was made a police offence to put up a handbill exciting to sedition. It was not easy to legislate on this subject at all. The French code already provides for the severe punishment of all who make demonstrations against the established Government, so that fresh legislation was to a large extent unnecessary, and even dangerous in so far as it was likely to confuse the existing law. The necessity of allowing full liberty to candidates for election had induced the Chambers of 1881 to give everybody the right of placarding his opinions if he pleased. That, however, did not mean that a Pretender, and possible chief of a revolution, was to be entitled to cover Paris with bills which might prove an incitement to disturbance. The task before the Ministry was to frame a measure which would make it possible to punish the purely seditious bill-sticker without interfering with the liberty of candidates. In a country troubled with parties in a state of permanent hostility to the form of government it was manifestly not easy to draw the line in an intelligible way. It would tax the ingenuity of subtler men than M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU, or even M. FERRY, to make a law by which judges and magistrates could decide at once whether the manifesto which would be innocent during an election was an offence against order six months later. The wisest course would have been to leave the difficulty alone, and rely on the ample powers of the French code to punish sedition. Offences such as Prince NAPOLEON's are really political, whatever they may be technically; and a Government is always entitled to punish a Pretender who tries to create disturbance if it thinks him sufficiently dangerous to deserve the honour. The Chambers, however, were not disposed to leave the matter alone, and the Ministry has accordingly brought in its Bill. M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU, who, as Minister of the Interior, had charge of the Bill, felt the difficulty of excusing its interference with the liberty of candidates so acutely, that he had recourse to a species of quibbling, excellently adapted to persuade the Chamber that the Ministry was not in earnest. The Bill, according to this ingenious gentleman, was not an interference with liberty, but, on the contrary, a safeguard. It secured to every citizen the cherished liberty of not seeing the Government, which he of course loves and respects, abused on the walls in the course of his daily walks. If under this law a placard can be pulled down, that is not because it is a placard, but because it may cause a crowd of idle people to collect and block the road. By these and similar arguments equally worthy of the ingenious thinkers attacked in the *Letters to a Provincial* M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU persuaded the Chamber to accept the Bill.

The Deputies were by no means loth to accept a measure which might prove such an excellent rod in pickle for the backs of Bonapartists or Royalists, but they proceeded to deal with it in their own way. They amended the clause making it a police offence to put up a seditious placard, and propose to hand cases of this kind over to the *cours d'assises*. The effect of this amendment will, of course, be to make the summary punishment of politicians who incite to sedition impossible, and give them a welcome chance of a great political trial. Under pretence of elucidating the law as to what is a seditious manifestation, the Deputies have provided for the confusion of the judges. They have made it an offence of one kind to cry "Vive le roi!" in the streets, and another to print the same words on a placard. As the Deputies have left the Bill, the over-zealous Bonapartist who tears a flag or breaks a shield can only be sent to six months' imprisonment; while if he smashes a lamp he may be condemned to two years under the provisions of the existing code. The discretion of the prefects, which has always been liable to abuse, will be wider than ever, and the

Republicans in their zeal for the freedom of the streets will have done not a little to strengthen an old and recognized evil. The Bill has still to be finally voted on and to be sent to the Senate. The Upper Chamber, which is gaining authority from the inconsequence and confusion of the Lower, may reduce it to some sort of coherence, and it is on that hope that M. FERRY probably relies to give him an excuse for allowing his work to be hacked to pieces with so much apparent placidity.

THE COMPANY OF AUTHORS.

WE recently referred to the probability that before long men of letters would enrol themselves in something like a Trade Union. Early in the present week that probability became a certainty. A small, but remarkably representative, meeting was assembled in the Adelphi on Monday, and the Society was regularly constituted. Its scope is wide. While Mr. BESANT and Mr. BLACKMORE represented fiction at the meeting, Mr. HENRY WHITE represented the English Church, and Cardinal MANNING Romanism; and various branches of literature, the drama, and fine art sent their delegates, the law being perhaps most conspicuous in the person of several eminent members of the Bar, including the chairman, Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK. In the speeches of the only two members of the provisional Committee who took part in the proceedings, the publisher was conspicuously absent; but Cardinal MANNING vigorously denounced the wickedness of the trade in America, and Mr. HERMAN MERIVALE followed with some very curious anecdotes concerning, amongst other points, the present state of dramatic copyright.

It is not, however, by speeches at an afternoon meeting that the views and objects of the new Society can be furthered. The unanimity of Monday made the proceedings almost monotonous. If the Company of Authors wishes for public support, it must issue its prospectus in the form of a pamphlet, and if those most interested on the other side have any reply to make, they need have no difficulty in putting it forward. The public good, which after all should be, and probably is, the chief object of the Company, will be best furthered by an open statement. Two subjects, from among the half-dozen mentioned in the prospectus, tower above the rest as of the highest importance. Some measure of international copyright must be sought for; and, to use the words of the prospectus, "the maintenance of friendly "relations between author and publisher" must be the object of the strongest efforts. It is impossible to believe either that the interests of the publisher and the author are divergent, or that a cordial intent between them might not be kept up; in fact, it is not difficult to see that the recent complaints were fomented by persons who had no true love for either party. If the Company of Authors can make its weight felt in this part of its proposed task, it will be by composing differences of little moment, and by furnishing skilled arbitrators in more difficult cases, but certainly not by attempting to widen the present gulf, or by employing the foolish tactics of a Trade-Union in other kinds of industrial employment; for most political and social economists are ready to lay it down as an invariable rule that no strike has ever prospered. Not less important is the question of international copyright. It touches the successful author as the question of the publisher touches the beginner. But when we ourselves recognize, and can get other nations to recognize, that a foreigner's copyright is his property as much as his watch or his portmanteau, one of the chief tasks undertaken by the Company will have been accomplished—a task which will entitle them to the gratitude of publishers as well as of authors, and one which will go far to help in the maintenance of the friendly relations aforesaid. On the whole, if the associated Authors go forward in their difficult course without increasing the evils they deplore, they will have not only the approbation, but the thanks of every honest man, be he author, publisher, or reader.

THE RECREATIONS OF A CORPS BURSCH.

A YOUNG man who possesses any marked ability for the line of life he has chosen has generally attained to considerable proficiency before he develops into a Bursch. He has mastered the punctilio of the duel and of beer drinking, two matters of high and elaborate ceremony, and would be able to deliver a challenge with propriety and to "divide sun and wind" both fairly and accurately at a beer tournament, though he is never permitted to do so. Besides this, he has learned to observe a certain method in his madness, to be courteous to his friends even in his drink, and never to be atrociously rude to any one who does not belong to a Burschenschaft. His life is therefore one of leisure. He must still attend the fencing-school regularly, of course; and, besides the amusements open to all the young, he may drop into a lecture-room if he feels inclined, and hear what the professor happens to be talking about. Still his time would hang heavily on his hands if it were not for his peculiar recreations.

Time, who is a friend to few of us, has dealt unkindly by the Corps Bursch; and the progress of civilization, instead of increasing his happiness, has robbed him of some of his favourite diversions. Before 1848 he had a larger scope, and he then thought that to drill an obnoxious Philistine was an agreeable way of spending the small hours of the morning. The whole corps would assemble before the house of the man from whom one of its members had received a real or a fancied slight, and treat him first of all to a "cats' concert"—that is, to the most discordant uproar their ingenuity was capable of inventing, and instruments carefully put out of tune beforehand of producing. This was continued long enough to allow the victim time to make a hurried toilette; then came the cry "Light, light," when he had to place a lamp or candle in the window, and afterwards "Light away," when it had to be immediately removed. These cries alternated at varying rates of speed until the young tormentors grew weary of the game, and if they were not obeyed the windows suffered for it. These things were of course only possible in the smaller University towns, where indeed the Corps Burschen chiefly loved to congregate, and which at a still earlier time the Landsmannschaften ruled with a rod of iron. In those days, when the municipal authorities offended the students, they would retire into the adjacent villages, and thus starve the townsmen into submission. Of course nothing of the kind could now be done, but some remnants of the ancient discipline still remain. If a tradesman has behaved improperly to a student, the seniors of the various corps meet, and, after examining into the matter, they issue an order forbidding any member of their societies to deal with the offender. This resolution is communicated to the heads of the Burschenschaften, who, if the complaint be serious, will probably adopt it, in which case it will be obeyed also by most of the students who do not belong to any society. If any one contravenes such an order he is put into a kind of Coventry—that is, none of his comrades are allowed either to drink or fight with him. At least it is not long since this system used to be employed with considerable effect. These, however, are rather the serious occupations than the amusements of the Corps Bursch.

The latter are manifold, but they differ greatly in different Universities. The Beer State had, we believe, its origin in Jena, at least it culminated there and exercised a greater influence over the whole social life of the students than in any other University with which we are acquainted. The smallness of the town, the beauty of its environs, and the character of the peasantry, all contributed to its rise and glory, which may perhaps already have passed into a decline and fall. Each student society has rooms in some neighbouring village, where it establishes a mimic court, which during term time is regularly held once a week. The character of the ruler and his officials is well expressed in the popular song from which we take the following lines:—

> Ganz Europa wundert sich nicht wenig,
> Welch' ein neues Reich entstanden ist.
> Wer am meisten trunken kann ist König,
> Bischof wer die meisten Mädchen küsst.

In fact, it is the court of the old Lord of Misrule. Whoever is introduced to it must go through various periods of probation, each of which, in the case of a refractory Fox, may last for weeks, or even months; whereas a welcome guest may in a single evening pass from the condition of a base outsider to that of a miserable squire, an honourable knight, and even higher honours. Everything is decided by the sovereign, his minister, and the bishop, who withdraw to consult on all important questions, and return in their robes of state to announce their decision. The corps students, who, though they publicly profess to take no interest in politics, are almost without an exception Conservative, never assume a title equal to that which the ruler of the state in which their University is situated bears, and so in the neighbourhood of Jena the king of the Beer State contents himself with the appellation of duke, and with a dozen minor titles which need not be reproduced. An account of one of the ceremonies will afford a pretty good general idea of all. When the honour of knighthood is conferred, the squire is summoned before the duke, who sits at the upper end of the table supported by his knights, and surrounded by the dignitaries of state in their official robes. Every one below the rank of a knight is ordered to retire from the room, and his grace then proceeds to catechize the aspirant as to difficult questions connected with the theory and practice of the beer law. His object is to extract from him some answer which may be construed into an expression of want of absolute devotion to the ducal court. If he succeeds in this the duke frowns, the bishop lifts his hands in abhorrence of the heresy, the dignitaries shake their heads, the knights turn up the whites of their eyes, and the unfortunate squire is not only commanded to return to his old place, but he is declared to be in beer Coventry, from which he can only extricate himself by imbibing a specified quantity of liquor within a given time. Nor is this the only danger the catechumen has to

dread. The knights, too, are jealous of their privileges, and if he makes an admission which seems to infringe upon these, he will be greeted by a dozen challenges to beer tournaments as soon as he takes his seat among them. When he has passed his State examination successfully he is handed over to the spiritual powers. The bishop takes his seat upon a barrel which has been placed on a convenient table, while the duke and the officers of his court stand around. The worthy ecclesiastic now in his turn questions the squire with respect to his private life and character, more especially his love affairs. It is of course an understood thing that no one is expected to tell the truth either to the duke or the bishop, and the fun of this part of the ceremony consists in the allusions to real circumstances made by the latter, and the skill with which they are parried. When the episcopal court is satisfied, the bishop speaks a few words of kindly admonition. He probably advises the aspirant to cultivate a greater catholicity of taste, to love the blonde without scorning the brown, and never to allow his attention to be so entirely absorbed by the beauty of the mistress as to be entirely unmindful of the charms of the maid. The squire is told to kneel, and asked what title he wishes to assume; he generally chooses one that contains a humorous reference to the lassitude that follows upon vinous exhilaration, and in a minute more, instead of a little water being sprinkled gently upon his head, a quantity of beer is poured over it. Thus dripping, he is made to crouch on all fours before the duke, who dubs him with an old sword.

Among the most important officials of the Beer State is the court poet, although he does not hold cabinet rank. He is the editor of the official beer gazette, and bound to keep secrecy as to the names of the contributors. The gazette, which is read publicly once a month, contains not only the proclamations of the duke and the pastoral letters of the bishop, but a number of parodies on ancient and modern authors; a large amount of news, either imaginary or real, as to the doings of the various members of the corps, and comments on the events of the period it covers. It is purely satirical; and, as it is understood that no one has a right to take offence at anything it contains, the seniors often use it to check the extravagances and bad manners of the younger members.

We have dwelt so long upon an institution which has after all only a local importance because it affords an insight into the whole life of the corps. Every one can see from the above that it may rise to an encounter of wits, or sink into brutal and drunken ruffianism. Sometimes a single term decides the character of a corps. A few of the older members leave, and about as many join it who come from associated societies in other Universities. They are distinguished drinkers and swordsmen, and they give the tone to the association they join. Where during the last term a parody on Homer, a happy quotation from Shakespeare, or an allusion to Goethe would exempt the originator from a beer penalty, such things are now voted Philistine, and every subject, except drinking, fencing, and other still less edifying matters, is decried as "shop." But such a condition of things is the exception rather than the rule, and a late debate in the Prussian Parliament showed how much may be said in favour of the Corps. Herr von Zitzewitz, for instance, pointed out that no less than five of the present Ministers had belonged to such a society in their youth, and that in the ranks of the Centre several clergymen were seated who were once renowned for their mastery of every accomplishment in which the heart of the Bursch takes delight. We should certainly imagine that the active members of a students' society are tolerably free from the sin of cramming, a practice that seems lately to have found its way into the Universities of Germany, and which the speakers of all parties agreed in denouncing; but in what way either his recreations or his more serious exercises can tend to promote the "earnestness and thoroughness" which were said to distinguish the Corps Bursch in his after life we are at a loss to understand.

Every *Verbindung* has its own special anniversaries which it celebrates with as much splendour as its means will permit. On such occasions numbers of the old members who have now become grave and in some cases even venerable citizens revisit the scenes of their former riot, and deputations from similar societies in other Universities attend to take part in the festivities, the chief of which is of course a grand commers. On one of the high days it is usual for the corps to parade the streets on horseback or in open carriages. Such processions are occasionally magnificent, and when fancy dresses and masks are worn by the active members, they are not unfrequently amusing, though most Englishmen are apt to think them a rather childish diversion. There is one procession, however, which never fails to make a strong impression on a stranger. When a student dies at the University during term time, all the rest request permission to pay him the last honours. First come the societies with their bands playing sacred music; the students who do not belong to any of them follow. The funeral takes place at night, the seniors march with drawn swords, and all the rest with torches which throw a strange, vivid, but uncertain light on young faces that wear an unwonted seriousness. Thus they pass through the principal streets of the town to the churchyard where the body has before been brought, and the clergyman is waiting. They form a large circle round the open grave, and stand silently while the service is performed, and a few fitting words are spoken, after which they return as they came, but only to the churchyard gate. As soon as that is passed, they once more arrange themselves into a circle, the torches are cast in a great pile in the centre, and when the flame leaps through the reddening smoke, the bands suddenly strike up a new tune, and hundreds of voices join in the old song:—

Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus,
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus.

OMNE MEMBRUM LIBERALE EST ANIMAL RATIONALE.

THE rather canine Latinity of the title of this article and the scholastic form of its conclusion need not frighten anybody. It is only a brief, but careful, analysis of every non-official speech delivered on the Government side during the late Egyptian debate, and will be found profitable for many things. The matter is derived strictly from the *Times'* report. The form is, wherever it is possible, and indeed generally, the words of the speakers themselves. The intention to vote is not always textually expressed in the speeches, but has been supplied from the division list; and, where the course of a member's exercise of his reason is too little apparent from his own words, it has been indicated according to the principles of logic and probability, usually in brackets. It has been a great temptation to include the utterances of members of Her Majesty's Government; but, as their speeches usually went to illustrate a different proposition, this seemed disorderly. No other speaker on the Government side has been omitted. It is to be remembered that the question for discussion was whether recent disasters in Egypt, including, when the debate actually began, the fall of Sinkat and the massacre of its garrison, were due in great part to the vacillation and inconsistency of Her Majesty's Government. Neither the original policy of occupation, nor that of future withdrawal, nor that of immediate and renewed military action, properly came within the limits of it, still less events preceding the occupation. The speeches of Her Majesty's Government, however, were almost entirely occupied with these things, and so were some of those of their supporters. These have been indicated briefly, but none has been left out.

Sir George Campbell had long warned the Government of the danger in which they were involving themselves. They had undoubtedly got into a deplorable hole. Half measures were utterly useless with Orientals. He doubted whether the Government reforms were welcome or suited to the Egyptians. Therefore he should vote for the Government.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson thought the Government had behaved to Egypt in a most unjust and high-handed manner. The English Government was responsible for the massacres in the Soudan. If what they had done had been done by their opponents, these opponents would have had to go out of office in a fortnight. The Government was in a horrid mess. Therefore he should move that the House declines to express an opinion on the policy of Her Majesty's Government.

Mr. Labouchere thought the Government had made mistakes. Liberals ought not to attempt to carry out an anti-Liberal policy. The Government had not acted in accordance with their own principles in Egypt. Therefore he should first vote that the House expresses no opinion on the conduct of the Government; and, secondly, that there had been no inconsistency in that conduct.

Mr. Villiers Stuart said nothing in particular and nothing at all about the question. He thought withdrawal would bristle with mischievous consequences, so he would vote with the Government [which is pledged to withdrawal].

Mr. Cartwright was not altogether satisfied with the action taken by Her Majesty's Government; therefore he should vote with them.

Mr. Forster thought that after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir things were in such a position that there was no power in Egypt except Her Majesty's Government. Her Majesty's Government did not quite realize that nothing was less likely to succeed than the attempt of a Western nation to govern an Oriental country by advice to Oriental administrators. The Government could not for a moment suppose that they could divest themselves of responsibility for the Soudan. Why did they not stop the attempts to reconquer it? The business of Sinkat was sad and humiliating. The Government could have relieved Sinkat. Therefore he would give the Government his hearty support.

Mr. John Morley thought the Government had weakened the authority of the Khedive by abandoning the Soudan. He disapproved their plan of turning Anglo-Indian administrators loose in Egypt. Her Majesty's Government were on the horns of a dilemma. The Prime Minister's analogies broke down. For all these reasons he was prepared to vote for the Government.

Dr. Lyons thought it absurd that a man like Cherif should be expected to act as a blind puppet at the dictation of those who occupied his country. Cherif was a man of great ability. Therefore he would vote for the Government [which turned Cherif out of office].

Mr. Macfarlane thought the Government might have been vacillating and inconsistent; but he intended to vote that they were not. The Government had not been alive to the actual position. Nothing would do them more harm than their continual

proclamations of intention to withdraw from the country. Therefore he should vote for them.

Mr. Arthur Arnold regretted that the Government were not better informed, and that the expedition of Hicks Pasha was not prohibited. He could not see a trace of vacillation in the fact of the Government enunciating a wise and excellent policy last August and not enforcing it till January.

Sir John Lubbock did not say anything in particular about the question.

Mr. Waddy thought the Government entirely inconsistent in proposing to relieve Tokkar; therefore he should vote that there had been no inconsistency in the conduct of the Government. If this country gave advice, it must insist on having it followed; therefore he should vote for the Government [because they had not insisted on their advice as to Hicks Pasha being followed?] The Government had no right to tender advice to the Egyptian Government till they asked for it; therefore he should vote for the Government [because they turned Cherif Pasha out of office for not taking their advice?]

Mr. Slagg thought the Government had committed a great mistake in making a promise about the speedy evacuation of the country. The promise was absolutely incapable of fulfilment. He should vote for the Government which made it.

Mr. Bryce thought that the Government looked on the Soudan as beyond the range of English action [therefore they had taken action about the Soudan?] and he should vote that they were not inconsistent; they had nothing whatever to do with Sinkat or Tokkar; therefore he should vote for the Government which was going to relieve Tokkar. The reason for relieving Tokkar was a feeling of humanity; therefore he should vote for those who had not had the humanity to relieve Sinkat. We ought to interfere in Armenia. Therefore he should vote for a Government which had not interfered in the Soudan.

Mr. McCoan (apparently) thought nearly everything the Government had done was wrong. He should vote for the Government.

Mr. Goschen did not pretend to deny that the policy of the Government would have to be very different from that which it had been in the past. The Government had discarded hesitation [that is to say, they had hitherto hesitated]. It had been impossible to ascertain where responsibility really rested. They ought to have stopped Hicks Pasha. They ought to have supported General Baker more effectually. They ought not to have expected him to say that his attempt was hopeless. They were so irresolute and vacillating that at Souakim itself they took four different steps before assuming complete control. Therefore he should vote that they were not irresolute or vacillating at all, and that the events of the Soudan were in no way due to their action or inaction.

Now if, as is surely justifiable, the reasons and motives of the three hundred and eleven members of the majority may be gathered from the fifteen or twenty unofficial persons in that majority who thought it worth the trouble to give the House of Commons an account of the faith that was in them, it is possible to analyse with great nicety and clearness the connexion of premiss and conclusion of the mind of the average Liberal member in the present Parliament. He seems to have voted that the Government had not been guilty of vacillation and inconsistency, and that the recent lamentable events in the Soudan were not due to their policy—

(1) Because he thought they had been vacillating and inconsistent up to last week.

(2) Because he thought they had begun to be vacillating and inconsistent last week.

(3) Because he thought their policy had in the past been wrong.

(4) Because he thought their policy at the present moment was wrong.

(5) Because he hoped that they would not be wrong in the future.

(6) Because he did not like the persons who were the mouthpieces of the proposition for which he spoke and against which he voted.

(7) Because as in the case of Mr. Villiers Stuart, Dr. Lyons, and Sir John Lubbock, he declined to look at the proposition at all, and amused himself by speaking on and voting for a quite different proposition.

But he seems scrupulously to have abstained from voting either—

(1) Because he thought the proposition unproved.

(2) Because he thought the Government defence to which he rarely alluded sufficient.

(3) Because he was satisfied with the general Egyptian policy of the Government, and thought the Kashgil-Teb-Sinkat disasters exceptions. Or, lastly—

(4) Because he had any logical reason at all for doing what he did.

Therefore we may conclude with a syllogism in strict form.

Omne animal cujus actiones sola ratione diriguntur est animal rationale.

Omne membrum liberale est animal cujus actiones (ut supra demonstratum est) sola ratione diriguntur.

Ergo omne membrum liberale est animal rationale.

Q. E. D.

CARROW PRIORY AND THE BOOK OF PHILIP SPAROW.

THE name of Carrow Priory, in the suburbs of the City of Norwich, already familiar to the students of our early poetical literature as the scene of the domestic tragedy which called forth Skelton's *Little Boke of Phyllyp Sparow*, has of late become more widely known from the results of the excavations liberally carried on by Mr. Colman on its site. These have revealed the whole ground-plan of the eastern portion of the nunnery buildings, as well as the form, dimensions, and general style of the church. Sincere thanks are due both to Mr. Colman for the munificence which has rendered their disinterment possible, and to those by whom the work has been carried out, for the care and skill which have directed the operations. Skelton's "Dirge," if hardly deserving Coleridge's eulogium as "an exquisite and original poem," will repay perusal better than most of the compositions of the irreverent Rector of Diss, the Poet-Laureate of Henry VII.:—"Laurigerum Britonum Skeltonida vatem," as he designates himself at the close of this elegy; "literarum Britannicarum decus et lumen," as he is styled by no less a person than Erasmus. Skelton, when not scurrilous, is often dull. His attempts in serious poetry are stigmatized by Hallam as "utterly contemptible," and in his satirical compositions, especially the pasquinade on Cardinal Wolsey, *Why come ye nat to Courte?* while we recognize the native vigour with which in "torrent like volubility," he pours forth his doggerel rhymes, teeming with pungent words often the coinage of his own brain, we are constantly offended by the grossness of his language, and the irreverence which deforms his style. *The Boke of Phyllyp Sparow*, though contained in Southey's excellent collection of "Early British Poets," is perhaps now little known. The recent discoveries at the home of the bird and his fair mistress have revived its interest, and we are glad to call the attention of our readers to what Hallam not unjustly terms the "comic and imaginative" production of this "strange writer." The germ of this "little boke" is to be found in Catullus's exquisite "Lugtus in morte Passeris," and Ovid's lamentation over the death of his Corinna's parrot. Some portions are direct, and by no means unsuccessful, imitations of the Latin poets. The eighteen delicious lines of Catullus, however, are expanded into more than fifteen hundred, and the playful plaintiveness of the earlier poet is buried beneath a vast incongruous mass of multifarious learning, bristling with proper names, in which the whole nomenclature of classical mythology and ancient history is put under contribution. The subject of the poem is the untimely fate of the pet sparrow of Mistress Jane or Johanna Scrope, a sixteenth-century Lesbia, an inmate of the nunnery, probably as a boarder for the purpose of education—

Passer delicias meæ puellæ
Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat—

which had met with the usual fate of such caged darlings in the talons of the nunnery cat "Gyb":—

Gyb, I say our cat
Worrowed her on that
Which I loved beste.
It cannot be expreste
My sorrowful hevyness
But al without redress.

"Gib," we may remark in passing, is an abbreviation for Gilbert, applied familiarly three centuries ago to male cats as "Tom" is now. We all remember Falstaff's "I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear," while "Gibbe, our cat," is a personage of some consequence in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. The lamentation continues:—

O cat of churlyshe kynde
The feend was in thy minde
Whan thou my byrd untwyned
I wolde thou haddest ben blynd.

. . . . . .

No man can be sure
Alway to have pleasure,
As wel perceive ye may
How my disport and playe
From me was taken away
By Gyb our cat sauage,
That in a furious rage
Caught Philip by the head
And slue him there starke dead.

The lines that follow afford an example of the unblushing audacity (the frankness of which shows that Skelton, a true child of the Renaissance, was not conscious of any irreverence at all) with which the poet tags his rhymes with the most sacred names, and diversifies his elegy with sentences from the Vulgate version of the Psalms, and from the most devotional portions of the services of the Church:—

Kyrie eleyson,
Chri-ste eleyson,
Kyrie eleyson;
For Philip Sparowes soule
Set us our bead roule,
Let us now whisper
A Paternoster
Lauda, anima mea, Dominum.

With a like irreverence, Skelton, after devoting this cat in particular, and the whole race of cats in general, to condign punishment in a humorous excommunication—

That vengeaunce I aske and cry
By way of exclamacion,
On al the whole nacion

Of cattes wilde and tame
God send them sorrow and shame;
That cat specially
That slew so cruelly
My litle prety sparow
That I brought up at Carow—

in a manner that recalls Ovid's summons to the feathered tribes to join in the funeral lamentations over Corinna's parrot proceeds to call on the birds of the air to take part in the burial service for the repose of Philip Sparrow's soul:—

Robyn red breste
He shal be the precste
The requiem mass to syng,
Lofty warbeling
With helpe of the red (reed) sparow
And the chattering swallow
This hearse for to halow.

The "popinjay" is to be the gospeller, and the "mavis" the epistoller; the cuckoos are to fulfil the duty of chanters, while

The peewyt, the lapwing
The versicles shall synge.

The ostrich, the eater of horse-shoes, which strong fare so spoils his voice that he cannot "synge tunably," is to act as bellman, while

Chaunteclere our cocke
Must tell what is a clocke.

The phœnix is to provide the incense for the funeral, while the eagle is to act as dean, and the goshawk as precentor

Shall have a roule
The queristers to controule;

and

The hobby and the musket
The sensers and crosse shall set,
The kestrel in all this warke
Shal be the holy water clarke.

This is "excellent fooling" and as innocent as the "Who killed Cock Robin?" of our own nurseries. We cannot, however, pardon Skelton when he thus goes on to parody the solemn ritual of the Roman Catholic burial service:—

God send my sparows soule good rest,
Requiem eternam dona eis, Domine
A porta inferi:
Credo videre bona Domini:
I pray God Philip to heuen may flie,
Domine, exaudi orationem meam:
To heuen he shal, from heuen he came:
Oremus.
Deus, cui proprium est misereri et parcere,
On Philip's soule haue pity.

An equally audacious trifling with things sacred characterizes the latter part of the poem entitled "The Commendacions," in which the author descants on the personal beauty and gracious qualities of Mistress Jane. Here each of the portions into which this panegyric is divided is concluded with a stanza including a verse from the 119th Psalm shamelessly twisted into an address to the object of his admiration:—

She florisheth old and newe
In beauty and vertue,
Hac claritate gemina:
O gloriosa femina,
Memor esto verbi tui servo tuo:
Servus tuus sum ego.

If we could forget these scandalous impieties, *The Boke of Phyllyp Sparow* certainly contains many charming passages which cannot fail to be read with pleasure. There is a pretty picture of Mistress Jane throwing down in desperate sorrow the "sampler" on which she had begun "wyth stiches of silke" to embroider the "image and facion" of her lost favourite:—

Whan I was sowing his beke,
Me thought my Sparow dyd speake
And open his prety bill,
Saying, Mad ye are in wil
Again me for to kil;
Ye pricke me in the head
With that thy nedle ware red,
Me thought of Philyps blonde
Mine here right upstode,
And was in such a fraye
My speche was taken awaye;
I kest downe that there was,
And sayd alas, alas,
How commeth this to pas?
My fingers dead and cold
Could not my sampler hold
My nedle and my threde
I threw away for drede.

We seem to see the little bird before us when she thus describes his playful ways:—

Lord, how he wold pry
After the butter fly,
Lord, how he wold hop
After the grossop.
And whan I said Phyp, Phyp,
Than wold he leape and skyp
And take me by the lip.
Alas it wil me sloe
That Philip is gone me fro!

These lines are a very fair imitation, in a lower key, of those of Catullus:—

Nam mellitus erat, suamque norat
Ipsam tam bene quam puella matrem:
Nec sese a gremio illius movebat,
Sed circumsiliens, modo huc, modo illuc,
Ad solam dominam usque pipilabat.
At vobis male sit, malæ tenebræ
Orci, quæ omnia bella devoratis:
Tam bellum passerem mihi abstulistis.

We turn in conclusion from Skelton's elegy to the scene of the disaster which evoked it—the home of Mistress Jane Scrope and Master Philip—the Priory of Carrow, lying just outside the old south gate of the city of Norwich. The locality takes its name in its original form—Car How—from being a "how," or rising ground (Danish "hoi," a hill), above the "cars," or marshy meadows which skirt the river Wensum. Here a hospital or nunnery, dedicated to St. Mary and St. John the Baptist, had been founded in very early times. The foundation was augmented by Stephen, who bestowed on the sisters of the hospital the tilled land belonging to the royal demesne adjacent to Norwich, "with soc and sac, tol and team," and all other liberties, including the enviable right to a common gallows on the hill near their windmill at Bear Street Gate, expressing his royal desire that they should build their church on the land he had granted them. In pursuance of this desire two of the sisters, with the somewhat odd names of Seyna and Lescelina, fortified by the royal charter, began in 1146 to erect a new church and monastery for a prioress and nine nuns of the Benedictine order. King John, in the first year of his reign, A.D. 1199, granted the nuns a four days' fair at Carrow, with the same privileges which the monks of the Cathedral enjoyed at the time of their fair. As this grant included the toll of all goods passing through the city at fair-time, it is not surprising that disputes arose between the city authorities and the Prioress, which, after dragging on for a long time, were eventually compromised in 1289, when Amabel of Ufford resigned her claim to the toll of wheat at the fair-time, on the city engaging that their bailiffs should give the Prioress half a comb of the best wheat annually at the same date. Previously to this compromise, A.D. 1229, Henry III. had confirmed Stephen's charter, with all its privileges. Soon after this, on February 19, 1245, the nunnery church was the scene of the consecration of two bishops by Fulk Bassett, Bishop of London, in the absence of Archbishop Boniface, who had been consecrated by the Pope at Lyons only a month before—namely, Walter of Suffield, to the see of Norwich, and William of Burgh, to that of Llandaff. The Priory of Carrow seems to have enjoyed something of an aristocratic character among religious houses, and to have become a favourite resort of ladies of noble houses. This dignity, however flattering, proved inconvenient. The applications from the nobles of the day, who were far too powerful for the nuns to resist, to receive members of their families into their establishment had burdened the house with a larger staff of sisters than the revenues were equal to. In their difficulty the Pope, Gregory IX., "a good, pious, and public-spirited man," according to Dean Hook, was appealed to. He, A.D. 1274, issued from Perugia an inhibition to the Prioress to receive either nun or sister to the detriment of the monastery ("in gravamen monasterii"). At a subsequent period this popularity proved a source of considerable advantage to the Priory, the nunnery having become the chief place of education for the daughters of the leading families of the diocese and the adjacent parts, of whom Mistress Jane Scrope was probably one. These young ladies, we are told, boarded with and were educated by the nuns; and the dispersion of the religious society caused a very serious educational loss, the old seminary being destroyed and none established to take its place. "The abuse of religious societies," writes Blomefield pithily, "though so great that a Reformation was absolutely necessary, yet could never justify the Dissolution which took away the real use of them." Fuller, the Church historian, in his quaint style, remarks of such monastic seminaries:—"They were good she-schools, wherein the Girls and Maids of the neighbourhood were taught to read and write; and sometimes a little Latine was taught them therein. Yea, give me leave to say, if such Feminine Foundations had still continued, provided no vow were obtruded upon them, haply the weaker Sex might be heightened to a higher Perfection than hitherto hath been attained."

From the history of the Priory we turn now to its buildings. With the exception of the last erected portion, the Prioress's House, which was converted by Sir John Shelton, the grantee, into a residence for himself, and has continued with very little alteration to our own day, and of the cloister walls, preserved for the purposes of the garden which then as now began to occupy the cloister garth, the whole of the buildings, including the church, shared the common fate of our conventual establishments. Whatever could be turned into money was sold. The timber, iron, lead, glass, rapidly disappeared. The best of the stone work was torn down for building purposes, while the core of the walls was left to serve as a common stone quarry until they were so buried beneath their own ruins that they disappeared from view, and even from memory. Thus, until Mr. Colman commenced his excavations the ground-plan of the building had been entirely lost. In the last century Blomefield found "no apparent ruins," and could only with difficulty determine the site of the church. It is due to Mr. Colman's ably conducted investigations that we are now enabled to determine the plan and arrangements, and, to a great degree, the architectural character, of the church, and of the principal conventual buildings. The church was cruciform, with a central tower and chapels attached to the eastern side of the transepts. It was of but moderate dimensions, its length being about 200 ft. and the breadth of its central alley 23 ft., about the size of Sherborne and Winborne.

The Transition Norman of the choir and transepts corresponded to the date of the foundation, the middle of Stephen's reign. The nave and its aisles, added at a later period, were of pure Early English. The base of one of the piers of the crossing, and that of one of the south nave arcade, remain in good preservation, and it is evident from them, as well as from the other portions of cut stone which have survived the devastation, especially in the south transept, that it was a church of much architectural dignity. A group of vaulting shafts at the south-west corner of the easternmost bay proves that a stone groined roof was at least intended, if not executed. From the foundations of the walls enclosing the nuns' choir we see that, as was usual in churches of the date, it extended from under the central tower one bay into the nave. The western part of the nave, beyond the choir-screen, was a parish church dedicated to St. James the Apostle.

Leaving the church by a doorway at the south-west angle of the south transept, we find ourselves in the slype leading from the cloisters to the nuns' cemetery beyond. At the south-east corner we see the starting of the newel staircase leading up to the Dormitory. Proceeding still southwards we reach the area of the Chapter House, measuring 38 ft. 4 in. by 23 ft., to the east of which lay the cemetery where stone coffins have been discovered containing female bones. Beyond the Chapter House we enter the remains of the Calefactory or Day Room, a long apartment of eight bays, running north and south, measuring 95 ft. by 23 ft. It was divided down the centre by a row of seven cylindrical columns of Early English character, of one of which a considerable portion remains erect. The traces of the groining are still visible in the west wall. At the northern end of this apartment access was given to the *garderobes* or *gongs*, the drains of which are plainly to be seen. One at the south-west corner is almost perfect. This range of buildings formed the eastern side of the cloister area. Of the refectory and other buildings on the south side there are no visible remains.

The Prioress's House, erected by Isabella Wygun in the early part of the sixteenth century, stands on the west side of the cloister garth, occupying the place of the Cellarer's offices. It is a beautiful example of its date, characteristic of the time when the superiors of religious houses, forgetful of the vow of holy poverty, had become great ladies—like Chaucer's Prioress—"estatlich of manere" and "digne of reverence," retiring from association with their nuns to a stately mansion of their own. It is a long narrow building, consisting of a hall in the centre with a large timber-framed oriel; the kitchen and other offices to the south, and to the north the Prioress's parlour, with her bed-chamber above, reached by a projecting oaken turret staircase. The parlour is richly panelled in dark oak, and exhibits on the chimneypiece and elsewhere the rebus of Isabella Wygun, the letter Y and a gun of clumsy make. The house was built about 1514. Shelton died in 1529. The date of his poem is uncertain, but the chronology allows us to believe that Jane Scrope with her sparrow may have been seen within its wainscoted walls, as a petted favourite of the Prioress. The house has been admirably cared for, and, in common with the Priory, may be deemed singularly fortunate both in its owner and in its occupier.

THE DOG'S STORY.

THE Zemindar, we have previously shown, can do many things without the law, with the aid of the law, and in defiance of the law. But there are many other things which he cannot do, which nobody expects him to do, and which he himself never thinks of doing. He nowhere prescribes to any tenant, large or small, the proper course of cultivation. He imposes no sort of restriction or law as to rotation of crops, use of manure, consumption of produce on the holding, or any other of the conditions so familiar in English leases and counterparts. He has nothing whatever to do with the site, erection, or repairs of houses and huts. Now and then he may levy an extra cess on the fortunate tenant or sub-proprietor who builds what is termed a *pucka* house in the village—*i.e.*, one of brick or stone. But this is merely one of his stretches of "privilege" as lord paramount. The ordinary house, composed of clay foundation, bamboo posts, neat wattles, and covering of reeds, grass, or thatch, is put up by the Ryot, is kept in repair by him, and is often removed bodily, if it cannot be sold, when the said Ryot changes his village, in a fit of despondency or superstition, or under the pressure of calamity, or in order to be near his friends or men of the same caste. The Zemindar is responsible for no fences; neither for the hedge round the orchard, nor the trench round the plot of sugar-cane, nor the slight earthen embankment that marks the division between one rice-plot and the other. Then the substantial tenant with a little capital and enterprise can cultivate the ordinary or the higher kinds of produce just as he pleases. He may keep on growing early and late rice *ad infinitum*, or fence a *pan* garden, or try his luck with sugar-cane, tobacco, jute, date-trees, groves of cocoa-nut, bamboos, plant one acre with potatoes, and cram another with mango, jack, and leechee trees till the plants kill each other from sheer want of space; and no Zemindar will contribute one rupee to this end. It is true that by the universal common law and custom of the country the latter may put a higher rate of rent on all the more valuable kinds of produce, and that the cultivator fences and manures, trenches and waters, with the full knowledge that he must pay five and six rupees per *beegah* for sugar-cane, whereas he would only pay two rupees if the same plot was sown in rice. Further, the substantial tenant, who may be known as *jotedar* or *gantidar* in Bengal, and as *khoodkhast* or *kadimi*, or *monrusi* tenant elsewhere, can sublet any portion of his land to a humbler kind of cultivator without asking the Zemindar's permission. A well-to-do tenant of this kind, possessing from ten acres to half a village, is quite strong enough to hold his own, in Bengal at least, with all but the most powerful and unscrupulous landlord. But the tenant's greatest reliance hitherto has always been on the legal process necessary to any enhancement of rent on any plea whatever. From the very earliest days of our administration no enhancement has ever taken place without resort to a legal tribunal. The "Judicial Rent," so startling in Ireland, has been familiar to everybody in Bengal since 1790. This and a dozen other arguments ought effectually to dispose of the idea of any terminable or periodical contract between the Ryot and the Zemindar. The status of the former was one of custom and not of contract, and some of the confusion and misunderstanding on this very vital point has arisen, as one of the members of the Rent Commission aptly pointed out, from a wrong translation of two very common Revenue terms, the *potta* and the *kabulyat*. These are often rendered as leases and counterparts. In reality they are nothing of the kind. The *potta* is a sort of title-deed given by the Zemindar to the Ryot, inducting him into his plot and recognizing his occupancy and existence. The *kabulyat* is the counterpart given in exchange by the Ryot to the paramount landlord. We have scrutinized scores and hundreds of these documents, and they nearly all run in the same sing-song strain. No term of years or period for the expiring of the lease or break is mentioned. There are certain dates on which the *kists* or instalments of rent must be paid. The Ryot binds himself not to cut trees. He is to claim no deductions for drought or inundation, for the death or absconding of his partners or his sub-tenants, if he creates any. The boundaries of his plot are usually defined and the area specified with more or less exactitude; and that is all. The plain truth is that from the time of Lord Cornwallis to that of Lord Lawrence, it was more the interest of the Zemindar to look out for Ryots than for Ryots to look out for land. Waste and jungle-land was in Eastern, Central, and Western Bengal especially, to be had in abundance for the asking. Evictions in the Irish or English sense for non-payment of rent were practically unknown. If a Ryot was stubborn or a bad character, if he consorted with Dacoits and other men of violence and gave offence to peaceful neighbours, if the Zemindar wished to show favour to some one else, or if Ahab became smitten with a desire for the paternal inheritance of Naboth—in each and all of these cases an eviction might take place. But the Ryot was turned out by intimidation or violence, and not under colour of legal claim. On the other hand the Zemindar often met with difficulties in the realization of his rents; especially when he was a new-comer or purchaser at public auction or by private sale. Whole villages leagued together and refused payment. The rent-roll and the Zemindary papers were imperfect, lost, or mislaid. The tenancies of particular Ryots could not be identified, and now and then villages were put down in the rent-roll which had been nearly swept away by one of the tributaries of the Ganges, or which had no more existence than so many acres in the sky. Again, a Ryot with a distinct existence and a defined tenancy refused improperly to pay his rent. After some discussion, about the beginning of this century a remedy was provided for this default. The Zemindar was allowed to attach the growing crops and chattels of the defaulter, with a reservation to the latter of his plough, his bullocks, and his seed for the next year; or the landlord might bring about what was called a summary suit for rent in the Revenue Courts. This sort of proceeding was not only in name but in reality fairly expeditious, and every Collector had covenanted assistants, or, after 1833, native deputies, who decided thousands of these claims in the year. In some parts of Bengal the Ryot preferred to be cast in one of these suits with costs, as it fixed his rent by legal sanction, gave him a formal quittance which was proof against denial, collusion, or trickery, and preserved him from any arbitrary and irregular rise. But evictions, as we understand this phrase, were till recently quite unknown in Bengal. When deeds specified no term of expiry, when half the alluvial soil of Central and Eastern Bengal was jungle or swamp, a preserve of deer and tigers or the haunt of coot and wild duck, when Zemindars wanted to derive benefit from an extension of cultivation in which the Ryot took a deal of the risk and the Government had renounced for itself all idea of profit, it may easily be conceived that there was no competition amongst tenants, and no desire to kick them out of their homesteads and gardens. As population increased the jungle was cut down, and the grass and bulrush gave way to the late and early rice. But no one called on his tenants to surrender their holdings on any specified date or to renew them by contract on different terms. There was all along a tacit understanding that no man could be called on to vacate or be evicted as long as he paid his rent and behaved with propriety. And when a Zemindar wanted a rise all round to meet the expenses of a lawsuit, a marriage, a new mansion, a new temple, or a new road, he was compelled to levy extra cesses or he might try what the Civil Court would do for him. Real leases of another kind were quite familiar to the Zemindar. When hard-up he would grant ten or twenty villages, or half a Pergunnah or Hundred, to Baboo Lakhi Narayan Sonar the great Calcutta merchant who had enriched himself by trade and speculation, or to Mr. Smith who wanted feudal influence to sow the lands of the factory of Nilabad

with indigo. But then he wrote out an *ijarah*, and not a *potta*; and this was a case where, if custom led to the contract, the contract was voluntary on both sides, and was made on stamped paper and with seal and lasted for a specified term of years.

In this way the separate and the joint interests of Zemindar and Ryot came to be practically treated and fairly understood by themselves, by the Revenue and Magisterial authorities, and by the Civil Courts in gradation, from the Munsif to the old Sudder Dewanni Adaulat. The Zemindar could grant titles to holdings, and measure the land of any Ryot who was supposed to hold ten acres and to pay for only five; could enhance the rents of a whole Pergannah by selecting a good fat Ryot as a typical civil case; enjoyed certain undoubted privileges as Lord of the Manor—not, as Scott might have put it, in vert and venison—but in fishing, timber, pasturage, and grass; and had, besides the right of collecting all rents and of assigning tenancies or of cultivating by his own hired servants, that peculiar prestige and position which in every age and country is inseparably connected with the landed interest. The Ryot, on the other hand, had everything to do with the cultivation. No one interfered with him or harassed him with minute conditions as to crops and fallows and manure. He was most properly supposed to understand his own interest, the suitabilities of the soil to various crops, the lay of the land, the course of streamlets created and fed by rain-water, the proper line of natural or surface drainage, and the vicissitudes of the seasons.

> Quæ robora cuique,
> Quis color, et quæ sit rebus natura ferendis.

To him Bengal owes its date-gardens and its sugar-cane and a vast internal trade in molasses; the tobacco and the jute since the Crimean War; and the grains which feed some sixty millions of inhabitants, and are transported by roads and rivers to the capital of the Lower Provinces to an amount estimated yearly at ten millions sterling.

Yet it must not be imagined that everything went on peacefully under this division of the landed interests just sketched. If agriculture was not only the greatest, but almost the only great Bengal industry, it was also the cause of much disturbance, litigation, and crime. Very often the limit between the Zemindar's patrimony and the Ryot's inheritance was hard to define. Time was required to adjust our elaborate machinery of interference, control, and supervision by trained officers and regular tribunals, to the old order of things. Districts were huge, officers few, roads did not exist. There was a weak and corrupt native police, and a native judiciary wanting in knowledge, impartiality, and integrity. Our police and magisterial records in Bengal have been often continuous narratives of broken heads, burnt villages, and looted bazaars, all owing to the violence of a Zemindar who coerced and ill-treated his Ryots, or to the obstinacy of Ryots who would no more admit a process-server into their village than the peasants of Connemara would tolerate the gauger and the attorney. This part of the subject would require, not an article but a volume. Still it may be said that, in theory if not in practice the various duties and rights of both parties were fairly ascertained and defined, partly by law and partly by judicial precedent. And so things went on till just before the Mutiny of 1857, with which, however, neither Zemindar nor Ryot had anything to do. It was then, as some say, that the Legislature of Lord Canning invented the occupancy right; or, as we think, that it merely stereotyped and defined a custom common over all Bengal Proper. However this may be, one characteristic of the occupancy tenant or tenant-proprietor has hardly met with full consideration in the inquiries of individuals, judicial courts, or special bodies. Even the extremely able Report of Sir Ashley Eden's Commission does not fully dispose of the subject. But it is a fact, patent to all who have studied Bengal tenancies in camp and court, who are versed in village life or in files of judicial proceedings, that the *jote* or holding was a distinct and tangible asset, which could be mortgaged, sold by private bargain, or put up to auction by the sheriff of a court. Very often it might be difficult to ascertain exactly what was sold, and there was a perpetual dispute in some districts whether a Ryot could sell his holding without obtaining the consent of his Zemindar. But the most indisputable proof that these holdings had a positive market value is to be found in the fact that many Zemindars of Bengal were in the habit of bidding for these tenancies themselves. Sometimes they bought them up when held by a troublesome, defiant, or insolvent Ryot within their own Zemindary. Quite as often they got a footing on the estate of a rival or a neighbour by buying his Ryots' tenures. Now and then, too, a Ryot, despairing of coming to terms or holding his own with the Zemindar No. 1, to whom he attorned, parted with his tenancy to Zemindar No. 2. Owing to a vicious system, complained of by magistrates, fostered and encouraged by the Civil Courts, and never seriously grappled with by the Legislature, it was perfectly easy for the encroaching Zemindar to keep in the background and take up the tenure in the name of a dependent or man of straw. A footing once gained, the strong man, in his new character of Ryot or cuckoo in the small bird's nest, was hard to eject. We can call to mind several instances in which an unscrupulous and energetic Bengali began by acquiring two or three holdings in this way, and then by threat, moral compulsion, lawsuit, or other means, ended by acquiring the superior rights, and being seised, as the English lawyer would say, of the whole Taluk or Zemindary. Ownership of the soil in Bengal is most seen in him who sits and builds on the land. In spite of theorists, this practical possession has been proof against the neglect of the Legislature and the oppression of the Zemindar. And the latter would never have gone out of his way to acquire Ryots' holdings unless there were something to be gained. All this may be very shocking to English notions, and lawyers and landlords with us may be puzzled to conceive how the tenants of A, without reference to their master, can transfer their holdings to B, or how Sir John could ever demean himself to obtain a secret entry in the name of a dependent, on the tenancy of Farmer Giles, who really paid rents to Squire Hazeldean. But very odd customs prevail in Lower Bengal. Tenant-right has long been recognized by the Legislature, and preserved from avoidance when the parent estate was sold. By the old Sale Law of 1840, when a Zemindary was put up to sale for non-payment of the Government revenue, and when the auction purchaser came in with a clean Parliamentary title, certain tenures were declared good against the new-comer. Ancient holdings, lands taken for mines or other legitimate enterprise, and brick houses, were all reserved intact. In short, the upshot of ninety years is that the Ryot, though often the victim of oppression or bad advice or his own folly, liable to mediæval cesses and "benevolences" as well as to protracted litigation for rent, exposed to the measuring rod of the surveyor, the trickery of the agent, and the club of the *lattial*, had yet a possession of value which he could call his own, and which, if fairly energetic, he could sublet, mortgage, or sell. Rival Zemindars fought for him like warriors over the corpse of Patroclus. He had been distinctly supported by the Legislature of 1793, 1840, and 1859. He had managed to outlive dynastic changes, Mohammedan tyranny, Mahratta raids. How the Government of Lord Ripon proposes further to secure his status and to redeem its own pledges, and how far it is just or unjust to the Zemindar, may be told hereafter.

COPYRIGHT IN AMERICA.

FOR the first time in many years there seems to be a probability of a speedy solution of the copyright question in America. We may almost say that for the first time the question has been taken up in the right way and in the proper spirit. We are bound to add also that there is now a combination of favourable circumstances which has never existed before. The solution which now seems probable is due in great measure to a little knot of the younger American authors resident in or near New York who met together about a year ago and quietly organized the American Copyright League. The League elected a strong Executive Committee, who prepared to speak and act in its name. It sent out circulars and grew to a membership of about three hundred and fifty, all authors or writers for magazines and reviews or journalists, in short, all "producers of copyright matter," as they themselves expressed it in one of their circulars. Strong in these adhesions the League addressed a letter to the Secretary of State, Mr. F. T. Frelinghuysen, setting forth what may be called the author's side of the case as distinguished from the publisher's side or the side of the book-manufacturer. For years it was the American book-manufacturer who prevented the negotiation of an international copyright treaty between Great Britain and the United States. Of late it has been due, in part at least, to the greed of the British book-manufacturer that a few of the disputed questions have not been covered by some sort of a treaty. Obviously the question of copyright is an author's question rather than a publisher's; and in the letter which the Executive Committee of the American Copyright League sent to the Secretary of State the consequences of this distinction are plainly put. After announcing to the Secretary the vote of the League "to urge the Department of State to complete an International Treaty with Great Britain, securing to the authors of each country the full recognition of property rights in both countries," the letter concluded with the following declaration of principles and desires:—

> The authors composing the League, as producers of material to which they think attaches the right of universal recognition as property, object to those clauses in the treaty as proposed in what is known as the Clarendon Convention, and as modified in the Harper Proposal, which put limitations as to time of publication and impose conditions as to manufacture that belong to regulations of trade and tariff, and not to authorship. Nevertheless, they recognize the necessity of some immediate relief from the present situation, which inflicts serious injury upon, and promises still more to impair, literary production in this country, and are willing to accept what can be obtained as a relief, while waiting for the establishment of simple international justice in regard to this sort of property. They believe that any treaty which shall secure to English and American authors mutual privileges will be a desirable step, and they, therefore, urge upon the Government the necessity of securing the best possible treaty attainable in a balance of the various conflicting interests and claims concerned.

Mr. Frelinghuysen returned a prompt and unexpectedly satisfactory answer to the letter of the League. He declared that the pending negotiation had not been interrupted, but that the views of the authors and of the publishers as laid before him were diverse, as might well be expected where interests were diverse. And the Secretary of State then went on to make the most sensible suggestion yet heard in the discussion:—

> The difficulty in the way of negotiating a formal copyright treaty with any foreign country is that the copyright laws of the two countries are usually so different that a detailed reciprocal code cannot be agreed on. Such a codified treaty necessarily puts the foreign author on a different footing from the home author, more privileged in some things it may be, and less so in others. And this difficulty is enhanced when we quote the lan-

guage of the Executive Committee's letter—such detailed stipulations "put limitations as to time of publication and impose conditions as to manufacture that belong to regulations of trade and tariff, and not to authorship." I am satisfied that a simpler solution of the question could be effected by some means which will give in each country to the foreign author the same right as a native author enjoys. The domestic copyright law does not attempt to legislate upon the relations between an author and his publisher, and it is not easy to see why an international compact should not legislate upon a point which in each country is left to the course of trade. I think the foreigner owning a copyright should have here the same privilege as our own citizens, provided our citizens have in the foreigner's country the same rights as the natives thereof; and thereupon I would leave to the mutual convenience of the holder of the copyright and the publisher the adjustment of their contract, and leave to the tariff the task of protecting the paper-makers, type-founders, printers, and other artisans who join in producing the book as a marketable article. This might be attained by a simple amendment to our present copyright law, admitting foreigners to the privilege of copyright when the privilege is made reciprocal by treaty of law.

By great good fortune it happened that there had already been introduced into Congress by Mr. William Dorsheimer, a representative from New York City, and formerly the Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York, a Bill substantially identical with the suggestion of Mr. Frelinghuysen. Some of the sections of Mr. Dorsheimer's Bill were modified at the request of the League, and the Bill, as it was finally referred to the Judiciary Committee of the House, provides that any citizen of any foreign country may obtain copyright in the United States by complying with the conditions of the American copyright law as imposed on citizens of the United States. That is to say, it puts a foreigner exactly on the same footing as a citizen; he may take out a copyright for a term of twenty-eight years, and he or his heirs may thereafter obtain a renewal for another term of fourteen years, making forty-two years in all; he may have the exclusive right to translate his own works; and, if a novelist, he may have the exclusive right to dramatize and adapt to the stage his own story; for, in this particular at least, the laws of the United States are now more generous and more just than the laws of Great Britain. But these privileges are to be granted to the citizens of a foreign country only after that country "shall by its laws grant to citizens of the United States property and rights similar and equal to those hereby granted to citizens of foreign countries, and after the due proclamation of this fact by the President of the United States."

Many of the members of the Copyright League preferred that American copyright should be granted to all foreigners without distinction of nationality and without waiting for any reciprocity, as is the case in France to-day, where the protection of the copyright laws is granted to all authors *soit nationaux, soit étrangers*, who comply with certain conditions. This was the course recommended in England by the Copyright Commission of 1878. And a very able and eloquent plea in behalf of this liberal legislation was written by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, and circulated by the American Copyright League. But the proposed legislation is certainly as liberal as any one could wish. The passage of the Dorsheimer Bill by the American Congress should be at once followed by the passage of a similar Bill by the British Parliament; thus an international copyright would be obtained at once without any of the delays and dangers of diplomatic negotiation. And that the Dorsheimer Bill will pass the American Congress seems highly probable. It is certain to be pushed by competent and persistent advocates, and it is not easy to see just now by whom it is likely to be opposed. The careful way in which it guards only the author's rights, leaving all questions of Protection and Free-trade to be settled by the tariff, will, it is to be hoped, stifle the fractious opposition of the bigoted Protectionists of Philadelphia, who have hitherto persistently fought against any project which seemed in any possible way likely to allow the British publisher any control of the American market.

As we have said before, there is just now a combination of circumstances in America favourable to the passage of the Dorsheimer Bill. The present condition of the American book-market is not exactly understood in England; even Mr. Scrutton, in his recent philosophical investigation of copyright, accepts as now existing a state of affairs which ceased to exist nearly eight years ago. Mr. Scrutton describes accurately enough the original unlimited competition, followed in time, and as the evils of a state of war were felt, by a social compact among the leading American publishers. By the "courtesy of the trade" a house first publishing any foreign work was secure in the sole possession of this work, and in the right to arrange for future works by the same author. As the chief American publishers—the Scribners, the Appletons, and the Holts—have always paid the foreign author, and as most publishers were ready to pay when they had undisputed control of the book, and as all of them desired priority of publication, and to this end offered large prices for the "advance sheets" of important English books, there came to be a sort of extra-legal International Copyright, by means of which the British author began to get an increasing reward for his labour. One thousand pounds was paid for the advance sheets of Livingstone's *Last Journals*, for instance; and Mr. Putnam, whose house has always been foremost in urging an adequate treaty, declares that the price steadily rose between 1871 and 1876. Then there appeared in this paradise a new serpent, who disregarded the "courtesy of the trade," and who began to multiply after his kind in the most alarming fashion. The "New Pirate," as he has been picturesquely termed, first appeared in Chicago, where he published the "Lakeside Library," a meanlooking, double-columned, quarto pamphlet edition of a British book, which he vended for fivepence—about a fifth of the price charged for the same book by the "Old Pirate," who was protected by the "courtesy of the trade," and who was wont to pay for "advance sheets," and to remit an "honorarium." The "New Pirate" in Chicago soon had rivals in New York, where was started a similar "Seaside Library," which now appears regularly three times a week, and already contains nearly two thousand works, mostly fiction, by the leading English, French, and German authors. To compete with the "Seaside" the Harpers started the "Franklin Square Library," and dozens of other series were born and died an early death. In time, the result of the "New Pirate's" work was to force all the established American publishers to give up almost wholly the publishing of English fiction or of such lighter English books of travel, or adventure, or biography as the "New Pirate" might probably capture with profit to himself. In short, American publishers were compelled to rely almost altogether on American authors. And American authors of fiction and light literature were made to feel the effects of the competition very keenly. When an American novel (neatly bound and well printed, it is true) cost four shillings or six, and an English novel (in an evil pamphlet) cost fivepence or sevenpence-halfpenny, the general reader was only too often tempted to take the foreign book. So it happens that the American authors are all in favour of giving copyright protection to the foreigner. And the leading publishers, deprived of the "courtesy of the trade" and disgusted at the behaviour of the "New Pirate," are also in favour of anything that will put a stop to his depredations. And even the "New Pirate" himself is in a bad way. For in an evil hour one of the "New Pirates" tried the experiment of a neat 12mo series in place of the ungainly 4to of the "Seaside"; he met with immediate success. The public preferred the neat 12mo to the ungainly 4to, and the "New Pirate" began to turn out an unlimited supply of foreign fiction in neat 12mos at tenpence a copy. Now the neat 12mo is rapidly driving the ungainly 4to out of the market. But there is very little profit in the neat 12mo at tenpence, and there are not a few "New Pirates" fighting for this little profit. And besides the "New Pirate" must soon look forward to the exhaustion of his stock of books possible to reprint. He has nearly reprinted two thousand, and there are a very few hundreds more to be had; fiction he has well-nigh exhausted already; and there are limits to the amount of history and biography which his customers care to consume. Altogether the "New Pirate's" lot is not a happy one; and there are intimations that he too would not be altogether dissatisfied with copyright legislation which would rid him of future competition and leave him free to make his own bargain with the foreign author, to whom he could then afford to offer substantial remuneration.

PERIL AT THE HAYMARKET.

THE revival of *Peril*, the work of Mr. "S. Rowe" and Mr. B. C. Stephenson, shows a great lack of enterprise at the Haymarket Theatre. After the error of judgment shown in the acceptance of Mr. Pinero's *Lords and Commons*, the managers of this house might have been excusably shy for a time about seeking out new paths; but, if the production of an old piece were necessary, a better than *Peril* might surely have been found. The original, M. Sardou's *Nos Intimes*, is in many respects an admirable play. The wit is fresh, the satire keen, the characterization effective. An attempt to make a molehill appear as a mountain is made in the last act, where the audience is half beguiled into the idea that Caussade, the long-suffering husband and elderly hero, designs to execute vengeance on his wife's lover, Maurice, whereas in truth it is only a fox that preys on his poultry (the English adapters have introduced a hare that destroys flower-beds, and herein have done well) that he seeks to destroy; and thus the piece ends lamely in the French. But, with curious perversity, the whole point of *Nos Intimes* is dulled and blunted in the process of adaptation. At the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where *Peril* was first given in 1876, it seems to have been supposed that the only acceptable *dramatis personæ* were gentlemen and gentlewomen. By introducing these, splendid apartments and handsome decorations were to a great extent secured, and a deferential regard for upholstery was allowed to destroy M. Sardou's fine work. That Caussade should have submitted his comfort and independence to his selfish and ill-disposed associates, above whose heads he had risen, was not unnatural; but the class of person employed by M. Sardou would by no means suit the exigencies of the adapters, and by turning Caussade into Sir George Ormond, Bart., by making his guests into such persons as the successful lawyer, Crossley Beck, and the retired Indian civil servant, Sir Woodbine Grafton, the significance of the story is ruined. *Peril* is full of cumulative absurdities, of things that could not be. Sir George Ormond would surely never have invited such creatures as the Becks and Grafton to his house; had they been invited they would never have behaved in the preposterous way here shown; they would never have dared to hint to him their suspicions of Lady Ormond's *liaison* with Bradford; he, implicitly trusting his wife as he did, would never have entered into the plot of the pretended call to town and unexpected return. What Caussade might reasonably do could not be done by Sir George Ormond; what is not unnatural in France may be, and often is, ludicrously out of the question in England.

Peril is well acted, extraordinarily well if it be remembered against how much the players have to contend in being called upon to represent well-nigh impossible persons. Mrs. Bernard Beere (attired in the first act in a singularly awkward and ugly dress) performs the part of the heroine, Lady Ormond, with considerable strength when strength is most needed—that is to say, in the third act where her lover, Bradford, who has been smoking on the balcony outside the window of her room, enters and unexpectedly finds himself in her presence. The Bradford is Mr. H. B. Conway, who has rarely acted with more force than in this trying scene. The *abandon* on the part of actor and actress is strangely real. The ardour and energy of Bradford's pleading, the terror of the woman as she finds herself on the brink of, almost slipping over, the precipice, but struggles desperately to save herself, are startling in their intensity. The scene has been rehearsed with so much care that in the hands of these skilful players no sign of care is perceptible. Throughout the earlier acts Mrs. Bernard Beere gave somewhat too sombre a tone to Lady Ormond, and in the fourth act, where the performers are left to do the best they can to hide the poverty of the play, Lady Ormond does nothing in particular to help matters forward; but perhaps nothing is to be done. Mr. Bancroft, the only original member of the cast included in the revival, has surrendered the character of Ormond to Mr. Forbes-Robertson, and appears as Dr. Thornton, whose mission it is to set everything right. Thornton is decidedly an interesting personage. He reasons with Bradford in kindly style, and steps in to put a new complexion on affairs, when after Ormond's sudden return they look most difficult, with ease and adroitness. More could not be made of the part than is made by Mr. Bancroft. Mr. Forbes-Robertson makes much of Sir George Ormond, though his manner and bearing are rather too young for the neatly-trimmed grey whiskers and moustache. There is truth in the emotion with which he awakens to the meaning conveyed by his friends' insendoes. As it is inconceivable that Ormond would have laid the trap here devised, it is, perhaps, unnecessary to consider whether he would so plainly have shown that something was very wrong as he bade his wife good-bye before leaving on the pretence of catching the train for London. He, too, works hard with small results in the fourth act. Here is one more proof of the danger of keeping a secret from the audience. Spectators wonder why Ormond did not close his eyes, as he says, on the night of his departure and return, why he seems cold to his wife and constrained to his friend. He certainly appears to have an inkling, not quite of the truth, but of what might reasonably be feared; yet it is nothing but the marauding hare which he shoots and brings in—with stiff forelegs and rigid neck, quite unlike a hare just shot. The audience feel that a trick has been played upon them in all the pretence of disturbance and uneasiness, and on the first night of the revival there was a disposition to resent the feeble issue of what had been made to look a serious matter. Mr. Forbes-Robertson stretched all this scene to extremes that were not permissible. Mr. Brookfield, whose rise has most deservedly been very rapid, has contents himself with a diverting study of his predecessor in the part of Crossley Beck, Mr. H. Kemble. The imitation is very funny indeed to those who recollect the Prince of Wales's cast; but whether Mr. Brookfield, whose freshness of fancy is so remarkable, does well in treating the part thus is open to argument. Mr. Bishop's Grafton is—putting aside the fact that such a man would not be tolerated out of his own house—clever and amusing. Three acts take place in what was lately known at the Haymarket as Caryl Court, and an odd expedition is then made to the Princess Fedora's French apartments; in other words, old scenery is utilized.

Mrs. Bancroft opens the evening's performance in Mr. Burnand's adaptation of *Lolotte*, called *A Lesson*. Her vivacious humour and keen sense of fun are admirably displayed in the part of Kate Reeve, the actress employed to coach a very dull amateur, Lady Duncan, for some theatricals; but the end of the little play, which was formerly made very effective after Kate Reeve had found that her husband was flirting with her pupil, is now completely spoilt by the alteration to a farcical ending. The actress now treats her husband much after the fashion of the wife in MM. Meilhac and Halévy's *Madame attend Monsieur*. Kate Reeve even slaps the hand extended in farewell by Lady Duncan. The tone of the little piece is greatly lowered. Mr. Brookfield, it should be observed, resumes the well-considered representation of Sir John Duncan, the stolid Scotchman.

THE FRENCH ENCYCLICAL.

LEO XIII. has just addressed an Encyclical to the French Bishops, which breathes on the whole the spirit of dignified calmness and moderation generally distinguishing the public utterances of the present pontificate. There are however some points which call for remark, and *inter alia* two historical references introduced into the earlier portion of it appear, to say the least, to be oddly chosen for their purpose. The wording, as in former utterances of Leo XIII., is clearer and less stilted and pedantic than has formerly been usual in official documents emanating from the Vatican. But if we may trust the translation of the *Tablet*—and it ought to be authentic—there is a very curious phrase near the beginning which recalls the startling exordium of the pastoral of a French bishop of the Second Empire some five-and-twenty years ago, "God, my beloved brethren, *with the assistance of France*, is writing a magnificent page in the history of the world." After referring to the conversion of Clovis, and the Catholic devotion which gained for France the proud title of "eldest daughter of the Church," the Encyclical proceeds, according to the extract given in the *Times*, "Your ancestors were visibly seconded by Providence in the defence of Christendom, the propagation of the Faith, and the conquest and protection of the Holy Places, so that their achievements could be summed up in the famous phrase, *Gesta Dei per Francos*." But in the *Tablet* version the sentence begins, "From that time often have your ancestors been *the helpers of Providence itself* in the performance of great and salutary works," &c. On the next passage, however, with the historical allusions there is no substantial diversity of reading; "Our predecessors accordingly awarded great praise to your country; *witness the letters of Pope Innocent III. to the Archbishop of Rheims*, and of Gregory IX. to St. Louis." And then follow short and highly laudatory extracts from both these letters which, for aught we know—for we have not the documents before us—may be accurate enough. But still, considering the circumstances under which the letters were written, and the relations existing at the time between France and the Holy See, the selection is certainly a remarkable one. The occasion of Innocent's correspondence with the Archbishop of Rheims was on this wise. Philip Augustus of France had divorced his wife Ingelburga, immediately after marrying her, in order to substitute Agnes of Meran, for whom he had conceived a violent passion, in her place. Almost the first act of Innocent after his accession—and we are far from saying that he was not justified in it—was to write to the Bishop of Paris, deploring and denouncing this heinous crime, and threatening stronger measures if the King remained contumacious. Two former kings of France had been excommunicated on similar grounds. But Innocent went further, and, as Philip did not yield, placed France under an interdict, which was a very serious matter in that age. Some of the French bishops, including the Archbishop of Rheims—who had been induced by Philip on an absurdly frivolous pretext to pronounce the divorce of Ingelburga, for which his Majesty afterwards called him a "fool"—delayed their obedience to the sentence. Hence the Papal correspondence with the Archbishop and his subsequent appearance at Rome to sue for absolution at the feet of the pontiff. It is quite true that the best side of Innocent's policy came out in this transaction, where he was engaged in defending the interests of Christian morality, but it is an odd illustration to pick out of the history of some thousand years of the cordial relations between the Papacy and "the eldest daughter of the Church." Moreover the interference of Innocent, however justifiable, was not in the end successful. To quote Milman's words, "Philip is forced to seem, yet only seem to submit. The miseries of his unhappy wife are but aggravated by the Papal protection. The death of Agnes of Meran, rather than Innocent's authority, heals the strife. The sons of the proscribed concubine succeed to the throne of France."

The second historical example cited in the Encyclical is a still more infelicitous one. No doubt St. Louis was the glory of France and of the mediæval Church, and in our own day the very mention of his name extorted "almost involuntary expressions of admiration" from so staunch a Protestant as the late Dr. Arnold. But that is precisely the reason why we should not have expected a Pope, of all persons, to be forward to recall his dealings with Gregory IX. The case is this. Gregory had excommunicated and deposed the German Emperor, Frederick II., and found his sentence repudiated as unjust by the public sentiment of Europe. He then bethought him of appealing to the aid of the devout and chivalrous Louis, and accordingly sent a special embassy to the French Court to announce that "after mature deliberation with our brethren the Cardinals we have deposed from the imperial throne the reigning Emperor Frederick, and have chosen Robert, brother of the King of France, in his place," and Louis was then exhorted at once to accept the dignity for his brother and help to seat him on the forfeit throne of Frederick. But the Pope had mistaken his man. Louis was indeed an ardent and devout Catholic, and a fearless soldier of the Cross, but he was also a man of the highest principle, with an inflexible sense of right, who never forgot that the claims of national justice must take precedence—if they seem to clash—of the most sacred ecclesiastical obligations. His reply was more than a refusal of the proffered bribe; it conveyed a stern and not undeserved rebuke; "Whence this pride and audacity of the Pope, presuming to disinherit and depose a King who has no superior or equal among Christians; a King neither convicted by others nor by his own confession of the crimes laid to his charge? Even if those crimes were proved, no power could depose him but a General Council. The judgment of his enemies is of no weight, and *his deadliest enemy is the Pope*." After speaking of what Frederick had done for Christendom in the crusades, the King adds; "So much religion *we have not found in the Pope*, who endeavoured to confound and wickedly supplant him in his absence while he was engaged in the cause of God." Louis also sent ambassadors to Frederick to tell him what had occurred, who were instructed to say "God forbid that we should wage war on any Christian without just cause. To be the brother of the King of France is sufficient honour for the noble Robert." When Gregory's successor, Innocent IV., came to France five years afterwards, he met with a very cool reception both from the King and the country at large. The *Gesta Dei per Francos* in the reign of Louis IX. were not in short altogether to the credit or honour of the Papacy. But when

Leo XIII., passing at a bound from the thirteenth century to the eighteenth, glances at "the venom of pernicious opinions which infected alike faith and morals," through the teaching of "the sophists and philosophers" who heralded the first French Revolution, and the complete rupture with the Church and Christianity which followed, and adds that this evil work "has been revived and prosecuted by the sectaries of the present time," he will probably find many both in France and out of it to agree with him. Nor is it unnatural that, after recalling his recent letters to the Irish, Italian, and Spanish Bishops, he should express a similar desire to exhort those of France to redouble their influence "in presence of schisms which notoriously threaten religion, but are equally dangerous to the State." He remarks that "the exclusion of God from the Constitution" is a monstrous thing, fraught with consequences perilous as well in their social and political as in their religious aspect, as has often been evinced in history, and notably in the history of France. The following passage about the Concordat of 1801, in which he expressly observes that his predecessor Pius VII. carried indulgence to the wishes of the First Consul to the utmost limit duty would permit, is significant, both in tone and substance, when we recollect how enormous a sacrifice of ancient privileges and endowments the Concordat ratified and enforced. It is rather a summary than a textual criticism, but a very accurate one:—

As to the Concordat, the Pope says that from it have been derived great advantages—advantages the more appreciable because religious interests were previously more compromised in France. The dignity of religion was again publicly honoured, and Christian institutions acquired fresh life. France gained precious advantages from it. Her Government saw that, wishing to place public peace on a solid foundation, after an era of agitation, the Catholic religion would be their most powerful coadjutor. The conclusion of the Concordat was, therefore, an act of high policy. Identical motives speak for the maintenance of peace, at present, between the Church and the State. At a time when general ardour urges mankind towards new things, when everybody is in unquiet expectation of an unknown future, it would be the highest imprudence to try to promote discord between the two powers, and place obstacles in the way of the action of the Church.

His Holiness therefore regards with anxiety the symptoms of such a temper in the fanatical attacks on Catholicism and the threatened projects for the separation of Church and State. He declares that he has himself done all in his power to avert the peril by directing his Nuncio, when necessary, to convey complaints to the proper quarter, by writing to the Archbishop of Paris on the suppression of the religious orders, and by his recent letter to the President of the French Republic. The bishops are commended for their endeavours to provide sound education for the young, and to teach them the close connexion between civil and religious duties. "Nobody therefore can accuse them of being impelled by secular considerations or by hostile feelings against the established Government."

On two practical points, both very characteristic of his general line, the Pope especially insists towards the close of the Encyclical. First, as to the family, the children of Christian parents must be carefully trained in their duties alike to God and man, and hence the evil of separating education from instruction—"a false and disastrous system leading to Atheism." The Church has for this reason "always condemned mixed and neutral schools." And then, after dwelling on the importance of learning in the clergy, and their deference to the authority of their bishop—an obligation by no means so unreservedly enforced under the late pontificate—the Encyclical proceeds to speak at some length of the duties and opportunities of "the laymen devoted to the Church," who form a large class in France, and deserve all commendation and encouragement. They are in a position to serve religion effectively both by speech and writing, but the success of their labours depends greatly on their united and harmonious action, or else the words of Scripture will be fulfilled, "*regnum in seipsum divisum desolabitur.*" And for this great end they must be ready, if necessary, to make a sacrifice of their private opinions. This distinct recognition and encouragement of "the lay element" has been all along a marked feature of the policy of the present Pope, but we are not sure that it has ever before been so prominently put forward as in his last Encyclical. No doubt the late M. Veuillot was a great favourite at Rome under Pius IX., but the editor of the *Univers* was not a typical but a very eccentric, not to say singular, specimen of lay Churchmanship. And to sacrifice personal opinions, and practise "filial obedience towards the bishops," describes him only by contraries. To what extent any such genuine loyalty to the Church and her teaching as the Encyclical assumes prevails among educated laymen in France is a question on which it is very difficult for foreigners, especially Protestants, to arrive at any definite notion, but on which more reliable means of information are likely to be provided at the Vatican. That the Pope is well advised in availing himself to the utmost of such resources, if really existing, there can hardly be a shadow of doubt. That he manifests, and openly proclaims, a readiness, and indeed a strong desire to do so, is not the least of the many noticeable variations between "the age of Pius," as it used to be called, and the Leonine era which has succeeded it. But the social and religious condition of France under its present rulers, while it still ostentatiously poses as "the eldest daughter of the Church" in its foreign policy, and never misses an opportunity at home of striking a blow at the Church and all the Church holds dear, offers a problem that might well tax the ingenuity of even an abler pontiff than Leo XIII. Perhaps the safest approach to a prediction about the matter, if one were disposed to hazard any, would be that in France the unexpected is what generally comes true.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

ON the 16th of this month the second part of the season of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts began. The programme was, as usual, arranged with considerable skill, so as not only to introduce novelties or quasi-novelties, but also to contain sufficient well-known music to insure its being attractive to a music-loving audience. The first number of the programme was Weber's Overture to *Oberon*. The performance of this showed at once that the band had not suffered by the greater number of its members having been continuously employed for some months in performing pantomime music, and, curiously enough, had not suffered from the long absence of Mr. Manns at Glasgow. The performance of this overture was, on the whole, admirable, though it is unusual—in England, at all events—to take the first part so slowly as Mr. Manns took it on this occasion. The other item of general interest was Beethoven's Symphony in F (No. 8), admirably played throughout. M. de Munck made his first appearance at the Crystal Palace as a violoncellist. He first played the Concerto for violoncello and orchestra, No. 9, First Movement—Romberg. In this, it must be confessed, he did not make much effect. It is true he had to labour against a composition no doubt thoroughly well designed as a test of the technique of a performer on the violoncello, but almost wholly without true musical interest; and here he certainly disappointed his audience by a thin, weak, rasping tone, although he showed himself to be an executant of considerable ability. Later on in the concert, in a Nocturne of Chopin's and a Fileuse of Dunkler's, his tone, probably from increased confidence, appeared smoother and rounder. In the Nocturne he showed himself to be a worthy interpreter of Chopin, giving to the music the full measure of impassioned feeling, without ever passing the border line which divides the highly-strung sentiment of Chopin from hysterical sentimentalism; and in the Fileuse he displayed high qualities as a musical artist, combined with marvellous executive skill.

The vocalist on this occasion was Mme. Carlotta Patti, who in her first song astonished her audience by the freshness and beauty of tone which her voice still retains, and also showed high artistic musical feeling. Her second song, a Spanish song of strong national character, containing many of those glides or whines peculiar almost to Spanish national music, though it undoubtedly pleased the audience, showed many of those defects which unfortunately time is sure to bring into the work even of an artist of high skill which the quieter and more sedate music of her first song had not brought forward. The quasi-novelty in the programme was Mr. Mackenzie's ballad for orchestra, "La belle dame sans merci." We can only say, in discussing this work, that it fully bears out the opinions we have before expressed as to the composer's powers—that is to say, that he can only bring out his full powers when expressing strong and violent situations, and that he is at his worst when attempting lighter and more sentimental phases of thought. In our opinion, in his endeavour to give musical expression to Keats's ballad he has to some extent failed. In his endeavour to be solemn and weird he has but succeeded in being dull. Throughout the composition his themes appear to us to lack inspiration. In their working out he no doubt shows musical skill; but as artistic musical expression the working out goes for little. Throughout the performance of this ballad one image was constantly before our minds—that of a clever, intelligent dog endeavouring to pick up an ill-shaped stone. The dog turns the stone over and over again—always skilfully—trying to seize it; and picking it up after a time, he succeeds in lifting it from the ground, carries it for a few yards, and it slips from his teeth. Thus Mr. Mackenzie seems to produce an ill-formed theme, to turn it over and over again, according to the strict rules of art, without ever getting any grip upon it, finally succeeds in bringing his working out to an end, and the theme drops. Another one is introduced with the same effect. It is with regret that we say such hard things about an undoubtedly rising and clever composer, and one who has done such good work. Praise for the strictly technical qualities, which no one doubts in his work, would be out of place in discussing a composition by one who has already won a leading place amongst the new and rising generation of English composers.

The absolute novelty in this programme was the "Ballet Divertissement, Fête Populaire (Henry VIII.)"—St.-Saëns. It is needless to say that this whole work, consisting of four or five separate divisions, is excellent so far as mere musical workmanship goes, and is undoubtedly instinct with strong dramatic feeling; but, as to an English audience almost every theme is thoroughly well known, it can hardly be regarded as operatic music, though it might well be accepted as very excellent incidental music to a play. Of course, to an English audience many parts are intensely funny. For instance, the first two movements, "Entrée des Clans" and "Idylle Ecossaise," appear most humorous. The first movement opens with a well-known English, but not Scotch, air; and, when finally Scotch music is introduced, it is given to the brass with a cymbal accompaniment. One is almost tempted here to speculate as to how this composition arose, and can fancy

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M. de St.-Saëns, reading the sketch provided him by the librettist, and seeing "Entrée des Clans," sending for the librettist, and asking him what this might mean. The librettist—of course a Frenchman—having carefully studied English ethnology, replies they were the tribes of "Highlanders"; the composer then inquiring of the librettist what these strange people might be, and being informed they were a kind of savages who used to inhabit the mountains of Scotland, the composer would at once see that Scotch music is necessary, and that the proper dramatic way of representing savages was by cymbals; hence this remarkable musical piece of work may have been produced.

The whole of the ballet as heard at the Crystal Palace seemed further to have been written in consultation with some person accustomed to arranging music for a comic pantomime. The opening was singularly suggestive of a pantomime giant, while the "gigue finale" appeared to be identical with the music usually played during a harlequinade.

MARGERY'S LOVERS AT THE COURT.

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS has won so distinguished a position in other departments of literature that special interest attached to his first play, the more so as it is to a great extent with the stage of England and France that he has concerned himself. It would be too much to say that *Margery's Lovers* has completely satisfied expectation; but a dramatic idea underlies the comedy, and there is much delicate work in it. It is indeed, perhaps, too delicate, lacking in robustness; and certain weak places are still further weakened by the inadequacy of the representation where strength is most needed. Mr. Brander Matthews was specially unfortunate with regard to his hero, on whose behalf the sympathies of spectators should be enlisted when he is made to appear guilty of a shameful act—swindling at cards—in the hope that he, Algie Fielding, one of "Margery's Lovers," may be disgraced and so driven from the field to make way for the real perpetrator of the trick, Lopez, a Brazilian adventurer, who also loves the girl. Fielding should be the leading personage of the play, and would be so were he not reduced to insignificance by his representative. It is not easy for the average playgoer to say where the author fails, and where the actor, or what share either has when failure comes. It is nevertheless very easy for any visitor to the Court who considers the matter carefully to perceive what a very different play *Margery's Lovers* would have appeared had Fielding been able in any degree to interest the audience. Margery is the daughter, the very charming and innocent daughter, of a professional gambler, Richard Blackburn—familiarly known as "Old Red and Black." The girl has no knowledge or suspicion that her father is other than an honest man; and sympathy is enlisted for her by reason of her position. A straightforward, manly, devoted young man would rescue her from contaminating associates; and there is a very prettily written scene for Margery and Fielding in the moonlight in the garden at Nice, overlooking the Mediterranean, where the action of the play is laid. Here Mr. Cartwright, who acts, or endeavours to act, the part of the hero, misses his first chance. He stands stiffly, stick in hand, and repeats his words. There is no emotion, still less is there any passion, in his utterance. When the scene begins one wishes well to the part. When it is over one cares little what comes to so dull a lover, and wonders whether the girl might not "do better." Blackburn joins in the plot against his would-be son-in-law, it should be said in order to make this commentary clear, in the hope that he may be expelled from Nice, and so make room for another lover, richer, and therefore in the father's eyes more desirable, whom Margery has attracted, a light-hearted American boy, Bob Grant by name, the younger brother of a vivacious widow, Mrs. Sarle Webster. In the course of a game—the precise nature of which, by the way, is not quite clear—which takes place at a reception at the house of an Italian Princess, Lopez contrives to make Fielding deal with a pack of cards which the scoundrel has specially arranged; and as soon as the deal begins Lopez pretends to make the discovery, and forthwith denounces Fielding. Here, again, is a chance for the actor. The hot indignation of the denial, the earnestness of the appeal to friends who know him to say that he is incapable of this wretched fraud, the wonder and sorrow when no one comes forward to defend him, should make a very powerful scene. But all this is far beyond the reach of the actor, and the inconsiderate spectator is therefore persuaded that Mr. Brander Matthews has written a bad play.

Up to this point we do not think that the play is bad, though its action doubtless moves somewhat slowly and the piece is slight. The construction so far is decidedly good. The characters are well drawn, and each one bears part in and assists the development of the play. A prominent personage is Lewis Long, the laziest of men, who has fallen in love with the sprightly widow. His mission in the piece is to protect his friend Fielding, and clear up the mystery. There is a Colonel Maitland, who is usefully employed in showing that, with all his sleepiness, Long is in truth a hero, and fought with desperate valour in India; and Maitland does good service again by indicating that unprejudiced opinion must be against Fielding in the card-room, so artfully have his enemies concocted their scheme. What parts in the story the others fill will have been obvious, and in this respect *Margery's Lovers* is very neatly planned. The last act is inferior. The manner in which all the characters, friends and foes, walk in and out of Fielding's room proves either much carelessness or that the difficulties have been too many for the author. What is chiefly wanted, however, is the demonstration of Fielding's innocence by some adroit and ingenious means; and here Mr. Brander Matthews has shown himself deficient in ingenuity. To wring a confession from Blackburn by the simple device of threatening to reveal his true character to his daughter is altogether too commonplace. This confession is not available because it will incriminate Margery's father, and this Fielding refuses to do; so Long has to obtain another confession from Lopez, and here, again, in making Long suddenly recognize the Brazilian as a swindler he had known in earlier days and whom the police would like to meet, the dramatist betrays poverty of invention. The author of the admirably humorous scene in which Long forces the widow to propose to him need certainly not despair of success as a playwright. Mrs. Wood plays the widow, and, excellent throughout, is particularly excellent here. Long (Mr. Clayton) has previously proposed, and has been refused. He has been ordered not to mention the subject again, and has acquiesced, observing that Mrs. Webster must propose to him next time. She loves him all the time. "He's just too sweet to live——alone!" she has said after her rejection of him; and when she finds out how shrewd and energetic he can be in defence of a friend; when furthermore she ascertains that he is a hero, she endeavours to lead him to the point again. She reminds him of what he had asked her. "And you said you wouldn't," is his abrupt answer. "Did I?" she very gently and inquiringly observes, as if surprised at the information. Long insists. If the proposal is to be renewed, she must renew it.

At last it has to come from her. "Well, will you?" is the terse form of the important query; and he accepts her. Mrs. Wood is here altogether delightful. Mr. Clayton exhibits a disposition to overdo the languor he has to display, though he acts with good judgment in the final scenes. Mr. Cecil, as Blackburn, carefully made up and effective in the earlier parts of the play, fails to make impressive the distress of the singularly weak-minded gambler who succumbs so very speedily to Long's threat. Would it be possible for Mr. Cecil to exhibit emotion without opening his mouth and dropping his lower jaw? It might be; but, so far as we know, he has never attempted it. On the whole, the part is not one of the actor's best successes. There is merit in Mr. Mackintosh's study of Lopez; Mrs. Tree plays prettily enough as Margery; and Mr. Charles Coote gave a remarkably fresh and amusing performance of Grant, the young American who is heartily enjoying life in Europe. Despite the shortcomings, inherent or not, of *Margery's Lovers*, Mr. Matthews has shown in passages to some of which we have referred enough aptitude and discrimination for stage work to make us hope that he may be encouraged to try again.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

THE water-colour exhibition which opened this day week has many features to recommend it; but the visitor will be most struck with the strength of the amateur element. Amateurs try experiments which no artist who wants to make sure of selling his work would think of attempting. In some cases these experiments are very successful; in others they have resulted in dismal failure; but their exhibition adds to the interest of the show, and is moreover extremely instructive. For the rest, the influence of Christmas-card art, as we must call it for want of a better name, is too apparent. There are several framefuls of little vignettes, nude children, and thumbnail landscapes which could never otherwise have existed. We must except two exquisite pictures by Mr. Brett, which, although they are only a few inches square, have a breadth and completeness missing in most of the works by which they are surrounded. The finer of the two is entitled "South-West Gale from the Lizard" (508), and shows the sea getting up, as sailors call it, with a clear blue sky, and long green rollers coming in, with here and there a white horse breaking. The second picture is "Serpentine Rock, Kynance" (488), and is equally powerful, although not so full of air and motion. Both are painted in body colour, without which it would probably be impossible to catch and fix a fleeting mood of nature as Mr. Brett has done it. It is not easy to find any other work in the Gallery to make a third with these two; but, taking the Catalogue in regular order, we may notice next "The Tweed at Innerleithen" (7), by Mr. A. C. Bell, as a good and solid painting, somewhat like a De Wint in its sombreness and depth. This likeness is also apparent, though in a slighter degree, in Mr. Bell's other works—"Ardchattan, Loch Etive, Argyllshire" (490), and "Old Chingford Church" (502). A solidly-painted negro head is "A Friend from the East" (26), by Mr. Goulton May, and is evidently from the same model as Mr. F. S. Morgan's capital "Cup of Coffee" (522), with its admirably-painted background of green tiles. "A Ride for Life" (40), by G. L. Hall, represents a horseman all but overtaken by the tide, backed by a tremendous rising squall, and is powerful but unpleasant. Mr. Basil Bradley exhibits several pictures. "Found; an Incident on Mount St. Bernard" (43), is the old familiar scene, evidently used only as the background of the portraits of some dogs which probably never saw the Alps. However, it is good work, if a little inharmonious in colour. His "Old Friends on the Quai de la Gare, Paris" (552) is much more pleasing. It represents a Frenchman in a blouse petting a horse. The subordinate figures

are natural and picturesque. "A Jacobite" (56), by Miss Edith Smith, and "Gone" (368), by Miss Mary Eley, are simultaneous studies from the same model, and are of very similar degrees of excellence, except that a dog which appears in "Gone" adds very much to the effect. Mr. Ingram's "Silver Sea" (58) deserves commendation for the delicate gradations of the prevailing greys. Mr. Walter Langley contributes three rather disappointing pictures. It seems strange that an artist who can draw and paint so well should care so little for beauty. The three represent first an ugly old man and an ugly girl, called "The Old Story" (278); then we have the ugly old man separately in "A Quiet Pipe" (67), and the ugly young woman in "The Last Chapter" (86). Good as colour, drapery, expression and drawing may be, these are not pictures we can admire.

Two very fine landscapes are "The Alphubel and Taschhorn" (68), by Mr. T. M. Donne, and "Mists in the Valley, Rosenlaui" (69), by Mr. Walter Severn. Of a wholly different kind is Mr. Herbert Marshall's London view, "Foreshore at Blackfriars" (95), which is satisfactory in every way. It forms a pretty picture, it is interesting topographically, and it is painted with both admirable truth and well-balanced composition. The other two works by the same artist (464, 497) are of minor importance, but should not be neglected. "A Pottery Shop at Bruges" (96), by Miss Tanner, shows some power of harmonious adjustment. General Fane contributes an archway view, which he calls "Hoghton Tower" (107), and which shows that, though his manipulative skill is beyond that of most amateurs, his eye for colour is not sufficiently under control. This defect is more prominent in his other picture, the "Canal at Dordrecht" (47), which is very spotty indeed. Mr. St. John Mildmay sends a fine drawing, the "Monument to Pope Innocent VIII. in St. Peter's" (123), where he shows a skill in depicting varied marbles worthy of Mr. Tadema. Mrs. Paul Naftel's view of a brook (143) is pretty and refined, but weak. This cannot be objected to Mr. Watts's "End of the Year" (141) or to his "Silence of Winter" (230), a pine wood, both of which are remarkable alike for high finish and force. Mr. Ellis's "In Fold" (171) is rough, but very powerful; and we may mention, in passing the end wall, "La Porte du Jardin" (180), by Mr. Johnstone; "The Edge of the North Sea" (181), by Mr. Charles Robertson; "Lambeth from Westminster" (183), by Mr. Medlycott, and a view in the British Museum (184), by Miss Turle—all of them works of a superior class.

Miss Fairman sends some excellent studies of birds from the Zoological Gardens (221, 449). Mr. George Marks's "Close of a Bright Day" (310) deserves praise, and can only be described as sweet. "Walberswick, Suffolk" (311), by Mr. Weedon, is clever. "Amberley" (328), by Mr. Stocks, is "cool and calm and bright," but is utterly killed by Mr. Marks's "Summer" (325), which hangs beside it. Two pictures which appear from below to have deserved a better fate are skied—Mr. A. E. Fisher's "One Side of an Argument" (246), a highly-finished Italian peasant head; and "Waiting for the Stage" (380), by Mr. Ford Hughes, a less complete picture apparently, but pleasantly sentimental. The screens bear some of the prettiest sketches, of the coloured-card character we have mentioned, and a terra-cotta figure by Mr. G. Crockford, "The Tired Bather" (624), should have a line of approval. Altogether, there is much promise, especially among the less known artists, in this exhibition, and the selection has evidently been made with the utmost care. There are, it is true, some very inferior examples, but as there is little to be learnt from them, we have simply passed them by.

THE END OF THE COTTON STRIKE.

AFTER a continuance of over two months the strike in the Lancashire cotton trade has at length happily come to an end. From the first it was apparent to all who had considered the matter that the strike must be unsuccessful, and most people have been surprised that it lasted so long. It was undertaken in spite of the leaders of the operatives, and it has been concluded only by such an exertion of authority by these latter as has induced a kind of mutiny and forced some of the leaders to resign. It is not disputed by any party to the dispute that the cotton trade is in a very depressed state; particularly in the weaving branch it is admitted that employers have been losing heavily. The only question that has been at issue is as to the measures to be taken to bring about an improvement. Originally the employers proposed a reduction of wages to the extent of 10 per cent., while the representatives of the workpeople put forward as a counter proposal that the mills should be worked only three or four days a week. When this was rejected, the latter offered as a compromise that both reduction of wages and short time should be adopted, but the employers again refused to consent. Ultimately it was agreed by the employers that they would ask only a reduction of wages to the extent of 5 per cent, provided the leaders of the operatives recommended the workpeople to submit. The representatives of the workpeople are charged with having failed to exert their influence as strongly as they might have done. In the circular issued by them they unquestionably gave it as their opinion that the wiser course would be to accept the terms offered, pointing out in clear language that the operatives had not means to contest the point successfully; but at the same time they left to local meetings to decide upon the course to be adopted. Probably the leaders felt that they could not push their authority farther; indeed it is alleged that the representatives from the Blackburn district declared that it was as much as their lives were worth to do more than they actually did. The result was that in the Blackburn district the operatives struck work, while in all the rest of Lancashire the reduction of wages was submitted to. When the strike in the Blackburn district had lasted about nine weeks, negotiations were opened between the representatives of the employers and workpeople, and an arrangement was come to, according to which the workpeople were to accept the reduction of wages, and the employers were to pledge themselves to reconsider in three months whether wages could not be again raised to the old level. At first the workpeople refused to submit, but their leaders held several meetings, and urged acceptance so strongly that at length they prevailed, though not until they took the votes of those concerned shop by shop. So violent, however, as well as personal has been the opposition offered to them that the president, secretary, and another member of the general committee have resigned their offices on the express ground that they have lost the confidence of their constituents and have been charged with corruptly selling themselves to the employers.

It will be seen that this dispute has differed in some important respects from the great strike of 1878. It has been confined to the Blackburn district, whereas the strike five years ago extended over North and North-East Lancashire. It has passed away, too, without rioting. And it has brought to light a remarkable divergence of view between the Trade-Union leaders and a large portion of those they represent. The state of trade, the poverty of the Trade-Unions, and the impossibility of drawing from other parts of the country large supplies, made a general strike impracticable. But the workpeople hoped that by confining the struggle to the Blackburn district they might be able to defeat the employers in detail. The employers, on their side, were for many reasons not unwilling to localize the dispute. In the beginning a number of the employers were themselves in favour of short time, and therefore they were not prepared to drive matters to extremities. Moreover the employers generally, while not desiring to adopt short time, were yet not unwilling to diminish production by such a suspension of work as has taken place in Blackburn, and therefore they did not adopt a general "lock-out" as they did five years ago, and thus bring on a struggle throughout the whole of North and North-East Lancashire. This fact accounts for the peaceable manner in which the strike has been conducted. We may hope, indeed, that there has been some improvement during the past five years in the relations between employers and employed, and that the latter have come to recognize that violence cannot help their cause. But it can hardly be doubted that if the struggle had become general, and large numbers had been plunged in great distress, some excesses would have been committed. When, however, the employers consented to localize the struggle, it was obviously to the interest of all concerned not to embitter the dispute, or to drive the masters into the adoption of measures which would speedily bring on a collapse of the strike. As the contest went on, however, it would seem that the employers became more united amongst themselves, and more determined to enforce a reduction of wages; and when the leaders of the workpeople learned this, they saw that the chance of a successful ending of the strike—never very great—had entirely disappeared. If the employers decided upon a general lock-out, the subscriptions to the strike funds would be brought to an end, and the workpeople would have to submit unconditionally. Besides, even as it was, the subscriptions were never very large. And we presume that the leaders of the workpeople foresaw that they were likely to fall off. Trade all over the country is depressed, and the workpeople everywhere are not in a position to subscribe largely. Outside the Blackburn district, too, it is probable that the majority of the workpeople perceived that the strike was hopeless, and were unwilling, therefore, to throw away money uselessly. Lastly, the leaders of the workpeople had intelligence enough to see that the condition of things all round them was growing worse and worse every day that the strike lasted. Even in Manchester, where no strike has occurred, meetings of the unemployed are being held asking for work. And in the Blackburn district, where as many as twenty-two thousand persons are said to have been thrown out of employment by the strike, the distress was becoming serious. Nor was it only those engaged in the strike who suffered. All the tradespeople with whom they deal lost the money which would have been spent with them if these people had been in employment, and at the same time were expected to give credit freely to their hungry customers when probably their own creditors were pressing them for payment. In addition to the weavers, it is also to be borne in mind that other classes of cotton operatives were thrown out of employment. So many looms were left idle that there was less yarn required for weaving, and therefore, of course, less wool for spinning. Lastly, the whole industry of Blackburn was affected. At a recent meeting of the shareholders of one of the Railway Companies serving the district, the chairman stated that the strike had cost the Company about 3,000*l.* a week. If a single Railway Company lost so much on the mere carriage of goods, it is easy to see that the losses of the whole trade of the district must have been enormous. In consequence, the means of giving employment

to labour was being rapidly diminished, and the danger of a large addition to the number of unemployed was growing every day. The leaders of the operatives perceived all this clearly, and were anxious to bring the strike to an end as soon as possible. But the general body of operatives either failed to see it, or hoped that the pressure of events would compel the employers to put an end to the struggle rather than plunge the district into such severe distress. In any case a large proportion of them turned against their own leaders the indignation they had directed five years ago against their employers; and, although they have not resorted to actual violence as they did in 1878, they have compelled, as above stated, several of those leaders to resign their offices. It is of course not surprising to find an extreme wing in a movement of this kind. But the facts taken altogether seem to show that the Trade-Union leaders are losing their old influence over the working classes. And the same thing seems to be proved by the constant complaints of the leaders that the workpeople will not subscribe to the Union funds.

Under all the circumstances it seems not improbable that the struggle may be renewed before long. At the several meetings called by the leaders of the operatives, they dwelt specially on the promise of the employers that the question would be reconsidered in a few months with a view to the restoration of the five per cent. now cut off. And they also pointed out that, if the workpeople returned to their employment, and subscribed punctually to the Union funds, they would be better able in the summer to renew the struggle than they are now to continue it. In the minds of the leaders there is probably no wish for a renewal of the strike. But that arguments of this kind had to be used to bear down the opposition offered to them proves how strong is the feeling throughout the Blackburn district against submitting to any reduction. It may be, of course, that the trade will improve so much that in May or June next the employers may be in a position to restore wages to the old level. But at present that does not seem probable. All the reports are that the great markets for English cotton goods in the Far East are over-supplied, and that prices there are not likely to rise. Here at home there is no probability of an increase of consumption, and on the Continent and in America the general adoption of protective duties has gradually limited the markets for English cotton goods. Under all these circumstances, therefore, an early revival of the trade is hardly to be looked for. If, then, the employers are unable to raise wages in the early summer, it is to be feared that another dispute may occur. In any case, the liability of disputes of this kind continues great as long as no fresh outlets for our trade are provided. The producing capacity of the world is growing much more rapidly than the consuming capacity; and all the remedies proposed by employers and employed cannot avail against this fact. A reduction of wages for the time being, of course, lessens the cost of production, and therefore enables the employers to go on working for some time further. But if the trade is thus rendered profitable, new capital flows into it, and the means of increasing the output are augmented. Thus the old difficulty recurs. In the same way the proposal of the workpeople can at best provide only temporary relief. To stop production for a little while limits the stock in the market, and may thus lead to a temporary rise in prices. But as soon as the looms begin to work full time again, the stock accumulates, and prices go down once more. There is only one permanent remedy, and that is to increase the markets for cotton goods. That may be done partly by economies of various kinds introduced in the manufacture of cotton goods; partly by a more honest system of manufacture; but chiefly it must be by opening up new markets to replace those which are being closed by the growth of the cotton manufacturing industry in foreign countries.

REVIEWS.

LE MUSÉE DE MARINE DU LOUVRE.*

SOME well-known words of Lord Macaulay's may justly be applied to this huge and magnificent volume. It may certainly be said that, at first sight, it fills the reader "with astonishment similar to that which Captain Lemuel Gulliver felt when first he landed in Brobdingnag, and saw corn as high as the oaks in the New Forest, thimbles as large as buckets, and wrens of the bulk of turkeys. The whole book and every component part of it is on a gigantic scale." Here, however, the quotation must stop. It would not only be most unfair, but directly opposite to truth, to speak of Admiral Edmond Paris's elaborate and gorgeously-illustrated compilation as remarkable only for its weight and bulk. Very big—big even beyond the books of past ages—it is, and, in the literal sense of the words, very heavy; but then its size and ponderosity are due to the enormous amount of valuable matter and to the very many pictures of models and ships which it contains. It may best be described as a history, drawn from the materials to be found in the Louvre Museum, of warships from the time of galleys to that of the best sailing line-of-battle ships and frigates; and a very admirable history it is.

To a certain extent it is an official or semi-official publication. Admiral Paris, who is Conservator of the Museum, is responsible for it, although it must be said that the order in which the large illustrations are arranged might have been more regular; and the production of the work has been aided by subscriptions from the Ministères de la Marine et de l'Instruction Publique, and from "The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, of Trinity House," &c. As the Admiral received assistance from England he might have ascertained that there are no Lords Commissioners of the Trinity House; but it would be hard to blame him much for this blunder, as English titles of all kinds are apparently as inscrutable a mystery to Frenchmen as higher mathematics are to those who think that two and two make four. Carelessness is certainly not a characteristic of the Admiral's work, which has been compiled with that patient and laborious care which we are accustomed to associate with German rather than with French writing. Beginning with the very beginning of things, the writer speaks of Egyptian vessels, and of galleys and biremes. These, however, he only notices briefly, and he is quite right in doing so, as they have been described in very many books. Of the ships of the middle ages he also says very little, for the excellent reason that he has been able to learn next to nothing about them. "Passons donc au moyen-âge," he observes, "pour montrer le peu que l'on sait au sujet de cette longue période entre l'invasion des barbares et la civilisation actuelle." Had he sought for information outside the Museum of the Louvre, he might perhaps have found that there is not such an absolute blank as he supposes. He has never heard, apparently, of that marvellous Viking galley which, perfectly preserved, was found a few years ago in a grave-mound near the entrance to the Christiania Fjord, and he is equally ignorant of the other remains of the Viking period. It may, however, fairly be admitted that there are but very scanty materials, to say the least, for any account of mediæval ships which died a natural death by foundering or decaying, and were never, save when owned by Vikings, buried in honour of their illustrious owners. Of the ships of the latter part of the fifteenth century some knowledge is obtainable, and of those of the sixteenth there are elaborate drawings, some of which are reproduced in the present volume. Assuming these drawings to be accurate, which is by no means certain, it is not easy to understand how these strange old craft were sailed. High out of the water and with gigantic poops, they must have been occasionally in considerable danger of "turning turtle," and it is difficult to discover how their running rigging was rove, how the sails were worked, and what power they had of beating to windward. Admiral Paris, bringing a seaman's knowledge to bear on the question, throws some light on the methods of the old sailors, but here, as in many other parts of the book, his valuable remarks can only be understood by those who have acquired some knowledge of French nautical terms. After describing the earlier sailing ships, he speaks of Mediterranean galleys and other craft; and, treating the subject in his usual exhaustive manner, covers a good many pages before he gets to the year 1662, when, under Colbert's administration, the regular French navy was first formed. By this time shipbuilding had made some progress, and probably it had been found that the comfort of the principal officer and of his numerous suite was not quite so important as the safety of the vessel, and the poop had been considerably reduced. During the latter half of the seventeenth century some further progress was made with war-ships, at all events, and the *Royal Louis*, 108, a splendid vessel, launched in 1690, was of a type not enormously removed from that of the vessels which encountered ours at the beginning of the Great War. Of this vessel there is a model in the Louvre Museum, and a very full description is given of her in the present work. In some respects, of course, her design seems a very bad one, almost as bad as those of a modern passenger steamer with its two or three-storied buildings above the upper deck. The poop was, so to speak, the fourth terrace from the waist, and her head and bow were absurdly low, but, despite what now seem glaring faults, it is difficult to resist the impression that her designer was a man of considerable ability, who got so far as to approximate distantly to the type which prevailed until steam and big guns altered everything. In the *Sans Pareil*, built seventy years later, there is evidence of considerable improvement in the method of rigging and of some improvement in hulls, but not of a very great or radical improvement, and the line-of-battle ships of the end of the century, though better than the *Sans Pareil*, did not show any important change or any marked progress in the art of designing. Some time before this vessel was built science had to a slight extent been brought to bear on naval architecture, and the metacentre had been discovered or invented—whichever term may be thought most appropriate. It was, no doubt, a very valuable invention or discovery, and has, no doubt, been of great use to the naval architect; but the mention of its first appearance most painfully calls to mind the tiny progress which the so-called science of naval architecture—which of course is not to be confounded with practical shipbuilding—has made in a century and a quarter. Only the other day a distinguished naval architect pointed out that some highly-trained muddlers used the term in a wrong sense; and quoted another luminary, who pointed out that the word "stability" bears sometimes one meaning, sometimes another. What manner of science can this be when, after more than a hundred and twenty years, accomplished professors cannot use the most elementary words in the right sense?

A few years after the *Sans Pareil* was set afloat coppering was first tried in the French navy. It is needless to say that the idea was

* *Le Musée de Marine du Louvre—Histoire, Description, Construction, Statistique de Navires à Rames et à Voiles.* Par Edmond Paris, Vice-Amiral, Membre de l'Institut, Conservateur du Musée du Louvre. Paris: Rothschild.

taken from England, and this Admiral Paris very frankly avows. Before coppering was tried, various expedients had been resorted to, the latest and perhaps the most eccentric of which was to drive a lot of broadheaded nails into a ship's bottom so as to cover it. In 1778 an English cutter was brought into Brest which was sheathed with very thin sheets of copper. Some sharp-sighted officer—we are not told who—saw the value of the new device; the frigate *Iphigénie* was coppered, but a good many mistakes were made at first; and the French shipbuilders found that the copper on their vessels only lasted eighteen months, while they heard that with English ships the duration was much longer. At last, however, the right way of working was found, and the enormous advantages of copper sheathing were fully recognized. In the hulls to which copper was applied slight improvements were made from time to time, until, early in the present century, a type was reached which, save in the shape of the head and fore part of the bow, bore considerable resemblance to that which prevailed at the end of the sailing-ship period, though of course there was, before, irrespective of the advance in size, some improvement in sailing line-of-battle ships, and still greater improvement in sailing frigates before they became obsolete. Admiral Paris gives a photograph of a model of a 120-gun vessel of the year 1800, and, as it happens, this has been taken in such a way that the bow cannot be seen. Shown thus, the ship certainly seems like a three-decker of forty-five years later, but with the bow visible the likeness would not be so great, and it was some time before the absurdity of making the head, or foremost portion of the bow, lower than the rest of the ship was realized. It is never well to judge the productions of one period by the light of after knowledge, but still it seems curious that sailors should not, long before the end of the eighteenth century, have perceived and pointed out to shipbuilders how much would be gained by doing away with the low, curved projection from which the bowsprit rose, and substituting a higher and more solid bow.

In smaller vessels this mistake could not be made, and indeed in the comparatively easy work of designing them French shipbuilders seem to have made much more progress than with the great ships. Admiral Paris gives a photograph of what he calls a "Chebec à voiles latines de 20 canons, 1750 à 1786." Chebec has usually been spelt in English books xebec, and all readers of James's *Naval History* will remember how successful Lord Cochrane was in an encounter with a Spanish craft of this kind. The French model, which, we suppose, is a typical one, is disfigured by a kind of poop deck carried out beyond the stern-post, but apart from this the design seems a very good one; and, as the sail area is large, it is easy to understand that, despite the inconveniences of the lateen rig, such vessels must have been difficult either to catch or to get away from. In two other illustrations, taken from an extremely interesting painting, several vessels of different kinds are shown. There are galleys such as sailed in the Mediterranean until 1814, large lateen-rigged vessels, which must have had wonderful speed; two brigs, not very beautiful craft; a corvette, and a kind of gunboat. Of such development of the larger vessels as there was during and after the Great War, and of the progress of the French navy in the eighteenth and the first part of the present century, Admiral Paris gives a careful account; and we wish that we could briefly follow his history, and show how thoroughly and conscientiously his work is executed throughout; but unfortunately it would be impossible to give even the briefest summary of the enormous number of facts he has collected without greatly exceeding the space at our command. With 1848 his work comes to an end, the latest vessel of which he gives a drawing being a three-decker launched in 1847. So far as regards the English navy it cannot be said that the sailing-ship period came to an end in 1848. Probably the finest line-of-battle ships that ever sailed were those which formed the fleet in the Mediterranean when Sir William Parker flew his flag on board that magnificent vessel the *Queen*. It is said that the *Superb*, which belonged to this fleet, once asked permission during a gale of wind to fight her lower-deck guns, and, on leave being given after some hesitation, showed that she could accomplish the feat with ease. For her and for her sisters, however, death was at hand. Sir W. Parker hauled down his flag, if we remember rightly, in the beginning of 1852, when—albeit that all, or almost all, the larger vessels were sailing ships—steam was asserting its irresistible claim; and within a comparatively short space of time the sailing-ship period, which may be said to have begun almost in prehistoric times, came to an end. It was followed by the very brief period of screw line-of-battle ships and screw frigates; but after a short span of existence, ironclad ships and iron ships, with totally changed guns, superseded them as completely as the rifle superseded Brown Bess.

Of the rapid transitions which followed the long time of slow progress and very gradual development it is to be hoped that Admiral Paris may at some future day be able to speak. His elaborate account of the war-ships of France up to the time when the great change was imminent is so good that all who study his pages and the many illustrations of his work must wish that he may be able to carry on his account to the time when French naval architects, first to see the advantages of armour, clothed *La Gloire* with iron, and also, perhaps, to the days of the *Amiral Baudin*. If he does this, he may be able to note one great change of a very different nature from that of which we have just spoken. In one of the last pages of his history he compares the strength of the various navies of Europe in 1830, and shows that in that year the British navy was stronger than those of all the other European Powers combined. Should he get to 1882 or 1883, he will have to record a very different state of things, and to show how enormously the relative naval power of Great Britain had declined until it was a question whether her fighting-ships were a match for those of France alone; and perhaps he, or some other historian of the future, while commenting on this great change, may point out that Englishmen persisted in ignoring it, would take no count of the huge increase in the strength of foreign navies, refused to pay any attention to facts proved again and again, and indeed patent to any candid observer, and thought that they were got rid of by the short and simple process of calling those who drew attention to them alarmists and panic-mongers.

FOUR NOVELS.*

THE Average Novelist's vocation appears to be irresistibly imperious. "Fruits fail, and love dies, and time ranges"; and still the Average Novelist pursues the even tenour of his way. His fate cries out in him, and in one, two, or three volumes he repeats the remark. That it is seldom or never worth repeating makes no difference to him. Culture has made him; custom has sanctioned him; Mudie approves of him; and he continues to exist and to produce. Unquestionably something is rotten in the State, or he would not be allowed to misuse the good gifts of print and paper as he does. Plato, in an age of darkness, proposed to clear his republic of poets. In an age of sweetness and light he would probably have proposed to purge the body politic of average novelists. They not only waste time themselves; they are the cause of others wasting time (and energy, and temper, and ink) as well. And for that reason, if for no other, they might, with infinite advantage, be abolished.

Now and then, it must be owned, your Average Novelist is a pleasant creature enough. But as a rule he fails entirely to justify the fact of his existence; he does no more than help, as far as in him lies, to prove the reality of such an inexplicable mystery as the Permission of Evil. There are many who, instead of saying that "the Devil has come among us, having great wrath," would fully express their feelings by remarking that "the Average Novelist has come among us, having great facility"; and there are many to whom this statement would mean far more than the other—to whom the last of these two declarations would seem much worse than the first. Of these, it is greatly to be hoped that such a book (for instance) as Mr. Marshall's *Only Yesterday* will never fall into their hands. This, it may be explained, is a polite way of saying that *Only Yesterday* is hardly literature; and that, but for the active existence of such of Mr. Mudie's subscribers as must have their daily novel or die, *Only Yesterday* would not easily have found its way into print. Mr. Marshall is ambitious, it is true, and painfully original likewise; but, for all that, he is the reverse of good reading. His story is one of a number of maniacs of several sorts. We have, for example, a maniacal father and mother, who starve themselves and their offspring rather than infringe the Mosaic and patristic laws on usury by accepting the thousand a year or so accruing to them from certain eminently respectable investments. We have a maniacal wife and mother, who, becoming rich, deserts her husband, hides herself and two of her children in various holes and corners of the universe, brings up her son as somebody else's, allows her daughter to die of consumption, and perishes herself of heartache and disappointment when her other babes—the offspring whom she has left in her husband's care—refuse to recognize her. On the scions of these two noble stocks our author centres much of his interest. His heroine, the lovely Maud, is a daughter of the first; and to the son of the second she proves so superlatively agreeable that he not only proposes wedlock, but conducts himself in such a manner as proves him "no gentleman." In justice to Mr. Marshall, however, it must be added that this person is not his hero. His hero is cast in a different mould. His hero rejoices in the name of Edmund Ashley, *alias* "Carver's Edmund." He has "warm brown hair"; a "broad ample brow, very knotty"; a "long triangular face"; a choice assortment of "frontal sinus bones"; and "large tawny eyes." What is more, he "generally wears" a white apron; what is more, he condescends to serve in a grocer's shop. Of course he is in love with Maud; and equally of course that fair creature—having a "swanny throat," and "luscious lips" (with a habit of "lovelling with resolution"), and a "Napoleonic chin," and "sloeblack eyes," and a "fell of magnificent black hair," and a "straight nose," which is "regular as any chisellings left of Heré or Aphrodite of old," and a "contour just at that point of development when the slim angularities of the teens smoothen into the graceful flexions and fulnesses of early womanhood"—despises him most heartily. Edmund, however, is more than a match for her. He cuts the grocery business; he becomes interested in dry goods; he tries to save her brother from the snares of the betting-man and the potwalloper; he writes her

* *Only Yesterday*. By William Marshall. London: Hurst & Blackett. 3 vols. 1884.
Pure Gold. By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. London: Tinsley. 3 vols. 1884.
The Touch of Fate. By Mrs. George Posnett. London: Maxwell. 3 vols. 1884.
Through Shine and Shower. By Lady Dunboyne. London: James Blackwood. 2 vols. 1884.

formal letters—"yours to hand," "your esteemed favour," and all the rest of it; he pursues her brother (who has run away with coins) as far as Spain; he witnesses a bull-fight for her sake; he appears on the scene just as her swain, the son of the maniacal mother, is giving way to his feelings; he dashes that person to the earth with fearful violence; he is taken into partnership; he marries his Maud; he puts her money into the business; they are probably happy ever afterwards. "I can offer you now a comfortable home," says he, in the memorable interview which decides her destiny, "and may be, hereafter, a better one; and, if you would permit—my promotion last week enables it—I could easily allow your parents as much as I believe you remitted them out of your stipend." Is it any wonder that Maud, for all her "Napoleonic chin," is carried away by this torrent of eloquence, and for life entrusts her "contour" to its author's charge? that at starting we ventured to describe *Only Yesterday* as "hardly literature"? that one should think of the Average Novelist as a nuisance of the first magnitude? If it is, if any living soul is for an instant in doubt, then Mr. Marshall has written in vain.

The story of *Pere Gold* is the story of a certain Valentine Eyre; how he came into his property; took it into his head that the girl of his heart was a cynical and contemptible young person; fell in love with a beautiful demon; got jilted; was knocked to pieces in the hunting field; was nursed almost to death's door by a young married woman who hated him because he refused to encourage improper overtures on her part; was rescued by the object of his early affections; and, discovering her to be "pure gold"—

> Nay, but you who do not love her,
> Is she not pure gold, my mistress?

is Mrs. Cameron's epigraph—was moved to marry her and be happy after all. Such as it is, it takes a great deal of telling, near seven hundred pages of close print being required to do it justice. It is far from unamusing in its way. Mrs. Cameron is clever, and she has done her best to entertain her readers. The banquet she sets before them is none of the choicest; but the fare is sufficiently varied, and, if not very satisfying, is at least what is known as "filling." For instance, we have an eccentric uncle, an attempt at forgery, an attempt at murder, a document buried and dug up again at dead of night, a hunting accident, and a highly fashionable marriage broken in mid career; we have no less than three heroines—one beautiful and honest, one lovely and corrupt, one peculiar and devilish; we have a hero who is something of an ass, a humble friend who pretends to be deaf and dumb and is always cracking nuts, a gambling colonel, a matchmaking aunt, a family of humorous boys and girls, an intriguing mamma, a very vulgar daughter, a red-haired and ingenuous peer, and a cock-eyed Italian prince (who marries heroine number two); we have complications, intrigues, misunderstandings, of every sort and quality and importance; and in the end we have justice done, and all the good folks rewarded, and all the bad folks punished. Nor is this all. In Fenella Snowe, heroine number three, the peculiar and devilish heroine, with her tendency to impropriety, her weakness for forgery and murder, and her crazy faith in her aristocratic origin, we have something not at all unlike an individual character; in Madeline Abbott, the beautiful fiend, who throws over the hero and marries the squinting Italian, we get such a creation as would scarcely have dishonoured those unknown poets who purveyed for the immortal Skelt—such an achievement in criminal unreality as since the brave days of "penny plain and twopence coloured" has not often swum into our ken; in Lady Cornelia, the majestic matchmaker, we have a puppet of considerable parts; in Letty Ormond, the good heroine, the golden girl of the piece, we have a really pleasant and natural young person; and in Letty Ormond's brothers we have a parcel of young demons who are very often amusing. To resume, Mrs. Cameron gives us plot after a fashion, incident of a kind, character of a certain sort, and much better English on the whole than we have any right to expect. What more can readers of the Average Novelist desire?

It is other guesswork with *The Touch of Fate*. There is average and average, just as there are faggots and faggots; and *The Touch of Fate* is of the latter. To begin with, it is a mystery. What the Touch of Fate is; who or what is the object of the Touch of Fate, and why; and what is the effect (if any) of the Touch of Fate, supposing that touch to be actual and practical—these are questions the answers to which, if they exist at all, exist somewhere outside the three volumes signed by Mrs. George Posnett. There is a heroine, of course, and there is a hero; her name is Beatrice, and his name is Hugh; but in the first chapter he is found hiccuping with grief and agitation as the betrothed of Another. He is unable to marry Her; He is compelled to marry Another; and (it is only fair to add) He treats Another exceedingly ill. He takes to drink; and although Beatrice remonstrates with him, he refuses to be persuaded into reform. On the contrary, he goes from bad to worse, and one dreadful night—when the wind is roaring, and the rain is pouring, and everybody is in evening dress—he turns Another and Beatrice out of the house, and indulges in a bad attack of delirium tremens. The consequence is that Another is confined of a son and heir in the porter's lodge, and that Beatrice is more angry than can be expressed in words. Presently Hugh repents, sports a purple ribbon, and promises that if Another will only return to him he will go in for the blue one, and totally abstain for ever. Another is moved by this devotion, and returns; insisting, however, on a year's probation on the part of the hero of the purple badge before she again becomes a wife to him in deed. To this probation the valiant Hugh submits; he falls in love with Another; and in the end Another and he are One. Beatrice, meanwhile, refuses the parson of the parish; tries hospital work; is disgusted with life; goes out to Gibraltar; falls in love upon the voyage with a noble but shadowy peer; arrives to find the peer's mamma just dead; and marries him (to save appearances) in less than forty-eight hours after landing. Where in all this the Touch of Fate comes in is not easy to say. Sandwiched with the romance of Beatrice and Hugh and Another are the experiences of a comic Irishman, who comes to London, and has many ludicrous adventures, and is interested in his deceased wife's sister, and all that sort of thing. He, perhaps, it is who is subjected to the Touch of Fate; for, while he is in London, his sweet little daughter prods her aunt (the deceased wife's sister of his dream) with a red-hot poker, and presently is bitten by a mad dog, while the Peers throw out the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill; and when he returns to Ireland, his girl expires of hydrophobia, and his boy exhibits symptoms of phthisis, and he has to sell off his farm, and remove to Boulogne, and there adventure matrimony with the relative he adores. But if this is so, why is he not Mrs. Posnett's hero in place of the blue-ribanded Hugh? why is he condemned to exist as the dullest comic Irishman in fiction? why is he singled out from all mankind to be the victim of the united acts of hydrophobia and the Peers? why is so little made of the red-hot poker, which, if Fate must take to touching, is surely an appropriate implement? why—but, as we said, the whole thing is a mystery, and—common justice obliges to add—one of the most worthless in the range of art.

Lady Dunboyne writes fluently, has seen the world, and has a certain knack of characterization and dialogue. In *Through Shine and Shower*, which is decidedly scrappy and decidedly dull, she gives us a good deal of flirtation, a certain number of moving accidents and hair-breadth 'scapes, a little Land-Leaguerism, a harmless and unnecessary murder, and a couple of happy marriages. She introduces us to an English barrister, and weds him for our behoof to the nicest of her girls; and she contrives us a kind of sub-hero out of a peace-loving Irish baronet. But the flavour of her work is decidedly military. She abounds in officers and the wives of officers, and she gives us of her abundance with a certain spirit, a certain insight, a certain tact and dexterity, which—though, as we have said, her book is decidedly dull and as decidedly scrappy—leave us to some extent her debtors, and not at all unwilling to attempt the perusal of her next novel. It is to be hoped, however, that in this she will put off the tragic, and show forth with a less lurid splendour than in *Through Shine and Shower*. Herein she introduces us to a beautiful Irish baronet, Sir Gerald O'Hanlon the name of him, to the Lady Beatrice, his lovely and accomplished spouse, and to their inarticulate but interesting offspring, a year-old heir; merely, it would seem, for the purpose of dragging in the Land League neck and crop, to compass the baronet's destruction and the ruin of his happy home, and thereby prove, to the admiration of all beholders, what a dreadful organization it really is. Herein, too, she sends her soldier hero out to fight the Boers, and refuses to bring him back to his penitent mistress (to whom, by the way, he finally proposes behind an umbrella, in the shelter of a Belgravian portico), until she has smashed his leg, and pretended to damage his spine, and made him a hopeless cripple. Misery of this sort is not what is expected of the Average Novelist. Why lame your hero when, just as easily and far more profitably, you may unite him to the heroine unharmed—as the heroine would prefer to have him? Why impeach the Land League when the Land League is working its best and hardest at the task of self-impeachment? Those things are unnecessary; *argal*, they are unpleasant. "O vain and frivolous mind of man!" As if the Average Novelist had not enough in his disfavour already!

DÜNTZER'S LIFE OF GOETHE.

HERR DÜNTZER has been both well served by his translators and ill served. In the matter of translation he has been better served by Mr. Lyster than he was by Mr. Pinkerton in the *Life of Schiller*. So far as we can judge without a comparison with the original, Mr. Lyster has been quite as successful in reproducing his author, and certainly far more successful in fitting him with an English dress. "In translating this book," he says, "I have endeavoured to transmute and fuse the German sentences into English. If I have failed in places, I must ask the indulgence which I should now give to another, knowing as I do the great difficulty of resisting the influence of the foreign style." To say that he has failed in places is to say no more than that he is mortal; a long course of Herr Düntzer's prose, if he may be judged from what his English translators have been able to make of it, must indeed have a terribly deteriorating effect on one's style. We should doubt whether he himself cared greatly to please by more external and meretricious graces. So deeply and so rightly impressed as he has been with the importance of the matters with which his life has been concerned, he has probably had but little

* *Life of Goethe*. By Heinrich Düntzer. Translated by Thomas Lyster, Assistant-Librarian National Library of Ireland. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

time or inclination for mere style. He is the veteran of Goethe-study in Germany; and jests, Mr. Lyster tells us, "about the voluminousness of his works and the minuteness of his criticism are not infrequent"; then he adds, "I do indeed think that most of the laughing at Professor Düntzer in England is done either by lazy people or by those who are not aware of his services." English people should surely be the last to laugh either at minute criticism in others or voluminous biographies; nor, we would hope, are they disposed to laugh at a writer who does his best to tell his countrymen and the world at large the truth about two such men as Goethe and Schiller. But both English and Germans may, we think, be allowed, without incurring the charge of flippancy or irreverence, to wish that this industrious Professor had been able or had cared to give his work some more attractive setting. However, Mr. Lyster has evidently tried his best to do what he can for his author in this respect; and, if his success has not always been commensurate with his endeavours, we must remember the Herculean difficulties of his task. He might perhaps have managed here and there without very great trouble to hit upon some more felicitous words or phrases to express the German meaning. "Mama that disciplines *chaps*, and teaches them to hold their heads erect" (vol. i. p. 265), strikes one, for example, as rather too colloquial an expression for serious biography, even if we may suppose it to adequately render the German form of speech in the year 1774. Moreover, as an English translation of any work is obviously designed for those who are unable to read it in the original language, it would have been well if Mr. Lyster had not given us quite so much German. A passage like this will hardly convey any very precise idea to readers who are not conversant with the tongue of our Teutonic brethren:—"When he stood before the inscription [then follow eight lines of German poetry] tears flowed down his face. Slowly he drew his handkerchief from his pocket, dried his tears, and said in a gentle, melancholy voice, 'Ja, warte nur, bald ruhest du auch!' was silent half a minute, looked out through the window at the dark pine wood, and then turned to Mahr, saying 'Now we will go down again'" (vol. ii. p. 435). Such a mixture of languages, besides being but half intelligible to a reader who requires a translation at all, has in itself something of a comical effect; and such mixtures are rather too common throughout the book. We must hope, moreover, for Goethe's sake, that the following passage (vol. i. p. 261) from a letter to Kestner on the vexed question of the identity of Albert does not accurately represent his epistolary style:—"You feel not *him*, you feel but *me* and *you*, and what you call *stuck on*, but which—in spite of you—and others—is *woven in*." But, on the whole, Mr. Lyster has certainly succeeded in making this *Life of Goethe* far more congenial to English readers than did Mr. Pinkerton the *Life of Schiller*.

It is in his preface that he has, we think, served Herr Düntzer's interests a little less well, and he has done so by claiming a little too much for him. Of the sources from which we in England have hitherto drawn our knowledge of Goethe's life Mr. Lyster says:—

> English knowledge of Goethe's life is drawn chiefly from the book by Mr. Lewes. The little volume by Mr. Hayward is not a good source to draw one's notion of Goethe from. I had rather be without a notion of Goethe than so provide myself. Mr. Lewes's book is generous, makes allowances, and does not judge the great poet with tea-table criticism. If we cannot help finding it unsatisfactory nowadays, let us not forget that we owe that largely to Mr. Lewes himself; he has educated us into disparagement. But the fact remains that the book is not satisfactory. Mr. Lewes's main work on it was done a long time ago, when comparatively few of Goethe's letters were printed. And the revision of 1875, mentioned in the preface, was not a thorough adequate revision. I have looked into this and know that it is so. No one can fail to observe, moreover, that the book is not only a Life of Goethe, but a compendium of small essays of not much value, and debates with the imaginary stiff-necked reader who will not judge Goethe as Mr. Lewes desires, and discussion of points lately settled beyond dispute, such as the date of *Werther*, and the part of Marianne von Willemer in the *Westöstlicher Divan*. Were these superfluities omitted, but a small book of narrative, of actual *communication*, would remain. And in that small book much that is inaccurate will be noted.

Mr. Lyster seems to forget the share Carlyle and Mrs. Austen had in bringing Goethe to the notice of Englishmen, and in dispelling the mists of ignorance and prejudice in which Jeffrey and other reviewers of those days had helped to hide him from their eyes. A man who had never read Lewes's book might still have got a very fair notion of Goethe from Carlyle's various essays on him and his works in *Fraser* and *The Foreign Quarterly Review* and from Mrs. Austen's *Goethe and his Contemporaries*. Of Mr. Hayward's share in this work we regret to have to be at one with Mr. Lyster; and we regret it because Mr. Hayward by his translation of *Faust* has done in his time good service to German literature in England. But about Lewes's book we must take the liberty of disagreeing with Mr. Lyster; and we think he would have served Herr Düntzer better had he disparaged his English predecessor less. It is undoubtedly true that the German, writing after the Englishman, has found much more material to his hand, and in that respect he certainly has the advantage of him. But it is surely somewhat hard to quarrel with a man for attempting to settle matters of dispute which have been settled since he wrote. If still more material were hereafter to be discovered, and another biographer were to arise and give to the world these fresh discoveries, would Mr. Lyster think that a reason for disparaging Herr Düntzer's work? Thirlwall and Grote and Curtius have very materially helped to enlarge and clear our views of the Peloponnesian War; but that is not a reason for disparaging Thucydides. Mr. Freeman and Mr. Stubbs and Mr. Green have done much to make the early history of our country and people plain to us; but that is not a reason for disparaging the old chroniclers, both English and French, without whose labours neither Mr. Green, nor Mr. Freeman, nor Mr. Stubbs could have done all that they have done. Without Eckermann's record of his conversations what would any writer on Goethe, what would Herr Düntzer himself, have done? Yet they none of them have disparaged Eckermann. Lewes's book is very far indeed from being the last word on Goethe; but neither is Herr Düntzer's. He has added much to what Lewes could tell us; he has enabled us to set Lewes right on some points. His book, therefore, is a further contribution to our knowledge of Goethe, and a valuable contribution. But it will not supersede Lewes's book; it will be read with it, but it will not, with Englishmen at least, supersede it. Indeed, we by no means feel certain that it will do so in Germany, where a translation of the English Life has already gone through no less than fourteen editions, and is still said to be considered the best that has as yet been written in any language. And in proposing to wipe the English book from off the face of the earth, and to put the German in its stead once and for all, Mr. Lyster has not done his author such good service as he wished. He has led us to expect too much. Who turns to read the book after reading its praise in the preface will be disappointed.

There are two particular reasons why we think the supremacy of Herr Düntzer's book will not be so readily granted among our own countrymen as Mr. Lyster requires; other readers may find more, but two strike us as capital. In the first place, the book is not so much a biography as materials for a biography. Of the writer's industry in collecting and verifying his materials it is impossible to speak too highly; but of his skill in arranging them it is still less possible to speak politely. Some people, says Dr. Johnson, "imagine themselves writing a life when they exhibit a chronological series of actions or preferments." Herr Düntzer seems to be very much of a mind with some people. His translator praises his "precision and fulness of detail." Of the latter there can be no question; but in the record of a life of such magnitude, both in years and work, as Goethe's, there must be something more than mere verbal and historical precision. Without precision of method and arrangement the qualities Mr. Lyster praises are in themselves confusing. He praises the book, moreover, as one "to refer to and find in"; but in a biography of a great man which is to supersede all others one expects something more than this; one expects that the book shall be pleasant to read as well as useful for reference. Such a book this is not, unless it has been sadly marred in the translation, which, as we have said, we do not take to be the case. There is fortunately a very copious index, but without this the book would be a difficult one indeed "to refer to and find in." We can honestly say that we have read it through from the first page to the last, and the idea left with us as we closed it was certainly very far from luminous. A confused notion of many things we had, some fresh, more familiar; but of a clear coherent narrative of the life and work of one man progressing from the beginning through its various phases to the end, notions we had none. All the details, from the greatest to the least, of the eighty-three years during which Goethe walked this earth are thrown pell-mell together in these two volumes, in chronological order indeed, but in no other sort of order —"a mighty maze of words without a plan." So undigested a mass chopped up into little jerky inconsequent sentences makes, it must be owned, terribly hard reading. We will take a passage as a sample; any passage almost will do. Here is one from Vol. II. p. 315:—

> From Heidelberg Mannheim was visited, and on the return to Frankfurt Goethe was accompanied by Sulpiz Boisserée to Darmstadt on Sunday, October 9. The time in Frankfurt was again spent delightfully in a large circle of friends. During his absence in Heidelberg Willemer had married Marianne. Goethe was their very frequent and welcome guest. On October 18, 1814, many beacon-fires, commemorating the battle of Leipzig, blazed on the hills round Frankfurt. From a tower in Willemer's vineyard Goethe and his two friends saw the spectacle. On October 19 Frankfurt was illuminated. Next day Goethe left his native city rich in memories of happy friendship.

This is easy writing enough, but it certainly goes to prove the truth of Sheridan's saying when it forms the most part of nine hundred pages of tolerably close print.

The other stumbling-block is the attitude of adoration Herr Düntzer assumes towards Goethe. Germans have generally been divided into two sharply-defined classes; they have either praised him or blamed him too much. On one side we find Grimm declaring him to be "the greatest poet of all times and of all peoples"; on the other, Tieck sneering at *Faust* and rating it immeasurably below *Manfred!* Herr Düntzer touches but little on the intellectual side of his hero. "His literary works are noticed as golden fruit that grew and ripened on the profuse and splendid tree, his life, but there is no attempt to fix their artistic value, or measure their spiritual contents by analysis." These are the Professor's own words, and seeing that he does once break out into rapture over the "artistic perfection and the clear truthfulness of sentiment" of *Werther*, this abstinence is perhaps well. But he makes up for it on the moral side. In his eyes Goethe could do, and did do, no wrong. His passion for Charlotte von Stein was nothing but "a love of soul for soul," his intercourse with Christiane Vulpius is called "a marriage of conscience," all his various "philanderings," indeed, are explained by the fact that "he always needed a number of feminine hearts, of more or less personal interest to him, in which to mirror himself." Of his

treatment of poor Friederike his biographer has something more to say (vol. i. pp. 146-7):—

In this strait, to which his heedlessness had brought him, he gave up the happiness of his heart to save his intellectual development—infinitely painful as it was to sacrifice with his own happiness that of the tender sick girl who loved him, and who, he felt, could never belong to any other. It was a hard struggle. From the first there was no doubt of the issue; but still it was hard. . . . Wolfgang with bleeding heart gave up Friederike that he might not lose himself. It was his first great renunciation—in truth a tragic one; for one of the noblest women—one worthy of the highest happiness—was almost heart broken by it.

Now all this, if Mr. Lyster will pardon us, is assuredly what Sir Hugh would have denounced as "affectations." It is of a piece with that claim to be considered "the model of a perfectly wise *and virtuous* man" which Professor Blackie set up the other day for Goethe. It is impossible for Englishmen, even if it be possible for Germans, to view Goethe's attitude towards the various women whom, even to the very close of his life, he required to "mirror himself in," without irritation, and something very like contempt. The very greatness of the man makes his folly, to give it no harsher term, and the maudlin sentimentality with which he strove to adorn it, the more deplorable; as Paul de Saint-Victor has said of his occasional fits of dulness—the very height from which he pours it down, does but make its weight greater. It is quite possible to put all these matters aside while considering Goethe as the great man he is, not only for his own countrymen, but for all. For our own part, we should be very well pleased never to hear another word of Charlotte von Stein, or Christiane Vulpius, or of any of those "feminine hearts of more or less personal interest," again. But, if they must be brought into the record, and in a biography of this minuteness perhaps they must, they and Goethe's relations with them must take their proper place. Apart from his intellectual greatness, Goethe, as a man, had many qualities we may sincerely praise. His noble freedom from all the petty jealousies and meannesses so sadly common to the literary character would alone serve to make him admirable; he was an untiring and a generous friend; he always wished to see the best and not the worst of those with whom he came in contact. But he had his defects. We may ignore them if we like; but to try, as Herr Düntzer tries, and as others before him have tried, to turn them into virtues, to give them a moral and intellectual colouring, is folly, or worse than folly. Such attempts only irritate without convincing; they only force us to recall the truth we should be perfectly willing to forget. Lewes treats these episodes with perfect fairness; he neither condones nor unduly castigates them. It is for this reason, if for no other, that we would sooner place his book than Herr Düntzer's in the hands of one who had no previous knowledge of the subject. At the same time, we have no wish to detract from the usefulness of the latter. As a book of reference for dates and facts it must always be of value to the student of Goethe's life and character, who knows the truth too well to be misled by its extravagant adoration. But the faults we have indicated must, in our opinion, keep it from that pedestal of supremacy to which Mr. Lyster has unwisely wished to raise it.

THE REVISION REVISED.*

THE controversial powers of Dean Burgon, whether for attack or for defence, will not be disparaged by those who have had the smallest experience of them. He never takes up his pen until he is thoroughly in earnest, and the force of conviction which blinds him at times to the strong parts of an antagonist's case enables him to state his own with clearness of expression and a vigour of thought which not unseldom rises to the dignity of passion. The volume we are about to notice affords us a conspicuous example both of the writer's characteristic excellences and of his besetting faults. It is likely enough that the Revised Version of the New Testament, however it had been executed, would have met with no very cordial reception from the Dean of Chichester. He takes care to remind us of a circumstance which after the lapse of twelve years might possibly have been forgotten, that he had addressed an "earnest Remonstrance and Petition," in 1872, to the Chairman of the New Testament Company, entitled, "An Unitarian Reviewer of our Authorized Version intolerable," and had been especially scandalized at the reception of the Holy Communion by this Unitarian member at the hands of Dean Stanley in Henry VII.'s Chapel on the first day of the Company's entering upon its labours, June 22, 1870 (pp. 505-8). Whatever may be said in favour of the inclusion of the Unitarian in a Company formed on the broadest possible basis, there can be little doubt that his participation in the highest act of Catholic worship was a grave error, to be visited, not on his fellow-revisers, who then knew him neither by sight nor by repute, but exclusively on the participator, or perhaps on one other person no longer among us to answer for himself. All these evil and ill-omened memories of a discussion rather suspended than exhausted would naturally have made Dean Burgon the more slow to recognize the excellency of the New Version, had its intrinsic merits commended themselves ever so much to his taste and judgment. Its warmest friends, however, would readily confess that the Translation, as compared with our Authorized Bible, presents many vulnerable points which its authors hardly cared to make even a show of defending. To say nothing about manifest oversights and imperfections, which steal into every work of human skill, the translators appear to have adopted a principle which is in the main a good one, though it may easily be carried to excess, that of handling every word or sentence so as to satisfy their own minds that they have done their best for it, and then throwing the fruit of their ten years' labour upon the world, to take its own chance for good or ill, almost without explanation or apology from them. We doubt not that they counted the cost of such a method of procedure, and anticipated for their work much such a reception as it has in fact met with. Opponents may call them rash, but unintelligent never.

The three articles reprinted from the *Quarterly Review*, and now formally acknowledged by Dean Burgon, were published respectively in October 1881 (only five months after the Revised Version had appeared), in January and April 1882. Their authorship could not have been doubtful for a moment. Such wide and exact learning, such sparkling wit and unsparing logic, such joy in the fray and confidence in victory as if already won, could not be easily matched elsewhere among living writers; Swift, thoroughly purged of his filth, is the readiest parallel which occurs to us, and Swift excelled our modern Dean in the one quality of pungent brevity. Beyond question these articles made a deep impression on the unlearned public, the plain men and women who hardly knew what to think of the strange form which their English New Testament had assumed, and were rather perplexed than instructed by the deluge of silly or superficial letters for and against its reception wherewith their newspapers and magazines overflowed from day to day. Each and all the articles in the *Quarterly Review* manifestly emanated from one who was full of the subject, who had completely made up his own mind, and could speak it in language to be well understanded of the people. On the many considerable changes made by the Revisers in consequence of their departure from the Greek text which underlies the Authorized, he has much to say, which we will touch upon hereafter so far as our space will permit. But the charge which Dean Burgon strives to prove against them in respect to their English version is far more easy to be apprehended by the general reader, and is likely to make a deeper impression upon him than any discussion of critical principles, however learned or exhausting. And the charge, as set forth in the fewest words, is this:—*You have been set to do one thing, and you have done another.* The fundamental resolution of the Convocation of Canterbury, on which the whole enterprise was grounded, declares that "we do not contemplate any new translation of the Bible or any alteration of the language, except when, in the judgment of the most competent scholars, such change is necessary." The Dean of Chichester, therefore, has a right to say, "The watch-word given to the company of Revisionists was 'NECESSITY'—*Necessity* was to determine whether they were to depart from the language of the Authorized Version or not, for the alterations were to be as few as possible" (p. 127). And to this principle the future Chairman of the Company, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, writing a month before the work was actually commenced, lends the high sanction of his full approval:—

The second leading principle was one which cannot be too strongly commended—to introduce as few alterations as may be into the current Version. On the precise nature and amount of the alterations that may from time to time be considered requisite, there will ever be varying opinions; but it certainly was a wise as well as a charitable principle to make as little alteration as possible in a Version which had been bound up with the devotional feelings of the people, at least as far as the hearing of the ear went.—*Revision of English New Testament*, p. 89, 1870.

Bishop Ellicott did well in making his reservation as to the varying opinions respecting the precise nature and amount of the alterations considered requisite, as well by reason of the nature of the case as from remembering the selfsame profession of the translators of the Authorized Version itself. "Truly," writes, in their names, Bishop Miles Smith, the author of the preface, himself one of their number, "truly, good Christian Reader, we never thought from the beginning that we should need to make a new translation, nor yet to make a bad one a good one . . . but to make a good one better, or out of many good ones one principal good one, not justly to be excepted against; that hath been our endeavour, that our mark." When we bear in mind that their Instructions had directed that the Bishops' Bible, as then read in churches, was to be followed by the translators of 1611, "and as little altered as the truth of the original would permit," and how largely was the restriction interpreted by them in practice, we cannot be much surprised that nearly the same language was employed by the present Bishop of Gloucester before experience of the nature of the task which his predecessor in the see had used after his work was done. The difference between the two cases is a wide one, being just this, that the Bishops' Bible represents a bad translation, and had never taken any real hold of the public mind (the citations from Scripture even in Bishop Miles Smith's preface are derived from the Genevan version, not from the Bishops'); the contrary is plainly true of the Authorized Bible of 1611.

**The Revision Revised: Three Articles reprinted from the "Quarterly Review."* I. The New Greek Text. II. The New English Version. III. Westcott and Hort's New Textual Theory. To which is added a Reply to Bishop Ellicott's Pamphlet in defence of the Revisers and their Greek Text of the New Testament, including a vindication of the traditional reading of 1 Tim. iii. 16. By John William Burgon, B.D., Dean of Chichester. London: John Murray. 1883.

Hence we are not at all surprised that Dean Burgon presses his "watchword of Necessity" in his own vigorous style:—

Now it is idle to deny that this fundamental principle has been utterly set at defiance. To such an extent is this the case, that even an unlettered reader is competent to judge them. . . . It becomes clear that the Revised notion of *Necessity* is not that of the rest of mankind. But let the plain truth be stated. Certain of them, when remonstrated with by their fellows for the manifest disregard they were showing to the Instructions subject to which they had undertaken the work of Revision, are reported to have even gloried in their shame. The majority, it is clear, have even ostentatiously set those Instructions at defiance (p. 127).

Those that have taken the deepest interest in the work of Revision, and are the best disposed to accept the new version as a whole, are driven to confess that there is a world of truth involved in this racy and almost passionate denunciation. It is impossible for us to go into details, of which a *mala copia* will be found in the Dean's pages. Of rhythm, for which the translators of 1611 had such an exquisite ear, their successors would sometimes appear to have no sense whatever, or how, for example, could they have mangled that fine expression (Heb. iv. 16), "grace to help in time of need," by inserting the paltry word in italics, "grace to help *us* in time of need"? It is not often that we stumble upon a variation so completely gratuitous as the foregoing. The great mass of the Revisers' minute changes have some reason to plead for or excuse them, however slight that reason may be. We cannot often call them wrong, but simply *not worth while*, and under this comprehensive head we may fairly class nine of them out of every ten. But the chief mischief which threatens to mar the effect of much that is excellent in the new Revision was wrought not by incidental changes of words or clauses, but of deliberate purpose. Those who cared enough about the matter to look at the official reports in the daily papers of the work done from session to session could not fail to observe that after two separate revisions of the whole New Testament had been completed, the task of *harmonizing* was entered upon and lasted for the greater part of a year. Never was time spent to less purpose or with a more lamentable result on the poor victim of the Revisers' hapless pains. They had got in their grasp a proposition true in the main, and in their reckless zeal they rode it to death. They note in their preface what we all confess to be a main fault of the Authorized Version—namely, "that studied variety of rendering" in English the same Greek word, "even in the same chapter and context," a practice vindicated in the preface of 1611 by arguments one can hardly deem other than afterthoughts. In shunning this Scylla the Revisers of 1881 have fallen into Charybdis. It is not that they supposed that the English language always contains the exact counterparts of Greek words in the whole range of their meaning—they were far too good scholars to entertain such a notion—but that at first, perhaps through inadvertence, afterwards through a craving for consistency, they acted as if it were so, to the loss of rhythm and propriety of speech, occasionally in violation of good sense. Take for our instance a passage which has brought upon their heads the strong rough hand of Sir Edmund Beckett (2 Peter i. 7). In our ordinary Bibles the verse stands well enough:—"And [add] to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity." But then our Revisers had determined to banish "charity" from the New Testament, and as a rendering for *ἀγάπη* to adopt "love" in all places, even in that glorious chapter 1 Cor. xiii. Even then the verse might not have been intolerable, but that a similar change must be made in *φιλαδελφία*, which cannot remain "brotherly kindness" here, inasmuch as in the other four places where it occurs (Rom. xii. 10; 1 Thess. iv. 9; Heb. xiii. 1; 1 Pet. i. 22) it is consistently rendered "love of the brethren." Thus the whole verse, by this process of harmonizing, is thus transformed by the Revisers, incredible as the fact might seem if it were not true:—"And [supply] in *your* godliness love of the brethren; and in your love of the brethren love." There are not, of course, in the New Version many things so bad as this, but then a little of this sort of thing is more than enough, and tends to throw into the shade merits which may even yet secure for the work an acceptance among patient judges which hitherto it has unfortunately failed to command. Indeed, in this particular, as in so many of the like kind, the very boldness of the Company in upholding what it regarded as right has brought upon it far more blame than praise. After all that has been alleged against that momentous change in the Lord's Prayer, "but deliver us from the evil *one*," respecting which our energetic Dean pronounces that "a more injudicious and unwarrantable innovation it would be impossible to indicate in any part of the present unhappy volume" (p. 214), we might fairly rejoin, "injudicious" perhaps or certainly, if immediate popularity had been what the Revisers cared for, but not "unwarrantable" even as the case is stated in the weighty plea set up for "evil" by Canon Cook of Exeter. The Greek Fathers knew of no other interpretation than the personal one, and with them it is not shameful to err.

In regard to the Greek standard which the Revisers had to translate, the Dean of Chichester seemed at first inclined to contend that they were bound to adhere to the text which the translators of the Authorized had before them, as formed by critics of the sixteenth century, and extant in the Complutensian Polyglott and in the several editions of Erasmus, Stephanus, and Beza. Since the fundamental vote of Convocation in February 10 and 11, 1870, made no mention of the original Greek, he judged that any meddling with the common Greek text was clearly to them *ultra vires*. Subsequent reflection appears to have suggested to him that a course of entire reserve or abstention in dealing with critical questions would have been simply suicidal on the Revisers' part, and that no version could now bear the light of day which should contain the interpolated words in 1 John v. 7, 8, and a few other well-known passages. Hence he is disposed not to insist too strictly on the omission in the vote of Convocation—an omission which was probably accidental—but tacitly permits it to be supplemented by one of the General Rules of the Joint Committee of both Houses entrusted with the task of co-opting associates and executing the whole work, which on May 25 voted as its Fourth Rule:—"That the text to be adopted be that for which the evidence is decidedly preponderating"; understanding by "decidedly preponderating" something widely different from what the Company has regarded as the meaning of that somewhat vague expression. Inasmuch as the public is informed in the Revisers' preface that "different schools of criticism have been represented" among them, "and have together contributed to the final result," Dean Burgon thinks it reasonable that no changes should have been made in the text save such as men of both schools were willing to assent to; these would have been far from few, yet hardly any of them of much doctrinal importance. The practice of the Company, as avowed by themselves, has been widely different from this. They deem the rule quoted above to be "in effect an instruction to follow the authority of documentary evidence without deference to any printed text of modern times, and therefore to employ the best resources of criticism for estimating the value of evidence"; an interpretation so far-fetched and unnatural as to remind a plain reader of the expansive glosses put upon their father's will by Peter, Martin, and John in *A Tale of a Tub*. This principle once settled, so far as a show of hands could settle it, the Company set to work to amend the Greek verse by verse before they proceeded to render it into English. By the time the revision of the New Testament was made there were considerably more than five thousand changes in the text used by the translators of the Authorized Bible, some of them so slight that they can barely be represented in any the most literal rendering; others, no doubt, of great consequence as regards the colour of the narrative or argument, though seldom touching very closely on doctrine. The then unpublished Greek New Testament of Dr. Hort and Canon Westcott, was from the first placed confidentially in the hands of their brother Revisers, as if to familiarize them with the nature and extent of the innovations to be from time to time proposed. We confess that we see nothing unfair in that procedure, and doubt whether it could have had much influence on the deliberations of the Company, which, after all, refused to follow the guidance of these great scholars in many of their chief departures from the received text (*e.g.* Luke xxii. 43, 44; xxiii. 34; John i. 18; iii. 13). Of their theory of criticism, its groundless surmises and arbitrary distinctions, it is impossible now to speak. A full half of Dean Burgon's bulky volume is taken up in a searching scrutiny of its principles and their results, and we cannot resist his *general* conclusion, sweeping as it is, that

Drs. Hort and Westcott, with the purest intentions and most laudable industry, have constructed a text demonstrably more remote from the Evangelic verity than any which has ever yet seen the light. To attempt, as they have done, to build the text of the New Testament on a tissue of unproved assertions and the eccentricities of a single codex of bad character [?], is about as hopeful a proceeding as would be the attempt to erect an Eddystone lighthouse on the Goodwin Sands.

We bid farewell to this very interesting work, certainly the most important contribution yet published to the literature which has gathered round the Revised Version, by transcribing the characteristic words in which its preface concludes. They are well worthy to be considered by statesmen and Churchmen alike. "Let me . . . in giving the present volume to the world, be allowed to request that it may be accepted as a sample of how Deans employ their time;—the use they make of their opportunities. Nowhere but under the shadow of a Cathedral (or in a College) can such laborious endeavours as the present *pro Ecclesiâ Dei* be successfully prosecuted."

MEN OF THE TIME.*

IT ought to be pretty well understood by this time, one would think, what is required of any man who undertakes to edit or to compile a biographical dictionary; but if any one to whom it is a matter of concern should lack the necessary information, let him refer to an article upon the subject in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*. The writer, it is true, refers more particularly to the ponderous tomes with which French encyclopædists have enriched our libraries, containing the lives of the illustrious dead of all ages. But none the less—indeed, it may be said, all the more—is it essential that the editor of a volume of Contemporary biography, should be a man of discernment, of wide general information, of proved literary skill, and, it would seem, of some sense of humour. Beyond this, it is evidently necessary that he should be a man of stern and unbending courage. There cannot be a doubt in the mind of any one who even superficially looks through the volume before us, that a very considerable number of the biographies are, in fact, autobiographies. Now to many men the allotment of ever so small a space in this "well-known book of reference"

* *Men of the Time.* Eleventh Edition. London: Routledge & Sons. 1884.

represents an appreciable instalment of Immortality. It requires both knowledge and courage in an eminent degree, to know what portions of an autobiography should be printed and what should be relentlessly "cut." Of course we speak of the ideal editor; for, truth to say, Mr. Thompson Cooper, F.S.A., does not appear to have troubled himself very much with considerations of the kind. If a portrait-painter informs him that he has painted so many thousand portraits, several hundreds of which have been engraved (representing an average of more than two a week for thirty years), or a well-known comic preacher states how many thousand people have passed through his vestry on Sunday evening to view Mazzini and Garibaldi relics previous to their deportation to the Alexandra Palace, down it goes. So it comes to pass that some of the lives are candid, concise, pithy, veracious, and models of what such things should be; some are prolix, redundant, inaccurate, misleading even when verbally accurate, turgid, and pretentious beyond description. Some are, of course, simply advertisements. There is no attempt at proportion between the services or position of a man and the length of his biography. To illustrate this we may note that, while to Mr. Gladstone—the main facts of whose career may be found in half a dozen other books—is allotted some ten columns (the largest space, in fact, in the volume), the second place, with eight columns, is given to General John Meredith Read, Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Redeemer of Greece, F.S.A., M.R.I.A., F.R.G.S., statesman and diplomatist. The next in order is Dr. William Howard Russell, while Prince Bismarck has to be content with five columns. No other living creature approaches these.

But there are stranger things than this. Some of our contemporaries have amused themselves and their readers with lists of eminent persons, amounting in all to nearly a couple of hundreds, whose names and biographies ought, in all reason, to be found recorded herein, and of others who are men of other times than those in which we live. Even among these claimants by proxy, we do not note the names of many whom we should have ourselves included, such as Canon Raine, the very learned antiquary, the Earl of Crawford, Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, the traveller, Mr. Clare S. Read, Mr. Smith of Coalville, Sir John Strachey, Mr. Broadhurst—in fact the list might be almost indefinitely extended. But after all, a book may claim to be judged as much by its contents as by its omissions, and if this one is measured by the pretensions set forth in the preface the result becomes even more astounding. It claims to be a record of the "Aristocracy of Intellect," as distinguished (by a sufficiently strange antithesis) from the aristocracy of birth, from the services, the professions, and others who have Peerages, Guides, Calendars, and Directories to register their proceedings.

Now it would be easy to fill several pages, in showing how far the claim for this volume to have undergone revision to the present date is justified, but upon this point we only propose to give a few instances of the kind of errors of which it is really full. Thus, Canon Barry is still, it seems, Principal of King's College, although his resignation was announced in August last. Moreover Mr. Wace is named elsewhere as Principal, and mention is made in Canon Westcott's biography of Dr. Barry's acceptance of a bishopric. Dr. Wallace is described as editor of the *Scotsman*, although Mr. C. A. Cooper is also said to have accepted that post in 1880. Mr. James Beal, who was born, we are told, in 1829, "took an active part in all the movements led by Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden." But elsewhere we read of Mr. Bright's share in the Reform movement of 1831-32, and in the Anti-Corn Law League in 1839. So that Mr. Beal's energy and regard for our welfare must have been as precocious as we all know it to be inexhaustible. Mr. Francis Trench is recorded as Vicar of Islip, a living which, in fact, he resigned in 1874. Mr. W. M. Johnson is still, it would seem, Solicitor-General for Ireland. We still read of *Major* Baring, *Mr.* W. H. Gregory, the Hon. C. P. Butt, *Dr.* Andrew Clark, &c. Among the great Mr. Belt's works are "the two *Pageanti* (*sic*) busts," and a memorial of "Professor Evans of Eton." Here we are obliged to pause, leaving a score or two of our *corrigenda* unmentioned.

Fully to make good our charge of prolixity we should soon exhaust our space. But we may give a few examples. The biography of a Mr. George R. Jesse is almost as amusing as Mr. Beal's. This eminent man, it appears, "has frequently contributed to the newspaper press in advocacy of the claim of the animal kingdom to justice and mercy at the hands of the human race. . . . In consequence of the controversies between Mr. Jesse and Dr. Ferrier, Dr. J. Crichton Browne, Dr. T. Lauder Brunton, Mr. [*sic*] T. Spencer Wells, Professor Owen, and Mr. Darwin, and other distinguished scientific men and members of the medical profession, Government now reverses the decisions of the Presidents of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, and refuses point-blank to grant licences to some physiologists of widespread repute." This is followed by much more fustian of like sort. Besides the anti-Vivisectionists, the Browning Society has a good innings, under the heading of Mr. Browning, and not, as might have been supposed, among the achievements of Mr. Furnivall. There is a long exposition and recommendation of the Channel Tunnel under the name of Sir E. Watkin. Of Mr. William Allingham we hear that he has "three children, two boys and a girl, and resides at Witley, near Godalming, in Surrey." Is it in the interest of the public, or of Mr. W. M. Rossetti himself, that the editor (presumably) writes:—"Entertaining and expressing independent opinions on questions of art, literature, and other matters, Mr. Rossetti has frequently been in opposition to the drift of feeling at the moment, and has had the satisfaction of seeing, after a while, that public opinion came round much more nearly to what he had himself expressed" (*sic*). The notice of Mr. Gerald Massey ends abruptly thus:—"In 1873 he proceeded on the lecturing tour to the United States, when he gained an unenviable notoriety by the delivery of a blasphemous lecture entitled 'Why does not God kill the Devil?'"

A list of the illustrious obscure who figure in these pages would be at least as entertaining as those lists of the omissions to which we have referred. There is a Mr. Coke, whose only connexion with affairs is that "he acted as private secretary to the Right Hon. E. Horsman, while Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1855-57." We make no doubt that the motley crowd of provincial journalists, "antiquarians," and others who would be village Hampdens if occasion should arise, are doing excellent work in their honourable callings; but in a work of this pretension we could well afford to spare a great many biographies which are inserted. It is impossible to show the length to which this kind of thing is carried without an extract or two. There is a long account of a Mr. Thomas Davidson, who, by the way, does not even appear to be entitled even to the F.L.S. initials. This gentleman "was no less devoted to philosophy than to art. Despairing of the former in all its more approved expositors, he betook himself with assiduity to the writings of Antonio-Rosmini-Serbati, a Tyrolese priest—at one time minister to Pope Pius IX. Shortly afterwards Mr. Davidson produced a work in English . . . which lays bare the grounds of reasonable belief. Kant, Hegel, Comte, are declared to be inferior by many degrees to the orthodox Christian priest of the Tyrol. Mr. Davidson's work excited the greatest interest in philosophical circles, especially among Materialists, whose doctrines are combated with acknowledged acumen." Then there is the Rev. James Clark, M.A., Ph.D. "In 1867 Dr. Clark, after some Latin correspondence with the University of Göttingen, received a rescript from Professor Dr. Lotze, then Dean of the Philosophical Faculty, in the names of all the deans of faculties, authorizing under the seal of the University the revival of academic hoods. In 1869, after having held various important parochial cures, Dr. Clark . . . . conducted extensive correspondence with Dutch and German theologians, as the representative on the Continent of the Anglican and International Christian Moral Science Association." What became, or was intended to become, of this great enterprise we are not told, for next we learn that in 1876 its projector "was appointed rector of St. Philip, Antigua." And here his biographer leaves him. We have also a long account of a gentleman who, in 1836, "was selected to establish and manage the Ashton, Staleybridge, Hyde, and Glossop Bank, in the county of Lancaster, *which* he successfully accomplished. . . . In 1880 he purchased the estate of Greenlaw, near Castle Douglas, formerly the seat and property of the Viscounts Kenmure, whose fourth lord died there in 1863 at the old fortress, the remains of which still exist. In 1881 he was placed in the commission of the peace for Kirkcudbrightshire, and in 1882 the Earl of Selkirk, with the approval of Her Majesty, appointed him a deputy lieutenant of the same county." Even Mr. Dick's powers of inclusion were nothing to this. We have only space for one more extract. It respects Mr. John Wilson Ross, "formerly Vendue Master of Berbice," who has since "devoted himself to literary pursuits," whose "most remarkable periodical contribution was 'The Doctrine of the Chorizontes,' in the *Edinburgh Review* (April 1871), in which he endeavoured to show that the Odyssey must have been written at least three centuries after the Iliad; but perhaps his best book is *Tacitus and Bracciolini*, in which he brings forward evidence tending to show that Poggio Bracciolini wrote the *Annals of Tacitus*."

We had marked other passages for extraction and comment, but we must come to an end. Our readers can now judge for themselves how far this roll-call of the "Aristocracy of Intellect" fulfils its promise. It appears to us, in almost every conceivable quality, to fall lamentably short of what such a volume should, and, with small additional pains in good hands, might very easily, be. Mr. Cooper has collected a vast mass of materials, of varying interest and value, and over them he has exercised no sort of arrangement, supervision, or censorship. We are bound to say that the dates (a very important item) are mostly correct; at least we have only discovered a few trivial mistakes that may be the printer's. In other respects "this well-known book of reference" has contrived to exhaust almost all the forms of human error and infirmity to which such an enterprise is liable.

SOME SCHOOLBOOKS.

EVERY ONE who is acquainted with Mr. Aldis Wright's *Bible Word-Book* (1) will be glad to hear of the issue of a second and revised edition. It needs no recommendation, and the only wonder is that nearly eighteen years should have passed before a second edition was called for. But a passage in the preface would seem to imply that it is the leisure of the editor rather than the demand of the public which has been wanting. It is no ill compliment to Mr. Wright, Secretary of the Revision Company though he has been, to hope that it will be very long before the general use of the Revised Version makes his

(1) *The Bible Word-Book.* By W. Aldis Wright. Second edition. London: Macmillan & Co.

glossary obsolete. Dr. Plummer's edition of the Epistles of St. John (2) is worthy of its companions in the "Cambridge Bible for Schools" Series. The subject, though not apparently extensive, is really one not easy to treat, and requiring to be treated at length, owing to the constant reference to obscure heresies in the Johannine writings. Dr. Plummer has done his exegetical task very well, but it may be permitted to doubt whether his general remarks on the entirely "obsolete" character of Gnosticism in his introduction are quite justified. Hegel on the one side and Schopenhauer on the other have very considerable affinities with the little known, but most interesting, heresiarchs of the first and second centuries, and Hegel and Schopenhauer are certainly not dead to-day.

Perhaps Mr. Chinnock may not be best pleased to see his translation of Arrian (3) classed among schoolbooks, but in these days there is not much demand on the part of the general reader for translations of what may be called the second-class classics, and the book is excellently suited for a very important school use—the giving out of passages for retranslation, to be done in school. For Arrian is not very commonly read, and his Greek is good enough, but not too good, for this purpose. Mr. Chinnock has added occasional notes, some of which, bearing on points of scholarship which do not affect the translation, rather puzzle us. For if they are not superfluous there should be many more of them. For the purpose we have mentioned the book is worth the attention of schoolmasters who have not time or inclination to prepare their own passages. A school edition of Thucydides (4) naturally exposes itself to a severe test. It is almost inevitable that the editor should seem to give too little assistance for mere schoolboys, and not to enter into points of scholarship sufficiently for undergraduates reading for honours. In his notes Mr. Dougan has somewhat imitated the shorthand style of Krüger, but he has hardly achieved the "matterful" suggestiveness of that original commentator. Personally we should say that if Thucydides's work is cut up at all, it is a pity not to give the whole Sicilian story together. And we have noticed one very odd clerical error; the statement that "the rarer form in -θησομαι is avoided in classical *Latin*"—which it certainly is. As Mr. Dougan will doubtless be glad to correct this, he will find it on page 161. The system which Mr. Hardy has adopted in his *The Satires of Juvenal* (5) (he might as well have called it Thirteen Satires of Juvenal as he does in his Latin title, for II., VI., and IX. are omitted altogether, though a cento of the sixth might certainly have been given with advantage) is to cut up the text with English "cross-headings" of argument. It is certain that this is a great assistance to the duller sort of boy, who is frequently hopelessly puzzled by Juvenal's abrupt turns and transitions, and who bores through his twenty lines or whatever it may be without a glimmering of the general drift. The notes are abundant, if anything too abundant, and they are supplemented by a glossary of rarer words. This argues a still further forgetfulness on the part of the editor that no school edition ought to spare the boy those "great blows of the dictionary" which are the most valuable part of classical study. It is only when, after he has hit hard with his dictionary, the enemy is likely still to resist him that the commentator should strike in. In Mr. Shindler's edition of the *Hiero* (6), there is one great mechanical advantage—it is interleaved. We should like to see this universal in all books intended for other than the lowest forms. It necessitates duplicate copies for "hearing," but the cheap German texts without notes supply these at an infinitesimal expense. The notes here are very fair; but Mr. Shindler has had the odd idea of first expurgating the tractate, and then adding a couple of pages of notes at the end on the expurgated passages, which notes he thoughtfully says can be "torn out when the book is used in schools." This is Bowdlerism *in excelsis*. The *Selections of Martial* (7) which Professors Sellar and Ramsay have prepared deserve hearty welcome. They are without notes, but have an excellent introduction, of which it is sufficient to say that it seems to be expanded from Professor Sellar's excellent but all too brief article on "Martial" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It would be a good deed if Professor Sellar would give us a complete edition properly annotated of the prince of epigrammatists. After all, the classics were not made for schoolboys only. Mr. Page's First Book of Horace's Odes (8) in Messrs. Macmillan's elementary series is very neat in form, and the notes are usually accurate. But there is rather too much translation, and our enemy the vocabulary reappears. We notice Mr. Belcher's "Key" (9) merely to have an opportunity of renewing a protest against the whole generation of Keys. Even for the small and, in these days of schools, evening classes, lectures, correspondence classes, and so forth, constantly dwindling class, of purely and compulsorily self-taught students, they are more of a snare than a help. And wherever there is a teacher they are inexcusable.

If Miss Crofts's book on Elizabethan literature (10) is a fair sample of the average Newnham lecture (the author tells us that its substance was delivered there), the teaching in that establishment must be very good teaching. The ground is well covered, if not quite completely; and the sole fault we can find with Miss Crofts is that she has been too modest, and has borrowed from the baser sex dicta which we feel certain she could have improved upon had she trusted her own critical powers. Thus, for instance, we have the utmost respect for Mr. Lowell. But, if he ever really described Chaucer as "showing the first result of the Roman yeast on the home-baked Saxon loaf," he said a very silly thing. The only result that moist yeast—Roman, German, or any other—could have on a home-baked loaf of any nationality would be to make it wet, nasty, and, after a time, mouldy; while if it were dry yeast it would produce no result at all. It surely cannot be customary in America to put the yeast in after the loaf is baked? At any rate, it is not English housewifery, and the damsels of Newnham should not be brought up to it. But from a literary point of view Miss Crofts is an unexceptionable teacher when she does not borrow, and sometimes when she does. Miss Yonge's editions of Shakespeare for primary schools (11) are well devised. The necessary expurgating is done delicately, and the notes are sufficient and judicious. English parsing (12) is very debatable matter, and this is not the place to debate it. If any fault in particular, as opposed to general, can be found with Mr. Adams's book, it is that parsing lessons, if given at all, should pretty certainly be given on reading lessons, and not apart from them. Mr. Mason's reductions of grammar (13) to the simplest terms deserve mention as at least the work of an experienced compiler of this class of book. Such an explanation as "When I say Smith is the strongest boy in the class, I mean that Smith has most of the quality of strength" might be the text for a long sermon. But here, again, this is not the pulpit.

The writer who calls himself "Oxon" (14) deserves credit for industry and a certain originality in the art of cram. Here is a specimen of his pages:—

Pitt may be contrasted with Grenville in—

A. Intellect;
B. Character;
C. Views of the situation (*cf. Macaulay's Chatham*).

PITT *v.* GRENVILLE.

A. *Intellect.*

PITT.—	GRENVILLE.—
(1) In no branch of learning had accurate knowledge.	(1) Was an industrious and accurate lawyer.
(2) Knew nothing of finance.	(2) Understood the financial system of the country thoroughly.
(3) Never mastered the rules of the House of Commons.	(3) Knew them so well that he was fit to be Speaker.
(4) Was a brilliant and fascinating speaker.	(4) Made sensible but dull and tedious speeches.

B. *Character.*

i. Neither cared to get nor keep money.	i. Was grasping and close.
ii. Was excitable, keen, sanguine, and sensitive to insult.	ii. Was stern, melancholy, and gloomy in his forebodings.
iii. Was the idol of millions.	iii. Was unpopular.

C. *Views of the Situation.*

a. Could only see trophies.	*a.* Could only see the bill.
b. Boasted of victories all over the world.	*b.* Groaned at borrowing eight millions a year.

When Lord Egremont died, Bute advised the King to ask Pitt to form a Ministry; but he soon after changed his mind, and so the Bedford Ministry was formed.

Any one can see the objections, independent of those against the general process of masticating and digesting intellectual food ready for the feeders, to this. The author is obliged to put sharply and dogmatically conclusions which are often very dubious, and for which, even when they are not, the learner ought to have premisses impossible to give in such a shape. It should be said that "Oxon" suggests the application of his plan to "leading articles in the *Times*." Unless we mistake, one of the "Society Papers" once tried something of the kind. *The Growth of the English Colonies* (15) is a smaller and a less out-of-the-way but a much sounder and more useful book.

Mr. Blakiston, after a fashion now not uncommon nowadays, has broken up his *Glimpses of the Globe* (16) into Readers suitable for the different code-standards. They are freely illustrated, which is

(2) *The Cambridge Bible for Schools—The Epistles of St. John.* By Rev. A. Plummer, D.D. Cambridge University Press.

(3) *Arrian's Anabasis of Alexander.* Translated by E. J. Chinnock. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

(4) *Thucydides.* Book VI. Edited by T. W. Dougan. London: Pell & Sons.

(5) *The Satires of Juvenal.* Edited by E. G. Hardy. London: Macmillan & Co.

(6) *The Hiero of Xenophon.* Edited by R. Shindler. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

(7) *Selections from Martial.* By W. Y. Sellar and G. G. Ramsay. Edinburgh: Thin.

(8) *Horace.—Odes.* I. Edited by T. E. Page. London: Macmillan & Co.

(9) *A Key to the Second Part of Latin Prose Composition.* By the Rev. H. Belcher. London: Macmillan & Co.

(10) *English Literature from 1509 to 1625.* By Ellen Crofts. London: Rivingtons.

(11) *Shakespeare's Plays for Schools.* Edited by C. M. Yonge. *Henry IV.* Part I. Part II. National Society.

(12) *A Concise System of English Parsing.* By L. E. Adams. London: Bell & Sons.

(13) *Code Standard English Grammar.* Parts I., II., III. By C. P. Mason. London: Bell & Sons.

(14) *Student's Manual of the Reign of George III.* By "Oxon." London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

(15) *The Growth of the English Colonies.* By S. M. Sitwell. London: Rivingtons.

(16) *Glimpses of the Globe.* By J. R. Blakiston. In Three Reading Books. London: Griffith & Farran.

a good point in them. *The Countries of Europe* (17) contains matter for Standard Five which is both useful and interesting, though in parts the style might be improved. The book is of the class of our old friend *Near Home*.

Mr. Clapin's introduction to the ever-welcome *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (18) is a little thin. No one can find any fault with the authorities (Mr. Besant and Janin) from whom he acknowledges it to be drawn. But surely an editor of Molière might be expected to go a little nearer the fountain-head, especially as neither of his authorities professed to write a book of reference. So long as this third and fourth-hand fashion of treating modern classics prevails, so long will it be impossible to make a "modern" education solid. Mr. Clapin's notes are good and sufficient. In the case of Lamartine's "Stonemason" (19) M. Boielle's introduction is thinner than Mr. Clapin's, and his notes far inferior. What is the conceivable use of putting "Douter, Lat. *dubitare*" at the foot of a page? M. Lemaistre's *French for Beginners* (20) takes fair rank among a class of books the demand for which is infinite, and which may very well be varied by fresh hands from time to time. In M. Massé's *Grammar of Colloquial French* (21) there is much that is good, but we are unable to admit the title. A grammar limited to colloquial French would, if possible, be useless as a schoolbook, and a grammar not so limited need not call itself by so misleading a name. That the name is misleading common sense and the merest glance at the book shows. We open it at hazard, and we find as an example:—"César introduisit le gouvernement monarchique à Rome." The fact is doubtful; but, if this is a colloquialism, Rollin's History might be described as a colloquy.

A sixpenny *Primer of Chemistry* (22), by Dr. Odling, carries its recommendation in its description. No better man and no cheaper price could be asked for.

Mr. Wolstenholme apologizes for the ample annotation which he has given to some contemporary historical sketches in German (23). The apology is not needed until we come to the annotation itself. Then unfortunately we find that the commentary, as is too usual, is swollen by the old fault of incorporating the dictionary and the grammar in it. The following, for instance, is not a note at all:—"*Buntgestreift*, 'bunt,' many-coloured, variegated, gay. Also simply 'coloured,' in contrast with black and white. *Streif*, stripe." It is merely an illegitimate confusion of the duties of the annotator and the lexicographer. But the critic who repeats this evident truth seems to lose his labour altogether. The incompetence of editors, the carelessness of teachers, and the laziness of pupils conspire to multiply the wrong sort of editing. Mr. Wolstenholme's commentary is not all of this bad kind, but too much of it is. Mr. Cartmell's reissue of Dr. Wagner's edition of *Hermann und Dorothea* (24) is much freer from this defect, but not quite free. It is, however, on the whole a very good piece of work. So also is Mr. Sheldon's *Maria Stuart* (25), in which we only miss a sufficient critical appreciation of the play. The space occupied by an index to the notes—a thing perfectly useless in a schoolbook and a mere concession to a passing fashion—had much better have been given to this. But there is no other important omission, and the ample historical elucidations in the notes deserve special praise. On the other hand, here as elsewhere, the etymology craze reappears. Why specially tell a student of Schiller what Whitney thinks and what Skeat thinks of the definition of *Himmel*? If this is done, why not tell him what Whitney and Skeat think of the definition of every word in the play?

(17) *Geographical Readers*—No. IV. *The Countries of Europe*. By C. M. Mason. London: Stanford.

(18) *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Edited by A. C. Clapin. Cambridge University Press.

(19) *Lamartine's Le Tailleur de Pierres de Saint-Point*. Edited by J. Boielle. London: Bell & Sons.

(20) *French for Beginners*. By J. Lemaistre. London: Williams & Norgate.

(21) *Grammar of Colloquial French*. By J. F. P. Massé. London: Relfe.

(22) *Primer of Chemistry*. By Dr. Odling. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(23) *Reihs Culturgeschichtliche Novellen*. Edited by H. J. Wolstenholme. Cambridge University Press.

(24) *Hermann und Dorothea*. Edited by W. Warner and J. W. Cartmell. Cambridge University Press.

(25) *Maria Stuart*. Edited by D. Sheldon. London: Macmillan.

A HANDBOOK OF GASTRONOMY.*

REVIEWERS are beginning to fight shy of *éditions de luxe*, and readers will find this splendid "handbook" somewhat unmanageable. It is too heavy to hold in the hands; it is too short and thick to lie pleasantly on a table; if it is put on a "literary machine," it tumbles off, and it is too small to read when it is laid on one's knees. It has a parchment back, so one dare not hold it in the middle; and from its thickness it is a handful, or rather two handfuls, when held at the sides. It contains fifty-two original etchings, which at first sight appear very exquisite; but they are so minute that they require a magnifying glass, and when submitted to that trying ordeal they scarcely realize one's anticipations, although there is great merit in them. The paper is splendid, and the margins are very wide, but the type is small; and, while one's wrists and eyes ache, it is annoying to reflect that the book might be much lighter even if the print were much larger. This professes to be the first complete and unabridged translation of the *Physiologie du Goût*, and it is decidedly a good one. In a book containing so many technical expressions there are doubtless some renderings that will not satisfy all critics, and there are in this translation a few obvious mistakes; but, taken as a whole, the work has been well done.

The aphorisms in the *Physiologie du Goût* are often racy and poignant; but the general style of the book is too wordy to be suited to the taste of the present day. Many people who have been amused by crisp quotations from this work may be somewhat disappointed when they attempt to read it from end to end. It is rather a book to turn over for a few minutes than one to read at for a long time together. Indeed we may go so far as to say of this particular edition that its weight is well calculated; for when one's wrists begin to ache it is time to shut up the book; but if he uses it in this manner, the reader will often be glad to reopen it. Let no one suppose that this *Handbook of Gastronomy* is in any sense of the word a cookery book. Brillat-Savarin would have terrified any ordinary cook without instructing him. This is the way in which he begins to teach his own cook how to fry:—"The liquids that you expose to the action of fire cannot all be charged with the same quantity of heat; nature has given them all various properties, and this is an order of things of which nature alone has the secret, and which is called 'capacity for caloric'"; and he ends by warning him that "prolonged heat develops an empyreumatic and disagreeable taste, produced by some parts of the parenchyma, of which it is difficult to get rid, and which becomes carbonized." Yet this chapter on the theory of frying is worthy of careful study, and it makes us wish that the author had gone as carefully into the questions of roasting, boiling, and baking. There are not many receipts, properly so called, in the whole book, but here and there we meet with one or two. The author was evidently very proud of his own method of making a *fondue*, which he calls "a wholesome, savoury, and appetizing dish"; and after giving details of its manufacture, he adds that if it "be placed on the table in a hot dish, and if some of the best wines be produced, and the bottle pass pretty freely, a marvellous effect will be exhibited." Savarin sometimes contrived to get good feeding under adverse circumstances, and he gives a recipe for cooking eggs with gravy, which might prove useful in difficulties. He learned it in the following manner. He once arrived at an inn where nothing could be obtained except some eggs, as the cook said that a succession of travellers had eaten all before them. Nevertheless, a "most beautiful leg of mutton" was turning on the spit, but this belonged to three Englishmen, who had brought it with them. Savarin asked the cook whether he would poach his eggs in the gravy which fell from the mutton. The cook replied that, as the gravy was his perquisite, he could easily grant this favour, and began at once to break the eggs. While he was thus occupied, Savarin quietly opened his knife and made a dozen deep cuts in the leg of mutton, through which the gravy ran to the last drop; and, as soon as his eggs were poached in this rich sauce, he carried off both eggs and gravy in triumph, and enjoyed "the very substance of the leg of mutton," while the three John Bulls had "the trouble of masticating the residue." This is one of the latest recorded *repues franches* which seem to satisfy French ideas of legitimate joking better than English. One of the most elaborate prescriptions is for the preparation of a tunny-omelette, a dish which we have not had the pleasure of tasting. It consists mainly of an ordinary omelette beaten up with tunny fish mixed with carp roe. This dish is so excellent that it should be reserved for guests who "understand what they are eating, and do not eat in a hurry"; and, like all the good things that he recommends, he suggests that "it be especially washed down with some first-rate old wine, and you will see something wonderful." He seems to consider a pheasant the most difficult of all creatures to cook. Only a born *gourmand* can divine the exact moment at which to cook it at all. Decomposition must have set in—it was said that Savarin used to carry his game in his own pockets in order to facilitate this process—and it must be precisely the moment at which it combines the flavours of venison and chicken. Even then it will not be eatable unless stuffed with the flesh of two woodcocks, carefully truffled, and placed upon a large piece of toast spread with a paste made of "the trails and livers" of the woodcocks and saturated with the dripping of the pheasant itself. Then, if it is well cooked, and some bitter oranges are put round it, it will be "worthy of being served up to angels," especially if it is washed down "with some of the best wine of Upper Burgundy."

The method of treating small birds is much more simple. Few people, he tells us, know how to eat them, but the following is the proper method. "Take the plump little bird by the beak, sprinkle over him a little salt, take out the gullet, pop him skilfully into your mouth, bite him off close to the fingers, and chew it with might and main; you will have enough juice to flood the whole organ, and you will taste a pleasure unknown to the vulgar." There are small birds called fig-peckers, that have "a unique flavour so exquisite that, when they are eaten, all the organs of

* *A Handbook of Gastronomy* (*Brillat-Savarin's Physiologie du Goût*). New and Complete Translation. With 52 Original Etchings by A. Lalauze. London: Nimmo & Bain. 1884.

taste are brought into play, fully occupied, and wholly beatified." A very simple recipe for cooking meat was given to the author by one of his guests. "Cut a steak, salt it, put it between your horse's back and your saddle, and have a good gallop, at the end of which you will "have a dinner fit for a prince." He might have added, "and you will have a horse with a sore back." The chapter on corpulence proves that there was no great novelty in the system of the late Mr. Banting, and here we may learn not only how to get thin, but also how to get fat. John Sobieski is quoted as the most notable example of a corpulent hero. The author believed that literary men, to a great extent, owe their style to the condition of their digestions, and the whole process of digestion interests him so much that he describes it at great length. The only point of table etiquette on which he lays any stress is that guests ought to show signs of admiration and eagerness when dishes of unusual excellence are laid upon the table. On the other hand, if anything goes wrong with the dinner, they should look intensely disappointed. Those who fail in either of these particulars are not worthy of being invited a second time. It is "good form" to eat something from every dish, and to ask for everything that lies on the table, dessert included.

The author notices the curious fact, that before an important dinner many people always eat a gross of oysters—144, and yet eat none the less afterwards. He had a certain friend who used to complain that he could never get what we will call "his fill" of oysters—he used a more graphic expression. Determining to supply this want, the author invited him to dinner; but, when the man had eaten his thirty-second dozen, his host became so weary of doing nothing, that he said, "'My dear fellow, it is your destiny to-day not to eat your "fill" of oysters; let us now have some dinner.' We did so, and he behaved as vigorously as a man who had been fasting." Surely we must have degenerated in these days! Savarin writes at great length in favour of the wholesomeness of truffles; and, in proof of this theory, he quotes a certain Dr. Melouet, who "used to swallow enough" truffles "to give an indigestion to an elephant; yet lived till eighty-six." He also defends chocolate against the charge of over-richness; and he says, that if those who say that a cup of chocolate in a morning makes them bilious would only eat a heavy breakfast with it, they would have no further cause of complaint, and would feel as ready as usual for their midday meals. Chocolate, again, he recommends as a preventive of corpulence; but he warns people strongly against giving coffee to children. He tells us that neither coffee, sugar, nor tobacco was used in Europe until the seventeenth century; and that the secret of distillation only became generally known about the same time. Everybody may not be aware that turkeys were first introduced into Europe by the Jesuits.

The distinctions between the pleasures of simple eating and those of the table are drawn with solemn elaboration. While "the pleasure of eating requires, if not hunger, at least appetite, the pleasure of the table is most often independent of both." But it is on the after effects of the pleasures of the table that the author dwells with the greatest satisfaction. "In fact, at the end of a good dinner, both body and soul enjoy a particular happiness." Yet he maintains that "taste is not so richly endowed as hearing," and he considers mankind to be "much better organized for sorrow than for pleasure." Taste, however, he believes to be the sense which procures for us the greatest number of enjoyments:—

1°. Because the pleasure of eating is the only one that, taken in moderation, is never followed by fatigue;

2°. Because it belongs to all times, all ages, and all conditions;

3°. Because it occurs necessarily at least once a day, and may be repeated without inconvenience two or three times in this space of time;

4°. Because it may be combined with all our other pleasures, and even console us for their absence;

5°. Because the impressions it receives are at the same time more durable and more dependent on our will;

6°. Finally, because in eating we receive a certain indefinable and special comfort, which arises from the intuitive consciousness that we repair our losses and prolong our existence by the food we eat.

Having said so much on behalf of the pleasures of eating, it naturally follows that he should regard *gourmandise* as a most important science, and that he should consider that, "from whatever point of view" it "is examined, it deserves nothing but praise and encouragement." Moreover, after enlarging upon the physical advantages of *gourmandise*, he proceeds to say that "morally it shows implicit resignation to the commands of the Creator, who, in ordering man to eat that he may live, invites him to do so by appetite, encourages him by flavour, and rewards him by pleasure." Now we had already heard of the virtues of those who feed others, but we read for the first time in the *Physiologie du Goût* of the piety of those who feed themselves. To represent greediness as devotion is "going rather far." There is something pretty in the old idea that Fra Angelico and other pious artists prayed with their paint brushes, but there is scarcely so much pathos in the notion of a gourmand praying with a *pâté de foie gras*. Yet opinions may possibly vary on this point, and whatever may be its faults, the *Physiologie du Goût* is, and will probably long remain, a standard book. Therefore, to Englishmen who know but little French and can stand a good deal of coarseness, we would say, read *A Handbook of Gastronomy*, and, as Brillat-Savarin himself would put it, "you will see something wonderful."

RECENT VERSE.*

THE critic who surveys the heaven of contemporary poetry in the hope of seeing "some new planet swim into his ken" is constantly baffled by mere emanations of the marsh or the transient splendours of the penny squib. He suffers continual disappointment. Yet the honour of discovery gives zest to the search, and ensures his alertness. The present vacuity of the horizon favours the modest ascension of the coming bard; the hour is propitious, but the new poet lingers in the under-world. Still the bulk of recent verse continues to be of the old familiar type—vapid, insincere, pretentious, deficient in inspiration, and void of imagination. Mr. Pitchford's handsome volume is quite seductive externally, but its contents would be more fittingly bound in homiletic black. *The Morning Song* is a blank-verse poem of some eleven thousand lines, very pious in tone, exemplary in teaching, and insufferably prolix. Its didacticism is that of the last century. It suggests Hayley and *The Course of Time* and *Night Thoughts*. Wandering through its tortuous maze the reader strays upon many an excellent precept and ancient platitude dear to his youth; its morality is unimpeachable, its versification is correct, but its poetry consists of this:—

> Humanity hath fallen off from God,
> Like some fair branch that withers on the ground,
> Torn from its parent-tem, weeping its life.
> Man's sorrows have their deep significance,
> Their noble origin. Yet even here
> Goodwill is seen; the fallen are not lost;
> For He hath hedged the sinner's path with thorns,
> Embittered the false cup of sinful joy,
> And interposed to check the swift descent
> To evil, lest that man should there find rest;
> Surrounded life with pangs, restraints, and checks,
> Making sin difficult.

Theology and common experience are both opposed to the poet's notion of sin being difficult.

We owe Mr. Cliffe's contribution to our lyrical drama to his opinion that Alfieri in his *Abel* and Byron in *Cain* did not make a sufficient use of the Chorus; he further observes; "perhaps in pursuing an opposite direction I have erred in the other extreme, and the excessive lyric ornamentation may have weighed down the dramatic figures with its luxuriance, and concealed the dark and gloomy action like a serpent under flowers." We hasten to reassure Mr. Cliffe. Action in his tragedy there is none, and concealment is therefore impossible; and while his lyrical excesses are beyond all doubt heavy, no luxuriance whatever could injuriously affect his "figures," which are of the lay order. Satan and the Infernal Chorus are busy and bustling, full of empty fury and ludicrous importance; their speech is not free from anachronisms, such as "the Titanic sun" and Styx and Cocytus; while even Zillah makes learned allusion to Acheron. The most original scene is one wherein Cain is interviewed by Satan, and eventually is cast into a magic trance, to awake maddened and ripe for murder. Previously, Satan having magniloquently set forth his power, Cain rejoins—

> Tell others of thy power but tell not me.
> I seek for nothing; I have long disdained
> Such offers as are thine; I care for nobody
> And nothing cares for me.

With this new version of an old song, we take leave of Mr. Cliffe, recommending him to curb his lyrical ardour, and be less disdainful of dramatic action.

The *Poems* of Fanny Kemble are best described as fugitive verse. They are occasional pieces, pleasing and unaffected in sentiment, graceful in expression, and charmingly sincere. They belong mostly to the age of albums and Annuals, and are, in many instances, addressed to celebrities of bygone years; they present little pictures of America, vignettes of Rome, and reminiscences of foreign scenes. The retrospective poems are often instinct with a sadness that is too frank and natural to be morbid, and yet is not unaffecting, and is expressed with true poetic power. The sonnet following is remarkable for its bold imagery, if we except

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* *The Morning Song.* By John Watkins Pitchford. London: Elliot Stock. 1883.

Abel: a Tragedy. By Francis Henry Cliffe. London: Remington & Co. 1884.

Poems. By Frances Anne Kemble. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1883.

Rhyme? and Reason? By Lewis Carroll. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

The Loves of Vandyck: a Tale of Genoa. By J. W. Gilbart-Smith. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

A Broken Silence. By Samuel K. Cowan. London: Marcus Ward & Co. 1883.

Ione; and Other Poems. By W. H. Seal. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

Whispers; being the Early Poems of Robert Harborough Sherard. London: Remington & Co. 1884.

The Goal of Time. By John Le Gay Brereton. Melbourne: George Robertson. 1883.

The Spirit of Sport in Nature. By T. S. London: Marcus Ward & Co. 1883.

A Circle of Song; or, Lays of Love and Laughter. Cambridge: J. Palmer. 1883.

A Tale of Two Fair Women. H. Marius. Dublin: George Herbert. London: Hatchards. 1883.

Life Thoughts. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

the little awkwardness of the second verse; it is curious, too, to read, now Italian unity is a fact:—

To Pius IX.

It may be that the stone which thou art heaving
From off thy people's neck shall fall and crush thee;
It may be that the sudden flood shall push thee
From off the rock, whence, prophet-like, believing
In God's great future thou dost set it free;
Yet heave it, heave it heaven high, nor fear
To be o'erwhelmed in the first wild career
Of those imprisoned tides of liberty.
That stone which thou must lifted from the heart
Of a whole nation shall become to thee
A glorious monument, such as no art
E'er piled above a mortal memory;
Falling beneath it, thou shalt have a tomb
That shall make low the loftiest dome in Rome.

All admirers of Mr. Lewis Carroll's peculiar humour will welcome his latest volume, although it consists chiefly of reprints, and what it possesses of novelty cannot enhance his reputation. "The Hunting of the Snark," the whimsical "Phantasmagoria," the delightful ballad, "The Lang Coortin'," and the admirable parody of "The Three Voices," are no new things, but they are ever fresh to all who are of Matthew Merygreeke's opinion that in true mirth there is much of mystery as well as health. "The Hunting of the Snark" needs not the apology of its explanatory preface, its ironical reference to a moral purpose, its considerate elucidation of the enigmatical. Mr. Holiday's clever and ingenious illustrations supply all the light required for its perfect comprehension. Who can forget, having once seen it, the expression of the butcher's face in the throes of his knotty calculation? Its concentrated agony of bewilderment is masterly, it haunts the memory like Hogarth's enraged musician. The remaining poems are illustrated by Mr. Arthur B. Frost. They are not all of equal merit, but there are few in which the spirit of the text is not happily expressed; their humour is fresh, their fancy delightful, and they exhibit abundant invention. In "The Three Voices" Mr. Carroll's conception is realized with a vivid power, a depth of sympathy, and an imaginative sense of the grotesque, that leave nothing to be desired; while in "Hiawatha's Photographing" the artist shows caricature power of a high order.

It is not possible to say much of Mr. Gilbart-Smith's little poem save that it is fluently written, easy to read, and commendably brief. It is fashioned after the so-called "Tales" of Byron, and professes to set forth the love of Vandyck for the Marchioness Brignole-Sale; but the great painter makes a shadowy appearance in the poem, and his vigorous personality is entirely missed by the author. The result is a flat and colourless sketch in correct passionless verse whose mediocrity is unrelieved by one ray of inspiration.

We have often derived sincere pleasure from the alluring and florid titles of the works of our minor songsters. They are as fanciful as the names given to villas in a new suburb, where each successive occupier outvies his neighbour until nomenclature becomes a difficult business. Is it that our versifiers are conscious of their chief offence that they discard the honourable title "poems" and offer their verses as if they were something different, which indeed they are? The title of Mr. Cowan's volume may be appropriate, but we cannot, after perusing his lyrics, regret his recent silence. This is how he writes of Israfel:—

Of all the choirs of cherubim,
None sing so wildly well
(Or of the choirs of seraphim)
As the angel Israfel.

I know not what thy theme can be
That makes the heavens stand mute,
To hear thee, angel Israfel,
Whose heart-strings are a lute.

By which we see Mr. Cowan is not unacquainted with Poe and *The Ancient Mariner*, and "conveys" wildly, if not well. The "lute-stringed heart" serves him in another poem. As he is fond of recondite titles, we recommend this to him—"Anathoth"—for his next volume.

Ione is a tale of chivalry in old Spain during the Moorish occupation, told with much volubility in the octosyllabic verse with which such a theme is naturally wedded since the success of *Marmion*. Its relation is better than its conception; the incidents are ill contrived, and the final catastrophe absurd. It is brimful of the well-worn properties of the romanticist, the stock-in-trade of the defunct Minerva Press. There is a proud and haughty Moslem, who is invariably stern, a beautiful and impulsive heroine, a Christian knight; there is a great deal of "the gentle muezzin's prayer" and the "quivering" dawn, the "impetuous barb," and so forth; while Ione more than once is represented as embracing the stern Moslem's brow—a curious form of salutation. The other poems in the volume do not rise above the respectable level of contemporary poetics.

Mr. Sherard's *Whispers* are such as all may hear unprovoked who are so minded. They are discreet in their confidences, and their eroticism is not of too fiery or pungent a nature. One of them, dedicated to a brother bard, however, passes the limits of a whisper; it opens with this ungentle description of the bard's poetry:—

A festering sea of spiced and sweetened slime,
A faint sirocco breathed o er putrid dead,
A throne enchancelling all unmanly crime,
Sewers usurping some fair river's bed.

All this, and more, emblematic and to the purpose. It is a pity Mr. Sherard does not courageously print the name of the poet he thus falls foul of.

The Goal of Time is a little blank-verse poem, very transcendental in style, that deals with man's continual evolution towards perfectibility, the survival of the fittest, the individual predominance of the best, an aristocracy of nature. These and other high themes are treated with a certain graceful fluency and facile rhetoric, in verse that is smooth and carefully modulated. It issues from Australia, and compares favourably with the sick fancies and super-sensitive egotism current with us.

It is not altogether unnecessary to warn ardent sportsmen who reverence the memory of Whyte-Melville that *The Spirit of Sport in Nature* is not addressed to them. They will find in it no spirited glorification of the autumn morning by the covert-side, the music of the hounds, the merits of "E O" powder; sportive elves, dancing fays, and the mysteries of fairyland and other pretty fancies, make up the volume. The author tells us that the late Rev. George Gilfillan discovered in his verses "genuine poetic and Milesian fire," hence their publication. It is always painful to dissent from authority; Milesian fire we would gladly dispense with, but in this case we have to do with neither.

The author of *A Circle of Song* does not reach the average of undergraduate verse. The subjects of his poems require a light and graceful touch and deft handling to make them tolerable; amorously to descant on such trivialities as "On laming myself in a Footrace with Gertrude" demands higher powers than are his. He has, however, achieved the rare distinction of rhyming *distingué* with dingy—the one notable touch in his volume.

Marian is the second portion of a lengthy blank-verse romance in narrative and dialogue. It is not without merit, but its defects of diffuseness, excessive volubility, and tedious ever-recurring soliloquy are overwhelming. It provokes the obvious and awkward question—Why was it not told in good honest prose? Prose, after all, is the natural language of romance; the narrative would gain in prose those qualities of lucidity and form it is most deficient in.

In *Life Thoughts* the disproportion between the grandiloquence of its title and the vaporous nature of its contents is striking. There is nothing in it of thought, in the philosophic sense, nothing that should make others think, "or even think of thinking"; some descriptive passages, however, possess poetic power and feeling.

TEUTONIC MYTHOLOGY.*

FOLK-LORE has taken the position of the more old-fashioned antiquarianism as the hobby of people with plenty of curiosity and leisure. Much as we value ourselves on the "scientific spirit," we are in matters of folk-lore and myth about as far from being scientific as ever. Still the old combinations of faint or even invisible analogies are woven into a shadowy warp and woof of theory. Still there are prevalent purely fanciful and unsupported ideas of what man must have been in the mythopœic stage. Still the great living mythopœic age of contemporary rude peoples is neglected in spite of the warnings of Mr. Tylor. Still are "the notes of the Will-o'-the-Wisp," as a lady writer of children's stories has it, listened to by credulous inquirers. The Will-o'-the-Wisp in this case is etymology. Theories are founded on fantastic ideas about the original meanings and derivations of names. On one side, we are told by Welcker that Cronus is a Greek divine name deduced from a *Volks-Etymologie* of Cronides, and therefore cannot come in Sanskrit; on the other side we have Kuhn deriving Cronus from "the Sanskrit krâna, *der für sich schaffende*" (*Ueber Entwicklungsstufen der Mythenbildung*, p. 148). Wilder yet and yet more dread are the mythologists who derive the Homeric moly from an Accadian word for a star, and the German rhyming nonsense *limpete*, from a Chaldæan word for the deep. Clearly we are drifting back into the system by which Bryant and Deane explained any word, in any language, by any other word in any other language which chanced to resemble it in sense or sound. In this carnival and masquerade of guesses and etymologies, the sanity and, on the whole, the scientific calmness of Jacob Grimm in the English translation are welcome. Mr. Stallybrass has reached his third volume, and has still to tackle the promised appendix. His translation is neither faultless nor complete, for he usually leaves unconstrued the long quotations from all sorts of tongues which Grimm in German fashion printed in the original. As folk-lore is, on the whole, a popular kind of study, pursued by quiet ladies and by the clergy in their leisure moments, as folk-lore is among sciences what croquet is among games, it seems a pity to make its pursuit too difficult. A very considerable proportion of Mr. Stallybrass's version will be heathen Greek to a very considerable proportion of his probable public. Yet, when he comes to the appendix, we can scarcely expect him to be nobly inconsistent, and to translate not only Grimm's writing, but Grimm's quotations.

The preface to this third volume (itself a collection of folk-lore rather than of the higher myths) contains some interesting expressions and reservations of opinion. Grimm laments again that his people, unlike the Scandinavian race, have had no Edda preserved to them. But Germany still keeps, in oral memory, her *Märchen*,

* *Teutonic Mythology*. By Jacob Grimm. Translated by James Stevens Stallybrass. Vol. III. London: Bell & Sons. 1883.

And what are *Märchen* but the higher myths in the making—myths not yet endowed with a local habitation, and busy with characters not yet dubbed with title or name? This, at all events, is our view of the relation of *Märchen* and myth, though now and then the relations are reversed. Probably some of the tales which Schmidt and Von Hahn collected in Greece are faint, blurred versions of the old Olympian myths, worn down by long travel *per ora virum*. Grimm himself writes thus:—"The ancient mythus combines to some extent the qualities of *Märchen* and legend; untrammelled in its flight" (like the *Märchen*), "it can yet settle down in a local home" (like the legend). German popular tradition, as distinguished from literary record, preserves not only the ancient peasant forms of myth, but retains innumerable heathen customs and rites—fire-lighting by friction, belief in healing fountains, rain-making, sacred animals, omens, spells, curses, holy plants and stones, and so forth. These things, we may say, though here Grimm would probably have differed from us, are perhaps older than the gods. One dynasty after another of Olympians, or dwellers in Asgard, is evolved from the faith or fancy of priest, poet, and philosopher, and is imposed from above on the acquiescent, unprogressive rural people. They accept the new faith and the new names, but do not get rid of the old magical rites. They only tell the old story of the new god; they only give the saint's name to the holy well, or put the sacred beast under the patronage of Apollo or St. Bridget, of Zeus or Our Lady. Thus it is probably the minor matters of the rustic faith that are the most old of all; the witch or conjurer more antique than the similarly endowed god; the mouse or wolf more antique than the god who patronizes mouse or wolf, Sminthian or Lycean Apollo. This view, a comparatively modern one, appears to be controverted by Grimm when he says that "divinities form the core of all mythology." To our minds divinities (like the British aristocracy) are rather the "upper crust" than the core. "Our gods were buried almost out of sight," says Grimm, "and had to be dug out." True, the gods were buried; because they were the open, official, established opponents of the new creed. Therefore, the priests of the new creed, leaving sacred beasts and birds and magic rites comparatively unmolested, turned with all their strength against Balder and Odin and Wuotan and Thunar, and the like. In precisely the same way when a country is conquered, the king and the nobles are dispossessed and disappear, the common people survive, and always make the bulk of the population. Therefore, when Christianity invaded German belief, the high gods were dispossessed and disappeared; the rural superstitions are alive to-day. This necessary truth in the evolution of religion and myth makes folk-lore more than a mere study of oddities. Folk-lore is that portion of human beliefs which has persisted longest under the waves of this troublesome world, the waves of advancing and withdrawing creeds and civilizations. The peasant holds to the rites and ideas that his ancestors practised while they were still savages, and before perhaps they had much acquaintance with the more poetic myths even about the heathen gods. To matter of this archaic sort Grimm's third volume (in the English translation) is devoted. It is the extreme antiquity of folk-lore derived from that stage of the human intellect which, all over the world, was most similar and least differentiated, that accounts for the wide diffusion of popular beliefs and popular tales. Grimm is an opponent of the theory which explains the recurrence and diffusion of similar stories and practices by borrowing. Certainly these practices and stories are always found most among the very section of the people that has travelled least, and that, in other matters, borrows not at all. The upper classes of France may borrow English ways, the educated class in England may borrow German ideas, but the peasants do not travel, do not read, do not imitate, do not borrow. How then is it that a Gaelic tale will contain features found in the corresponding Slavonic and Zulu stories, features which have dropped out of the cultivated French version of the *Märchen*, as dressed up by Perrault to be presented at court, and dedicated *à Mademoiselle*? Manifestly, if there was to be any knowledge in Western Europe of the Zulu or Servian Cinderella, Perrault was more likely to use the knowledge than a cotter in Barra. Yet the cotter narrator cleaves to the elements in the legend which Slavs and Zulus retain, while Perrault drops them. Thus Grimm wisely regards the diffusion of myths as "mysterious." "I believe myth to be the common property of many lands; that all its ways are not yet known." Grimm was apparently unaware that (not to speak of African myths, of which he had some knowledge), the early Spanish conquerors found parallels to German tales among the Peruvian tribes. The more the topic is pursued the more this extraordinary closeness of coincidence among the tales of every people is demonstrated. While this coincidence remains "mysterious" it entirely demolishes the theory that Indo-European tales are the result of forgotten meanings of words. The same words do not occur, to cause the same error, in South and North America, and Africa, on the Amazon, and on the Murrumbidgee. As a vigorous disbelief in borrowing or transmission usually accompanies the hypothesis that tales are the result of language misunderstood, the difficulties of the problem (to students who hold these views) must appear insuperable. But Grimm "does not deny that, besides this mysterious diffusion, there has also been borrowing from without—nay, that myths could be purposely invented or imported." Such intentional importing and borrowing, however, is characteristic of civilized and educated peoples. The Romans and the Ptolemies extended an open hospitality to deities of all lands, and mysteries and myths of every faith. All the civilized world has borrowed and adopted Christianity, Buddhism, Islam. But untutored races (among whom the myths Grimm speaks of are diffused) borrow as little as possible, though they have civilized religions imposed on them by the sword, or recommended as accompaniments to gunpowder and gin. Thus it must be admitted that borrowing, where we can watch it historically, has been done by civilized and, so to say, self-conscious peoples. The process will not account for the diffusion of European folk-lore and myth among shy peoples, neither self-conscious nor civilized. The diffusion among them must remain in part mysterious, in part may be explained by the fact that the ancestors of Europeans were once in the intellectual stage where the Nootkas or Hos remain. Some influence also must be assigned to the slow process of filtration and transmission of story and idea, along the paths of palæolithic commerce, and during the untraced and dateless wanderings of early humanity. Yet, after allowing for all these processes and possibilities, we remain puzzled when we find exactly the same series of incidents in a Malagasy and a Gaelic story, or in an Iroquois, Andaman, and Australian tale. The puzzle makes much of the pleasure of the study of folk-lore and myth.

Grimm was somewhat interested in animal-worship. Observing that Finnish races, like the people of Sweden and Norway, held the bear sacred, he also observed that "the constellation of the Great Bear would of itself seem an evident trace of his worship even among the Greeks." Bachofen, who wrote a tract on ancient bear-worship, would agree with this; and when we know that the Australians revere and seek oracles from all the bear they have to worship (the little "native bear"), and that Iroquois and Ainos do the same, while the bear is an American constellation, we cannot but see that the Greeks had religious ideas in common with very low races. But all this disappears when scholars and their camp-followers assure us that the Greek bear derives his name from a root meaning "bright," and that the "glossiness of his coat," and some linguistic muddle about the root ARK, caused him to take his place in the heavens. If this be true, was it by some astonishing coincidence in linguistic error that all the other bears of the Ainos and the other bear-worshippers forced their way into the realm of religion and myth? Would it not be odd if, in languages of all families, the forgotten meaning of words thrust bears, of all things, among the gods and the stars? The coincidences in themselves would be miraculous. But here Grimm's good sense comes in, and he has nothing to say about etymologies. Later, indeed, he falls into the trap of regarding inanimate objects religiously adored as "symbols of the divine force." But such objects—fetishes, if people will call them so—are more or less religiously revered by races who seem to have few large abstract "ideas of the divine force."

On the whole, Grimm is a model of the scientific temper, dealing with a class of subjects in which the unscientific spirit usually runs wild. But when is that successor of Grimm to come to whom he "bequeaths his gleanings"; the man who, "standing on Grimm's shoulders, shall get in the harvest of the full field"? The advent of this synthetic genius is scarcely to be expected in our generation; but come he must some day, when the historic and anthropological inquiries of the time reach their goal.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

NOTHING can better illustrate the immense literary diligence of Michelet than the fact that after the sixty or seventy volumes (taking modern and closely-printed editions) which he published during his lifetime, after the posthumous books, more than one of which has appeared since his death, there is still unprinted matter of his waiting for the light. It is true, as Mme. Michelet very fully and frankly informs us, that the *Mémoire*, of which *Ma jeunesse* (1) is the first instalment, are not autograph and holograph works of her husband's. From very early days he kept not exactly a journal, but a kind of intermittent autobiographic record; and on more than one occasion in later life he tried to get it into form, but unsuccessfully. The published work is, therefore, partly original and partly edited from materials. But no one who is at all familiar with Michelet's style is likely (even if there were any other reason for paying so bad a compliment to her) to suspect Mme. Michelet of invention. The book is signed, to those who can read, pretty amply. It fulfils its title closely, leaving Michelet a very young man with, despite his successes at the Lycée Charlemagne, nothing more to depend upon than the troublesome, undignified, and absurdly underpaid post of *répétiteur* at a private school. He had not lacked trouble before. He was miserable at school and starved at home; not at all owing to any unkindness on the part of his parents, but simply because they were not prosperous enough to feed him properly. But, as somebody has said, "a man of letters is never really unhappy"; and this boy of letters had abundant consolations, which may be read here. As usual with the author, there are abundant digressions, and the book is one to be returned to when it is finished or somewhat further advanced.

At this moment M. Duveyrier's pamphlet on the Senoussia (2), a network of Mussulman associations in North Africa, deserves to

(1) *Ma jeunesse*. Par J. Michelet. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *La confrérie musulmane de Sidi Mohammed ben Ali es-Senoussi*. Par H. Duveyrier. Paris: Société de Géographie.

attract the attention of English readers. M. Duveyrier is one of the first living authorities on the Northern Sahara. He naturally pays more attention to Es-Senoussi than to his southern imitator and rival, with whom we are more particularly concerned, and his information does not much regard the Soudan proper. But it is known that the policy of the two Mahdis agrees pretty closely, and it is by no means certain that the organization set on foot by the one might not, if some great success like the death of Gordon or the defeat of an English force befall the other, be turned to account by him. How widely the network spreads, and how close are its meshes, M. Duveyrier shows to all who care to learn.

Probably no such work as that which M. Picard (3) has produced in four mighty volumes on the history and system of French railway construction, maintenance, and administration is possible in England. Across the Channel the Ministry of Public Works has simply to give facilities for it, and it is done. Even yet the time which has elapsed since railways were first made is too short for what may be called a philosophical history of them generally. But M. Picard has collected the experience of France in a manner which will simply need continuation, not repetition, in the future. At present, we should say, his book stands alone, waiting not for rivals, but for imitators.

M. Lemerre's (4) always welcome collection of 24mo reprints has been increased by Alfred de Vigny's famous novel-history, and by what is perhaps M. Daudet's most popular work. We do not ourselves think it by any means his best.

The ninth volume of M. Gambetta's Speeches (5) (reaching October 1881) has appeared.

M. L. Galesloot (6) has published a brochure of very considerable interest to Englishmen, containing documents and discussions relating to the Duke of Wellington's visit to the capital of Flanders before Waterloo, and some subsequent relations of his with the city and neighbourhood. Among other things, M. Galesloot seems successfully to identify the disputed locality of the "sound of revelry by night."

The fifth yearly issue of M. Lafenestre's sumptuous Salon Album (7), as it may be called, in which the works of the year which receive prizes are described, and for the most part figured, is before us. The place of honour in the frontispiece is occupied by M. Rochegrosse's "Andromache." The etcher has not been too fortunate, for he has made that distressed mother apparently bestow a sweet smile on her own ravishers and the murderers of her child. Indeed, the illustration generally is not quite up to the mark, though exceptions may be made in favour of the plates giving M. Bouguereau's "Night," and M. Guillaume's "Castalie."

The very handsome volume which Mrs. Pattison has written for the *Bibliothèque Internationale de l'Art* (8) is appropriate enough; the author being English, the subject, the language, and for the most part the engravings, French. We have so large a part of the work of the great Lorrainer, whom some silly people, thinking it proper to follow what they sillily think Mr. Ruskin has said, despise, that the whole execution might well be English. Mrs. Pattison seems to have taken much trouble with her task, and she has been on the whole (not invariably) well seconded by her artists. The Amand-Durand photographic etchings are as usual impeccable. Let us hope in passing that Mrs. Pattison is wrong in accusing Earlom of tampering with the *Liber Veritatis* in order to make it easier to engrave.

(3) *Les chemins de fer français.* Par A. Picard. 4 vols. Paris: Rothschild.

(4) *Petite Bibliothèque Littéraire—Cinq Mars.* 2 vols. *Froment jeune et Risler aîné.* 1 vol. Paris: Lemerre.

(5) *Discours et plaidoyers politiques de M. Gambetta.* Vol. IX. Paris: Charpentier.

(6) *Le duc de Wellington à Bruxelles.* Par L. Galesloot. Gand: Vanderhaeghen.

(7) *Le livre d'or du salon de 1883.* Par G. Lafenestre. Paris: Librarie des Bibliophiles.

(8) *Claude Lorrain.* Par Mme. Mark Pattison. Paris: Rouans.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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FRANCE.

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The Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, London, will hold at the Crystal Palace an International Exhibition of Arts, Manufactures, and Scientific, Agricultural, and Industrial Products. The Exhibition will be opened on St. George's Day, the 23rd of April, 1884, and will remain open for a period of at least six months.
Prospectuses, entry forms, and all information may be obtained from the Executive Commissioner, or any of the Official Agents.
The arrangements for the Fine Arts Section are under the direction of Mr. J. Forbes Robertson, 25 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, W.C.
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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, NOTTINGHAM.
The CHAIR of MATHEMATICS and PHYSICS will be shortly vacant, in consequence of the resignation of Professor GARNETT.
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SAM. GEO. JOHNSON, *Town Clerk,*
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The Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept the lowest tender, or any, unless deemed satisfactory, and all tenders must be delivered in before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty.
The parties sending in proposals must attend personally before the Commissioners, or by a duly authorised agent, at half-past Twelve o'clock on the said day.
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Sewers Office, Guildhall,
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FINANCIAL INFORMATION, JUNE 1, 1883:

Total Funds	£3,002,005
Total Annual Income	£333,188
Total Amount of Claims upon Death	£2,257,381
Amount of Profits divided at the last Quinquennial Bonus	£137,847

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REPORT of the DIRECTORS, presented at the 78th ANNUAL MEETING at the Office, on Wednesday, January 30, 1884.

The Directors have to report that the transactions of the Provident Life Office during the year 1883 have been highly satisfactory.

Proposals for new Assurances amounting to £879,080 were received. Policies for £575,530 were issued and taken up, producing new annual Premiums amounting to £19,770, as against £19,311 for the previous year. These Assurances and new annual Premiums respectively represent the actual net amounts. No re-assurances were effected during the year.

The Proposals, declined and not completed, amounted to £163,550.

The Claims for the year were £192,755, being £26,416 more than the corresponding sum for 1882.

The annual Income is now £310,371, being an increase of £9,708.

During the year the sum of £19,620 was paid for the surrender of Policies. The values paid upon Bonus Policies ranged from 35 per cent.—the minimum surrender value—to as much as 634 per cent. of the Premiums received.

The total Funds of the Office on December 31 last were £2,383,384, being an increase of £24,197, a result very satisfactory considering the special extra payments required to be made on account of the recent division of Profits. The average interest realised was £4 5s. 8d. per cent., as against £4 4s. during 1882.

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And Notice is also given that the Transfer Books of the Company will be closed preparatory to the Meeting, from the 18th February to the 6th March, both days inclusive.

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IN introducing the measure officially called "The Repre-"sentation of the People Bill," but which in other quarters is disrespectfully described as The Continuance in Office Bill, Mr. GLADSTONE had before him an easy and congenial task. He had a great opportunity for making the kind of speech in which he excels, and for again asserting his belief in the capacity of the majority of the nation to exercise power with wisdom and moderation. The speech was not eloquent, as indeed Mr. GLADSTONE's addresses never are in any high sense of the word, the opinion of his partisans to the contrary notwithstanding. It was a lucid account of what the Bill is to do, and was almost free from the empty rhetoric which passes for eloquence with the critics of the Ministerial party. Mr. GLADSTONE went over the whole ground with his undoubted power of stating a complicated mass of details so as to make them clear to anybody who chooses to listen or read with a moderate degree of attention. He, in fact, did for the new Franchise Bill what he has done for so many Budgets. Enemies and friends alike must confess that he has stated the changes about to be made in the structure of the constituencies so as to leave their nature wholly beyond doubt. With extraordinary ingenuity, he contrived at once to make the most of those changes and yet to seem to minimize them. Although the PRIME MINISTER may have persuaded himself that he has little to fear from opposition, he was careful to conciliate the majority of his hearers, who, in their hearts, are afraid of any extension of the franchise, by dwelling on the much which the Bill leaves untouched. When the representation of wealth has been swamped by a flood of new votes belonging wholly to the wage-earning class, it is a matter of comparatively little importance that the property vote for the counties will be left nominally untouched. Both parties are afraid to defend the faggot vote publicly, although both have made, and do make, free use of it. When Mr. GLADSTONE showed how he proposes to attack this useful method of indirectly increasing the representation of property, he could safely rely on the support which every member of Parliament is bound by decency to give to plans for securing what is called the purity of election. He descanted on the other and more congenial side of his subject, the vast changes which the Bill will bring about, with manifest satisfaction. The new service, lodger, and household franchises of the counties were detailed at length. If Mr. GLADSTONE made any attempt to be eloquent in the course of his speech, it was in the passages in which he compared the timid measures of the first Reform Bill, and the half-hearted courage of the second, with the magnificent addition he now proposes to make to the constituencies. A big number always produces a considerable effect on a certain class of mind, and there are very many of Mr. GLADSTONE's followers in and out of the House who will be ready to believe that the Bill is a greater measure of reform than either of its predecessors, simply because it will add two million votes to the register.

It is no disparagement of Mr. GLADSTONE's Parliamentary courage to assume that the numerical weakness of the Conservative Opposition increased his enjoyment of the work he had to do. He cannot have enjoyed the opportunity of making a masterly *précis* of his Bill the less because he knew that at the bottom of their hearts the Conservatives, and no small part of his own followers, are utterly opposed to any further extension of the franchise, though the latter cannot venture to say so. That knowledge must have added considerably to the pleasure of showing active opponents and unwilling followers exactly how he proposes to do just what they dread to see done. It probably added further piquancy to this gratification that Lord HARTINGTON must have listened to his Chief's demonstration of the necessity of including Ireland in the Bill with feelings of a very mixed kind. If the crude truth had been told, or is to be told at any future stage of the debate, it would be that in point of fact the exact means to be used for nearly doubling the number of voters are matters of comparatively little importance. The essential thing is that, if this Bill passes in anything like the form in which it has been produced, the whole political power of the three kingdoms will be thrown into the hands of the working class. It is a merely plausible concession to leave a vote to the holder of 10*l.* clear yearly value in land free from the necessity of residence, even though it is to be no longer necessary that the holding should include a tenement. The voters who represent property will remain a fixed number. No addition can be made to them by any measure of the Legislature. But the addition to be made to the representation of the working class is enormous. Every one of the two million new voters will be added to his one part of the constituency. A complete alteration of the balance of political power of this kind cannot but be hateful to the Conservatives, and at least very unwelcome to the moderate Liberals. There is yet considerable hope that the Bill may be opposed on the ground that what it proposes to do will be bad in itself. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who has the courage of his opinions, did indeed state the actual truth, and gave the best of all possible reasons for condemning the Bill, when he declared that the new voters will be ignorant and indifferent to politics. Other members, no doubt, will be found to speak with equal frankness. Unfortunately, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL had less to support him when he fell into the gratuitous error of prophecy and predicted defeat for the Ministry. Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry has undoubtedly been discredited in many ways; but if it had fallen into a state of exhaustion, the Franchise Bill is directly intended to revive it. Wavering followers may possibly be rallied by a Radical measure. It may seem too much to hope that the Whigs who have submitted to so much will risk their cherished popularity with the constituencies, such as it is, by deserting their leader when he is engaged in doing what may be plausibly represented as the natural consequence of the traditional policy of their party. It is easy enough to prove to the satisfaction of any thinking man that the possession of a vote is not an innate right. That it can be proved to the satisfaction of the majority of electors is quite another thing. Workmen are doubtless as much pleased to possess a privilege as anybody else; and it may be that they are at present convinced, as far as they have any political convictions, that what power they already have will be increased by being conferred in greater quantities on their class. Moderate Liberals and Conservatives alike are well aware of the fact, and have hitherto hesitated to tell the majority of their supporters that the part of the population to which they belong is not to be trusted with political power.

Since it is obvious that Lord HARTINGTON's scruples have been removed or suppressed on second thoughts, the Bill will gain no little support by what is beyond all question its most dangerous element. If that revival of independence

among the Whigs which is predicted from time to time were to be hoped for at all, it might have been expected to show itself when it is gravely proposed to swamp the Irish constituencies with voters who are sure to be the docile instruments of disloyal agitators. Lord HARTINGTON has, however, made no sign. He has eaten his words at home, and is now apparently prepared to give the Bill and all the Bill his steady support. In thus sacrificing his opinions to his party, the moderate Liberal leader will have the pleasure of acting with the Irish members of the Nationalist party. Nobody can accuse them of suppressing their principles, since it is their manifest advantage to support a measure which must largely increase their power. The discipline which has drilled the Whigs into obedience is relied on to keep them steady on the question of combining a measure of redistribution with the Franchise Bill. In and out of the House there is a natural unwillingness to leave it in the power of the Radicals to dissolve Parliament with the present constituencies just flooded with their friends; and this unwillingness may develop into a successful opposition to Mr. GLADSTONE'S determination to leave the matter to another Session. Nothing can be more fatal to the interests of the country than to assume that the hitherto proved fidelity of his followers is wholly impervious to argument. There is yet a place for repentance even in the majority on the vote of confidence last week.

EGYPT.

IT is rather surprising that no opponent of the Opposition has as yet hit upon a certain argument why Lord SALISBURY and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE should not pester the Government for declarations of policy. That argument is that, as the Government have no policy, it is utterly unjust to expect them to declare it. In the same way it may be considered unfair to demand information as to what General GRAHAM is going to do. It is very doubtful whether General GRAHAM himself knows; it is nearly certain that the Government does not. The truth is that, never since there was such a thing as an English army, was any force in such an extraordinary plight as this luckless scratch expedition which has been got together at Souakim. It was sent, if it was sent to do anything, to relieve Tokkar, and this, as everybody knew, it was too late to do. It is larger than is required to hold Souakim; it is too small to march up the country to Kassala or Berber, even if it had transport for that purpose, which it has not, or if the Government intended it to march up the country, which, at any rate when it was first sent, they certainly did not intend it to do. It has no quarrel with its nominal adversaries; for the Soudan has been declared independent, the garrison of Tokkar capitulated freely, and the Government expressly declares that the Sinkat massacre was an affair for which it had no responsibility whatever, and which therefore it cannot properly avenge. Some fervent Ministerialists apparently seem to think it a good opportunity to show that Mr. GLADSTONE can when he chooses do something else than order capitulations and retirements; but a campaign from this point of view must be left to the advocacy of professional philanthropists. If the Eastern Soudan is going to be cleared, well and good; but it is perfectly certain that General GRAHAM'S force was not sent to clear the Eastern Soudan, and equally certain that it is inadequate to that task. It may go somewhere, have a refreshing fight, and come back; after which, if Mr. GLADSTONE likes, it may march up Piccadilly. But the *rationale* of the whole proceeding will remain exactly as obscure as it is at the present moment. When there was something for it to do, the Government would not send it; when it is sent, they will not say what it has got to do; and when it is evident that there is nothing for it to do in reason, they decline to give any explanation of its existence. It was not our business, they say, to prevent General BAKER'S men from being killed; but it is, it seems, our mission to bury them. It would have been wicked of us to prevent the throats of the women and children at Sinkat from being cut; but we are entitled to punish the cutters. All this, it may be frankly confessed, is too wonderful and excellent for the plain man; and his natural confusion is not greatly alleviated by the violent cries of "Hush!" which are set up directly he asks for a little explanation. He may be ready to go very great lengths: to admit that it is a capital thing for English soldiers to go anywhere and fight anybody. But if it be so, why was it such a very bad and intolerable thing that they should do this a month ago, when three or four thousand lives would have been saved by so doing? *Abyssus abyssum vocat*, and there is no answer. It is difficult to imagine that any Doctor in Politics, Irrefragable, Subtle, Angelic, or other, can tell us what, on Gladstonian principles, is the business of General GRAHAM'S force at the present moment.

It would be paying the reader a very bad compliment to suppose him likely to mistake the drift of this argument. From Mr. GLADSTONE'S point of view, from any point of view possible to a devout but reasonable Gladstonian (if such a thing there be), General GRAHAM'S position is utterly incomprehensible, or utterly indefensible if comprehended. From any point of view whatever it is awkward, inconsistent, and fraught with difficulty. But Englishmen who are Englishmen (though they may not agree with Lord WOLSELEY as to the exceeding greatness and gloriousness of the possibilities of the present moment) have little doubt what it ought to do, and why it ought to do it. Not for the first time the sublime mismanagement of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Ministry, their irresolution—their reluctance to shed blood, if anybody pleases—has made bloodshed all but inevitable. The disgraces of Teb and Sinkat can only be washed away, the danger of greater disgraces and disasters, both in Nubia and in Egypt proper, can only be averted, either by giving the Arabs a sound beating or by forcing them to confess that Englishmen are their masters by declining battle and submitting. This, of course, is shocking to Mr. LABOUCHERE and Sir WILFRID LAWSON; and it is only fair to admit that Mr. LABOUCHERE and Sir WILFRID LAWSON are quite consistent in being shocked at it, and can exclaim at some of their own friends who are not shocked with considerable justice and force. Mr. GLADSTONE is doing at Souakim exactly what he refused to do—what he professed to be ineffably shocked at the bare notion of doing—after Majuba. He is fighting to recover prestige and to repair the effect of blunders. It is a very shameful thing, no doubt, that there should be any need for this; but the shame is concerned with the past, not with the present. If, as the only possible explanation of General GRAHAM'S proceedings implies, he has been commissioned to "find and beat" OSMAN DIGNA, his orders are in themselves very good orders. That they never ought to have been made necessary, that they could have been with the greatest ease made unnecessary, and that the fact of their being necessary is a proof of the utter incompetence of the Government, is a different matter. And it is a different matter still that the expedition is anything but well organized for its purpose, and that by simply retiring further OSMAN DIGNA can reduce General GRAHAM to a position of ludicrous helplessness and futility. That is another proof of the utter incompetence of the Government. But, so far as the find and beat order, if it exists, goes, it is a lucid interval, a deviation into sense, and as such one may be thankful for it, and hopeful for a good result.

It is not equally easy to be thankful for the news from Khartoum, for the restrictions which have hitherto made it impossible either decidedly to praise or decidedly to blame General GORDON'S proceedings still exist. Still, those proceedings have been merely preliminary, and they have been confined to a friendly town where General GORDON has a large force at his disposal. The jubilations over their "success" which have been uttered seem to argue either a remarkable want of judgment or a remarkable oblivion of the facts of the case. It is surely not difficult for any one, let alone General GORDON, to "succeed" in remitting debts, halving taxation, giving cheques on Cairo, and so forth, with full powers to do all this. It might be supposed from what has been said in some quarters that, if General GORDON had not been General GORDON, the prisoners in the Khartoum gaol would have hugged their fetters, the taxpayers would have burst into tears at not being allowed to pay full taxes, and the slaveholders would have formed a solemn league and covenant to resist to the last man the permission of slavery. Before the mission can be said to have succeeded, it must be seen how General GORDON gets on with the MAHDI, with the rebels on the Blue Nile, with the bands who keep SLATEN BEY shut up in Darfour and LUPTON BEY cut off in the recesses of Bahr el Ghazal. He may—everybody hopes he will—succeed completely. But his success up to this moment is no guarantee of this real success, the conditions being totally different. He has no worse enemies than the silly people who gush over his miraculous achievements in persuading debtors to take a

receipt for their debts and slaveholders to go on holding slaves. Soon, no doubt, it will be seen what he really intends to do, and whether his intentions include what has been well and succinctly called "the MAHDI at Khartoum." That they do this is hardly believable, and it will take very strong and novel reasons to justify them if they do in[illegible] it. But it may be pointed out that all his acti[illegible]erto, the reduction of taxation, the legitimizing [illegible]very, and so forth, point distinctly in another direction. If, according to the preposterous plan which CHERIF PASHA refused, the whole course of the Nile above the second cataract is to be left to chance and the MAHDI next week, next month, or next year, there can be no sense or reason in General GORDON issuing any regulations about taxes, about the slave-trade, or about anything else. He has simply to proclaim "To your tents, O "Soudanese," to intimate that in those tents each man may do what is right in his own eyes, and to retire. That is pretty evidently not the policy, or anything like the policy, which he contemplates.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

SIR HENRY BRAND is fortunate in having secured the respect and attachment of all parties in the House of Commons. Even Mr. PARNELL, though for political reasons he refused to concur in the vote of thanks, acknowledged the personal courtesy with which the SPEAKER had treated himself and his followers. Only one or two ill-bred Irish members took occasion when the SPEAKER left the chair to withhold from him the ordinary marks of courtesy. When Mr. BRAND was selected as the successor of Mr. DENISON some doubt was entertained whether a former Parliamentary Secretary of the Treasury was the fittest candidate for the office. A Government "Whip" is necessarily and properly a partisan; but it may be added that he has also something of a diplomatic character. He has to maintain amicable relations with similar functionaries on the opposite benches; and it is only by a conciliatory demeanour that he can discharge the duty of furnishing his chief with information as to the opinion and temper of the House. A man of the world and a man of business, he is extremely unlikely to be a political bigot or fanatic. Systematic and exclusive devotion to the interests of a Parliamentary party is scarcely compatible with enthusiasm. The doubt as to Mr. BRAND'S qualifications was soon dismissed; and experience has justified the general confidence in his impartiality. It happens by an odd coincidence that Mr. ARTHUR PEEL held a corresponding position when his party was out of office; but he had not time to perform its functions either before or after the change of Government. His political superiors must then have given him credit for the possession of tact, moderation, and good sense. Possibly Mr. GLADSTONE may not even have remembered that he was once a Parliamentary manager of the Liberal party. Sir HENRY BRAND has, during his occupation of the Chair, never exhibited unseemly preference of his former colleagues and allies. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S speech in seconding Mr. GLADSTONE'S motion was evidently as sincere as it was cordial.

It was not merely in accordance with conventional form that the retiring SPEAKER attributed his success to the loyal co-operation of the House. At least, in the earlier part of his tenure of office he profited by the tradition that the honour of the House of Commons is concerned in maintaining the dignity and authority of the Chair. It has sometimes been remarked, in disparagement of the qualities required in a Speaker, that nearly all the occupiers of the office have been successful and popular. A part of the credit belongs to the Prime Ministers, with whom the nomination has rested; but average Speakers have not been distinguished by extraordinary ability. ADDINGTON owed his promotion exclusively to the personal regard of PITT, who had six months before placed his friend and cousin, WILLIAM GRENVILLE, in the Chair. MITFORD, afterwards Lord REDESDALE, a learned and able lawyer, only held the post for a year. ABBOT, who was also a lawyer, had made a special study of the forms and customs of the House of Commons; and in spite of strong political prejudices he was prudent and impartial in the discharge of his office, though on one occasion he was thought to have been guilty of indiscretion in making a speech against a Catholic Relief Bill. MANNERS-SUTTON, though his abilities were below mediocrity, enjoyed a calm and peaceful reign during the earlier portion of his career. After the passage of the Reform Bill, Lord GREY and Lord ALTHORP paid him the compliment of reappointing him for the purpose of reducing the reformed House of Commons to discipline; but in 1835 during PEEL'S short administration he was defeated by a narrow majority, some members justifying a strictly party vote by imputations on the fairness of the Speaker. It is not a little remarkable that the Duke of WELLINGTON during his abortive attempt to form a Government in 1832, had selected MANNERS-SUTTON to lead the House of Commons on the refusal of PEEL to engage in the hopeless adventure. Mr. GREVILLE records the forcible epithet by which LYNDHURST, after a two hours' interview, recorded his opinion of his proposed colleague. Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE, who the other night witnessed the retirement of his second successor, has always been regarded as a model Speaker; and it may be said that Sir HENRY BRAND was equal to any former incumbent of the office.

The Opposition was well advised in finally declining to propose a candidate of its own. On such a question as the election of a Speaker either party can poll its whole strength, and there would have been no advantage in unnecessarily recording the great preponderance of the Liberal majority. The disaffected Irish members, indeed, might probably have once more taken the opportunity of voting against the Government; but their alliance, while it added no credit to the regular Opposition, would have furnished captious partisans with a pretext for denouncing an imaginary coalition. If Sir MATTHEW RIDLEY or any other suitable member of the Conservative party had been proposed, the object of the proceeding would have been to reserve to a possible majority the right of electing another Speaker in a future Parliament. A precedent for such a protest might have been found in the Whig nomination of Sir GILBERT ELLIOT on two separate occasions in the early part of PITT'S long administration. FOX and his followers were aware that they must be defeated, nor had they any special objection to the choice of GRENVILLE or of ADDINGTON; but they wished to miss no opportunity of placing on record their want of confidence in the Minister. In the present instance, the right of the Conservatives to exercise an independent choice in another Parliament was sufficiently reserved by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in his speech of congratulation to the new Speaker. It is, on the whole, convenient that a neutral dignitary should not derive his official title from an active party struggle. A contest is unavoidable where the House is almost equally divided, as at the time when Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE defeated Mr. GOULBURN by a narrow majority; but it is not worth while to disturb, without the hope of any practical result, the ostensible unanimity of the House.

The ceremony of last Tuesday was conducted with faultless propriety. Mr. WHITBREAD, who is understood to have on a former occasion declined a nomination to the same office, imparted dignity by language and manner to phrases which were necessarily commonplace or formal. He perhaps laboured unnecessarily his answer to the imaginary objection that Mr. PEEL had formerly held office. The instances which he quoted were more than sufficient to illustrate an almost undisputed proposition. Under-Secretaries are probably for the most part not stronger partisans than ordinary supporters of the Ministers of the day. As Mr. WHITBREAD said, there is no reason why an actual Minister should not be chosen Speaker if he were otherwise the fittest person who could be selected. Mr. GOULBURN was under PEEL one of the principal leaders of his party, and within two years from his defeat he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. It would be not merely hypercritical, but unjust, to complain of the enunciation of truisms in a necessarily conventional address. Both Mr. WHITBREAD and Mr. RATHBONE referred to circumstances which were more practically relevant to the immediate occasion. There could be no objection to statements that the labours of the House of Commons and of its presiding officer are greatly increased by the growth of Parliamentary interference with the administration of current business, and with foreign and colonial affairs. Mr. RATHBONE offered a partial explanation of the change by referring to the instantaneous transmission of news from all parts of the Empire and of the world. It would have been unseasonable to mention the equally notorious fact that the best Parliamentary traditions have been rudely disturbed, not only by the immoderate loquacity of members, but by the intentional disloyalty of a perverse and troublesome section. It was more decorous to remind the

House that the SPEAKER is invested with new responsibilities. Neither the mover nor the seconder recalled the unwelcome circumstance that he has a new and rigorous code of procedure to administer.

The dignity of the new SPEAKER's demeanour and the good taste of his speech of acceptance left nothing to be desired. It is satisfactory to know that he commences the discharge of his duties with the advantage of having made a favourable impression on all his hearers. Both Mr. WHITBREAD and Mr. RATHBONE had naturally spoken of the name and descent which have probably contributed to his promotion; and Mr. GLADSTONE afterwards gracefully expressed his own grateful regard for the memory of his first political chief. Mr. PEEL himself said enough, and not too much, on the same gratifying subject. Hereditary pretensions always involve an element of becoming modesty, inasmuch as they involve an implicit disclaimer of personal merit. It will be interesting to watch the success of Sir ROBERT PEEL's youngest son in a new career of usefulness and distinction. If personal reminiscences had been appropriate to the occasion, Mr. PEEL might have strengthened Mr. WHITBREAD's defence of official or ex-official candidates for the office of Speaker. In the present instance the former Secretary of the Treasury had had the opportunity of proving that he was not a blind partisan. In 1880 he became a member of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government when Ireland was described on the highest authority as abnormally prosperous and tranquil. A few weeks afterwards it was found expedient in the interests either of Ireland or of the Cabinet suddenly to introduce the Disturbance Bill, which was afterwards rejected by a majority of Liberal peers. Mr. ARTHUR PEEL in a speech to his constituents intimated his disagreement with the novel system of legislation; and consequently, or at least subsequently, his health unfortunately rendered it necessary that he should resign his office. It is greatly to Mr. GLADSTONE's credit that he should not have further resented an exceptional display of independence. The SPEAKER's determination to be strictly impartial was expressed in a language and tone which evidently represented a strong conviction and a resolute purpose. Both parties will be anxious to support him in his endeavour to preserve order and freedom of discussion. Even if he should deem it necessary to exercise the powers which have recently been attached to his office, the House itself, and not its officer, will be responsible for his enforcement of invidious regulations.

DYNAMITE IN CLOAK-ROOMS.

THE latest attempt, or series of attempts, on the pockets of the New York housemaids does not materially differ from its forerunners. The first principle of Irish scoundrelism is "above all, no risk," the second is entire incuriousness as to the probable victims. Both conditions are so well fulfilled in the case of railway cloak-rooms that it is only surprising that they have not been selected by the advanced guard of the Parnellite party as battlefields before now. A parcel deposited on the steps of a building, on a window sill, or the like, is very likely to attract attention and suspicion. In a cloak-room it is among other parcels, and apparently at home. At the larger London stations the cloak-room business is, moreover, very considerable and extremely various, and a package must be of an extraordinarily tell-tale kind if it excites any particular misgiving in a busy and *blasé* porter or clerk. The American postmaster who drew the line at loose rattlesnakes was hardly more tolerant than such a clerk or porter is, by habit and necessity, likely to be. Nor is he at all likely to pay particular attention to the depositor; the voucher alone, not the *signalement* of the person obtaining or presenting it, is what he has to look to. Therefore the enterprise, which was partially successful at Victoria, and which was tried at Charing Cross and Paddington, has the first great charm to the Irish mind—that of almost absolute safety from detection. It has also the second and less explicable charm above referred to. It is nearly certain that the persons injured, if any, will not be persons even remotely connected with Saxon tyranny over Ireland, or with the nefarious desire of Englishmen to help landlords to some larger or smaller share of their rents. The few porters and inspectors who haunt stations at night are not usually members of Parliament, colonels in the army, or possessors of estates in Connaught.

The attraction of the particular form of crime for the criminals is thus partly evident, though as usual their motive in commiting the crime at all, unless it be that referred to in the first sentence, is still obscure. It may have been excusable in Irishmen to take Mr. GLADSTONE's word as to England being convertible by outrage, but it is not more than excusable. If they care to ascertain the state of English opinion at all, they may very easily discover what it is. A dozen of these dastardly crimes, or a score or a hundred, will not seriously frighten Englishmen, and still less will induce them to let Ireland go (what [illegible] may be the partial propriety of the excursion, considering the behaviour of some Irishmen) her own way to the Devil. Unless some very much bolder or some very much cleverer scoundrels are hired than have yet been hired, no very serious damage of any kind will be done, save by accident. It may reasonably be asked of the United States that the present extraordinary facilities accorded to conspiracy in that country shall be curtailed. Scolding America is, however, both useless and undignified, and while our own Custom House officers are so lax in allowing the import of dynamite, we cannot greatly blame those of the United States for not stopping its export. But, as Irishmen themselves have been more than once warned, a state of feeling may be created by the repetition of these outrages which they will find vastly uncomfortable. The victims of these explosions have in no case been many, but still there have been victims; they have been mostly of the lower class, and they have no doubt each had his or her circle of personal friends and sympathizers. The state of feeling in these circles is not likely to be friendly towards Ireland and Irishmen. Nor, though there has been (except in the columns of the *Times*) no panic, and is, it may be hoped, likely to be none, is the perpetually renewed irritation caused by these attacks favourable to the country which, as an Irishman pathetically remarked the other day, "Irishmen so fondly, nay so "madly love." Englishmen are extremely good-natured, rather unreasonable, slow to make up their minds, and easily placable; but they can be ill-tempered enough at times, and when their unreasonableness happens to be on the side of their ill-temper, it is bad for the objects of both. These are not by any means vague or idle words, though it is unnecessary and unadvisable to put them in an absolutely unambiguous fashion. Certain very well-known persons in Parliament might consider them with a great deal of advantage; and it may be that the next Irishman who is caught playing with dynamite will have cause to wish that he had considered them before so playing. Meanwhile, it is very curious that no kind of expression of disapproval ever comes from Mr. PARNELL's chief followers for these deeds; that they never, so far as is known, have raised a fund to compensate the victims; and that, whenever any rascal of the class concerned is brought to justice, they apparently take much interest in the said rascal, but none in the punishment or prevention of his crime. At every fresh outrage one naturally looks with eagerness for some eloquent and indignant protest from these indignant and eloquent persons, but somehow it is not made. This also may, perhaps, be considered when the day of reckoning comes. A few more explosions, and it may perhaps come quickly, and be a very ugly day for somebody.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SHIPPING BILL.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S "Bill to provide for the "greater Security of Life and Property at Sea" has been so openly drafted that its provisions were fully known before it was published. The printed measure contains nothing of importance which had not been threatened or promised already. Such slight modifications of the first scheme as are to be found had substantially been agreed to by the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE at Newcastle. In the "Memorandum" at the beginning the aims of the framer of the Bill are stated in the words made familiar by various Board of Trade circulars, and not a few speeches. The great majority of the public who like to know what a Bill is meant to do, but are not disposed to learn by the laborious process of wading through a hundred and one clauses and a schedule full of repetitions and technical terms how far its objects are likely to be obtained, may read this preface with general approval. They can do so at second hand with the more ease because the Memorandum is admirably adapted for conversion into leading article. It states Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's intentions in sentences which are statements of fact on the surface and

appeals to sentiment underneath. At the very threshold lies the cabalistic phrase that has done such excellent service already. "As to the first part," says this old preamble with a new face, "the leading principles on which the pro-"posed amendment of the law is based are, first, that in no "case should the loss of, or casualty to, a ship be a source of "gain to her owner; and, secondly, that the loss of, or "casualty to, a ship should in cases of avoidable negligence "subject the owner to liability." The second part provides for the establishment of a court composed of a Government official, a delegate of the shipowners of each district, and a representative of its seafaring population. This court is to exercise those powers for the detention of unseaworthy ships hitherto exercised by the Board of Trade alone. A third part deals with the question of tonnage measurement. Few of those who learn the nature of the Bill are aware that the system of Board of Trade supervision established by Mr. PLIMSOLL'S Act has proved both ineffectual and irritating. Still fewer know or care anything about tonnage measurement; but everybody is inclined to approve of a Bill which is to protect the lives of sailors, and check the evil practices of shipowners who send badly-found ships to sea. It is, at least, to be presumed that one way of improving the condition of sailors is to allow them a voice in the measures to be taken for their protection. The Bill therefore comes out with all the prestige due to its excellent intentions; and prestige, as Radical Ministers are beginning to learn, is also a thing which has a solid value. At any rate, it is a nicer name for the art admired by the pious editor of immortal memory. Whoever opposes Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Bill must be prepared to be told that he is a greedy, heartless capitalist, ready to make his ignoble gains at the risk of men's lives, or else the flunkey of these wicked persons.

This is a highly ingenious method of clearing the road for a Bill and providing oneself with an approving chorus; but it will probably fail, and ought to fail, in preventing opposition. Three-fourths of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S measure will doubtless be accepted without demur. It contains much that will please its stoutest opponents—the Insurance Companies and the shipowners. The interests of these bodies are not so distinct as the generally friendly critics of the Bill seem to think. Vessels sailing from other ports than London are commonly insured in clubs composed mainly of shipowners or shippers of cargo who are neither so ignorant nor so unbusinesslike as to indulge in a practice of over-insurance which would result in a loss all round. Still there are many Insurance Companies which will be glad of the restriction to be imposed on reckless or careless owners. A meeting of underwriters at Lloyd's has pronounced in favour of the clause making it the law that every policy is to include a tacit guarantee of seaworthiness on the part of the shipowner, by which all the responsibility for a common venture will be thrown on one of the parties. It has also expressed its satisfaction with the rule that insurance cases are to be tried without a jury. A letter written last December by the Secretary at Lloyd's explains this feeling in the most lucid style. At that date it had not been proposed to dispense with the jury, and the underwriters had serious fears that it would be difficult to secure a verdict for the insurer who, after accepting the premium, should refuse to pay the insurance. A judge may be trusted to administer the law uninfluenced by sentiment. Even for the shipowners there is much that will be acceptable in the Bill. The new courts will prove a welcome substitute for the Board of Trade supervision. The abolition of compulsory pilotage, though it can only take effect in the dominions of Great Britain, will have their entire approval. It will remove a cause of expense, and greatly simplify the position of their agent, the master of the vessel. The question of tonnage measurement is not likely to give rise to much debate. But although so much of the Bill will be accepted with more or less approval, there are two parts which will most certainly be strongly opposed; and they are just those clauses which are the most characteristic portions of the Bill. Shipowners and insurers alike have good reasons for declining to accept the rules for preventing over-insurance. With the laudable object of making it impossible for the owner of a rotten ship to speculate on a wreck, the immense majority of those engaged in the business thoroughly sympathize. But the Bill would go far beyond that. It would in every case impose a heavy loss on the shipowner. He would be limited to recovering just the intrinsic value of what he had lost, with no margin for the profit which he had hoped to gain if the voyage had been successful. The expenses which the ship would have incurred between the time of the wreck and its arrival in port will be deducted from the freight insurance. There is a plausible appearance of equity about these provisions, which has fulfilled its object of blinding the independent critics of the Bill. Nothing looks more reasonable than that an owner should not be paid for what he never had, particularly when lives have been lost, or at least risked. The possibility that he should be so paid would seem to make it the interest of some to speculate on shipwreck. But in this matter, as in many others in our time, the real issues have been obscured by sentiment. The shipowner does not merely lose the vessel which has gone down. He is deprived of its services for a time, and what is called over-insurance compensates him poorly enough for that. If he is spared a certain outlay on the remainder of the broken voyage, he loses his expected homeward freight—or, since it is better to speak by the card, the profit he expected to make on a homeward freight—when the wrecked ship was outward bound. At present he looks to the insurance to give him a set-off for that loss of which he will be deprived by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Bill. Both parties to an insurance have good cause to shrink from accepting the complicated and inquisitorial system by which the Bill proposes to make over-insurance impossible by setting underwriters and shipowners to be a check on one another and each other. The probability that the Bill may crush the dishonest shipowner is not compensation enough for the increased risk, and indeed certainty, of further loss which it will impose on the whole industry. The ninety-nine per cent. of honest shipowners may reasonably object to be mulcted because a few black sheep have hitherto been allowed to escape well-deserved punishment.

Another feature of the Bill is the extension of the provisions of the Employers' Liability Act to ships. This also will be strongly opposed, and not wholly unreasonably. As has been pointed out a hundred times already, the owner of a ship is by no means in the same position as an employer on shore. He is physically debarred from exercising that vigilant control over his vessel which the millowner can exercise over his mill. If the shipowners are wise, however, they will not decide to fight their battle on this ground. They are entitled to demand some modification of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Bill; but it is time that an end should be put to a state of the law which allows the mates and seamen to be ruined, or at least reduced to a state of temporary pauperism, by a shipwreck for which the owner may be in part responsible. They are, however, fully entitled to insist that the Bill should define the nature of their responsibility less vaguely than it does. Before the clauses of the Bill come to be debated there is a preliminary matter to settle. It is known that a strong opposition will be offered to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S intention of referring the Bill to a Grand Committee. As this is a question affecting not only this particular measure, but the whole business of legislation under the new Procedure Rules, it is to be hoped that it will be thoroughly threshed out. What the House will really have to settle is, whether the Grand Committees are to deal not only with Bills of a purely business character, such as they may easily handle, but with great measures of general interest. Few will, we imagine, be found to doubt that measures of the latter kind are for the whole House to deal with. If so, the question is settled already. "The subjects," says the preamble, *alias* memorandum, of the Bill, "which are dealt with in this part "of the Bill [*i.e.* the second], and with reference to which "the Bill proposes to alter and amend the law, are "these; the law of marine insurance, the law relating to "shipowners and seamen, the law of carriage by sea of goods "and persons, the laws relating to compulsory pilotage, the "law in relation to joint-stock companies as owners of ships, "and the criminal law as it affects persons engaged in the "management and navigation of ships." Here are six subjects, some of the first importance, with which the Bill proposes to deal. The shipowners will be doing no small service if they take care that they are properly brought before the whole House.

RUSSIA AT MERV.

IN discussing this subject last week it was not possible to do more than anticipate the attitude of HER MAJESTY'S Government towards the new expansion of Russia's manifest destiny. It appears, however, that it was possible to anticipate it, and that it was anticipated. Sir CHARLES DILKE is very serious on the subject. Negotiations are going on; and though probably no human being (certainly not Sir CHARLES DILKE) anticipates that the result of negotiations will be the retirement of Russia from Merv, the announcement gives a cheerful air of business to the Central Asian policy of the Government. It is quite true that Russia has broken pledge after pledge if she has really accepted the submission of the Merv Turkomans. It is quite true that the bugbear held out three years ago that, if England held Candahar, Russia would think it necessary to advance to Merv, and that, if England abandoned Candahar, Russia would not, has turned out to be as absurd a thing as it was argued to be at the time. It is also true that the whole actual, as distinguished from verbal, conduct of the Government has been an invitation to Russia to do what she has done; and that its effect has been to render the doing less important simply because very much more important things have been done, and allowed to be done, before. But negotiations are in progress, and Sir CHARLES DILKE and the Government have suddenly discovered that Quetta is of great value (there is some chance, after this, of their discovering the value of Cyprus), and the tone of the PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD is that of a grave statesman who is almost a Russophobe. It has always been a pleasure to recognize the ability of the member for Chelsea in playing political high comedy. He would scarcely have been guilty of the innocent *bêtise* into which his successor at the Foreign Office fell. Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE insisted on the excellent conduct of Russia in stopping the Turkoman slave trade exactly as if a certain proclamation had not been published at Khartoum, and persevered in his philanthropy even after the friendly cheers of his foes had warned him of dangerous ground. It is very improbable that Sir CHARLES DILKE would have done this.

Meanwhile, the Russian comments on the subject and the events which have accompanied it are of much more actual interest than the language of the Government which abandoned Candahar, which allowed Russia to crush the Akhal Tekkes, and whose members, before it became a Government, devoted their whole energies to foiling Lord BEACONSFIELD'S plan for consolidating all Southern Asia into an English bulwark against Northern invasion. The Russians are still apologetic in word and deed, but with curious exceptions, and in a way which is not likely to deceive any one who does not wish to be deceived. The utmost regrets are expressed that anything should have happened which is likely to disturb or annoy "the "friendly GLADSTONE Government." It is pointed out that after all MAHOMET has not broken his word by going to the mountain, inasmuch as the mountain has come to MAHOMET. Nor are these obliging expressions left unaccompanied by deeds which no doubt are intended to be obliging. Word has apparently been passed to the SHAH to gratify England by putting some restraint upon AYOUB KHAN'S movements; and, more than that, General TCHERNAIEFF has been disgraced for daring to talk about invasions of India. Unluckily General TCHERNAIEFF is very subject to be disgraced, as a French scholar once said of Queen GUINEVERE that apparently she was "très sujette à être enlevée." It is not the first or the second time that his superiors have been shocked at him; but it does not appear that their indignation has ever led them to disgorge his conquests or abandon his plans. And if it were necessary to show how very unmeaning is this stale old farce of a disgrace accompanying an annexation, some comments on Central Asian affairs in the Russian press itself would supply quite sufficient illustration. The advance on Afghanistan from the West is made with apologies, and shyly, but at the same moment a clamour is raised for a rebuke to the presumptuous AMEER of that country because of his doings on the Upper Oxus. He has "sounded" that river—an abominable crime in a potentate whose dominions include its left bank for hundreds of miles. He has made claims on Wakhan (which is coloured as Afghan on every trustworthy map), and on Shignan (which is not coloured on any trustworthy map as Russian). The lamb is troubling the waters, and the wolf announces that he will have to look out.

After comparing the speeches of Mr. STANHOPE and Sir CHARLES DILKE with each other and with the facts of the case, there are few persons acquainted with those facts who will not say that Mr. STANHOPE'S, with all its moderation, was a very alarming speech, and that Sir CHARLES DILKE'S, with all its soothing assurances and its prospect of action, was utterly unsatisfactory. If the reader consents to forget all Sir CHARLES DILKE'S antecedents, and all the antecedents of those with whom he acts, the assurances of the command exercised over the Bolan, of the good disposition of the Beloochees, and so forth, may be very satisfactory things. And so might they be very satisfactory if he could forget that Russia is not, as she was recently, confined to the shores of the Aral and the Caspian. But these are exactly the things which it is impossible to forget. They might indeed be, if not forgotten, at any rate condoned, if the policy which Sir CHARLES DILKE, after his peculiar fashion, adumbrated were fully carried out; if railway communication were arranged and completed to the adits of Afghanistan from the south and east between and including the Khyber and the Bolan; if Quetta were transformed into a first-class military station; if the treaty hold which England possesses on Asia Minor were turned into a reality; and if means were taken to convert Persia, as it is still possible to convert her, from a Russian into an English satellite. In other words, if the English Government chooses to say to Russia "Come to "close quarters by all means; we are quite ready for you," that is an intelligible policy. It must indeed be a costly and difficult one, whereas the policy of keeping Russia at arm's length, or rather out of striking distance altogether, was a very easy and cheap policy. Yet it is in itself a manly, courageous policy enough, if a somewhat adventurous one. But who supposes that Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government will ever adopt any policy of the kind? Fortunately Indian administration even now goes on without very much meddling in detail from home, or even from Calcutta, and the Indian officials, who have made the best of the bad job of the abandonment of Afghanistan by strengthening the hold which Lord LYTTON established on Beloochistan, have done a very good deed. But it is impossible thoroughly to counterwork at Quetta the railway which will soon be at Askabad and the railway which a little later will link the Caspian to the Amu Daria. It may be said without undue pessimism that it is, thanks to the Government, impossible to counterwork them anyhow except by the above-mentioned scheme, which in the present temper of the constituencies and the present mischievous influence of that temper on foreign policy is very unlikely to be adopted. It is because of the difficult and costly proceedings which these later advances of Russia (as was fully foreseen and foretold) make necessary that any wise Government would have used all its efforts to stave off those advances at almost any cost. As the situation now is, Russia can choose her own time for striking, and can strike almost at once. Let it be said, if any one likes, that she is never likely to strike or to wish to strike—an enormous supposition considering the experience of 1878. It remains that to strike or not is with her, not with us. Under no circumstances, now that Candahar has been given up, and until it is reoccupied—until, indeed, occupation is pushed further still—can the initiative lie with England. We must be prepared for attack, and we must be prepared for attack on two different lines, to say no more—the line of the Khyber and the line of the Bolan. That is to say, in dangerous times we must have armies of observation both at Quetta and at Peshawur. That seems to be the actual policy of the Government, as far as they have any. Yet a dozen years ago a little firmness would have kept Russia far away from the frontiers of Afghanistan altogether, and three or four years ago a little diplomacy would have made it practically impossible for her to get nearer to them. The game which has been played on a small scale and rapidly in Egypt has, as Lord GEORGE HAMILTON observed with perfect truth, been played more slowly and on a larger scale in Afghanistan. That game is one of hesitation and shirking decided measures until either the stake is lost or it is necessary to play at ever higher and higher risk.

THE BRIGHTON ELECTION.

THE Brighton election, the issue of which will be decided to-day, is one of unusual interest. Since it has become clear that the votes of the electorate and the votes of the House of Commons are by no means as much in harmony as they were four years ago, the result of every election is keenly scrutinized as an index of public feeling. Even when the issue is a foregone conclusion, the increase or decrease in the number of votes given on either side, as compared with those given at the General Election, is a matter of interest. But the Brighton election, the result of which is still doubtful, has a further and special interest of its own. For the first time in the history of the present Parliament, a Liberal member, elected in a period of popular excitement unknown till then in this generation, confesses that he can no longer support even the general policy of the Government, resigns his seat, and appeals afresh to his constituents as a Conservative candidate. It is impossible to blame Mr. MARRIOTT for the step which he has taken. It would be more just to blame a good many others who are in the habit of voting on a division with the Government for not taking a similar step. When a member of Parliament finds that he disagrees, not with one or two of the measures of his party, but with the whole drift and tenor of its policy, he cannot honestly retain his seat. In resigning it, avowing his change of mind, and seeking re-election in a new character, he is only acting a candid and manly part. His conduct is the more to be commended because it is seldom for a man's political advantage (to whatever party he may belong) thus singly to dissociate himself from those with whom he has hitherto acted.

Mr. MARRIOTT's conversion from Liberalism into Conservatism is, we believe, only a sample of large numbers of similar conversions during the last few years. We have frequently maintained—and the fact is now too obvious to be disputed—that both the Liberal and the Conservative parties have of late years changed their characters. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in the conduct of a politician who ten years ago was able honestly to support the Liberal party, but who now finds himself out of harmony with it. Personal liberty, for example, was at one time supposed to be under the special protection of the Liberal party. But Local Option, for which Mr. MARRIOTT's opponent is now ready to vote, is only one of the vexatious and oppressive measures which are supported by important sections of the Liberal party, and to which the country may one day have to submit at the hands of a so-called Liberal Government. There are, again, important principles which were at one time supposed to be held in common by both parties, which therefore had no weight in determining a man's preference for one party to another, but which now are chiefly represented on the Conservative side of the House. Such, for example, is the principle of the rights of property in general and of landed property in particular, which no man who has watched recent legislation and the recent declarations of important members of the Liberal party can believe to be as safe in Liberal as in Conservative hands. Such, again, is the question of the safety and honour of the Empire—a question compared to which all others which divide parties are insignificant. During the lifetime of Lord PALMERSTON no one doubted that this question would be treated from the same point of view by him and by the late Lord DERBY, whichever of the two happened to be in office. A man zealous for the fair fame and Imperial greatness of England could then see a Liberal Government in office without fear that the one would be tarnished and the other endangered. Is that so now? Look at Egypt; look at the Transvaal; look at the whole course of Liberal policy towards Russia; look at the conduct of the Liberal party, almost to a man, during the two years of peril and anxiety which preceded the Treaty of Berlin. Whether in office or out of office, the Liberal party has borne itself in reference to this greatest of all questions as it would certainly not have borne itself twenty years ago. A man who supported the Liberal party then is not inconsistent if he opposes it now. For the party was one thing then, and it is quite another thing now.

Mr. MARRIOTT's conversion, it is true, has taken only four years to accomplish. But these four years have been full of events which have probably brought about a similar change of mind in more members of Parliament than would like to acknowledge it. One important fact, too, has now been made evident to the country. In 1880 we were all constantly assured that the Radical (if it is not better to call them revolutionary) elements in the Liberal party would be held in check by their Whig allies; and thousands of votes were won by this assurance. On this point the country is now undeceived. Neither consistency, nor self-respect, nor even self-interest, has prevented the Whigs from submitting to be used just as the Radicals please. They have swallowed doctrines as distasteful to them as to any one on the Conservative side of the House; and they have helped to set an example of agrarian legislation which may one day be used with disastrous effect on themselves. A man who calls himself a Liberal on the understanding that the Whig element prevails in the Liberal counsels is in no way inconsistent if he declines to do so when he finds that the Whig is a mere tool in Radical hands. For the difference between the Whig and the Radical is far greater than the difference between the Whig and the Conservative. But, easy as it is to justify on such grounds as these any secessions from the Liberal ranks, the great interest excited by the Brighton election lies in the fact that Mr. MARRIOTT is best known as a vigorous opponent of the Caucus—of the system, that is to say, which aims at making each member of Parliament the mere mouthpiece and voting instrument of a committee of his constituents, which committee is itself directed by a central wire-puller, to order the member how he shall speak, act, and vote. A system better calculated to impair the integrity of politicians, and to exclude from public life men of honour and spirit, can hardly be imagined; and on this ground alone, which ought to be common to both parties alike, we could wish Mr. MARRIOTT every success.

Mr. MARRIOTT has an able and energetic opponent in Mr. ROMER, one of whose disadvantages, however, is that he has been hitherto almost unknown in Brighton. To make up for this defect he swallows the Liberal creed whole, and is even ready to concede or to consider propositions which many staunch Liberals have hitherto found little to their taste. He is willing to support the principle of Local Option, than which few greater interferences with private liberty have been proposed in recent times; and he is willing at least to coquet with the Anti-Vaccinators, who interpret private liberty to mean the free dissemination of disease among children too helpless to protect themselves. By his first concession he has won the support of the Good Templars, but by the second has, at least so far, failed to win the hearty allegiance of the Anti-Vaccinators. On this subject an interesting and instructive letter appeared in the *Times* and other papers of Wednesday last. It had been asserted that Mr. ROMER's declarations as to his being open to conviction on this question, though he had not studied it in its medical bearings, had contented the Anti-Vaccinators, and that they consequently meant to support him in a body. Mr. TEBB, the author of the letter to which we refer, writes, however, to the papers to say that he and his Anti-Vaccinating friends are far indeed from being satisfied with Mr. ROMER's declarations. Indeed, they propose to withhold their votes altogether, unless between Wednesday and the day of election Mr. ROMER's researches into the subject (which he has not hitherto investigated) have convinced him, against the judgment of the vast majority of scientific experts, that vaccination does more harm than good to the human frame. Three days is a short time in which to master so complex a subject, especially when it has to be studied in the turmoil of an election; and if Mr. ROMER is able to give satisfactory and timely assurances to the Anti-Vaccinating party in Brighton, he must possess either a phenomenal quickness of intellect or a readiness, far from phenomenal, to win votes as a candidate by concession which he would hardly make as a private individual. The Liberal party in Brighton is straining every nerve to secure Mr. MARRIOTT's defeat; and if, in spite of all, he is again returned to Parliament, his success will be another proof that the country has reconsidered the verdict which it rashly gave in 1880.

JAMAICA AND THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

A DIFFERENCE which has arisen between some of the inhabitants of Jamaica and the Colonial Office will not be settled by reference to familiar Liberal commonplaces. Lord DERBY had some time since assented in general terms to the proposal that representative government shall be

partially restored after an interval of eighteen years; but a despatch to Sir HENRY NORMAN, the Governor, in which he states his more definite conclusions, has given great offence; and the indignation of the malcontents is expressed with the vigour which characterizes dissatisfied colonists. Moderate politicians at home will be inclined to approve, not without a feeling of envy, the sound principles which Lord DERBY propounds for the guidance of electoral reformers. He wishes for further information to enable him to establish a franchise which will admit voters qualified for the trust by knowledge and education, so as to ensure the representation of all interests. HER MAJESTY'S Government, whatever may be its policy in England, has no intention of conferring in Jamaica political power on an ignorant and irresponsible rabble. It is much to be wished that Lord DERBY could frame and carry a Reform Bill for the United Kingdom without being hampered by his colleagues or by the Caucus. The lowest class in Jamaica is not more ignorant or more violent than the lowest class in Ireland, and it is incomparably more loyal. Even the agitators who condemn Lord DERBY'S scheme are willing that part of the Legislature should be nominated by the Governor, and that he should retain his veto on legislation. The modern doctrine that all political power should be restricted to the recipients of weekly wages has not penetrated to the West Indies.

A protest or answer to the obnoxious despatch raises objections which are not directly connected with the franchise. The promoters of the agitation are apparently confident that if their demands are granted they can control the elections. The main point in dispute is the proportion which the nominated members of the Council are to bear to their elected colleagues. At present there are nine official and eight non-official members, all appointed by the Governor. Lord DERBY is willing that the non-official councillors shall be elected by constituencies to be determined hereafter; but at present he declines to increase their actual or relative numbers. For the scheme which he has prepared he quotes the precedent of British Guiana, where a similar arrangement appears to work conveniently. He also offers that in ordinary cases the official members shall not take part in financial votes or discussions, though the Governor will retain the right of requiring their presence whenever he thinks it desirable. The opponents of the Government plan profess to think that the official members ought to be responsible for the financial administration, though the object would be scarcely attained if they were habitually outvoted. The real contention relates to the composition of the majority of the Council, as it would be highly undesirable that the Governor should in ordinary circumstances exercise his veto. When a deliberative Assembly consists of two independent and antagonistic elements, the rights of the minority tend to degenerate into fictions. Ex-officio members of an English Board of Guardians are for the most part systematically excluded from all share in the disposal of patronage.

The former Constitution of Jamaica, which still maintains a suspended existence, could boast of the respectable antiquity of two hundred years. An Assembly of forty-seven members elected by constituencies with a property qualification possessed the usual Parliamentary attributes, while the Governor of course represented the Crown. When Jamaica became an English possession in the time of CROMWELL, there could be no question of extending political privileges to negro slaves. In later generations, the planters who controlled legislation naturally opposed all measures for the prevention of the slave trade or for the relief or emancipation of slaves. The Constitution, which ostensibly resembled that of England, gave exclusive power to the dominant race; and after emancipation it was obviously impossible to redress the grievance by giving votes to the freedmen. The contumacious resistance of the planters and their Assembly to the philanthropic legislation of the mother-country induced Lord MELBOURNE'S Government, about the year 1839, to bring in a Bill for suspending the Constitution of Jamaica. The case of the Government is powerfully stated in some articles which Mr. SPEDDING, who had formerly been in the Colonial Office, republished, from the *Edinburgh Review*, shortly before his death. In substance the charge against the Assembly was that, exclusively representing the planters, it could not be trusted with the protection of the coloured population. The experience of many countries has since proved that Parliamentary institutions are ill suited to the needs of divided and heterogeneous communities. The planters would have done wisely in surrendering their privileges, at least for a time; but, with the aid of the Conservatives in England, they organized a successful opposition to a feeble and almost moribund Government. It was after a virtual defeat on the Jamaica Bill that Lord MELBOURNE resigned, with the result to the party of incurring further discredit in returning to office by means of the famous Bedchamber Plot.

The Whigs were not disposed to court a second defeat by persevering with the Jamaica Bill; and Sir ROBERT PEEL was unfortunately pledged by his previous action to maintain the Constitution; but the relations of the Assembly to the coloured people and to the Home Government became more and more unsatisfactory, till in the autumn of 1865 a disturbance, which was rather a riot than an insurrection, was suppressed by the local Government with merciless severity. Although the coloured rioters who had committed some excesses offered little or no resistance to the authorities, the planters were at last thoroughly frightened. A Commission which was sent to Jamaica in the following year recommended in substance the same measures which had been proposed a quarter of a century before by the Whig Government, and, with the express or tacit consent of the Assembly and of its constituents, the island was provisionally reduced to the condition of a Crown Colony. The reasons for the change were simple and conclusive. The coloured people were disaffected, not to the Crown, but to the local Legislature, which represented only the survivors or representatives of the former slave-owners. It was impossible to try the remedy of a wide extension of the suffrage which would reverse the position of the two races. The discretion of a Governor, assisted by a small Council in which the official members formed the majority, was the obvious mode of securing both sections of the community from oppression and disorder. The Imperial Parliament judiciously abstained from fixing a term for the duration of the experiment; but the arrangement was never intended to last longer than the circumstances which had rendered it necessary. It is not surprising that after a considerable interval a demand for the restoration of representative government should be preferred by a generation which imperfectly remembers former difficulties and complications.

Lord DERBY has probably good reason for the assumption that in the course of eighteen years the number of persons who would be entitled to the franchise under a moderate property qualification must have been largely increased. He undoubtedly exercises a sound judgment in requiring full information on the statistical facts which would regulate his decision. When classes are sharply defined and permanently divided, especially by race and colour, there is always a risk that the majority or dominant section of the community may be unsympathetic and intolerant. It may be inferred from Lord DERBY'S language that the franchise will for the present be narrowly limited; but former experience proved that in Jamaica station and property afford no sufficient guarantee for impartial justice. When the subject has been more fully discussed in England, the nature and object of the present movement will be better understood. It seems that Lord DERBY admits and offers to redress one grievance which forms a plausible subject of complaint. The elected portion of the future Legislature will, except in extraordinary circumstances, control revenue and expenditure. It may be expected that a judicious Governor will not be disinclined gradually to extend the influence of the representative part of the Council, although the ultimate control will remain with himself. It would seem that under Lord DERBY'S system the Governor will be sufficiently protected against factious usurpation. He will have a casting vote and a veto, and the majority of the Council, consisting of official members, is bound to vote according to his direction, though, except for special reasons, he will not interfere with their independent judgment. To these parts of the scheme the advocates of elective government offer no direct opposition. They perhaps wish that the heads of departments should have seats in the Council, and they are not disposed to grudge them the right of voting as long as they can themselves secure a majority. It is doubtful whether they hope to influence the choice by the Governor of his Ministers, which would reduce the power of the Crown to a fiction. It will be necessary to take precautions against the revival of an oligarchy which was reduced by its own defects to the necessity of abdication.

C. S. C.

THE gaiety of nations can no longer be eclipsed by the loss even of the dearest head and the silence of the wittiest voice. A gaiety cannot be eclipsed which has already gone out like a candle. But all English lovers of humour, of wit, of a genial and not too earnest temperament, all who can admire scholarship worn "lightly like a flower," are regretting the death of Mr. CHARLES STEWART CALVERLEY. As "C. S. C.," the author of *Verses and Translations* and of *Fly Leaves* was well known to every one who liked mirth. He had gained what the lover in his favourite THEOCRITUS coveted—his "name was in the mouths of all, "and chiefly in those of the young." As a matter of course, therefore, it is not in that useful compilation *Men of the Time*. Mr. CALVERLEY was certainly one of the most successful and popular poets of an age in which few poets see many editions. His *Fly Leaves* is out of print, *introuvable*, except by a rare accident. *Fly Leaves* is a book which people keep when it comes into their possession. It does not find its way, like the mournful "remainders" of poets greater and less than Mr. CALVERLEY, to the cheap bookstalls. *Verses and Translations* is in its eighth edition. *Translations* (English and Latin), being serious, has not been popular. Mr. CALVERLEY was at work on a new edition of his poetical rendering of THEOCRITUS before his death. These four books make up, we believe, all his literary baggage. It is not a large quantity; the author was indolent as well as humorous; but *Fly Leaves* and *Verses and Translations* will long float down the stream of time.

Mr. CALVERLEY's history was not eventful, but he became the centre of many floating myths. His college days must have been about 1852; his amusing *Carmen Seculare* is dated 1853. His family name was BLAYDS, and as BLAYDS he is still remembered at Balliol. Many distinguished men, as even her rivals will admit, have passed through Balliol in the last thirty years, or, by 'r Lady, two score. The College has entertained Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, CLOUGH, Mr. SWINBURNE, and a host of minor stars in politics, law, literature, and so forth. Of all these distinguished persons, including famed old batsmen and oars of long ago, we believe that "BLAYDS" alone left a tradition in college. Freshmen when they come up hear stories of BLAYDS, of his repartees, his verses, his freaks, his admired and unusual powers of maddening the Dons. His fame survives as that of the cleverest, wittiest, and most reckless of freshmen. Other undergraduates have "leaped over a wall," but only he thought it advisable to remind the Dons, in scriptural phrase, of his triumph. BLAYDS migrated to Cambridge; took the name, by which he is best known, of CALVERLEY; became a Fellow of Christ's and a centre of Cambridge, as he had been of Oxford, fable.

Of literary ambition Mr. CALVERLEY seems to have had very little. He possessed a true taste in poetry. Perhaps this might scarcely be gathered from a perusal of his Homeric translations (1866). He was hampered by his use of blank verse. Only one or two men in a generation, or in several generations, can write blank verse. Apparently C. S. C. was not one of these.

> What God, then, bade those twain stand forth and strive?
> Zeus's and Leto's son, He, angered sore
> Against the King, sent pestilence abroad.

This does not adequately render the music of HOMER. No verse does, perhaps; but Lord TENNYSON's, in its style, is musical, and POPE's is adequate, in its style; whereas Mr. CALVERLEY's scarcely soars above COWPER's or WRIGHT's or Lord DERBY's. But, if he could not move in the fetters of blank verse, he wrote lyric measures—and, in fact, most rhyming measures, including the Spenserian—with wonderful ease, fluency, and skill. His THEOCRITUS, in which he employed many metres, is probably the best rendering of the poet we possess, though occasionally the modern note, and the note of cleverness (so antagonistic to poetry), are audible.

It is not by his serious classic work, nor by his elegant translations of English verse into Latin, that Mr. CALVERLEY's name will live. The delightful grave buffoonery of the *Carmen Seculare* alone would float a college reputation. In that description of winter at Cambridge all the familiar tags of Latin verse are woven into a comic whole with amazing skill. In parody C. J. C. was unmatched. Most parodists are dull people, like the person who lately turned *Lady Clare Vere de Vere* into a clumsy series of insults to the LAUREATE. CALVERLEY caught the spirit of his original, without following too closely in his steps. The delightful vagueness of the *Grandfather*—

> I knew not of what we pondered
> Or made pretty pretence to talk—

is a travesty of the whole modern vein of indistinct diffuse sentiment. The story of the "bit o' a chit o' a boy" is dear to all men save members of the Browning Society. The skit on Miss INGELOW can only fail to divert people ignorant of the original. The parodies were never ill-natured. There was no ill-nature, nothing but healthy, open humour, fun, and very unusual command of verse, in the composition of CALVERLEY's Muse. What comic Muse is left to bewail him in accents of unwonted regret? Alas! the art of mirthful verse is all but lost, and there are few congenial singers to contribute towards *Le Tombeau de C. S. C.*

THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE reported revolt of part of the French shareholders in the Suez Canal against M. DE LESSEPS, and their determination to oppose the sanction of his agreement with the English shipowners, may or may not be serious as far as that very provisional agreement itself is concerned. But it is certainly not unimportant as bearing on the general question of the management of the Canal, which (*pace* Lord GRANVILLE) the agreement most assuredly does not finally settle. It may be very improbable that on this particular occasion the shareholders will prove indocile to M. DE LESSEPS; but clearly there is nothing impossible in it, and this illustrates the first great anomaly of the matter. All similar monopolies have their monopoly tempered either directly or indirectly; indirectly by competition, directly by the action of tribunals such as the English Railway Commission. Apparently the Suez Canal is free from either of these checks. M. DE LESSEPS, backed by Mr. GLADSTONE, protests that no competition with him is possible; M. DE LESSEPS's shareholders, in some considerable number, conceivably in a majority, protest that they are final arbiters in the matter of their own profits. Whence it would appear that, if the shareholders choose to charge any ship any sum they choose, there is nothing to prevent them. This, as EUCLID would observe, is absurd.

But there is something still more absurd. We have not noticed (we do not know whether it has been stated) what total of shares is represented by the Parisian meeting of protest. As the immediate supporters of M. DE LESSEPS are not likely to have been in the ranks of the malcontents, and as the entire amount held by persons other than the English Government is little over half the capital, it follows that considerably less than half must have been represented. The English Government holds, as has just been observed, not considerably less, but only a little less, than half; yet supposing the malcontents to be able to muster a bare majority of the shares other than those belonging to England—that is to say, something slightly over a quarter of the capital—it is clear that they might in the long run impose their policy on the Company. In other words, the holders of nearly three-quarters would be powerless against the holders of just over one-quarter. This absolutely preposterous state of things is quite untouched by the proposed agreement, and that agreement would be of very dubious force to prevent such a minority as has been described from reverting to the present policy and tariff—it would certainly be powerless to prevent them from so ordering the future policy and tariff as to make the agreement itself of none effect. So long as this state of things continues there can be no guarantee for the satisfactory administration of the Canal. All this has of course been pointed out before. But the value of the present incident is that it exemplifies and impresses the inconvenience in an apt and timely fashion. Whether it be a likely result or not, it is by no means certain that the rejection of the agreement would be an untoward result for England. For the remedy which it applies is merely topical and palliative, and leaves untouched both the main anomalies and founts of evil in the Canal constitution. The first of these is the evil of unqualified monopoly in the hands of irresponsible persons; the second, the practical annihilation of the rights of the holders of nearly half the capital. Alter or remove these, and the merely minor inconveniences of tariff and administration would very quickly redress themselves. Leave these untouched, and no redressing of the actual minor evils can be either thorough or permanent, while fresh ones are pretty certain to grow up. Lord GRANVILLE's

complacent optimism in reference to the second agreement is from this point of view nearly as mischievous as the reckless concessions of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Childers in the first. Both, from the commercial point of view, leave an anomalous, an irresponsible, and an arbitrarily constituted lady sovereign alike over the rights of their customers and over the rights of their partners in the undertaking; while both entirely fail to obviate the special political objections which England may justly urge to the present government of the Canal. The leasing of the Canal by England which the revolters are said to suggest is a proposition too recent, and reported too little in detail, to admit of full criticism at this moment. It may be said however at once that, speaking generally, it presents several advantages over any plan yet proposed.

COVERT-SHOOTING, PAST AND PRESENT.

THERE is no more confirmed *laudator temporis acti* than what is generally known as a sportsman of the old school. Every modern innovation is looked upon by him with suspicion and distrust; and if by chance any invention or practice of more recent times should meet with his modified approval, it will generally be qualified by the assertion that the idea is merely a development of something which was perfectly well known and understood in his younger days, but which there were good reasons for not adopting at the time. The so-called sportsmen of the present day are a degenerate lot compared with what they used to be in his own time; there is no such thing as real sport nowadays; and so on *ad infinitum*.

It is to shooting more than to other field sports that such old-world criticisms are usually applied. Hunting, as long as it exists, will always remain much the same in principle. The pace may be faster and the hours later than in the good old days when our long-coated forefathers took the field at early dawn, and returned home in the middle of the day to spend a long winter's afternoon and evening over their port and their punch-bowl; but in other respects hunting will always remain a sport that can be indulged in according to the individual tastes of the sportsman. There can be no doubt, however, that a great change has taken place both in the theory and practice of shooting during the last forty or fifty years, and more particularly in that branch of the sport known as covert-shooting. The manner in which this pastime was carried on about the beginning of the present century has been made familiar to every one through the medium of the old sporting prints. We all know the long-gaitered, drab-coated gentleman, with a ruddy, smooth-shaven face and a tall hat, the tightness of whose many-buttoned garments must have made active exercise somewhat distressing, pausing, in a struggle through a sort of Indian jungle of underwood, to take a steady aim, with one eye carefully closed, at a woodcock which, according to the perspective, should be some hundred and fifty yards away, while a brace of open-mouthed spaniels spring excitedly forward, and in the middle distance another smiling gentleman, in a green coat this time, by way of variety, stands with his gun at the "port" to await the course of events. Or he is depicted in the act of almost treading on a species of bird of paradise, supposed by courtesy to represent a cock pheasant, crouching in the aforesaid jungle, of the immediate proximity of which the spaniels appear altogether unconscious, but which we feel will create a most startling effect when ultimately roused from its lair and well on the wing. But, in any case, the long-gaitered person hunted his game in a painstaking, business-like manner, much after the fashion of a Red Indian, and, whether alone or in the company of another tight-coated sportsman, his bag depended very much on his own exertions. To him an organized and disciplined body of beaters, such as may be seen at any average shooting party of the present day, was a thing unknown. As a rule, indeed, the presence of even a gamekeeper or other attendant seems to have been dispensed with, and one is tempted to speculate how our friend would have disposed of any game that he might be so fortunate as to secure. Occasionally, it is true, he carries a game-bag, but this is the exception rather than the rule. He may, to be sure, have used "hare-pockets." But the weight of a hare on each side, to say nothing of anything else, must have been a serious impediment to locomotion, and, besides giving the sportsman the appearance of a clown in a pantomime who has stolen a couple of geese and a string or two of sausages, must have rendered anything like quick shooting almost an impossibility.

It is rather a remarkable fact that there should be so few artistic records of the manner in which shooting is carried on at the present day. At the period of which we are speaking, every phase of the sport was elaborately represented by artists of more or less capability; and, to say nothing of London print-shops, it is almost impossible to enter an old country house, or even a country inn, without coming across one or more works of art of this description. But one may walk the whole length of Piccadilly and Bond Street without finding a pictorial representation of a modern "shoot." The few that do exist are well known, but do not appear to be sufficiently sought after to have made it worth the while of publishers and print-sellers to reproduce them in a popular form. This is all the more remarkable, inasmuch as there never was a time when other branches of sport were more profusely illustrated than at present. Not only does every description of hunting and racing print abound everywhere, but the shop windows are full of original sketches, of more or less artistic merit, which at any rate are improvements on the stiff, wooden productions of former years. It is true that the surroundings of modern shooting do not lend themselves to artistic effect in the same degree as of old. There is nothing very suggestive of the picturesque in a long line of guns and beaters manœuvring in a turnip-field; and the spectacle of a smartly-dressed gentleman, standing at the end of a plantation with his loader behind him, does not afford any great scope for the painter's imagination. Yet, even in these degenerate days of sport, there are occasional incidents that might well be turned to account by a clever artist. To a real sportsman, the pleasures of covert-shooting depend not so much on the number of shots he gets in a day as on their variety, and this will depend in a great measure on the nature of the ground. Where, as is often the case, the woods are low and the ground perfectly level, so that the pheasants fly out almost at the muzzles of the guns, or, at any rate, but a few feet over the heads of the shooters, there is really very little satisfaction in killing them, and the sport becomes simple butchery. And as coverts of this description are generally well adapted for the rearing of game, it is in such places that the enormous bags are made which have brought the practice of battue-shooting into such disrepute. But in a rough and broken country, where the coverts lie on hill-sides or steep banks, it is a very different affair. There is usually some hard and rough walking to be done, instead of the lazy saunter along smooth rides or gravel walks; and not only are a sure foot and a quick eye indispensable to success, but a very considerable amount of skill and practice are also needed. To bring down a "tall rocketer," sweeping down the wind from the top of a high bank, is by no means an easy performance, especially if the sportsman, as will very likely be the case, be at that moment balancing himself on a narrow footpath or floundering among slippery rocks at the bottom of a gully. A shot obtained in this way would, in many cases, afford a subject for a pretty sketch, and would certainly give as much scope to the artist as the old-fashioned "pot shot" with which we are so familiar. But, somehow or other, the subject does not seem to have commended itself to our sporting artists; and the sportsman of the twentieth century—if by that time such a thing as sport should still exist—will have little to guide him in the way of pictorial records as to how his more immediate ancestors were in the habit of killing their game.

But, however unfavourable may be the comparisons which the old-fashioned sportsman may draw between the present system of covert-shooting and that in vogue in his youth, it is a question whether the former does not, on the whole, afford more enjoyment than the latter, especially if regarded from a social point of view. To go out, as in old days, with a dog and a gun, and fight through briars and thorns all day in the hope of bringing home as much game as you can conveniently carry about you, may possibly be a more praiseworthy form of recreation than to form one of a party of gunners who have little more to do than to shoot the game that is driven up to them. But, after all, the primary object of shooting, like that of any other field sport, is to provide healthy amusement; and, if this can be secured as well in one way as the other, it is difficult to see any just grounds for invidious comparison. The physical aspects of covert-shooting, moreover, have changed very much during the last fifty years. Not only have the old-fashioned game-coverts almost ceased to exist, but the habits of their denizens seem to have undergone a change, and they cannot be sought for in the same manner as of old. High farming has in most districts done away with the old double hedgerows, forming the best possible covert for game of all kinds; copses have been grubbed up; and everywhere, in fact, there is less natural shelter for game than there used to be. The result is that both pheasants and partridges have taken to "running" in a manner which would have been scorned by their ancestors, and that they have to be circumvented accordingly. Here and there, in remote woodlands, it is still possible to enjoy a day's sport in the old style, with spaniels or beagles, but, as a rule, it is now found easier to rear game in smaller woods where hunting with dogs is altogether out of the question. By the time, indeed, that a sportsman of the old school would have got halfway through such a covert with his dog and his gun, almost every pheasant in it—every cock pheasant, at any rate—would have quietly run out at the other end, and he would very likely not get a single shot in a wood that he knew to have been full of game. In such cases the only way to get any sport is to make use of beaters, assisted by "stops" at certain points to prevent the game from running out. This, broadly speaking, constitutes the groundwork of the much-vituperated system of battue-shooting. But it is obvious that a system which is equally applicable to a "chasse" of either the smallest or the largest dimensions can scarcely with justice be condemned, because in the latter case it has occasionally been abused, and what ought to be a sport manlike and healthy recreation has degenerated into a mere slaughter. This, however, opens a wide subject, which it would not be convenient to discuss at present. But it may fairly be claimed for the modern as against the ancient style of covert-shooting, that it affords greater scope for social enjoyment, and has, in fact, become the *raison d'être* of one of the pleasantest aspects of English country-house life. In the old days, when an ordinary country squire went out shooting with his friend, his ideas did not as a

rule go beyond his actual sport, or at any rate the dinner which was to follow it; and it would not have occurred to him to make it an occasion for filling his house with a mixed party of both sexes, some of whom, at least, would look upon the shooting as a mere accessory. All this has doubtless in many cases been overdone, in the same way as the shooting itself. The introduction of ladies, for instance, into an actual shooting party, is a questionable experiment at all times, and even the charm of their presence at luncheon-time will scarcely be appreciated by a keen sportsman; while "walking with the guns," which a few years ago had become the practice at many fashionable réunions, has now been generally admitted to be not only a serious drawback to the sport, but to be productive of but little satisfaction to any one concerned. But there are few things more enjoyable in their way than a well-assorted party at a well-appointed country-house, where there is good shooting for the men and pleasant society for the ladies; and there can be no doubt that if, through any combination of circumstances, covert-shooting, as carried on at present, should be interfered with to any appreciable extent, a serious blow would be struck at country society in general, and one of the few compensating advantages of an English winter would be done away with. The operation of the Ground Game Act has had a marked effect upon the lately-ended shooting season; the hare, in many parts of the country, will soon become as extinct as the bustard; and game-preservers will have to trust more than ever to the artificial rearing of pheasants to secure even the most moderate amount of sport for themselves and their friends. It is impossible to say what form the next agitation against game may assume; but as long as there are woods left in the country, and until the relations between landlord and tenant have been altogether broken down by mischievous legislation, it is to be hoped that the good old sport of covert-shooting will not come to an end.

GAMING-HOUSES FORTY YEARS AGO.

A LATE gambling prosecution in the West End of London has recalled many memories of the past to those who can remember the days of Crockford's, and during the past month plenty of long-forgotten stories about gaming have been told in the bow-windows of St. James's Street clubs. Comparatively few of us can recollect Crockford's, but those who can know what an important part it played in social life forty or fifty years ago. Nor was Crockford's the only place of gambling in the West End in those days. There were at least fifteen regular gaming-houses known to the police in the parishes of St. James's, St. George's, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and St. Ann's, in the year 1844, besides numbers of cigar-shops, billiard-rooms, coffee-houses, and public-houses, in which gaming-tables were kept in back rooms. Minor gambling-houses, such as those last described, were popularly known by the ugly name of "copper-hells," and were chiefly frequented by City clerks and gentlemen's servants, amongst whom there was, then as always, a great deal of gambling. The practice of gambling has probably brought more ruin to City clerks than to any other class of men. The late Admiral Rous, when examined before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, went so far as to say that "if a man of 100,000*l.* a year loses it, the country will be the better for it; but if persons engaged in mercantile and banking establishments were induced to lose money that does not belong to them, the commercial and banking community would be very much injured." But the Admiral's views were peculiar.

Crockford's itself had had such a run that it was said the proprietor intended to give it up, because there were not enough unbroken gamblers left to make it pay its way. It was calculated that, according to the ordinary chances of the game (hazard), if a man staked the same sum every time the dice were thrown for about a couple of hours, he would lose exactly that amount. The rules of the Club were not drawn up by Mr. Crockford, but by a committee; and finally Mr. Crockford gave up the Club entirely into the hands of the committee. A bill was filed against him "as a winner of money on certain games" to the amount of 300,000*l.* When examined before the Committee of the House of Commons, he said:—"A nest of informers came about me, and wanted to take 20,000*l.*, and then 10,000*l.*, and I met it in court, and they would not meet me, and so it was all over." Before the same Committee the Chairman of the Middlesex Quarter Sessions gave evidence of "a class of people in the metropolis who live by the prosecution of gaming-houses." These rascals indicted the proprietors of gaming-houses, and then obtained bribes from them on the promise of proceeding no further. This evil was to a great extent abolished by obliging the prosecutor to enter into his own recognisances of 100*l.* to proceed in the case. Another class of men, who lived by the gaming-houses, decoyed what were technically known as "flats" into low gambling-rooms, and after making them half drunk, urged them to play for every farthing they had about them. These fellows often received twenty-five per cent. of the sums lost by their victims to the proprietors of the tables. Many men were also employed to watch the proceedings of the detectives and inspectors of police. A well-known superintendent used to say that he never left his station at night to go westward without being followed by gaming-house spies. Crockford's was a private Club, many members of which never gambled; and according to the law, as it stood in those days, there were supposed to be some difficulties in the way of dealing with it. There were, however, many small gaming-rooms almost within a stone's throw of Crockford's, ten being open every night, except on Sundays, between Bennett Street and Jermyn Street. In most rooms of this class a billiard or other table, covered with a green cloth, had a thin hazard cloth laid upon it, and when there was an alarm of police this was whipped off and hidden or carried away. Counters, too, were generally used; so that the police could not swear that the players whom they found had been playing for money, although it was well known that each counter, according to its markings, represented a certain sum of money, for which it was bought and sold before and after play. Even at Crockford's itself counters were used at one time; but Mr. Crockford found the aristocracy very slack in the matter of payment unless they produced all the money they played for in cash; and, as the use of counters had led to easy-going practices about cheques which were dishonoured, and I.O.U.'s which were never paid, a rule was made that cash, and cash only, should in future be the medium of gambling in the Club.

An entry into one of the small gaming-rooms was no easy matter, and even when made it was seldom effectual. Several doors would have to be forced open, and by the time this was done no one would be found in the house, with the exception of some women and children sleeping soundly in their beds—although a supper-table laid for several people in one room, and general disorder in another, would give a broad hint as to what had been going on. The police once broke into a gaming-house in St. James's Street, and found a supper-table, a hazard-table, and a roulette-wheel; but the only living occupants of the house were "two females" and some children, all in their beds. On "the second-floor back," however, they found an open window, with a chair placed before it, while outside were two ladders, secured with ropes, by which the gamblers had effected their escape into a court or passage leading into Piccadilly. At the orders of Sir Richard (then Mr.) Mayne, a superintendent of police, accompanied by eighteen constables, made a raid on a gaming-house kept in Bury Street, St. James's, soon after one o'clock one morning in May 1844. On ringing the bell the door was opened, when the doorkeeper and another man, formerly a policeman, were at once arrested. The superintendent then opened a side door into a passage, across which was a very strong door, cased inside with strong iron binders and bolts. This door was forced with sledge-hammers and crowbars. In a large gaming-room, quite at the back of the premises, were two men, and on the tiles of the roof one other man was found. Before the entry was made, some police-officers were placed at the rear of the house, so that nobody could have escaped that way. The hiding-place or means of exit of the rest of the players remained a mystery. Three roulette-tables and one hazard-table were found in this house. On another occasion, during the same month, the police made a raid on a gaming establishment in Piccadilly, and captured four persons, but the following note is added to the superintendent's report:—"Has reason to think notice had been given, and parties escaped by two trap-doors upon roof; one of which doors communicates with the —— Club-house." In the report of a police entrance into a house in Albemarle Street, we find that "Several of the prisoners having, at the time of entry into the gaming-house, attempted to escape by crossing the roofs of adjoining houses, and having taken their gaming implements with them, which were found on the party-wall, between the roofs of the houses, the police not being able to prove those implements to have been in the house, the prisoners were discharged." A large gaming-table had been found on the previous night at the adjoining house, and on that occasion also a man was arrested on the roof. Roof-climbing was apparently a necessary accomplishment for gamblers forty years ago. One of the most respectable gaming-houses was in Jermyn Street, and was commonly known as "The Cottage." The police found both a hazard-table and a roulette-table in this house, and arrested four men in it, all of whom were fined. Sir Richard Mayne believed that in many cases lights were put in houses in order to deceive the police and induce them to make a forcible entrance, under the impression that they were gambling-houses, and thus lay themselves open to an action for trespass.

After a gambling-house in Leicester Square had been invaded by the police in 1840, the proprietor was fined 100*l.*, two croupiers were fined 50*l.* each, several players 5*l.* each, and the porter was fined a sovereign. In the year 1843, the occupants of a gaming-house in King Street, St. James's, met with more severe treatment. The lessee was sent to the treadmill for six months and fined 100*l.*; the porter was sent for six months to the treadmill without a fine; and two other men, who seem to have been hangers-on or touts to the establishment, were each sent to the treadmill for four months and fined 50*l.*

It was not only in London that gaming-tables were kept forty years ago. During most of the principal race-meetings numbers of gaming-rooms were kept open in the nearest towns. A magistrate gave evidence that when the races were going on at Warwick, he had seen gambling going on in nearly every house in one particular street "with the windows open." Some years earlier, during Doncaster races, forty or fifty gaming-houses were kept open in the town without the least pretence of secrecy; indeed men were stationed in front of these houses offering cards advertising "Roulette, Bank 1,000*l.*," or whatever it might be, to the passers-by. At last a determined effort was made by the Government to suppress roulette and hazard at race-meetings, and a certain official of high standing especially distinguished himself

by his zeal in the holy war. On the evening of the Derby day he asked his son what he had heard at the races. "I heard everybody d—ning you," was the pleasant answer. At the period of which we are writing there do not appear to have been many gaming-tables at Newmarket. Yet in the time of Charles II. more money was said to be lost at Newmarket through play than through racing, and each of the King's mistresses had a house of her own in the town in which she kept a gaming-table. Nevertheless a famous Act against excessive gaming was passed during his reign.

There can be no doubt that while Crockford's existed, it was a crying evil; but it may interest some people to learn that when Crockford's was in full force, there was little or no gambling at the ordinary clubs, whereas a few years previously the play in the clubs, at hazard and games of that character, had been very high. Whether there is less gambling at present among English people than there was forty years ago, it is not easy to decide. We certainly have no Crockford's, but we have a very fast train to Monte Carlo, where numbers of English crowd the tables. As to what may go on in certain clubs at the present time we have no wish to inquire, nor do we wish to enlarge on the amount of play for something more than small sums now going on in private drawing-rooms, which ladies appear to enjoy at least as much as men; but it must be remembered that betting on horse races is much heavier now than it was forty years ago. On the other hand, in the year 1844 both Mr. Tattersall and Mr. Crockford gave evidence that the betting on racing was far lighter than it had been, which goes far to show that when there was much gambling at gaming-houses there was less on the Turf. Altogether it would be difficult to make any exact estimate of the difference between the amount of gambling in 1844 and 1884; but it would probably be pretty safe to prophesy that in 1924 there will be about as much gambling in one form or another as there is at present.

PROPOSED VANDALISM AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MR. FERGUSSON has long been known to the archæological world as one of the boldest and most self-confident of theorists, whose delight is to come before the public with some new theory as to the date and purpose of a building or ancient monument, upsetting all the conclusions of previous writers, and demanding the acceptance of his solitary verdict as the dictum of infallibility. But however much we may be constrained to differ from Mr. Fergusson on those and other points, they are matters on which he has as much right to have an opinion of his own as any one else. But it is another matter when theory threatens to become practice; and no less a victim has passed into the cells of the Inquisition than Westminster Abbey.

The note of warning has been sounded in the *Builder* of February 16th, which was privileged to publish Mr. Fergusson's scheme for spoiling the Abbey. The overcrowding of the interior of Westminster Abbey has been a subject of anxiety for many years past. Many of the existing monuments, including some of the highest artistic and historic interest, are almost invisible. Removals and curtailments have been made, but without much good. To quote Mr. Shaw Lefevre, in the January number of the *Nineteenth Century*, "The available space in the Abbey is too small for what already exists there; and it is certain that in the future monuments must either be reduced to the smallest busts, to be stuck up wherever a vacant corner can be found and irrespective of their surroundings, as is now too often the case, or the demand for this national recognition must be refused altogether." Fully agreeing that it would be "a most serious misfortune" that such a refusal should become necessary, and thus "a break made in the continuity of this splendid roll of monuments to the great and illustrious men of the Empire," we have long looked with anxiety for a satisfactory solution of the problem. There is no probability of any lessening of this demand; nor, considering how completely "the Abbey" is identified with the highest and most ennobling feelings of Englishmen, could we desire that there should be. It is true that the present Dean of Westminster does not display the same avidity for the interment of departed notoriety which was sometimes a cause of sarcastic remark in regard to his highly-gifted predecessor. But cases will be periodically occurring when the nation will call for a monument in Westminster Abbey, while the power of complying with the demand, consistently with the architecture and uses of the building, will be more and more curtailed. In point of fact there is not proper room for a single additional monument in the Abbey, except perhaps in some of the eastern recesses of Henry VII.'s Chapel.

The scheme proposed by the late Sir G. Scott was to form a kind of "Campo Santo" in immediate connexion with the Abbey, by the erection of a cloister or elongated monumental chapel along the line of the houses on the west side of Old Palace Yard and Abingdon Street, communicating with the Abbey by a covered way passing beneath the flying buttresses of the Chapter House. This plan, though comparatively harmless in itself, as involving no destruction of ancient buildings or undue interference with the existing fabric, is open to not a few objections, financial and artistic. Mr. Shaw Lefevre proposes as a substitute for Sir G. Scott's cloister, a monumental chapel occupying the ground to the east of the lesser cloisters, between them and Old Palace Yard, but "united to the Abbey in the manner proposed by Scott." The plan would only call for the demolition of the houses in Poet's Corner and Old Palace Yard, at a cost of about 80,000*l.*, and in Mr. Lefevre's eyes would be "one of the most splendid improvements in this part of London." We are constrained to add that it would also be one of the most destructive of historical associations on a site where almost every stone illustrates some page in the annals of the nation.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre's plan for relieving the Abbey, which assumes considerable importance when we bear in mind that it emanates from the First Commissioner of Works, brings us to Mr. Fergusson's proposal, which is framed the same idea on a more extended and pretentious scale. In its main outlines Mr. Fergusson's proposal is identical with that of the First Commissioner. He proposes to clear the whole area, both east of the "Little Cloisters," originally the cloisters of the Infirmary of the Abbey—now occupied by what are slightingly called "second-class clerical residences"—up to the Jewel Tower, and to pull down—what, indeed, we could well spare—the houses in Old Palace Yard and Poet's Corner, and erect on the ground thus left vacant a vast aisled edifice, 275 feet in length from north to south, including the vestibule, and 100 feet in breadth, and as many in height to the ridge of the roof. The portentous dimensions of this huge "annexe," which its designer audaciously calls "a new south transept," may be estimated when it is stated that it is larger in every dimension than Ripon Cathedral (exclusive of the transepts), not very much smaller than King's College Chapel, Cambridge, longer and higher than the nave of York Minster, and only six feet less in breadth, and that in every measurement but height it considerably exceeds the nave of the Abbey itself. Is it wasting words to show how completely such a huge addition would throw the whole of the ancient fabric out of scale, and how ruinous it would be to its outline and general effect? Instead of its being an appendage to the Abbey, the Abbey will be an appendage to this cumbrous, self-asserting mass. It required Mr. Fergusson to assert that his new building will "group most pleasingly with the Chapter House and the Abbey," and that "its greatest merit is that it can be made to appear part of the Abbey itself." Such an assertion is contradicted by the ground-plan; while to say that "it is practically throughout mathematically an extension of the south transept," and to give it the name of "the new south transept," is simply to throw dust in people's eyes, in the hope of blinding them to the real character of the design. It is, as the *Builder* happily terms it, "a verbal illusion," seemingly adopted to convey an idea of a closer union with the original building than its position and arrangements warrant. "Monumental chapel" is the true designation. It is true that, according to Mr. Fergusson's plan, it and the south transept will be entered from the same corridor, curiously playing at hide and seek among the flying buttresses of the Chapter House. But the new building will not touch the walls of the Abbey on any one point, and will be as completely a distinct fabric as St. Margaret's Church is now, and would continue to be if—which is another of Mr. Fergusson's suggestions, though only proposed to be almost reluctantly rejected—it were to be united to the Abbey by a covered way, and Parliament were to decree that burial there was equivalent to burial in the Abbey. However connected the two would be, practically, and we are inclined to believe in popular sentiment also, separate buildings.

Into the architectural features of this monstrous scheme it will be needless to enter. Its position and dimensions are sufficient to ensure its condemnation. It would form a huge nave of seven bays, entered by vast pillared vestibules to the north, with side aisles running round the south end, the style to be the same as in the Abbey itself, from which every detail is to be copied. With his old unreasoning aversion to stone vaults, Mr. Fergusson proposes that the roof of the central aisle at least should be of wood; not, however, a copy of stone groining, like the ceiling at York and the new roofs at Chester and Ripon have, but of the same type of open beams and panelling which is believed to have been exhibited, though at a considerably later date, in St. Stephen's Chapel, and later still in Westminster Hall. To this last, with some little disregard of chronology, Mr. Fergusson refers as showing "how ornamental such a roof may be made."

We must add one word as to the buildings to be swept away in carrying out either Mr. Shaw Lefevre's or Mr. Fergusson's plans, which the latter contemptuously condemns as "second-class clerical residences." It is evident that he can never have examined the site, and that he must be writing in complete ignorance of the history of the Abbey. Among the slighted buildings are the Infirmary Hall, a building of the fifteenth century absolutely complete, including its open roof; the houses on the north side of the Infirmary cloister, formerly the chambers of the sick brethren, the doorways and windows of which remain, with a good deal of mediæval work incorporated in the more modern buildings; and the most valuable relic of all, the nave of St. Catherine's in the Infirmary Chapel, with its south arcade of Transition Norman work still perfect, with the walls of its chancel and its altar still *in situ*. When it is remembered that, apart from its architectural and archæological interest as an integral portion of the great Benedictine Monastery of Westminster, this chapel was the place of meeting of the twenty-four provincial councils of Westminster, and of the consecration of several of our leading mediæval bishops, among whom we may reckon St. Hugh of Lincoln and Bernard of St. David's; that from this chapel Anselm issued his canons, which in-

cluded in their denunciations the long locks of laymen and the marriage of the clergy; that here took place the memorable squabble for precedence between the two primates, Richard, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Roger, Archbishop of York, in the presence of the Papal Legate, when, as Fuller has it, "York, finding Canterbury seated on the Legate's right hand, fairly sits himself down on Canterbury's lap—a baby too big to be danced thereon"; and "Canterbury's servants dandled this large child with a witness, who plucked him from thence and buffeted him to purpose"—his fellows beating him with sticks and fists—"baculis et pugnis," writes Gervas, tore off the Archbishop's hood and robes, and dragged him out of the chapel; and that here also Henry III. swore to maintain the privileges of the Church in the presence of the assembled archbishops and bishops, who "dashed their candles stinking and smoking to the ground, with an anathema on any who should violate them"—it is evident that these "second-class clerical residences" have something to urge for their preservation as historical memorials, which we are sure only requires to be known to have its claim allowed.

It may be asked, if this scheme of a monumental chapel is set aside, what alternative can be proposed to relieve the plethora of the Abbey? We ask, Might not the Triforia be thus utilized? Some little while back we showed how extensive these galleries are, and what abundance of room they permit for monuments for a long time to come. Now employed for storing odds and ends, they might claim a nobler use as monumental galleries. They are lofty and well lighted, and broad enough for easy passage to and fro. All they require is to be made readier of access than by the existing newel staircases.

VENDETTA IN NAPLES.

A FOREIGN visitor to Naples who glances through the police reports in one of the local papers will probably form but a poor opinion of the security of the city. He will read, among other things, that from four to five persons are on an average daily found stabbed in the streets, and that those of the victims who are still living almost without exception declare that they are unable to supply any information with respect to their assailants. This in itself is startling; but when he learns that neither the killed nor the wounded have been robbed of a penny, his surprise will increase, and he will not improbably arrive at the conclusion that the town is infested by a band of miscreants who take a disinterested pleasure in murder, and look upon stabbing as a legitimate form of sport. The fact is that these crimes have all their origin in the vendetta, and that the lips of the sufferers are sealed by a sense of honour not more perverse than that which would prevent any gentleman from reporting the name of an opponent by whom he had been wounded in a duel. Both the vendetta and the duel are unquestionably barbarous and immoral; but to take an unfair advantage in either is base, and this is a baseness of which the lowest of the lazzaroni, to do him justice, is rarely guilty, even in his death agony.

The Neapolitans boast that they are not a revengeful people; and this is true if we compare them only with the Corsicans and the Calabrese. They stand too fully under the impression of the moment; they are too light-hearted and also too good-natured to hoard up the memory of an insult as if it were a secret treasure, and to wait and watch patiently for years for an opportunity of wiping it out in blood. Hence family feuds are almost unknown among them, though family is constantly quarrelling with family. Almost as soon as the traveller southwards passes Salerno, he finds himself among a different race. The forms are taller and sturdier, the features more strongly marked, and the movements heavier, but at the same time more decisive; energy is no longer expended in constant gesticulation; the faces of men and women alike are stern, almost forbidding, in their aspect, though he can hardly fail to be struck by the fact that there is more physical beauty here than in the region he has just left. The population seems to be wanting in the imagination, the spontaneity, the quick responsiveness, the poetry, the wit, and the humour of the Neapolitans, though their unintelligible dialect renders it impossible for him to be quite certain that he may not be mistaken on any of these points; but he feels that the persons whom he meets, though less amiable, are men on whose friendship he could rely more firmly, and whose enmity he would have more reason to dread. He has entered the country of the true vendetta.

Yet in Naples, too, as we have seen, it exists, though in a far milder form, and it is easier there to obtain trustworthy information about it. It is not the wild and reckless vengeance which foreigners usually suppose, but vengeance reduced to rule and recognized by public opinion. It is only in the most highly-civilized societies that men are content to entrust the defence of their honour to the law. Indeed, England is almost the only country in Europe in which the upper classes do so frankly. Everywhere else it is felt that there are personal wrongs which must be personally avenged, and any attempt to bring these before the public tribunals is considered an act of cowardice. What constitutes a technical insult of this kind is a question on which we cannot enter here, as the details of the code differ in different countries, and even in different classes; but it is perfectly well known to all whom it concerns. Now the lazzaroni entertain these feelings as strongly as the most chivalrous nobles; the vendetta is their duel, and any peasant or fisherman who shrinks from entering upon one when due cause is given is treated with as much contempt by his equals as a German officer would be if he refused a challenge. This explains a fact that has often puzzled strangers. When a man has been stabbed the sympathy of the populace is almost invariably on the side of the assailant, whom they consider the probable victim of an unjust and cruel law. The act of which he has been guilty is no crime in their eyes. They know that his life would have been rendered intolerable if he had not committed it, and that now the only prospect before him, if he be discovered, is death or a lifelong ignominy. In the old days the brigands were constantly recruited by men who had had such a "misfortune," and who fled to the mountains to escape the galleys.

Vendetta may be incurred in a number of different ways. When a man has been slain or a woman seduced, the duty of revenging the act falls upon the nearest male relative, though if he be advanced in years it will probably be undertaken by a younger kinsman. In these cases punishment follows as a matter of course, and no warning need be given. The worst of personal insults is a remark casting direct obloquy on a parent, especially a dead mother. Merely to curse her soul is comparatively harmless, and even an allusion to her past life need not be taken amiss. There are a number of Neapolitan expressions which a stranger rarely hears, as they are only used for purposes of provocation, and which, with a very different meaning, have the same weight which such terms as liar or coward would have if addressed to a Continental officer. A blow from a master or an acknowledged superior is rarely seriously resented; from an equal it is said that one given with a stick may be forgiven, while one with the hand must be avenged. It is difficult, however, to obtain accurate information as to this and several other points in the lazzaroni's code of honour.

As soon as a man feels himself aggrieved he must give fair notice to his enemy; even if he intends to avenge the insult on the spot, he must allow his opponent time to unclasp his knife. Nor is this all. There is a strange courtesy and consideration for others in these hot-blooded Neapolitan beggars. A crime of violence is very rarely committed in the house of a friend or in a tavern, as this would cause the host unpleasantness. When young men quarrel over their wine, they do not fly at once at each other's throats; they talk and gesticulate fiercely, so that the stranger thinks a free fight may begin at any moment. While the noise lasts there is no danger; as soon as the matter grows serious those concerned become quiet and drop away in groups to settle their differences where nobody but themselves will have to bear the consequences.

A warning of vendetta may be given in so many words; but this is rarely done except in private, as, if the threat were known, the danger of the victor would be increased. The language of signs which every Neapolitan of the lower classes knows is generally made use of, and the gesture most commonly employed is made by pressing the thumb and the forefinger together in such a way as to leave a small narrow space between them, which is supposed to typify the hole the challenger hopes to make in his adversary's body. In Naples, too, men still bite their thumbs, as they did in the days of Sampson and Gregory; and this is not an expression of contempt, but a declaration of war. This gesture, however, has fallen a good deal out of use of late, as it is apt to attract attention, and it is said to be discouraged by the Camorra.

When the warning has once been given and understood, the claims of honour are satisfied. From thenceforth each opponent is free to guard his own life and attempt that of his adversary as best he can. He may lurk in dark and lonely corners, and stab him in the back without shame. This, which seems to an Englishman the foulest spot in the vendetta, has certainly been spreading of late years, since the vigilance of the police has rendered a fair combat almost impossible, and cunning and secresy are the only arts by which the victor can hope to escape. In the old days, when an offence was slight, a fair combat with knives which ended in a scratch is said to have been thought as satisfactory by the lazzaroni as it still is by the journalists of Paris, though the fiercer kind of vendetta has always existed in the South. Yet, even when it assumes its wildest form, there are considerations that will stay the hand of the avenger. We have the following story on what seems to us good authority. A Calabrese who had incurred vendetta fled to the neighbourhood of Naples, and remained there between five and six years. A marriage then took place in his family; it was desirable that he should be present, and he thought the interval was long enough to permit him to visit his home in safety. He invited one of his new friends to accompany him. They met his old opponent in the street, and he passed them without notice; but, on meeting the Neapolitan alone one evening in the tavern, he treated him with very marked, though not effusive, courtesy. The two acquaintances returned to Naples without the slightest unpleasantness. A year or so later the Calabrese, thinking that the affair had blown over, resolved to settle once more in his native place. In a very few days he was found stabbed to death. After some years the Neapolitan once more accepted an invitation to the village, and when there spoke about the murder of his friend to the tavern-keeper. "It was the old vendetta, of course." "Yes, but —— had several opportunities during the wedding; why did not he take advantage of any of them?" "That would have been painful to you, and no Calabrese would willingly be rude to a foreign guest." There was a good deal of provincial bravado in the reply, no doubt; but the

sentiment that prompted it was real. That was what the innkeeper thought it would be truly noble to do; perhaps, after all, it was what —— did.

To return to Naples. Men will often speak in the heat of a moment words which they regret when they are cool. A vendetta seldom arises out of these, unless the two opponents are alone and draw their knives almost at once. If they have companions, two parties are immediately formed by a common understanding, and each of the adversaries is accompanied home by his supporters on roundabout ways which prevent the chance of a meeting. One friend has cigars to buy at a particular shop, another must pay a little account, a third is obliged to speak a word or two with his cousin. The rage of both the adversaries has generally cooled down considerably before they reach their own doors, and in an hour or so afterwards they are ready to listen to reason. If the case be a difficult one, a Camorrist is called in as umpire to decide who has been technically in the wrong, and the man against whom judgment is given is expected not only to make an apology to his opponent, but to invite him, the friends who prevented the fray, and above all the Camorrist, to a sumptuous dinner. It may be remarked here that the Camorra undertakes the task of avenging the wrongs done to its own members. If any one of them be killed or wounded, his kinsmen are informed that they have neither the duty nor the right to undertake the vendetta; vengeance in such a case belongs to the association alone, and it rarely fails in inflicting it.

Old men among the lazzaroni assert that the vendetta has been demoralized of late. Thirty years ago the offences that must be answered by the knife were clearly known. Now, men stab each other in a passing fit of passion, or, what is worse, from rivalry in business, and the populace which would formerly have torn such a culprit to pieces is now eager to screen him. They complain that in momentary encounters the due notice is not always fairly given, but that a man often draws his own knife from his pocket and even unclasps it before he speaks a word of warning, and that such an act of murder, not vendetta, is not sufficiently resented. Whether these things are so or not we cannot say, and we have no desire either to contribute to the re-establishment of the vendetta in Italy or to acclimatize it in England. If we have thought it worth while to give this rough sketch of its character, it is because it is the last poor and degraded survival of a condition of things through which every civilized country in Europe has passed, and which, when it was in the ascendent, formed the theme of a thousand romances, some of which are not yet forgotten.

HANDEL'S *ACIS AND GALATEA* AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

LAST Saturday's Concert at the Crystal Palace was intended as a commemoration of the birth of Handel and the programme consisted entirely of his Serenata, *Acis and Galatea*. It is true that this beautiful work is but too rarely heard; yet all lovers of music must be familiar with its every note. It would be well, indeed, if many of our modern composers would devote a little time to a careful study and analysis of this great work In its character it is essentially dramatic, and there are yet among us some who can remember its production on the stage in the form of an opera, with Clara Novello in the part of Galatea, and Staudigl in the part of Polyphemus. Those who can remember this will tell us that, in spite of some liberties taken with the score, in spite of obvious difficulties in the dramatic representation of some of the characters, and in spite of the necessity of filling up the gaps necessarily left in the work in its Serenata form, its success, not only with the dilettante, but also with the "town," was very great. The lesson which we think many composers, or would-be composers, may learn from Handel's dramatic work is that fine, strong, dramatic musical feeling does not necessarily demand eccentric and novel methods of musical expression; and, secondly, that the old classical methods, even when rigidly adhered to, do not necessarily destroy or obscure poetic thought. The performance given last Saturday was, on the whole, one of very high merit. In the overture and throughout the orchestral passages one could not help feeling that Mr. Manns was rather keeping his powers of expression under, in deference to that curious bugbear the Handelian tradition. We do not wish for one moment to hint that his reading of the music was cold; but the feeling was produced that he would willingly have infused more life and passion into it had he not been restrained by the fear of being un-Handelian. It must be confessed that the somewhat exacting music of *Acis and Galatea* brought out to some degree a slight want of finish in the performance of the band. It is but rarely at a Crystal Palace concert that the conductor has occasion to strike his desk with an audible beat, but on Saturday last Mr. Manns was several times compelled to use this extreme measure.

In discussing the performance of the chorus we must always bear in mind that the Crystal Palace choir but rarely has an opportunity of singing in public at concerts in which the orchestra is also employed. On the whole, they displayed a good quality of tone and very true intonation; but, though their attack was occasionally excellent in points to which attention had obviously been directed in rehearsal, in their level singing there was frequently a certain woolliness or haziness, due no doubt to want of practice in singing together in public. Miss Mary Davies sang the music of Galatea. Her vocalization was all that could be wished, but unfortunately there was on several occasions traces of the inroads of that fatal and insidious malady, the tremolo. Charming though her singing was, during the earlier part of the Serenata it appeared to us to be too cold. For instance, Galatea's reply to Polyphemus—

> Of infant limbs to make my food,
> And swill full draughts of human blood!
> Go, monster! bid some other guest;
> I loathe the host;—I loathe the feast.

the words of which are surely strong enough, and the music of which appears most perfectly to express the dramatic situation, was sung by her without a particle of feeling or effect. Later on Miss Davies seemed to warm to the sentiment of the music, and her singing of the last recitative and air, "'Tis done, thus I exert my power divine," was charming from every point of view. The part of Acis was sung at short notice by Mr. Piercy, who replaced Mr. Winch, absent through indisposition. We need only say that he possesses a voice of extremely good quality, and showed signs of musical powers of great promise. Mr. Bridson sang the music of Polyphemus, and though in some of the more florid music his vocalization may not have been all that the most exacting critic could desire, yet, by his fine voice, artistic method, and strong dramatic feeling he achieved an undoubted success. Mr. Charles Chilley, who has a pleasing baritone voice, with a strong touch of the tenor quality, sang the part of Damon most successfully. Indeed, it would be difficult for any artist to excel him by far in the recitative "Would you gain the tender creature"; and perhaps Mr. Chilley sang his words even more audibly than the other artists, though all sang them with a distinctness of articulation unfortunately too rare.

POLITICAL JAPAN.

APPRECIATION of her art and artistic products makes the name of Japan familiar enough upon our lips, yet how little most of us know of the country and its people and government. In spite of publications, the mere titles of which fill many columns of library catalogues, the general level of information about the Japanese people and their political condition is probably not unfairly represented by two anecdotes, trite enough among residents in the Far East, but presumably not so well known to the generality of our readers. One of these stories tells how, not so many years ago, when a Special Ambassador from Japan, charged with an important political mission to the Great Powers, was about to have audience of the Prince-Chancellor of a certain nation in the middle of Europe, the great man, absorbed in European problems, after beating his brain a few moments to bring it to bear on the new subject of attention, sprang up at last fully prepared for the interview by the sudden inspiration:—"Ah! Japan. Of course; that's where they do the butterfly "trick!" The other story is related by an Englishman who some years ago had charge, on his way home, of two or three young Japanese gentlemen going to Europe to pursue a course of foreign study. They travelled by way of San Francisco, and, a few days out from land, the American skipper came up to our friend and, with a backward nod of the head and a jerk of the thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the young Japanese, inquired—"Princes?" "No." "Acrobats?" "No." "Then what the 'nation are they!" Yet, with all due allowance for those doubtless important classes, there are some thirty-five millions of people in Japan who are neither princes nor acrobats, and who would be sorely put to it if called upon to do the butterfly trick. Nor are *curios* the sole product of the country; though the aspect of the Japanese Court at the recent Fisheries Exhibition would lend some colour to this supposition; and a country is apt to be known only for that characteristic which most meets the public eye—

> India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi.

But the thirty-five million people of the Japanese Empire have a history of their own—though, to be sure, they did their best at one time to break with it: but that phase is over, and progress now takes the healthier direction of an adaptation of the old forms to the new ideas and requirements rather than the wholesale substitution of an alien for an indigenous civilization. They have also present interests and aspirations, moral and material, social, political, and intellectual, of a very rare kind: and they have a policy, foreign and domestic, that must shape for good or for evil a future destiny, the development of which will be watched with the curious interest attaching to an experiment unique in the history of civilization.

The new departure in Japanese history, precipitated and its direction determined by the advent of foreign fleets in 1854, and the conclusion of treaties opening the ports to foreign commerce, dates from the revolution which in 1868 overturned the old feudal system, and destroyed the power of the usurping Captain-General, known to us under the title of Tycoon, and restored the Mikado to the *de facto* as well as *de jure* position of an absolute Emperor, the paternal despot and central figure of a completely centralized Government. The constructive work of the subsequent period—the introduction of wholly new political machinery, legislative, administrative, local, and judicial; the creation of a national army and navy and mercantile marine; the introduction

of railways, and the completion of a domestic service of posts and telegraphs equal to any in the world, and brought into union with the international systems; the erection of lighthouses, harbours, docks, arsenals, and fortifications; the creation of a national mint and a coinage of unsurpassed beauty and finish and unquestioned purity; the formation of a universal system of education, higher and lower, and the training of large numbers of selected students at home and abroad in theoretical and applied science, law, medicine, and general learning—all these works we can but refer to as the results of the laborious genius and statesmanlike initiative of a Government new to most of such duties, retarded at first by rebellion secret and overt, weighted by an inheritance of internal debt (largely increased by the demands of the new epoch and of the compensation due to an expropriated feudal aristocracy), and hampered throughout by the imperfect enlightenment of its subjects and doubtful loyalty of some of its own followers, as well as by the restrictions of an anomalous international status. The political achievements of Japanese statesmen have not passed unnoticed by thoughtful observers like Miss Bird, and the late Mr. Mounsey, in his *History of the Satsuma Rebellion*, not to speak of other writers, whose fulsome laudation of everything Japanese deprives their compilations of all real value. But the full magnitude of all this has probably yet to be generally recognized; and it is the opinion of many who have had opportunities of watching history being made in Japan, that there is a breadth of political conception, and a boldness and originality of action, about the men who made the revolution of 1868, and those who are still carrying forward its spirit and its aims, that should give them a high place among those who have given to the world its greatest monuments of constructive political genius. It is well worthy of remark that of these men almost all came from the lower ranks, comparatively speaking, of the official class. A few there have been, and are, among them of men born to the highest stations; but these are found in the position of leaders solely on account of their personal qualities; the majority of their order retain not even the semblance of power.

The present in Japan is essentially a period of transition. The Oath of the then youthful Emperor at the restoration of his dynasty to actual power in 1868—the Magna Charta of Japan—promised the ultimate adoption of popular institutions and constitutional government. At that time the machinery of even bureaucratic methods had to be erected anew on the basis of centralisation; and constant modifications have scarcely yet ceased to be made towards the perfection of the mechanism. But the Imperial promise has not meanwhile been forgotten either by people or rulers. Renewed and ratified on more than one subsequent occasion, it has always been a living reality. The first steps towards its direct fulfilment were taken a few years ago in the creation of elective local assemblies in all divisions, from the village community and town ward up to the city and prefecture. Sufficient success attended this tentative measure to justify the Government in yielding at length to the demand unceasingly made in the press and on public platforms for the assignment of a definite date for the complete fulfilment of the charter by the introduction of the representative system into the control of national as well as of local affairs; and by an Imperial Rescript given in 1881, the year 1890 has been fixed for the crowning of the constitutional edifice. It is a bold venture for a nation that will by that time have barely attained its majority since the new birth that succeeded the collapse of a decrepit feudalism. But there seems no ground for undue anxiety for the consequences. Much has already been done by the introduction of the representative principle into the management of local affairs, and by the influence of a newspaper press, not free, as we understand freedom, but subject only to such restraint as is necessary among an excitable people new to liberty, and only beginning to imbibe political knowledge. Much, however, no doubt remains to be done. But if, as there is reason to believe, the parliamentary forms of the German Government are found to predominate in the scheme now being elaborated for Japan, another proof will have been given of that cautious conservatism which so strangely mingles with the reforming energy of those who are moulding the political character of this remarkable people. Whatever the beauties or shortcomings of the German Constitution, it cannot be accused of too democratic a tendency. Be the electorate large or small, the representative Chamber itself will no doubt consist exclusively of the "gentry," who formerly monopolized all, and still fill all the highest posts, both civil and military—the "soldiers, scholars, poets" of the race. To obtain a good Upper Chamber the nobility will have to be rehabilitated—at present they can as an order be scarcely said to exist—and their ranks stiffened by a considerable addition from the higher grades of officials and gentry. These represent at present all the superior education and political capacity in the country. As for the power of the Crown and its Ministers, there is no fear of that being left out of sight in a system modelled as this one is likely to be.

The constitutional change effected by the introduction of the principle of representation, great and fundamental though it must be, will not conspicuously affect the administrative work of the Government. As it exists at present, the Government may be called (if the paradox be permitted) a constitutional despotism—that is to say, though it lies solely with the Emperor and his Council of Ministers to order or to modify the form of the administration, and though all effective legislative power resides in the same body, yet there is not that arbitrariness generally associated with the idea of absolutism, especially in the Orient. The Emperor and the Council are bound, and feel themselves bound, by the solemn promise of the oath or charter, to carry on the Government "for the sake of the governed," as our phrase goes. Every administrative act, every exercise of secondary legislative power, depends upon a written "Constitution," and is restricted by the power or authority so conferred. Below the Emperor's Council of Ministers, which is the supreme power in the State, the individual member of the Council, presiding as a Minister over each administrative department, has authority strictly limited by the written constitution of his Ministry, for the exercise of which authority he is responsible to the joint body of his colleagues and to his Sovereign; while, as towards the rest of the world, the principle of Cabinet solidarity and joint responsibility is fully recognized and acted upon. The application of the last-named principle is exemplified from time to time by the secession of some Minister unable to go with his colleagues in this or that policy. In the earlier years of the present form of government, such seceders, not infrequently diverging on fundamental questions, became sometimes the leaders of abortive revolutions, whereby the foundations of the Government have by this time been firmly cemented. Nowadays, of those who thus retire, though not all capable of forming among themselves a homogeneous party, the majority nevertheless fall somehow into the ranks of a body which, if bound by no other ties, is at least united by hostility to the existing Cabinet. Out of this body and their followers, when the time for parliamentary government arrives, will be formed no doubt in the most natural way possible a political party ready to assume at once the attitude of a Parliamentary Opposition; and, once given a party of "ins" and a party of "outs," the rest, we all know, is simplicity itself.

The powers of administration and of subsidiary legislation vested in the provincial governments and prefectures are fixed, like those of the central departments, by a written Constitution. The governor or prefect is responsible to one or other of the central Ministries, according to the nature of the case, as public works, education, and so forth, the general control being in the hands of the Home Department. The elective county and district boards, already alluded to have likewise their functions and scope strictly assigned and limited. The conflicts between these and the prefects give rise, now and again, to some very pretty constitutional quarrels, for the composing whereof a special Committee, representing the legislature, the executive, and the judiciary, is appointed *ad hoc* in the Privy Council Office.

Thus it will be seen that Japan has already reached the point of political development represented by a smoothly-working centralized bureaucracy. In this cursory bird's-eye view we must pass lightly over other features of her polity. Finance, after passing through troubled times, has, it may be hoped with some confidence, been placed at length upon a sound basis. The external debt, never large, has been almost extinguished. The internal liabilities, consisting principally of a *fiat* currency, have now, by a judicious system of amortisement, been so dealt with that, if no war or other national disaster interferes, specie payments may be resumed before many years. Law and judicature, already for many years radically reformed since feudal times, are still in the crucible. Complete codes of civil and criminal—to which will have to be added constitutional—law, have been compiled by the aid of European jurists on Western models. Of these, the Criminal Code and Code of Criminal Procedure—formed principally on the lines of the Code Napoléon, but drawing also upon all known codes—have been promulgated and put into force now some two years or more. The various branches of civil and commercial law will follow very rapidly, being, it is understood, on the point of final revision. Meanwhile, the judiciary is being remodelled, and its ranks recruited from the now numerous class of younger men who have received a complete training, either at home or abroad, in Western jurisprudence. It is probable, too, and very desirable, that, when all the codes are in force, the new legal and judicial machinery should be set in motion by the aid of a certain admixture of foreign lawyers appointed as judges in its courts by the Japanese Government. But this suggests one of the burning questions of Japan's foreign relations; and of those relations generally we hope to give a brief sketch another day.

A FRENCH SALON.

IN English it is difficult to find a word that shall adequately connote all those ideas of sociability which a Frenchwoman has in mind when she claims a friend as an *habitué* of her *salon*. We do not *frequent* the drawing-rooms of our friends in England in the sense in which various persons become the *habitués* of certain *salons* in Paris; and the fact that in English society the *habitué* is such a *rariссima avis* (if not a biped altogether unknown) may be said to mark the wide difference of national character so striking to any one who mixes alternately in the society of the two countries separated by but one score miles of shallow sea. The only place of which the Englishman can be called an *habitué* is his Club. The London man certainly does *frequent* his pet Club with an assiduity and a faithfulness that is in marked contrast to his erratic movements and uncertain presence at the social entertainments of his friends.

In France *le Club* is socially speaking of little import. It is even now after years of acclimatisation but an exotic, fostered by the tender care of those who love to make a display of their Anglomania, and the *cafés* have had no cause to complain of any diminution in their customers since the institution of the *Cercles*. To obtain information, to rest his brain, to find companionship,

the Londoner goes to his Club; while with the like purpose, the Parisian takes his hat and cane, and with the same latitude in the matter of dress which is the privilege of Club-life with us, he will betake himself to some private house and form one among the circle of friends, gathered together without special invitation on certain afternoons or evenings, in the drawing-room of some lady who has the art "*de faire salon*." Here he will find, should he want it, the person from whom he may acquire his information; he may discuss the current news; or he may simply listen, for listening is much cultivated among even the most witty of the French. Of French society the elementary unit is without doubt the *habitué*, and, it will be noted, the *habitués* of a *salon*, though they may not become intimate friends, are assuredly not to be placed in the category of mere acquaintances. So and so, it will be said, can hardly be your intimate friend, since you still call him *Monsieur* after having met him regularly at a certain house for the last quarter of a century; but, though you may know nothing of his private affairs, or of his relatives, you are intimately acquainted with his views and his ideas on men and things; and although you may in point of fact have but little in common with him, you would miss him from his place were he gone, and sincerely deplore his absence, for his presence has contributed an item to form the very agreeable whole presented by the drawing-room of your friend.

To have a recognized *salon* is the ambition of every Frenchwoman who aims at social success, and dinners across the Channel are not the indispensable rite that they are in society with us. It is still possible to get people to meet and talk in Paris without supplying them with food, and a cup of weak tea is more often than not the sole stimulant of much excellent conversation. To become more intimate with their acquaintances it is customary for French ladies to receive one day in the week during the afternoon, and on this day every one must call, at least once, who wishes to profit by the evening gatherings, and continue the acquaintance made at some chance meeting.

On this point the social law is very strict, and it will be noted that throughout society in France, and on the Continent in general, though there is little ceremony, etiquette is strictly observed, and any breach of its regulations is seldom condoned—even in an (ignorant) foreigner. In English society, until the precincts of the palace be reached, the rules of etiquette are almost unknown, or if known, are more honoured in the breach than in the observance. But across the water this is by no means the case, and that English people with difficulty comprehend this, is perhaps one reason for their finding French society somewhat exclusive. Furthermore, as with the rule of the road, customs in England and France generally go by contraries. For instance, the last arrivals call first, and further instances might easily be adduced; but these are elementary rules that an Englishman does easily learn. It is in the drawing-room, however, that he is most apt to sin through ignorance. For who shall tell him that during an afternoon call he *must* leave his greatcoat and umbrella in the ante-room, that into the drawing-room he is expected to bring his hat, and that at the beginning of the visit, in any case, he should keep on his gloves? These are matters which we in England hold to be optional or indifferent, but on which French *bienséance* is inflexible. To call on a Parisian lady in an overcoat and carrying an umbrella is deemed almost as insulting as to go into her drawing-room with your hat on: and were her husband your candid friend he would probably inform you that his wife's rooms were warmed, and that the rain did not come through.

But it is in her talent for combining the various elements of her society that the genius of a French hostess shows its highest development. Heine, if we are not mistaken, was wont to say, in characterizing the society of London and Paris, that the English were gregarious but not sociable, while the French were sociable but not gregarious. The innumerable balls where the majority do not dance, drums where people will not talk but where there is abundant food and drink for those who have already dined, entertainments, in short, such as we are perpetually "going on to" during a London season, are of rare occurrence in Paris. We give ourselves endless trouble in the lighting up of our houses, the providing of victuals, and the getting together of more people than our rooms will conveniently hold; but, when the guests are assembled, the part of the hostess too often ends with their reception. She does not regard it as incumbent on her to try to elicit the conversational powers of her friends and make them give of their best by, so to speak, fathoming their minds and drawing up that which is valuable in them. To be introduced is considered a bore, if not an absolute insult. The French hostess, on the contrary, is perhaps a little oblivious of the creature-comforts of her guests; but then she gives herself an infinity of trouble in the management of her *salon*; and, although she herself may talk but little, she is the prime mover in the conversation, keeping up the ball by an occasional word thrown in adroitly from time to time. Since crowds are, as a rule, avoided, the conversation is kept more general in France than with us, *tête-à-têtes* in a low voice not being encouraged; each one talks, but not all at once; for it will be observed that from the earliest age a talent for narration is much cultivated, and that a Frenchman knows how to put his ideas into the compact form fitted for their comprehension by an audience of several persons. On the avoidance of *tête-à-têtes* it may be related how, at certain little dinners of eight or a dozen at most, at a house in the Faubourg St.-Germain, all private conversation with one's neighbour is absolutely prohibited; each guest must address his or her conversation to the whole table in general; and, should any offend the rule, a call to order is immediately made by the tingling of a little bell at the right hand of the hostess's plate. This is, perhaps, carrying matters to an extreme; still it clearly marks the general tendency.

In a *salon* such as we have now in mind we must admit that young ladies are but of little account. In France they neither rule the roast socially, as is the case in America, nor do they monopolize the attention of the less ornamental portion of humanity and throw the dowagers into the shade, as is the case with us. From her education and the early age at which girls in France generally marry (or are married), the conversation of young ladies is but little appreciated by men who are already in the world engaged in the battle of life. And in further explanation of the insignificant position occupied by the Parisian "girl of the period," it must be borne in mind that our British method of courtship by flirtation is little practised over the water, also that what men there seek in the society of women is just that companionship and sympathy which the unmarried woman is least capable of giving. A matter of continual surprise to an Englishman who has the luck to gain admittance to a French *salon* is the truly catholic range of the matters that will come under discussion. There is no subject that a Frenchman will not discuss seriously, and think it is to his profit to do so, with a Frenchwoman. It might almost be said that there is no serious subject that in London a man will discuss thoroughly with a lady; for, as a rule, he does not hold that he will increase his stock of ideas by giving himself the trouble. In Paris men, whether from vanity or from other reasons, talk their best when ladies are their auditors, and they assuredly seek the society of women far more from sympathy with their minds than from admiration for their outward attractions. *Esprit*, which is not wit, but which has been defined as that "quick perception which seizes the ideas of others easily and returns ready change for them," is in truth what men most prize in women, it being a quality independent of beauty, and, while the mind lasts, not lessened by age. It has been frequently remarked how in their old age French men and women preserve not only their good-humour, but their gaiety, to the last. This is of course in part dependent on good health, for with them gout and dyspepsia are not common maladies. But for the cheerfulness of his declining years a Frenchman will look to the *salons* of his friends, and, since it has ever been the custom for intimate society in France to assemble in the evening, he, after dinner, not being a club man, will take his hat and cane to go out and pay his visits. In some dimly-lighted *salon au 3ième* he will find a welcome from the circle gathered round the fireside, where all are *habitués*, and where each, eschewing the weather and the discussion of his personal health, brings forth his remarks on passing events, and contributes some new observation to the common stock.

Paris has still many things in points of material comfort that she might copy with advantage from London; we admit that her hackney-carriages are vile, the coachmen demanding *pourboires*, and driving abominably; that her postal service is dear, and uncertain; that her theatres are uncomfortable, tawdry, and, as Mr. Matthew Arnold might say, lubricitous. But society is understood better there than it is with us. Although all human beings are social, women are more so than men, and in their taste for analysing sentiments, and in the delight they take in seeing into the minds of others, have created, in France especially, the great art of conversation which has long since become the favourite excitement of the French nation.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

THE practice of exhibiting an artist's works by themselves is growing rapidly. Mr. Halswelle's Upper Thames sketches were only withdrawn on Saturday, and on the same day an exhibition of Mr. W. L. Wyllie's watercolour drawings of the Lower Thames was opened at a private view. They are at the rooms of the Fine Art Society in New Bond Street, where Mr. Hunt's pictures may still be seen in two adjoining galleries. The introduction to the catalogue is written by Mr. Grant Allen, and consists chiefly of a history of the Thames as the port of London. Into no other river of Europe does the tide penetrate so far. Besides being the deepest and safest estuary and river in England, it looks eastward towards the flourishing cities of the Low Countries; and in early times its chief port lay far in the interior of the country, and was comparatively safe from the attacks of free-booters. As a fact, however, London suffered heavily in the Danish invasions. Yet Mr. Allen does not, in his historical sketch, so much as name them. He appears, too, to be under some vague impression as to the continuity of London commercial life from Roman times, an idea which has been frequently combated of late. For the rest, though his introduction has nothing to do with Mr. Wyllie's pictures, it is pleasant reading, though we cannot agree with him when he asserts that the impartial foreigner generally describes the first sight of England as "dismally ugly, dull, and monotonous." Coming up the Thames from abroad on a sunny morning, with views of Kentish cliffs, woods, and churches on the left, and with the wide green meadows and far blue hills of Essex on the right, seldom fails to impress the foreigner very favourably. The Australian, who must on this point be reckoned as a foreigner, is astonished

beyond measure at the verdure. He has never seen anything like it at home, and in this respect we venture to think Mr. Wyllie falls short of our expectations. It is true there are many grim places, black with smoke and brown with filthy mud, on both banks, but there are quite as many pleasant meadows and timbered parks. Except in a view of Leigh (25), there is very little of this kind of scenery represented, and in this view the watery foreground is not successfully painted. As a rule, however, Mr. Wyllie excels in the difficult task of painting waves in pure watercolour; and one little picture, "Our Wake," not catalogued, is a marvel of skill in this respect. Every one who has indulged in the luxury of a sea voyage in a large steamer will remember the fascination of gazing over the taffrail and watching the ever-changing mosaic of blue and white which the vessel leaves on the surface behind her. This Mr. Wyllie has caught with amazing skill and fidelity. "Tilbury Fort" (41) is disappointing. Mr. Wyllie has given us a very breezy sketch; but the old fort, which Wren built under the direction of Samuel Pepys, plays a very subordinate part in it. A twilight view of the "*Worcester* Training Ship" (48) is clever, and so is "Southend Pier" (24); while the wreck on "Margate Sand" (14) has a most melancholy effect. Mr. Wyllie has been most successful, perhaps, in giving a picturesque effect to a commonplace subject; and there are no sketches in the Gallery prettier than the "Nore Light Ship" (21), or the "SS. *Tongariro*" (58), a vessel which is celebrated in certain circles as having made "the quickest passage known from New Zealand to Plymouth." A very pleasant hour may be spent among Mr. Wyllie's sketches, especially by any one who has been over the ground yachting or otherwise.

Mr. Tooth opens his Gallery in the Haymarket to-day by a private view of a large number of important pictures. There is a small Fortuny, "In the Vatican," some connoisseurs examining a portfolio of old drawings, which alone would make it worth while to visit the Gallery. In addition there is a Long, painted in 1868, but now first exhibited, "Christmas Day at Seville"—a lady distributing alms to gipsies and others—which will please people who prefer Mr. Long's early manner to the later. It is flanked by two landscapes by Mr. Ernest Parton, one of which, "Autumn on the Warfe," contains the portrait of a most graceful birch-tree. "The Carpet Seller," by Benjamin Constant, is in the same room, and is full of the light and colour to be seen in the courtyard of an Arab house at Algiers. Mr. Burton Barber contributes one of his charming scenes of child and dog life, "Charity begins at Home." Signor Raffaelle Sorbi's "Card Players" will be welcomed by those who remember his dancing scene last year. It is marvellously finished and delicate. Mr. Stewart, the young American artist of whom one hears so much now in Paris, exhibits "The Leisure Hour," a lady in grey standing in front of a wide white window. The treatment is masterly. M. Sadée shows his usual "Beach at Scheveningen," the sobriety and delicacy of which never pall. We must return to this Gallery next week; so far we have only mentioned pictures in the outer room.

Messrs. Agnew have a good exhibition of their recent acquisitions in Old Bond Street. It includes a little Walker and some fine Turners. There is a typical William Hunt, the "Cymon and Iphigenia," a Cox, and a number of Rossettis, besides works by living artists—altogether an interesting and well-assorted collection of watercolours. Mr. Halswelle's "Flood Time" will attract most attention, perhaps, among the works of living artists; but there is an Arab sheikh by Mr. Carl Haag, a series of sketches by Mr. Birket Foster, a frame of drawings by Mr. Randolph Caldecott; and many other favourite names are equally well represented.

In our recent notice of the Dudley Gallery we spoke of "'A Pottery Shop at Bruges' (96), by Miss Tanner." This work was, we learn, painted by Miss C. A. Channer.

HAVE WE MADE EGYPT BANKRUPT?

THE mismanagement of affairs in Egypt by Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet has not only plunged that country into political and social confusion, but has once more raised the question whether she is able to pay her way? Ministers intervened in Egypt protesting that they intended only the benefit of the Egyptians, but the result has been to render the condition of the fellaheen more miserable than ever, and to bring the Government near to insolvency. Already we hear suggestions of a fresh liquidation. Liquidations have been too common in the past. A fresh one would not be a creditable outcome of the intervention of a Minister who is a financier before everything. It was in 1862 that the Khedive first applied to the money markets of Western Europe as a borrower, and so well did he use or abuse his credit that fourteen years later Mr. Cave found that he had burdened his people with an annual charge on account of debt of over 7¾ millions sterling. This was considerably more than a guinea a head per annum for every man, woman, and child in Egypt, and it could be paid only out of fresh loans. The credit of the country was already exhausted, and fresh loans could not be obtained from the public. The Khedive, therefore, had to apply to usurers, who accommodated him at extortionate rates of interest, plunging him deeper and deeper in difficulties. This could not last, and Messrs. Goschen and Joubert, as representatives of the English and French Bondholders, entered into a compromise with the Khedive by which all existing loans were amalgamated into two consolidated debts; the Preference Debt of 17 millions sterling, bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent., and the Unified Debt of 59 millions sterling, bearing 7 per cent. interest. A little time elapsed, and it became clear that the reduced debt charge was still too heavy. The Khedive satisfied his creditors by constantly adding to his floating debt, and the danger of repudiation once more became imminent. A Commission of Liquidation, representing fourteen foreign Powers, was assembled at Cairo, and a new arrangement of the debt was arrived at. The floating debt was consolidated, increasing both the Preference and the Unified Debts, and the interest on the latter was reduced to 4 per cent. The interest on the Preference Debt was unchanged, and to pay it the revenues of the railways, the telegraphs, and the port of Alexandria were assigned. If this should not prove sufficient, the revenues assigned for the payment of the interest on the Unified Debt were to make up the balance. These latter consisted of the revenues of four provinces, and the customs and tobacco duties. It was further stipulated that a sinking fund should be provided sufficient to extinguish the Preference Debt in sixty-five years. And if any excess remained after paying the interest on the Unified Debt, it was agreed that it should be applied to the purchase of Unified bonds in the open market at the price of the day. Hitherto the assigned revenues have not only sufficed to pay the interest on the Preference and Unified Debts, and to provide a sinking fund for the former, but they have yielded a considerable surplus for the reduction of the Unified Debt by purchases. In addition to these two State debts there are two other debts—that of the Daira Sanieh and that of the State Domains—which are both specially secured by the mortgage of land formerly belonging to the Khedive and his family. If the revenues of these lands are not sufficient to furnish interest and sinking fund, the revenues allocated to defray the cost of administration are to make up the deficit. If properly managed, these lands are ample security for the debt secured upon them. But they are not properly managed. Besides, the precautions by which they are hedged around prevent the Commissioners from forming reserve funds in good years to meet any deficits that may occur in bad years. Consequently these debts are a constant charge upon the public exchequer. At present the outstanding amount of the four debts is about 95¾ millions sterling, and the revenue required for the payment of interest and sinking fund in the present year is about 4,373,000*l.* Furthermore, Egypt is bound to pay as tribute to the Sultan about 682,000*l.* per annum, the tribute being mortgaged for loans advanced not to Egypt but to Turkey. Thus the total debt charge of Egypt for herself and Turkey somewhat exceeds 5 millions sterling. And as the revenue of Egypt is roughly about 9 millions sterling, the debt charge amounts to about 56 per cent. of the total revenue.

As long as it was thought certain that England and France would enforce the Law of Liquidation, it worked satisfactorily. There was a surplus yielded both by the assigned revenues and by those remaining to defray the expense of administration. It was therefore found possible to reduce the debt, and at the same time to construct useful public works. But the rise of Arabi led to a large increase in the army expenditure. And the war that followed not only wasted wealth, but disorganized trade and gave a blow to credit from which it has not yet recovered. The massacre of Alexandria drove out of the country the principal merchants and capitalists. And the protestations of the British Government of its resolve to evacuate the country in a few months prevented the revival of confidence; while its meddling destroyed the prestige of the Khedive. Lastly, the disasters in the Soudan have completed the political and economic disorganization. In consequence Alexandria has not been rebuilt; nor has there been an inflow of capital to give an impetus to trade. The rate of interest payable by the fellaheen, too, throughout the country has risen very greatly, and their misery has been aggravated. The result is that the Egyptian Government finds itself in serious embarrassments. There was a large deficit last year; and the debt is once more rapidly growing. Already compensation to the amount of nearly 4 millions sterling has been awarded to those who suffered from the burning and bombardment of Alexandria; while to cover the extraordinary expenses occasioned by Arabi's mutiny and by the expedition to the Soudan the Egyptian Government has incurred a new floating debt to the full limit allowed by the Law of Liquidation—that is, 2 millions sterling. In addition, the withdrawal from the Soudan will involve a large outlay. And, lastly, the indebtedness of the fellaheen is so great that something must be done to protect them from the usurers. It is estimated, therefore, that to cover compensations, fund the floating debt, and meet all extraordinary charges, an addition must be made to the consolidated debt of about 7 millions sterling. It is obvious, however, that in the present state of Egypt she can borrow only at a very great discount. As the price of the Preference Bonds at present is only about 90, it is probable that she could not obtain 7 millions sterling in money by a new issue of these bonds at a higher price than 85*l.* per bond of the nominal value of 100*l.* This would add 8¼ millions to her present debt, which, at 5 per cent., would add to the annual charge about 412,500*l.*, without speaking of any provision for the sinking fund. But already, as we have said, the extraordinary charges to which she has been put have caused a considerable deficit in the revenue available for State purposes, and the addition of this new debt would increase the deficit very seriously. Moreover, to add to the taxation for the purpose of paying interest on this debt

would plunge the fellaheen deeper and deeper in distress, and, before long, would lead to the bankruptcy of the country. In these circumstances it is clear that some reduction of the burden upon the peasantry ought to be effected. If Mr. Gladstone were willing to assume a protectorate, it would be easy to do this without touching the Law of Liquidation. A State governed by England could easily borrow at 4 per cent. or less; there would be no difficulty, therefore, in converting the existing Egyptian debt in such a manner as to leave enough for the payment of the interest on the new loan. Furthermore, by converting the debt which is now secured upon the Turkish Tribute a considerable sum might be saved. But it is hardly worth while pointing out how this could be done, since Mr. Gladstone will not frankly recognize the responsibilities he has undertaken. There remains the suggestion of Mr. Goschen; a reduction of the interest on the Unified Debt. In the way of this, however, stands the Law of Liquidation, which cannot be touched without the consent of all the fourteen Powers by whom it was sanctioned. It is scarcely to be expected that France, for example, will agree to give up any claims of her own people upon the Egyptian Government for the sake of smoothing away England's difficulties on the Nile. A modification of the Law of Liquidation is hardly to be looked for unless our Government is prepared to give some compensation to the Continental holders of Egyptian Bonds, and we fail to see any compensation that would be likely to satisfy them except some kind of guarantee by our Government that the reduced interest would be punctually paid. A guarantee of the Egyptian debt is, however, not to be thought of. We do not guarantee the debts of our colonies or of India, and there is less reason for guaranteeing the debt of Egypt.

The formal assumption of a protectorate and a reorganization of the debt would be the most effectual way of dealing with the matter. It would relieve the taxpayer and satisfy the creditor. But there are other means of restoring a mere equilibrium between income and outlay. Mr. Vincent, the financial adviser of the Egyptian Government, has just left Alexandria to consult Ministers on the subject; and it is understood that he brings with him a scheme elaborated by Nubar Pasha and Sir E. Baring which will put an end to the deficit. At the first, the evacuation of the Soudan will impose a very heavy burden on the Exchequer of Egypt, but ultimately will relieve it of an annual charge of about 200,000*l*. At once, therefore, future deficits are reduced by this sum. Furthermore, it is clear that all foreigners should be subject to taxation in the country where they reside, the protection of whose laws they enjoy, and where they are free to own land, to fill public offices, and to carry on business of every kind. In former times there were, no doubt, reasons for withdrawing Europeans from Egyptian taxation. But, now that the Government of Egypt is in the hands of Englishmen, it is monstrously unjust that foreigners should be allowed to compete with natives, and to hold office over them, and yet be exempt from contributing to the support of the Government which protects them. Various estimates have been put forward of the amount that would be yielded by the taxation of foreigners; but it appears that, coupled with certain changes in the Customs and other taxes, it might be made to yield nearly a quarter of a million sterling. Thus, by the reduction of expenditure and the increase of taxation, we find the position of the Government improved by something over 400,000*l*. a year. Next it seems evident that great further reductions might be made in the Egyptian army. It has now been proved entirely useless for all warlike purposes, and it might therefore safely be reduced to the strength requisite for mere police functions. It has been suggested also that the charge of the army of occupation should be defrayed by this country, not by Egypt. Indeed if we keep up, for some purpose of our own, a useless native army as well as a useful British army, there may be some ground for arguing that we should pay for the unnecessary additional burden imposed. Again, the administrative services admit of great reductions. We are maintaining two staffs—a European and a native—in all the higher departments; and in addition there is no doubt that the number of persons employed in inferior grades is too great. That considerable economies can be effected by reorganization of the administrative services is certain. Furthermore, the Egyptian Government is at present paying 5 per cent. on the price of the Suez Canal shares sold by the ex-Khedive to our Government, although we raised the money at a considerably lower rate of interest. It seems only fair that we should remit to Egypt the difference between the interest we ourselves pay and that which we receive. Lastly, a more important saving still can be effected by the sale of the State Domain and the Daira lands. They are badly administered at present, and are charges upon the public exchequer. If they were sold to peasants, the price would pay off the debt to secure which they are mortgaged, and the purchasers would pay the Land-tax, which would go to increase the revenue. The sale would thus increase the income and decrease the expenditure. It is to be feared, however, that a sale of these lands on satisfactory terms can hardly be effected while the Government of the country is in its present confusion. The fellaheen must be rescued from their present wretchedness before they will buy. Above all, confidence must be restored. If it were certain that an English protectorate would be established, Europeans in large numbers would buy land, capital would be introduced into Egypt, money would be spent there in establishing new industries and carrying out improvements, wages would be raised—in short, an impetus would be given to the prosperity of the country. The main cause, then, of the existing financial difficulty is the unwillingness of our own Government to accept the responsibilities entailed by its intervention and act in a statesmanlike manner. At the same time the reforms we have pointed to would certainly put an end to the deficit in the Budget, and would afford time for improving the political situation.

REVIEWS.

THE IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR.*

THESE volumes will be read with eager interest by every one who is desirous of forming a just estimate of the present condition of Germany and of the man who has done more than any other, except the Emperor, to impress upon her public life the form it has assumed. We must confess that we opened them with serious misgivings. A former work of the author—pleasant, chatty, and garrulous as it was—did more harm than good to the cause he had at heart. In Germany, where every one is familiar with the policy, the speeches, and the public character of Prince Bismarck, this may not have been the case. There the familiar details may only have served to render the heroic figure more human, and therefore more attractive; and every reader may naturally have concluded that, if the Prince talked a good deal about eating and drinking, it was for the reason that Walpole gave for indulging in less edifying discourse, "It was a subject everybody could understand." Here in England, where only the outline of the statesman's career is generally known, the impression produced was different. Many readers closed the book with the conviction that the Chancellor united the least amiable of the characteristics of Mephistopheles and Falstaff, and that, whenever he was not engaged in intriguing against the liberties of his own countrymen or the independence of neighbouring States, he spent his scanty leisure in inventing strange, monstrous, and unholy dishes, which must inevitably prove fatal to the digestion of any one who ventured to partake of them.

We are glad to find that no similar charge can be brought against the present work. The author has seriously endeavoured to give not only a true but a full picture of his hero, and he has succeeded to a degree that we believed entirely impossible when we opened his first volume. This is principally owing to the novel plan he has adopted, which is worthy of the highest praise. The time has fortunately not yet come when an historical portrait of Prince Bismarck can be drawn, and when it does, we trust the task will fall to a Carlyle rather than a Busch. Genius demands genius in its biographer; and when the battle has been lost or won, and the last great man of modern Europe has gone to his rest, we shall demand discrimination as well as appreciation in the historian who endeavours to paint his likeness and record his deeds. But now, while the conflict is still raging, and the cry, "The Philistines are upon thee, Samson," tingles in every ear, while Herr Richter is encompassing the giant's feet with a net of platitudes, and Dr. Bamberger assailing his eyes with clouds of tiny arrows, a partisan may well be forgiven if he refuses to acknowledge that the object of his adoration ever mistook the way, or even made a false step. Under such circumstances, to doubt would be a kind of treachery, to deny would be treason. Herr Busch is far too sound at heart to be guilty of either; if the Chancellor could himself make a free statement as to his life and policy, he would in all probability confess to errors our author will not allow, and he might do so freely without endangering his fame.

The political speaker has this in common with the journalist, that his best thoughts are usually employed only to illustrate themes of passing interest, and are therefore generally forgotten as soon as the question of the day has been answered or pushed aside. Few speeches or articles deserve a better fate, but there are exceptions. Every Englishman knows what a fund of political wisdom may be gathered from the speeches of Burke, and since Burke there has been no parliamentary speaker of the highest order who has so frequently referred to great general principles as Prince Bismarck. Herr Busch has hit upon the plan of extracting these passages of universal interest, and bringing them together under suitable headings. Thus the greater part of the two volumes before us consists of the very words of the statesman they are intended to praise. The design was admirable, and it has been carried out with great tact and skill. Any one who has studied the speeches and the published letters and despatches of the Prince with the attention they deserve will of course find that many of his favourite passages are left out. It is always so with a selection from the works of a great author; but no candid reader can deny that Herr Busch has on the whole made an admirably characteristic choice, though an Englishman would doubtless have included many extracts that he rejects, even at the cost of losing some that he has admitted.

Unser Reichskanzler offers us therefore the studies for a portrait rather than the portrait itself, and this is the great merit of the book. What Herr Busch thinks about Prince Bismarck is a matter of comparatively small importance; what the Prince himself thinks on matters of general interest is what we wish to know

* *Unser Reichskanzler: Studien zu einem Charakterbilde.* Von Moritz Busch. Leipzig: Verlag von Fr. Wilh. Grunow. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

and we can hardly turn a dozen pages without coming upon some profound thought or pithy saying which casts an entirely new light on a subject that has perhaps been so often discussed as to seem exhausted. But what strikes an attentive reader most is the self-consistency of the statesman, the clearness with which he forms and the pertinacity with which he pursues his purposes, together with the versatility of the means he employs to accomplish them. No man's mind was ever more free from cant. In 1878 he declared, "Since I have been a Minister I have never belonged to any party, nor could I do so. I have been hated by each in turn, and loved by some." Again, in 1881, he said, in a passage we regret to be obliged to shorten :—

"I have never in my life belonged to those who believe they have nothing still to learn; and, if anybody told me, 'Twenty years ago we were both of the same opinions; mine have not changed, and yet you are opposed to me,' I should reply, 'Yes, twenty years ago I knew as much as you do now; but I have learnt something since.' Still, I do not say this to excuse myself. I have always had one compass and a single pole-star by which to steer, *salus publica*. When I first came into office, I may often have acted hastily, perhaps rashly; but, as soon as I have had time for reflection, I have always subordinated my personal feelings and wishes to the question what is best and most useful for my country—while I had only to think of Prussia, for my Royal Master and his dynasty; now, for the whole German nation. I have never been a passionate supporter of any system; the doctrines by which parties are united and separated have always had only a secondary interest for me; my chief interest is centred on the nation, on her independence, her position with respect to other States, her organization in such a way that she can take her place freely among them. All the rest—the Liberal, Conservative, or reactionary form of the Constitution—that, gentlemen, I must frankly confess, is a matter of inferior importance in my eyes, a question relative to the luxury of our furniture, which it will be time enough to settle when the house is built. When the interests of the country require it, I am ready to approach one or the other party on such questions; as I have said, I hold their doctrines very cheap. . . . Many things may be done either in this way or in that; there are many roads that lead to Rome. There are times when the country must be governed on Liberal principles, others in which a dictatorship is necessary; everything changes; nothing here is eternal. But I demand that the structure of the Empire, the unity of the German nation, shall be founded upon a rock. . . . From the first moment I have devoted my whole political energy to creating and consolidating it; if you can point to a single moment when I have not steered in the direction thus given by my compass, you may perhaps show that I have been guilty of an error in judgment, but not that I have ever lost sight of the great national aim."

It is much that a statesman who is no longer young should be able to speak such words as these; it is more that among all his opponents there is none who dares to contradict them. In the days of peace and safety Germans may choose Dr. Windhorst, Dr. Virchow, or even Herr Bebel, as their representative; in the hour of danger they know they can depend on the genius and the patriotism of Prince Bismarck. If there were any real question of displacing him, there are now hardly ten constituencies in the whole Empire where his opponents would have a majority. But worrying a Prime Minister who enjoys the confidence of his sovereign is almost as popular a sport in Germany as bull-fighting is in Spain. This is perhaps the least amiable characteristic of the nation, and the one which a foreigner finds it most difficult to understand.

In the short space a weekly review can afford it is of course impossible to draw even the sketch of a great statesman. We have preferred to give what we believe to be the central idea of all his policy to discussing such questions as that of the proposal made to Austria in 1866, which have been already sufficiently argued by the daily press. Most readers of the book will probably cut open the last chapter, which treats the "Prince as a private man," first. It brings little that is new, and is perhaps the most disappointing in the whole work, which is only natural, as men of the Chancellor's calibre do not generally make speeches about their wives and children, or enlarge in public on home matters. It was already known that the Prince was once a distinguished swordsman among the Corps Burschen; we are here told that he fought about thirty duels while a student in Göttingen and Greifswald. The must, to use Goethe's expression, seems to have fermented in rather a wild way. It is pleasant, on the other hand, to hear that the first decoration granted to the Prince was a medal he won by saving the life of a drowning man at the risk of his own. A soldier was thrown from a horse he was watering, and overcome by the current. Herr von Bismarck, a young officer at that time, sprang from a neighbouring bridge to save him; but the soldier, in his terror, clung to him in such a way as to render escape impossible. Bismarck dived and kept the man under water until he became insensible, when he brought him safely to shore, and animation was soon restored. This is a characteristic story, and much of the Chancellor's so-called inconsiderateness is in fact as considerate as the force he then exercised in a way which was doubtless thought for the moment to be unkind. That he was well known as a marksman and fond of every form of sport in his youth, and that he still retains his love for dogs and horses, Englishmen hardly need to be told. It will be more surprising to many readers, though not to those who know such of his private letters as have been published, to learn how keen his enjoyment of natural scenery is, and how graphically he can describe it. It may be worth while to notice that the heather blossom is his favourite flower. Is it a mere chance that the two greatest Conservative statesmen of our generation have felt an especial fondness for the homeliest flowers that grow wild about their homes, or may we see in it a proof that they have possessed the "quiet mind" our old poets loved to praise? Herr Busch hints that Prince Bismarck has no great love for Schiller, which we can easily believe, and that his favourite poets are Goethe and Shakespeare. Is there not a certain concession to German susceptibilities in this statement? We believe that for every quotation or allusion to the German poet in the Prince's speeches, at least two similar references to the English dramatist may be found.

Herr Busch, as we have seen, deserves our cordial recognition on some points; indeed, we have only one serious fault to find with his work. He has, we believe, been a journalist, and, if so, he must surely know the value of an index. It is no easy matter for a busy man to keep the contents of 892 closely printed pages in his head; it is still harder to remember under what heading the author has thought it right to insert the passage to which he desires to refer. The closer his study of the original has been, the more likely he is to feel at a loss; for the connexion of the thoughts is broken, and he finds one part of a speech reproduced in one part of the volume, and another in another. Besides this, Herr Busch must know that such volumes as he has now produced, under auspices sufficiently official to induce the *North German Gazette* to publish a leader in support of his accuracy, have more than a temporary value. Future historians will have to consult this book as one of the principal authorities on the heroic period of German policy. Among these there may possibly be a writer or two worthy of some respect. Is each of these to make a table of contents for himself? We do not know whether the fault lies chiefly at the door of the author or the publisher; but we trust that it will be remedied as soon as possible, and venture to suggest that those who have already purchased the work should be enabled to procure the index in a similar form and at a moderate price.

ON THE BORDER LAND.*

ALL boys, and all men who retain anything of the natural boy, welcome a new book by Mr. Frederick Boyle. The author has seen a great deal of the dark places of the earth, which are full not only of horrid cruelty, but of wonderful adventures, beautiful quadroons, Herculean swordsmen, stealthy slaves, sapphires, opals, and all the enchantment of the *Arabian Nights*. To think that all this ancient and gorgeous state of things is existing still on the borderland of civilization is to feel that the world is not yet worn out, that romance is still possible. To our mind, Mr. Boyle and Mr. R. L. Stevenson are much the most romantic of living English writers. The difference between them is that Mr. Boyle has seen with his own eyes all the marvels of the world adventurous, while Mr. Stevenson rather knows them by intuition, or as a man might remember some former life. On the other hand, Mr. Stevenson's style, his power of constructing a story, all his literary qualities in fact save one, are of a much higher order than Mr. Boyle's. The chief literary gift of the author of *On the Border Land* is his power of making a reader feel the air, atmosphere, and colour of the strange and remote places he describes. In the very first story here, "A Strange Wooing," we have a vision of a baking, mouldering, dusty, and ragged tropical settlement of half-breeds, as clear as if the place were reflected in a mirage. The next story, "The Romance of a Mirage," is equally remarkable, if one may borrow the talk of the art critic, for distinct and rare effects of light, colour, and hot tremulous air. There is something like genius in the opening of this story, in the vision of a great Oriental palace, with all its crowd of men and women, daily beheld by telegraph clerks in a Red Sea port. In the same tale the description of an Oriental prison where the Turkish captives starve is wonderfully vivid. Again and again Mr. Boyle displays this power, which it is scarcely fair to call word-painting. His effects are produced without obvious effort, but naturally occur in the course of his story. He does not seem to say to himself, "Now for a description," but beneath his pen the picture rises before our eyes exactly as in a mirage. The events, however, which pass in these scenes, so curiously real, are perhaps less interesting than in some of Mr. Boyle's earlier collections of stories. The characters seem less real than the places in which they have their momentary being. Mr. Boyle is a skilled teller of stories of adventure. But one sometimes feels as if the thread of a love adventure which runs through his pages were of secondary importance to the author. This is not always the case. In "A Sapphire" there is much pathos, a touching natural sentiment, in the wistful and innocent passion of the Pasha's daughter for a dissipated renegade. In "Captain Wrench's Illusion," on the other hand, the interest of the narrative is quite subordinate to the general stage effect, to the grouping of necromantic Hindoo gipsies, high-caste Eurasians, and "volcanic" Roumanian officers. One admires the picture of Hagar, that fiery beauty; one is not very keenly concerned about her fortunes. The same remark applies to the little quadroon firebrand, the heroine of "A Strange Wooing."

In this volume Mr. Boyle's occasional papers are, perhaps, rather better than his stories. He has our respectful sympathy when he writes, "I should not value the companionship of a man who did not like to handle and see and own jewels." He moves a natural envy when he admits that he has "owned a pretty little heap of pearls, emeralds, and diamonds." With this romantic appreciation of precious stones (not for wearing purposes of course) Mr. Boyle is naturally interested in Aggry

* *On the Border Land.* By Frederick Boyle. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

beads and Popo beads. As most people know, those treasures (which our glass-makers cannot imitate) are found in the soil of Ashanti, and are highly valued by the people. To an English eye the success of our imitations is perfect, "but the youngest negro is not deceived." Mr. Boyle agrees with "the best authorities" that these beads are ancient Egyptian articles of commerce. But the beads are "seldom or never" found with mummies. Apparently the Egyptians only used them, if use them they did, for traffic with the inland peoples of Africa. The beads must have travelled from hand to hand across the continent, from the Nile to the Prah. They are found in the earth because they were concealed there by, or were buried with, their ancient owners, who may have died in Rhamses's time. There is much romance in Aggry beads, about which Mr. Boyle tells one of his best stories. His paper on "Courage" is full of exciting modern instances. His essay on Arab and Sepoy, showing how the Sepoy despises the Egyptian, and how "a vague Panislamism" might overcome this contempt, is very opportune. All Mr. Boyle has to say about the Arabs, their character and their future, is most useful at present, and gives additional value to his stories, romances, reminiscences. The best parts of the book are like good talk by a man of much and strange experience and of vivid imagination. To every one who likes such talk we recommend *On the Border Land*. By the way, Mr. Boyle claims the license of the story-teller. But is it true, or only a touch of art, that the Ashanti chiefs have their totems fashioned in gold, and crown their umbrellas with this ornament? If we had our crests as handles for our umbrellas, errors of a deplorable sort might be less common.

MEMOIRS OF JAMES ROBERT HOPE-SCOTT.*

JAMES ROBERT HOPE-SCOTT was a man the record of whose life, ranging from 1812 to 1873, was well worth writing, not because he appealed with the undivided personality of a whole symmetrical career to the sympathies of a broad mass of survivors, but on account of the separate and ostensibly diverging circles with which one after the other he contracted ties not easy to be forgotten. The High Churchman is anxious to hear of the early life of the typical lay member of the great Newmanite set at Oxford; the Romanist longs to know more of so distinguished a convert; the lawyer and the railroad speculator must be warmed to one whose reputation in Parliamentary committee-rooms was that of a success of unparalleled brilliancy; the literary man and the disciple of Scott has kindly associations with the adopted son and master of Abbotsford; and London society cannot yet have forgotten one so handsome and so attractive. Mr. Ornsby's sympathies are with the Roman Catholic element of this multiform character; and it is no little praise to be able to note the honesty, fairness, and industry which he shows in presenting so fully the other sides.

The value of the book is much enhanced by the copious collection of letters which it contains, some from Mr. Hope-Scott himself and others addressed to him by his correspondents, notably Cardinal Newman and Mr. Gladstone, as well as by the sketches of his personality respectively offered in Mr. Venables's note on his forensic characteristics, in Cardinal Newman's funeral sermon, and in Mr. Gladstone's letter to Miss Hope-Scott. Mr. Hope-Scott had the good habit of keeping letters, and the world has profited accordingly. On the other hand, there are only three letters by Dr. Pusey, and none from Mr. Keble, Bishop Wilberforce, or Montalembert, all of whom it might have been supposed would, either in earlier or in later days, have been among Mr. Hope's correspondents.

James Robert Hope, born in 1812, was the third son of Sir Alexander Hope, a distinguished general, and brother of one still more eminent, the Earl of Hopetoun, known in the Peninsular war as Sir John Hope. His eldest brother, from whom much had been expected, died young, from the effects of a sunstroke; but the next one, Mr. C. W. Hope, passed with much credit and popularity through public life, having been Under-Secretary for the Colonies in Sir Robert Peel's Government. James Hope was pupil at Eton of the genial and enthusiastic Edward Coleridge, and proceeded in due time to Christ Church, at an interesting period, for the college was then at a high academic level, and the seed-plot of future Tractarians and Peelites. The handsome, energetic youth soon became the most popular of undergraduates as one of the "three Jems" (the others being future Governors-General of India, as Lord Dalhousie and Lord Elgin); but the coming intimacy with Mr. Gladstone was still only acquaintanceship. To the disappointment of those who were looking for great things, Mr. Hope's academic career resulted in an honorary fourth; but in due time he was elected—on reputation, and not by competition—to a fellowship at Merton, an institution which at that time reflected its mediæval picturesqueness in the spirit of some at least of its members. James Hope was not long in falling under such attractive influences. He sought the acquaintance of Mr. Newman, and enlisted under his banner. A mental struggle as to the choice of profession gave a grave tone to his years of early manhood, characteristic of a man whose constitutional reserve took the shape of masking deep feelings under external sunniness. Barrister was ultimately his decision rather than clergyman, although the good old general his father exerted his influence on that side. But it was a choice made under the deepest religious feeling, and the hope of reviving the much neglected study of ecclesiastical law was obviously a strong operative inducement. At this period, too, he had turned his thoughts to the science of academic and religious archæology, and a history of Merton College, travelling over the field of University and collegiate antiquities, was taken in hand, although somewhat inexplicably left to drop without, as far as we see, a fragment surviving the change of purpose. When he was only twenty-eight years old, a rare opportunity fell to Mr. Hope, and it was admirably taken hold of. The Cathedral Chapters were threatened in 1840 with that rash and ignorant legislation from which they have been ever since suffering; so they decided to appear by counsel at the bar of the House of Lords, Mr. Knight Bruce, their leader, made a speech which was sound and dry, and Mr. Hope, the junior, followed with an oration alike conspicuous for argument and logic, and which at once made him famous.

The Chancellorship of the diocese of Salisbury was appropriately conferred on him by Bishop Denison; and so, alike by his merits and through his professional and official standing, he stood in the enviable position of trusty counsellor of a party of high principles, much learning, ready talents, buoyant resolves, and self-assured of a future which was sure to live in history whether beaten or victorious. But the worm was soon at the root of the vine. Of the complications arising out of Tract XC. we need not speak; they did not directly affect Mr. Hope, but they must have left their mark on his soul. In 1841 and 1842 a storm suddenly beat up, to the full burst of which he found himself exposed. Events travel so fast that some of our readers may be grateful if we help them to realize the once distinguished Prussian, M. de Bunsen, by noting that he was not only a keen and practised diplomatist, and a wide-read scholar, but a mystic and picturesque religionist, and father of the phrase "the Church of the Future." In all his characters he unhappily fixed his attention on Jerusalem, and conceived the idea of balancing the political and spiritual influence of the Greek and Roman Churches at the Holy City by evolving some dignitary who should represent a combination of general Protestantism. This he proposed to do by setting up a joint bishopric for England and Prussia; the prelate to be, indeed, consecrated in England, but on conditions which really involved a surrender by England to the "Evangelical" Establishment in Prussia, and not the acceptance by that country of Anglican principles a bishop who should be ornamental to Prussia, without committing it to the principle of Episcopacy. The scheme was hurried through by an Act of the short autumn Session of 1841, which had much else to think of now that Sir Robert Peel had just returned to power. Archbishop Howley and Bishop Blomfield strayed afield at the spiriting of M. de Bunsen, and even such men as Samuel Wilberforce and Dr. Hook favoured the project. For a time, too, Dr. Pusey and Mr. Hope were a little fascinated, but they did not go beyond the limits of graceful and dignified retreat; and, as far as Mr. Hope is concerned, the upshot was the issue of his one publication, a very powerful pamphlet. But the wound rankled, and its results were even more disastrous with a more distinguished man; for to Mr. Newman, as he has told us in the *Apologia*, the Jerusalem bishopric was in fact the beginning of the end, though that event was heralded by the publication of *The Lives of the British Saints*, on which he consulted Mr. Hope. The correspondence published by Mr. Ornsby will be curious for the historian of the Church Revival. Mr. Hope's advice was on the side of toning down the visible tendencies to Romanism of the biographers, but chiefly upon grounds of prudence.

Mr. Newman's secession in 1845 left Mr. Hope a working and pious member of the Church of England. But the old vigour and confidence were gone. No doubt also, although Mr. Ornsby touches rather briefly upon the incident, and does not recur to it, his alienation was helped in the slight put upon him by the rashly cautious dignitaries of the Scotch Episcopal Church, who avoided putting him upon the Council of Trinity College in Glenalmond, in helping to found which he had so nobly lavished time, thought, and means. This was a wrong which would have deeply, if silently, burnt itself into his sensitive nature. A similar repulse in reference to a similar institution in Ireland did not shake the faith of the man who, in the nobility of his character and the charm of his personal aspect, might be compared to James Hope. We mean of course Augustus Stafford. But it did the mischief with some other colleagues who could ill have been spared to the Irish Church. Then in 1850 came the Gorham judgment, on which in the same autumn was piled the burden of the Papal aggression madness; and on an early Sunday in 1851 Mr. Hope and Archdeacon Manning were received into the Church of Rome. Society was startled at this act on the part of the layman, so carefully had he been for years nursing his thoughts within his breast.

The last occasion on which Mr. Hope appeared as a champion of the Church of England was in the early days after the Gorham judgment, in March 1850, when he was forward in promoting, in concert with a few other leading Churchmen, a declaration, half protest and half prophecy, in deprecation of the conclusions reached by the Privy Council. Mr. Ornsby gives two paragraphs from this paper, but he does not quote that passage which probably more than anything else dissuaded persons who agreed with its general scope from signing the paper. The assertion therein contained was to the effect that, unless in some way the Church of England formally repudiated the judgment, that would eventu-

* *Memoirs of James Robert Hope-Scott, of Abbotsford.* By Robert Ornsby. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1884.

ally bind the Church to its false teaching, and so unchurch it. The ambiguous eventuality had, no doubt, a specific meaning to each signer, but not one and the same meaning on which all must agree, and no one could take diversely. The result was that out of the small band Mr. Hope, Archdeacon Manning, Archdeacon H. Wilberforce, and Mr. Badeley, in no long time—four years being the longest term—joined the Roman communion. Drs. Pusey and Mill, Mr. Keble, Mr. John Talbot, and Lord Richard Cavendish died in full and trusting communion with, and doing earnest work for, the Church of England, and Mr. Bennett still survives, the honoured Vicar of Frome.

Mr. Hope-Scott's personality in the days of his fervent Anglicanism may best be summed up in Mr. Gladstone's touching words in the letter which he addressed to Miss Hope-Scott after her father's death, and which Mr. Ornsby prints in its integrity:—

> From that time I only knew of his career as one of unwearied religious activity, pursued with an entire abnegation of self, with a deep enthusiasm, under a calm exterior, and with a grace and gentleness of manner, which, joined to the force of his inward motives, made him, I think, without doubt the most winning person of his day.

Before we pass from this chapter of the history we may sum up its incidents by saying that it clearly shows that James Hope had a character remarkably distinguished both by weak points and by strong points. The weaker points were in the direction of indolence, indecision, and a conscience so tender as at times to be self-tormenting. The strength of his nature lay in the abstract realization of the duty of working as the *raison d'être* of living, with the strength of purpose to give effect to this conclusion, and in that physical power of work which may and often does coexist with the temptation of indolence, although seldom efficacious unless supported by a strong will and clear sense of duty. The secretiveness which his friends were apt to complain of, doubtless with sufficient reason, was the natural result of both phases of his temperament. He was too sensitive in his self-communing to want to be seen into, and his will was too potent to desire to fall under the control of others, however valued and beloved.

In the meanwhile two incidents of great importance had made their mark on Mr. Hope's life; both of them, Mr. Ornsby seems to think, encouraged by his growing religious unsettlement. We will not admit this as regards the first, nor accept the half-apologetic form with which the biographer tells us that his hero took to wife an exceptionally attractive lady, daughter of Lockhart and grand-daughter of Sir Walter Scott, whose name and status still live through her—though it has passed by three distaffs—in Mr. Hope-Scott's, as he then became, daughter, Mrs. Maxwell Scott, lady of Abbotsford. The other incident, natural enough to a mind disturbed with troubles over which it brooded silently, was that, in the height of the railroad mania, Mr. Hope plunged into the business of that strange tribunal where there is no judge, but only a jury which charges itself, and no standard of right or wrong either legal or moral, but only a fleeting expediency. He rapidly became a leading, and in due course the leading, counsel at the Parliamentary Bar, practice at which disqualifies from Parliament, and never leads to a judgeship, but is abundantly and sometimes enormously lucrative, with the advantage of a complete holiday through the recess. Mr. Ornsby's picture of that peculiar profession is vivid and intelligible to outsiders, and his selections of cases in which Mr. Hope-Scott particularly shone well made. But the gem of the chapter is an essay—brief, logical, and brilliant—on the character of Mr. Hope-Scott in his forensic aspect by Mr. G. S. Venables, himself a most eminent illustration of the same Bar. The holidays seem to have been devoted to building and planting—fascinating tastes, and easy to be indulged by a gentleman who was proprietor at Abbotsford, in the Highlands, in Mayo, and at Hyères. But were such seasons and such recesses the horoscope which would have been cast in the days of buoyant Tractarianism for Hope of Merton?

That which then would have been anticipated, and which without respect to differences of communion we should now have wished to record as having come from the pen of Mr. Hope-Scott, was a labour of toilsome days—a *magnum opus*, or *opera*—in which he could have raised a durable monument in aid of religion and the Church as they might have presented themselves at the time of writing to the eyes of the writer. It may be said this was all well for an Anglican, as Mr. Hope was when he took up and abandoned—why Mr. Ornsby does not very clearly explain—the history of Merton College. No doubt a layman has not the elbow-room in the Roman Church on such questions as he would possess in the English communion. But still he has a wide field, as Kenelm Digby could testify, and W. G. Ward, whose second state was that of layman, and abroad writers such as De Maistre, Montalembert, Rio, and Ozanam. Yet none of these was a canonist as Mr. Hope was, so that he might have had even a higher vocation. Was the vocation of manipulating railway cases, involving the most versatile ingenuity, quite as high? We do not blame Mr. Hope for choosing this career. The solid reasons for the decision were weighty. Still, as a question of distinct preference, we should have felt the ideal was more nearly reached through a course of life differing in some important details from that on which his most general fame was based. It is not censorious to say that the Church of Rome had something of a moral right to anticipate solid contributions from a recruit at once such a scholar and so accomplished. Not even a review or a magazine article, as far as we are told, ever fell from his pen as Anglican or as Roman, except that one which he wrote, still very young, on Merton College in the *British Critic* while Mr. Newman continued to edit it. We do not dwell on that other avenue to fame by work well done, the public life; for Mr. Hope-Scott's special profession, with its tempting material advantages, was a block to this. The excuse—unanswerable within its own sphere—was ready for the refusal to embark on that career of member of Parliament for which Mr. Hope-Scott possessed such conspicuous qualifications in the etiquette which declares membership incompatible with pleading before Committees; but in compensation the greater Bar, with its higher aims and wider area, was then lying open at the disposal of an advocate so eloquent and so ingenious, and with a brilliant reputation ready-made.

It would also be cruel not to take into account the deep wounds to his affectionate home-loving nature of the deaths of Mrs. Hope-Scott, and of a second wife, most worthy also to share his affections—Lady Victoria, the Duke of Norfolk's sister—and of multiplied bereavements of infant children.

Cardinal Newman indeed in his funeral sermon, so happily published by the biographer, suggests that Mr. Hope-Scott's "refinement of mind"—a phrase by which he clearly points to something not far removed from fastidiousness—might have stood in his way in the race of public life. The answer is easy. It was not found to be an obstacle in the committee-room, where neither clients nor opponents are apt to be the worse for over-refinement, nor yet the tribunal before which the counsel is pleading. But again the Cardinal points to the groove in which the public man must move. But was there no groove in the occupation which his friend made his own? He is equally emphatic on the want of ambition which he attributes to the famous advocate, and in this he is enthusiastically seconded by Mr. Gladstone in his letter to Miss Hope-Scott. We can but bow to two such authorities, and both of them so intimate with the subject of their criticisms. But still we must ask what was the feeling, if it was not ambition, which led Mr. Hope so eagerly to strive after, and so industriously to cling to, the leadership in his branch of the legal profession? Ambition is not confined to the hunger for title, place, and pension. It is as ambitious to wish to be recognized a poet as to be created a baronet.

So, to conclude, we are driven to say that Mr. Hope-Scott's own previous studies would have qualified him, as we have already hinted, for exceptional services on behalf of the communion of his predilections. None of the writers whom we have referred to possessed any knowledge of Canon Law; and in Canon Law he was reputed a master. From the point of view of the Roman Catholic Church, we cannot conceive any more valuable contribution to its cause than a vindication of its disciplinary system by an Englishman at once laic and lawyer, skilled in rhetoric and brilliant in society. We believe Anglicanism would not have suffered from the assault, but probably gained by the conflict of wits which it would have provoked. But, if we belonged to the other side, we should have felt that we had not netted all that we had a right to expect from Mr. Hope's change. In short, it must be mournfully confessed by both parties in the controversy that, with all private virtues and all his self-sacrificing and boundless charities, with all his triumphs before Private Bill Committees, the later compared with the earlier life of James Hope-Scott must, by those, be they Romanists or Anglicans, to whom the Kingdom of God on earth is a reality, requiring for its building up learning not less than piety, be sorrowfully accepted as a disappointment. We who knew James Robert Hope know what he was; but he leaves a reputation which must every year become more indistinct as his personal friends drop off. What will remain will be the tradition of a man whom all believed capable of enriching posterity with enduring legacies which stand represented by one eloquent speech, and one pungent pamphlet, spring fruits both of them.

FIVE NOVELS.*

MRS. COMYNS CARR deserves a wreath in the Capitol, or at least a crown of *violettes de Parme*, sent with great care from Italy to England. She has succeeded in writing a novel of Italian life that reconciles the savage critic, who from much provocation has been wont to gnash his teeth over such novels, to the subject, or rather (which is in fact what all good books do) she has made it unnecessary for the critic to bother himself about the subject at all. It is sufficient that her characters are men and women, quite true and real. Whether (which they probably are also) they are exact copies of the actual peasants round Genoa becomes a merely academic question. At least they do not found their pretensions to be Genoese on the fact that they are not human beings, as is the case with certain literary, or would-be literary, compatriots of theirs in the world of fiction. But it is hardly fair to Mrs. Comyns Carr to judge her in this "comparative, rascally" fashion, for her book has the merit not merely

* *La Fortunina.* By Mrs. Comyns Carr. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

Thirlby Hall. By W. E. Norris. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Co. 1884.

Mr. Nobody. By Mrs. J. K. Spender. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1884.

Early Lost, Late Found. By W. F. Knight. 2 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1884.

Dr. Heidenhoff's Process. By Edward Bellamy. Edinburgh: Douglas. 1884.

of recompensing the reader for the many woes which he has heretofore suffered at the hands of Italianate novelists, but of making him forget them. The main theme of *La Fortunina* is simple enough. A young peasant who has remained unmarried out of deference for a rather masterful mother, discovers on his way to market a child abandoned on the bank of a stream, and in danger of perishing. He rescues it, and, after intending to deposit it in the Foundling Hospital of the town, relents and determines, in spite of scandal and in spite of his mother's grumbles, to bring it up as his own. Things go on for some years, during which he cherishes the infant (the ill-tempered old mother, but not so ill as ill-tempered, disappearing early) and the memory of a kind of dream-love of his—a girl whom he has seen at a village festa and long lost sight of. Then the intrigue knots itself. The girl reappears, and the reader, if not Pietro Paggi, the hero, knows at once that she, Vittoria Vite, is La Fortunina's mother. But Pietro has slipped rather than fallen into the nets of a damsel of his own neighbourhood, Teresina della Fontana, in whom Mrs. Comyns Carr hesitates not to let us see a very much worse specimen of womankind, for all her demureness, than the lost and reckless Vittoria. Then there is the male villain of the book, Carlo Strappa, "the Americano," as the somewhat envious inhabitants of the village to which he has returned with money (no one quite knows how got) call him. How the Americano, designing to do Pietro the worst of injuries, in reality brings about the happiness of his life; how the child Fortunina is a good angel both to her real mother and her putative father; and how a very unpromising business comes to a very good ending may be left for readers to discover. The book, it may be repeated, is a really pleasant one. Local colour is used and not abused; there is no topsiturvification of sentiment; and if the reader is inclined to think Vittoria on the whole rather too good for her lot, that is a reflection which has frequently occurred in reference to the things of this world to many persons, from Alfonso el Sabio downwards. What is most particularly to be commended in the book is its comfortable freedom from fine writing. On the other hand, as it is well to temper unqualified eulogy, Mrs. Comyns Carr may be reminded that the phrase "figure of a man," "figure of a girl," and so forth, which she uses not unfrequently, is not commendable unless in evident and designed burlesque. We really have nothing else against *La Fortunina*.

"Remember," said an aged journalist once to an aspiring novice, "that you must not be too clever." Mr. Norris has always been in need of this admonition, and in *Thirlby Hall* he is perhaps more in need of it than ever. To explain, or at least to illustrate, what we mean, it may be well to say that before reading the book we gave it to another person, a confirmed novel-reader, to read. The verdict was very unfavourable. Our verdict after reading it is not unfavourable; but we have not the least difficulty in accounting for the discrepancy. In the first place, Mr. Norris is a long time in getting any story that he has to tell into working order. In the second, his hero is justly described by the best character in the book, at the end of it, as "having no definite ideas, never knowing what he would be at, and possessing just enough intelligence to spoil a pleasant stupid fellow without making a clever one of him." In the third, the villain is such an exceedingly refined and quintessential villain that it is not quite certain whether he is a villain at all. Now all this, especially when the indeterminate hero tells the story with a great deal of very faintly accentuated irony of himself, and when he tells it at very great length, is quite fatal to that honest, straightforward enjoyment which the majority of readers look for in novels. We shall go further, and say that, though we have got some enjoyment out of Mr. Norris's book ourselves, we are not sure that we ought to have done so. His novel-style is something like a conversational style which, if not very common, is not unknown. The talker does not say anything very striking or very witty; but he has an obliging air of leaving his auditor to put the dots on the i's, and a still more obliging air of feeling sure that the auditor is a clever enough fellow to do it. If the said auditor is not stupid enough, or honest enough, or impatient enough to get tired of this sort of thing, he sometimes feels it flattering, and sometimes when his own mood exactly supplements that of the speaker he really enjoys it. But these cases are perhaps rarer than that of simple impatience. Mr. Norris is always laughing in a mild, gentlemanlike, sleeve-contained manner at his heroes, and his personages and himself. Speaking as personally as a critic has any right to do, that is a mood with which we have much sympathy; but it is not a mood with which the majority of any public, and least of all the British public, is likely to sympathize. As for the story of *Thirlby Hall* it is double. It turns partly on the machinations of a finished *vaurien* who has been disinherited and turned out of doors by his father to get himself, or at least his son (for he has this redeeming spark of natural feeling), reinstated, and partly on the schemes of a *femme incomprise*, Lady Constance Milner, to get married well, and for choice to Charles Maxwell, the hero who is, in default of the *vaurien* and his child, the heir. Charles Maxwell, so excellently described in the passage quoted above, is really in love with another young woman, but is quite bewitched and mastered by Lady Constance's wiles, not to mention that he is made a complete fool of by his cousin the *vaurien*. The actual story is slight and a little improbable; the chief appeal of the book lying in the character-sketches and in the running commentary of mild sarcasm which the author (through the not very well selected medium of Charles Maxwell himself) pours upon almost every one of his personages. Not for the first time it is evident that Mr. Norris has read his Thackeray too well and not quite wisely enough. We have very strong doubts whether Thackeray as a novelist is imitable at all, his method being almost irreducible to any general principles that can be safely applied by an inferior hand. At any rate, Mr. Norris, though both here and elsewhere he has produced work of considerable interest and merit, does not seem to manage it.

The novels of Mrs. J. K. Spender increase in number, and they do not show any appreciable falling off in merit. But unluckily theirs is a kind which had need to show some appreciable advance. They are quite readable, and by no means ill-written, while the author appears to take some considerable pains with their construction. *Mr. Nobody* itself, though the idea of an ill-treated outcast coming back as a millionaire to lord it in the neighbourhood of his youthful troubles is not very novel or very promising, has a tolerably sufficient differentia of plot and some fair incident. Vere Rashleigh, the heroine, is a rather agreeable heroine. But the reader fails to take much interest in Reuben Sellwood's vindictive and rather unintelligible plans against the Rashleigh family, and his son, Godfrey Sellwood, who may be supposed to be the hero, is desperately conventional—only less conventional than his friend the Hon. Charles Lloyd. It is impossible to say that no young man ever talked such dreary trash as Godfrey Sellwood talks to his unhappy father (who is very long about turning him out of doors); but any young man who does so talk has no business in a novel except as a butt. Lastly, the story which, in the midst of the humours of a rather odd kind of election, frightens Reuben Sellwood out of his headstrong attitude, is a story of a cock and of a bull which such a man would have been very unlikely to be cowed by. However, the heroine makes some amends for all this; and the book, as has been said, is by no means devoid of interest. The author should be a little more careful of the quotations and illusions with which she garnishes her work. We are not aware that Mme. de Maintenon ever said, "After me, the Deluge." In the first place, there was no reason why she should; and, in the second, her piety and propriety would have been much shocked at any such sentiment. There is a difference between Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

A novel by a novice (and such Mr. Wynter Frore Knight would seem to be, for the mention of no previous work is tacked on to his ingeniously-devised pen-name), which contains a murder, a mystery, and a trial, is likely to strike the breast of the fearful reviewer with alarms. It does not become less alarming when it is seen that the author is jocularly inclined in the interval of his mysteries and his murders. *Early Lost, Late Found*, however, rather agreeably disappoints him whose experience of many woes makes him apprehensive of more. Mr. Knight needs practice in the *charpente* of a plot, and his social satire shows more good intention than polish, more ingenuity of conception than patience of execution. But his story and personages (the latter are rather unnecessarily numerous) are not without interest, and he sometimes succeeds in being really funny. The devotion of an aged clergyman to his pigs, and the way in which he mistakes admiring expressions from his daughter's lovers for tributes to his favourites, is not perhaps a very novel or a very merry jest, but another sprout of Mr. Knight's fancy is not bad. A sporting squire is killed, and a certain humanitarian couple among his neighbours, who look upon field sports with horror, hit upon an explanation of the mysterious death which is quite satisfactory to themselves. The horrid man was never happy unless he was killing something, and, being for the moment out of victims, there can be little doubt that he killed himself. This kind of wit, however, is particularly likely to be overdone, and Mr. Knight has certainly overdone it. In the same way he has got to learn that serious characters need not, and, if they are to be successful, must not, talk "book." In fact, he has plenty to learn, but it does not appear by any means impossible that some day or other he may learn it. Now there are a good many of his fellow workmen and workwomen in the craft of novel-writing of whom it would be very rash to say this.

Dr. Heidenhoff's Process is one of those books which are likely to be very differently judged, and in reference to which it is not very easy even for a wary and experienced critic to assign final reasons for his own judgment. For it is a book liking or disliking of which will depend wholly on what has been called the "total nervous impression." In our case that impression is distinctly favourable, but it is easy enough to conceive a mood (the fate of books of this kind is always more or less a matter of mood) in which a judge not by any means incompetent might come to a different conclusion. The book is American, but it is entirely free from neo-American *mariyaudage*. It is brief, goes directly to the point, indulges in hardly any elaborate analysis of character, and, except for the quaint and rather far-fetched conceit which gives it its title and its conclusion, it might almost be called matter of fact. The scene is laid in one of those curious American villages where society finds in the drug-store clerk and the gunsmith's assistant its Amadis and its Galaor, where the chief intellectual dissipation is a prayer-meeting, and where, notwithstanding, a certain level not altogether low of manners and education is kept up. The belle of the village is Madeline Brand, a coquette with a heart capable of passion—a combination which Mr. Bellamy is right in representing as a very dangerous one. The drug-store clerks and the gunsmiths' assistants sigh in vain, or only with the result of passing gleams of favour, until at length one of them, Harry Burr, is luckier. Madeline half engages herself to him, without however having really given him her heart. Her

a more dangerous counterjumper appears on the scene with city manners and a handsome face. Harry is at once discarded and in despair leaves the place. When he returns he hears to his horror that there has been a scandal and that Madeline has disappeared. He hunts for her in Boston, at last finds her, and, reckless of what has happened, once more begs her to marry him. At first incredulous, she at last consents without much knowing what she is doing. But his devotion slowly awakes in her real love for him, and at the same time determines her not to bind him for life to a wife with a dishonoured and rankling memory. The book has begun with a suicide—an episodic one, which it is not necessary to discuss; the reader may be left to discover whether or no it ends with one. But the ending is preluded by a quaint and rather violent conceit of the author's brought in in a fashion which also may be left for the book to explain. Dr. Heidenhoff, of whom the reader may be surprised not to have heard anything all this time, is a physician with a nostrum for taking away the memory of particular deeds by electricity, a process which he maintains not merely to be beneficent to the individual, but of the greatest importance to society. We own that, to our thinking, this part of the book might be cut down, if not cut away, with great advantage. But the story in itself is skilfully and almost powerfully told; the revulsion of Madeline's feelings in the last scenes is drawn with truth and effect, and the total impression of the book is one of unquestionable though rather morbid pathos. The scene in which Madeline and Harry meet again, and she takes his offers for a refined variety of insulting revenge, is worth a wastepaper basketful of the fiddle-faddling triviality with which some industrious and not altogether undeserving writers have recently identified the term American novel, and which some silly Englishmen and Englishwomen seem to take as a new revelation, instead of a skilful pastiche of the style of a hundred and fifty years ago. Mr. Bellamy's characters are not so clever as some of their contemporaries in fiction; but they are made of flesh and blood, not of leather and prunella.

THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH.*

II.

AFTER considering all the iconoclasm with which we concluded our last article, it will be well to glance at those old theories of construction which are confirmed, or fresh ones that are suggested, by the new measurements. By applying those principles of "inductive metrology" which he has himself elsewhere explained, Mr. Petrie finds that two measures were used by the Pyramid-builders—one of 20·62 British inches, with a probable error of ·01, which he calls a cubit, and the other ·727, with a probable error of ·002, which he calls a digit; but it seems at first sight a strange fact that the cubit is not a simple multiple of the digit. Mr. Petrie, however, points out that "a square cubit is the double of a square of 20 digits, so that halves of areas can be easily stated," or "a square cubit has a diagonal of 40 digits." This relation was suggested by the fact that one of the two great principles of construction found to satisfy the new measurements is that the squares of many of the lines of the Pyramid bear simple numerical relations to each other; the other is that many of the lines bear a π proportion to each other. For instance, the height of the Pyramid is the radius of a circle whose circumference equals the perimeter of the base; and it is worth noting here that a side of the base is 440 of Mr. Petrie's new cubits in length. The width of the King's Chamber is the radius of a circle of which the circumference is equal to the perimeter of a side, and the height is determined by the fact that the length of the chamber is twice the breadth. The height of the end, therefore, is equal to $\pi - 2$ times its width. And this relation determines the form of the section of all the passages, the gallery, and ramps—the passages being $\frac{1}{10}$th, the gallery $\frac{2}{10}$ths, and the ramps $\frac{1}{10}$th the size of the end in each direction. We have seen that the coffer is so roughly made that no theory of its construction can be regarded as very probable. Still, the most probable seems to be that its dimensions are all respectively $\frac{1}{10}$th of those of the chamber.

In the relations between the dimensions of the King's Chamber, given alone, the height is taken to be the height of the walls; but it is well known that the floor is raised above the bottom of the walls. And, taking the height from the floor of the King's Chamber, we find a relation similar to that which holds in all the other chambers, and which Mr. Petrie states as follows:—"The squares of the dimensions of the King's Chamber, the Queen's Chamber, the Antechamber, and the Subterranean Chamber are all even numbers of square cubits, and nearly all multiples of 10. From this it necessarily follows that the squares of all the diagonals of the sides of these chambers, and their cubic diagonals, are likewise multiples of 10 square cubits; and the King's and Queen's Chambers are so arranged that the cubic diagonals are in even hundreds of square cubits, or multiples of 10 cubits squared." The levels at which the chambers were placed seem to have been determined as follows:—"The King's Chamber was placed at the level where the vertical section of the Pyramid was halved, where the area of the horizontal section was half that of the base, where the diagonal from corner to corner was equal to the length of the base, and where the middle of the face was equal to half the diagonal of the base. The Queen's Chamber was placed at half this height above the base, and exactly in the middle of the Pyramid from N. to S., and the apex of the "construction chambers is at about the same height above the floor of the King's Chamber as that is above the floor of the Queen's Chamber." Thicker courses were, "perhaps intentionally," introduced in the masonry where the area of the course was a multiple of $\frac{1}{10}$ the base area. The only other relations of any certainty are that the lengths "of the entrance passage, the ascending passage, the antechamber passages, and perhaps the Queen's Chamber passage, are all in round numbers of cubits," while the horizontal length of the "gallery" is equal to the vertical height of its end above the base; and, lastly, "the outer length, at an extreme maximum," of the coffer "may have been $\frac{1}{100}$ of the length of the Pyramid base; and, as the inner length of the second Pyramid coffer has the same relation to its Pyramid, this is rendered the more likely."

These are the theories which are rendered most probable by Mr. Petrie's new measurements. But one naturally asks for a theory, in the wider sense of the word, to account for the mystery of the Great Pyramid. What was it built for? It seems tolerably certain that it was intended for a tomb; but it must have been something more; its builders would hardly have constructed it so exactly for a mere whim. What object, then, had they in taking so much care? and in particular what is the meaning of the grand gallery? These questions Mr. Petrie does not even notice, except to completely overthrow the "accretion theory," yet we cannot leave the subject without asking what explanation is possible.

It is unfortunate that both the books to which we referred at the beginning of our last article, and each of which advocates a "theory," were written before Mr. Petrie had published his vast collection of facts. This is specially true of Mr. Ballard's work; for the author has evidently taken much trouble in calculating details, from data which now turn out to be mistaken. All his new ratios of the dimensions of the Great Pyramid, and, in particular, the relation he points out between them and the ratios of the pentangle, though ingenious, are mere geometrical accidents; the π proportion explaining the facts more nearly than any other theory of construction. His theory of the construction of the second Pyramid is vitiated by his taking a value for its slope which is as much as 24′ outside the probable error of Mr. Petrie's measurement of it.

His main theory of the purpose of the Pyramids occurred to Mr. Ballard twenty-three years ago. As he was then passing through Egypt by train, and "noticed their clear-cut lines against the sky, and their constantly changing relative position," he said to himself "Here be the theodolites of the Egyptians." The boundaries of the cultivated lands in the Nile valley must have continually been destroyed, or shifted, by the annual overflowings of the river, and the Pyramids, according to this theory, were the great surveying instruments by which they could be readjusted. Direction lines could be determined by the relative positions of the Pyramids as seen from a distance, and the necessity of not confusing their outlines is supposed to be the reason why the third Pyramid was cased with red granite. Mr. Ballard then shows how these direction lines might be very accurately determined with the help of a small model of the group, and be connected with the other groups of Pyramids in the Nile valley, thus forming a vast system of triangulation for the whole country. Each of the obelisks may have marked a point in the direction lines, and the slopes of its sides may have been equal to the apparent slope of the nearest edge of one of the Pyramids as seen from it.

The simplicity and convenience of this use of the Pyramids depends, however, upon certain plain ratios supposed to hold good for the Gizeh group, and from which "a system of trigonometry ensues in which base, perpendicular, and hypotheneuse of every triangle is a whole measure without fractions." Unfortunately this system cannot be accepted, for these plain ratios are inconsistent with Mr. Petrie's new measurements; and with them of course is also overthrown the cubit of 20·2 inches, which Mr. Ballard deduces from them.

But, though the simplicity and neatness of Mr. Ballard's theory cannot be maintained, we must not forget Mr. Petrie's kindly warning that, in giving the old theories a "decent burial," "we should take care that in our haste none of the wounded ones are buried alive"; and it seems to us quite possible that, amongst their other objects, the Pyramids of Gizeh may have been used for the purpose Mr. Ballard supposes.

A theory much more strikingly in agreement with the facts is that suggested in the little book by Mr. Proctor. Proclus has recorded the tradition "that the Pyramids of Egypt terminated above in a platform, from which the priests made their celestial observations." Working out this suggestion, Mr. Proctor supposes that each Pyramid was an astrological observatory, from which the priests "ruled the stars" in favour of its builder. He gives reasons for a probable Chaldæan influence in the origin of the Pyramids, and shows how this theory would agree with Chaldæan ideas of astrology; and, in particular, why each king needed a separate Pyramid. The entrance passage would be used to orient the Pyramid, and hence would be pointed at some bright star at its lower culmination. A vertical shaft from the lower end of the passage to the surface would allow a plumb-line to be placed due south of another at its entrance. As layer after layer of masonry was added the passage would be continued through the

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* *The Solution of the Pyramid Problem.* By Robert Ballard.
The Great Pyramid. By Richard A. Proctor.
The Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh. By W. M. Flinders Petrie.

layers in order to orient each of them separately. Ultimately, however, the passage would reach the surfaces of the Pyramid, and layers above that could not be oriented. To avoid this difficulty, the ascending passage opens out of the entrance passage at the same angle of altitude, and in the same azimuth; the masonry is built with special exactness at the junction of the two passages, in order to admit of the lower part of the entrance passage being plugged, and water being poured in, for the purpose of orienting the higher layers of masonry by reflection. The ascending passage began at such a point that its floor might reach the level where the vertical section of the Pyramid is halved at a point in the E. and W. plane passing through the Pyramid's axis; and so the vertical face of the step at the head of the grand gallery lies exactly in the E. and W. mid plane of the Pyramid. A purpose is then found for the grand gallery; it is a great transit instrument. Mr. Proctor shows how its form exactly suits this theory; the ramp holes were to hold benches, and probably also eye-pieces for the observers; and the strange groove running along each side of the gallery might be used to carry a screen. The top of the gallery would be purposely excentric in order to allow observers to see from the corners across the centre of the platform. After the King's death his coffin would be placed on the platform, and the King's Chamber built round it, with the passages too small to allow of its exit, and the rest of the Pyramid would be finished.

This theory agrees well with all previously known facts, and it is worth while to inquire how far it agrees with the new facts brought to light by Mr. Petrie. In the first place, no trace of a vertical shaft can be found near the lower end of the entrance passage, though all the so-called "trial passages" in the rock outside are furnished with vertical shafts in exactly the way one would expect; it is possible, however, that such a vertical shaft may have existed, and have been plugged when its use was past. The bright star which may have shone down the entrance passage is *a* Draconis at either of the dates 3400 or 2200 B.C. Mr. Petrie seems to assume that we are limited to the later date, and rightly asserts that this date is inconsistent with the historical chronology; but his only objection to the older date is that its adoption "omits half the theory (that part relating to the Pleiades)," but Mr. Proctor has shown that the Pleiades were "even more favourably observable from the great meridional gallery" at the older date; and further, that at the later date no bright star could ever have been seen through the ascending passage; while, at the earlier, *a* Centauri would once a day shine down the whole length of the ascending passage, so that Mr. Petrie's objection on this point seems to fall to the ground.

On the other hand Mr. Petrie shows that the excellence of the building very markedly deteriorates above the level of the King's Chamber floor. The top is not square; the "chambers of construction" are very roughly and badly built; and the rough and inaccurate building of the antechamber and King's Chamber walls suggests, even to Mr. Petrie, who advances no theory on the subject, that "the supervision was less strict as the work went on, owing to more hurry and less care, or owing to the death of the man who had really directed the superfine accuracy of the earlier work." A similar superiority in the work of the lower to that of the upper part is observable in the south Pyramid at Dahshur. All this agrees with Proctor's theory, the inaccuracies all being found above the level of the observing platform, where scientific accuracy ceased to be of any importance.

Of Mr. Petrie's researches into the mechanical methods of the Pyramid-builders we have had no space to speak. It appears that the masons planned the whole of the casing, and probably also the case masonry of each course, before a stone was put on. The whole of the stone was brought from the cliffs of Luzza and Masara, on the east bank of the Nile. The harder stones were cut with bronze tools, jewelled probably with "tough, uncrystallized corundum." Saws, which "must have been probably about nine feet long," tube drills, and even lathes, seem certainly to have been used. The stones were probably raised by rocking, which agrees with the mysterious description of "a machine made of short pieces of wood." The overflowing of the Nile would allow of an enormous levy of forced labour during the three months in which all agricultural work had to be suspended; and Mr. Petrie discovered a vast system of barracks to the west of the second Pyramid which would accommodate four thousand workmen. The skill of the workmen in cementing joints was marvellous. The casing stones were dressed plane, with "an amount of accuracy equal to most opticians' straight edges." The masons "could fill with cement a vertical joint about 5 × 7 feet in area, and only averaging $\frac{1}{50}$th inch thick," and that between stones so large that the joint could not be thinned by rubbing; and "this was the usual work over 13 acres of surface, with tens of thousands of casing stones, none less than a ton in weight." The accuracy of the dressed surfaces was tested by true planes smeared with ochre.

But the most wonderful performance of these great primæval builders is their squaring of the base of the Great Pyramid. It seems impossible that they could have measured the angles without telescopes. Hence we must believe that they corrected their angular measurements by calculating the square root of 2 with extreme accuracy, and then measuring a diagonal. But the rock is found to be higher in the "well" in the middle of the Pyramid than at the edges of the base; it would, therefore, be interesting to ascertain, if it were possible, whether a diagonal trench was levelled across the base. So great is their angular accuracy that the error of nearly 4′ in the orientation seems to be strong evidence that a change must have taken place in the position of the earth's axis.

None of the other Pyramids or the temples at Gizeh show the same accuracy as the Great Pyramid, and hence their measurements taken and carefully recorded by Mr. Petrie are not of the same interest or importance.

OLD MEXICO.*

THERE is certainly a revival of interest in Mexico. After the failure of the French attempt to plant a monarchy there the country relapsed into its customary state of chronic anarchy, and little was heard of it for the next ten years. The thin end of the wedge had, however, been driven in by the completion of the railway connecting the capital with the sea at Vera Cruz, and slowly but surely has something of civilization and order crept up the iron road. Not that any high standard has been attained as yet, but it is not too much to say that the old state of isolation has passed away never to return, and that mere contact with the rest of the world cannot fail to influence for good the whole future of the country. Our information respecting the social condition and general aspect of Mexico has hitherto been chiefly drawn from books of no very recent date, written by those whose duties compelled them to reside there in some official or commercial capacity; but the growing facilities for travel are already beginning to draw thither the omnivorous tourist, and we may expect an increased crop of books on a country at once so little known and possessed of so many attractions.

Mr. Bishop's volume on "Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces" bears the imprint of an English publishing firm, but one does not need to read further than the first sentence before the spelling shows us that it is written by an American. Portions of it have already, in point of fact, appeared in the New York *Nation* and in *Harper's Monthly*. It is well illustrated with numerous woodcuts, and written in an agreeable, if a somewhat desultory style. Mr. Bishop went by sea from New York, by way of Cuba, to Vera Cruz. This in itself is a journey of eleven days, longer in time than he would have occupied in going to Europe, in spite of its being the country contiguous with his own. "It was instead a case of going to a land remote far beyond its distance in miles; shrouded in an atmosphere of mystery and danger; little travelled or sought for; the very antipodes of our own, though adjoining it; venerable with age, though a part of the new world; and said to have been suddenly awakened from slumber by the first touches of a phenomenal new development." Fifteen years ago there were certainly more Englishmen than Americans in Mexico. English capital and Cornish miners were developing her mines; what little foreign trade existed was chiefly in the hands of English houses; London bondholders had lent money to successive Governments, and the Vera Cruz Railway was in course of construction by an English Company. Since their war with Mexico in 1848 the United States had got all they wanted from her, and had quite enough to do in developing their recent acquisitions to prevent them from turning their attention to their Southern neighbour. Subsequently, the Civil War having swept the American carrying trade from the seas, but little intercourse was maintained between the two countries. The demand for railways in every direction which has recently grown up in Mexico has lately attracted numbers of American engineers thither, and now tourists are following in their wake. Mr. Bishop found the system of railway construction very different to what it is in the States. In the latter, railways have been enabled to spread over the sparsely populated districts of the West by means of a system of grants from Government of extensive tracts of land on either side of the line, sometimes as much as every other square mile; by subsequent sale of these lands to emigrants the Companies have recouped themselves for their outlay, and at the same time provided a source of local traffic. In Mexico there existed no great vacant public domain, so the Government at first attached to each concession a subsidy of from 10,000 dollars to 15,000 dollars a mile. This was soon found to be too heavy a burden for the Exchequer, so recent charters have had no subsidy given with them, but certain privileges have been accorded instead to atone for its absence; material and supplies for the road are admitted duty free for twenty years, and a higher scale of charges is permitted. Neither the concession, property, nor shares can be alienated to any foreign Government.

While expressing a certain enthusiasm and hopefulness as to the prospects of the numerous railways now projected in Mexico, Mr. Bishop does not fail to utter a word of warning as to their being overdone. The United States, he points out, built railroads in advance of settlement, depending upon immigration to support them. Mexico has scarcely any immigration, and presents few inducements to it at present. All that her railways have to depend on therefore is the local carrying trade and the development of her own natural resources. Mr. Bishop does not consider that a parallel situation is to be found in the United States, but rather in countries such as Russia and India, which have a large peasant population to be developed, instead of a new population to be created. Mr. Bishop was struck with the extent to which the business of Mexico is already in the hands of foreigners, and he is

* *Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces: a Journey in Mexico, Southern California, and Arizona by way of Cuba.* By William Henry Bishop, Author of "Detmold" &c. With Illustrations. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

no doubt right in attributing this chiefly to the revolutionary condition of the country, which subjected the natives who had acquired any ostensible wealth to constant exactions from the contending parties—exactions from which foreigners were partly exempt. Till recently the only form of wealth was the possession of land, as is the case in all undeveloped countries. The higher branches of trade and manufactures are generally introduced in such circumstances by foreigners who have practised them in a better organized community. We might find an example nearer home. Are not the names of Lombard Street and the Jewry evidence of something similar in England? The growth of a middle class is always a late phase in the evolution of a community. Without counting the two short-lived empires of Iturbide and Maximilian, there have been fifty-four Presidents in fifty-six years. It was not till 1848 that, for the first time, the Presidency was transferred without violence and under the law. Still, Mr. Bishop, in reviewing what has been accomplished under Porfirio Diaz and Gonzalez, the late and present holders of the office, is of opinion that their administrations, though not without their faults, are a vast improvement upon those of their predecessors, and do not, at any rate, constitute a declining ratio. Hitherto there has been absolutely no remedy for oppression but in rebellion. At the present moment there seems to be a weariness of fighting, and people have come to the conclusion that a bad Government is preferable to a good revolution. Not only will the railways prove to be a power on the side of order by enabling the Government to mass its forces at points of danger, but also they furnish useful and profitable employment to many who formerly had no occupation save plunder under the banners of some insurgent chief. Great administrative abuses, however, still exist—though Mexico is not singular in this—corruption is rife, and while the Government and all holders of office have opportunities for galling oppression, the people have no practicable redress in the ballot. It is nominally open to them, but few care to vote. Such opposition as there is, and all contests for office, turn on personal matters, and not on principles.

The accounts given by the author of different excursions which he took in the vicinity of the capital are exceedingly graphic. He made it his business to study the people in quiet, out-of-the-way places; he is consequently able to paint the people at home, and to supply those small touches of local colour which most travellers omit as too insignificant to record. The lakes, or rather lagoons, which lie at a short distance from the capital, and are connected with it by canals, afford an easy mode of communication. Happily for the lovers of the picturesque, steamboats have not yet been introduced; large flat-bottomed boats are poled along by three or four Indians on each side, who walk down towards the stern as far as the cabin, pushing from their shoulders, and then return up the middle to the bows to begin again, each man as he returns holding his pole horizontally at arm's length over his head so as to clear the heads of those who are still pushing. In this manner Mr. Bishop made the tour of Lakes Xochimilco and Chalco, and afterwards crossed Lake Texcoco to the old capital of that name. There he spent some days in the quiet interior life of the country, and occupied himself in witnessing the destruction of an old Aztec pyramid, which the owner was pulling down in order to get building material. These pyramids are composed of sun-dried bricks piled up at a very low angle, and are generally so weatherworn outside as scarcely to be distinguishable at first sight from natural knolls. Mr. Bishop was fortunate enough to be present at the finding of an important fragment of a bas-relief, seven feet by five, of which he gives a sketch; it represented part of the figure of a warrior, and contained a small calendar circle somewhat similar to the famous one let into the wall of the Cathedral at Mexico. Of antiquities, as such, Mr. Bishop professes himself to be no great admirer, but he has a keen eye for the beauties of the old Spanish street architecture—the flat roofs so well adapted to the climate, with the long spouts to carry the rain-water clear of the side walks; "the welcome *portales*, shady in sunshine and dry in the wet"; the scroll-work and carving and gay patterns in blue and yellow tiles on the fronts of many houses; the rich and quaint rococo ornamentation of the churches both inside and out—all these call forth repeated expressions of admiration. Mr. Bishop remarks that very little has been added to what the Spanish domination left; the modern movement since 1821 having little to be placed to its credit in the way of new buildings. There is an interesting chapter on "Mines and Mining Traits," chiefly gathered from a visit to those at Pachuca and Real del Monte; the various processes for "beneficiating" the ore are described, and a *résumé* is given of the mining laws. An account of the author's ascent of Popocatepetl, some 3,000 feet higher than Mont Blanc, and a chapter full of information on Mexican agriculture, derived from a most agreeable week's sojourn at a *hacienda*, bring to a close the portion of the book devoted to Old Mexico. The isolation of the central table-land is such that even at the present day there exists no complete wheel track from the capital to the Pacific; the journey to Acapulco consumes ten days on horseback, besides the day occupied in going by diligence to Cuernavaca, where the bridle-path begins. In spite of warnings as to the impracticability of the road during the rainy season, Mr. Bishop accomplished it successfully in the company of an intelligent Mexican colonel, and took the steamer for San Francisco.

The second portion of the work relates to the Lost Provinces—namely, California, Nevada, and the vast regions west of the Mississippi, out of which some half-dozen States and Territories have been carved since their incorporation into the Northern Union. So vast are these regions that, on the accession of the Emperor Iturbide, Mexico was able to boast of being, with the exception of Russia and China, the most extensive empire in the world. San Francisco is well described and illustrated. Often as it has been described of late, its growth has been so rapid that every traveller can find something new to say of the City of the Golden Gate. It was, however, Southern California that Mr. Bishop had marked out as his field of travel—i.e., that portion of the State which lies south of San Francisco. This favoured region, upwards of five hundred miles in length, has only recently been opened up by the Southern Pacific Railroad, which traverses the centre of the State in a direction nearly parallel with the coast, down to Fort Yuma, close to the Mexican boundary near the head of the Gulf of California, and thence strikes eastward through Arizona to join the railway system of the Southern States. Except during the rainy season the ground is mournfully bare and brown; during seven months of the year not a blade of grass is to be seen, though you have but to run water on it by irrigation to make the land do whatever you please. The wine-growing industry is being rapidly developed, chiefly by foreigners from the South of Europe, Italians, Portuguese, and Hungarians; in some of the vineyards scarcely a word of English is spoken. Americans, not having yet acquired the habit of looking on wine as a necessity of every-day consumption, do not take naturally to its production. Chinamen are servants in the mining camps, the ranches, and the houses of the better class; they supply labourers for the railroad, the factory, and the field. Mr. Bishop remarks that every settlement of the Pacific slope has its Chinese quarter, just as mediæval towns had their Ghetto for the Jews; denoting then as now social ostracism on the one hand, and indomitable clannishness on the other. As you go South cattle-raising becomes the leading industry, and cotton-growing has been tried with fair success. The lack of fuel prevents the development of manufactures. At the Tehachapi Pass, the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range, between which the railroad runs, effect a junction, and the line descends by a wonderful piece of engineering into Southern California proper. "Here the country is older, the Spanish names are more musical; orange and lemon are not grown for ornament, but as a principal crop; and the climate is of that genial mildness which is most to the taste of seekers for health." So marked is the difference below this mountain barrier that there is a call for the construction of a distinct new State, to be named South California, with its capital at Los Angeles. The Mexican element here forms something like one-third of the population, though it is but seldom that a Spanish name rises into prominence in the public affairs of the State of which they were once owners. The Mongolian is the labourer, the Mexican the small shopkeeper, but the overlordship belongs to the Anglo-Saxon, who, down to the limit of the tropics, on the Pacific as on the Atlantic coast of the New World, has, by his superior energy, secured to himself the harvest originally planted by other hands.

COURTHOPE'S ADDISON.*

BESIDES the Procrustean limits of the "Men of Letters" series, its authors sometimes labour under this disadvantage—that they succeed to other writers whose portraits, rightly or wrongly, have taken fast hold of the popular intelligence. Not a few readers of to-day, for instance, date their impressions of Steele, of Addison, of Swift, of Sterne, from those famous lectures which Thackeray delivered, now some thirty years since, at Willis's Rooms. His method, we must imagine, was not the method of the biographer, but of the novelist. Perhaps the highest kind of life-making combines both ways: but in Thackeray's case the novelist was certainly predominant. If one may guess at the manner of his work, it must be assumed that he saturated his mind with the literature and surroundings of those of whom he was to speak, then flung his materials aside and let his recollections ferment in his "study of imagination." These memories would therefore stand in lieu of those "scraps and heel-taps" of observation from which he created Fred Bayham and Captain Costigan. The personages of the lectures, in short, were evolved much in the same manner as the personages of *Esmond*, which he was writing at the time, and in which some of them appear. The Steele of the lectures is the same Steele who in the book compares my Lady Castlewood to Niobe and Sigismunda; the Addison is the same Addison to whom, in his garret in the Haymarket, Queen Anne's young captain explains the Battle of Blenheim. The result, as we know, was not wholly unassailable. Tried by the foot-rule and compasses of fact, it was easy to detect minor discrepancies in the details; and even, as some admirers of Swift and Sterne did not scruple to declare, in the portraits themselves. But to most people they were more truthful than the truth. They possessed one incalculable advantage, they were realizations, more full of life than if they lived, by a great and unrivalled painter of character. They laughed and wept, they fell and rose again, they impressed their individualities upon us; they became the standards by which, in virtue of their warm blood and vital power, we should test all later likenesses. And it is the misfortune of their modern biographers, approaching their theme however conscientiously — testing, searching, correcting, comparing, however minutely and laboriously—that we involuntarily contrast them with the author of *Esmond* and *Barry Lyndon*.

* *Addison*. By W. J. Courthope. London: Macmillan & Co.

For this reason the reader's first impression of Mr. Courthope's *Addison* will probably be one of disappointment. If he takes up the book with the expectation of finding a vivid character-piece, or of having his existing impressions deepened and confirmed, he will not find or experience what he anticipates. Mr. Courthope has not conceived his functions after this fashion. What he has attempted is rather to record all of Addison's life-history that seems to be authentic, to disprove and discard what is unworthy of credit, to place him accurately in the conditions that influenced his career, and to estimate the nature and influence of his gifts. This is the scientific method. It has its defects to the general reader, who likes colour, and contrast, and exaggeration, and is wont to find it cold and judicial; but it has also its usefulness. It can be trusted, which, *au siècle où nous sommes*, is no small thing; and especially it can be trusted when the writer is not a partisan. As the editor of Pope, Mr. Courthope has the strongest temptations to partisanship. But, although his sketch of Addison is perhaps over-liberal in its references to Pope, there is not the least sign of any undue leaning to the *mens curva in corpore curvo*; and his commendation of Addison's collaborator, Steele, whose "large heart" (he excellently says) "seems to rush out in sympathy with any tale of sorrow or exhibition of magnanimity" is generous and discriminating. He is even willing to allow that "there is scarcely a department of essay-writing developed in the *Spectator* which does not trace its origin to Steele." Steele's admirers would of course claim for him much more than this. They would claim for him at least equal rank with Addison as "chief architect of Public Opinion in the eighteenth century." But a biographer of Addison may be pardoned if he declines to go quite so far. For ourselves, we regard Steele as the originating, and Addison as the elaborating, intellect in a joint enterprise. Neither would have been quite successful without the other; and, as a matter of fact, they always were less successful when acting independently.

As might be expected, Mr. Courthope has devoted one of his chapters to the famous portrait of "Atticus." That he adds very much to the story it would be difficult to say; but he tells it carefully, and with as much lucidity as the inextricable mystifications of Pope's correspondence enable him to do. The exact truth will probably never be known. But the general result of Mr. Courthope's examination is entirely against Pope, and briefly stated comes to this—that Pope wrote the lines when smarting under what he supposed to be Addison's unfair advocacy of Tickell's *Iliad*, and that he invented a perfect network of falsehood and prevarication to justify their publication after Addison's death. This view derives fresh confirmation from Mr. Courthope's patient and quite destructive examination of Pope's story, alleged to be derived from young Lord Warwick, that Gildon had been prompted by Addison to attack Pope, a story which, for the future, may be wholly disregarded. But it is characteristic of the biographer's general impartiality that he is quite willing to concede a certain disposition on Addison's part to

> Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,

and he admits that it is the admixture of a certain modicum of skilfully heightened truth with absolute falsehood which gives their deadly malignity to Pope's unrivalled lines.

There are other points in which, declining to rely upon picturesque statement from doubtful quarters, Mr. Courthope clears Addison's character. He shows that his traditional incompatibility with Lady Warwick rests in reality upon nothing better than one of Pope's innuendoes; and that, mere tittle-tattle set aside, there is evidence that their relations were wholly satisfactory. As regards the intemperance sometimes alleged against Addison, he points out that Bishop Berkeley described him as "a very sober man." Again, with respect to Johnson's statement that he was unequal to the duties of his office of Secretary of State, Mr. Courthope makes it clear that this originated in the report of his enemies, and that his sudden retirement is sufficiently accounted for by his failing health. For these and other minor rectifications our best thanks are due to Mr. Courthope, and not least for his happy application to his hero of Hamlet's words:—

> Thou hast been
> As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
> A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
> Has ta'en with equal thanks; and blessed are those
> Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled
> That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she please.

We have passed over much in this little book which deserves an ampler notice, and especially some of its purely critical pages. Enough, however, has been said to indicate its general characteristics. As we have implied, it can make no pretence to being a finished study of character. Nor, for lack of material, can it claim to be an exhaustive biography. But it may be fairly described as a trustworthy, straightforward, and enlightened sketch of one of the two greatest of the periodical essayists.

ALARIC WATTS.*

ALARIC ALEXANDER WATTS—or, as it pleased the wicked but not unfriendly wit of Lockhart to call him, Alaric Attila Watts—was not a poet of the first order, nor indeed entitled in any way to be classed as a man of great mark, but he is well entitled to receive the biographical notice which is now offered of him by his son. He wrote verses, some of which obtained the praise of good judges in his own time, and occupied a place of importance among the journalists and editors of the period to which he belonged. He was concerned in the creation and conduct of many newspapers and periodicals, and his career was one of usefulness, as well as of honour and credit to himself. He was best known perhaps in connection with the "Annuals," one of the worthiest of which was started and continued by him. These now almost forgotten publications were of no small service in their time. They carried pretty bits of art and dainty little morsels of literature into many houses into which neither art nor literature of any kind would otherwise have found their way; and if the art was not of the highest, nor the literature of the very best, their function at the time must not be scorned on that account. Pictures by good artists, and engraved by the best hands, were reproduced and made known in them; while the earliest received crumbs from the tables of Scott and Campbell, and in the latest might be read contributions from Tennyson and Ruskin. Mr. Watts may naturally be inclined to overrate their influence, but it would be impossible to deny to them a considerable share in promoting a taste for art during the years in which they flourished. If they did nothing else, they may at least be credited with having awakened a desire for better things, and in justice to them we are not altogether prepared to say that this desire has been properly satisfied by the cheaper and still more popular publications devoted to the encouragement of art in the present day.

The introductory chapter by the biographer, entitled "The Age of Sentiment," might well have been spared. It was not wanted as a preface to his father's life, and its views will not be universally accepted. It professes to lay out a poetical epoch, beginning with Bowles in 1791, and culminating with the present Poet Laureate (whom may the Muses long preserve), about which there is much room for discussion, without, however, refusing to recognize for Bowles the place he so well merits in any mention of the poetry and poetical history of his times.

Of good middle-class descent, and born in 1797, Alaric A. Watts received as a boy such indifferent education and treatment as the ordinary schools of the day could afford. At an early age, and with a very commendable desire for independence, he obtained employment as an usher in a school, and presently became private tutor in the family of the fashionable dentist Ruspini, whose name survives on the labels of various preparations for the teeth still to be found in chemists' shops. He lived, and lived handsomely, in Pall Mall, opposite to Carlton House, then occupied by the Prince Regent, and the young tutor here enjoyed the opportunity of mixing with a good deal of amusing and interesting company. He made acquaintance with Peter Pindar, Mrs. Inchbald, Colton, the eccentric author of *Lacon*, with Lady Hamilton, and Lord Byron, and various other notabilities of the day. A short period of service as a clerk in a public office was succeeded by another term of employment as an assistant in a school. This was at Rancorn in Cheshire, then little more than a country village, and contributions from the young man's pen now began to make their appearance in the poet's corner of various provincial newspapers. A more important step in his literary career was made when a poem of his was printed in 1818 in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, which was soon to become *Blackwood*, and under that name to survive all its contemporaries, and also to outlive, in perpetual youth, a vast number of younger competitors. At the early age of twenty-two Alaric Watts for a short time assisted in the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and from this time the nature of his future career was decided. He now made the acquaintance of Maturin, and had already attained such a position that he was asked by him to superintend the production of his tragedy of *Fredolpho* at Covent Garden, the account of which is given from the autobiographical narrative which frequently furnishes the best materials for his son's work. The unfortunate play was supported by Miss O'Neill, C. Kemble, Young, and Macready, who details its history and condemnation in his *Reminiscences*, and mentions also the part taken by Watts in bringing it out.

Some lines by J. W. Wiffen, subsequently the translator of Tasso, which attracted the notice of Alaric Watts while engaged on the *New Monthly*, were destined to exercise the most important influence on his welfare and happiness, for they led him to make the acquaintance of their author, and he was the brother of his future wife. All that is told of this lady makes her appear as a person of remarkable and delightful qualities. The letter in which she rebukes the dangerous haste with which her impetuous lover sought her hand after an acquaintance of only four days is a model of womanly tact and tenderness, while a charming little postscript is added to prevent the destruction of his hopes. She belonged to a family of Quakers, and after an engagement of some duration, she incurred the penalty of excommunication from that exclusive body on uniting herself to a husband who did not belong to the Society of Friends. She must have been personally as attractive as she was in other respects. "What shoulders that child has," said of her Georgina, Duchess of Bedford, their great neighbour at Woburn; and, later on, Sir Thomas Lawrence said, "I have seen a lady with the most beautiful hands!"

For three years Alaric Watts wrote for the *Literary Gazette*, the first weekly periodical of its kind, at that time in full power and prosperity, and the only one exercising the functions which have since been performed by the *Athenæum* and so many other

* *Alaric Watts: a Narrative of his Life.* By his Son, Alaric Alfred Watts. 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1884.

publications more or less resembling it. In this Alaric Watts gained some note by his illustrations of Lord Byron's plagiarisms, some of which are now reprinted. They are ingenious after the manner of such things, and show much acquaintance with general literature.

A connexion with the art publishing firm (as they would now be called) of Hurst, Robinson, & Co., the successors of Boydell, and now represented by Graves & Son, in Pall Mall, led to much immediate advantage, but in the end proved disastrous. Of Mr. Robinson, a Yorkshireman, it is amusing to find that he was the veritable philosopher who attracted the admiration of Coleridge at a dinner-party by his silent and respectful attention to all he said, but who forfeited his good opinion by breaking silence to greet the appearance of some apple dumplings with "Thom's the jockies for me!"

The young couple married in 1821, and in the following year was published a volume with the title of *Poetical Sketches*. Lamb and Coleridge admired it, and it met with fair success. But poetry seldom pays bakers' and butchers' bills; and more remunerative employment was found in editing a Tory paper, the *Intelligencer*, at Leeds; and this was followed by a removal to Lancashire, to edit and assist in starting the *Manchester Courier* in that town. We now approach the days of the "Annuals," of which the first was "The Forget-Me-Not," published by Ackermann in 1823. Next year came "Friendship's Offering"; and then also appeared "The Literary Souvenir," edited by Alaric A. Watts, of which more than six thousand copies were sold within twelve months, and which continued an existence of many years. "The Keepsake," in 1856, was the last of the Annuals.

A chapter on "The Blues" is amusing enough, and one is made acquainted with Miss Benger, Miss Jane Porter, and Miss Spence. The story of the hungry pressman who ate up all the slender provision made for the evening refreshment of an expected literary party is exceedingly droll. To this succeeds a more serious chapter, in which is told the bankruptcy of Hurst, Robinson, & Co., consequent on the great commercial crash of 1825; and for some time to come the pecuniary circumstances of Alaric Watts were the reverse of comfortable. The account of Wordsworth given by Mrs. Alaric Watts is a capital one. Never was he better appreciated. She was surprised at being told, after having quoted some lines from Coleridge's *Christabel*, that it was an indelicate poem, and records the impression that Wordsworth's sympathies were rather with his predecessors than his contemporaries in poetry. When Mrs. Watts named Milton's *Lycidas* as the finest elegiac in the language, he said, "You are not far wrong. . . . *Lycidas* and my *Laodamia* are twin immortals."

The connexion of Alaric Watts with the *Standard* commenced in 1827, and the first of a series of visits to Paris, a year or two afterwards, extended his field of operations for the acquisition of materials for the art of the *Literary Souvenir*. This contained in its issue for 1829 an engraved portrait of Sir Walter Scott, of which Lockhart wrote at the time to the editor that it was by far the best that had yet appeared. It is wonderful that Mr. Watts could not be content to leave this alone, and that he must needs quote from the Life of Scott Lockhart's mention of the same thing as "an indifferent print for one of the 'Annuals'"; or that he should not have omitted both opinions. Alaric Watts's warfare with *Fraser's Magazine* seems to have begun with personal attacks on himself, to which he was so imprudent as to retaliate in a poem, most inappropriately published in the *Literary Souvenir* for 1832. This provoked a thoroughly reckless and unjustifiable libel in the magazine, for which an action was brought, and Watts recovered the very moderate sum of 150*l.* as damages. The late Chief Justice Erle, then at the Bar, was counsel for *Fraser*, and had really nothing to say for his client but to quote from the *United Service Gazette*, then edited by Alaric Watts, some very intemperate language which he had allowed himself to print in order to vilify the magazine and the writers in it. He had a hot temper, and certainly had been scandalously provoked, but it was unfortunate for him that he had yielded to the temptation of returning blow for blow. To him, however, the occasion was one for congratulation on the large amount of sympathy and regard called forth by it from so many men whose friendship was of the greatest worth. Wordsworth, Southey, Edwin Landseer, Wilkie, Professor Wilson, Bowles, Macready, and others sent letters the reading of which must have gone to the heart of the man who received them. Such flagrant personalities in the press are now all but unknown, and this episode in the life of Alaric Watts need be remembered only for the sake of rejoicing in the contrast which exists in this respect between the present age and that of fifty years ago.

The "Lyrics of the Heart" appeared in 1850, and it is now twenty years since the death of Alaric Watts took place, his later life having been passed in comparative quiet and repose. The record now given of him is no less than he deserved, and contains much readable matter and interesting anecdote; but why does Mr. Watts use such words as "exuberate," "impatronage," "scurril," and "intercoracities"?

A HISTORY OF LONDON—SUPPLEMENT.*

THE readers of Mr. Loftie's admirable *History of London* will be gratified by receiving their "Supplement" of appendices. They consist of four—the first upon the Grosvenor, Berkeley, and Maddox estates; the second upon the early lists of aldermen and wards; the third upon the history of London trade; and the fourth upon the old buildings which still exist in the City. We are really grateful to Mr. Loftie for his little treatise on the "Trade of London," which is not only valuable for the information given, but for the hints and suggestions which it offers to those who wish to follow up the subject. How the trade of London grew up after that of the Low Countries was destroyed; how the latter was revived to be destroyed again during the Spanish troubles; how the French possessions of England helped to make London rich; how the Steelyard merchants tried to get the English carrying trade into their own hands; how monopolies and vexatious Customs regulations hindered trade; how the silk-weavers settled in Spitalfields; and how the trade of London gradually spread out in every direction—Mr. Loftie tells too briefly, in a dozen pages. One ventures to hope that he may some day expand his chapter into a volume.

As regards the ancient buildings which still remain in the City, the Norman Period is represented by nothing more than the crypt of St. Mary-le-Bow. The east end and apse of St. Bartholomew's in Smithfield, which is also Norman, is outside the City. Parts of Guildhall belong to the thirteenth century; part of the chapel of St. Peter in the Tower, St. Helen's, and St. Ethelburga belong to the fourteenth century. Crosby Place is of the fifteenth; St. Giles, Cripplegate, St. Andrew Undershaft, and St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, are of the sixteenth; St. Catherine Cree and All Hallows, Barking, belong to the seventeenth. To the same period belongs that delightful haven of rest called Sion College.

We must not leave the "Supplement" without recording that, in the "Citie of London in 1710" and the map showing the registration districts, Mr. Loftie has made a most useful addition to the wealth of illustrations which he had already lavished upon the two preceding volumes of this work.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN OUR HOMES.*

THE author of this little book, in his preface, explains that it has grown out of lectures which he has delivered in most of the principal towns of England during the past twelve months; in most places it still retains the lecture form. Though the first excitement about electric lighting may perhaps have died out in the public mind, yet the near approach of a public supply of electricity for lighting purposes by different Companies who have obtained provisional orders under the Electric Lighting Act must make the subject of domestic electric lighting one of considerable public interest. We can safely say that hardly any book has yet appeared better suited than that under consideration to give the general reader a good idea of the mechanism and advantages of domestic electric lighting. In his preface the author makes a sort of apology for using certain analogies which he fears may be slightly shocking to the purely scientific mind; but on reading the book one of the most salient points is found to be the excellent way in which a sound scientific mode of thought is combined with a popular mode of expression. Although Mr. Hammond boldly in his title-page acknowledges his connexion with a particular Company, there is no trace throughout the book of any undue attempt to make it a mere trade advertisement. Mr. Hammond goes over in a bright and readable way all the old ground as to the advantages of incandescent electrical lighting in ordinary dwelling-houses, and supports the well-known arguments in favour of this mode of lighting by a large number of facts and statistics. He points out how an ordinary gas-light consumes more oxygen than five human beings, and calls attention to the fact that, if any one went into an ordinary room and found it lighted by six gas-lights, he would feel uncomfortable probably, but would not complain; but if he went into the same room when no gas was burning, and found thirty people sitting in it, he would cry out at the overcrowding and the closeness of the atmosphere. He also points out what is well known, that gas light is not content merely with robbing the atmosphere of its oxygen and throwing off water and carbonic acid, but also throws off corrosive fumes, and states that he found that at Leeds recently a very large number of books in the library had to be rebound because their bindings had been entirely destroyed by the fumes from the gas. It is hardly necessary at the present day to state that incandescent electrical lighting consumes no oxygen and gives no fumes or gases.

Mr. Hammond not only points out this, and shows how in many large shops and warehouses many gallons of water are produced and thrown into the air nightly by the present system of gas lighting, but he carefully goes into the whole question of cost, both of small, private, independent installations of electric incandescent lighting and of larger installations suitable for hotels and theatres, and the question of cost is also considered from the point of view of public Companies supplying large areas. His contention is, and he supports it by a considerable quantity of well thought out evidence, that it is worth while in all large establishments to start electric lighting at once, using a gas-engine and dynamo on the premises. Mr. Hammond, we think, fairly proves his case that, even whilst obliged to make use of the private plant, there would be certainly no loss on the annual expenses for any large

* *A History of London—Supplement.* By W. J. Loftie. London: Stanford. 1884.

* *The Electric Light in our Homes.* By Robert Hammond (The Hammond Electric Light and Power Supply Company, Limited). With Original Illustrations and Photographs. London: Warne & Co.

elaborately decorated building by adopting this plan; and that when a public electric lighting Company brings its mains past the building all that will have to be sacrificed will be the gas-engine and dynamo, for which probably a fair price can at all times be realized. The question of cost in private installations is illustrated by statistics taken from the lighting system at his own house, and the book is illustrated with several photographs of the principal rooms in that house. Mr. Hammond has obviously given considerable attention to the question of how best to arrange the lights so as to get the maximum lighting power with the greatest beauty of effect, and his plan of placing the incandescent lamp in the centre of a metal shield fixed against the wall appears both to be a good one as far as getting light effect goes, and, further, to lend itself to artistic treatment; but we do not find that Mr. Hammond has quite realized the great advantage of obtaining large illuminating power from a small number of lamps which incandescent electric lighting affords. He seems in many of his arrangements to group many lamps together in one lantern or chandelier. Now there is little doubt that the best lighting effect from the fewest lamps is to be obtained by distributing the lights as uniformly as possible over the area to be lighted, and the plan of simply hanging the lamps by their conducting-wires from the ceiling will probably not only give the best light but also the most pleasing artistic effect. Mr. Hammond, we are glad to find, differs from most authorities on the question of the compulsory purchase clauses of the Electric Lighting Act. He holds that these clauses by no means form a bar to the supply of electrical energy for lighting purposes at a reasonable price, and the realization of a fair profit by the supplying Company. His arguments and the figures by which they are supported will require close examination, not only from the point of view of the consumer who only lights his premises, but also from that of the consumer who desires to use electrical energy for motive power.

It would be almost impossible here to analyse and discuss all the points touched upon in this small volume. We must content ourselves by saying that on the whole the information given is perfectly scientific and trustworthy, and that the whole book is so pleasingly and brightly written that any one, however little acquainted with the technicalities of science, will find that it will afford him a most pleasing hour or two's reading.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE second volume of the Reports of the Tenth Census of the United States (1) is devoted to manufacturing statistics. A few of its results, if not belonging exactly to the domain of literature proper, have a political, social, and economical significance which may render them interesting to our readers. The total value of manufactured products, including alike lumber and iron, cereals and textile fabrics, throughout the United States, has increased from about 1,000 millions of dollars in 1850, and less than 1,900 millions in 1860, to 4,200 millions in 1870, and 5,300 millions in 1880, the year of the last Census. In thirty years the number of hands employed had nearly trebled, having risen from 955,000 to 2,718,000. The increase of wages paid was just fourfold, rising from 236 millions in 1850 to 941 millions in 1880. The cost of materials in the latter year was 3,380 millions, giving apparently a gross profit of about 1,000 millions on a capital of 2,775 millions, or about 36 per cent. Of the total products, 4,700 millions and upwards belong to the North and North-East, 465 millions to the South, and only 144 millions to the West. Of the Northern total, Massachusetts claims 630, New York 1,080, Pennsylvania 744, Ohio 348, and Illinois 415 millions. Of the Southern States Kentucky stands first with 75 millions, Tennessee, the next in rank, having but 37; California, the only important member of the Western group, manufactures products worth 116 millions of dollars. Of the principal manufactures, leather, including boots and shoes, counts for 380 millions; flour for upwards of 500; iron, steel, and machinery for about the same; lumber for 270; meat, not including the sales of retail butchers, for 300; sugar and molasses for 156 millions; tobacco for 117. Of textile fabrics, manufactured woollen goods amount to 267, cotton to 210, and clothing to 240 millions. It is obvious that American statisticians count as manufactured products many articles which would hardly be included by English economists among the manufactures of Great Britain, and that in more than one case, as for example in that of clothing and textile fabrics, the same goods are reckoned in a sense twice over, a very large part of the woollen and cotton cloth woven in American mills forming the raw material of American-made clothing. The total value of malt and distilled liquors is reckoned only at 142 million dollars, a surprisingly small amount, but evidently not including the heavy Excise duty. The cost to the consumer is probably twice as great. Another interesting public document is the *Report of the Comptroller of the Currency* (2), a Report which covers nearly the whole financial business, public and private, of the country, giving the resources and liabilities of national banks, their capital, profits, circulation, deposits, and loans, as well as the amount of notes and specie held against the circulation. The total number of banks of all sorts in the United States is 7,450, with a capital of 717 millions, and deposits amounting to no less than 2,900 millions of dollars. Of these the so-called national banks are 2,308, with a capital of 484 and deposits of 1,120 millions. The money in circulation is estimated at 1,523 millions, of which about 700 millions consist of legal tender and national bank-notes in not very unequal amounts. The total of gold in circulation is estimated at 582, that of silver coin at something more than 242 millions. But the amount of bank-notes in circulation has decreased during the year by nearly 11 millions; while the coin has increased by no less than 68 millions, divided in very nearly equal proportion between the two metals. The amount of standard silver dollars coined under the law passed at the instance of the bimetallists some few years ago is nearly 157 million dollars, of which 116 millions remain in the Treasury. But against the latter the banks and individual citizens hold certificates redeemable in silver for more than 85 millions; while only 40 millions of silver dollars are actually in circulation. The interest-bearing debt on the 1st of November, 1883, amounted to 1,273½ [1,293½ ?] millions, of which 738 bore interest at 4, 250 at 4½, and 305½ at 3 per cent. The amount held by the banks as security for circulation was no less than 349 millions. The Director of the Geological Survey has put forth a very interesting volume on the mineral resources of the United States (3)—stores of coal and iron, to say nothing of copper and the precious metals, of almost incalculable amount and inestimable value. The total gold production of the United States during the last year is calculated at 32 millions of dollars.

Dr. Ely holds two economical professorships in somewhat distant quarters. It is easy, and not very unusual, for a distinguished scholar to lecture one day in University College, London, and the next in Cambridge. The duties of an Associate Professor of Political Economy in the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore and in the Cornell University at Ithaca, N.Y., must, if the sessions of the two faculties are contemporaneous, involve a good deal of rapid and somewhat fatiguing railway travelling. The Professor has nevertheless found time to publish a little treatise whose bulk by no means adequately represents the amount of information it contains, still less the labour by which it has been acquired. His account of French and German Socialism (4) is necessarily a mere abstract, but an abstract which appears to give a fair, if not a minute or detailed, view of the principal tenets of each of the leading teachers enumerated, from Babœuf, Cabet, and Saint-Simon to Louis Blanc and Karl Marx. The writer's temper is thoroughly candid, and his treatment of the wild and sometimes almost crazy theories of French and German dreamers appears even more than forbearing. Too much space, perhaps, is given in so small a volume to the extravagances of the leading French Socialists, and too little to the more practical and consistent views of their German rivals and coadjutors. The work, in truth, is in the main a review of the course of French Socialism and Communism, as taught by men who drew their inspiration from the madness of the Revolution, combining the most extravagant ideas of the philosophers and philanthropists who paved the way for the Reign of Terror with the reckless determination and sometimes the ruthless ferocity of their meaner successors. The notice given to the countrymen and collaborators of Karl Marx is given, as it were, by the way, as a sort of appendix or sequel to the more thorough and connected sketch of the views of Fourier, Proudhon, and Lassalle, though even that sketch is of necessity little more than an outline. The author's remarks on the feudal system, with its closer connexion of classes, its formal recognition of mutual duties, its firmer social organization, are useful if by no means novel. Familiar to every English student of history or political economy, they will, we suspect, startle not a few of Dr. Ely's American readers as an unheard-of and amazing paradox.

Mr. Hubbard's account of his travels in the autumn of 1881 among the lakes and forests of Northern Maine (5) has all the merits and interest that such a work can have; the interest attaching to graphic descriptions of scenery, to a lively narrative of such trivial adventures and disasters, pleasures and hardships, as English sportsmen yearly experience in the wilder parts of Norway or of the Scottish Highlands, with the advantage, at least for English readers, of a certain degree of novelty. It is by no means the first or the fullest description we have seen of that which may be called the Highland region of New England; a vast, almost unpeopled territory covered with primitive forests, mapped out indeed by surveyors, but as yet unsettled, in great part unappropriated; visited only by sportsmen or lumberers, uninvaded by Railway Companies or even by road-makers; full of game in spite of the inroads made upon their haunts by woodsmen in quest of food, or adventurers like the author killing merely for sport; a playground as yet open to all, almost as accessible to the citizens of Boston, New York, or Philadelphia as Sutherland or Inverness to Londoners, wanting alike in the wildness and the variety of

(1) *Department of the Interior, Census Office—Report on the Manufactures of the United States at the Tenth Census (June 1, 1880).* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(2) *Annual Report of the Comptroller of the Currency to the First Session of the Forty-Eighth Congress of the United States.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(3) *Department of the Interior—United States Geological Survey: Mineral Resources of the United States.* By Albert Williams, jun. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(4) *French and German Socialism in Modern Times.* By R. T. Ely, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Political Economy in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and Lecturer on Political Economy in Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(5) *Woods and Lakes of Maine: a Trip from Moosehead Lake to New Brunswick in a Birch-bark Canoe.* By Lucius L. Hubbard. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

Highland scenery, but boasting lakes and rivers surpassing those of Scotland almost as much in size and number as in freedom from "improvement" and intrusion. The birch-canoe, carried now and then across a watershed or along the banks of an impracticable stream, is launched on rivers or on chains of lakes, along whose shores the adventurer may paddle for days and weeks together, landing only to encamp at night, or to chase the deer and smaller game that abound in the woods, and of course are most easily tracked in the neighbourhood of the waters. The valleys of the Allagash and the Penobscot, though they present no points from which, as from a Scottish or Cumbrian mountain-top, the eye may range over a wide expanse of wild and varied scenery, afford chains of lakes, large and small, abounding in attractions alike to the sportsman and the lover of nature, and offering a retirement such as is hardly now to be found in the most sequestered regions of Northern or Eastern Europe; lakes so numerous and so remote from civilization that some of them are hardly named, and one or two appear to be but roughly and approximately laid down upon the map. The excellence of the type, the choice and execution of the illustrations, are worthy of a narrative always readable and generally interesting; the more agreeable that the writer is quite as much naturalist as sportsman, sympathizes even with the victims of his gun or rod, and takes yet more pleasure in studying than in destroying the harmless inhabitants of these quiet woods and waters. He has observed the dams of the beaver, the note of the loon, the tricks of the playful and thievish squirrel, and even the haunts and habits of chub so tame that, after being fed from time to time with the *débris* of the camp, they would swarm around a hand dipped into the lake, waiting for the expected meal; so undisturbed and fearless that after a single day's acquaintance they would crowd round the hand lowered palm-upward among them, and snap and pull at the soaked bread held between thumb and finger; so daring that when lifted by handfuls out of the water, though scattered for a moment, they would come back and jostle one another in quest of the food held out to them.

A widow writing her husband's biography at the request of his friends has an irresistible and almost unlimited claim on the consideration and forbearance of the harshest or weariest critic. There was nothing in the career of the Reverend Charles Lowe (6), a useful and estimable, but by no means an especially distinguished, Unitarian minister in Massachusetts, that called for a biography extending to six hundred pages. It is impossible to read the extracts from his letters and diaries without learning to like the man, to understand how dear he had become to his friends, his colleagues, and his parishioners, and how naturally they desired to retain some memorial of a useful, honourable, and happy, if quiet and uneventful, life. It is equally easy to perceive why every incident of such a career, every remembrance of the joys and sorrows shared together, has for his biographer a charm and a sacredness that render her incapable of estimating aright its value and interest to others. Every one of the innumerable recollections crowding on her memory as she wrote was to her, at least, as well worth preservation and record as the most characteristic traits of a great soldier or distinguished statesman. But for that very reason some friendly critic should have been permitted to revise the manuscript, to judge what letters were too exclusively domestic, what passages too sacredly personal, what parochial and domestic trifles too insignificant to be given to the world.

Mr. Wilstach's translation of Virgil (7) has merits beyond question. It bears marks on every page of industry and scholarship; but the scholarship is not of that high order which alone could make a new version of the most familiar, save perhaps Horace, of the Latin poets necessary or desirable. Not only is the versification itself defective, but the language is artificial, prosaic, and ill-chosen. It would be difficult, perhaps, to translate Virgil in that style of archaic simplicity which would best represent the simple majesty of Homer. The Æneid especially is, after all, but an imitation, and a comparatively feeble imitation; and no one probably would dream of attempting to render it in any of those antique ballad-metres which have often been recommended as the fittest equivalent in which the English tongue could render the magnificent hexameters of the Iliad. But blank verse, in proportion as to a certain class of versifiers it is the easiest to write, is of all verse the least essentially poetic; that which most demands that the thought, tone, spirit, and language should give the charm that is not inherent in the form. In the hands of a writer like Mr. Wilstach it is apt to become a stiffer, harsher, clumsier kind of prose. Such lines as

> By heavenly thrones put forth, urged on by wrath
> Of Juno cruel, which no slumber soothed
> And which no lapse of memory made less harsh,

have no pretension to be poetry, and can hardly be called verse. And these are decidedly the least harsh and clumsy of a dozen passages we might select at random from almost any page, whether of the Æneid or the Georgics.

> Make gifts and venerate low the gentle nymphs,
> For difficult foes the Naiads are not,

is neither poetry nor verse, neither prose nor English. The writer who on the same page gives us "ultraly" for "ultro" might surely have translated "faciles" by "facile"; but the meaning of course is "placable," not, as the note has it, "affable."

Dr. Brinton's monograph on *Aboriginal American Authors* (8) is one of those chapters in the history of literature for which the writers receive less gratitude, perhaps, and less reward in the way of popularity, or even of distinction, than they deserve, but whose value critics and scholars are the more bound to recognize and acknowledge. The memoir is founded on a paper read before the International Congress of Americanists which sat in Copenhagen in August last; an assemblage of those scholars who have undertaken the study of the primitive languages of the New World, a study full of archæological interest and promising a contribution of almost unrivalled value to philological science. The native tongues of America are unhappily almost extinct. None of them had an extensive literature; many, perhaps most, had produced no books whatever; some had not even a written alphabet. But in some cases at least, like the Aztec, the Maya and Peruvian tongues, they were the languages of great and civilized nations, of powerful and well-organized empires; the ruins of whose monuments and cities, even after the ruthless havoc of the Spanish conquest, after ages of desolation and neglect, still bear witness that their creators can hardly have been inferior, whether in material progress and resources or in political civilization, to the subjects of the princes who built the walls of Babylon and the Pyramids and temples of Egypt. Unhappily Spanish barbarism destroyed the literary much more completely than the material monuments of the Mexican and Peruvian Empires. Deliberately and of malice prepense, actuated by a bigotry exactly analogous to, but much less excusable, than that of Omar, they burnt whole libraries; collected as far as was in their power the entire body of manuscripts possessed by the conquered peoples, recording their history, their laws, their agriculture, their science, their civil, astronomical and religious calendars, and committed them ruthlessly to the flames. Their persistent attempt thus to annihilate the traditions of Heathenism was too successful; nine-tenths of the Maya, Nahua, and Peruvian literature, the native records of Central and South American civilization, have perished beyond possibility of recovery. There are, however, a few ancient manuscripts still preserved; a few works, moreover, written in the native, as well as a somewhat larger number in the Spanish, tongue by native pupils of the conquerors - Indians who had adopted Spanish names and Spanish manners, but had not wholly lost—nay, sometimes cherished all the more fondly because secretly—their love for the ideas, their pride in the greatness of their ancestry. Here and there, moreover, descendants of the more savage and ignorant tribes, who had neither literature nor alphabet of their own, have preserved through the machinery of the conquering civilization the tongue or the traditions of their forefathers. There are histories of the Wyandots, of the Six Nations, of the Algonquins, and of the Cherokees, written either in their own or in the English language, by men of Huron, Tuscarora, and Cherokee lineage. Descendants of Peruvian and Mexican princes have studied and recorded the antiquities of their race, though for the most part in the tongue which has superseded their own. On the other hand, we find a manuscript collection of Esquimaux tales preserved in the tongue of Greenland, with an English translation and illustrations by native artists. There is, again, a printed pamphlet relating in dialogue the journey of an Esquimaux to Europe, and his return, and another, profusely illustrated, describing the traditions, manners, weapons, and habits of the primæval people of Baffin's Bay. There is, again, a brief history of the Delawares or Mohicans, written in their own idiom; a book of rites of the Iroquois, also in their native dialect. A translation of a tribal history of the Muskokrees or Creeks, written in red and black characters on the skin of a young buffalo, was sent to London and lost in the first half of the last century; but a translation made by some Moravian missionary has been preserved, and is, it seems, known to Dr. Brinton. The Cherokees have a so-called alphabet, syllabic in character, in which they have printed in their own tongue a few insignificant papers. Boturini collected more than forty fragmentary manuscripts in the Nahua language, one of which, a history of the kingdoms of Culhuacan and Mexico, has been actually printed and published; and there are in Spanish libraries hieroglyphics and other Mexican and Nahua works not easily understood, perhaps, but possessing in some cases a considerable historical interest, in all an almost inestimable philological value. Unfortunately not a few of the latter were written long after the conquest, when the native tongue had been deeply corrupted by the introduction of Spanish words and forms. Altogether there exist beyond doubt materials from which a patient and persevering research might extract a clear and sufficient knowledge of the principal native languages of America, a general outline of the history of its greatest empires, and a much fuller knowledge of their laws, religion, arts, and ceremonies than we yet possess. The third volume of Dr. Brinton's *Library of Aboriginal American Literature* (9) is unfortunately a disappointing work.

(6) *Memoir of Charles Lowe.* By his wife, Martha Perry Lowe. Boston: Cupples, Upham, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

(7) *The Works of Virgil, translated into English Verse.* By J. A. Wilstach. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

(8) *Aboriginal American Authors and their Productions: a Chapter in the History of Literature.* By Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D., Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c. Philadelphia: 115 South Seventh Street. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(9) *Brinton's Library of Aboriginal American Literature—No. III. The Güegüence: a Comedy Ballet in the Nahuatl-Spanish Dialect of Nicaragua.* Edited by Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D. Philadelphia: D. G. Brinton. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

The introductory chapters afford a large amount of curious information regarding the less civilized tribes of Central America, their traditions, manners, and language, and still more their religious and social ceremonies, their rude arts, songs, music, and dances. But the work to which this introduction is prefixed has little historical or philological value. It is written, not in the Nahua or Nahuatl, but in what Dr. Brinton calls the Nahuatl-Spanish dialect of Nicaragua, a dialect mainly Spanish in form and syntax, and containing apparently many more Spanish than Nahuatl words. It is a comedy, but a comedy whose scene is laid after the conquest under the Spanish Government, and in that state of society which resulted from the blending of Spanish and native blood, and, to some extent, of Spanish and native thought and feeling.

As a translation of a very interesting treatise very little known in this country, Dr. F. Horn's *History of Scandinavian Literature* (10) will no doubt commend itself to many of our readers.

Mr. Hunt's *Poetry of other Lands* (11) is a collection of translations in English verse from Greek, Latin, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, with a specimen here and there from Servian, Polish, and even Japanese poetry, arranged unhappily not in chronological or ethnical order, indeed in no intelligible order whatsoever.

Miss Harland's *Cottage Kitchen* (12) will be welcome to many English housekeepers, to whom it will introduce in a cheap and available form many of the simplest and most popular receipts of American cookery. The American *cuisine*, as most of our readers know, in so far as it is national, can hardly be called an improvement on our own. The pie which forms so important and universal a dish is simply abominable; whether made of pumpkin or apple, peaches or blackberries, it is equally unwholesome, oversweetened, and, for the most part, tasteless. But in variety of cakes and in the various forms of vegetable cookery we have certainly something to learn from our Transatlantic kinswomen; more, possibly, from the negro cooks of the South.

Where did Life begin? (13) is the title of an ingenious little monograph suggesting that, since the earth must have cooled faster at the Poles than at the Equator, life must have begun in and spread from the Arctic regions. The doctrine is supported by a variety of arguments, deduced partly from misconceived facts of physical geography, partly from imperfectly apprehended or misapprehended views put forth by such writers as Darwin and Wallace—especially the latter—regarding the distribution of animal and vegetable forms over the Old and New World.

Swinton's School Readers (14) deserve a mention, perhaps, but no more. The first and second, intended for young children, might be found acceptable in infant schools and nurseries; the later volumes of the series might better be replaced by any connected works of history or travel, or even of fiction, suited to a child's intelligence.

The Cleverdale Mystery (15) is a coarse and bad imitation of works that have attracted deserved attention, even more in England than in their native country; a clumsy, ill-constructed, ill-written story of political and personal dishonesty and corruption, with all the improbability and little or none of the vigour of caricature. *A Hero's Last Days* (16) contains some effective touches illustrating the feelings and views of worn-out veterans of the Confederate war and Southern planters of the last generation; but treats for the most part of religious and social, rather than political questions, and throws no new light upon any. The author's *Sequence of Songs* (17), again, derives its purpose and motive from the same source, but lacks the spirit and fire which could alone interest a new generation in the memorials of a great but half-forgotten conflict.

A Day in Athens with Socrates (18) contains translations of several passages from the *Protagoras* and the *Republic* of Plato, so far well translated as to give in tolerable English a fair idea of the meaning, if hardly of the force and spirit, of the original.

(10) *History of the Literature of the Scandinavian North, from the most Ancient Times to the Present.* By F. W. Horn, Ph.D. Translated by R. B. Anderson. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

(11) *The Poetry of other Lands.* Compiled by N. Clemmons Hunt. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

(12) *The Cottage Kitchen: a Collection of Practical and Inexpensive Receipts.* By Marion Harland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(13) *Where did Life begin?* A Monograph. By G. Hilton Scribner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

(14) *Swinton's I., II., III., IV., V., and VI. Readers.* New York and Chicago: Ivison, Blakeman, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(15) *The Cleverdale Mystery; or, the Machine and its Wheels.* By W. A. Wilkins. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. London: Trübner & Co.

(16) *A Hero's Last Days.* By Nepenthe. Columbia, South Carolina: W. J. Duffie. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

(17) *A Sequence of Songs.* By the Author of "The Golden Fence" &c. Columbia, South Carolina: W. J. Duffie. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(18) *A Day in Athens with Socrates.* Translations from "The Protagoras" and "The Republic" of Plato. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WHEN the reverend and eloquent Dominican who is the author of *Les Allemands* (1) tells us that he "refoulait sans hésiter les répulsions instinctives de son patriotisme," we know pretty well that he is likely to indemnify himself for the sacrifice. Père Didon resisted the repugnances of his patriotism to the extent of getting matriculated at Berlin; but he has made amends to them by publishing an eloquent patriotic sermon in three hundred pages. There is no need here to examine the correctness of his picture of the German Universities; it is, indeed, not a very novel one, and descends little into detail, the main point which seems to have struck him being the *camaraderie* of the students. His book is in effect an energetic, if not a vigorous, appeal to France to go and do likewise, or rather, as he puts it, to go and do better. The advice would be excellent if it were given in a somewhat less contentious spirit. To Père Didon the German University is one of the main causes which have given Germany the Continental primacy; and, as he is desperately anxious that France should recover that primacy, he would like France to imitate the German University. Again, it is difficult to repress a smile at the reproachful contrast which he draws between the secularization of French education and the ubiquity of theological studies and religious instruction in Germany. The latter country is not generally supposed to be a home of orthodoxy or of religious fervour. There is, however, an inspiriting earnestness about Père Didon and a kind of sanguine belief in his own ideals, even if they are nothing higher than the "primauté de la France," which is both refreshing and respectable. Perhaps he will give us a visit in our turn to see what morals he can get out of us for French improvement. If so, he will probably discover that his idea of Oxford and Cambridge as furnishing hardly any recruits to the professions is only one of those agreeable notions—very suitable for deductive purposes, but having no visible relation to the facts of the universe—in which Frenchmen so greatly delight.

M. Deschanel (2) has continued the task which he began in a volume on Corneille and Molière by publishing two volume of lectures on Racine. The apparently paradoxical title—*Le romantisme des classiques*—is fairly borne out by the contents, though it is of course merely an occasion for giving somewhat greater piquancy to a hackneyed subject and for indicating passages in which Racine is animated by something more and better than a merely "correct" spirit, besides showing in general what the tendency of his work is. The book is a better one than the Corneille volume, and will take a very respectable rank among Racinian literature. The author has the great advantage of being a reasonable worshipper, and it is not a disadvantage that, if he errs at all, he errs rather on the side of worship than of reason. For he does not for a moment pretend to the absurd position of those who say that no foreigner can understand Racine, that he is something so esoteric and sublime that only Frenchmen can appreciate him properly, and who, saying this, do not perceive that they are paying Racine about the worst compliment possible.

A careful and exhaustive book of travel on the country which M. Leger handles in his book on the Balkan peninsula (3) would be a really valuable thing, but we do not at present know that it exists. M. Leger's work is only a contribution towards it, but the author knows the literature of his subject well, and is no new traveller in Slavic lands. The occasion was a summer trip from Laybach to Constantinople in 1882. M. Leger appears to be somewhat on the Russian side in the Russo-Austrian quarrel for the peninsula, though he seems to hope for a united Bulgaria rather than for the success of either.

M. Perrier's "Zoological Philosophy before Darwin" (4), which appears in the *Bibliothèque scientifique internationale*, deserves honourable mention. In one volume of less than three hundred pages (even ample and closely printed ones) such a subject can of course only be summarized. But M. Perrier has executed his summary with knowledge and judgment.

The *Bibliothèque utile* of the same publisher has been increased by a brief sketch of palæontology, written by M. Zaborowski (5), who is a practised hand at this kind of compilation.

M. Jouaust has published, and M. Georges d'Heylli has edited, a very pretty reprint of *Le glorieux* (6), the masterpiece of a dramatist who was not only a dramatist, but a soldier, a diplomatist, a man of fortune, a great landed proprietor, and governor of a city. All these are good things when a man is alive; but perhaps when he is dead it is better that he should have written such good plays as *La fausse Agnès*, *Le philosophe marié*, and *Le glorieux*.

Collections of popular books of science are common everywhere nowadays, but the peculiarity of those which M. Rothschild publishes, and of which two are before us (7), is that they are got up like keepsakes or birthday-books, with gay bindings, red edges,

(1) *Les Allemands.* Par le Père Didon. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *Le romantisme des classiques—Racine.* 2 vols. Par E. Deschanel. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(3) *La Save, le Danube et le Balkan.* Par L. Leger. Paris: [illegible].

(4) *La philosophie zoologique avant Darwin.* Par E. Perrier. Paris: Alcan.

(5) *Les mondes disparus.* Par S. Zaborowski. Paris: Alcan.

(6) *Le glorieux.* Par Destouches. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(7) *Les animaux utiles.* Par R. Boulart. *Le microscope.* Par Hager et Planchon. Paris: Rothschild.

fine paper, and abundant illustrations. It is difficult to believe that this can have any bad effect on their matter, and it certainly improves their form.

M. Figuier's *Année scientifique* (8) is one of the books whose appearance it is only necessary to mention. The volume for last year appears in good time.

M. Henri de Parville's *Causeries scientifiques* (9), of which four annual volumes have just simultaneously made their appearances, are of the same class as M. Figuier's. Their articles, however, are written rather more in essay form, and the subdivisions are less numerous. They are thus less suited for reference, and more for continuous reading.

(8) *L'année scientifique et industrielle.* Par L. Figuier. Paris: Hachette. 1883.

(9) *Causeries scientifiques.* Par H. de Parville. 4 vols. 1879–1882. Paris: Rothschild.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, London, will hold at the Crystal Palace an International Exhibition of Arts, Manufactures, and Scientific, Agricultural, and Industrial Products. The Exhibition will be opened on St. George's Day, the 23rd of April, 1884, and will remain open for a period of at least six months.
Prospectuses, entry forms, and all information may be obtained from the Executive Commissioner, or any of the Official Agents.
The arrangements for the Fine Arts Section are under the direction of Mr. J. Forbes Robertson, 25 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, W.C.
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Particulars of salary, duties, and conditions will be sent on application to the Honorary Secretary.
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University Hall, Gordon Square, London, W.C.

SOCIETY of ARTS, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

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The COUNCIL of the SOCIETY of ARTS have had placed at their disposal, by Mr. WILLIAM WESTHARTH, a member of the Society, a sum of £1,200, to be awarded in Prizes for Essays on the above subjects.
The Essays must be sent in to the Secretary of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, not later than December 31, 1884. The Essays must be printed. No Essays can be received in manuscript. The Essays should be accompanied with such Maps, Plans, Drawings, &c., as may be necessary.
Further particulars may be obtained on application to the Secretary of the Society of Arts, at the above address.
H. TRUEMAN WOOD, *Secretary.*

TO MASONS and PAVIORS.—The Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City, on Tuesday, the 4th of March, 1884, at half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the execution of all such Works of Stone Paving in the carriageways and in the footways severally of the said City, as may from time to time be required during the term of three years commencing at Lady-day now next ensuing, upon the terms contained in a Specification which may be seen and copied at this Office.
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The Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept the lowest tender, or any, unless deemed satisfactory, and all tenders must be delivered in before Twelve o'clock on the said day of March.
The parties sending in proposals must attend personally before the Commissioners, or by a duly authorized agent, at half-past Twelve o'clock on the said day.
HENRY BLAKE, *Principal Clerk.*
Sewers Office, Guildhall, February 11, 1884.

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The Proposals, declined and not completed, amounted to £93,500.
The Claims for the year were £162,253, being £29,916 more than the corresponding sum for '82.
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During the year the sum of £19,620 was paid for the surrender of Policies. The values paid upon Bonus Policies ranged from 33 per cent. (the minimum surrender value to as much as 93 per cent of the Premiums received.
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THE FIRST STAGE OF THE FRANCHISE BILL.

THE Representation of the People Bill (which, in the absence of any scheme of redistribution, is not a Representation of the People Bill at all) has been read a first time by the House of Commons, and in another sense by the country; and its partisans are sanguine, or affect to be sanguine, of its success. The abundance of protestation on this head is indeed a little suspicious; and it is significant that defenders of this Radical measure hint that the term "service franchise" had better be changed, inasmuch as some persons in high position may benefit by it and will be disgusted at the term. The new and preposterous revival of the PRIME MINISTER'S Midlothian doctrine of Centrifugal Representation would have been incredible of any one but Mr. GLADSTONE. But it is not of these peculiarities, or of the aspect of the redistribution question, that it is proposed to speak in this place. Redistribution is indeed the point on which the fortunes of the Bill must turn; but for this very reason it requires separate treatment. Neither is it at present necessary to discuss the Bill clause by clause or line by line; there will be plenty of time for that. The important thing for the present, and in the interval between the debates on the subject, is to show how utterly false is the contention of some supporters of the Government that there is nothing to be said against the Bill in itself, and that opposition must necessarily take the form of a flank march. And besides this, it is important to show that the grain of truth which underlies this false contention points to what is in itself one of the strongest arguments against the Bill—to the fact that extension of the franchise has degraded political life as it is, and that further extension must degrade it more. There is no more erroneous assumption, if it be an assumption in good faith; there is no more impudent pretence, if it be an assertion made without belief, than that "there is no serious "opposition to the Bill itself in any quarter." It would be truer to say that there is no serious support of the Bill in any quarter except from one point of view—the view, namely, that it will afford the means of keeping one party in the State out of office for a long, if not an indefinite, period.

The proposition that the preamble of the Bill (if preambles were still in fashion) must be granted, that its principle is inexpugnable, must depend on several other propositions. These are—that because one man has the franchise, another in similar circumstances has a right to it; that the existing franchise does not afford a proper representation of the nation; that the candidates for electoral privileges are earnestly demanding them; that practical inconvenience arises from the difference of borough and county franchise; that the result of recent extensions has been so excellent that a further dose of the same medicine cannot but benefit the patient; that the present Parliament was distinctly charged to carry out such a measure; that the qualifications and deserts of the new voters to be are such as to make it a scandal that they should not be able to vote. Every one of these propositions may be traversed, with a certainty of upsetting it in the judgment of an impartial judge. The abstract argument which heads the list is not of a kind which has ever been admitted in England, and it would not in itself command the votes of a hundred men in the House of Commons. That the present Parliament is not the best of all possible Parliaments may be contended with considerable reason, but hardly by those who constantly assert that it is; while, on the other hand, those who find fault with it certainly do not so find fault because it represents too restricted a constituency. As for popular agitation, the desperate efforts of the Caucuses have produced nothing but cut-and-dried resolutions from the already enfranchised voters; while, except in one or two large boroughs of modern date, which would in any case come in sooner or later for enfranchisement, an utter apathy prevails among the freemen of the future. No practical inconvenience of any kind has been pointed out by the most enthusiastic reformer. So far from the Parliaments elected since 1867 being superior to the Parliaments before that date, two out of the three are held by one party in the State, and the third by the other party, to have been exceptionally maleficent Parliaments; while reasonable men of both parties agree that the business faculty of the engine as a whole, its manners, its debating ability, its independence, have been steadily deteriorating, and have required (according to Liberals) or served as a pretext for (according to Conservatives) measures previously undreamt of and unneeded. It is categorically false that the present Parliament was elected to enlarge the franchise; it is false even that enlargement of the franchise was in 1880 put at all prominently before the constituencies. Lastly, it is notorious and not denied that the larger number of the proposed new voters are, politically speaking, in the last stage of ignorance and incapacity. The very partisans of the Bill imply this by their favourite argument that the best way to make a man capable of exercising the franchise is to give it him. On every point, then, the assumption or assertion that the Bill cannot be opposed in front is false and unfounded.

But if it be the case that there is in any quarter a reluctance to oppose the Bill directly (and it is not necessary either to assert or deny that it is the case), no inference favourable to the proposed measure can be drawn from this, but the reverse. For most certainly there is no lack of arguments against the Bill—the arguments sketched above will take something more than the present strength of Radical debating power to answer them seriously. It is not less certain, it is indeed admitted by the adherents of the measure, that there is plenty of genuine dislike to it abroad, plenty of desire to oppose it in any and every way possible. If, then (to stick to the hypothetical), despite the abundance of argument against the Bill and despite the abundance of ill-will to it, there is any reluctance to oppose it directly, it is necessary to look for some special reason for this. It is not necessary to look very far. Indeed Mr. GOSCHEN indicated the cause in a speech which would have been wholly admirable if it had not been sicklied over in parts with the very half-heartedness and irresolution which he exposed and deplored. If Conservatives meet Mr. GLADSTONE'S new and overwhelming addition to the electorate with evasive and temporizing tactics; if Liberals who are known to have the heartiest dislike to the scheme proclaim their adhesion to it, and reject the refuge of a Cave, where, if a man is outcast and discontented, he may at least be independent and free; if, in short, there appears to be a great ox on the tongue of Parliament—what does this mean? It means simply that the enlargement of the constituencies has already impaired the independence, weakened the backbone, stifled the *parrhesia* of the House of Commons; and it means that a further repetition of the same error cannot but be followed by an aggravation of the same consequence. There may, indeed, be some reason for thinking that members on both sides have allowed themselves to be

unnecessarily frightened; that even yet, and even in the largest constituencies, there is scarcely a genuine fancy for the creeping things of the Caucus—the submissive delegates who take Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S orders from Mr. SCHNADHORST'S lips. But undoubtedly there are more of this vermin in the present House of Commons than there ever has been before, and there is more tendency on the part of members who are not actually crawling creatures to give up the erect posture. There is, therefore, every reason to resist the Bill, and there is no valid reason for considering resistance hopeless. The present electors generally care nothing about it: and, though they might possibly be spurred up to care by a new Midlothian campaign, such a campaign of necessity implies a dissolution. The unceasing mismanagement of the Government in foreign affairs has been saved from its natural consequences by the fortune of England, and from its artificial consequences by the devotion of the Liberal majority, many times already. But Nemesis is a good stayer; and even a few bye-elections like that of Brighton, though they could not transfer the numerical majority, would so shatter it that Mr. GLADSTONE could no longer dare to expose it to the tremendous strains of such a division as that of Tuesday fortnight. In short, there is fair reason for trusting that delay will be a means sufficient to effect the desired and desirable end. No reasonable person objects to the gradual redistribution of seats as the change and growth of population requires, to the gradual increase of the electorate as new classes of men rise to a position in which it is suitable that they should share in the Government of the country. A Reform Bill of fair pretensions might be drawn up by transferring twenty seats from Ireland to the English and Scotch counties, by grouping some of the smaller boroughs and allotting the seats thus set free to the unrepresented or insufficiently represented towns, by enlarging the area of the districts which have household suffrage, and so forth. But the present scheme aims at nothing like this. It aims, either from a doctrinaire love of uniformity, or from mere restless desire of change, or from a dishonest intention to manipulate the springs of political power, at nearly doubling the electorate by the addition of vast numbers, most of whom do not want the franchise, a majority of whom are unfit for it, and a considerable minority of whom are certain to use it in the interest of the enemies of England.

REDISTRIBUTION.

MR. GLADSTONE will not succeed in evading the question of a redistribution of seats by his arbitrary postponement of legislation. He has indeed himself furnished ample materials for an inevitable controversy. In his long experience of indirect and tortuous policy he has not surpassed in ingenuity the partial disclosure of his future intentions which was contained in the latter portion of his speech. Expressing, as he said, only his own personal opinions, he reserved to himself the right of seeming, if necessary, to be overruled by his own Cabinet, and he left his colleagues at liberty, if he should himself no longer hold office, to repudiate professions which were intended to serve the immediate purpose of pledges, and at the same time to involve no responsibility. The most extraordinary part of the statement was the undisguised overture to the enemies of the Constitution which has since been accepted by Mr. PARNELL and his adherents in the spirit in which it was proposed. Mr. FORSTER has shown that, in a representative scheme founded on population, Ireland would lose twenty members; and attention has since been called to the rapid increase of the population of Great Britain, while in Ireland numbers are stationary or declining. An adjustment made with reference to any other test of fitness would be much less favourable to Irish pretensions; yet, in accordance with the precedent of Kilmainham, Mr. GLADSTONE proposes to buy Mr. PARNELL'S support by a large concession to be made at the expense of England. The representation of Ireland is not to be reduced; and in consideration of the iniquitous compact, the HEALYS, the SEXTONS, and the BIGGARS will support the Bill for the extension of the franchise. They have assuredly no reason to be dissatisfied with their bargain, as the Franchise Bill will itself increase their electoral power by 200 per cent. As the Greek saying runs, wrong is prolific of wrong, and injustice multiplies itself. The bribe to Ireland is to cost nothing to Scotland or to Wales, evidently because both parts of the kingdom return majorities for Mr. GLADS[illegible]. As an excuse for favouring Scotland, he has reproduced [illegible] amazing theory, first propounded in Midlothian, that districts remote from the capital are entitled to a larger proportionate representation. It is impossible to refute, and even to examine, a merely chimerical proposition. Mr. GLADSTONE adds that the Southern and Western parts of England are to be mulcted for the benefit of the North, probably because they are the most Conservative parts of the kingdom. The suggestion of an increase in the whole number of members will probably be withdrawn when it is found to be generally unpalatable.

A probable result, and perhaps an object of the separation of the two measures which are to constitute one great electoral revolution, seems to have been hitherto overlooked. The Radical section of the Cabinet cannot fail to anticipate the difficulty of obtaining the sanction of the present Parliament to a sweeping project of redistribution. It may consequently be deemed expedient to provide a more suitable instrument for the promotion of democratic change. The addition of two millions of labourers, operatives, and artisans to the constituency will bring, as the modern phrase is, within the range of practical politics the whole or a principal part of the scheme of distribution which has been often explained by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. MORLEY. If a complete project had been brought forward by the Government, the advantages and the evils of redistribution would have been balanced against arguments bearing on the franchise. Mr. GLADSTONE prefers to make a large addition to the strength of his party before he engages in a struggle of which under present conditions the issue might be doubtful. It is true that he held out to the House the prospect of dealing with redistribution in the next Session of the present Parliament; but he must be fully aware of the probable occurrence of events which he thought it unnecessary to anticipate in his speech. When the Franchise Bill has been carried, any hesitation on the part of the House of Commons in accepting the Ministerial scheme of redistribution will be at once punished by dissolution. It is even possible that, if the Government hesitated to appeal to the country, the Radicals would plausibly dispute the right of a self-condemned Legislature to undertake an organic change in the Constitution. In either case the process of redistribution would fall under the control of a House elected under the new system, and the members elected exclusively by the class which depends on weekly wages might not improbably resolve on the formation of equal electoral districts. Mr. GLADSTONE professes not to object to such a measure on principle, but he foresees that it might at present complicate his corrupt bargain with the disaffected Irish members.

When the Franchise Bill is once passed, Mr. PARNELL and his allies will be fully able to take care of themselves. They will undoubtedly coalesce with any faction which attempts to reserve the question of redistribution for a Parliament elected by the new constituency. One general election will enable them to dictate the form and the extent of redistribution. With ninety or a hundred disciplined followers at his back, Mr. PARNELL may compel any Government to redeem Mr. GLADSTONE'S unscrupulous promises to himself, and at the same time to disregard the hesitating pledges which he offers to the House of Commons. Having secured to Ireland more than its share of representation, the Nationalist faction will be able to trade with English parties which may be tempted to purchase its support. Four hundred thousand occupiers of mud cabins will be represented by demagogues who will not even profess to regard the welfare of the Empire. As they will have no direct interest in the distribution of electoral power in Great Britain, they will make terms with the most unjust and most profuse of competing political stewards. The general result will perhaps be the same if the Nationalists at once cast in their lot with the revolutionary faction. In that case the advocates of proportional representation, or of other checks on democratic despotism, will find themselves powerless against the Irish contingent. It is true that devices for the protection of minorities are not in any case likely to succeed; but Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Mr. COURTNEY, Mr. FAWCETT, and those who hold similar opinions would not wish to be summarily supported by a packed Irish vote. It is important that politicians who still retain a trace of independence or a conscientious scruple should understand the impossibility of defending themselves when once the Franchise Bill has become law. It is with the enlarged constituency, and its

representatives in England, Scotland, and Ireland, that they will have to deal.

It is not merely for the purpose of exposing the sinister designs of the Ministry that it is desirable to consider the inseparable connexion between extension of the franchise and redistribution of seats. The action of the House of Lords may not improbably be determined by the question whether an appeal is to be made to the old or to the new constituency. The existing Parliament must deal, at least in the first instance, with the Franchise Bill; and the party managers already proclaim their purpose of organizing outside agitation in its support. If their efforts succeed, resort to a dissolution will only have postponed the acquiescence of the House of Lords in the popular verdict. According to modern constitutional practice, the decision of the House of Commons, deliberately ratified by the electors, is recognized as conclusive. An entirely different question arises when one half of an indivisible measure is for party purposes detached from the other. It is for many reasons probable that any scheme of redistribution which can be devised will be unpalatable to constituencies threatened with swamping or disfranchisement, and to those parts of the kingdom which will see that Irish disaffection is rewarded by an undeserved boon. It may in the course of the impending debates be made clear to all reasonable politicians that Mr. GLADSTONE and his confederates intended that the most vital portion of their scheme shall be referred, not to the constituency which raised them to power, but to an electorate composed of five millions of voters instead of three millions, and including the lowest class of Irish peasants. Many Liberals, who are for various reasons prepared against their will to accept household suffrage, will draw back when they find that the existing constituency may probably not be consulted on the not less important question of arranging electoral districts. They have now received warning that Mr. GLADSTONE will, for the sake of a party bargain, deviate from the equal application of rules framed by himself. It is certain that the Irish Nationalists, with a potent voice in the adjustment of conflicting claims, will regard neither the public interest nor justice. In demanding that both the Franchise Bill and the principle, if not the details, of redistribution shall be submitted to the constituency, the House of Lords will be countenanced by a respectable section of the Liberal party, and its conduct will be unanimously approved by all moderate politicians, though some of them may shrink from the open avowal of their convictions. Mr. GLADSTONE correctly appreciated the real opinion of the country when he warned his supporters that a complete measure which might be contained in a Bill would never become an Act. His inference that it was better for his followers to take what they could get may have been well suited to the purposes of a faction, but it was scarcely calculated to persuade a dispassionate Legislature. In assuming that the Distribution Bill would be introduced in the next Session, he showed himself a skilful rhetorician; but the whole course of the debate on the first reading proved that even the delay of a year is condemned by the judgment of independent Liberal members.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF TEB.

IF the second battle of Teb be regarded exclusively as a military event, it is, putting aside the sympathy which must be felt with the families of the brave men who fell, almost entirely satisfactory. Of all the battles which the English army has fought for the last twenty years, it was, with the partial exception of Ahmed Kheyl, the best contested. The uncivilized adversaries of the English troops had, besides numerical advantage and a dauntless bravery, an armament by no means despicable, even according to civilized notions, and sufficient science to assume a fairly correct military defensive. On the side of the victors the tactics were good and the movements executed with precision and vigour. All soldiers will think, and most soldiers will certainly say, that a small detachment of Horse Artillery could have executed the task assigned to the cavalry with far less loss of precious life and with even greater strategical effect. But it is hardly to be regretted that Englishmen had an opportunity of showing that they were the masters of their opponents at a hand-to-hand fight. The story of the battle (putting aside the folly of the *Standard* Correspondent, who apparently took Miss RHODA BROUGHTON for his model of style, and affected to describe a battle in the present tense) has been well told, and is thoroughly creditable to its heroes on both sides. Fortunately Providence came to the aid of Lord WOLSELEY, and by enabling a sufficient number of time-expired men and regiments *retour des Indes* to be employed, repaired the impossibility of "salting" the troops after the fashion adopted in the last Egyptian campaign. Thus the lovers of short service have an opportunity of praising young troops, and the lovers of England are able to rejoice in a battle where long service supplied the indispensable element of stability. The proportion of killed and wounded officers was—as always now—very heavy, but this has its advantages as well as its drawbacks. The conduct of the English troops after the battle contrasts in the most desirable manner with the brutal massacres after victory which Russians and Frenchmen have recently indulged in under somewhat similar circumstances. In short, General GRAHAM and his troops, young and old, army, navy, marines, and volunteers (for the services of General BAKER and Colonel BURNABY will not soon be forgotten by Englishmen, and the marines, as usual, suffered most disproportionate losses), deserve the very best thanks and congratulations of their countrymen. A good fight well fought, well won, and well lost is in this unsatisfactory world one of the most satisfactory things to actors and spectators of healthy body and mind, and the second battle of Teb was a very good fight indeed.

At this point, unluckily, the critic must stop, if he is to continue laudatory. The second battle of Teb was a good battle, but the policy which brought it about appears worse and worse by the very results of the battle itself. Speaking exactly, about six thousand Arab and Egyptian men, women, and children—probably more—together with some scores of Europeans, have now lost their lives, for no other reason in the world than because Mr. GLADSTONE refused to abandon his shilly-shally policy in the beginning of January instead of in the middle of February. It is now nearly certain that the Arabs would not have fought against Englishmen if Englishmen had been brought into the field when Mr. GLADSTONE was urged and prayed to bring them; it is absolutely certain that, if they had fought, a single conflict would have spared the butcheries of Teb No. 1 and of Sinkat. It is obvious and confessed that the last action was simply a consequence of the previous refusal to act, and the nominal "relief" of Tokkar is simply a gross abuse of language. You cannot relieve a place already captured, and Tokkar had been captured long before the Leap-year battle. But this is not all. The success of last week, with its additional libation of Arab and English blood, appears to have only hardened Mr. GLADSTONE'S heart. He relapses into shilly-shally under cover of General GRAHAM'S feat. What this means every one except Mr. GLADSTONE knows. It means that the blood of Teb will have been shed in vain, and that General GRAHAM'S work will have to be done once more, twice more, or any number of times more that the patience of England allows. Moreover the PRIME MINISTER still refuses, confident in his unblushing majority, to say definitely what the Government means to do in Egypt. He points to his vote of confidence, and says that the House has approved the policy of the Government. In the debate which Colonel STANLEY has very properly brought on, though it was impossible for him to conclude with a definite motion, Mr. GLADSTONE excelled himself in obstinate adherence to meaningless formulas, in refusing to acknowledge facts, and in asserting that a policy which no one has yet been able to define is definite. On this point a fair challenge is possible. Let any unofficial member of the Liberal party possessed of intelligence, say Mr. JOHN MORLEY or Mr. GOSCHEN, Mr. FORSTER or Mr. HENEAGE, rise and say what he has understood the policy of the Government to be. If he succeeds in giving any full and intelligible account of it, without promptings and without repudiations from the Treasury bench, Mr. GLADSTONE'S vaunt shall be admitted as sufficient. But the utterances of his colleagues and his followers on every occasion show clearly that it was not sufficient. "Pretence of freedom from responsibility" and "the fiction of an Egyptian power which does not exist," are not the words of a Tory partisan; they are the words of Mr. PETER RYLANDS, and, though it would have been well if Mr. PETER RYLANDS'S votes and his words agreed better together, there is at least no fault to find with the words. The responsibility which did not exist at Sinkat, but which sprang into existence in some incomprehensible manner at Tokkar, is characteristic of the whole action of the Government.

But, if the intentions of the Ministry as to the Eastern Soudan are unintelligible, they are lucid and definite compared to its intentions as to the Central and Western. For some ten days past, though in constant and easy communication with General GORDON, Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues have refused to give any information whatever as to General GORDON'S proceedings. Not only will they say nothing about the slavery proclamation, which is now almost ancient history, but they will say nothing about the singular declaration that he has "sent for English soldiers." Mr. GLADSTONE knows nothing of LUPTON BEY, though LUPTON BEY is a Vice-Governor of the Soudan, and a special envoy of HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY is Governor-General thereof (after it has been given up, and a Governor-General is thus an absurdity). As to facts, perfect silence is observed officially. Unofficially, the telegrams from Khartoum may be said to leave *Ælia Lælia Crispis* a long way behind as exercises for exegetic ingenuity. One day it is said that the tribes laugh at General GORDON'S proclamations, that his influence beyond Khartoum is *nil*, that his emissaries cannot get up the river, and so forth. Within a few hours it is said that the MAHDI is in ecstasies at being appointed Sultan of Kordofan, that he is going to settle down to quiet Sultanry, with a hundred wives at least, and that he has sent his orders in all directions to cease fighting. And this valuable intelligence is made more valuable by the information that "the road from Souakim to Berber is open"—which, as a matter of fact, it is not, and which the writer could not have known if it were. Then all this is supplemented with a suggestion that the great slave-hunter and filibuster ZOBEIR (certainly and without any irony a very capable person) shall be appointed Governor by the Power which has formally abdicated government, and with the information that General GORDON expects a servile war in the country within a twelvemonth. This is the *pax Britannica* which Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy is to bring on the Soudan! And it must be remembered that this cheerful *pot pourri* of contradictory evil tidings (the news of the MAHDI is as evil as any other; for so surely as he behaves in the manner here described, will some other Mahdi take his bishopric) does not come from the first-comer. All news arriving from Khartoum is semi-official, if it be only the indiscretion of semi-officialism. It is apparently held by some people that the intention of these singular despatches is to force Mr. GLADSTONE'S hand, and obviate the absurd policy of withdrawal from the Northern gate of Equatorial Africa. It may be so; and the supposition at least supplies an explanation of what is otherwise inexplicable. But so long as the Government, continuing to express the utmost confidence in General GORDON, refuses to take any notice of what General GORDON is doing, so long as a majority in Parliament supports them in the policy of alternate slaughter and scuttle, and so long as the country tolerates a majority which behaves in such a fashion, it is to be feared that a series of interesting enigmas in the telegraphic columns of the *Times* will not produce much effect. The Brighton election, following on the greatly-increased majority against West Somerset, was a lesson no doubt; but the lesson must be repeated and emphasized, if the waste of money, of life, and of political chances, almost more precious than either, is not to go on.

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.

IT is natural that political tendencies which may be originally unconnected should sometimes tend to combine. The result of convergence is in such cases to give an artificial impulse to movements which may be useless or mischievous. An instance of the process may be found in two or three recent experiments and projects. The repeated attempts of special interests to obtain representation in the Cabinet have at first sight no connexion either with schemes of legislative disintegration or with the devolution of the functions of the House of Commons to large Standing Committees; yet all these proposals have lately become mixed up, especially in a late speech of Mr. GLADSTONE'S. The substitution of Committees of eighty members for Select Committees of ten or twelve seemed to have no political object; nor was there any reason why the scheme should be favoured or opposed by either party. It is generally agreed that the experience of last year left the expediency of the measure in doubt. The Committee on Trade dealt successfully with the Bankruptcy Bill and the Patents Bill, while the Committee on Law, notwithstanding the able conduct of the inquiry by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, proved to be entirely abortive. It is probable that a further trial may throw additional light on the capacity and utility of large Committees. Many members think that issues which create wide differences of opinion must be reserved to Committees of the whole House; but that the details of a measure generally approved may be advantageously discussed by a representative body of delegates.

All parties are ready to concur in the appointment of one or more Standing Committees for the present Session, though there may perhaps be a difference of opinion as to the selection of the measures to be referred. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Merchant Shipping Bill has produced so much angry feeling that the discussion of the clauses in a large Committee might perhaps cause inconvenience. In this case an attempt will be made to restrict the inquiry to a Select Committee, on the plausible ground that it may be necessary to examine witnesses. A more important consideration is the probability that, even if the Bill is reported with amendments, the shipowners will insist on reviving the discussion in the House. Large Committees have many disadvantages in comparison with smaller bodies; and their only compensating merit is the authority which they may be supposed to possess. The Bills which were last year approved by the Committee on Trade passed through their subsequent stages without discussion. Wherever a similar result may be reasonably anticipated, the new system will have justified itself. Mr. GLADSTONE is responsible for a certain prejudice which has been raised against Standing Committees by his frequent and gratuitous eulogies of the doctrine of devolution. It is not unnatural that a Minister who has more than once tampered with the privileges of the House of Commons should be perhaps unjustly suspected of meditating further encroachments. In a late debate or conversation he intimated an intention to apply his favourite machinery to political or party purposes for which it is not adapted.

The transformation of a body charged with the duty of adjusting clauses into a subordinate local Legislature would be a more startling innovation than a mere increase in the numbers of Committee-men. Mr. PARNELL lately tempted Mr. GLADSTONE into a confession that such a perversion of the practice of devolution is not altogether foreign to his thoughts. The Home Rulers were certainly not sanguine enough to suppose that their audacious demand would be conceded by the House; but Mr. PARNELL has often succeeded in extracting from Mr. GLADSTONE virtual admissions that his most extravagant proposals include an element of justice. It would be idle to oppose the formal establishment of Home Rule if Mr. PARNELL'S scheme had been thought reasonable or practicable. A Grand Committee of Irish members, charged with the examination and control of Irish measures, would easily assume the character of an independent Parliament. It was apparently for the purpose of defiance, under colour of flagrant injustice, that Mr. PARNELL proposed to exclude the members for the University of Dublin. It happens that at the present moment Mr. GIBSON and Mr. PLUNKET are the most distinguished of all Irish members; and even if it were necessary for the University at a future time to content itself with less able representatives, it would be certain to return respectable and loyal politicians. It is true that in a Committee dominated by Mr. PARNELL'S followers the members for the University would find themselves out of place. The motion was, of course, not meant to be carried; but Mr. PARNELL succeeded in extorting a kind of vague concession from Mr. GLADSTONE. He seemed not disinclined to impart at some future time a local character to the Grand Committees. His Government has already given injudicious encouragement to provincial aspirations for a kind of legislative independence. The Welsh Sunday Closing Bill has, according to the statements of those who are acquainted with the facts, not accomplished the object of diminishing intemperance; but it will serve as a precedent for the retrograde policy of treating Wales as a separate province, though it had always been an object of prudent legislators to complete the assimilation of the Principality with the rest of the United Kingdom. The praiseworthy and successful efforts of zealous Welsh patriots to establish local colleges may not improbably be found to narrow the education of local students. In no other part of Great Britain are prejudices more obstinate or ignorance of the world more universal. It would have been equally inexpensive, and probably more beneficial, for Welsh students

to frequent English Universities or collegiate institutions; but on these points a difference of opinion may naturally exist, and those who have made sacrifices for the expected advancement of their countrymen or neighbours deserve credit for their labours. Separate legislation for outlying parts of the kingdom is far more objectionable. The present Government has done its utmost to extend the process, though it has happily not yet succeeded. In the last Session Sunday Closing Bills for Cornwall and some other counties were supported on behalf of the Government by the HOME SECRETARY. A Scotch, a Welsh, or an Irish Grand Committee would perpetuate the application of a thoroughly vicious principle.

It is strange that it should be thought proper to give Ireland the privileges of a separate province or dependency, while the Ministers shrink in horror from a suggestion that the wholesale enfranchisement of a disaffected multitude is the indispensable consequence of the doctrine of equal and uniform legislation. It is possible that Mr. GLADSTONE'S ambiguous hints may have been expressions of a merely passing thought; but the oddest of his fancies sometimes survive the occasion which has given them birth. A few of his admirers and of his critics remembered the outrageous Midlothian paradox about the adjustment of Parliamentary representation to the distance, or perhaps the square of the distance, of an electoral district from London. No human being expected the repetition of the fantastic theory in his late speech on the Franchise Bill. It is impossible to feel confident that he may not hereafter embody in legislation his famous denunciation of grandfathers, or the project of local Grand Committees. It happens that plans of provincial legislation coincide in time not only with the new mode of Parliamentary procedure, but with an intermittent and yet obstinate agitation for the creation of new executive departments. It seems almost certain that a few Scotch projectors will succeed in obtaining the appointment of a Cabinet Minister to discharge some of the duties which have hitherto appertained to the Lord Advocate, or during the earlier part of the present administration to an Under-Secretary of State. When the question was discussed during the last Session, the Scotch members differed widely from one another as to the details of the measure, though few of them were disposed to object to the creation of an office which must be held exclusively by Scotchmen. A Scotch Grand Committee would provide the new Minister with a little Parliament of his own. It is true that the Scotch members have, with the connivance or approval of the House, generally settled by arrangement among themselves non-contentious local business. A formal reference of the same matters to a separate authority would alter the operation of the present system, and it would give an undue advantage to one political party. Mr. GLADSTONE himself has on more than one occasion plainly indicated his just disinclination to multiply Cabinet offices. A year ago he adroitly baffled the absurd demand for a Minister of Agriculture by giving a new title to the President of the Council and to the Chancellor of the Duchy. He seems likely to be more pliable in the matter of the Scotch Minister; but he has not yet consented to convert the President of the Board of Trade into a Minister of Commerce. Division by provinces is still less admissible than the creation of new departments.

THE TWO ARISTOCRACIES.

TWO funny and rather inconclusive articles in the *National Review* describe two aristocracies. The first article, by Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, tells us all about the "Aristocracy of Letters." The persons who compose this illustrious society are those who, in the past or present, resemble or have resembled Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN. MILTON, SHAKESPEARE, and, we presume, blind THAMYRIS and blind MÆONIDES, are members of this community. "We are all "going to Heaven, and VANDYCK is of the company," said the dying GAINSBOROUGH. "We are all in the Aristocracy "of Letters, and MILTON is of the company," says, or seems to say, the living Mr. AUSTIN. Here are the very words of this distinguished writer:—"It follows that in proposing to "supersede a Republic or rather Rabble of Letters—in "which rabble are to be found not a few lords and ladies, "and even some princes—by an Aristocracy of Letters, one "is merely proposing that there should be an open and "perfectly accessible upper house of literature to which "any writer will belong whose watchword is Honour, and "who uses his pen with unwavering respect both for it and "himself. I think the suggestion thus set forth will not "seem either reactionary or repugnant to those writers, to "those of my own kith and kin, whose ear I want to gain." Mr. AUSTIN later defines "his own kith and kin" as "men "of letters" at large, but here he seems to take a higher tone. Before a man can enter the Aristocracy of Letters, as it appears to us, he should not only respect himself, and that "pen" of which PENDENNIS spoke so much, but he should also possess literary genius. He should not only be morally of Mr. AUSTIN'S "own kith and kin" (though that is a great advantage), but he should also be able to write, and should have something to say. The tiniest of minor poets or playwrights, the most stupid and ignorant of journalists, may (though perhaps it is not probable) have "Honour" for his watchword. But this admirable moral quality will scarcely place him where MILTON and where DRYDEN are. It is easy to agree with Mr. AUSTIN when he objects to the familiarity of much modern work, to the button-holing style in which the writer is always prosing about himself. When the Aristocracy of Letters protests against "excessive familiarity or vulgarity of style," we are all on the side of the Aristocracy of Letters. But that noble body must be discriminating as well as haughty, or what becomes of MONTAIGNE? Mr AUSTIN himself (modern authors will regret to hear) "finds most English books of to-day hard "to read, because of their style." We know not what books Mr. AUSTIN has read. Of course Mr. AUSTIN finds HOMER and CICERO, SOPHOCLES and VIRGIL, easy to read. If he does, why does not this aristocrat fall back upon them? Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD somewhere advises us to study as little contemporary literature as possible. Though the style of the author of *Friendship's Garland* sometimes verges on familiarity (as in the description of "the cock of Lord "ELCHO'S hat"), surely the author of *The Strayed Reveller* belongs to the Aristocracy of modern Letters. Very well, Mr. AUSTIN can confine his studies to the writings of his own kith and kin. Mr. ARNOLD'S, Mr. BROWNING'S, Lord TENNYSON'S works are surely good enough for him. The question arises whether these members of the Aristocracy of Letters, these men of genius and of honour, devote much time to perusing the works of their intellectual cousin, Mr. AUSTIN. An enthusiastic singer once addressed Mr. SWINBURNE as "brother, my brother, my strong "sweet brother." Perhaps Mr. AUSTIN will appeal to Mr. ARNOLD as "my sweet light brother." We take it for granted that Mr. AUSTIN is not too haughty to recognize Lord TENNYSON, Mr. BROWNING, Mr. ARNOLD, and Mr. RUSKIN as members of the Aristocracy of Letters. There are, fortunately, in our realm very many others who have not bent the knee to BAAL, and who certainly respect both their pens and themselves and their readers, though perhaps they may not claim kin with those typical aristocrats, MILTON and the late Lord LYTTON. The conclusion of Mr. AUSTIN'S remarks (which do not lead to any very practical proposal) is that "a writer may fail utterly, aye, and fail even to the "end, and yet belong to the Aristocracy of Letters.' This must be a great comfort to writers who fail, but most of them prefer success, without troubling themselves much about aristocracy. Besides a writer who fails is infinitely more likely to belong to the proletariat of letters, a highly respectable body but wholly destitute of genius, without which the twy-peaked hill can never be won. But let us all by all means write, as Mr. AUSTIN bids us, "in a dis-"interested temper and a dignified style," especially in a disinterested temper. Let us avoid the besetting sin of literary men, of all artists, the love of disparaging our betters, the TENNYSONS and BROWNINGS, the Immortals in whose age it is a privilege for us poor scribblers to draw breath.

The Aristocracy of Letters is a somewhat shadowy and, as we think, somewhat scanty community. We have already hinted that genius, no less than honour and excellent intentions, are necessary to him who would belong to the upper house of literature. Now literary genius is so rare that perhaps it has been given to only seven or eight living Englishmen. But the Aristocracy of birth and wealth is a big palpable body, whose ways Lady JOHN MANNERS describes in the *National Review*. "You eat too much, "you drink too much, you smoke too much," said a severe Don to his pupil. We may add, in Lady JOHN MANNERS'S own words, that, in addition to all these excesses, the Aristocracy of wealth and birth is "chippy" too much, is "jumpy" too much, is "rushed" too much. To quote another moralist and acute observer, this Aristocracy "frivols too

"much," in this respect being quite unlike the austere Aristocracy of Letters.

"There we sat the whole day, feasting on unspeakable "abundance of meat and sweet wine." So says HOMER, whenever he has a chance: it is thus that he describes the manners of the Achæan aristocracy. All aristocracies are barbarians, says the sage of Chobham. All barbarians eat and drink as long as they possibly can, says the anthropologist. Lady JOHN MANNERS finds that the Aristocracy of wealth and birth keeps up the barbarian habit, and feeds in the fearless old fashion. Half a century ago "the meal was of long duration and heavy in character; "frequently the potations succeeding it lasted for a con-"siderable time." They did, indeed. "TULLYWHACKET'S "looking gey glum," said a guest to his host when potations had lasted for a considerable time. "He may weel "look glum; he has been wi' his Maker thae twa hours," the host replied. Lady JOHN MANNERS doubtless knows that, however often people eat and drink now, they ate and drank far more, and longer at a stretch, in the past. Rich people, with good constitutions and very little brains—nay, people with plenty of brains, like Prince BISMARCK—always will eat and drink a great deal in Northern climates. Consider how they fed two hundred years ago. "The Compleat Cook, expertly "Prescribing the most ready wayes, whether Italian, "Spanish, or French, for dressing of Flesh and Fish, order-"ing of Sauces, or making of Pastry" (London, 1668), lies before us. This work tells us what our ancestors devoured. Here you learn how "To make the best Sausages that ever "were eat," "To make a Pumpion Py," "To make a Pud-"ding of a Calves Chaldron," "To fricate Champigneons," "To dresse a Pig"—a whole pig—"the French manner," "To bake Red Deer"—whole red deer, apparently—you parboil it, and lard it very thick. Finally, our fathers "make a fat Lamb of Pig." Lady JOHN MANNERS will admit that our forefathers ate a good deal, and what they did eat was pretty solid. The present aristocracy of wealth and birth, however, do what their fathers did not; they consume huge hot luncheons when they are engaged in shooting. This mixture of gormandizing and sport is disgusting and unsportsmanlike.

As to "jumpiness," "chippiness," and "being rushed," as to extravagance in dress, and so forth, they have always existed, they always will exist, they have always been preached at, they always will be preached at, in the days of NOAH, in Egypt, Assyria, Rome, France, England, in every wealthy, luxurious society. Lady JOHN MANNERS's sermon is more amusing than most; but the austere OUIDA has long preached, from the same text, in the wilderness. Both censors of our customs and cookery will admit that we have advanced in refinement since the age of CHARLES II. Our cookery-books no longer contain, like *A Queen's Delight* (1668), "a receipt for making Damnable Hum." Some censors will say that the recipe has been exalted from the kitchen to the study, and that the profane dainty is too constantly served up in our literature.

THE SHIPPING BILL.

THE meeting of shipowners at the City Terminus Hotel gave expression to the growing dissatisfaction felt with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S new Shipping Bill. The speakers had nothing much to add to what has been already said; but their position as the chiefs of a great industry, and the fact that many of them were members of Parliament, gave additional weight to the general complaints of the shipbuilding trade. It does not sensibly diminish the importance of their protest that their avowed object was not entitled to much sympathy. There are much more effective ways of opposing the Bill than agitating for its reference to a Select Committee. The shipowners may pardonably shrink from directly opposing a measure which is calculated to secure a good deal of popular support. Not a few of them share the reluctance of Lord RAVENSWORTH, who, in a letter to the Chairman, confessed that he had preferred to keep in the background. His motive is likely to influence a good many people in these days, when a good sentimental end is held to justify the most doubtful means. Lord RAVENSWORTH frankly said, "I do not wish to place "myself in a position of direct antagonism to this "Shipping Bill, because the object sought is one we all "seek—namely, the saving of life and property at sea by all "reasonable means." The shipowners, who are threatened with legislation which is likely to do considerable damage to their property, have strong motives for not allowing their feelings to damp their opposition; but they doubtless feel preference for a line of action which leaves them as little open as possible to invidious charges. On these grounds, probably, they have decided not to say openly that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Bill is a bad Bill, but only that Parliament is not sufficiently well informed as to the facts to be entitled to legislate on the matter at all. We think that their choice of a line of defence is unfortunate for more reasons than one. It is not the case that the necessary knowledge is wanting. The condition of the shipping trade has been inquired into officially and unofficially in the most elaborate manner for years past. A mass of information on the subject has been collected and is to be easily got at. If Parliament is not by this time competent to deal with the matter, it is certainly not for want of being able to get at the facts. Moreover, an attempt to refer the Bill to a Select Committee is eminently likely to excite that popular disapproval which the shipowners wish to avoid. It is impossible to deny that a Select Committee is supposed, and not wholly unjustly, to be a species of shelf, on which measures, if they are laid there at all, are very likely to remain for ever. The attempt of the shipowners to secure one may plausibly be represented by the agitators who stand and wait for the sign from the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE as the underhand manœuvre of men who cannot decently make an open fight. There are signs that the day of the agitator is passing away; but the shipowners will be well advised to run no unnecessary risks. The Bill contains doubtful matter enough to warrant an open opposition, and its adversaries will find that the most courageous is also the wisest way of fighting it.

There was little direct criticism of the Bill in the speeches delivered in the City. The shipowners present confined themselves for the most part to expressing the natural indignation of honest men who are subject to a sweeping charge of dishonesty of the basest kind. They naturally paid very little attention to the disclaimers of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has repeatedly declared that the great majority of shipowners are honourable men, and that his sole object is to frame a measure which they would certainly approve for the punishment of the small minority of offenders. These fine words, however, have been followed by a Bill which will condemn everybody engaged in the shipping trade to carry on his business under a supervision rather stricter than any which is exercised over a ticket-of-leave man. The probable sufferers by this stringent measure prefer to look to his deeds rather than his words. One of the speakers called attention to the thirty-third clause, which provides that the members of a joint-stock Company registered as owner of a ship will be liable for damages, for further calls (after the whole of their capital has been paid up) in two cases. They may be called on to indemnify the crew of their own vessel if a disaster has been caused by one of their own officers, and to do as much for the crew of another ship which has suffered by the bungling of their captain. The liability will extend to loss of goods as well as personal injury. There is nothing in the Bill, whatever may be Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S private intentions, to show that the owners would not be held responsible for an error of judgment on the part of a captain, or even the mistake of a quartermaster, who put the helm the wrong way, and so caused a collision. It is manifest that if this became law, a shipowner who had chosen his master with the greatest care would still run the continual risk of being called on for immense sums, which might in a conceivable case amount to nearly a quarter of a million. As the Correspondent of an evening paper justly insists, such a state of things would be a direct encouragement to bad seamanship, and, therefore, intensify the terrible risk proposed to be added by the Bill to the many already inseparable from the shipping trade. Even if the principle of the Employers' Liability Act is extended to merchant shipping, it will be absolutely necessary to define the responsibility of the owner with a precision which is nowhere attempted in the Bill.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has perhaps good reason to be surprised at the reception given to his Bill. He must have calculated on a steady opposition from the shipowners; but he can scarcely have foreseen its extent, and still less can he have been prepared for the trifling amount of popular support his Bill seems likely to obtain. Even the sailors seem wholly indifferent to it. The pilots, who feel themselves

threatened by the abolition of compulsory pilotage, have already inflicted a deputation on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to complain, and he must be aware that they are the representatives of an important part of the seafaring class. Among the minor questions raised by the Bill, that of compulsory pilotage is not the least interesting. The shipowners will probably ask to be told how the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE proposes to deal with the liability of a British shipowner whose vessel has been lost abroad, with a foreign pilot whose services are imposed on the captain by the regulations of the port. But, if an agitation for the Bill does not spring up of itself, it can be made. The popular impression in the constituencies to which Mr. JOHN MORLEY referred in the meeting in Cannon Street as a reason for supporting the Bill, altogether independently of its merits, may be worked on. Accordingly, we hear that Mr. PLIMSOLL, who has done the Cabinet yeoman's service already, is to be summoned from abroad to help in the present difficulty. Then, too, there is the never-failing resource of Birmingham. The Trades Council of that enlightened city has already forwarded Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the usual resolution which it keeps at the disposal of its member, calling on him in the name of the people to go his own road fearlessly. In his answer the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE takes his revenge for the compulsory civilities of Newcastle. He works the familiar commonplaces about the "powerful and most formidable phalanx" of shipowners, and the scattered and oppressed British seamen. It is more than probable, however, that this attempt to lash up the sentimentalists of the country may prove a failure. As Mr. CHAMBERLAIN must know by this time, an ungrateful nation is getting heartily sick of the guidance of Birmingham. Mr. PLIMSOLL is no longer the tower of strength he was. Worst of all, the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE has had already to confess that he had been wrong. He has been compelled to make concessions in the matter of insurances, and they are not concessions of detail. They prove clearly enough that the framer of the Bill had mistaken the conditions of the question he was dealing with. Even if the sailors grow clamorous, it is doubtful whether much of an agitation could be got up in the present tired and confused state of the constituencies. There are too many things to attend to. And it is not probable that the sailors will trouble themselves much about the new Shipping Bill. Their idea of a Bill is too *naïf* for practical purposes. What they want is a good severe law compelling their employers to give them twice their present wages. For such small matters as the regulation of insurance and indemnities for injuries, which they could only get by a law-suit and a good deal of trouble, they are mainly indifferent.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

IT is said to be the intention of the Cabinet to submit a friendly, but firm, remonstrance to the American Government on the subject of the plots formed against this country by Irish emigrants in the United States. We have had too much experience of the present Cabinet to have much faith in the firmness of its action even when the lives and property of British subjects are at stake; and, if the representations which may be made by the British Minister at Washington prove successful, the result will assuredly be due not to the energy and decision of HER MAJESTY'S present advisers, in which the American people is far too shrewd to have any belief at all, but to the fact that all respectable Americans are disgusted that their country should be made the home of murderous conspiracies against a friendly and kindred nation. We are now so familiar with the methods to which the disloyal Irishman naturally has recourse that our sense of their extreme baseness and turpitude is apt to get blunted. Crimes of which no civilized people is guilty when in a state of open war with another; crimes which, if committed in a state of war, would justify and require wholesale reprisals, are now planned and contrived against this country in the territory of a friendly State. Had the recent dynamite plot proved successful, a number of men, women, and children would have been killed and wounded, most of whom would have been as responsible for what occurs in Ireland as for what occurs in Kamtschatka, and some of whom might even have been ardent sympathizers with Mr. PARNELL. It is fortunate that the executors of the plot proved to be as clumsy as they are wicked, and that the mischief actually done has fallen far short of their intention. The subject, nevertheless, is one that cannot be treated lightly by reasonable men on either side of the Atlantic. Future plots contrived against us in the United States may prove more successful than those which have hitherto failed; and an outbreak of popular indignation may take place which would do more than impair those friendly relations between the two countries which have happily grown up of late years.

The Americans, like ourselves, are a long-suffering people; and, like ourselves, they have suffered many things from the Irish. There is no other country in the world in which the Irishman is less admired; for there is no country in the world, except Ireland itself, which has had so much experience of him. Unfortunately, he is a factor in American politics which those who dislike him most cannot afford to leave out of account. In all parts of the United States the Irish vote is too valuable to be lightly thrown away; and this is especially the case in the large cities in which the Irish immigrants congregate, in which the Irish conventions are held, and the newspapers of which especially represent the Irish cause. There is a limit, nevertheless, to what the average American politician will connive at in order to please his Irish supporters. It must also be borne in mind that the new form of warfare to which the disloyal Irish have had recourse is one almost as dangerous to Americans as to Englishmen. Dynamite is indiscriminate in its action, and is a material which needs also to be treated with caution; and in the hands of bunglers, such as those who were at work at the railway-stations, it may chance to explode at the wrong time and in the wrong place. Suppose—and it is no improbable supposition—that a portmanteau full of dynamite, belonging to an Irishman about to quit America for Europe, were to go off at the Fifth Avenue Hotel; or suppose that he got his dynamite on board one of the great steamers, filled with Americans on their way across the Atlantic, and that it exploded there—we may be sure that the whole subject would at once present itself to the American mind in quite a different light from that in which it now appears. But, even without such practical lessons, the people of the United States, we believe, will recognize that the proceedings of the Irish in America are not offences of a political character, but simply crimes against humanity.

It is said, indeed, that much of the dynamite used by the Continental anarchists is also imported from America; and in this case England is not the only country which will have ground for remonstrating with the American Government. Neither the action of the latter, nor indeed the real sentiments of the people, can justly be inferred from the tone of certain American papers. It is an understood thing in American politics that as little as possible shall be said which might estrange the Irish vote, and the rule is observed by politicians of all parties. When it comes, however, to a choice between displeasing the worst class of Irishmen in America, or refusing to perform a plain act of international duty, we cannot imagine that the Government of the United States will hesitate for a moment. It is easy, indeed, to overrate the influence of the Irish in America. They are influential enough to be flattered, but by no means influential enough to determine the policy of the United States, which in foreign affairs invariably represents the general feeling of the country. There is no question that this feeling is in the main friendly to England, and there is no question that, whatever theoretical opinions many Americans may hold on the subject of Home Rule, the means which have been employed to attain it are viewed with as much abhorrence by Americans as by Englishmen. It may well be doubted whether, by refusing or delaying to discharge its international duties, the American Government would not lose far more popular support than it would gain. The mass of the American people have certainly no wish to be engaged, in an unrighteous cause, in a dispute with any European country, and least of all with England. The crimes prepared on American soil, though political hatred may lie at the root of them, are clearly not political in their character. It may indeed be argued that the assassination of an individual in whom a political system is incorporated differs in kind from an ordinary murder; though for ourselves we fail to see why the murderer of a Russian Emperor, an American President, or an Irish Secretary should not be dealt with precisely as any other assassin. Nevertheless, a sophistical plea may be brought forward in favour of such a distinction. But the plea is simply ridiculous when put forward, as it recently has been by a New York news-

paper, on behalf of the authors of the recent outrages. They are, to the best of their ability, carrying on from American soil organized war, not against the English Government or its officers, but against the English people. It is a war, too, in which no feature of treachery, cowardice, or atrocity is wanting. Its avowed object is simply to terrorize, if it can, the English public; and it is just as much, and just as little, "political" in its character as the burning of defenceless cities or the massacre of women and children would be in a state of declared warfare between civilized States.

We should do the people of the United States injustice by supposing that they have not the intelligence themselves to make these obvious reflections. Nor, if our own Government presents its case with propriety, is there any reason to think that its representations will be met in an unfriendly spirit. It must be remembered also that, although race, religion, and history have much to do with the present estrangement of England from Ireland, not a little of it is due to the communistic or anarchical craze which is now more or less epidemic in all the civilized countries of the world. Thus in Ireland the feeling of Celts against Saxons, of Catholics against Protestants, and of those once ruled against those who were once their rulers is reinforced by the antipathy, old as human nature, but of late stirred and trained into fresh activity, of those who have no property against those who have. Of all the blunders which can be laid to the charge of the Government, whether in home or in foreign affairs, the greatest is this—that it has set an example, under humanitarian pleas, of interference with the hitherto admitted rights of property, and has thus for the first time raised communism into a serious power in English politics. The Irish legislation of the present Government has prepared the way, among considerable classes in this country, for the acceptance of theories such as those which Mr. GEORGE has made current. It is not sufficiently recognized that, together with causes special to Ireland, one source of Irish discontent is the same which stirs to similar acts of brutal violence the artisan of Paris or Vienna and the peasant of Croatia or the Romagna. It is not as the enemies of any one Government in particular, but of all government whatsoever, that the American people will come to recognize and to treat not a few of their Irish fellow-citizens.

THE SALE OF POISONS.

PUBLIC attention has been attracted so much of late to Ministerial messes, to African massacres, and Fenian explosions, that there seems to have been very little to spare for a crime probably unequalled in England since the days of PALMER at Rugeley. A series of the most atrocious murders has been detected at Liverpool, where, for a paltry gain, two women have poisoned their nearest and dearest relatives. They were found out after a long career of probable but unascertained crime. One of them, it is reported, confessed as much. There must, we feel sure, be numberless undetected cases as long as the sale of poisons is permitted as at present. The Liverpool poisoners might have gone on with their operations for years to come if it had not been that long impunity produced carelessness, and carelessness clumsiness. So far as the law would have interfered they need never have experienced any difficulty in obtaining their supply of drugs. That they have been found out, convicted, and executed is a small matter. They can be hanged but once, and the investigation and trial went into but one case. But the whole affair reminds one of the danger incurred by the public owing to the present laws regulating the sale of poisons. The question of insurance is a serious one, but we need not enter upon it here. The question of the sale of poisons is a much more serious one, and just now the law is practically in abeyance as regards it.

We are therefore glad to hear that Government has taken up the subject. A Bill is before them, and will shortly be brought into the House of Commons. The Act of 1868 is a dead letter, yet it is the only protection we have at present. The older and more respectable chemists, with their full pharmaceutical licences, are being superseded by stores, grocers, and all kinds of unauthorized dealers. The old-fashioned chemist could and did know or guess what was in these compounds; he could and did exercise his judgment in selling them, so that no harm done by them could be brought home to him. But the association which manages a Co-operative Store, or the uneducated dealer in drugs, or the grocer's assistant who can now sell them, are altogether in the dark, and may provide a sick man with the very drug required to "complete the case." There is much, in fact, to be said against the entire system of stamping the so-called patent medicines. The Royal arms on the cover give them a kind of Government sanction, which undoubtedly imposes on the uninformed. That the same paternal and benevolent body which insists on vaccination, pure milk, and sanitary arrangements in general, gives its official stamp to many dangerous narcotics and to virulent poisons supposed to counteract gout, cancer, and other diseases is enough with many people to recommend them as innocuous. Professor ATTFIELD wisely suggests, and not an hour should be lost in adopting the suggestion, that the stamp should be abolished, and that the loss of revenue thus occasioned should be made up in a greatly increased charge for licences to sell patent medicines. As a fact, there is no real patent. If the inventor of a nostrum was obliged to register the drugs he uses and the process, as in ordinary patents, the case would be very different. Some old medicines were thus entered on the Patent-books years ago. But the modern quack medicine is a secret. We cannot expect every one who sells a bottle with a Government stamp on it to go to the expense of having the stuff analysed. Patent medicines may remain as they are—proprietary; but they should not have the sanction implied—in the minds of the general public, at least—in bearing a Government label. A patent medicine containing poison should be labelled poison, and it should be labelled, not by the retailer, but by the original maker, so that in case of harm ensuing from the use of it the retailer may have his remedy against the maker. There is no inherent difficulty in such an enactment. The retailer of watered milk, if he is fined, can recover against the producer under the Sanitary Acts; and it would be easy to make a similar arrangement in the case of dangerous medicines.

There is another point to which attention should be directed. At present the wholesale houses have no restriction placed on the sale of any poison which they can sell to the retailer or to a medical man. The case of Dr. LAMSON will be remembered. He applied to a chemist for aconitine. It was refused; and he then went to a wholesale house in the City and obtained what was sufficient for his purpose. True it was only one grain; but that would be enough to poison half a dozen adults. This was, therefore, strictly speaking, a wholesale transaction, and as such was very severely commented upon by the learned judge who tried the case at the Old Bailey. The greatest difficulty, however, will be found in dealing with what are sometimes described as statutory poisons. These are a very frequent cause of accidents. A metal-worker sends out for a few pence worth of vitriol. It is probably brought him in a cup. It is set on the table among the children. The utmost danger is incurred. The action of vitriol is so pronounced that even a child is not likely to swallow much; but a poisonous dose of carbolic acid may be taken without any immediate inconvenience, and the number of fatal accidents from this cause alone is sadly on the increase. When a chemist sells it, he labels it; but the drysalter has it among his oils and varnishes, and sells it without a word of warning to the buyer as to its dangerous qualities. In cases like these, since we cannot prohibit the sale of drugs necessary in the arts, we should insist on their being at least labelled "Poisonous" as a warning. It is not possible for the law to prevent lawless people from committing crime, but it is very possible to mitigate the chances of accident. If a man must have arsenic to commit suicide or murder, he will get it, like Mrs. FLANAGAN, from fly-papers, or perhaps from wall-papers. We can only deter him by the example shown at Liverpool on Monday. But the state of the law is to blame when a child swallows a mouthful of vitriol, or when sugar of lead is put into a pudding. We may go further, and refer to the enormous infant mortality caused by the administration of various kinds of soothing syrups. One well-known medicine of this kind is credited with a round dozen of deaths annually. Scarcely less shocking is the mortality from over-doses of narcotic poisons among adults, and it is reported to be largely on the increase. These are things which should not be allowed to happen, yet they do happen constantly and are reported daily in the papers. It is much to be hoped that the Bill when it comes before the House may be found to contain full provisions on these points, as well as

on the licensing question and the other incidental matters of minor importance. The State is directly to blame when a preventable accident occurs, and it is indirectly to blame when the poisoner finds the drug he wants ready to his hand.

THE CONGO TREATY.

THE signing of the treaty with Portugal published a few days ago is not the least remarkable fact performed by the present Ministry in the course of its wonderful diplomatic career. When the state of things on the Lower Congo was brought before the House of Commons by Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, the Ministry promised—that is to say, Mr. GLADSTONE promised—that Parliament should be consulted before any definite settlement was made. It would appear, however, that the PRIME MINISTER was only speaking for himself on this as on various subsequent occasions. The promise is to be kept to the ear but not to the hope of Mr. JACOB BRIGHT. Parliament is to be so far consulted that the treaty will be laid before it, but for acceptance, not for approval. The document has been already signed, and is therefore binding on the country; and the House of Commons will have to choose between accepting it or passing what will practically be a vote of want of confidence in the Ministry. The manœuvre is smart—so smart that the Cabinet may discover to their surprise that even their obedient majority can grow restive at being put between the Devil and the deep sea for the seventh or eighth time. Looked at in itself, the treaty is good enough. The limits of Portuguese sovereignty are confined within bounds which may be described as modest when compared to Portuguese claims. The rights of British traders are secured as well as pen and ink can do it. They are to have the same rights and to pay the same dues as the subjects of Portugal. Protestant missionaries are to be at liberty to try to convert the natives, uncontrolled by Roman Catholic authority. Burial-grounds are to be set apart for the decent burial of such as do not die in the fold of the Church. All these and other personal rights are amply provided for—in words. Some guarantee is given that the native chiefs will be defended from arbitrary eviction. By a clause which limits the cherished sovereign rights of Portugal in a remarkable way, an English officer is to accompany every expedition undertaken by the Portuguese against the blacks, apparently as a species of superintendent charged with the duty of seeing that the treaty is duly carried out. International courtesy requires that the control should be mutual, and accordingly it is stipulated that a Portuguese officer shall accompany any English gunboat which has to make an expedition in the waters of the Congo. Finally, the slave trade is to be rigidly forbidden.

If nobody but the two high contracting parties were concerned in the matter, and both were equally to be trusted, the treaty might be acceptable enough. Since we do not intend to establish a protectorate on the Lower Congo ourselves, it is just as well that some settled authority should be set up as a defence against the intrusion of adventurers. A better keeper of the peace than Portugal could easily be imagined; but it is there, and if it is not very wise or high-minded, it has the quality—most useful from our point of view—of being weak. The Portuguese will talk most magnificently about their sovereign rights and national dignity; but in the long run they can be made to do as they are told. As a matter of fact, however, the high contracting parties are far from having the field to themselves. The Ministry may be excused for shirking plain speaking in the matter, but everybody knows very well that Portugal is being used in this case as a scarecrow to frighten away the French. We had always refused to recognize the rights of our little ally until M. DE BRAZZA appeared on the Congo, and began founding colonies with small tricolor flags and fraudulent ground leases. Now our official eyes have been miraculously opened to the justice of the Portuguese claims. That may be a very convenient course for us to take, but it remains to be seen whether the French Government will agree to it. From the point of view of Paris it looks very much as if we had generously given what we never possessed. The logical French mind will doubtless put the matter somewhat as follows. Either the Lower Congo belongs to England or it does not. If it does, why is Portugal called in? If it does not, then this treaty binds only the English and the Portuguese. It does not follow—indeed it is highly improbable—that France will offer any practical opposition; but it has an undoubted right to refuse to join in the arrangement. Like ourselves, till the other day, the French have always refused to acknowledge the rights of Portugal; and if they continue to do so, which is at least possible, the Congo will not be much nearer settlement than before. Of course, in the last resort we can always support our policy by offering any opponent the alternative of war. As, however, it was in our power from the first to have our own way on the Congo, it is not very obvious that we have gained anything by hampering ourselves with the alliance of Portugal. It is, no doubt, well that a stop should be put to enterprises like those of M. DE BRAZZA, and that there should be some authority entitled to maintain order on a trade route of growing importance. It is our interest, and therefore our duty, to provide for both; but only a Ministry which has a species of passion for the use of dummies would think that anything is to be gained by setting up such a feeble keeper of the peace as Portugal. The treaty, perhaps, strengthens the *locus standi* of England on the Congo; but it only does this at the price of engaging England in heavy and partly vicarious responsibilities. Now vicarious responsibilities are among the most fruitful sources of trouble.

The displeasure of France, though it has been pretty loudly expressed, will probably evaporate in words, at least for the present. When the House of Commons comes to discuss the Ministerial arrangement, it will have plenty to do in inquiring how far we can rely on the loyal co-operation of the Portuguese. Our experience of the validity of treaties contracted with Spain and Portugal is not calculated to inspire members who feel inclined to look behind the polite phrases of diplomacy with much confidence. It is not to be recommended that we should treat a Power with which we are negotiating with discourtesy; but a well-grounded want of confidence is an excellent reason for not making any treaty at all. It would most assuredly be justified in the case of Portugal. We have only to remember how the treaties for the suppression of the slave trade were carried out by the Peninsular Powers, and we have very recently had some striking examples of Portuguese good faith. If the Portuguese interpret the treaty to our disadvantage, if in spite of their promises their priests interfere with the missionaries, if their Custom-house officials refuse to hold the balance even between English traders and their own countrymen, and that is their habitual practice at home in the face of the most solemn guarantees, the English Government will have to deal with a host of disagreeable international questions. It is a commonplace that the Portuguese consider their colonies as preserves to be rigidly guarded for themselves, and it is a dream to suppose that their rooted convictions will be upset by this brand-new treaty. They will, if they are to be judged by their past conduct, consider their concession as the price promised for the recognition of their ancient rights, and only to be paid under pressure. Even, however, if Portugal must be trusted to behave with loyalty, there is a part of the Bill which the House of Commons ought to condemn severely. It is provided that English traders shall be on the same footing as the subjects of Portugal. The provision looks equitable, but those who know how petty and vexatious the Custom house and trade regulations of Spain and Portugal are will understand at once that this apparent security for the freedom of commerce will really impose severe restrictions on our merchants in the Congo valley. It is to be hoped that these and other considerations will be well threshed out in the House of Commons before it approves the action of the Government in setting up a Khedive on the Congo to match the burdensome dummy which we are continually trying to prop up on the Nile.

THE PARKS RAILWAY.

IT does not need much knowledge of London geography to detect the fallacies in the case set up for the "Park "Railway and Parliament Street Improvement Bill." The first glance at a map showing the course the proposed line is to take reveals at least two. In the first place Parliament is adjured to pass the Bill in order to benefit the working classes. They are forced, it is said, by the difficulty of finding house room to live further and further from their work, and the only way in which they can be enabled to do this is by giving them railways to take them to and fro. It is edifying to note how much more this argument weighs with

a railway when it is still in the hands of promoters than after it has become a working concern. Railway Companies for the most part keep their anxiety to provide workmen's trains under very strict control; indeed it is chiefly by the bribe of a remission of the Railway duty that they have been induced to do what they have done in this direction. But a Company which has still to face a Select Committee sets no bounds to its enthusiasm for artisan humanity. The directors' one ambition is to carry the working-man; the tickets they dream of have "Parly" marked on their foreheads; their modest profits are to be drawn from third-class trains plying in the early morning and the late afternoon. The Metropolitan Company is no exception to the rule. In the present inchoate stage of the railway across the Parks the directors are only sustained in their labours by the thought of the good they are going to do. Apparently, however, they have a very low opinion of the intelligence of Parliament. They have no fear that a Select Committee will know enough of the subject to ask how the new railway proposes to do good in this particular way. Before any railway can give a man much help in getting from his home to his work, his work must be at one end of the line and his home at the other. Before the Parks Railway can give this help a man's work must be in Westminster and his home in Paddington. Unfortunately for the Company's argument, neither district answers to the description we are asked to accept of it. Westminster is too settled to provide employment on a very large scale. Paddington, though it abuts on districts in which an increasing number of working-men live, is not itself such a district. New railways may very likely be wanted to bring workmen nearer to their work; but a railway across the Parks is not one of them. North, west, and south of the Inner Circle Railway there are vast tracts of houses, nearly every inhabitant of which lives by the labour of his hands. Railways which connected these districts with the Inner Circle would be of positive value, because, if there is work to be done at Westminster, it would bring the men to do it from the places where they really live. On this head, therefore, the promoters of the Parks Railway Bill are clearly mistaken. Their philanthropy, admirable as it may be in itself, is philanthropy on a wrong scent. Parliament will be doing them a kindness if it prevents them from trying to benefit a specific variety of their fellow-creatures in a region where that specific variety is not to be found in anything like remunerative numbers.

The second plea put forward for this railway is the relief of London traffic. In a sense, of course, every new means of locomotion takes off the strain in some degree from the means which already exist. But, as between one scheme and another, the Parks Railway is curiously ill adapted to do anything of the kind. A break of station in a city is like a break of gauge in a railway system. It is a continual block. The Metropolitan Railway Company propose to create a break of station of a very remarkable and unexpected kind. Their Westminster terminus will be within a few yards of the Westminster Bridge station of the District Railway, but it will not be under the same roof. Passengers arriving at the Parliament Street station and wishing to go further east will have to come to the surface and cross Parliament Street in order to find the District train. There is something strangely perverse in this refusal to unite two lines so intimately connected as the Metropolitan and the District are at so many points at the point of all others where a junction would be convenient. Of the crowds which the Company expect to carry between Paddington and Westminster, a considerable percentage will have come from or be going to the District stations nearer the City. Why should every one of these passengers be compelled to add to the crowds already to be found in Parliament Street? Whether the object is to spite the District Company or simply to save expense, no Bill which contains such a provision should be allowed to pass. The first interest of railway travellers is that the number of through journeys which it is possible for them to make should be increased. The next is that, where this is impossible, the trouble of changing carriages should be minimized. Parliament is now asked to sanction a scheme which goes against the interest of travellers in both respects. The crowded state of the District line would of itself prevent through journeys; but there can be no need that the passenger who wants to go from Albert Gate to the Temple should have in the course of his journey to employ a policeman to convoy him across Parliament Street. If ever the Bill goes before a Committee, it is to be hoped that those who sit in judgment on it will bear in mind the remark of the Board of Trade:—"The railway proposed by this Bill will "not join any other railway, but will form a terminal station "at Westminster. This would be in some measure in con-"travention of the spirit of the recommendation of the "Lords' Committee of 1863, and of the Joint Committee of "1864, and would not give to the public those facilities for "transit which would be afforded if a proper continuous "communication with the present underground system "were provided for."

Of course the interference with the Parks which this Bill sanctions is represented as a thing never under any circumstances to be repeated. But there are at least two other lines which are quite certain to be made under Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, if once the principle of letting the navvy into them is conceded. There is to be a station at the Marble Arch and a station at Albert Gate. Now from the Marble Arch to Notting Hill, and from Albert Gate to Kensington, the traffic is very large; and if the Metropolitan Company are so anxious to carry passengers from Westminster, where they can only feed the District system, why should they not carry them from the Marble Arch to Notting Hill Gate, and from Knightsbridge to Kensington High Street, where they will feed their own system? Every argument that holds good for a railway across Hyde Park holds good for a railway by the side of Hyde Park; and the same economy which suggests carrying the one line across the Park instead of along Park Lane will suggest carrying the other two inside the Park railings instead of along the Bayswater and Knightsbridge Roads. We are likely, therefore, to have ample opportunities of finding out how far trees and turf really like that process of "cutting "and covering" to which it is proposed they should be submitted. Now what is the consideration which the public are to receive for running this risk? It is simply this, that the necessary approaches to the Houses of Parliament are to be made in part at the cost of the Metropolitan Railway instead of at the cost of London or of the nation. London, that is to say, is too poor, England is too poor, to bear the expense of widening Parliament Street and making certain improvements in the Government offices; and, in order to raise the money, part of the soil of the Parks is to be sold. Was there ever a more discreditable confession for a great city and a great nation to make? If neither the Metropolitan rates nor the Consolidated Fund can endure the additional burden, let us have a "Park Saturday," with the officials of the Woods and Forests sitting at the street corners and rattling their money-boxes. It might, indeed, be thought a disgraceful exhibition of national poverty, but it would be preferable to selling the right to cut and carve the national estate. There is some chance that the Bill may break down on a technical point. It is not clear that all the necessary consents have been obtained, or that some of those which have been obtained are not in excess of the powers vested in them. But, welcome as a technical defeat would be, a defeat on the merits would be still better; and we think that we have shown sufficient reason why the Bill deserves this latter fate.

ICE-YACHTING IN AMERICA.

ICE-BOATING is the king of American winter sports. To those who have never seen ice-boats the records of their achievements in the way of speed read like the wildest dreams of Jules Verne, and a description of the sport of sailing on one sounds like the ravings of a lunatic. By him who has mounted the windward runner of one of these skeleton craft and felt her suddenly rush forward over the ice, while the swirling blast heeled her over until he was lifted high into the air and felt as if he could by loosening his hold of the shrouds swing far off into the measureless air, the sensations are never to be forgotten. Now the boat, fanned by a moderate breeze forward of her beam, glides peacefully and smoothly along the dark surface of the ice. Now she is put about, and with a strong wind on her quarter, she dashes madly forward. The black ice, with the bubbles of the water underneath clearly visible, and the cracks here and there, becomes a dark, gleaming mass, silvered over with lines of flying white. The iron runners whisper a humming song as they skim over the ice. Now she strikes a windrow and the scales of white ice go flying in every direction. Now the wind is on the beam, and the boat "rears" until her windward runner is at an angle of 45°; and again she rights herself, and the man who stands upon the runner-plank, clinging to the weather-stays, feels as if he had left half of himself up in the air from which he has just descended with such an indescribable motion. Now the sky darkens; clouds sweep up from the horizon; the wind comes tearing down the grey

mountain-sides, bearing in its bosom that mad whirl of blinding white called a snow squall. The sharp blast strikes you in the face, and stings; the driving, pitiless snow beats into your eyes; the wind howls and whistles through the wire rigging, striking it into music that has all the wild dissonance of the Æolian harp. The stricken craft starts and shivers through all her timbers, and bounds forward into the midst of all the strife and writhing of snow and wind, and you are swept onward at top speed through the fathomless gloom. The wind roars out of the mainsail, blowing twenty-five miles an hour. Yonder comes the Albany express train, thundering along the river-side fifty miles an hour. The engineer may throw open his throttle-valve, and send his engine to its greatest speed. He can manage seventy miles an hour, and the train rocks and reels and roars over the steel rails. But you are gliding in an enchanted land. As steadily and as easily and as silently as yonder bird you skim along, and even the mighty steam-engine falls behind; for are you not on an ice-boat? And seventy miles an hour becomes a gentle pace beside your wondrous flights at the rate of eighty and even ninety!

Before going further into an account of this marvellous sport, it is natural to inquire what is an ice-boat? Makeshifts have been attempted both in America and elsewhere (we believe) by help of cutter-yachts of small size shod along the keel with steel runners. These, however, are clumsy and inartistic devices. The true ice-boat is a thing by itself. Englishmen have looked with astonishment and distrust upon the American trotting-waggon, with its light body and web-like running gear. What should we say to a yacht whose total weight was 850 pounds? It seems incredible, yet such is the weight of an ice-yacht measuring fifty feet over all. She consists of only a few slender, but strong timbers, sitting close to the ice and looking for all the world like a huge water spider, with a sail on her back. The chief timbers of an ice-yacht are arranged in the form of a letter T. The perpendicular line of the letter represents the centre timber, which runs from the foot of the mast to the stern of the boat. The horizontal line of the letter represents the runner-plank, on each end of which is an iron runner very much like a large skate. Indeed, it is usually called a runner-skate. On the top of the runner-plank is the mast-bench, in which the mast is stepped. From the stern end of the centre timber side rails run diagonally to points about halfway between the mast and the ends of the runner-plank. One or two braces cross the centre timber from one side rail to the other. Mortised into the forward end of the centre timber is the heel of the bowsprit. In order to get an idea of the proportions of an ice-yacht we here give the dimensions of a good-sized boat that sails on the Hudson:—Length of centre timber, 26 feet 9 inches; length of runner-plank, 19 feet 3½ inches; length over all, 50 feet 10 inches; sail area, 538½ square feet; requisite thickness of ice for sailing, 4 inches; cost of building, $450 (about 90*l.*).

We have purposely omitted three of the main parts of the hull of an ice-yacht. These are the runners and the rudder. The runners are fastened between chocks of white oak by an iron bolt, which acts as a pivot, allowing the runner-skates free play up and down like a rocker. This is, of course, very necessary in passing over uneven spots in the ice. A rubber spring is frequently inserted over the skate to ease the jolting. The runner-skate is made of white oak and is shod with iron. The whole contrivance looks much like the profile of a foot with a skate on it. The curve in front is high to admit of easy passage over rough spots. The iron is bevelled, and must be quite sharp. All first-class yachts have two sets of runners, one very sharp for smooth ice and strong winds, the other somewhat duller for rough or soft ice and light winds. The boat is steered by a rudder-skate. This is a runner, like the others, set on the end of a rudder-post and turned by a tiller, as in a water-boat. This skate must be very sharp, in order to take a good hold on the ice. The boat has a small cockpit—or box, as it is called—for the accommodation of the helmsman. This completes the hull, which, it will be seen at once, is a mere skeleton. The timbers are usually of white pine, ash, or spruce, and may be oiled, decorated, or mounted with nickel plate and brass trimmings, according to the owner's taste and means. The rig is usually that of a sloop-jib and mainsail, though the cat-rig, consisting of mainsail alone, is not uncommon. The lateen rig has been tried with success, but the sloop rig maintains its position as the favourite. The standing rigging is generally constructed of the best wire rope, and the running rigging is made as simple as possible. The appearance of one of these boats is much like that of a catamaran. The skeleton-like construction of the hull, the smallness of the deck-room, the low position of the bowsprit, and its utter want of "steve" (or lift), all combine to give the boat this appearance. The jib is very wide and runs far out in front, the hoist of the gaff at the peak is knowing, and the boom projects aft in a significant manner. The whole cut and build of the boat makes her look like just what she is—a racing-machine pure and simple. The expert yachtsman, who had never seen an ice-boat before, would, at the first glance, decide that one of these vessels had light heels.

From what has been said of an ice-boat's speed it may be inferred that accidents are numerous. Such, however, is not the case. At the present time so great is the skill of ice-yachtsmen that a mishap of any kind worse than a frost-bite is rare. The sailing of an ice-yacht is totally different from that of an ordinary water-craft. The best sailor who ever manned a wheel would find himself at a loss on an ice-boat until he had learned her peculiarities. Her sheets are always hauled in and her mainsail trimmed flat aft. If the wind is on the beam and is so strong as to make her slide sideways or "rear up" too much, the boom is sometimes let off a foot or two. The steering of an ice-boat is a novelty to an old sailor. She minds her helm so easily, and the helm itself is so easily turned, that at first one is filled with wonder; yet when one remembers that there is a rudder ploughing through heavy, opposing masses of water, but only a hard, sharp piece of iron gliding over a surface of perfect smoothness, it does not seem so strange after all. The helmsman then needs a cool head. Too sudden a twist of the tiller, while flying over the ice, will spin an ice-boat round almost on her own centre, and will probably result in hurling the crew off into space. Steering among obstacles, such as hummocks or cracks, requires the greatest care. First the boat is headed so as to spill (or lose the wind, and then she is run across the crack at right angles so that both runners will go over it at once. The speed of an ice-boat makes it necessary in cases of emergency to have a way of stopping her quickly. Of course she can be stopped, and generally is, by running her into the wind's eye. She can be stopped suddenly by luffing into the wind and then turning the rudder-skate straight across the stern, when it scrapes the ice and acts as a brake. An ice-boat, going at an ordinary rate of speed, can thus be stopped in twice her own length. This method is a great strain on the boat, and is employed only in cases of great need. An ice-yacht is anchored offshore by heading her into the wind, loosening the jib-sheets, and turning the rudder crosswise. To start an ice-yacht from this position, the jib sheet is hauled in, the stern swung round, and she is pushed ahead until the sails fill. The helmsman is the only person who occupies the box or cockpit. The crew stand on the windward runner, and balance themselves by holding the shrouds. This keeps the windward side down, and relieves the lee runner of some of the strain. Of course when the wind is high she needs more weight in the box to keep the rudder well down on the ice and prevent her from sliding to leeward. Ice-boats sometimes capsize, but the motion is very easy, and the crew are dropped off on the ice very quietly. An ice-boat often runs considerable distance on her lee runner and rudder. She is blown into this position by very heavy wind, and when she elevates her bow in this way, she is said to "rear up." A clever sailor can keep her poised so for some time. Of course she must be eased, she will go over. There are two ways of easing her. If beating to windward, she may be righted by luffing, as an ordinary water-boat would be. If running with the wind, she may be eased by paying off the sheet. Then the windward runner sweeps down and the man who stands on it, as it drops out of the air while he is tearing forward at an enormous speed, learns that there are more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in his philosophy. The boat will occasionally run upon thin ice and break it, but this is not a serious matter. The lee runner cuts through the ice, and stops her headway, and she then upsets before her stern off the sound ice. The season for this sport, unhappily for those who love it, is usually very short. Sixteen good days in the course of the winter form an ordinary season. The past winter was exceptionally good, and the ice-boats held high carnival on the Hudson and Shrewsbury rivers all the winter. The yachtsman's costume is by no means picturesque, but it is serviceable. He wears a leather coat or several cardigan jackets under a heavy pea-jacket or sealskin; his trousers are tied round the ankles or else tucked into the legs of woollen hose; he wears linen drawers over woollen ones; and he has a good pair of "arctics" on his feet and a fur cap pulled down over his ears. When snow is flying he has fine wire goggles over his eyes, and a wire covering for his mouth. In spite of all this, the ice-yachtsman sometimes suffers from frost-bites. He always wonders how he got them; for, in the excitement and wild excitement of sailing, he never felt cold for a single moment.

There is one other point in the sailing of an ice-boat; but it must consider it in connexion with her speed. This speed is simply marvellous; and, to those who have never seen an ice-boat dart away and shrink to a speck on the horizon in a few minutes, it is wholly incredible. Yet the facts exist. On February 12, 1879, the *Lucille*, owned by Captain Winslow, sailed from Poughkeepsie to New Hamburg, a distance of nine miles, in seven minutes and ten seconds. The *Snow Flake*, which is 50 feet 10 inches long, has made the distance in seven minutes. In 1882 the *Haze* did the same thing, and at one point in her flight made two miles in one minute. In 1879 the *Comet*, *Phantom*, *Zephyr*, and *Magic* sailed in company ten miles in 15 minutes, and most of the time so great was the wind that the windward runners of the boats were elevated at an angle of 45°. A gentleman residing at Poughkeepsie wished to speak with his brother who had started in a train for New York. He sped into his ice-boat, soon passed the train, and was on the platform of the station at Newburg when the train dashed up. The very names of the boats suggest swiftness. There are the *Hurricane*, *Arctic*, *Hail*, *Restless*, *Snow Bird*, *Æolus*, *Phantom*, *Avalanche*, *Jack Frost*, *Zig-Zag*, *Whiz*, and *Icicle* among the flyers on the Hudson.

Now how are we to account for this speed? Several facts must be noticed. In the first place, we must take into account the very small friction of the vessel on the ice. Moreover, such heat as is generated by this friction is at once absorbed by the ice. Again, the ice-boat never makes leeway except in very high winds. If put directly before the wind, she will, of course, sail no faster than the wind blows. If it is a breeze of fifteen miles an hour, the boat will sail at that rate. The peculi

phenomenon of running out of the wind when sailing free sometimes occurs when the wind is gusty. A sudden blast drives the boat ahead, and then there is a lull, when, for a moment, the boat runs faster than the wind, and consequently her sails flap idly for want of the breeze, which has been left behind. The ice-boat's better course is with the wind on the beam, because thus she constantly has the full force of the breeze exerted on her sails and increasing her speed. Moreover, the ice-boat always tacks in going to leeward as well as to windward. The greatest possible speed can be got out of her when she is sailing with the wind on her quarter. On this course she has a constant forward push on her sails, and, as she goes diagonally along the track of the wind, she is less retarded by the resistance of the air than on any other course. Hence an ice-boat in sailing ten miles to the southward with a northerly wind will take a zig-zag course, running alternately to the south-east and south-west, and will reach her destination very much more quickly than by sailing a direct course. This is probably the only case in which a straight line is not the shortest distance between two points. The greatest speed of ice-boats is not recorded, because it always occurs when no one is expecting it. The boat very seldom sails in a straight line for even a mile. In running the nine miles from Poughkeepsie to New Hamburg an ice-boat, on her tortuous course, sails far more than the actual distance between the two places. When working to windward, which is her worst course, she will make from ten to fifteen miles an hour. When beating to leeward, as it is called, or sailing with the wind abeam, she goes at times at the rate of from eighty to one hundred miles an hour. And the man who has never been in an ice-boat before finds that his sensations are of a nature beyond the power of words to describe.

RADICAL SINCERITY.

IT is stated that the Sheffield Radical Club, "deploring the factious opposition of the Conservatives, receives with enthusiasm the announcement that the Hon. Bernard Coleridge [who is the second Liberal candidate for rejection after the Dissolution in that town] is a sincere Radical." For the present we have little to do directly with the Hon. Bernard Coleridge. From some remarks of Mr. Coleridge, which were reported a short time ago, we think we can, as an ingenious Frenchman once remarked, promise him sensations some of these days when he becomes a little more prominent as a politician. At present he is only a political embryo. But the phrase "sincere Radical" is worth a few comments. Is there such a thing as a sincere Radical? Perhaps; but after last Monday night there was some excuse for thinking that, except Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. Labouchere, and somebody else (was it not Mr. Passmore Edwards?) he is not to be looked for in the House of Commons. On that day Sir Wilfrid, as everybody who reads his newspaper knows, made a passionate requisition of the blood of Teb at Mr. Gladstone's hands. We do not agree with Sir Wilfrid Lawson generally; but we, in common with every reasonable man who speaks what he thinks, admit that *ad hominem* Sir Wilfrid's argument was unanswerable. That, however, is not the point. The point lies in the conclusion of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's speech. The Radicals, said the melancholy member for merry Carlisle, were "Radicals only in name." They had "changed their nature"; they were the "war-at-any-price party"; "the guilt and responsibility of all this work rested more heavily on them than on any one else." Alas! it was no use. Of all the bold Radicals who sit below the gangway, nobody joined the dauntless three.

And yet Sir Wilfrid might have made his complaint even more personal and more cogent. Where was Mr. Bright? Could Mr. Bright have had a nobler text than the battle of Teb? Will not the ghosts of Osman Digna's spearmen dance round him some day or night, and sing their Sabbath notes with feeble voice, asking him why they are to be less honoured than the former enemies of England, on whom he has dropped his tear, why they are to be left tearless, and whether the omission arises from the fact that they were not enemies of England at all? Lord Randolph Churchill says that Mr. Bright "looked in at the door and fled away"; if so, it was wisely done, if not well. Even the gunners at Alexandria got a speech from Mr. Bright, and why not the Arabs? Where, too, was the Reverend Mr. Richard, the joy and pride of the Peace and Liberation Societies, the chosen vessel who pours indignation alike on bishops and bombardiers? He was there—silent. Where was Mr. Bryce, who demonstrated to his own satisfaction in the Egyptian debate that we had absolutely no business in the Soudan at all, and that to have relieved Sinkat would be wicked? Absent or silent. Where was Mr. Waddy, who held the same ingenious language on the same occasion? Silent or absent. Where was the egregious Mr. Thomasson, who explained to his constituents that to kill men in order to prevent their killing other men was wicked, and to whom, therefore, the killing of men respecting whom there is no evidence to show that they were going to kill anybody must seem flagitious to an almost inconceivable degree. Perhaps Mr. Thomasson was explaining this to his constituents, and so could not come to support Sir Wilfrid. We do not say where was Mr. John Morley? For, with all Mr. Morley's ability, no one has ever been able to make out what his exact view of Egyptian affairs is. Nor do we say where was Mr. Jesse Collings? For Mr. Chamberlain is understood to be by no means a man of peace, and the *valetaille* in such cases always follow the master. But where were Mr. Burt and Mr. Broadhurst, who are supposed to regard military operations entirely from the waste-of-flesh-and-blood point of view, and to sit in Parliament purposely to represent that view? Where was the Parliamentary *grex* of Mr. Cheeson, the defenders of the universal nigger against everybody, and of everybody against England? Where were those who shrieked and howled over the Zulu War (which was engaged in flatly against the orders of the late Government) and raged over the Afghan War (which was at any rate not waged in a matter wherein the Government waging it had denied all interest and responsibility)? Last year's snows, last year's birds'-nests and chicks, the smoke of last night's candle, the foam-balls on the river, all the pathetic images of the poets and romancical writers, are required here. Sir Wilfrid, even Sir Wilfrid only, is left to bear vocal testimony, and Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Passmore Edwards silently and sadly assent to him, but the others—where are they? The King of Hamath and the King of Arpad and the King of the City of Sepharvaim did not fail more signally to respond to their names than did the ornaments of the Radical party on this occasion.

This is undoubtedly a lamentable state of things. Lord Randolph Churchill, who is good at terse and decisive expositions of the phenomena which present themselves to him, explains it by saying that "the Radical party is a humbug." This phrase, like that other and more famous one of Mr. Bumble's, which perhaps suggested it, may grieve the nice political philosopher by its appearance of too striking and sweeping generalization. Indeed it can only be accepted with some important modifications. It is with pleasure that the man of true generosity can instance Mr. Chamberlain as an exception. Mr. Chamberlain is what is called in the vernacular "down on his luck" just now. He has in the most workmanlike manner, and off his own bat, lost for the Government an important seat by a crushing majority, and his Shipping Bill seems to have brought a hornet's nest about his ears. Let it therefore be cheerfully admitted that Mr. Chamberlain (who surely is no mean part of the Radical party) is not a humbug. His address in another world will not be the hypocrites' quarter of the Inferno. Mr. Chamberlain renouncing allegiance to the Marquess of Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain denouncing the owners of that particular description of property which he does not happen to possess largely, Mr. Chamberlain bringing actions against the *Times* and the *Observer*—all these were interesting sights, but none of those acts was the act of a humbug. Still Mr. Chamberlain is not all the Radical party, and perhaps Lord Randolph was thinking rather of the unofficial, independent, below-the-gangway sort of Radical than of the Radical glorified and Windsor-uniformed. With this limitation, it must be mournfully confessed that the events of Monday do somewhat bear out his proposition. It is almost impossible to exhaust the list of aspects under which this Egyptian affair must be horrible and hideous and heart-rending to the Radical, if he is not a humbug. The expense of it ought to make each particular hair of economists like Mr. Rylands and Mr. Dillwyn stand erect. The blood shed ought, as has been said, to make Mr. Bright and Mr. Richard see all things in crimson until they have liberated their souls by protest and a vote or two. Then there is the winking at the slave-trade to horrify the doctrinaire Radical, and the paltering with polygamous and infidel Mahdis to shock the pious and moral Radical, and the shooting down of Soudanese who are confessedly rising against their oppressors to send the Mazzinian Radical into fits, and the dreadful Cromwellian conduct of Mr. Clifford Lloyd towards the Egyptian elected of the people to make the self-government Radical wring his hands. And yet here are the representatives of all these crotchets—men of great moral stature, each of whom has flourished his particular Radical crotchet like a weaver's beam in the face of the world for years, sitting quietly by while Mr. Gladstone tramples all their crotchets at once under foot. Surely the member for Woodstock is excusable if he says in his haste that the Radical party is a humbug.

This, it is true, would be a bad thing, and it would put Mr. Bernard Coleridge in a position scarcely less painful and anomalous than that of the unforgotten Partridge. For, if the Radical party is a humbug, the members of that party must be humbugs; and therefore Mr. Bernard Coleridge's *signalement* of a sincere Radical answers to nothing in nature, and Mr. Bernard Coleridge himself must be non-existent. This is a hideous and inhuman conclusion, and must be avoided if possible. It may perhaps be best avoided by supposing that each Radical for himself, and the Radical party generally, holds as a first principle, desertion of which would be apostasy, that the Radical party, or the party most favourable to Radicals, must be kept in office at all hazards; secondly, and as pious opinions merely, that war is wrong, that the slave-trade is wrong, that it is wicked to use violence to an aborigine, that the elected of the people are sacrosanct and omnipotent, that prestige is an abomination, &c. These latter pious opinions he uses to get himself into Parliament and into public notice, just as he might use a carriage to get to the hustings. But, if the carriage showed signs of breaking down, he would not hesitate to get out of it and into another; and, if the doctrine is inconvenient at the moment, he does not hesitate to put it into his pocket. Perhaps this does not mend the matter much; and the plain man, with his brutal plainness, will come round to Lord Randolph's opinion after all. In that case Mr. Bernard Coleridge had better drop his sincerity and stick to his Radicalism. After all, it is the easier of the two to stick to; for, as no man knows exactly what Radicalism is, except a general jealousy of a man's betters, it is very difficult to convict him of

being false to it. At any rate, we now know that, unless the insignificant minority represented by Sir Wilfrid and his companions is right, and the great silent majority, ranging from Mr. Bright to Mr. Jesse Collings, is wrong, there are several propositions, hitherto thought Radical axioms, which a man may be a good Radical and yet deny. Even the dauntless three are not altogether free from the charge of giving countenance to this; for, unless we deceive ourselves, they all gave Mr. Gladstone their vote the other day when consistency, if not sincerity, certainly seemed to demand, to say the least, abstention. So hard is it for a Radical to keep his way in these troublous times. Indeed, the incident of Monday seems to show that the present Radical party is of one opinion with Lord Granville as to the inexpediency of "the cross bench mind." What is wanted is a good comfortable mind (or substitute therefor) which will let its owner vote straight on every occasion, and give him no trouble when he roars like a bull of Bashan at Lord Beaconsfield for killing Afghans, and sits in perfect silence while Mr. Gladstone kills Arabs. To the happy man who has such a mind (or such a substitute therefor) Radical sincerity means a sincere desire to see and to keep Radicals in power, and in this respect, with all due deference to Lord Randolph Churchill, we are ready to maintain that the Radical party is not a humbug.

MACHIAVELLI.

IT is not unnatural that the appearance of a complete English translation of his works, following close on the completed English version of Villari's *Machiavelli and his Times*, should lead a writer in the *Fortnightly Review* to propound his estimate of the great Florentine statesman and diplomatist. The subject has more than once been handled in our own columns, but it is at once so many-sided and so suggestive that there is still room, without traversing old ground, for reviewing some of the salient points of the long-standing controversy as to the true meaning and character of his teaching, especially in the much praised and much inculpated treatise by which he is chiefly known. Mr. Willert is unquestionably correct in pointing out that any judgment on his writings must be at best imperfect which ignores "the conditions under which he wrote, the circumstances which inspired him, and the age which he addressed." At the same time, while these considerations may largely affect our ethical verdict on the man himself, and to a certain extent modify our interpretation of the drift of his writings, it still remains true that he lays down certain broad and comprehensive principles of government, which have an independent value of their own for good or for evil, and must directly control, in one direction or the other, the policy of any ruler who accepts their guidance. It cannot certainly be affirmed in a moral sense that Machiavelli was *felix opportunitate ortus*. In the collapse or decomposition of the traditional Christian system, which for a thousand years had shaped the destinies of Europe—supposed on one theory of prophetic exegesis to represent the Apocalyptic millennium—the intellectual brilliancy of the Renaissance period, which preceded the outbreak of the Reformation, cannot blind us to the darker side of the picture. The moral life of Europe, and notably of Italy, had sunk in the latter half of the fifteenth and the opening years of the sixteenth century to a degradation which only finds its counterpart in the seething corruption of the later Roman Empire. And that degradation was so far more shocking at once to the intellect and the heart, inasmuch as the question of the old Roman satirist, *Quis custodiet custodes?* had never been more terribly illustrated. The most conspicuous potentate in Italy, who was moreover still looked up to with reverence as *de jure* the supreme arbiter of the policy of Christian Europe, professed to speak in the name of a Divine power; he was the successor of Peter, and the Vicar of Christ. Yet Mr. Willert does not go at all beyond the mark in saying—what is more fully exhibited in Mr. Symonds's *Renaissance in Italy*—that "the Papacy had descended to the lowest depths of infamy. The fiercely avaricious and cruel Paul II. had been succeeded by Sixtus IV., who was steeped in bloodshed and diabolic lust; under Innocent VIII., more contemptible and scarcely less guilty, the imperial city became once more the asylum of murderers and robbers, till finally in Alexander VI. the Christian nations saw a monster who excelled in depravity the most hated names of the Pagan Empire seated on the throne of St. Peter." Machiavelli was three years old when Sixtus IV. was elected (in 1471); and Leo X., with whom in after life he was brought into personal contact, if a more decorous, was hardly a more respectable and not at all a more devout, representative of the supreme pastorate of Christendom. It is not difficult then to account for his aversion to the Catholic hierarchy, and his frequent attacks on the Church and the Papal Curia. Of his "thoroughly irreligious nature" and hostility or indifference to Christianity, which, Mr. Willert says, "had even deeper roots," we may have occasion to speak presently. Meanwhile considerations of this kind, as Mr. Symonds observes, "are exculpations of the man, rather than justifications of his theory." It has indeed been urged with epigrammatic ingenuity that he essayed to teach Pagan virtues to an age which was disposed only to emulate Pagan vices; but the fundamental principle underlying equally, as Hallam and Villari rightly point out, both the *Discorsi* and the *Principe*—that the end justifies the means—is not recognized as a virtue in any ethical code, Pagan or Christian, unless we accept as just Pascal's attribution of it to the Jesuits. To cite Hallam's summary of his central doctrine, "Good faith, justice, clemency, religion should be ever in the mouth of the ideal ruler; but he must learn not to fear the discredit of any actions which he finds necessary to preserve his power." There was much no doubt in the circumstances of his age and country to explain this teaching, but after all, as the same great writer insists, "the best palliation of this, and of what else has been justly censured in Machiavelli, is to be derived from his life and times."

A very brief sketch of Machiavelli's life is all we can find room for here. Born in 1469, he was twenty-five years old when Piero de' Medici fled and Charles VIII. entered Florence. With Savonarola's ideal of a theocratic Republic, dominated by Christian, not to say Puritan, influences, he had less than no sympathy, though he was a strong Republican. But after the prophet's death he entered into public life, and from 1498 spent fourteen years in the service of the State, during which period he went on an embassy to Rome, where he witnessed the election of Pius III. and formed his opinion of "those rascally priests," to whose evil example he attributed the ruin of faith and morality in Italy. In 1512 the Medici were restored, and Machiavelli not only at once submitted, but courted office under the restored despotism, though he failed to obtain it. He imputes in the *Discorsi* the overthrow of the Republican constitution to the narrow scrupulosity of Soderini, as before of Savonarola, in not destroying "the sons of Brutus"—i.e. the whole Medici stock—while he had the opportunity, and violating the Constitution, in what we may call a Cromwellian fashion, in order to preserve it, "not sufficiently considering *that the means must be judged by the ends for which they are employed.*" It was during this period of enforced retirement from public life that he wrote both the *Discorsi* and the *Principe*. He has been severely blamed for seeking office under the Medici, but we quite agree with Mr. Willert here that, if his conduct was not exactly magnanimous, it cannot fairly be called reprehensible. Certainly in our own day a man who thought a Republic the best form of government, and had openly avowed his preference, would not be held blameworthy on that account for taking office under a monarchy. Machiavelli may have been, and probably was, convinced by experience that a Republic was at that time impossible in Florence; he certainly held that a united Italy, which he desired to see, was impossible except under a monarchy. And he might therefore without inconsistency think it legitimate, and even the duty of a good citizen, to serve his country to the best of his power under the existing form of government, whatever it might happen to be. He was latterly employed in some small ways by Leo X., till a fresh conspiracy of the Soderini again threw suspicion upon him, and he died in 1527, only a month after the second expulsion of the Medici and restoration of liberty to Florence, which might have opened to him a prospect of return to the public service. This forced inaction was a bitter and chronic disappointment to him. "I wish," he says, "my lords, the Medici, would set me to work, were it only to roll a stone; for if I did not then win their favour, I should only have myself to blame." His opinions however were evidently more influenced by the atmosphere he breathed than by his own personal antecedents. He had imbibed a thoroughly cynical estimate of human nature—the extreme antithesis of Rousseau's paradoxical optimism—and he accordingly lays it down as a first principle of government, that all men are bad, and will only act rightly under compulsion. This also partly explains his conviction that a monarchy, which would rule with a strong hand, offered the sole hope for the salvation of Italy, and its deliverance from the yoke of the foreign oppressor; and here it is obvious to remark that the recent history of both Italy and Germany has gone far to justify his foresight. There is certainly no ground for imagining that he desired in the *Principe* to lure the Medici into a tyrannical policy which would bring about their downfall. He has remarked, not in the *Principe* but the *Discorsi*, that States are seldom formed or reformed except by one man. But while there is no reason for assuming any sinister motive of this kind in the composition of his treatises, on the art rather than the science of government, and while it has become an acknowledged truism that "Machiavellism existed before Machiavelli"—witness such rulers as Gian Galeazzo, Louis XI., Ferdinand the Catholic, and the Venetian Council—it is not the less true that he was the first in modern times to formulate a system of statecraft which, to say the very least, is avowedly unmoral, in presupposing the incurable corruption of mankind at large, in placing force and fraud among the legitimate means of gaining high political ends, and in making success the sole ultimate standard and test of permissible conduct. And the fact that many previous rulers had, more or less consciously, acted on the maxims he has systematized, does not suffice to reconcile us to a political code, which both explains and justifies their conduct. As Mr. Willert justly observes, "though virtuous practice is a better incentive to morality than virtuous precept, vice formulated in maxims is more offensive to the moral sense, and more corrupting than vicious example." We do not altogether agree with him on another point. He admits that no book has been more diligently studied by rulers and statesmen than was the *Principe* in the sixteenth century, but he does not think it greatly influenced their conduct; "The policy of Catherine de' Medici was not more Machiavellian than that of Louis XI., nor did Philip II. or Alva, Elizabeth or Cecil, surpass Ferdinand the Catholic or Richard III. in unscrupulous pursuit of the objects of their ambition.' Perhaps not, but they showed more skill in their method of pursuing them. It is not unnatural, if it is partly unjust, that the author should

have become, in Mr. Symonds's words, "the scapegoat of great political crimes," the more so as he expressly excludes from his chapter "On those who have attained the sovereignty by crimes," such despots as have had the subtlety to cloak their violence, and have thus escaped odium. He even carefully explains that it was his failure in this prudence, not his cruelty, which secured a place in the black list for Oliverotto da Fermo, who gained the lordship of the city by murdering his uncle and benefactor and all the principal citizens at a banquet to which he had invited them. It may even be said that Cæsar Borgia had sat for the picture of his ideal "Prince," and Alexander VI., who "never did anything else but deceive men,' is pointedly extolled as a model of successful hypocrisy. The received view, which finds expression both in Shakspeare and Marlowe, may have been an exaggerated one, but it is not wonderful that for upwards of two centuries the word "Machiavellian" should have retained the sort of evil connotation which Goethe has since taught us to affix to "Mephistophelian."

But it would be a mistake to confine the influence of Machiavelli's teaching to the statesmen of the sixteenth century. Hallam indeed mentions that in the future, as the tide of democracy advances, the value of the *Discorsi*, as a political manual, will be augmented. Meanwhile the most conspicuous political ruler of the eighteenth century, one of the ablest and most unscrupulous the world has ever seen, composed in early life a book against the *Principe*, which he had therefore carefully studied. But it will be enough to refer to the recent book on Frederick II. by the Duke of Broglie to show—what the masterful apology of Carlyle very imperfectly conceals—how closely his own policy was modelled upon it. And if we admit the authenticity of the *Matinées Royales*, which there is really no plausible ground for disputing, and which, even supposing the work to be spurious, does little more than formulate the axioms avowed in his correspondence, now made public, and exemplified in his habitual policy, the resemblance becomes still more striking. Its opening precept reads like a quotation from the *Principe*: "Take care not to act any longer as a child, and understand once for all that in matters of government one takes all one can, and never restores but when one is obliged." Compare with this the following maxim from the *Principe*: "A prudent ruler cannot nor ought not to keep faith, when to do so is against his interests, and when the reasons which led him to engage himself no longer exist. It is right to appear to be just, honourable, humane, pious, and loyal, and to be so, *but to be always prepared to lay these virtues aside, when they are likely to be hurtful.*" At the same time "a prudent prince will always find colourable pretexts for breaking his word," and that is just what Frederick always did. Machiavelli again insists strongly on the importance of a reputation for piety, and the same lesson is taught in the *Matinées*—with the supplement that, "if (in our policy) we always remember that we are Christians, all is lost, and we shall always be duped." There is a curious similarity again between some of the recorded maxims of the first Napoleon and those in the *Principe*, as *e.g.* in what he said to Sir H. Keating at St. Helena; "The less kings wish to grant liberty to their subjects the more they must speak to them about it. I do not wish it any more than they do, you may be sure. I know well that nowadays it requires a rod of iron to rule men, but it must be gilded, and we must make them believe, when we strike that they direct the blow themselves. It is necessary always to *talk* of liberty, equality, justice, and disinterestedness, but never to *grant* any liberty at all." And Machiavelli had one important point in common with both the Prussian and the French despot. Frederick was certainly an unbeliever; Napoleon, to say the least, sat very loosely to any form of religious belief. And Mr. Willert is probably right in maintaining that Machiavelli's very explicable hatred and contempt for the corrupt Catholicism he saw around him had a deeper root in antipathy to Christianity altogether. Now in our own day there have been men of the highest principle and character, like the late J. S. Mill, who have openly repudiated all theological beliefs, but in the fifteenth or sixteenth century it was hardly possible for a man thus absolutely to break with all the religious traditions of the past, and yet retain what Strauss calls "the moral contents of Christianity." The dogmas and the ethics were so indissolubly identified in the conscience of the Christian world that to abandon one was in fact to abandon both. And accordingly those who were foremost in the revival of Pagan learning, men like Politian, were also foremost in the revival of Pagan vice. But there was a special reason, over and above the Pagan atmosphere of the Renaissance into which he was born, and his experience of the corruptions of the hierarchy and the Court of Rome, why Machiavelli should recoil from Christianity itself. He was by nature a statesman and diplomatist, perhaps also, as Mr. Willert thinks, of an irreligious—anyhow of a non-religious—nature. To him patriotism was the supreme type of virtue, as he conceived of it, and the supreme end of life. And patriotism, as he is never tired of reminding his readers, held this same pre-eminence in the ethical systems of ancient Greece and Rome. But it did not, and could not, hold the same position in the Christian standard of moral excellence, partly because it is framed primarily with a view to the future life, partly because it consecrates and enforces the claims of the individual conscience, which may, and sometimes do, directly conflict with the absolute claim of the State, as was very soon exemplified in the relations of the early Christians to the Roman Empire. But to a mind like Machiavelli's the conflict of the private conscience with the paramount obligation of civil allegiance would appear equally unmeaning and repulsive. He could tolerate no rival near the throne, and would have said, in the words of the Prussian *Matinées*, "If we are to remember that we are Christians, all is lost." In point of fact he does again and again insist on this fundamental contrast of Pagan and Christian ethics in the *Discorsi*, where religion is always treated, not as a question of truth, but an engine of statecraft. The interest of the State demands an undivided allegiance, and no moral scruples can be allowed to stop the way. It is true indeed that Machiavelli's works were first published, after his death, at Rome and with a Papal *imprimatur*. But the Papacy of that day had a keener eye for such counsels as might best subserve its political interests in this world than for the ethical purity which might be held most conducive to spiritual blessings in the next. And it was not long before the Jesuits, in the Catholic reaction which shortly followed, had gauged more accurately than Popes like Clement VII. the relations of Machiavelli's philosophy to the doctrine of the Church, though it is true that, while they bitterly denounced the immoral teaching of his *Principe*, and got it put upon the Index, they have often been charged with stealing a leaf out of the book.

THE BIRMINGHAM BOGEY.

THE action of the member for Brighton in facing the Caucus boldly has earned him a reputation at which he himself is doubtless ready to smile. Being a sensible man, who has some acquaintance with journalism and with practical politics, he knew perfectly well that there was nothing to be frightened about, and he went straight on his way without heeding the warnings of his friends. Those friends, or rather a few of them, told him in the press and elsewhere not to go forward; the Jabberwock was waiting to gobble up rash wanderers from the party fold: and any wight who got outside the boundary would be seen no more at St. Stephen's. We know the result. The Caucus emitted threatenings; they passed and published resolutions; they were imperative, scornful, playful, insinuating, by turns. And Mr. Marriott got a majority of fifteen hundred. Shrewd people have all along known that the fear of the Birmingham system was totally groundless; but the amazing self-assertion of the wire-pullers, their prompt remonstrances addressed to men who voted unsatisfactorily, their mysterious way of getting "resolutions" printed in newspapers all over the country, scared weak-kneed Liberals. Mr. Chamberlain made out that the "Hundreds" won sixty-seven boroughs at the last election, and he gained for himself much credit and influence by the assertion. But any one who had studied the political life of English towns from the inside knew that Mr. Chamberlain was wrong. The election was won by the aid of the Whigs, who believed in Lord Hartington's speeches, and thought that no violent legislation would be attempted. The Caucuses had quite a minor share in the work, and in cases where they made themselves at all offensive they were rebuffed. For example, in 1868 Greenwich returned two Liberals; in 1880 Greenwich had a very large Caucus in full working order, but the association presumed too much, and two Conservatives were returned.

At this time of day it may be worth while to see what a Caucus is, how it is organized, what kind of folk attend the meetings, and what real influence it has in any borough. The superstition that the community, or a majority of the community, elect the association should be exploded at once. As a rule some half-dozen of idle people, who have nothing particular to do in the evenings, meet together, and by their means a select few Liberals, perhaps a score, gather in a club-room. Then the orator of the party suggests that "an organization on the Birmingham model be formed for this borough." After that the work is charmingly simple. A general meeting of the party is called, and the original promoters at once take the lead and tell the audience what is to be done. To suppose that a great number of persons attend this preliminary meeting would imply little knowledge of "local" politics on the part of any one who held the supposition. When the Liverpool Caucus was formed there was a fairly strong meeting of the original Liberal Association, but we hardly know another case in which the Liberals showed any active interest in the affair. A few busybodies who must always be talking and fussing take the matter into their own hands, and a most imposing "Five Hundred" has before now been formed in a meeting attended by twenty-three parochial nonentities. The chairman suggests that those present should think of good men and true whose names may be placed on the list, and thus it often happens that retiring citizens who dislike the worry of meetings are requested to consider themselves as members of a Caucus before any intimation has reached them of the intention to confer such an honour. Those who are honoured in absence have, of course, the option of refusal: but most of them care so little one way or the other that their names stay on the roll, and they are regarded as aiding the force of a body which is to terrorize the Tories. Subscriptions are collected; the "wards" are marked out; and the glory of composing and posting circulars is within reach of the very inner circle. When nothing of an exciting nature is going on the meetings are scarcely attended at all, and the secretary fulminates in the name of the party. Even when something of local interest comes in question the great lazy public, that hates boredom and loves the evening's leisure, will rarely do anything to swell the

gathering, and the energetic "originals" have the place to themselves. It may be said, by the way, that some time ago the Newcastle Caucus was about to inflict very serious punishment on Mr. Cowen. Various centres were named for meetings; but a Correspondent who strolled round from room to room said that "In one place I found a chairman, and no meeting; in another I found a chair, and no chairman. The chair was in possession of the room." When this particular outburst of wrath was levelled at the rebellious Mr. Cowen, no more than one hundred men in all were brought together.

If the truth had only been known during the spring of 1878, it would have been found that the columns of Caucus resolutions published in the London papers were mostly passed by scanty knots of obscure persons, whose real importance was out of all proportion to the noise they made. But many Parliamentary men took the clamour seriously; the people who knew the real state of the case had no chance of speaking out, or were interested in keeping quiet, and the farce went on. We do not say that intelligent Englishmen are not interested in the affairs of the nation; on the contrary, in a quiet way, and among their own private friends, a portion of their every-day talk is always political. But intelligent men detest the pettiness, the vulgarity, the childish squabbles of the "Ward" meetings, and, if they happen out of curiosity to attend once, they do not often care to repeat the experience. To hear Jones, the Extremist, declaring against "the haughty ways of them what lives at the nobs' end of the town"; to hear the follower of Mr. Bradlaugh announce that he and his pears "will have nothin' to do with one of the milk-and-water Whigs, as you want to foist on us," is not really an evening's pastime that a thoughtful man enjoys. A unanimous Caucus would be an impossibility. That very petty vanity which causes the active members to spout their little speeches and pass their little resolutions is fatal to peace. Ward squabbles with ward, artisan squabbles with tradesman, and nearly every meeting becomes, in the nature of things, a place of small recriminations, acrid personalities.

It may be asked, "What, then, is the real political power of a Caucus in an average borough?" The reply is, "None." The Birmingham Association is a really admirable machine, but it is only kept going by sheer force of money, and money alone. In an ordinary town there is little money forthcoming, unless the Liberal candidates can be bled, and this latter operation is, we are bound to say, very zealously attempted. But where there is no millionaire wirepuller, and no open-handed member to find the finance, the Caucus is a ludicrously feeble affair. In proof of this we have the fact that not one politician who has boldly defied the "Hundreds" has yet failed of support from the better men of his party. The reason for this phenomenon has already been indicated. The higher class of Liberals cannot bear the fussy futility of local gatherings; they despise the men who chatter and pose as authorities, and they keep out of the way. If a sound and respectable candidate chooses to say to the Caucus "I will have none of you," he at once draws the sympathy of all those who are most weighty in the constituency, and the Caucus passes resolutions in vain. For months before the Brighton election Mr. Marriott had been invited to explain his conduct, and several severe censures had been forwarded to him. Directly and indirectly he was informed that his seat was lost to him; yet, when the pinch came, the bullying of the Caucus told in his favour, and, although Liberals had every reason for supporting the Ministry at such a crisis, they went over in hundreds with the rebel. The lesson should be taken to heart by timid Liberals: they should learn that the sense of the constituencies can always be made to overbear the manœuvres of wirepullers.

MOUNTAINEERING.

IT is very often said that the Alps are exhausted, and unfortunately there is some truth in this highly figurative expression, which suggests to many people the idea that the wrong participle has been used. Indeed for a considerable time past the Alpine region has been, if not exhausted, in a condition closely resembling exhaustion. Now all seems to be over. Possibly it may yet remain for fortunate explorers to find second routes to the summits of a few peaks, and in some cases it may be doubtful whether the most trying route to the summit has been discovered; but, generally speaking, mountains have been ascended by the right way and by the wrong, or by several ways; have been "colled" (a term of art; the verb signifying to go up one side and down another); and can offer naught now to the most practical surveyor, while each *sattel, col,* or *brèche* has been crossed from the north to the south, from the south to the north, or from any other point of the compass to its corresponding opposite. The members of the Alpine Club, unfortunately for their own peace of mind, have not the slightest desire for repose, and are, if possible, more energetic than ever; and the institution to which they belong, so far from languishing (as they that the Alps are getting so terribly well known, is in an exceptionally flourishing condition. From a brief account of the proceedings of the Club given in the number of the *Alpine Journal* which has recently been published, it would appear that, despite the severe qualification required, the number of members has swelled so much as to suggest the desirability of fixing a limit.

In the same number which contains this remarkable proof of the success of the body which has been so much abused at home and so widely copied abroad, is a very interesting paper, in which the "exhausted" condition of the Alps is referred to, and at the end there is a record of travel which shows what is open to those who have on their hands plenty of time, and are in a position to undertake long and expensive journeys. The article mentioned is by Professor Bonney, F.R.S., whose term of office as President of the Club came to an end with the past year, and who, following the example of his predecessor, made, when official dissolution was nigh, a speech which is now given to the world. Professor Bonney, who is, as need hardly be said, a man of considerable scientific reputation, has ascended many peaks, and written about them passing well, and, as was to be expected, his farewell address is full of interesting matter, and shows how excellent a President the Club has lost. Amongst the subjects which he treats is the approaching destitution which causes so much alarm, and from his remarks it may be gathered that the victory of the ice-axe is now complete, and that the ascent of the Dent du Géant marked the end of the first era of mountain travel. Not unsuccessfully, however, does Professor Bonney attempt to conjure away the apprehensions which have been raised by the too complete success of climbers, and to prove that there may be plenty of enjoyment in the mountains yet. As will be presently shown, he is absolutely supported by fact in this, and though in one sense it may be said that the Alps are played out, there is not the slightest reason for thinking that people are getting tired of them, or are likely to get tired of them.

Before touching on this part of his subject, Professor Bonney refers to the dangers of mountaineering and to the necessity for attention to "the rules of the game" in Alpine climbing, and rather quaintly says that he "would venture to remind the more ardent members of" the "Club that life is a great opportunity not to be thrown away lightly." Professor Bonney proceeds to speak of the large amount of entrancing work which yet remains to be done on this by no means exhausted planet, referring to the attractions of the Caucasus, the virgin peaks in the Andes, and the intact state of the Himalayas and Hindu Koosh, and then goes on to argue, for the comfort of those who cannot journey far, that Alpine expeditions do not lose their charm because novelty is no longer to be hoped for. He speaks with his usual good sense on the subject, and demurs, as others have done before, to Mr. Ruskin's remarkable statement that the true beauty "of the Alps is to be seen only where all may see it; the child, the cripple, the man of grey hairs." With regard to Professor Bonney's excellent remarks respecting the abiding attractions of the Alps, it need only be said that facts plainly show him to be right. Although it is only quite lately that the final subjugation of the Alps has been completed, and that the two or three last fortresses have fallen, the range has practically been exhausted for some time. Years ago it was obvious that there was but little real novelty left, and that the great expeditions had, with comparatively few exceptions, become hackneyed. It certainly seemed then that the work of the Alpine Club was done, and that interest in the Alps would necessarily decline. But, as a matter of fact, it has not declined; on the contrary, it appears to have become greater. The Alpine Club has continued to increase and prosper, and the various clubs on the Continent which were founded in imitation of it have also prospered and number many members. Custom does not seem in any way to deprive the mountains of their charm, as it was naturally anticipated that it would; and as it is clear that "the Playground of Europe" has not in the least ceased to attract, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the sport carried on there is for the present—using that term in a very wide sense—not in the least likely to pall.

Of one form of that sport, indeed, it may safely be predicted that, so far as regards interest and excitement, it will not pall in the time of the present generation; but, unhappily, it can be followed by but very few. We mean mountaineering without guides, which, when undertaken by incompetent men, is as dangerous a folly as can be committed, but which, when undertaken by those who are fit for the work, is undoubtedly a very grand way of playing the game, to use Professor Bonney's expression. For some time past two or three highly-skilled amateurs, under the leadership of Mr. C. L. Pilkington, who is on a par with first-class guides, have been ascending peaks and crossing passes without any "professional aid," and apparently have been in no more danger than those who took with them on the mountains guides of good renown. Others may, and probably others will, follow in their footsteps; but it seems well-nigh certain that only a small number of men can ever be fit for work of this kind. It is not like other athletic work undertaken by Englishmen, which they practise from youth upwards. The amateur begins late—that is to say, late from an athlete's point of view—and has not anything like the same opportunities for acquiring skill that the Swiss has. Strength and power of endurance, and such practice as an amateur can get in the Alps, do not necessarily qualify him to do without guides. There must be that special aptitude which enables some men to acquire in a comparatively short time the skill which others take long to acquire; and, however assiduous and enterprising climbers may be, it is not likely that many amongst them will be able to attack peaks and passes with the just confidence which guides of the better class feel.

That some peaks and passes which formerly would have been thought all but hopeless can now be attached, if not with

confidence, at least with a fair hope of success, has been made abundantly evident of late; but then they are, as a young cavalry officer once said of Calcutta, rather a long way from town. The Caucasus, it is true, cannot now be considered as very far off; but the loftier ranges, the Himalayas and the Andes, must be considered as somewhat distant, even when the method, borrowed from the astronomers, of treating space as time is strictly followed. Despite, however, the fact that a long and costly journey has to be made to reach either chain, and that a great deal of inconvenience, not to say suffering, has to be undergone when the chain is reached, some severe work has already been done in both of them by devoted pioneers seeking a land of promise not to be exhausted for several generations. Of Mr. Whymper's remarkable explorations in the Andes it is not necessary to speak, as they have several times been mentioned in our columns, and as a full account of them will, we presume, be published. It is worth noticing, however, as showing how determined and how able Mr. Whymper was, that Dr. Güssfeldt, an energetic traveller who has recently visited the Andes, has not achieved nearly so much as he did. In the Himalayas an astonishing series of ascents were made last year by Mr. W. W. Graham, who had previously gained distinction in the Alps, as he was the first Englishman who reached the summit of the Dent du Géant. Of his Himalayan expeditions there is an account in the Journal which, though brief, is fuller than any that has yet been published. From the short description given of his ascent of Kabru, 24,015 ft. high, it appears that he camped out at the enormous height of 18,500 ft., and that, in the latter part of the ascent, he had to make his way up an ice-slope covered with fresh snow, and to traverse an ice-arête with an absolute precipice of 2,000 ft. on one side. The Editor of the Journal points out that in this ascent the highest point ever before reached by man on the earth's surface was exceeded by 1,700 ft. Besides Kabru Mr. Graham climbed four great peaks, the lowest of which is 19,000 ft. high. These certainly are the most remarkable mountaineering achievements on record, and there is one very curious fact connected with them which may attract the attention of some who take no interest in the exploits of climbers. Neither Mr. Graham nor his guides felt the slightest inconvenience from rarefied air beyond "a very loud and perceptible beating of the heart"—a phenomenon not unknown to Alpine travellers at much more humble altitudes. Mr. Whymper and his guides, it will be remembered, suffered greatly from the thin air on the first ascent of Chimborazo, but afterwards got quite accustomed to it, and were little, if at all, weakened by it. These highly practical experiments tend to show, as so many practical experiments of an extremely different kind tend to show, that the human heart is a much tougher article than it has been innocently thought to be, and that those who considered that men could not walk up to great altitudes were much mistaken. It seems now clear that strong, well-trained men can ascend mountains which formerly would have been deemed impossible or all but impossible on account of the rarity of the air alone. There is, however, still a good deal to be learnt on the subject, and further experiments are desirable; but, unluckily, those who most ardently wish to make them are, for the most part, debarred from doing so. Many athletes who would gladly risk valvular disease cannot spare the time necessary for a journey to the Himalayas or the Andes; and the great expense of mountaineering in either range is a matter which few can afford to overlook. It may seem hard to devotees that mountaineering should approximate to the condition of other sports, and that, to enjoy the cream of it, money should be necessary; but fate has so willed it. *Primeurs* have to be paid for, and the finest kind of mountain climbing is, for the present, a luxury reserved for the rich.

SIGNOR SALVINI.

THE chorus of adulation with which Signor Salvini was greeted on his arrival in this country eight years ago has been somewhat modified since his reappearance; but the less impressionable critics must still heartily wish that the Italian tragedian were what his ardent admirers declare that he is. For the first night of his season at Covent Garden he chose *Othello*, and the choice was wise from the popular point of view. The earlier scenes of Signor Salvini's presentation of the Moor are and always have been wonderfully fine.

> I fetch my life and being
> From men of royal siege,

is Othello's proud declaration to his lieutenant, and in his bearing before the Duke and senators, and afterwards where he quells the riot in Cyprus, there is something truly regal about the Othello whose magnificent voice and eloquent gestures of command aid the idea of his proclaimed descent. But the more Signor Salvini impresses here, the more he falls off when he permits extravagant melodrama to supplant pure tragedy. Much has been written of Othello's fierce Oriental nature, but nothing at all has been said to reconcile Shakspeare's Othello with the frantic, hysterical, revengeful savage whom Signor Salvini depicts with such remarkable force. Poetry is the essence of all tragedy. When poetical feeling is lost, what was tragic becomes merely melodramatic; and can it be contended that in the scene of Desdemona's murder, and in the scenes which precede it, tragic dignity is maintained? Shakspeare drew another Moor—supposing that Shakspeare wrote *Titus Andronicus*—who would have acted more as Signor Salvini makes Othello act had that barbarian's heart been subjugated by love for a Desdemona. The noble mind of the gallant soldier could not be so degraded as the Italian player makes it. There is something appalling, as Shakspeare wrote, in the Moor's inflexible determination to do the dreadful act which he believes to be an act of justice, something infinitely more appalling than this running after his hapless wife, seizing her by the hair, dragging her to the bed, and there crushing out her life. There should be nothing revolting in tragedy, and this is revolting. The moans, sobs, and inarticulate cries by which Signor Salvini gives vent to his fury and distress are as unfitting as his shocking violence and brutality. A critic of high repute has declared that each person must be left to settle as he pleases "whether Shakspeare paints Othello as a fiery and sensual African, superficially modified by long contact with Europeans, or as one with a native chivalry towards woman"; but which, it may be asked, is the nobler view?—

> Once put out thy light,
> Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
> I know not where in that Promethean heat
> That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose
> I cannot give it vital growth again,
> It must needs wither: I'll smell it on the tree.
> (*Kissing her.*)
> Ah! balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
> Justice to break her sword!

Surely these words are inconsistent with the furious attack which Othello makes upon Desdemona, giving due weight to the fact that his wrath is again aroused at the mention of Cassio. He had sentenced her to death. Knowing what he thought he knew, his irrevocable determination was taken, and justice, as he believed, was done. Desdemona was not killed, as Signor Salvini seems to show, to gratify a sudden access of revengeful fury. The actor's great means are, as it seems to us, sadly misused after he has once listened to Iago and, with a proneness to suspicion which is foreign to Othello's real nature, has permitted his jealousy to be aroused.

There are always such possibilities in Signor Salvini that his Lear was anxiously looked for, though the actor's lately published essay on his reading of the character is a somewhat disappointing production. It is to a great extent special pleading to prove that the view which it is most convenient for him to take is the right one to be taken. The old King, he declares, was a hale and hearty old man, in spite of his more than fourscore years. Lear, it is true, speaks of his intent to "unburthen'd crawl toward death," and this expression does not comport with the strong vitality which the actor defends and portrays. Arguments derived from the text of Shakspeare would have had more weight than the comments of that "highly trustworthy journal," as Signor Salvini calls it, the *Progresso Italo-Americano*, on the constitutions of old men who did not drink coffee at ten o'clock in the morning, but who breakfasted early on large slices of beef or lamb—why not of mutton, which is more nutritious in its mature state? It is, of course, impossible that so greatly accomplished an actor could be on the stage for the best part of four hours and not do much to justify his attempt at a character to which he has devoted keen and constant study throughout several years. There are many admirable points in his Lear; but the essentials of the character are missed. The critic already quoted on Signor Salvini's Othello, Mr. George Henry Lewes, noted "the deficiency of pathos in his acting." It is no new charge, therefore, and perhaps it is not surprising that his Lear, in which pathos is a first requisite, should fall short. To English ears, or to the ears of any one who is familiar with English, the Italian adaptation used at Covent Garden must sound lamentably poor, in spite of the music of Signor Salvini's beautiful voice. One can only guess how the actor, could he speak Shakspeare's language, would deliver some of the exquisitely simple lines which are here distorted. No translation could do justice to Shakspeare, but a better than this might be found or made. Nevertheless in this, were Lear within Signor Salvini's range of parts, a very much greater effect might be made than he is able to make. Perhaps no actor could succeed in showing that the stern punishment dealt out to Cordelia was a just reward for her answers, when Lear questions his daughters as to the love they bear him; but when later on Goneril has betrayed herself for the vile thing she is, and the father's curse falls upon her, it should be made plain that he has become helpless, that all other means have passed, and that an outraged father's last dreadful resource is only left him. There is, however, no sense of helplessness about the Lear, and he is therefore never pitiful. One feels yet more forcibly when the crowning stroke has come, and Regan has joined her sister in rejecting their father, that this is still the King, that there is a majesty in his resonant voice, a power of command in his gesture which are not to be resisted by these rebellious and unworthy children. Lear is not driven into the storm, the presage of which is so finely given in the short scene between Cornwall, Gloster, and the cruel sisters at the end of the second act, a scene here omitted. This Lear could assert his rights; and when the torrent and hurricane are beating on him, and he, haughtily braving the fury of the elements, stands on the bleak heath, there is no suggestion in the stalwart vigorous figure of the "poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man." Such tricks as that of running down to the footlights after the imaginary culprit, the elusive fox, whom he has set the Fool to arraign, are mere traps for applause,

and in one case when it was forthcoming Signor Salvini returned after quitting the stage to bow acknowledgment, a proceeding not in accordance with that "aesthetic standpoint of representative art" to which Signor Salvini makes appeal in his essay. There is some tenderness in the last scene where Lear drags in the body of Cordelia; but here again true pathos is wanting, and though the idea of making Lear's death painless and gentle is in the spirit of the tragedy, the note is but feebly touched. Signor Salvini's support was reasonably efficient, particularly in the case of Signor de Rosa's Kent and Signor Pasta's Gloster. The Edgar and Edmund of Signori Udina and Fiocchi were also more to the purpose than might have been expected.

RECENT CONCERTS.

LAST Saturday's concert at the Crystal Palace, though it contained no absolute novelty, was almost entirely devoted to music of the modern school. The first number of the programme was Berlioz's Overture to *Waverley* (Op. 7). The compiler of the analytical programme devotes some space to discussing the question as to whether this is really Berlioz's first opus or not; but it is sufficient for us to know that it is, at all events, one of his earliest works. Although the composer here for the most part confines himself within the limits of traditional form, we yet find undoubted traces of his great genius and originality. It is what an overture ought to be—a piece of music intended to put the hearer in the right frame of mind to enjoy the work, whether it be opera, play, or novel, for which it is written. The work is full of beauties, not only beauties of melodic thought, but of wonderful effects of orchestral colouring; and it is but rarely that we find instances of these daring attempts at semi-sensational effects which offend so many conservative musicians in his later works. The nearest approach to such an effect is in a passage in the second movement which is described by the writer of the programme as a "strepitous episode," which indeed it is.

Goetz's Symphony in F, Op. 9, was also performed at this concert, and here again we have an instance of a composer writing with a definite object and yet not writing programme music. The Symphony bears a motto from Schiller—

> In des Herrens heilig stille Räume
> Musst du fliehen aus des Lebens Drang!

This work is, no doubt, from beginning to end full of high musical genius. Most of the movements require more familiarity than can be gained by the very few performances that have been given in this country in order fully to discuss their merits. The first movement, *allegro moderato*, gives an impression of being rather diffuse in spite of evidences of great strength, and it is difficult to avoid the feeling that the elaborate orchestration and somewhat heavy scoring is rather a device on the part of the composer to conceal a certain want of spontaneity of thought than a means of elaborating musical ideas. The second movement, called an intermezzo, but cast more in the scherzo form, is full of quaintness and odd grace; but the third movement, which curiously enough is described in the programme as being somewhat involved and difficult to follow, appears to us to be a work of high poetic thought; and here we seem to feel that the music is completely in accord with the motto to the Symphony. The finale, *allegro con fuoco*, is also of great beauty, and again shows the composer's strength. On the whole, throughout this Symphony, and especially in the third movement, we fully feel that Goetz was a great composer, and that his *Taming of the Shrew* was not merely one of those accidents by which composers sometimes succeed in giving to the world one work, and one only, worthy of consideration. The last number of the programme was Raff's Tarantella, "Les Pêcheuses de Procida," about which there is little or nothing to be said. It is a tarantella, and by no means a bad one; but it does not display the individuality of the composer. Miss Mary Krebs was the pianist, and played Mendelssohn's Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra as well as, if not better than, she has played it before. For her second piece she played Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," in which she fairly astonished her audience by her marvellous execution. Mlle. Carlotta Badia sang Mozart's recitative and aria "Dove Sono" from the *Nozze di Figaro*; and, in spite of obvious nervousness, declaimed the recitative admirably. Unfortunately, partly from nervousness and partly from an exaggerated idea of the space which she had to fill, Mlle. Badia forced and strained her voice in singing the aria, a fault which she also repeated in her second song, a somewhat pretty vocal valse by Gelli. Had Mlle. Badia sung in the same style in which she has so often charmed her audience in smaller concert-rooms, she would no doubt, in spite of the increased area, have obtained a much greater success at the Crystal Palace than she achieved on Saturday last. Since the last concert the band has considerably improved, though there are still traces of slight defects, which no doubt Mr. Manns's stern discipline and industrious rehearsing will soon overcome.

The many audience attracted to the Prince's Hall last Wednesday afternoon to hear Mme. Viard-Louis was not representative of the enthusiasm for Beethoven, of which we hear much, but, in truth, experience little. It is the *virtuose* that commands attention, not the master; it is executive skill, and the interpretation that may chance to be the *mode*, that inspire the plaudits of the public, and are found in the abstract. Reverence for art and homage to a great genius are products of nature, perhaps, rather than the result of culture, but they always are co-existent in a musical people. And we, though we ever run after the newest professor in virtuosity, are a musical people, or music would not flourish among us as it does. Yet it is doubtful if in any music centre in the world the works of Beethoven, not to speak of their interpretation by Mme. Viard-Louis, and M. Libotton, would have received so cold a welcome by so small an audience as on Wednesday. The programme was interesting and the recital meritorious on the whole. The two sonatas for piano and violoncello (Op. 5), the pianoforte sonata for four hands (Op. 6), and the great sonata in E flat major (Op. 7) made up the instrumental part; four songs from Op. 52 and two from Op. 75 comprised the vocal portion. The second of the first two sonatas was most successfully rendered, M. Libotton's execution being both more finished and more brilliant than in the No. 1, where he was a little rough. The charming *rondo* concluding the No. 2 was excellently played by both instrumentalists. Herr Hirlemann was Mme. Viard-Louis's partner in the pretty duet sonata, the slightness and juvenility of which could not be more profoundly felt than when heard in conjunction with the grand sonata (Op. 7), where the flood-gates are opened and Samson breaks his bonds. In this magnificent composition Mme. Viard-Louis was best in the first and last movements, the *allegro* and *rondo*; the passion and fire of the former were finely expressed. Mme. Viard-Louis's style is certainly not faultless, her playing is uneven, her use of the pedal is sometimes indiscreet, but she has nothing of that hard mannerism and smooth monotony which are far less excusable; she has the discriminating faculty, joined to great powers of expression, so necessary in interpreting works so complex as Beethoven's sonatas. Mme. Hirlemann sang the beautiful "Mailied" and "Abschied," and the exquisite "Mignon" song with delicate feeling; her other songs, and particularly "Herz, mein Herz," were a little vapid and perfunctory.

MY SWEETHEART—BREAKING A BUTTERFLY.

THE rustic maiden who sings and dances from sheer lightness of heart is a familiar figure on the stage; whether in her native sphere or contrasted with the sophisticated town her innocent charm and bucolic simplicity have been repeatedly presented. She has, however, almost invariably been endowed with certain ideal qualities which, while not incompatible with nature, are over-coloured by the idyllic and the pastoral; she has hitherto been too self-conscious, posing on the perilous pedestal of sentiment with a surrounding foil of corrupt town-folk, who no better represent the town than she is typical of the country. Deep-laid plots to ensnare her are triumphantly revealed until, just as *tot illecebras effugi* is her little hymn, she is taken by the most transparent lure, and the fifth act ends with the pathos of the uprooted flower, and the remorseful rain of unavailing tears. Or, when the obverse of the medal is exhibited, and, like an immaculate Florimel, she preserves her charms unspoiled, she is still rather unreal and mannered even in her rusticity.

In the little drama at the Strand of which Miss Minnie Palmer is the bright particular star, there is nothing of this high colour and flush of sentiment so far as the rustic element is concerned. Tina, the original of *My Sweetheart*, is a bright and natural sketch of a fascinating variety of the American girl, familiar and easily recognized through the pages of fifty novels. She suffers from high spirits, which we are now wont to regard as a disorder, and she illustrates their influence with the frankest impulse and the most complete *abandon*. In the first act we are introduced to a sunny scene, where under the shade of the great maples Tina disports, a very original nymph in a strange Arcadia, a piquant little Dresden figure without her pastoral crook. For her Strephon she has Tony, a lazy, good-humoured fellow with a lyrical talent and a disposition to caper. The sun ever shines, the birds sing overhead while the pair warble their duet, the stream flows under the green trees, the blue above is unclouded, save perchance, by a few white clouds—the spirits of departed lambkins—the happy valley is radiant with the golden age. Here Tina rules with irresistible authority—cajoling, frowning, pouting laughing and crying, singing and dancing, with infinite resource and never-failing grace. The variety of her caprices, her exhaustless allurements, the raciness of her talk, the archness of her glance, and the untiring spirit of fun and mockery which animates her, form a brilliant impersonation. In dancing Miss Minnie Palmer is equally original and natural; her step is light and deft her action graceful, her style attractive. Her acting is quite unhampered by tradition, and suggests no precedent; hence it is difficult to decide in what degree it is compacted of art, for her art is so intimately allied to nature, so thoroughly simulates the mere exaltation of animal spirits, that it is like nature itself. Criticism of the drama is unthought of in the presence of so strong and fascinating an individuality. It is almost a pity that the curtain does not fall finally on this first act, and that the pretty picture does not preserve its sunshine. But clouds appear in the persons of Mrs. Fleeter, an adventuress who possesses an inkling of Tony's fortune, and a certain swindler associated with her, one Harold Bartlett. They ingratiate themselves with Tony, become "summer boarders" in Tina's home, and when at length Tony inherits a title and fortune, they follow him to New York.

Nature, perhaps, if not art, demanded a rest for Tina after the incessant display in the first act. In Tony's city house she is

scarcely entertaining, and, it may be, of necessity, for the melodramatic situation is sufficiently trying. She detects the scheme of Mrs. Fleeter, and threatens to denounce her; she observes also the wicked art of Harold Bartlett, and sees with little emotion how he drugs Tony's champagne, which act leads to an offer of instant marriage from the unhappy Tony to Mrs. Fleeter. Fortunately for Tina, the husband of Mrs. Fleeter appears, Joe Shotwell by name, described as "a broken-dawn Sport," and a somewhat exaggerated type well known in the Far West. By this person's agency and the help of Dr. Oliver, a friend of Tony's, the plot is shattered; the excitement renders Tony blind; his rival, Dudley Harcourt, who is a resuscitated Lord Dundreary, disappears in disgust, and the scene changes once more to Arcadia. Here Tony makes his return to nature, is cured of his blindness, romps with the children, and sings and dances as of yore. Tina resumes her natural character, jokes in very practical fashion with her portly and irascible mother, Mrs. Hartzel, plays tricks on the Doctor, and as winsome and engaging as ever, and all ends as it should.

The best that can be said of *My Sweetheart* is that it fully answers its purpose in affording Miss Minnie Palmer an opportunity for exhibiting her talents. Whether she possesses other and more genuine histrionic powers remains to be seen. Her performance is distinctly clever and captivating, and may be likened to the art of certain Restoration actresses. We can easily imagine that the summary judgment of the tender-hearted Mr. Pepys would have been that she is a mighty pretty rogue. Mr. Charles Arnold plays Tony with great zest and spirit, and sings with expression and true feeling. Mr. Hawkins, as "the broken-down Sport," creates much amusement by his spasmodic action and his iterated assurances to Mrs. Fleeter that "her loving husband waits outside." The Dudley Harcourt of Mr. Greet is chiefly distinguished by a quaint retrograde step in his walk which is hailed with rapture by a delighted house.

Something better than *Breaking a Butterfly* might reasonably have been expected from Messrs. Jones and Herman, the authors of *The Silver King*. That successful melodrama was understood to be an original work; *Breaking a Butterfly* is an adaptation of Ibsen's *Ett Dukkehjem*, or *The Doll's House*, and the inference is that these two partners treat their own stories more effectively than they treat those stories which they borrow. The piece, which was lately produced at the new theatre, the Prince's, in Leicester Square, is distinguished by one incident of some power, the invention of the adapters; but it is very laboriously evolved, and when once it has been set forth, the end of their ingenuity is reached. The knot is skilfully tied; but it has to be untied, and, instead of this, it is very clumsily wrenched and snapped. The incident to which reference is made is the self-accusation of a bank manager, the worthiest of men, whose wife, the most guileless of women, has signed her father's name to an acceptance for 200*l*. *La vraie innocence n'a honte de rien;* but when this includes forgery the case becomes somewhat serious. This, it will be gathered, is a play of character as well as of incident. Mrs. Goddard, as the bank manager's wife is called, must reveal herself in the first place as the childish impulsive girl who fails to understand that to obtain money on a forged signature is not a praiseworthy proceeding, if the object for which the money is wanted is a good one, as it is here; for Mrs. Goddard desired to take her sick husband to Italy, and so she wrote her father's name to the bill and obtained the money from a wretch named Dunkley, a clerk in the bank to the management of which her husband, restored in health, succeeds. That the character of Flora Goddard is a very difficult one to realize must be obvious, and Miss Lingard, the American actress, who fills it at the Prince's Theatre, not only perceives the difficulty, but makes her perception of it all too clear to the audience. There is some ill-digested scheme of a bygone love affair between the obnoxious Dunkley and Flora Goddard; he at any rate has loved her; but little comes of this, and, with much baseness and cruelty, he declares that he will make her guilt known, unless she induces her husband to restore him to the position in the bank from which he has been dismissed. She fails in the endeavour, and Dunkley tells Goddard the story of his wife's innocent crime, whereupon the bank manager, in order to screen his wife, asserts that the forged signature was his work. The triumph of the knave, and the humiliation of the good man ready to suffer the worst rather than that evil should befall the woman he loves, make a forcible scene, to which justice is done by Mr. Beerbohm Tree as the scoundrel Dunkley, and Mr. Kyrle Bellew as Goddard. The bitter and malicious satisfaction with which Dunkley delays the blow, and goads his enemy to a fury which changes to despair, is a clever study by Mr. Tree of the worst side of human nature. But here the play falls to pieces. The forgery has been committed; the consequences of it are not to be evaded. So long as the acceptance is in Dunkley's possession the danger remains, and consequently the authors make an old clerk who lodges in Dunkley's house abstract the document from the rogue's desk. This is morally a most indefensible act, and dramatically a very weak one. It needs a much stronger actress than Miss Lingard, strong in the portrayal of womanly weakness and utter innocence of the world, to make the heroine of this play reasonable and lovable. Such an actress is understood to have been found by Ibsen; and, as she had formerly been a dancer, he introduced a scene in which she dances a tarantella in order to occupy her husband's attention, and so prevent his going to the letter-box of his office, where she knows the letter from Dunkley is waiting. The Flora of the Prince's has not the special gift which is necessary to make the episode tell. If the Norwegian play, as may be noted, there is no happy ending—at least that with which her husband's house as the curtain falls; it is not certain that happiness would be secured with a woman who has such odd ideas. The dialogue of the adaptation is merely commonplace.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

WE mentioned briefly last week the opening of an exhibition at Mr. Tooth's new Gallery in the Haymarket. A closer inspection reveals a large number of very fine and important works. The foreign element is strong, but England holds her own well with pictures by Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Hook, Mr. Boughton, Mr. Brett, Mr. Leader, and Mr. Davis, to mention a few of the principal native exhibitors. The modern Italian school is well represented as well as the modern Dutch; and though the French pictures are fewer, they are of very high quality. We praised the Fortuny, "In the Vatican," last week; of a wholly different character, but probably destined to become quite as valuable, is a little work which comes from Vienna, "The Ameer," by M. L. Deutsch. It resembles a Géröme in high finish, fine colour, and vigour. The details are marvellous, as are the painting of the skin and complexion of the two figures. Near it hangs "A Page in Waiting," by M. Charlemont, a French artist of very rising fame. It is also highly finished and highly coloured, and contrasts strongly with landscapes by Mr. Leader, Mr. Alfred Parsons, and Mr. Orrock, which are close by. We are disappointed in Mr. MacWhirter's "Trouting Stream," which is not worked out, and Mr. H. W. B. Davis's "An Autumn Evening—Ben Slioch, N.B.," is open, but in a less degree, to the same objection. Signor Paneral sends a good view of street corners in Florence. Mr. Webb's "Fresh Morning on the Normandy Coast" shows a lumpy dark sea running high, and is strongly painted. M. Julien Dupré is more pleasing in his "Haytime" than in "Minding the Flock," which is grey and sad; but of course both are above ordinary criticism. Mr. Waller's "Day of Reckoning" was in last year's Academy. Signor Nono, whose name is new to us, sends "Prayer," a child crouching on the damp pavement of a terrace, finely and fully worked out. M. Eugène de Blaas has several good pictures in the Gallery, as usual, among which the "Village Dance" is perhaps the best. Two very different styles of English landscape art are represented in two views of Thames scenery by Mr. Keeley Halswelle and Mr. Vicat Cole. "The Thames at Sonning" is very like one of Mr. Halswelle's House-Boat sketches, solemn and sad, with a well-painted foreground. In the "Cornfield at Goring" Mr. Cole has bestowed more care on his background, which is very delicate and pleasing; but his foreground is flat, and also spotty. Mr. Thomas Collier's "Lymington Common" reminds us of Cox's work, which is a good thing. On this wall are two fine single figure studies by Mr. Boughton, and two small sea pieces by Mr. Brett. "May" represents a young girl amid spring blossoms, and though the face is not very pretty, the whole picture is extremely sweet and delicate in tone. The sad, but fairer, face in Mr. Boughton's second picture illustrates some lines from Lord Tennyson's "Break, break, break," and is very lovely in every way, though appropriately sombre in colour. Mr. Brett's contributions are very characteristic. The first shows a gathering gale from the Bay of Biscay sweeping a heavy sea upon "Plymouth Breakwater," and, though small, is large in conception and treatment. To say it is like the place would be superfluous. His second picture is more in his usual manner, and, to our eyes, is not very harmonious in colour, the contrast of rock and sea being too violent, and the masses not being well disposed. Nevertheless this, "Entrance to Fowey River, Cornwall," is a picture which no one but Mr. Brett could have painted. There are several fine works from the cosmopolitan school which has settled at Venice. The most important is a large canvas by Signor Favretto, "A Venetian Market-Place," which is very clever, if not very pretty. Close to it is another fine work, "Mending Nets, Venice," by Franz Ruben; and there are pictures by Ettore Tito and several others of the mixed colony to which we have referred, those by M. de Blaas being, on the whole, the most pleasing.

A considerable number of English landscapes besides those already mentioned will be found in the Gallery, Mr. Leader's "Still Evening" being the most attractive. The sun has set behind an old Norman church tower, and a river in the foreground is beginning to lose the evening radiance and to turn grey and cold, though the sky still glows. Mr. Wimperis sends "The Way to Market," a moorland path; Mr. Webb a "Bit of Suffolk"; Mr. Luker, "At Cleve on the Thames"; Mr. Parsons, "Harvest in Warwickshire," and Mr. Aikman, a Scottish artist whose name is new to us, a view of "Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon." But the landscape which best repays study is perhaps Mr. Hook's wonderfully fresh and bright picture entitled the "Wounded Gull." The figure, a girl, holding the poor bird with its broken wing, goes to mar the view of green billows and windy headlands, but is painted, we may presume, in the interests of humanity. Four figure pictures remain to be noticed. Signor Tavernier's finely finished and highly comic "Geographer" and "Justice" are known, but should not be overlooked. Near them is a composition by Mr. F. Goodall, in which some Egyptian Arabs are [illegible]; it is entitled, "Relating his Adventures," and is pervaded by the

tawny Oriental sparkling and luminous shadow which Mr. Goodall knows so well how to paint. There is a fault, however, which should be pointed out. As in most of this artist's recent pictures, the blue draperies are of a colour never seen in the East, not even in Syria. This picture looks most like an Egyptian study; but assuredly no Egyptian women were ever dressed like these—at least in Mr. Goodall's time. The blue affected by the Egyptian peasant is a pure, dull indigo of several shades, but usually very dark. The small, finely-finished "On the Look-out," by Mr. Crofts, will sustain his high reputation for care, simplicity, and spirit. A Roundhead, on horseback, sits by the side of a brook and looks sternly and keenly about him. Sir Frederick Leighton's "Whispers," which was in the Royal Academy two years ago, is to be seen upstairs. We noticed the pictures in the smaller room last week.

Messrs. Vokins have appropriately chosen the centenary of Peter de Wint's birth to open an exhibition of his pictures and sketches at their Gallery in Great Portland Street. It comprises 135 examples, and is very interesting to the student of the history of water-colour art, though a little disappointing to the critic, as De Wint's work does not bear the trying ordeal an exhibition of this kind imposes on it. Still it would be difficult, in the whole circle of English water-colour landscape, to find more delicate and beautiful examples than, to name three pictures only, "The Thames at Richmond" (3), the "Hayfield" (99), and "Penrith Castle" (100). It may be worth noting that in the brief biographical preface there is a slight error. Peter de Wint, who died in 1849, was not "buried in the Chapel Royal, Savoy," but in the graveyard adjoining. His widow presented a new font in 1864, and the fact is recorded on it.

ENTERTAINMENTS AND RECITALS.

THE German Reed entertainment at the St. George's Hall opens with a musical comedietta, called *A Moss Rose Rent*, written by Mr. Arthur Law, the music by Mr. Alfred J. Caldicott. This bright little drama is a drawing-room piece, possessing all the characteristics which have so long made these entertainments unique among London attractions. It is satisfactory to note this adherence to the peculiar form of chamber drama in which Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and Mr. John Parry achieved so many triumphs; in *A Moss Rose Rent* there is all the nature and refinement, the absence of mere stage atmosphere, associated with this form of entertainment. The construction is slight, the *motif* is a little strained, but it affords excellent scope for the humours of Mr. Corney Grain and Mr. Alfred Reed, and some expressive songs for Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Wardroper, and Mr. North Home. The gipsy duet, "Along the country side we go," with its Romany swing and audacious refrain, is capitally rendered by Miss Holland and Mr. Reed. The quintet that follows is skilfully composed, and sweet and rich in harmony, the *tutti*, "'Neath the stars," being particularly pleasing. The piece is vivaciously played, culminating in a lively scene in a gipsy encampment, where Mr. Corney Grain, as an elderly baronet with evil designs, and Mr. Reed, a jovial gipsy tinker, are exceedingly amusing in their well-contrasted styles. Mr. Corney Grain's musical sketch, *Spring's Delights*, forms an interlude, in which the discomforts of a modern Queen Anne residence and the horrors of a "spring cleaning" are humorously set forth, the recitation preluding a novel cantata, which very happily caricatures many styles of music—the pomp and circumstance of Wagner and Sir Arthur Sullivan's operetta chorus in particular. The concluding piece, *A Double Event*, is a very merry farce, with two delightful duets written by Mr. Corney Grain. The combat with gloves between the amorous rivals, Tubbs (Mr. Reed) and Whiffle (Mr. North), and their final collapse through the inn window amid the crash of glass, is an excellent piece of "business." The fun and movement are never suffered to pause one moment in the spirited course of this clever little play.

There are many among Mr. Brandram's admirers who prefer his "Selections" to his Shakspearian readings. At Willis's Rooms on Tuesday the recitations offered abundant and striking points for contrast and instances of varied resources and versatile talent. It is a long range that includes so admirably dramatic a rendering of the sheep-shearing in *A Winter's Tale*, and such pieces as "Sir Rupert the Fearless," from the *Ingoldsby Legends*, and "Our Eye-Witness on the Ice." In the first of these, Mr. Brandram's delivery of the charming verses of Perdita, the roguerie of Autolycus, the incidents of the shearing, the humours of the shepherd, is unequalled for its powerful actuality. The vividness with which the scene is presented where Autolycus robs the shepherd is masterly, and the picture of the swaggering rascal, carolling his cheerful lays, is full of distinction and finish. The "Dogberry and Verges" excerpt, good as it is, and excellently conceived, still does not compare with the Autolycus. With the audience Mr. Brandram's greatest success was in "Our Eye-Witness on the Ice," which he gave with great unction and force, illustrating the extravagant humour of the piece with incredibly rapid changes of voice and gesture, and with a solemnity of visage that formed an additional provocation to laughter.

THE TREASURY AND THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

THE City is grumbling just now because, as it alleges, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is imitating one of the worst practices of the United States Treasury. When Lord Sherbrooke was Chancellor of the Exchequer, he made certain changes in the collection of the taxes which were severely criticised at the time, and which have since continued to cause inconvenience to business. The result so far as the money market is concerned has been that a disproportionately large part of the revenue has been received in the last quarter of the financial year, and has thus led to periodical stringency in February and March. Taxpayers who have to pay considerable amounts usually do so by cheques upon their bankers, and, therefore, when the revenue is pouring in rapidly, large sums are transferred from the other banks of the country to the Bank of England. In this way the funds available for lending and discounting in the hands of other banks are lessened, while those at the disposal of the Bank of England increase. Wherever the Government employs a single bank, there must be to some extent inconvenience caused in this manner to the other banks, whether the collection of the revenue is spread over the whole year or is crowded into a few months. But the collection of a great part in a few months undoubtedly causes the inconvenience to be more severely felt, and leads to much grumbling. At the same time, it causes inconvenience to trade generally. As the Bank of England keeps the ultimate banking reserve of the whole country, it is usually obliged to charge higher rates of interest and discount than the other banks in order to protect its stock of gold. When, therefore, a disproportionately large part of the capital available for employment in the short-loan market is under the control of the Bank of England, the rate payable in the short-loan market for the use of capital is higher than at other times: consequently the changes introduced by Lord Sherbrooke have had the effect of making the value of money higher than it otherwise would be in the months of February and March. As this, however, has been a constant experience since the changes were effected, it would call for no special remark just now but that, in the opinion of the City, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is at present aggravating the effect of the changes made by Lord Sherbrooke. The Government ought to take out of the pockets of the people no more than is required for defraying its expenses and for making provision against unforeseen outlay. But it is now clear that Mr. Childers last April estimated the receipts of the taxes very much too low. The revenue in consequence is coming in much more rapidly than he anticipated, and as a result the inconvenience to which we have been referring is exceptionally felt. As a matter of course, the deposits at the credit of the Government must increase as each quarter advances. The interest on the debt, for example, and several other charges have to be met at the end of the quarter, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer must gradually accumulate his balance at the Bank to meet those charges. But this year, as we have said, the under-estimating of the revenue has led to a much greater accumulation of revenue than appears to be necessary. Last Saturday the Treasury balances in the Banks of England and Ireland considerably exceeded ten millions, and they were larger by more than 2½ millions than at the corresponding date twelve months ago. Mr. Gladstone has always been in favour of large balances, and there is undoubtedly advantage in the system; but there seems no reason to suppose that such large balances are required as are now maintained. At the end of the last financial year the Chancellor of the Exchequer was able to pay off a million of debt out of his balances; and, if the balance then was more than ample, it seems to follow that the balances now are very much too large. And if it be true, as is reported from India, that the Indian Government intends to repay to the Home Government a million sterling due by it for a long time past, the balance will be considerably augmented. Without, however, dwelling upon this point, as to which there is as yet no official information, it is clear from the figures given above that the balance in the Banks of England and Ireland seems to be larger than circumstances require.

And the keeping of so large a balance is the stranger because the Chancellor of the Exchequer receives no interest upon the sums so deposited, while he maintains it only at considerable expense. There is a floating debt, represented by Treasury Bills running for three and six months. These bills, as they fall due, are generally renewed. Last Monday, for example, bills for nearly two millions were so renewed; roughly speaking, about three-quarters of the amount in three months' bills, and the remainder in six months'. And for renewing the three months' bills the Chancellor of the Exchequer had to submit to a discount of over 3 per cent. per annum, while the discount on the six months' bills exceeded 2½ per cent. per annum. It seems to follow from what has been stated above that the Government could well afford to pay off the whole of the bills renewed this week, and yet retain a balance ample for all its requirements. And the City is asking, why should the Chancellor of the Exchequer pay so high a rate of interest for the renewal of bills, which, so far as the outside public can see, might, without inconvenience to the Treasury, be paid off? Of course, outsiders cannot judge whether the Treasury could really dispense with so large a balance. It may be that the Chancellor of the Exchequer foresees that the claims coming upon him at the end of the month will be much larger than the public supposes, and that to meet those claims he is accumulating the large balances of which the City complains. Or, again, it may be that he is

contemplating some large operation which will be announced in the Budget statements. On these points the public has no information, but so far as is known it appears that the balances are excessive. Just now, indeed, it happens that in the interest of trade it is well that the control of the Bank of England over the money market should be strengthened. Competing bankers and merchants who have to pay a higher rate of interest than they would otherwise be charged are slow to admit this, but the fact will not be disputed by impartial thinkers. Some years ago the Bank of England allowed its stock of gold to be reduced lower than is safe, considering the magnitude of the trade of the country, and it has never been able to replace the sums then lost. In consequence it is every now and then compelled to raise its rate of discount, to stop withdrawal of more gold, and to attract some of the metal from other countries. At present, for instance, though trade is extremely dull, and there is no speculation, the Directors of the Bank keep their rate of discount higher than the rate is in any other great commercial capital. The accident that the revenue payments are large just now, and that the exceptional balance kept by the Government with the Bank of England places at the disposal of the Bank so considerable a proportion of the floating capital in the short-loan market, enables the Directors to compel the rest of the market to charge as high a rate as they do themselves. The enhancement of the value of money thus brought about attracts gold from New York to this country, and makes it probable that gold may also be brought from Paris and Berlin. But, while for banking purposes it happens to be well that the balances kept by the Government should be large, it is not the duty of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to aid the Bank in replenishing its stock of gold. And, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer has no other object in view than merely retaining a large balance, there is some ground for the complaint of the City that he is falling into a practice which has caused serious disturbance in the New York money market when followed by the United States Secretary of the Treasury. In the United States the revenue greatly exceeds the expenditure, and therefore there is an enormous surplus at all times in the Treasury. Occasionally the Secretary of the Treasury allows this surplus to accumulate so rapidly that the New York money market is disturbed. After a while the Secretary relieves the market by the redemption of debt. The argument of the City is that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should do as the Secretary to the Treasury does when inconvenience is experienced in New York; that is, apply a portion of his accumulated balance in paying off Treasury Bills.

Assuming, however, that Mr. Childers has a good reason for the policy pursued by him, it seems unreasonable that he should not obtain from the Bank of England a share of the profit derived from the large balances kept. At present the Bank of England pays no interest to the Government upon the public deposits. Of course the Government could not expect the Bank to collect the taxes, manage the debt, and perform the several services which it discharges for nothing. The remuneration received by the Bank is partly derived from the employment of the public money deposited with it. This is quite reasonable, and is in accordance with what all private persons have to do. But when the balance kept by the Government exceeds a certain sum, it seems only fair that the Treasury should receive some benefit from the employment of the money. The balance with the Bank of England at present exceeds that held twelve months ago by nearly 2½ millions, and if it paid the Bank to manage the business of the Government twelve months ago with a smaller balance, the Bank could surely afford to pay some interest on the excess which it now holds. The Bank uses the money which it receives from the Government in lending and discounting. Just now the rate of interest is fully 3½ per cent., and the whole of this interest is pocketed by the Bank shareholders. It would be only fair that the Government should receive some part of this profit. We cannot doubt that the Directors of the Bank would themselves at once admit the justice of the proposition were it submitted to them. And if the State were to share in the profits made by the Bank in employing public money, it is clear that much of the envy now excited by the Bank would be removed. Other bankers complain that the Bank of England is given great advantages at their expense; but, if the Bank of England not only paid for its advantages by services rendered to the State, but also by sharing with the State the actual profits realized, there would be no ground for complaint, and at the same time it would be to the public advantage.

REVIEWS.

THE WORKS OF JOHN DRYDEN.*

MR. SAINTSBURY'S great edition of Dryden has been advanced by four more volumes of the Plays, containing, among others, *Sir Martin Mar-All*, *The Tempest*, *Almanzor and Almahide*, *The Assignation*, *The State of Innocence*, *Aureng-Zebe*, and *Œdipus*. In our observations upon the first two volumes we said what we had to say on the general subject of Dryden's Plays. As regards those contained in these volumes a great deal might also be said, if only for the reason that they are certainly all quite new to the general reader, and most of them, probably, new even to the student of English literature. But, first, it must be acknowledged that the notes added by the editor show as much care and anxiety to present a faithful text, with the illustration and elucidation of obscure passages, as if every scene in these neglected and forgotten plays were a gem of the purest water. This is the true spirit of the faithful editor, even though the shade of Dryden, if he still considers his works, must blush to remember the unworthiness of many plays which once he thought so fine.

The first of them which calls for special notice is *Sir Martin Mar-All*, a play made up out of Molière's *L'Etourdi* and Quinault's *L'Amant Indiscret*. On the first production, which was in the year 1667, it bore the name of the Duke of Newcastle. We quite agree with Mr. Pepys and with Mr. Saintsbury that there is "very good wit" in the performance. The play is, in fact, lively and bustling, with plenty of action, and a plot as absurd and impossible as ever delighted an audience. To say that some of the scenes are indelicate is a mild way of putting the case. In defence, however, Dryden would probably plead, with perfect justice, that he could not be expected to be better than his contemporaries. Forty years later than this Lady Cowper records in her diary that she had been to the theatre, and adds that the play was not "more obscene than such pieces always are." We may remember, too, that even now there are things almost incredible said and done in French farces.

After *Sir Martin Mar-All* follows *The Tempest, or the Enchanted Island*, the famous travesty of Shakspeare, for which Sir William Davenant appears chiefly responsible. This is insisted upon by both the earlier and the later editor. Sir Walter Scott considered that it was undertaken chiefly with a view to scenic decoration, while Mr. Saintsbury points out that the internal evidence shows little of Dryden's work. What Dryden himself says in his preface is that Davenant, when he designed the counterpart to Shakspeare's heroine—namely, the man who had never seen a woman—communicated the idea to himself, and desired his assistance:—

> Sir William Davenant, as he was a man of a quick and piercing imagination, soon found that somewhat might be added to the design of Shakespeare, of which neither Fletcher nor Suckling had ever thought: And, therefore, to put the last hand to it, he designed the counterpart to Shakespeare's plot, namely, that of a man who had never seen a woman; that by this means those two characters of innocence and love might the more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent contrivance he was pleased to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it. I confess that from the very first moment it so pleased me, that I never writ anything with more delight. I must likewise do him that justice to acknowledge that my writing received daily his amendments; and that is the reason why it is not so faulty, as the rest which I have done, without the help or correction of so judicious a friend.

He goes on to explain, with perhaps a little malice, that the "comical parts of the sailors"—that is to say, those parts which are now quite intolerable—were wholly the invention of Davenant. There is no reason to doubt the truth of Dryden's statement. Davenant suggested what both, with singular lack of judgment, thought so wonderful an improvement, the additions of Hippolito, Dorinda, and Sycorax, the sister of Caliban; Dryden wrote a rough draft on the lines laid down by Davenant; the latter then devoted a good deal of care to the revision, correction, and completion of it. "His corrections," says Dryden, "were sober and judicious; and he corrected his own writings much more severely than those of any other man, bestowing twice the labour and time in polishing, which he used in invention." The following is sufficient to show the treatment of Hippolito:—

> *Prosp.* But here are creatures which I named not to thee,
> Who share man's sovereignty by nature's laws,
> And oft depose him from it.
> *Hip.* What are those creatures, sir?
> *Prosp.* Those dangerous enemies of men, called women.
> *Hip.* Women! I never heard of them before.—
> What are women like?
> *Prosp.* Imagine something between young men and angels;
> Fatally beauteous, and have killing eyes:
> Their voices charm beyond the nightingale's;
> They are all enchantment: Those, who once behold them,
> Are made their slaves for ever.
> *Hip.* Then I will wink, and fight with them.
> *Prosp.* 'Tis but in vain:
> They'll haunt you in your very sleep.
> *Hip.* Then I'll revenge it on them when I wake.
> *Prosp.* You are without all possibility of revenge;
> They are so beautiful, that you can ne'er attempt,
> Nor wish, to hurt them.
> *Hip.* Are they so beautiful?
> *Prosp.* Calm sleep is not so soft; nor winter suns,
> Nor summer shades, so pleasant.
> *Hip.* Can they be fairer than the plumes of swans?
> Or more delightful than peacock's feathers?
> Or than the gloss upon the necks of doves?
> Or have more various beauty than the rainbow?—
> These I have seen, and, without danger, wondered at.
> *Prosp.* All these are far below them: Nature made
> Nothing but woman dangerous and fair.
> Therefore if you should chance to see them,
> Avoid them straight, I charge you.

The comedy of *An Evening's Love* has the same kind of merits as we find in *Sir Martin Mar-All*, with the same faults—that is to say, the piece is full of life and movement; its dialogue for the parts extremely coarse, and the plot is borrowed from the French. Pepys termed it "nothing so good as the Maiden Queen," and Evelyn called it "a foolish play," and says it affected him as

* *The Works of John Dryden; with Sir Walter Scott's Notes.* Revised and corrected by George Saintsbury. Vols. III., IV., V., and VI. Edinburgh: William Paterson. 1883.

age the stage as "degenerated and polluted by the licentious times." It is to us chiefly remarkable on account of the preface, in which Dryden defends himself from the charge of borrowing his plots and characters. It is a lame defence at the best, for although it is quite true, as he says, that Shakspeare borrowed his stories, that Virgil imitated Homer, that Terence translated Menander, that Tasso borrowed both from Virgil and from Homer, and that Beaumont and Fletcher took most of their plots from Spanish novels, yet it is one thing to dramatize a story, and quite another to copy, adapt, or "English" a play. Dryden says:—

> There is another crime with which I am charged, at which I am yet much less concerned, because it does not relate to my manners, as the former did, but only to my reputation as a poet: a name of which I assure the reader I am nothing proud; and therefore cannot be very solicitous to defend it. I am taxed with stealing all my plays, and that by some, who should be the last men from whom I would steal any part of them. There is one answer which I will not make; but it has been made for me, by him to whose grace and patronage I owe all things,
>
> *Et spes et ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum—*
>
> and without whose command they should no longer be troubled with anything of mine:—that he only desired, that they, who accused me of theft, would always steal him plays like mine. But though I have reason to be proud of this defence, yet I should waive it, because I have a worse opinion of my own comedies than any of my enemies can have. It is true, that wherever I have liked any story in a romance, novel, or foreign play, I have made no difficulty, nor ever shall, to take the foundation of it, to build it up, and to make it proper for the English stage. And I will be so vain to say, it has lost nothing in my hands: But it always cost me so much trouble to heighten it for our theatre (which is incomparably more curious in all the ornaments of dramatic poesy than the French or Spanish), that when I had finished my play, it was like the bulk of Sir Francis Drake, so strangely altered, that there scarcely remained any plank of the timber which first built it.

In the *Tyrannic Love* the character of Maximin is drawn, as Scott says, on "Dryden's boldest plan." We, who are not concerned to defend everything of Dryden, may perhaps admit that many of the verses put into the mouth of Maximin are extravagant and bombastic to the highest degree. Witness the last scene of all, in which Maximin dies amid the dead bodies of those whom the poet had killed before:—

> My body has not power my mind to bear——
> I must return again—and conquer here.
> [*Sits down upon the body.*
> My coward body does my will control;
> Farewell, thou base deserter of my soul!
> I'll shake this carcase off, and be obeyed;
> Reign an imperial ghost without its aid.
> Go, soldiers, take my ensigns with you; fight
> And vanquish rebels in your sovereign's right;
> Before I die——
> Bring me Porphyrius and my empress dead:—
> I would brave heaven, in my each hand a head.
> *Plac.* Do not regard a dying tyrant's breath,
> He can but look revenge on you in death. [*To the soldiers.*
> *Max.* Vanquished, and dar'st thou yet a rebel be?
> Thus, I can more than look revenge on thee. [*Stabs him again.*
> *Plac.* Oh, I am gone! [*Dies.*
> *Max.* And after thee I go,
> Revenging still, and following ev'n to the other world my blow;
> [*Stabs him again.*
> And shoving back this earth on which I sit,
> I'll mount, and scatter all the Gods I hit. [*Dies.*

There is not space for us to do justice to the famous heroic play of the *Conquest of Granada*. The reader will remember, however, that a long and appreciative account of this piece has been already given by Mr. Saintsbury in his *Dryden* ("English Men of Letters"). A portion of this description is incorporated in his preface to the play. What Mr. Saintsbury says of this play may be said, *mutatis mutandis*, of all Dryden's plays. They are full of preposterous revolutions, discoveries, murders, and bombast; the plots are absurd, and yet "there is a kind of generous and noble spirit animating them which could not fail to catch an audience blinded by fashion to the absurdities . . . and all over the dialogue are squandered and lavished flowers of splendid verse." Here, again, is a preface by the author which deserves careful reading, as it is the defence of the heroic drama, of which the play is justly taken as the representative. Sir William Davenant, he says, was the first to introduce the heroic play in England. During the Commonwealth he evaded the prohibition against tragedies and comedies by the performance of "examples of moral virtue, writ in verse, and performed in recitative music," both music and scenes being borrowed from the Italian operas. On the return of the King, he changed his *Siege of Rhodes*, which was one of these musical pieces, into a regular drama. But, as Dryden explains, he wanted the fulness of a plot and the variety of characters to form and complete his design. "As few men have the happiness to begin and finish any new project, so neither did he live to make his design perfect. . . . For myself and others who come after him, we are bound, with all veneration for his memory, to acknowledge what advantage we received from that excellent groundwork which he laid. And since it is an easy thing to add to what already is invented, we ought all of us, without envy to him or partiality to ourselves, to yield him the precedance in it." These are very generous words, and do the writer great credit.

In the fifth volume will be found that remarkable production, *The State of Innocence and Fall of Man*, an "opera," or, in other words, a dramatic version, partly in rhymed and partly in blank verse, of the *Paradise Lost*. Filled as it is with lines borrowed directly from Milton, it is yet a work not unworthy of the subject. The stage directions, however, laid down with as much care as if the piece would ever be acted, have a grotesque impossibility. Thus the stage represents in turn Chaos, Heaven, Hell, the Chariot of the Sun, Paradise, whistling clouds, and choirs of angels. In the last scene Eve bids farewell to Eden in lines which are pretty, but have lost the noble consolation which Milton found for the first mother:—

> Though all by me is lost,
> Such favour I, unworthy, am vouchsafed,
> By me the promised Seed shall all restore.

Dryden makes Eve say:—

> Farewell, you happy shades!
> Where angels first should practise hymns, and string
> Their tuneful harps, when they to Heaven would sing.
> Farewell, you flowers, whose buds, with early care,
> I watched, and to the cheerful sun did rear:
> Who now shall bind your stems? or, when you fall,
> With fountain streams your fainting souls recall?
> A long farewell to thee, my nuptial bower,
> Adorned with every fair and fragrant flower!
> And last, farewell, farewell my place of birth!
> I go to wander in the lower earth,
> As distant as I can; for, dispossest,
> Farthest from what I once enjoyed, is best.

The same volume contains *Aureng-Zebe*, justly described by Mr. Saintsbury as a fine play. How many living men are there who have read the play? How many know that it contains the often-quoted lines?—

> When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
> Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit;
> Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay;
> To-morrow's falser than the former day;
> Lies worse; and, while it says, We shall be blest
> With some new joys, cuts off what we possest.
> Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
> Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
> And from the dregs of life think to receive
> What the first sprightly running could not give.
> I'm tired of waiting for this chemic gold,
> Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

The only remarkable play in the sixth volume, which contains four, is the *Œdipus*. It was written by Dryden and Lee in collaboration. Great violence is done to the story, and the play ends in a general massacre. Eurydice is killed by Creon, Creon by Adrastus, Adrastus by the soldiers; Jocasta slaughters her children, and stabs herself "in many places"; lastly, Œdipus flings himself from a window. We dismiss these volumes with the confession that Dryden's neglected and forgotten plays, thus carefully annotated and edited by Mr. Saintsbury, do really grow upon us as they are read. We see again the life and action of the piece, the crowded and bustling stage, the wild gallants, and the damsels, quite as wild, whom they court. Amidst the extravagances of the heroics, we detect the allusions to the passing events, the prejudices, and the fashions of the age; and as for the coarseness of the dialogue, that, as is also the case with other men of genius who have so sinned, loses half its offensiveness when we have read enough to enter into the spirit of the time and the habits of its thoughts and expressions.

TWO NOVELS.*

MR. JUSTIN McCARTHY'S new story is both interesting and original. In fixing its scene in modern Greek life, he has struck a vein which has hitherto been slightly used by novelists. It would be absurd, indeed, to compare the book with the *Roi des Montagnes* of M. Edmond About, in which a close knowledge of the country is combined with an inimitable wit. Mr. McCarthy is destitute, however, of neither knowledge nor wit, and his book is one which will be read with interest and pleasure from beginning to end. The Maid of Athens is a young lady of English birth living in that city, and greatly enamoured of Greece and all things pertaining to Greece. She, Athena Rosaire by name, is the daughter of a defunct British diplomatist, who had a grievance against the Government, and passed it on to his widow, Athena's mother. The two ladies are living in Athens when the tale begins. Kelvin Cleveland, the hero of the story, has known Athena five years before, when she was a young girl of seventeen, and has arrived at that stage of intimacy with her, exceeding flirtation and falling short of love-making, to which young people of their several ages are not seldom prone. Kelvin had at that time the prospect of a peerage, of which the marriage of an uncle and consequent birth of a cousin afterwards deprived him. In his new position he was not as attractive a son-in-law as in the old, and Mrs. Rosaire takes the necessary steps for intercepting the letters which the young people till then had continued to exchange. Whereupon surprise and resentment not unnaturally arise in Athena's mind; and, like some other ladies in similar circumstances, she seeks consolation, not in a new love, but in a "cause"—the cause in this case being Greece. The date of the tale is placed in the years between the Treaty of Berlin and the final settlement of the new Greek frontier, when, as will be remembered, public opinion in Greece was greatly excited, and intrigues of all kinds were rife in Athens. Convinced of the fickleness of her old friend, to whom she had in reality become attached, Athena

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* *Maid of Athens.* By Justin McCarthy, M.P. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

Justin Warren's Daughter. By Olive M. Birrell. London: Remington & Co. 1882.

is still not unwilling to marry, if by doing so she can further the cause which she has at heart; but love has nothing to do with this willingness. Kelvin Cleveland, on his part, finds his feeling for the girl strengthened by time and absence; and comes to Athens, ostensibly to do war correspondent's work should hostilities break out between Greece and Turkey, but in truth to satisfy himself as to the state of Athena's sentiments.

His first experiments are not successful. When he arrives in Athens, he finds out that Mrs. Rosaire has been playing him false with the girl, and that Athena herself has become cold, distant, and repellent in her manner to him. Two other lovers in due time appear on the scene—Lord St. Ives, the heir to an English earldom, and a certain Greek, Makarides by name, a wealthy political intriguer, who is fishing for popularity and office in the troubled waters of Greco-Turkish politics. Between the two the "Maid of Athens" long wavers, loving neither of them, but considering each of them in the light of the possible aid which he might render to the cause of Greece. The first incident of note in the story is an absurd duel which Cleveland gets into with a vulgar English millionaire, who insults an old Greek gentleman as to the character of the latter's countrymen; whereupon Cleveland calls him a "vulgar blackguard," and gets a bullet put into him for his pains. The wife of the millionaire in question, Mrs. Pellen, is the most powerfully drawn character in the book, though the grotesqueness of the first part which she plays jars with the effect which the second part produces. During the lifetime of her husband, whom she detests and whom she has married merely for money, she overbids all his vulgarities of manner and speech, being able all the time to talk like a woman of sense and education. Her husband's duel with Cleveland, whom she comes to love as the possible slayer of the former, leads her to throw off the veil and to reveal herself to him as she really is. When the husband a short time after dies at Corfu, she offers herself to Cleveland, and when he, being in love with Athena, declines the honour of her hand, she begs him to accept a part of her fortune to further his career. The interview between the two, in which he rejects both herself and her money, and does so kindly, and as a gentleman might, appears to us to be worth all the rest of the book. The plot, meanwhile, is thickening. Cleveland, to gain the love of Athena, who tries to turn all her admirers into fighters for the cause of Greece, enlists himself under the banner of Makarides, who is the popular favourite for the time, and is preparing an inroad into Thessaly. Athena refuses Lord St. Ives, and engages herself to the hero of the hour; and it is arranged that the irruption shall be made without delay, Cleveland taking command of the first detachment, to be supported by other bands, organized by Makarides, which are to meet him on the frontier. The whole thing is merely a device on the part of the Greek to lure Cleveland to his ruin. In his absence a diplomatic compromise is come to at Athens, by which war is to be averted; and, although Makarides has abundant time to recall the forlorn hope, he suffers them to go on to what he believes will prove their destruction. They cross the frontier; have a skirmish, in which some lives are lost, with the Turkish troops; and are finally recalled by English friends from Athens, who explain that the question has been settled diplomatically at Athens. On Cleveland's return he hastens to demand an explanation of Makarides's treachery, and finds him in the company of Athena. Makarides cannot deny the fact that he had ample time to recall the party before it crossed the Turkish frontier, and blandly informs Athena, in Cleveland's presence, that he purposely kept back the telegram from love of her. He is puzzled at her abhorrence of what seems to him the most natural stratagem in the world. After he has received his dismissal, Athena and Cleveland embrace one another, and everybody is made happy. There are various other characters in the book which are more or less successfully drawn—Steenie Vale, a rather vulgar schoolboy; his father, a fatuous old bore, who ends by marrying Mrs. Rosaire; and others. There is also much description of natural scenery, of which we may say that the half would be a good deal better than the whole; and there are sundry flourishes which breathe defiance to England and honour to Erin. We shall survive them, however. Altogether the tale, though not one of the first class, holds a fair place in the second rank of the novels of the period.

Justice Warren's Daughter is of a wholly different kind. The scene is laid in New England, the date at which the story opens is the year 1659, and the chief theme of the book is the persecutions to which the Quakers were at that time subjected. Katherine Warren, after whom the story takes its name, is a young Puritan girl, of a type which then was common in New England, and of which, here and there, traces were till lately to be found. We are not sure that it has even now wholly disappeared. She had been brought up strictly, and has absorbed as much of the teaching of her sect as a naturally generous and warm-hearted nature can; while the circumstances of the new settlement allow her an amount of freedom which would be impossible in the old country. In the absence of her father she gives shelter to one of the persecuted Quakers, whom at that time it was penal to harbour. The name of the Quaker girl who appeals for refuge is Rose Halifax, to whom, as well as to others in the book, the title of heroine might be given. The two hold a long conference together, in which Quaker doctrine is set forth by the refugee, and enhanced by the charm of her youth and beauty. This act of kindness on the part of Katherine Warren gets her into trouble with the minister, and the young Quakeress leaves the house to rejoin her co-sectaries in the woods. Belonging to the same household as the daughter are two cousins, Simon and Roland, the latter remarkable for little but high spirits, the former a young man of many and mysterious moods, who has decamped to spend a year among the Indians, and who, by the way, is enamoured of the fair young Quakeress. He also plays conjuring-tricks of the most elementary character. With the help of some phosphorescent matter which he carries in a box, he produces, in a darkened room, the appearance of a hand writing on a wall. He had done, in his earlier youth, many remarkable deeds, such as climbing to the top of the church steeple, and the like. In due time Katherine Warren goes from Salem, where these wonders are performed, on a visit to Boston, where she has much conversation with an aunt on serious subjects. Meantime the Quakers resolve to come back to Boston, from which place they had been excluded on pain of death; and among them are Rose Halifax, despite the entreaties of her lover to fly to some State where they were tolerated, and her leader and teacher, Mary Dyar. The Governor, John Endicott, is a Quaker-baiter of the most hardened description; and to return to Boston in the face of his prohibitions is little less than to court death. Nevertheless they persevere, Mary Dyar, in the face of her husband's entreaties to stay with him in Rhode Island (where the Quakers are safe), and Rose Halifax, notwithstanding Simon's entreaties. The Quakers are all arrested; and on the next "meeting-day" the divine who preaches to the assembled Puritans advises them to kill the Quakers as soon as may be, whereupon Simon rushes out of the church, to the great scandal of the congregation. His conjuring soon after comes to his aid, especially the trick of the shining hand, by which, after blowing out the lights in the council-room, he terrifies the assembled magistrates of the city. Nevertheless the Governor is not diverted from his purpose. Rose Halifax is condemned to be branded and sold as a slave. Thereupon Simon sets fire to the House of Correction, in which she is confined, intending to save her in the confusion which it would cause; but he breaks into her cell only to find her lying dead. He does not deny the charge of arson when it is made against him, but escapes from his guards and takes again to the woods. A short time after Mary Dyar and other Quakers are executed. Justice Warren's daughter, who has been engaged to marry one Captain Keith, in due time does so, after he has gone with other settlers to the island of Nantucket. Simon lives a vagabond life in the woods, and finally falls ill. He is found there by Eliot, the missionary to the Indians, by whom he is converted from his heathenish ways, and he finally makes an edifying end. Most of the other personages in the book come to good.

The story is a very slight and immature production, and overflows with conversations on religious subjects; many of its pages read like a penny tract. There is in it none of the genius which, in the person of Dinah Morris, brings early Methodism so vividly before our eyes. We see with regret such subjects treated at all in a novel, unless they are treated with a power such as that with which George Eliot was able to handle them. Nevertheless, the intentions of the writer are good, and if, as we imagine, this is the first effort of a young novelist, we may hope for something stronger in the future.

NEW PRINTS.

PEOPLE who used to prophesy about the effects of steam and photography must be sadly disappointed. Railways were to ruin our breed of horses. Photographs were to ruin engraving, and much more than engraving. One kind of art has been seriously affected, but, so far as we know, only one—namely, miniature-painting. But the exhibitions abound as much as ever with portraits. It is a fact that for decorative purposes photographs are seldom used. And it cannot be asserted that even line-engraving, the highest branch of the art, is yet extinct. Meanwhile a new and wonderful advance has been made in chromo-lithography and in wood engraving, both of them having been, not ruined, but greatly assisted by photography. And, to go still further, a system of photographic engraving has been invented and brought to such perfection that even a skilled eye cannot distinguish without some aid, such as the paper-mark, between ancient and modern, the true and the false. The old German engravers, such as Dürer and his pupils, or Lucas van Leyden, or Marc Antonio Raimondi, are peculiarly susceptible to this kind of treatment, and a great French firm has issued portly volumes containing absolute facsimiles of prints, of which few collectors, however long their purses, can hope to possess the originals. The art of the etcher can also be wonderfully imitated, but the imitation does not come up to the level of a facsimile. Side by side with photography and its many modern branches, we see engraving flourishing, not as it did before photography, but far more, in production more abundant, in excellence not far, if at all, behind. The number of illustrated periodicals testifies to the number of people who take pleasure in this kind of art, for picture-books seldom contain photographs, and all kinds of engraving are used. The translation of a coloured picture into a black-and-white print, where only the gradations of a single pigment, black, must be used to give the effect of red, yellow, and blue, is of course something more than an art in itself. The translator may not be colour-blind, but he must use his sense of colour in such a way as to place himself in the position of one who is. There is a serious drawback in this. A poor painter may succeed in producing what will look very well in an engraving.

the high rank of Sir Edwin Landseer, yet, were we candid, there are but few of us who would not confess to a feeling of disappointment, after familiarity with, say, the "Monarch of the Glen," or any other, which Thomas Landseer engraved, when we saw the original for the first time. Landseer's frequently spotty colouring accounts for a good deal of this result, but Turner, on the whole, looks better in his book-vignettes and his "Liber Studiorum" than in any except two or three of his pictures in the National Gallery.

For this reason, too, such an engraving as the portrait of Sir Stafford Northcote, which is before us, is eminently satisfactory. Mr. Long's picture has no more colour, or very little more, than the engraving. The likeness is excellent; and, after all, in a portrait of this kind the likeness is the chief thing. The engraving, a mezzotint, is by Mr. T. L. Atkinson, and is published by Messrs. Agnew. We have several other portraits before us, but they are not those of modern celebrities, and are valuable more as works of art than as portraits. Of these Messrs. Goupil's photogravure, after Reynolds, claims the first place. It is certainly wonderful as a development of photography, and not less wonderful from its fidelity, on the one hand, to the picture from which it is taken, and, on the other, to the traditions of ordinary mezzotint. The picture of "Catherine, Lady Cornewall," was exhibited at the Academy in the Winter Exhibition of 1882-3. This large print has, we understand, been considered so successful that a series of similar engravings after Sir Joshua may be expected to follow. Several other photogravures issued by Messrs. Goupil are also before us. The "Départ pour la Pêche" and the "Retour de la Pêche," both after Weber, are fine pictures of sea and sky. A charming domestic scene, in which some children are represented playing with an old woman, presumably their grandmother, who submits while they place "a feather in her cap," will be much admired by lovers of English "genre." The painting from which it is taken is by Mr. John Morgan, and was exhibited last summer in the Royal Academy. Another picture in the same Academy was Mr. Joseph Clark's "Three Little Kittens," which represented three lovely little girls—or shall we say *one* little girl, for they are all too obviously from the same model—taking shelter from a shower under a very worn umbrella. Each child holds a kitten in her arms. The print is admirable, but shows more trace perhaps of its photographic origin than can be seen in "A Feather in her Cap." There is nothing but praise possible for "Marsh Lands," a large engraving by the same process after Cecil Lawson's picture exhibited at the Grosvenor in the winter of 1882. The effect of the original is wonderfully preserved, in spite of its translation from green and brown into black and white. Facsimiles of water-colours are among Messrs. Goupil's most successful effects. Two of the most delicate kind, almost defying detection, are "Baladin" and "Ballerine," after Louis Leloir; a melancholy interest attaches to them, as Leloir died when they were on the eve of publication. Another facsimile is in monochrome, after an exquisite crayon drawing by Cabanel, entitled "The Doves," a beautiful girl with her pets.

We now turn to a wholly different class of work. Etching has made great strides of late years, and no etcher has contributed more directly to its success than Mr. Waltner. His "Willem Daey," after the Rembrandt portrait which Baron G. de Rothschild bought at the sale of the Van Loon gallery, is a sombre but delicate and careful work. The companion, "Madame Daey," is as an etching the most pleasing of the two, but both, no doubt, aim at being not only engravings after pictures by Rembrandt, but also in some sense imitations of Rembrandt's manner of etching. Regarded thus they are very commendable; but we confess to a certain feeling of want of interest in the subjects.

Mr. Lefevre, of King Street, has just published three very important engravings. The largest is from Mlle. Rosa Bonheur's "Lion at Home." It was etched in by the lamented W. H. Simmons, who died before he got any further. A search had been made for another engraver competent to do as well as Simmons had done in his "Old Monarch" a lion's head, also after Rosa Bonheur. Specimen engravings were submitted to the great artist herself, and she selected Mr. T. L. Atkinson. He has justified the choice, and produced a magnificent piece of work. Mr. Atkinson's prints after Landseer are well known, and he may be said to walk more nearly in the footsteps of Thomas Landseer than any other living mezzotint engraver. Mlle. Bonheur is, we understand, well pleased with the work—and, in truth, she could hardly be otherwise. The vast size of this engraving must make printing very difficult and slow. "In the Time of Constantine" is a line-engraving by Mr. Auguste Blanchard, after the picture by Mr. Alma Tadema, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1879, and again at the Grosvenor last winter. The subject is amusing. A degenerate Roman is being amused by a foreigner who has trained a terrier to go through various performances. To carry out the idea the Arch of Constantine is shown in the background, and through the arch the fountain believed to have stood near the Colosseum. In the distance are the Baths of Titus. The choice of line for an engraving giving so many minute details is obviously judicious, and Mr. Blanchard has succeeded extremely well, except, we venture to think, in rendering the marble statue of the "Boy Extracting a Thorn," which stands above the Roman's head, and which is a little hard and black. A fault of this kind, if it is a fault, mends itself as the printing goes on, and, no doubt, it is often necessary in fine engraving to sacrifice a certain amount of the early effect, in order to secure the permanence of the plate. Mr. Lefevre's third print is an etching by M. Lhuillier, after Mr. Erskine Nicol's picture in the Academy Exhibition of 1877, "His Legal Adviser." An Irish farmer in a great grey frieze coat is telling the story of his wrongs to a lawyer, who looks very much as if he thought his time was being wasted. The etching is well and thoroughly done, and leaves nothing to be desired. It is clear and silvery in the high lights, and full of depth in the black portions, the lawyer's velvet coat for example.

From the publishers of the *Art Journal* we have received a very charming proof of Mr. Lumb Stock's fine line-engraving after Mr. Millais's picture of the "Princes in the Tower," a picture which loses little, if anything, by being transcribed, so to speak, in black and white. The same firm have also sent us an etching by Mr. C. O. Murray of the "Dante and Beatrice" of Mr. Holiday. The colour of the original, which was exhibited last year in the Grosvenor Gallery, was somewhat too staring and crude. The etching, therefore, as we remarked above of certain other pictures, gives the idea of representing a much more harmonious work. Messrs. Dowdeswell have published a most admirable print after M. Andreotti, representing an old fiddler holding out his hat for his pay. It is, we believe, executed by a process analogous to Messrs. Goupil's photogravure.

SHROPSHIRE FOLK-LORE.*

THE editor of *Tales from the West Highlands*, Mr. Campbell of Islay, has collected variants of popular tales in Hyde Park, and little nigger children have been heard singing the ballad of Hugh of Lincoln in a New York slum. The blossom of a legend may blow anywhere, even "among the chops and steaks"; but we are certainly surprised at the richness of Miss Burne's collection from Shropshire. The stories, legends, and superstitions were gathered in the first place by Miss Jackson, during her search for peculiarities of dialect. Miss Jackson bequeathed her papers to Miss Burne, who has edited and greatly added to them. It is pleasant to find that education has not yet banished goblins, ghosts, and fairies from Shropshire, a county on the borders of Wales, the proper home of fairies. Even Voltaire, who had not a retrograde kind of spirit, regretted the flight of the elves before reason, which *tristement s'accrédite;* and, fortified by such an example, we may hope that it will be long before School Boards drive ghosts and fays out of Shropshire. Perhaps the sooner the witch and the fortune-tellers go the better. The witch has been known, quite recently, to make a little West-country village uninhabitable. The people petitioned the squire to get rid of the woman, so he paid her a visit. She did not deny that she was a witch, indeed she showed some professional pride. "Well," said the squire, "you know what the Bible says, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live in the Parish,'" the latter part of the text being a pious interpolation. So the woman went, stipulating that she was to receive 3*s.* 9*d.*, a pair of shoes, and a brace of rabbits. This seemed a cheap way of getting rid of a lady who had several familiar spirits which ran in and out of her sleeves, and the parish is now unmolested by necromancy. On the Congo, as Mr. Johnstone shows in his new book, this woman would have been burned to death, or hacked to pieces with blunt knives. The countryfolk, in many nooks of England, are precisely in the mental condition of the great Bantu tribe. With us, fortunately, the squire is a power, and the official witch-finder has been extinct for a century and a half.

The real interest of collections like Miss Burne's lies less in the tales themselves, which in one shape or other have often been told, than in the study of the psychological condition which produces or retains the beliefs. We have been almost startled by the prevalence in Shropshire of the idea that the ghosts of men generally appear in the forms of animals. Miss Burne says, "I believe this to have originated in the classical and mediæval notion of Werwolves, living men who could assume the form of a wolf at pleasure. Sometimes also a corpse would arise from its grave in the form of a wolf." Miss Burne gives, as an example, King John, who "is said to have gone about as a Werwolf after his death." For this appropriate exploit of King John's she only quotes Kelly's *Indo-European Traditions*—a reference to an original authority would be more useful. We think Miss Burne's explanation of the theriomorphic Shropshire ghost as a result of the classical and mediæval belief in lycanthropy is inadequate. That belief is always explained by the etymologists as the result of an unconscious pun on λύκος and λευκός. People (they say) originally made a statement about "the white light," and their descendants, forgetting the meaning, applied the remark to the wolf. As Sir A. C. Lyall writes "to those who live in a country where wicked people and witches are constantly taking the form of wild beasts, the explanation of Lycanthropy by a confusion between *Leukos* and *Lukos* seems wanton." It is improbable that a series of unconscious puns should have turned an original belief about light into a series of superstitions about ghosts taking almost all animal forms. The form of the wolf is only that most commonly assumed by the mediæval and late classical sorcerer. Mr. McLennan pointed out that the animal into which man transformed himself or his neighbours varied in various districts. England, Wales, Ireland, Southern France, and Central Europe prefer

* *Shropshire Folk-Lore.* Edited by Charlotte Burne. From the Collections of Georgina Jackson. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

the wolf. In Northern Europe the bear is almost as commonly chosen. In Persia, too, the bear is the favoured shape; in Japan, the fox; in West Africa, the leopard; in Scotland, the hare; among the Abipones, the tiger; among the Arawaks, the jaguar; on the Zambesi, the lion. Here, then, is a reply ready made to the solar-mythology people. "Whence," they ask, "came the notions that men were changed into wolves, bears, birds, and not into lions, fishes, or reptiles?" This only proves that the mythologist does not know his own subject; for men are metamorphosed into lions and serpents (as among the Zulus), though less frequently into fishes. The mythologist, not knowing the facts, answers that bears and wolves were chosen for the luminosity of their coats! As the wolf, though glossy enough to be the sun, is also dark enough to be the night when required, he is a useful beast to the mythologist.

Turning from the belief in the lycanthropy of the living to the belief in theriomorphic ghosts of the dead, we first find the great, widely-distributed doctrine of metempsychosis. That doctrine, in its philological shape, is, like the Platonic theory of ideas, an elaborated piece of savage superstition. In Mexico the souls of men killed in battle change, after four years, into brilliant birds (Sahagun, p. 226). A somewhat similar belief occurs in a fragment of Menander (Meineke, 222). Among the Andaman islanders, the dead "vanished from the earth in the shape of various animals *and fishes*." The ghosts of the Egyptian dead could assume what shapes they chose. Among the Thlinkits, the ghosts of Shamans take the shape of the raven. The Zulus revere a certain kind of serpents as the ghosts of their dead.

Turning from these outlandish peoples to Shropshire, we find that it is the rule rather than the exception for *revenants* to "come again" in animal shape. Wild Edric, a legendary hero, "haunts the Stretton hills in the form of a large dog with black fiery eyes." "Sarah Mason could tell of no less than three places haunted by animal ghosts in her immediate neighbourhood. A man who hanged himself at Broomfield, near Shrewsbury, 'came again' in the form of a large black dog. A headless black dog haunts the road between Yeaton and Baschurch." A lady whose dead body was robbed (she had been buried with her jewels) walks in equine shape; they call her "Obrick's colt." On June 11, 1881, near Condover, a lady and her maid saw "the *know* of a dog"—that is, the *Idea*—"the look, or semblance of a thing, as opposed to the reality," say Liddell and Scott. As to the colt, he "growed so bould that folks sidden him in the daytime." The ghost of a man who was drowned in the Birmingham and Liverpool canal "comes again" in the form of a strange black creature, known locally as "the man monkey." At Bagbury the ghost took the appearance of a roaring bull, but this ghost was laid, by his own request, in "a prill o' waiter as divides the sheeres." The bull had been a very bad man, but when his performance as a bull-ghost grew too severe, a number of parsons ran him to earth in a church, with candles and all the proper articles on such occasions used. "The bull made such a bust that he cracked the wall of the church from the top to the bottom." At last they got the bull down, and as he was compressible, like the Arabian goni, they shut him up in a snuff box and laid him under Bagbury bridge. As a rule the ghost was laid in a bottle, and one of these bottles lay outside a tomb in the present century. One tale shows how a villager often saw a spectre, but dared not address it, not on account of its spiritual estate, but "because he thought it had been the squire." The divinity that doth hedge a squire survives even in death. "It is not an invariable rule that ghosts should take the form of animals," there are exceptions, but the theriomorphic *revenant* is the more common.

The European belief in beast-ghosts is not confined to Shropshire. Several examples are gravely adduced in Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature*. M. d'Assier, the positivist author of an argument for the existence of bogies, gives several theriomorphic cases in France. This scientific author seriously suggests that when a man's ghost appears in the semblance of a ghost, it may be an instance of Atavism, or "throwing back." We were evolved out of the lower animal forms, to which, after death, we return. This scientific view has been anticipated by certain savages, whose dead reappear in animal shapes, or Totems, from which they claim descent.

The animal ghosts illustrate much the most savage and antique portion of popular belief in Shropshire, and the extreme antiquity of the superstition gives it an unusual importance. A legend (p. 41) of "a milk-white milch cow, which travelled all round the world," has parallels in South African narratives. Among bogies we have the brownie, which "flitted" with the farmer, a story current in many parts of Europe. Brownies also take animal forms in Shropshire, that deliciously backward county. Miss Burne alludes to the theory that elves are a tradition of an earlier shy people, sometimes taking service with an invading and more powerful race. The brownie, more probably, is all that survives of the ancient ancestral spirit of the hearth. The fairies, in Wales, have this trace of the Stone age about them, that they vanish at the touch of iron, as we read in Professor Rhys's Welsh fairy tales in *Cymmrodorion*. But iron was a magical substance that frightened ghosts and spirits, even to the mind of the scholiast on the Odyssey; and, as Mr. Tylor points out, "the Oriental" jinn are in deadly terror of iron. It does not follow that the jinn are the remains of a people in the Stone age, and we think that explanation is applied far too freely to the fairies. These queer beings are but faintly remembered in Shropshire. John Thomas (his name is Welsh) said to Miss Burne, "Don you mean little things as come in the night-time, and sing and whistle, and make music, and *dance* on the common and such places? But *they* bin harmless. Fairies they call'n them. I've heerd o' *them*, but I never knew any one see them." Nor did we, except people under eight years of age, and ignorant of the nature of an oath. If fairies were forgotten, children would invent them again; for children live in the mythopœic age.

We look forward with interest to Miss Burne's next volume. Her first instalment is a model of what intelligent antiquarianism ought to be.

ESSAYS BY GEORGE ELIOT.*

IT is pleasant, in these days when literary executors seem to think it their first duty to publish whatever the testator would not have published if he or she had been in his or her right mind, to be able to begin the review of a posthumous publication by a compliment to those who are immediately responsible for it. This issue of a revised edition of some of George Eliot's early anonymous essays, with an appendix of some unpublished notes, has been drawn up, we are told, in accordance with written directions of George Eliot herself, except as far as the notes are concerned; while in these latter there is absolutely nothing which she or any judicious friend of hers was at all likely to wish suppressed. The notes, indeed, contain some reflections on "the vanity and idleness which draw many a young gentleman into reviewing," and so forth—reflections at which reviewers may smile a little, remembering how it was said, truly or falsely, that George Eliot, reviewer as she had been, was rather exceptionally sensitive to criticism. But *Theophrastus Such* and the novels contained other reflections of the same kind; and there is neither any reason for supposing that the author would have cancelled them, nor any for objecting to their publication. George Eliot is not the only person who has shown—more in accordance with human nature than with strict consistency—a lively sense of the difference between construing the verb *cædere* and construing the phrase *præbere crura*. But these "Leaves from a Note-Book" are not very many, and though they are interesting specimens of the detached thoughts that may be worked up in novel or essay later, there is perhaps no single one of them that attains to the full dignity of a representative *pensée*. The best is, perhaps, that on the responsibility of authorship, which puts well and sharply, and without injustice to either side, the difference between journalism and book-writing, and the Nemesis that waits on those who confuse the former with the latter.

The major essays of the book are seven in number—four from the *Westminster Review*, one from the *Fortnightly*, one from *Fraser*, and one from *Blackwood*. The *Fraser* article, on "Three Months in Weimar," is an agreeable, but not very remarkable, record of personal impressions, and need not be further noticed. Of the others, a review of Mr. Lecky's *History of Rationalism* dates from 1865, and the curious "Felix Holt's Address to Working Men" after Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill appeared in *Blackwood* in 1868. But the *Westminster Review* papers were all published between 1855 and 1857—that is to say, before the writer was known at all as a novelist. They bear some marks of re-writing, but not many, and on the whole they exhibit very noticeably their author's merits and defects as a writer and thinker, though, of course, they do not at all illustrate her narrative faculty or her ability to conceive and draw character. In matter of style, hardly any pages in this volume show her at her worst—that is to say, indulging in the detestable pseudo-scientific jargon of *Daniel Deronda*. But the beginnings of that vice (which, indeed, are traceable in the *Scenes of Clerical Life*) are clear enough here. There are also noteworthy examples of her other main fault—the tendency to ring the changes on an idea till it becomes tiresome. Here is one:—

> The conventional countryman of the stage, who picks up pocket-books and never looks into them, and who is too simple even to know that honesty has its opposite, represents the still lingering mistake, that an unintelligible dialect is a guarantee for ingenuousness, and that slouching shoulders indicate an upright disposition. It is quite true that a thresher is likely to be innocent of any adroit arithmetical cheating, but he is not the less likely to carry home his master's corn in his shoes and pocket; a reaper is not given to writing begging-letters, but he is quite capable of cajoling the dairymaid into filling his small-beer bottle with ale. The selfish instincts are not subdued by the sight of buttercups, nor is integrity in the least established by that classic rural occupation, sheep-washing. To make men moral, something more is requisite than to turn them out to grass.

Here everything after "disposition" is simply a translation of one phrase into successively different imagery.

The matter of these essays is, however, more interesting than the manner. Two of them—that on Young, better known, perhaps, by its jingling title, "Worldliness and Other-Worldliness," and that on Dr. Cumming—illustrate very strongly the deeply-rooted prejudices which made George Eliot a writer as one-sided as a Jesuit writing against Jansenists, or as Dr. Cumming himself denouncing Cardinal Wiseman. Certainly there is plenty to be said against Young for his sycophancy, his ceaseless plea of preferment, and the detestable verses which he permitted himself to write when he was capable of writing very admirable ones. Neither will any of the galled geese who sometimes hiss at this periodical accuse us of being predisposed to take up the cudgels

* *Essays by George Eliot.* London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1884.

for Dr. Cumming. Yet these two luckless divines undoubtedly experience at George Eliot's hands the unfairly hard measure which is commonly described as a "dead set," and this is in both cases clearly traceable to a kind of personal animus on the part of the writer. The reader is at no loss to discover why this is. It is not by his bad verses (for she has shown a rather unusual critical faculty in separating them from the good and doing justice to the latter) that "good Dr. Young" has incurred George Eliot's displeasure, nor by his atrocious bad taste in thrusting a clumsy panegyric of Queen Anne into a poem on the Last Day, nor by his general tuft-hunting and toad-eating. What she cannot away with is his constant denunciation in verse of her own favourite doctrine of the independence of morality from the belief in a future state of rewards and punishments. If the author of the *Night Thoughts* had not dared this *immane nefas*, and dared it in verse of which his enraged critic cannot but admit the grandeur, it becomes tolerably obvious to the amused reader of this essay that he might have panegyrized Wharton and pestered Secker for preferment without drawing down any thunderbolts as far as the author of *Adam Bede* is concerned. So, again, in a very rhetorical exordium imitated closely from the style of Macaulay, she takes the late prophet of Crown Court to task for his uncharitable handling of Romanists, Puseyites, and infidels. But here again it is very soon evident that, if Dr. Cumming had not been so severe on the latter class, he might have discoursed on the Scarlet Woman, and made out the mark of the Beast on Oxford High Churchmen unchecked by George Eliot. His unpardonable sin is a variety of Young's: he enforces morality from the "love of God" point of view, and declares (as for the matter of that many theologians much more orthodox and intelligent than himself have declared) that actions not done with a definitely religious motive are not, religiously speaking, good. This is taking George Eliot on another of her weak points, and Dr. Cumming has a very sound rating for it. Far be it from us to say that the rating is generally undeserved. But the point of interest and amusement is to notice that the rater delivers it evidently from a purely personal point of view. The characteristics of the *furens femina* are present here, as elsewhere; and criticism, ceasing to be a matter of application of principles in logic and æsthetics, becomes one of personal retaliation.

The essay least worth reprinting in the book is, however, not these, but the review of Mr. Lecky. Here the author has been tempted into expatiations which are long enough to take the article out of the category of brief reviews without putting it into that of exhaustive ones. She accuses Mr. Lecky of not being sure of his standpoint: but she herself seems to have written the article in two minds. One is that of the mere *compte-rendu* giver, the other that of the essayist who wishes to discuss the word "rationalism" and its accompanying illustrations in history. On the other hand, "The Natural History of German Life," which is based on the works of Professor Riehl (an author not much known in England, though a selection from him has recently appeared in the Pitt Press Series), is very good and interesting. George Eliot's early knowledge of English country life, which appeared to such advantage in her first and best novels, is well shown here; while her acquaintance with Germany, Germans, and German was intimate enough to give her special treatment of Riehl's work value. The Felix Holt "Address to Working Men" is, again, not so good. All but the foolish fanatics who took George Eliot for a prose Shakspeare must have noticed that her grasp of practical politics was singularly vague and weak; and this fault reappears here, complicated with the other fault which in 1868 was beginning to grow upon her—that of pedantic language. Practically, the address is a very well-meaning sermon, exhorting the newly-enfranchised voters not to be revolutionary, not to be selfish, and so forth. George Eliot was as sarcastic as most people on clerical sermons; but it would be difficult for any cleric to preach a more unpractical one than she delivered here.

The one paper as yet unnoticed, though perhaps less generally attractive than the Weimar sketch and the Riehl essay, is one of much merit. It is doubly headed "German Wit" and "Heinrich Heine." In the general remarks on wit and humour with which it opens the writer is not extraordinarily happy, because she has fallen into the fault of considering rather the products of the two things than the two things themselves. Nor can the general proposition that humour is earlier and simpler than wit be for a moment accepted. It is historically unsustainable, and it has besides the critical fault of bringing about a confusion between humour and horseplay. But, as to Heine himself (who, it must be remembered, was alive, though in the very last stage of his long martyrdom, when it was written), the paper is very satisfactory—more satisfactory, perhaps, because less finical than Mr. Matthew Arnold's. Written to-day, it would be a little too apologetic, for Heine needs no apology. He is like all the great writers of the world when the disturbing element of contemporary jealousies has disappeared, justified at once to all who have the wit and the taste to understand him, and it is perfectly unnecessary to justify him to those who have neither. But thirty years ago Heine was still a dreadful person to many, and as his unorthodoxy was not in the least like George Eliot's unorthodoxy (indeed a review of *Daniel Deronda* by Heine would be one of the most delightful things that any one could fetch up from the shades), she naturally defends him a little with bated breath. It is impossible, too (we must be pardoned for passing into a rather wicked mood, which the very mention of Heine encourages), not to think that she was a little shocked by his relapse into religion, and a belief in ordinary humdrum immortality, instead of topsyturvified "choirs invisible." But the pity for his sufferings (it must be again repeated that he was alive when she wrote) is quite human and womanly, and free from that dreariest form of goody-goodiness, the goody-goodiness of Positivism, and it is expressed in thoroughly good taste. The appreciation of his unmatched faculty of effortless sarcasm is quite satisfactory; the appreciation of his passion and prose poetry a little less so perhaps, but still good. George Eliot herself had too much dread and dislike of passion proper (or improper, if anybody likes) to be openly enthusiastic over it in the author of *Mein süsses Lieb' wenn du im Grab* and scores of other burning poems. But she reads him no lectures for them—at least none worth speaking of. The essay shows the curious healing power of a real affection for good letters. If it be read last (its actual place is second), it will send the reader away in good humour with his author, even though he may regretfully think how much the world lost by the accidental bent which devoted George Eliot's chief attention of the studious kind to a barren form of private belief or unbelief in religion and morals and to a jejune and pedantic form of science rather than to the green pastures and fertile fields of pure literature.

RECENT DIVINITY.*

THE Delegates of the Clarendon Press propose to issue a series of old Latin Biblical MSS., under the competent editorship of Professor Wordsworth; and a larger scheme of his own is an edition of the Latin Vulgate of the New Testament. Students will be interested to learn that the MS. selected as the first of the series—the St. Germain MS. in the National Library at Paris—was pronounced by Bentley "to be the very best in Paris," and by John Walker ("Clarissimus Walker"), in a letter to Bentley in 1720, the best of those he had met with. Mr. Wordsworth assigns it to about the middle of the ninth century; but gives up the task of deciphering the monogram which indicates the writer. The square, vellum-bound volume which contains this text is the second volume of a Bible of which the first was lost more than two hundred years, and was first noticed by Robert Stephens in the sixteenth century. Though it ranks as an old text, it was found by Walker to differ very much from all MSS. he had previously collated, especially in the Gospels, but that not a tenth of its various readings had been noted by Stephens. This is a result easily intelligible if the hypothesis of the editor is correct, that it is an eclectic text made up by "excerpting now a piece from one MS. and now from another." Some of its individualities are remarkable omissions—*e.g.* St. Matt. xii. 31, about blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, though it is by no means unique in this omission. The following are less common:—xiv. 11, "the damsel gave it to her mother"; x. 19, "it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak"; in xxiii. 35 the words "the son of Barachias" are added by a later hand, and the writer seems to have avoided the snare of this very common blunder, which has found its way into our Authorized Version. Carefully compiled appendices give lists of the texts employed by Stephens and Erasmus, and of the Latin and Greek texts collated by Walker for Bentley; and Youngman's many corrections of the "Mendosa Collatio" of Martianay complete this scholarly reprint.

We venture to guess that most of the purchasers of *The Yoke of Christ*, if they do not know the Bishop of Rochester's manner, will find what they do not expect in his book. We do not quarrel with it on that account, but welcome the assertion on the title-page of the truth which he intends to force home—"the perfect fusion of morality and religion into one homogeneous whole." Preachers would do well to follow his example, and let criticism and "science" alone for a while. The six essays which make up the volume are the ripe fruit of twenty years' meditation, and they have the "nuttiness" of age about them. The Bishop sometimes veils his insight, earnestness, and genuine feeling under anecdotes, epigrams, and quotations, but they make his book not the less pleasant to read, and tend insensibly to attain his aim of claiming the whole area of life as the object of Christian teaching and the arena of Christian endeavour.

Readers accustomed to the ordinary kind of religious teaching, and anticipating some special sanctity in episcopal utterances, will be surprised, if not a little scandalized, at some of the minutiæ which help to add to the burden and enhance the privilege of bearing "the yoke of Christ." How to receive letters, and how to write them; how to deal with anonymous letters; whether

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* *Old Latin Biblical Texts.* No. I. The Gospel of St Matthew. Edited by John Wordsworth, M.A. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1883.

The Yoke of Christ. By the Bishop of Rochester. London: William Isbister, Limited. 1884.

History of the Eastern Church. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster. London: John Murray. 1883.

Sermons Preached in Clifton College Chapel. By Rev. J. M. Wilson, Head-master. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

James Skinner: a Memoir. By the Author of "Charles Lowder." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883

The Origin of Evil; and other Sermons. By the Rev. A. W. Momerie, M.A. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1883.

The Gospel History for the Young. By William F. Skene, D.C.L., LL.D. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1883.

The Hebrew Language Viewed in the Light of Assyrian Research. By Dr. Frederic Delitzsch. London: Williams & Norgate. 1883.

one ought to buy a picture or take a tour; whether it is wise or necessary to keep accounts; what amount of service and devotion a wife may give and a husband receive—"women should never be squaws"—how they should comport themselves to one another's relations; these and many more duties are discussed for the most part in a way which will commend itself to sensible people, and the advice is enriched with extracts enough to show that the Bishop's scanty leisure has not been given wholly to writing. Most readers will gather something from the mature thoughts of a man who has looked all round his subjects and is by no means afraid on any occasion to say what he thinks.

Dean Stanley's name and the five editions of his *History of the Eastern Church* absolve a reviewer from the task of criticism or commendation of his book in the new form in which Mr. Murray has presented it—an edition easy to hold in the hand, comparatively cheap to buy, and not too difficult for middle-aged eyes to read. The picture of the Nicene Council is enough to sell the volume, and to make the purchaser content with his outlay.

Clifton College is fortunate in its Head-master, and if those sermons represent, as he says they do in his preface, "the total religious influence of the school," it is fortunate in other respects also. It is a difficult thing to write sermons for schoolboys; to go on week after week with practical warning and exhortation without condescending to mere picturesqueness, and without wearying such very business-like hearers as schoolboys are. On the other side is the danger of the repeated iteration of schoolboy faults. A public schoolboy of our acquaintance said not long ago, after a Sunday morning service in the holidays, "I liked Mr. ——'s sermon so much; we're so tired of hearing about our vices at school." Mr. Wilson knows how to hit the blots of school life without monotonous harping and without letting himself degenerate into a pulpit scold. His secret is his reality: his hearers profess and call themselves Christians, and it is the preacher's business to show how the lowliest duties flow from the sublimest truths, how the paltriest vices are incompatible with the loftiest profession. Mr. Wilson has further mastered the difficult art of being plain-spoken without being undignified, of being at once commonplace and elevated, practical and spiritual.

The author of *Charles Lowder* has given another religious biography to the world. The subject of the present memoir, the Rev. James Skinner, the well-known curate of St. Barnabas and Warden of Newland, is the same type of man as the subject of the earlier sketch, differing rather in circumstances than in quality of mind and character. Both belonged to the same school of thought, both had the same ardent convictions, both the same outspoken plainness of speech, both the same tenderness of heart. But, while self-denying work formed the discipline of the one, ill-health and domestic sorrows were the trial of the other.

Records of sickness and death make a kind of black edge round the narrative of home life, and the continual recurrence of names of such localities as Cairo, Mentone, Pontresina, Bath, and Clifton as winter refuges are suggestive of regular interruptions of work and of opportunities of seclusion which Mr. Skinner knew how to use. With the same "genius for godliness" which marked Charles Lowder he had a greater faculty of expression, not only as a preacher, but as a writer, and from his well-stocked library fought the battle of his party, and "reproved, rebuked, and exhorted" the nearer objects of his pastoral care. Side by side with what was, on the whole, and in spite of bereavements, the peaceful current of his personal life, runs the troubled stream of ecclesiastical polemics all through the book, for his life (from 1818 to 1881) just covered the period of the new Church movement in England. He was almost old enough in 1833 to understand the aim of the writers of the "Tracts" at their very commencement, and he lived long enough to see all that they contended for, in practice if not in law, conceded. So it is not surprising that his biography is redolent of controversy. It takes us over the too familiar ground of the troubles at St. Barnabas and the dismissal of Mr. Bennett, the question of vestments, and the almost abandoned struggle against altar-cloths of hues varying with the season; and it is easy enough to see throughout how hopeless it was to expect that any *modus vivendi* could be arrived at between Mr. Bennett and Mr. Skinner on the one side and Bishop Blomfield on the other. The Bishop's judicial mind and administrative power were a needed and salutary force in London, but he was born a little too soon; he could not adapt himself to the new ideas; his mind was rather strong than wide; he attempted the impossible, and tried to make his own views the rule of ritual in his diocese. There may be some interest in reviving memories of half-forgotten strife, and in looking at them with less partial eyes; but it is a question whether all this matter is not out of place in a personal narrative, at all events whether a good deal of it is not. It is often said that biography is a lost art, and we fear we must say that this book is another illustration of the saying. A great part of it consists of what its readers knew well before; for those who do not know it belong mainly to that portion of the religious world who will not read the life of Mr. Skinner, or are those who "care for none of these things."

Professor Momerie has done well to publish his sermons; they are good reading and will be useful to the principal purchasers of sermons, who we take it are the clergy, and for an obvious reason. But we must give purchasers a word of caution. The title of the volume is misleading; the sermons are *not* about "the origin of evil," only the first deals with that topic. This is an objectionable practice; there is no meaning in the title of a book unless it gives some clue to its contents. It may be hard to hit upon an [illegible] This, no doubt, is a minute criticism, but it is worth making, because the practice is common—more, possibly, through the fault of publishers than of writers. Sermons preached by a professor of logic might naturally be expected to appeal mainly to the reason, and this is a characteristic of the book. It consists of courses of sermons grouped under five general heads and dealing with practical subjects. Without being strikingly original, they are fresh, outspoken (sometimes rather plain-spoken), and fearless, even on some of the burning questions between the Naturalists and Supernaturalists, and so are a real contribution to the side of common-sense religion from their clear and pointed statements of obvious truths. In dealing with such mysterious questions as the origin of evil and the efficacy of prayer, it is of course only possible to speak from the human point of view, but it is an advantage to have the absurdities of common objections stated in a lively and attractive manner, and reasonable grounds for belief suggested, even though from the nature of the case they cannot go to the root of the matter. The sermons, if not inspiring, are convincing, and both style and matter give an impression of a cultured and clear thinking mind. We venture on a word of advice to Professor Momerie. Sermons for the most part are dull, and it is well to enliven the style and enforce the argument by quotations; but there is a limit to quotations, instances, illustrations, and great names, and in favouring his sermons up to the taste of the quarter in which they were preached, we think he has here and there overstepped it.

Dr. Skene need make no apology for a layman writing a Sunday-school manual. Nine-tenths of all the Sunday-school teachers in the United Kingdom are laymen or laywomen, so that his book, which is the result of many years' Sunday lessons, and is meant as a help to his colleagues, comes appropriately from one of those who do almost all the work. He has more qualifications for his task than most Sunday-school teachers. He is familiar with recent Lives of Christ and with the results of English and German criticism, and he has done wisely in not obtruding his learning on the notice of his readers by references or foot-notes. Young pupils believe in their teacher, and any attempt to support his view by other authorities would only diminish the impression of his infallibility, and bewilder minds that have quite as much as they can do in accepting simple assertions.

Dr. Skene's idea is to give a narrative excerpted from the Gospels, and to combine their partial accounts into a complete history in chronological order. He has succeeded in producing a readable, accurate, and instructive book; but one adapted only for the higher, or the highest, classes in Sunday-schools, and perhaps more useful to teachers than to scholars. It has the all but universal defect of books—it is too long, and too long mainly because the author has too fully elaborated the details. He has given, for instance, the Hebrew names of all the parts of the Synagogue service. In another matter he has not been faithful to his own ideal. In his preface he dwells upon the superiority of "the terse and graphic descriptions of the Gospels" over recent biographies of Christ, and yet this is how he paraphrases:—"And Mary arose in those days and went into the hill-country in haste, into a city of Juda, and entered into the house of Zacharias and saluted Elizabeth." "Her natural impulse under this great revelation was to withdraw herself from the circle of her friends and acquaintances at Nazareth, and to confer with her cousin Elizabeth as to the blessings promised to both. She accordingly hastened to visit her cousin. A long journey it was from Nazareth," &c., and so on for four more lines. We venture to think that this is not the thing that is wanted, but a manual about as big as one of Messrs. Macmillan's, written in a "terse and graphic" style, leaving something for the teachers to say of themselves, and not putting every word in their mouths. Perhaps Dr. Skene could devote the time the one or two more volumes necessary to complete his Gospel History will demand, to condensing his matter into a short and cheap little book.

We are familiar with the light shed on the Biblical narratives by Assyrian and Babylonian inscriptions, but it seems that this does not exhaust the obligations of theologians to the cuneiform character. It is not only a means of confirming the accuracy of the sacred annals, but is itself the most handy instrument for their interpretation. In this reprint of articles contributed to the *Athenæum* during the present year Dr. Delitzsch informs us that his study of Assyrian soon convinced him of the importance of the *North* Semitic languages, Hebrew and Aramaic, to the study of Assyrian. In compiling his Assyrian dictionary the action proved to be reciprocal, and, by the light of its own literature, Assyrian revealed an entirely new foundation for the understanding of the Old Testament, and assigned to many stems a meaning far different from that arrived at by the old system—namely, comparison with the Arabic. The facts he brings forward—instances of more than one hundred Hebrew words and fifteen Aramaic—materially change our views on the affinity of various Semitic languages and compel us to admit that Arabic cannot be the prototype of these languages, least of all of Hebrew. This is a discovery which must revolutionize Hebrew scholarship, and demands a searching revision, if not thorough recasting, of Hebrew lexicons. The days of Gesenius seem to be numbered; and if, as Dr. Delitzsch says, there are scarcely a hundred proper names in this Lexicon which do not challenge criticism, and if, as he further says, a considerable number of post-exilic names receive a satisfactory explanation from the corresponding Babylonian names, the time and the man and the discovery have arrived together, and the work may be begun. It is much to be re-

benefit of this new light, for there are still a large number of passages, some of the highest importance, which have received very divergent and far from satisfactory explanations at the hands of commentators; and what chance is there of another revision, even if the method of Dr. Delitzsch yields all the results which he anticipates? It is true that his view is not unchallenged, and Professor Dillmann evidently thinks that he is riding away on his cuneiform hobby, or wielding it as a "wand" which will even disclose to him the site of Paradise.

GEMS OF CHINESE LITERATURE.*

A CHINAMAN is nothing if not literary. It is the one accomplishment which he and his ancestors before him have cultivated above all others, and it is the one in which he chiefly excels. It is the key which opens the door to official life and is the passport for admittance into cultivated society. Fighting has no charms for him, and, unlike his Aryan fellow-men, he regards the military profession with a considerable amount of contempt. Even among the unlettered class little enthusiasm is aroused by deeds of warlike prowess, however daring they may be, but the winner of either of the four highest grades in the examinations, *Chwang yuen*, *Pang yen*, *T'an hwa*, or *Chuen lu*, becomes at once a popular hero. Natural inclination, personal interest, and popular feeling are thus all on the side of literature, and the result is that letters as letters are held in higher esteem in China than in any other country in the world. From this it follows that nine-tenths of the youth of China devote themselves with praiseworthy diligence to imitate the established literary models, and, without ceasing, "plough with their pencils" in the agonies of composition. But, like all virtues, this absorbing diligence has its corresponding fault, and when, as in the case of the Chinese race, it is combined with a sluggish imagination and a contracted field of observation, it is apt to reduce the art it strives after to the level of a mechanical science. A slavish regard, also, for literary forms and an undue admiration for penmanship are signs and tokens of the same degradation, at the same time that they help to produce it.

The result of all this is to give to the productions of Chinese *littérateurs* an artificial and stilted effect, although there is much in the polite literature which, as Mr. Giles shows, is readable enough. In our Western pride we are apt to think that on turning from Europe there is nothing produced which is worth reading; and when, therefore, we find, as in China, a considerable amount of literary skill existing among a people, our first tendency is to break forth in admiration and to extol it to the skies—just as we are disposed to over-esteem the evidences of mechanical skill or the traces of civilization among tribes which are believed incapable of them. This, no doubt, is a generous instinct, and it is this which has led most of the few who have dived into the writings of Chinese authors to hold them in high estimation. The unaffected admiration, also, with which the Chinese regard not only their literature, but their civilization, philosophy, and, in fact, everything that belongs to them, exercises an unconscious influence on those brought into contact with them. In everyday life a man is, at least at first, accepted at his own estimation, and as it is with individuals so it is with nations.

Mr. Giles is not at one with us in these opinions. He has a genuine admiration for Chinese literature, and praises its beauties in many superlatives. He laments that it is not more widely translated and read, and offers in the present volume some "short extracts from the works of the most famous writers of all ages, upon which time has set an approving seal. These are chronologically arranged, and cover a period extending from B.C. 550 to A.D. 1650—two thousand two hundred years." Some of these are interesting, especially those of the early Taouist philosophers, who, having drawn their inspiration probably from Central Asian States, introduce into their musings metaphysical ideas borrowed from Brahminical philosophy. The leaven of superstitious fancy which was thus introduced into Chinese literature, and later again by the Buddhist missionaries, gave a lightness and a new direction to it which has been a lasting benefit to all succeeding authors and readers. The following is a parable from the writings of Lieh-tsze, a Taouist philosopher of the fourth and fifth centuries B.C., and is called by Mr. Giles "Dream and Reality":—

> A man of the State of Chêng was one day gathering fuel, when he came across a startled deer, which he pursued and killed. Fearing lest any one should see him, he hastily concealed the carcase in a ditch. . . . By and by he forgot the place where he had put it; and, thinking that he must have been dreaming, he set off home, humming over the affair on his way. Meanwhile, a man who had overheard his words acted upon them, and went and got his deer. The latter, when he reached his house, told his wife, saying, "A woodman dreamt that he had got a deer, but he did not know where it was. Now I have got the deer; so his dream was a reality." "It is you who have been dreaming you saw the woodman. Did he get the deer? and is there really such a person? It is you who have got the deer; how then can his dream be a reality?" "It is true," assented the husband, "that I have got the deer. It is therefore of little importance whether the woodman dreamt the deer or I dreamt the woodman." Now, when the woodman reached his home, he became much annoyed at the loss of the deer; and in the night he actually dreamt where the deer then was and who had got it. So next morning he proceeded to the place indicated in his dream, and there it was. He then took legal steps to recover possession; and when the case came on, the magistrate delivered the following judgment:—"The plaintiff began with a real deer and an alleged dream. He now comes forward with a real dream and an alleged deer. The defendant really got the deer which the plaintiff said he dreamt, and is now trying to keep it; while, according to his wife, both the woodman and the deer are but the figments of a dream, so that no one got the deer at all. However, here is a deer, which you had better divide between you."

This is a fair specimen of the writings of the early Taouist philosophers. There is not much in it, but it is lightened by a fancy which is, as a rule, wanting in the works of Chinese authors. Mr. Giles will not agree with us in this—in fact, he holds an exactly opposite opinion. To him Chinese literature is what a relic of Buddha is to the devout Buddhist. To the eye of faith the dull-coloured bead, representing a tear of the Saint, when gazed at long and fervently sparkles and coruscates, and in the same way Mr. Giles sees beauties in Chinese literature which are invisible to others less imbued with admiration for the fancies of Chinese authors. In his enthusiasm he imparts to their works a brilliancy which belongs to himself, and takes out from them beauties which he has first of all put into them. He is thus a cordially sympathetic exponent of the literature, and it may be safely taken for granted that the authors he translates from have never appeared, and will never again appear, in so fascinating a guise as in the pages of the present volume. Having said this we shall be expected to justify it, and this we can only do by quoting a passage from Mr. Giles's pages, and then giving a literal rendering of the original text. When reading the extracts from the writings of Ou-yang Hsiu we were struck by a passage which appeared to contradict much that we have said above. It occurs in "An Autumn Dirge," and is as follows:—

> For Autumn is nature's chief executioner; and its symbol is darkness. It has the temper of steel; and its symbol is a sharp sword. It is the avenging angel, riding upon an atmosphere of death. As spring is the epoch of growth, so autumn is the epoch of maturity:—
>
> Its trains decay
> And melt away
> In a dying, dying fall.
>
> And sad is the hour when maturity is past; for that which passes its prime must die.

Turning to the original, we find it runs thus:—

Fu ts'iu hing kwan yé, For Autumn is as an avenger of Punishments; *Yu shi wei yun yin pung sang yé*, in its season it is shadowy and yin in the form of a weapon; *Yu hing wei kin shi wei tsan ta chi i Yé*, among the [five] elements it is represented by metal, and may therefore be said to be the righteous spirit of Heaven and Earth. *Shang i suh shah erh wei sin*. Frequently its will or determination appears in a stern and destructive aspect. *T'ien chi yu wuh chi'un shang ts'iu shih*. The intention of Heaven towards created things is that in Spring they should grow and in Autumn arrive at maturity. *Ku ts'i tsai yoh yé*. It is thus that it exists [as it were] in music; *Shang shang chu ts'ai fang chi yin*, the Shang note [of music] dominates the sounds of the western quarter [*i.e.* Autumn]; *i luh wei ts'ih yuch chi luh*, [and] I toh is the music of the seventh month. *Shang shang yé wuh ki kiu erh pi shang*, "Shang" means to disable, [and] created things when growing old and long disabled. *I luh yé wuh kuo shang erh tang shah*, "I" means to destroy, and it is meet that created things when too prosperous should be destroyed.

This quotation furnishes an example, though perhaps an extreme example, of the gloss which Mr. Giles puts on the writings of his authors. He is evidently in the habit of reading over a passage, of idealizing it, and of reflecting on paper the result of the two processes. No one need, perhaps, complain of this, certainly not the English reader, who may be congratulated on being able to exchange Mr. Giles's version for the more prosaic diction of the original, and least of all the Chinese authors themselves, who owe an eternal debt of gratitude to Mr. Giles for the glamour he has thrown over their works. In his preface he says that translators are but traitors at the best, and that translations may be moonlight and water while the originals are sunlight and wine. It was possibly in his endeavour to avoid this extreme that he has fallen into the opposite one, for certainly in this case the Chinese authors cannot lay claim to more than moonlight and water compared with the sunlight and wine of their translator.

Mr. Giles touches but lightly upon Chinese poetry, and perhaps wisely. It is not of a kind to lend itself readily to translation, being for the most part either devoid of all sentiment or full of obscure allusions, in which case, in proportion to the depth of the concealment of the references within the text, is the poet's success measured. The result is that in the annotated editions of the poets their verses are so overlaid with the necessary explanatory comments, that by the time one has opened the shell the kernel has lost its flavour. By the Chinese the T'ang Dynasty (A.D. 618–907) is looked upon as the golden age of poetry—Mr. Giles regards it as "the epoch of glittering poetry"—and among all the poets of that period Le Tai-pih is, with common consent, given the chief place. Mr. Giles considers that he is "famous for his exquisite imagery, his wealth of words, his telling allusions to the past, and for the musical cadence of his verse." This is the ode of the two which Mr. Giles gives us which most nearly answers this description. It is entitled "On Getting Drunk in Spring":—

> What is life after all but a dream?
> And why should such pother be made?
> Better far to be tipsy, I deem,
> And doze all day long in the shade.
>
> When I wake and look out on the lawn,
> I hear 'mid the flowers a bird sing;
> I ask, "Is it evening or dawn?"
> The mango-bird whistles "'Tis spring."
>
> Overpower'd with the beautiful sight
> Another full goblet I pour,
> And would sing till the moon rises bright—
> But soon I'm as drunk as before.

* *Gems of Chinese Literature*. By Herbert A. Giles. London: Bernard Quaritch. 1884.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL BOOKS.*

STUDENTS of Æschylus will welcome the new edition of the *Supplices* and *Choephori* by Mr. Paley. His scholar-ship is the more effective because it is united with a very keen literary sense. Whatever may be said about his view of this or that passage, Mr. Paley never commits those ineptitudes which we meet now and again in some of the most valuable commentaries upon Æschylus. The task which he has set himself in the present edition is one which he wishes rather than hopes to accomplish; it is to redeem the two most difficult tragedies from the neglect into which they have fallen amongst young scholars. With this end in view Mr. Paley has prepared a text which he thinks may be used with advantage, "etiam a junioribus." But we cannot say that he has been successful. Either the difficulties which he has vanquished make him underrate those which survive, or he is appealing to a class of "juniores" very different from Sixth-Form boys and Undergraduates. He does not, of course, profess to give a clear text of the whole of either play. In the *Supplices* at least one long passage of seventy lines, and many shorter passages and single lines in the *Choëphori*, are corrupt beyond emendation. But, apart from exceptional difficulties, even in the comparatively simple parts of these simplified texts, questions must constantly be arising which would obscure or smother the poetry and divert the mind from the drama to the words. It is impossible to discuss the innumerable disputed readings with which Mr. Paley has dealt. The present texts are not materially different from those which he edited for the *Bibliotheca Classica*. Minor alterations may be found—*e.g.* *αὐτογενεῖ φυξανορίᾳ* has been changed into the much preferable *αὐτογενῆ φυξανορίαν* in the *Supplices*; and in the *Choephori* the conjecture *ἡ σαφ' ἥνει* has been adopted in place of *εὖ 'σαφήνει*. Throughout both plays Mr. Paley has steered a middle course between timid conservatism and adventurous innovations; and the two texts which he has now published are perhaps the best, as they are certainly the most useful, texts in existence. He indulges freely in the least objectionable of conjectural liberties, the insertion of *lacunæ* where the meaning or the syntax is obscure or defective. Mr. Paley has not undertaken the duties of an interpreter except so far as they are involved in his very short textual notes, or in his shorter comments upon the *Scholia* which he has edited with great care and appended to the texts. It is his well-known and well-founded belief that the only safe progress which can now be made in Æschylean research will be made upon the lines of these *Scholia*, which represent an earlier text than the Mediceau, the basis of all, or nearly all, the existing MSS. It was the *Scholium* on *Suppl.* 452 which suggested the nearly certain emendation of *τοῦτο δηῶν* for *τοὐδ' ἔγω*, and there are many other passages which have been elucidated in the same way. It is easy to deride the dulness and sterility of some *Scholia*, or to point out many positive mistakes—*e.g.* the derivation of *Δίκτυσσα* implied in the synonym *καταπόντωσον*. But the writers of the *Scholia* possessed merits which some modern commentators would do well to imitate. They wrote short notes, and (right or wrong) they made their meaning clear—*e.g.* the *Scholium* upon *δίψιοι* at *Choeph.* 18; is a model of what a note should be. But it is not only the intrinsic value of the *Scholia* which makes Mr. Paley's publication of them so valuable. The pupil (and the teacher) will be enabled to gain some idea of the growth of classical research, and to see and value for himself the origin of much of the classical knowledge of modern times. There is only one drawback to the *Scholia* being included in the present edition; the young students for whom it is specially intended may be somewhat puzzled whenever there is a disagreement between the text which Mr. Paley has adopted and the one upon which the *Scholium* was written—*e.g.* in *Supp.* 94 Mr. Paley writes *ἥμενον*, while the text explained contains *ἧμενον*.

Professor Ramsay's *Latin Prose Exercises* can be very well spoken of, and indeed those who have had the most considerable experience in teaching composition are likely to think best of it. There has hitherto, despite the enormous number of school-books, in Classics been but a very small choice of such books as this for any one who was unwilling to admit mere "exercise books," on the one hand, and collections of elegant extracts, made with hardly any regard to their suitability for translation, on the other. The besetting fault of the first class Professor Ramsay has very well indicated in his preface, while he has for the most part successfully avoided it in his text. Ostentatiously putting themselves forward as exercises on a particular idiom or construction, they give "the office" in a manner much more calculated to exercise native sharpness than to cultivate Latin style. On the other hand, many collections of "passages" juxtapose pieces which it would puzzle an accomplished scholar to render without paraphrase, and pieces which ought not to floor a decently forward fourth-form boy. In dividing his Part III. from his Part IV. Mr. Ramsay has done great service in regard to this matter; while the detached sentences of his First and Second Parts are neither idiotically simple nor abnormally difficult. The absence of a vocabulary and the promise that no key shall appear are also matters to be noticed with much approval.

Mr. Reid's translation of Cicero's *De Finibus* is intended to be a companion to the two still unpublished volumes of his commentary. There is some reason to regret that this ancillary position has been given to the translation. With the desire of lightening his commentary, Mr. Reid has adhered closely to the syntax of the original; and the inevitable result is that the right words are often put in the wrong places. The translation of short phrases is sometimes very happy—*e.g.* "heterodox" for "qui dissentiret," "guide to a life of seriousness and wisdom" for auctor vitæ gravitatem et sapienter agendæ," and "literary debauch" in "quasi helluari libris." Sometimes, again, the words are clumsy or even incorrect. It cannot be necessary even in the language of philosophy to render "simplex" by "uncomplex," and such an expression as "a more cultured maxim" is without meaning. The word "cultured" (for "humanius") is not above the suspicion of a Transatlantic origin: but, if it is to be naturalized, it must be applied to the man, not to his maxims; to Mr. Howells, for instance, not to his epigrams. The desire to fully explain the force of the Latin makes Mr. Reid overload his sentences with such words as especially, actually, and particularly. The same fault is more strikingly revealed when he translates "in eo ipso parum vidit" with "*by that very proceeding* he betrayed narrowness of vision." There is also a tendency to introduce post-classical ideas by such words as "gentleman" or "lady paramount." These, however, are but minor blemishes. The translation, as a whole, is accurate, and in some parts, especially in the more argumentative parts, elegant and vigorous. It is well suited to the purpose which Mr. Reid contemplated. But we think that he has missed an opportunity in not making such a version as might have attracted the general reader. The shrewd common sense, the clearness, and the beauty of the *De Finibus* make it the most interesting of Cicero's philosophical treatises.

Dr. Bigg's edition of the Fourth and Fifth Books of the *Cyropædia* has one fault. It leaves the pupil nothing to find out for himself, and the teacher might well complain of being anticipated in almost all his comments. Upon *ἀλλὰ σύγε* Dr. Bigg remarks that "the pronoun is emphatic and the emphasis is increased by the addition of *γε*." This surely is a note which might have been omitted, although we suppose that this edition is intended chiefly for the lower or middle forms of public schools. Dr. Bigg has spared no pains to make his little book interesting and complete. The introduction puts a great deal of information into a small space, and it is written in an attractive style. Dr. Bigg points out that the truth which is to be found in the *Cyropædia* is not historical truth. He rejects the account of the rise of the Persian Empire and the description of Persian manners; but he thinks that Xenophon's character of Cyrus was based upon a very prevalent tradition. The critical notes are short, clear, and well up to date. Now and then some lesson is enforced by a striking anecdote—as, for instance, the one which is quoted from Lucian to illustrate the Attic use of *δήπουθεν*. Dr. Bigg is careful to point out Xenophon's usage of unfamiliar or poetical words, such as *κατειργάσατο* (slew) and *παλαμᾶσθαι*; and in several places he makes suggestions which would be useful in Greek composition, especially upon such particles as *γοῦν* and *μὲν οὖν* at the beginning of the Fifth Book, and in his explanation of "anacoluthon," although he is over-subtle upon the last point. The interest of the reader is well kept up by the running analysis and the pleasant chattiness of the commentary. The book is thoroughly practical, and reading the notes is like hearing a very good schoolmaster talking to his boys.

Mr. Fennell's edition of the speech of Demosthenes against Meidias is a more ambitious school-book than Dr. Bigg's. But here again there is an undue tendency to give help in simple passages. There is still less excuse for the translations which are volunteered. The critical notes are good, even if they are unnecessary; but the translations are almost without merit—*e.g.* "to organize prejudice" for *συνάγειν φθόνον*, and "of malice prepense" for *ἐξεπίτηδες*. In § 80 there is a long sentence translated with perfect correctness; but the English is much harder to understand than the Greek which it is meant to explain. Perhaps, therefore, Mr. Fennell would have done well to abstain from complaining in one passage of the "cumbrousness" of Demosthenes, and in another of his "awkward arrangement." The text is well edited; there is an excellent analysis of the speech (from C. R. Kennedy); and the explanations of legal and quasi-legal terms are clear and sound. The critical notes are very carefully written, and they sometimes throw out suggestions upon the position of words which ought to be useful in the writing of Greek prose.

Scenes from the Andria, by Mr. F. W. Cornish, is a condensation of Terence's play, adapted to the modesty of the Eton boys. The characters of Byrrhia and Charinus are omitted, and the play is shortened by about 250 lines. If the *Andria* is too wicked to be read as it stands, it would be better to leave it

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* *Æschylī Fabulæ Supplices Choëphori.* By F. A. Paley. Cambridge University Press.

Latin Prose Exercises. By G. G. Ramsay, M.A., Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow. Glasgow: Maclehose.

M. Tullii Ciceronis de Finibus Bonorum et Malorum Libri Quinque. Vol. III. Containing the Translation. By James S. Reid, Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, Classical Examiner to the University of London.

Xenophon's Cyropædia. Books IV. and V. With Introduction and Notes by C. Bigg, D.D., formerly Senior Student of Christ Church, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

The Oration of Demosthenes against Meidias. Edited for use in Schools and Colleges, with Introduction, Analysis, Notes, and Index. By C. A. M. Fennell, late Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge.

Scenes from the Andria of Terence. Edited, for the use of Schools, by F. W. Cornish, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, Assistant Master at Eton College.

Latin Grammar and Junior Scholarship Papers. By the Rev. J. H. Raven, Head-Master of the Fauconberge School, Beccles, Suffolk.

alone than to destroy the whole motive of the play and to make some parts of the dialogue nonsensical. In the first scene of the first act Simo is made to say that the young lady was living a hard life, supporting herself by her fancy-work. Then came "one or two lovers"—

> Forte, ita ut fit, filium
> Perduxere illuc, secum ut una esset, meum.

It is not easy to see why the (presumably rival) lovers should introduce another to the object of their affections; and the puzzle is greater when Simo calls Pamphilus a grand example of "continentia" because he does not fall in love with an apparently good and industrious girl. The notes are short and generally sound. But there can be no doubt that Mr. Cornish is wrong in following Ruhnken in construing *semper* with *lenitas*, as if it were parallel to such Greek phrases as *τῶν ἀεὶ λόγων*. The whole sentence is so much broken up that it is quite as easy to refer *semper* to *verebar*, and the sense is much better. "Quicquid peperisset" is translated "boy or girl," whereas Davus is comically vague. The desire for brevity in some of the notes has resulted in obscurity—*e.g.* quod] not relative (= id quod) but "the fact that." The subjunctive mood is well treated in the Appendix.

Mr. Raven's *Latin Grammar and Junior Scholarship Papers* bears a puzzling title. What is "junior scholarship" as distinguished from Latin grammar? Since 115 pages are devoted to Latin grammar, and the remaining six to Roman topography, literature, mythology, and antiquities, it would seem that the last four subjects make up "junior scholarship." No place is found for Comparative Philology. These sets of questions will be welcome to schoolmasters who are too indolent to make better sets for themselves. They are arranged systematically, and some of the sentences for translation into Latin are well selected. But the questions in the Appendix are sometimes oddly worded and horribly encyclopædic. Mr. Raven's schoolboy would seem to possess all the varied knowledge which Juvenal says was expected of a schoolmaster by Roman parents:—

> dicat quot Acestes vixerit annis,
> Quot Siculas Phrygibus vini donaverit urnas.

A SPANISH DIARY.*

IN taking up a book purporting to be a diary of travel in so comparatively untravelled and unknown a country as Spain, we naturally looked for some of the local colouring, some of the picturesqueness, some of the Old-World customs and costumes of a land which Gothic and Moorish, Roman and Christian influences have combined to stamp with a peculiar charm. But in this we were disappointed. Had the author written even a book for the instruction and guidance of other travellers there would have been a reason for its existence. Mr. Kilgour, instead of setting himself to give useful information, seems to think that his task is done when he has communicated to the public every trifling incident which he noticed in his journey. He does so in most remarkable English. On the first page we find, for instance, in a description of the journey from Nice to Barcelona, the following passage:—"This fleet has been here several weeks. They were apparently all anchored very securely, and no boats were lying at or near them, for the sea happened to-day to be rough, as the waves were breaking in white foam on the shore, and also out at sea, as there was what is known as 'white horses;' but the ships, owing to their size and sheltered position, were moving very little." When stopping at Arles, the naive remark which the author makes is, "From the railway station can be pretty well seen the remains, though apparently ruinous, of a large Roman amphitheatre." We never yet heard of a Roman amphitheatre that was not more or less in this condition, and the remark reminds us of the story of an American who was asked how he liked Venice. His reply was that "it was a nice town, but considerably out of repair." To return to the author's English. On page 3 we find this sentence:—"When you come on the sea it has rather a curious appearance, as it extends on both sides the line, and it seems like as it was to wash over it." At Perpignan the remark on the hotel is "It was a small and rather dirty kept, in fact, only a common French provincial inn, though the best in the place." Such flowers of style are scattered over the whole book. Sometimes the sentences remind one of a Chinese puzzle. For example, taking one or two of them quite at random:—"This is the old French province of Roussillon, and that in Spain a portion of the historic kingdom of Navarre, and thus oft and many a time, as it was the frontier between the two countries did the opposing forces meet here in battle array." And again:—"This forenoon we went to see 'The Cathedral of Cordova,' which is a most remarkable building inside, as it is the purest specimen to be found anywhere of an ancient Moslem mosque, and that was when the Moors were at their best; for at the time this building was erected their original Asiatic savageness had been toned down by the intermingling with European civilization, and also the softness derived from the climate of Spain, and the influence exercised over them by arts and sciences—for then Cordova might be designated the most enlightened city in Europe as regards these; nor had they grown so luxurious as when they built 'the Alhambra.'" Mr. Kilgour seems afraid to admire anything that is not English. He fears to commit himself to definite praise as to anything that he sees. Everything is either "mean," "poor-looking," "whitewashed," or "rather good." The only enthusiasm he shows throughout the book is when describing the Holy Week ceremonies at Seville, and even then his enthusiasm is but lukewarm. In speaking of the Capilla Real in the cathedral at Seville, Mr. Kilgour says:—"Three tombs are here, two on either side of the entrance and one in front of the altar." But he does not tell us the most interesting fact of these tombs—namely, that they are those of Alfonso X., of Doña Beatrix, wife of St. Ferdinand, and of the notorious Maria Padilla, the favourite of Pedro the Cruel. The spelling of some of the Spanish names is curious; the Puerta del Sol is spoken of as the Porta del Sol; the church of San Pablo at Seville is called St. Paolo in one place, and St. Parlo in another. The "Generalife" at Granada is spelled "Generalfe," and the battle of "Lepanto" is spelled "Lapanto." The author's appreciation of rank leaks out now and then in a naive fashion. At Malaga he falls in with a clergyman and his wife who had arrived from Alicante by sea, the latter of whom, as he cannot refrain from informing us, "was a lady of title." Of art the writer seems to have very vague ideas. Pictures must be very "clear and distinct" for him to admire them. Of the famous "Gloria" by Titian, which comforted Charles V. in his last moments, he writes very much as though he were describing a watch. "In the chief gallery," he says, "hangs what has been designated one of Titian's masterpieces, 'His Gloria,' but unfortunately it seems much out of order, so bad, in fact, that you cannot appreciate its merits." Of the splendid picture, "The Surrender of Breda," he can only say:—"A subject picture by the same artist" (Velasquez), "styled 'The Surrender of Breda,' is also hung in this gallery; it is his largest-sized specimen; and, though numerous figures are introduced, each is clear and distinct. The execution of the horses in this picture is of the very highest merit. One horse that occupies the foreground of this picture you would think had been newly groomed, so bright is its colour." He says nothing of the beautiful landscape in the background, of the sympathy and pity shown in the face and action of the Spanish leader as he lays his hand on the shoulder of his humiliated opponent, nothing of the triumphant demeanour of the Spaniards and the starved, downcast appearance of the Dutch; nothing of the masterly use of but very few colours in this famous picture, with just a bright pennon here and a blue scarf there; nothing of the marvellous foreshortening of the horse in the foreground, which Velasquez himself was proud of. The photographs, with which the book is well provided, are excellent and succeed, where the letterpress fails, in giving the reader a glimpse of Spain.

* *A Spanish Diary.* Aberdeen: J. R. Smith.

MINOR NOTICES.

THE Diary of Sir John Torkington, published in the "Shilling Vellum-Parchment Series" (1), is instructive, but can hardly be said to be amusing. Mr. Loftie, the editor, justly observes that "no apology is necessary for calling attention to a veritable diary in which the author's personal adventures are the principal subject." There can be no doubt that the "veritable diary" of an English parson who went as far as Jerusalem in the days of Henry VIII. is well worth attention, but in this case it must be given as a task. Sir John Torkington was obviously a worthy man, but withal dull. He belonged to the class of persons who travel far and contrive to see very little. He notes all the reliques he saw, and the leagues he rode or walked. He gives the names of towns and vague descriptions of them; but, on the whole, we get a very hazy picture of the scenes he passed through. It was only when he was subjected to extreme personal inconvenience that a sparkle even of the feeblest kind was struck out of the worthy parson of Malberton. At Jaffa, for instance, he records the following adventure:—"And as we came owtsof the boot we war receyvyd by the Turkys and Sarrasyns, and put in to an old cave by name and tale there Serevener ever wrytyng ower names man by man as we entyred in the presens of the seyd lordis, and ther we lay in the same grotte or cave all nyght upon the stynking Stable grownde as well nyght as Day, ryght evyll intretyd by the seyd Turkes Mamnes." In this case we realize and sympathize with the position of poor Sir John. The work of editing has been excellently done by Mr. Loftie. He explains everything which needs or is capable of explanation. In one passage, however, he makes a comment which is at least superfluous. Sir John tells how he made arrangements for his sea voyage from Venice with a certain "patron," who, according to Mr. Loftie, was "probably a kind of sixteenth-century Cook, who 'personally conducted' travellers to Palestine." Now the patron in question can have been nothing but the "padrone," or skipper of the vessel. "Patron" is still good Castilian for the master of a fishing-smack or coasting craft. Accuracy must not be sacrificed even for a jest.

In the same series of "Miscellaneous Literature" Mr. Colquhoun's recent correspondence to the *Times* has been published, under the rather ambitious title of *The Truth about Tonquin* (2). The collection is useful and readable. Mr.

(1) *The Vellum-Parchment Shilling Series of Miscellaneous Literature—Ye Olde Diarie of Englysshe Travell.* Edited by W. J. Loftie. London: Field & Tuer.

(2) *The Vellum-Parchment Shilling Series of Miscellaneous Literature—The Truth about Tonquin.* By A. R. Colquhoun. London: Field & Tuer.

Colquhoun is one of the few Englishmen who know anything about the scene of the last French attempt to found a colonial empire, and he imparts his information in an attractive way. Although it is too much to suppose that the general public retain a strong impression of correspondence to newspapers, it may be safely supposed that the substance of Mr. Colquhoun's book is by this time familiar. It has been filtered to the public ear by so many channels. The collection is none the less valuable; for it gives, in a compact form, the reasons which lead the most competent authorities to believe that the Tonquin adventure can do no *good* to France, and may prove a serious nuisance to other Powers.

Captain Norman's work on the Tonquin, or, as he prefers to spell it, Tonkin, question (3) is widely different to Mr. Colquhoun's, and valuable for other reasons. We do not understand that he means to lay claim to any personal acquaintance with the country. He has compiled his book very carefully out of French papers and from the letters or other works of French authors. We know no intention of describing Captain Norman's volume as a mere compilation. Far from it. He has mastered his materials and run it into shape in a workmanlike fashion. The result of his labours is an exhaustive historical and critical review of the Tonquin muddle. The author begins with a sketch of French colonial policy. He then proceeds to the "Geography of Tonkin: its Customs, and Unsuitability for Colonization." Nine chapters, from the third to the eleventh, are devoted to the rise and progress of the Tonquin imbroglio between 1787 and 1883. The last three chapters deal with "The Military Forces of France and China," "France as a Colonial Power," and "France as a Commercial Power." Captain Norman handles all these subjects like a writer who has spared no pains to master his facts, and who can sum up tersely and with precision. His book should be welcome to the Intelligence Department of the War Office, and will assuredly be freely used by the intelligent journalist. All that is much; but we think that Captain Norman has been ill advised in taking up his somewhat schoolmasterly attitude towards France. He has a horror of her greed for conquest which strikes us as a little childish in a "late captain of the Bengal Staff Corps and 40th Light Infantry." There would have been no Bengal Staff Corps, and possibly no Captain Norman, if England had acted on the principle which he thinks should rule our neighbours. When the author criticises the colonial policy of France, which has always been at once grasping, and vacillating, he is on safer ground. What we have taken has been annexed for definite practical reasons, and has commonly been kept. We have not plunged into vast undertakings for the love of doing something grandiose, and then got tired of them in the middle. Therefore we have secured a good slice of the earth's surface, and done great things with it. Still Captain Norman should have reflected that the Englishman, who decides the Frenchman's vacillation and impracticability in this year of grace 1884 lays himself open to an awkward retort.

Quite a little crop of books about Tonquin and the French doings there has sprung up while the dispute is in a state of temporary quiescence. The author of *Our Burmese Wars and Relations with Burma, Akhé Pwo*, &c., has added his contribution (4). His volume consists of some forty-six pages of "Remarks on Burma," a couple of rather heavy dialogues between a Frenchman and an Englishman on the subject of Tonquin, and a large array of addenda. This last portion contains some interesting matters of fact. The other two consist chiefly of wordy statements of the author's amiable belief that things will "come round and be all square" if only people do not lose their tempers. It is a probable opinion.

Mrs. Percival's life of her brother Sir David Wedderburn (5) belongs to a most irritating class of book. It is one of those overgrown family biographies which tell us all about some most worthy person of no particular distinction with a detail which would verge on being excessive in the case of Gustavus Adolphus or Corneille. Such books should be suppressed by the united exertions of the dead man's kith and kin. It is easy to understand from Mrs. Percival's book that Sir David Wedderburn was deservedly loved and respected by his friends and his family, but it is not the less impossible to read the four hundred and thirty-four pages of this book without experiencing real boredom. It is full of the trivial details of daily life—tours, visits, lunches, &c.—of extracts of letters which possess no general interest, and of extracts from diaries and forgotten articles in papers. There is nothing in the book which is not creditable to the good feeling of the writer, and nothing which is not honourable to the subject of the biography, but there is a vast deal too much mere talk.

The Rev. Dr. Irons, Rector of St. Mary's Woolnoth, has published an "authorized edition" of his hymns and translations (6). In the preface he gives his reasons for thinking that "the old grooves of false feeling and the media of questionable orthodoxy" in which the hymns at present used too often run "must be departed from." At the same time he points out the great difficulties of the task he has undertaken. There can be no doubt that much might be done to improve the literary qualities of some of the hymns now popular, but we imagine that it will be generally thought that Dr. Irons is a little too ready to condemn all the older ones as "archaic." If they were so indeed, we fail to see why that alone should be considered a serious fault from the devotional or indeed from any point of view.

Travellers who have before them the prospect of making a journey to South Africa or Mauritius will be obliged to Messrs. Donald Currie & Co. for their neat little handbook (7). It gives much useful information of a general character, and a full account of the royal mail steamers—their size, arrangement, and dates of sailing.

"This work," says Mr. G. S. Heatley in the preface to his book on *Sheep Farming* (8), "enters minutely into the history, progress, and development of the various breeds of sheep. It specifies in plain explicit language the many ailments to which they are liable, and recommends the remedies that are most efficacious and safe for their cure." This is an excellent summary of the qualities which a text-book of this kind should possess. Only the experienced sheep-farmer, however, could tell us how far Mr. Heatley is as good as his word.

In these days, when the Prime Minister has just been urging the English farmer to look for a resource in fruit, Mr. Whitehead's essay on *Profitable Fruit Farming* (9) should be read with attention. The essay is dedicated to the Worshipful Company of Fruiterers, and has a coat of arms on the title-page representing Eve presenting the fatal apple to Adam. It is a curious choice for a fruiterer's arms, for that incident is not the most creditable in the history of the apple.

Mr. McLaren's practical treatise on *Spinning Woollen and Worsted* (10) is, like Mr Heatley's work, a technical work meant for a limited class of readers, and only to be appreciated by them.

Our list of new school books is smaller than usual. Vere Foster's *Simple Lessons in Water-Color Flowers* (11) gives directions for painting flowers. The illustrations are well executed.

Mr. Redhouse's *Simplified Grammar of the Ottoman Turkish Language* (12) is a stout volume of 205 pages, about twice the size of the first of the series, which included the Arabic, Persian, and Hindustanee tongues. These books grow steadily in size at least.

Mr. Page has edited an edition of the second book of Horace's Odes (13) for Messrs. Macmillan's "School Classical Series."

Although Mrs. Bray is only remembered as the author of a long series of now forgotten stories and of a life of Stothard, her Autobiography (14) is well worth reading. It gives a pleasant little picture of a wholesome life, and some curious sketches of the literary world of England in the early part of this century. The Autobiography ends many years before Mrs. Bray's death in 1883 at the great age of 94. Mr. Kempe, the editor, supplies what is wanting in his introduction. Among his other additions is an extract from Mrs. Bray's diary which deserves to be quoted in a history of the relations of authors and publishers, if such a thing ever comes to be written. "On the occasion of the reprint of her novels," says Mr. Kempe, "she inserts the petition [Mrs. Bray always wrote out her prayers] that 'Mason and Longman and myself may continue to act honourably and honestly and peaceably towards each other.'" In the Autobiography the most interesting passages are those which give Mrs. Bray's correspondence with Southey. She had a profound admiration for the Laureate, which he seems to have repaid with a good deal of friendly advice and praise. His letters show, like everything else we know about him, that he must have been the most laborious of men, and contain references to his sufferings from persecution by "our present Evangelicals" and others. It appears from the Autobiography that England must have produced a great number of untutored poetical geniuses in the early part of this century, and that they had the most remarkable luck in the way of getting subscriptions to editions of their works.

"Although the popular education movement," says Mr. Godard in his preface to the Life of George Birkbeck (15), "is one of the

(3) *Tonkin; or, France in the Far East.* By C. B. Norman. With Maps. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

(4) *Burma, the Foremost Country: a Timely Discourse.* By the Author of "Our Burmese Wars and Relations with Burma." London: Allen & Co. 1884.

(5) *Life of Sir David Wedderburn, Bart., M.P.* Compiled from his Journals and Writings, by his sister, Mrs. E. H. Percival. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

(6) *Psalms and Hymns for the Church.* Written by William J. Irons, D.D. London: J. T. Hayes. 1883.

(7) *South and East African and Mauritius Service—Handbook of Information for Passengers.* Donald Currie & Co. 1884.

(8) *Sheep Farming.* By George S. Heatley, M.R.C.V.S. London: Allen & Co. 1884.

(9) *Profitable Fruit Farming.* An Essay. By Charles Whitehead. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.

(10) *Spinning Woollen and Worsted.* By W. S. B. McLaren, M.A. London: Cassell & Co. 1884.

(11) *Vere Foster's Simple Lessons in Water-Color Flowers.* London: Blackie & Son. 1884.

(12) *A Simplified Grammar of the Ottoman Turkish Language.* By J. W. Redhouse. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

(13) *Q. Horatii Flacci Carminum Liber II.* By T. E. Page, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

(14) *Autobiography of Anna Eliza Bray.* Edited by John A. Kempe. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

(15) *George Birkbeck: the Pioneer of Popular Education.* By J. G. Godard. London: Bemrose & Sons. 1884.

most important outgrowths of a most progressive era, probably little is known at the present time concerning him who was its pioneer." The Life he has written probably does all that can now be done to supply the want. It possesses the merit of being short; but it might have been even further compressed. There is a good deal of purely trivial matter about the subscriptions of Lord A. and the speeches of Mr. B. which might have been spared. At the end, too, there are several pages of quite superfluous matter about "Legislation and Civilization" and the results of the diffusion of knowledge.

It has been maintained with some plausibility that it is the compositor's business to look after the stops. From the point of view of the writer there is much to be said for the theory. It is certainly by no means easy to lay down any good working rule for the proper management of commas and semicolons. The puzzled writer, or compositor, who finds himself in a difficulty will therefore be obliged to Mr. Allardyce at least for the intention to help him. How far the rules given in his pretty little booklet on *Stops* (16) will prove of practical value we cannot undertake to say. They look sound, but then their due application depends wholly on the taste of the writer. At the end Mr. Allardyce gives the useful example of how to correct a proof—an art which some of those who live by the pen never master thoroughly.

Scotch ecclesiastical writers are undoubtedly too much inclined to skip the pre-Reformation period of their Church history. With the respectable object of giving his parishioners some account of a period of which they were probably wholly ignorant, Mr. Robert Paton, minister of Kirkinner, delivered them a series of lectures on the Church in Scotland from the introduction of Christianity down to the final victory of the Roman ritual (17). He writes in a temperate way, but has, like many modern Scotchmen, a great weakness for hazy rhetoric. His style is not wholly free either from jokes of the smaller kind. There is neither wit nor sense in such a sentence as this: "All Europe we see [*i.e.* at the beginning of the middle ages] with its night-cap on, composing itself to sleep; and, while the dark cloud creeps over the sky, sleeping soundly."

Of the making of apologies for Mary Queen of Scots there is no end. The Hon. Colin Lindsay (18) has been moved by Father Stevenson's preface to the Life by Claude Nau to try once more and save Mary's moral character at the expense of her understanding. He is not much more successful than his predecessors in proving her imbecility.

Mr. Forbes Leith has applied himself to the life of a very different Queen of Scots. He has executed a most readable translation of Turgot's Latin history of St. Margaret, the wife of Malcolm Kenmore (19). There can be no more wholesome reading than this beautiful biography of a woman who was a saint without ceasing to do her duty as a wife and a mother. The volume is prettily got up, with good print, and fair illustrations.

Mr. Bissell's *Law of Asylum in Israel* (20) is an apparently careful and learned treatise on an obscure historical question.

The "Apology" (21), as Mr. Blackley calls his account of the trial and execution of Socrates, is, and that he does not say, a diluted version of what Mr. Grote had already written on the subject.

Mr. Hodder M. Westropp publishes in a handsome form a series of lectures delivered, on the archæology of Rome, before the British and American Archæological Society (22). He covers the whole ground, from the earliest times to the days of the Empire.

When agitators are busy on the subject of Highland land it is a happy idea to collect the letters published last summer in the *Times* (23). They do not pretend to be exhaustive, and they are possibly open to criticism, but they give a number of useful facts in a convenient form.

The Never Never Land is, it seems, the name given by the colonists to Queensland, or a part of it. Over this land Mr. Stirling has ridden, and he publishes with apologies, an account of his ride (24). The apologies were unnecessary. With the exception of some of the illustrations, which are hideous, the book is a very respectable specimen of its class. It is almost impossible to retain a clear impression of the country described after getting through many chapters about straggling towns, squatters, the bush, and the kangaroo; but that is the case with ninety-nine descriptions out of a hundred.

As it is blessed with freedom from little wars, the colony of British Honduras (25) attracts very little attention. It produces mahogany, and that is all we know about it. Readers in search of further information may consult a book by Mr. Morris, Director of Public Gardens and Plantations in Jamaica. He went there on an official visit, and speaks hopefully of the future of the country. Even from his account, however, it appears to be the sort of place to go to when all the rest of the world has been exhausted.

In the disguise of a book for children, and with interruptions of conversation of the Sandford and Merton stamp, "Pater" gives an account of a tour in Norway (26). The children of the party seem to have had a good time.

The indefatigable Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has formed a collection of "Little Essays" (27) of Charles Lamb's by making snippets from his letters. The practice is not to be commended, but Lamb stands such treatment better than most writers would do.

We have received the fourth volume of Mr. Paterson's reprint of Motteux's *Don Quixote* (28). It is well printed, but of somewhat unwieldy size.

Professor Henry Morley has added Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year* (29) and *Locke on Civil Government* (30) to his series of cheap reprints. A short essay on the author is prefixed to each volume by the editor.

We are glad to notice a new edition of that strong, though unequal, story *Mehalah* (31).

Mr. A. R. Bach's work on *Musical Education and Vocal Culture* (32) has reached a fourth edition, and Alexander Palma di Cesnola's handsome work on the Cypriot antiquities (33) a second.

We have to notice May's useful *British and Irish Press Guide* (34), which has reached its eleventh year.

Sell's Dictionary (35) covers a wider field, and not only gives business details, but a good deal of miscellaneous information.

The twenty-first volume of the indispensable *Statesman's Year Book* (36) has now appeared.

The equally indispensable *Dod for* 1884 (37) is also within reach, and prepared to run its race with Ridgway's *Parliamentary Manual* (38).

We need only mention the three clerical "Dods," *The Clergy List* (39), *The Clergy Directory* (40), and *The Official Year Book* (41) published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

(42) *The Railway Companies Directory* is the title of a handbook which should be a treasure to the more or less fortunate persons who possess railway shares. It gives ample information on the whole subject in a clear way, and has a good index.

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(16) *"Stops"; or, How to Punctuate.* By Paul Allardyce. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1884.

(17) *The Scottish Church and its Surroundings in Early Times.* By Robert Paton. Edinburgh: James Gemmell. 1884.

(18) *Mary Queen of Scots and her Marriage with Bothwell.* By the Hon. Colin Lindsay. London: Burns & Oates. Edinburgh: William Paterson. 1883.

(19) *Life of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland.* By Turgot, Bishop of St. Andrews. Translated from the Latin by W. Forbes-Leith. Edinburgh: W. Paterson. 1884.

(20) *The Law of Asylum in Israel: Historically and Critically Examined.* By Allen Page Bissell, Doctor of Philosophy, Leipzig. Leipzig: Theodor Stauffer. 1884.

(21) *Socrates and the Athenians: an Apology.* By Henry Blackley. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

(22) *Early and Imperial Rome.* By Hodder M. Westropp. London: Elliot Stock. 1884.

(23) *Letters from the Highlands.* Reprinted from the "Times." Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1884.

(24) *The Never Never Land: a Ride in North Queensland.* By A. W. Stirling, B.C.L., F.R.G.S. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

(25) *The Colony of British Honduras; its Resources and Prospects.* By D. Morris. London: Edward Stanford. 1883.

(26) *Children in Norway; or, a Holiday on the Elsdony.* By "Pater," F.G.S., &c. London: Griffith & Farran. 1884.

(27) *The Muffin Library—Little Essays of Charles Lamb.* Selected from his Letters by Percy Fitzgerald. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

(28) *The History of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha.* Translated by P. A. Motteux. Vol. IV. Edinburgh: W. Paterson. 1884.

(29) *Morley's Universal Library—Journal of the Plague Year.* By Daniel Defoe. London: Routledge & Sons. 1884.

(30) *Morley's Universal Library—Locke on Civil Government.* London: Routledge & Sons. 1884.

(31) *Mehalah: a Story of the Salt Marshes.* New edition. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1884.

(32) *Musical Education and Vocal Culture.* By Albert R. Bach. Fourth edition. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1884.

(33) *Salamis.* By A. Palma di Cesnola. London: Whiting & Co. 1884.

(34) *May's British and Irish Press Guide.* May & Co. 1884.

(35) *Sell's Dictionary of the World's Press.* London: H. Sell. 1884.

(36) *The Statesman's Year Book for* 1884. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

(37) *Dod's Parliamentary Companion.* London: Whitaker & Co. 1884.

(38) *Ridgway's Parliamentary Manual,* 1884. London: W. Ridgway. 1884.

(39) *The Clergy List for* 1884. London: John Hall. 1884.

(40) *The Clergy Directory and Parish Guide.* London: Bosworth & Co. 1884.

(41) *The Official Year-Book of the Church of England.* London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

(42) *The Railway Companies Directory,* 1884. Publishing Office: Fleet Street.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

A NEW book from M. Emile Montégut (1) is always welcome, and the present volume of essays which he has published on four of the chief illustrations of French literature during the present century is not unworthy to rank with his best. For our part, the book is specially interesting to us because the essays which compose it date from very different periods—one, that on Béranger, as far back as 1858; another, on Alfred de Vigny, from 1867, while those on Musset and Nodier are recent. In such a collection the permanent characteristics of an author's criticism—the qualities which are his own and not merely due to a prevalent fashion or to the influence of contemporary writers—are sure to emerge most clearly. That the result is favourable to M. Montégut need hardly be said here. There is no living French critic who is his superior in *finesse*, in range of appreciation, in freedom from prejudice and from woodenness. On Béranger he seems to us a little severe, but this very severity is instructive. To take a curiously different, yet parallel instance, the attitude of all the most accomplished French critics towards Béranger has much of the same characteristics to an Englishman's eye which Frenchmen seem to see in the attitude of some accomplished English critics towards Byron. In both cases the foreigner excuses occasional bad taste, platitude, and conventionality more easily than the native. On Nodier M. Montégut is excellent—how excellent it perhaps requires a good deal of familiarity with the voluminous and unequal subject to perceive. His essay on Musset (though all essays on Musset which have merit must, to some extent, ring changes on the same and a few notes) shows his eminently literary faculty of appreciation and expression. Best of all, however, is perhaps that on the other great Alfred. Accomplished as is Vigny's executive power, singularly original as was his conception of style (we are glad to find M. Montégut dwelling on the remarkable fashion in which he again and again turned out masterpieces in manners which others took up and gained credit for), he is undoubtedly more a critic's favourite than a general reader's. He could not meet with a critic more capable of expounding him than M. Montégut.

M. Louis Desprez (2) has an agreeable manner in a disagreeable cause; he writes with vigour and not without elegance; and when he tells us how we the wicked anti-naturalistic critics are destined to be crushed under the triumphant progress of Zolaism, we do not feel much inclined to do more than smile amiably at him. Unluckily he shows more than once that he has not the faintest conception of criticism. Thus, he says half apologetically in his preface, "Qui sympathise avec M. Cherbuliez déteste d'instinct Flaubert." In that case we may inform him that "qui," though he may be an excellent person, though he may speak with the tongues of men and angels, is not a critic. No critic detests anything except that which is bad *per se*, and in its own style.

M. Gustave Merlet's (3) careful and laborious work on the literature of the Empire deserves praise, which, however, can only be given to it by allowance. It is impossible not to think three large volumes thrown away on a period which is not only a very short one, but one of the least fertile and satisfactory in French literature, while the abundant citations incorporated in the text give the book an appearance of bookmaking, which is perhaps deceptive, but certainly uninviting.

Twelve hundred pages devoted to the fiscal economy of a single country during a single century of the middle ages (4) are not to be briefly reviewed. But M. Vuitry's book may be introduced with some confidence to all whom it may concern.

There are those who think (and we own that we share this heresy) the prose of the latest elected of French Academicians better than his poetry. Such persons will be glad to hear that M. Lemerre has published, in the well-known pocket shape, M. François Coppée's *Idylle pendant le siège* (5) and his still more attractive *Contes en prose*.

M. Cotteau's volume on Japan, China, and Cochin China (6) is somewhat inferior to that on Siberia, to which it forms a conclusion. The subject is more hackneyed; the scenes (except Japan) seem more hurriedly painted; and the author indulges in more of the commonplace of travel-writing, such as grumbles at steamboat arrangements, at his fellow-travellers, and so forth. His books of travel, however, are generally readable; and that adjective need not be refused to this one. Japan being decidedly over-written by others, and the Chinese portion of the book very perfunctory, the best part may be said to be that on Tonquin, whither M. Cotteau paid a short visit before the outbreak of the present war, and on Cochin China. The illustrations are good. So are those of M. Brau de St. Pol-Lias's sketch of the pacified districts of Acheen (7). We noticed about a year ago the author's book on the Straits Settlements, which was in a sense the first part of this on Western Dutch Sumatra. As we then pointed out, the writer is an enthusiastic, but not an aggressively enthusiastic, advocate of French colonization, from the commercial rather than the political point of view. His engravings show that, if the monkeys of Sumatra are extremely like men, the men of Sumatra return the compliment by being remarkably like monkeys. Mme. de Tallenay (whose "cuts" are more ambitious, but somewhat less obviously faithful, than those of the two preceding travellers) has written a useful book (8) about a not very much visited country. She has incorporated with the notes of her own and her husband's journey along the coast, and of their excursions here and there into the interior, much information about Venezuelan history, politics, and literature, concerning all which it is, at least, probable that the majority of her readers will be ignorant. Opinions differ on the question whether this old and respectable practice is an improvement to a book of travels or not.

(1) *Nos morts contemporains.* Par Emile Montégut. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *L'évolution naturaliste.* Par L. Desprez. Paris: Tresse.

(3) *Tableau de la littérature française, 1800—1815.* Tome 1 2 et 3. Par Gustave Merlet. Paris: Hachette.

(4) *Etudes sur le régime financier de la France, 1283-1360.* 2 vols. Par A. Vuitry. Paris: Guillaumin.

(5) *Une idylle pendant le siège, etc.* Par F. Coppée. Paris: Lemerre.

(6) *Un touriste dans l'extrême Orient.* Par E. Cotteau. Paris: Hachette.

(7) *Chez les Atchés.* Par Brau de St. Pol Lias. Paris: Plon.

(8) *Souvenirs du Vénézuela.* Par Jenny de Tallenay. Paris: Plon.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Further particulars and conditions will be sent on application to the Honorary Secretary,

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March, 1884.

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Birmingham, February 27, 1884.

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ONE EXHIBITION, of the value of £60 a year, tenable at any College or Hall at either of the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge, is intended to be filled up after an Examination of the Candidates, which will take place at King Edward's School, Birmingham, on Tuesday, September 2, and the three following days, before the Rev. JOHN OWEN, M.A., Jesus College, Oxford, Professor of Welsh, St. David's College, Lampeter; and HARRY REDE TOTTENHAM, Esq., M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Candidates are requested to send their Names, Addresses, and Certificates of Baptism, with Testimonials of conduct and character, on or before August 1, to CHARLES SHAW, Esq., 1 Plowden Buildings, Temple, London, E.C. Candidates must be Members of the Church of England, Natives of Wales, or of one of the four Welsh Dioceses, and of Twenty years of age upon October 10 next, acquainted with the Welsh Language, and intending to become Candidates for Holy Orders.

The Candidates will be examined in Welsh Reading, Composition, and Speaking; the Gospel according to St. Mark and the Acts of the Apostles in Greek; the Third and Fourth Books of the Iliad; the Third Book of Thucydides; the Sixth Book of the Æneid; Xenophon's Anabasis; Cicero de Officiis; and Latin Prose and Verse Composition. Those who fail in Welsh will not be further examined.

The Exhibition will be tenable (during Residence) for Four years, by an Exhibitioner who at the time of his election is not legally a Member of either University, and will, in the case date from Matriculation; and by an Exhibitioner who at the time of his election is legally a Member of either University, till the close of the Term in which the degree of Bachelor of Arts is due to the holder.

March 1884.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS for ENGLAND give notice that they are prepared to receive applications for AUGMENTATION GRANTS from the Incumbents of Benefices with cure of Souls which had, by the Returns of the Census of 1881, populations of not less than 4,000, the incomes whereof fall short of £300 a year, and have not been already dealt with by the Commissioners on the ground of population nor augmented by Grants out of the Common Fund amounting in the aggregate to £200 a year.

The making of these Grants will be subject to certain exceptions, conditions, and reservations, which are particularly set forth in a printed paper of Regulations which may be obtained on application to the SECRETARY. The same printed paper also contains the existing Regulations as to the Endowment of new Districts on the ground of population, and as to the Distribution of Grants to meet Benefactions.

Ecclesiastical Commission,
10 Whitehall Place, London, S.W.

UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—NOTICE is Hereby Given, that on Wednesday, 30th of April next, the Senate will proceed to Elect EXAMINERS in the following Departments:

Examinerships.	*Salaries.*	*Present Examiners.*
ARTS AND SCIENCE.	(*Each.*)	
Two in *Classics*	£250	L. Schmitz, Esq., Ph.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E. / Vacant.
Two in *The English Language, Literature, and History*	£100	Prof. J. W. Hales, M.A. / Vacant.
Two in *The French Language and Literature*	£100	B. P. Bulson, Esq., M.A. / Vacant.
Two in *The German Language and Literature*	£75	Prof. Althaus, Ph.D. / Rev. C. Schoell, Ph.D.
Two in *The Hebrew Text of the Old Testament, the Greek Text of the New Testament, the Fathers of the Christian Religion, and Scripture History*	£50	R. L. Bensly, Esq., M.A. / Rev. Prof. Leathes, D.D., M.A.
Two in *Mental and Moral Science*	£100	Prof. G. Croom Robertson, M.A. / James Ward, Esq., M.A.
Two in *Political Economy*	£70	J. N. Keynes, Esq., M.A., D.Sc. / Prof. Bonamy Price, LL.D., M.A.
Two in *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy*	£200	Prof. A. G. Greenhill, M.A. / R. Williamson, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.
Two in *Experimental Philosophy*	£100	Prof. A. W. Reinold, M.A., F.R.S. / Vacant.
Two in *Chemistry*	£200	Prof. F. E. Thorpe, Ph.D., F.R.S. / Vacant.
Two in *Botany and Vegetable Physiology*	£100	Prof. Bayley Balfour, M.D., C.M., D.Sc. / Sydney H. Vines, Esq., D.Sc., M.A.
Two in *Comparative Anatomy and Zoology*	£100	Prof. A. Macalister, M.D., M.A., F.R.S. / Vacant.
Two in *Geology and Palæontology*	£75	Prof. P. M. Duncan, M.B., F.R.S. / Vacant.
LAWS.		
Two in *Jurisprudence, Roman Law, Principles of Legislation, and International Law*	£100	T. Waraker, Esq., LL.D. / Vacant.
Two in *Equity and Real Property Law*	£50	Percy W. Bunting, Esq., M.A. / A. S. Eddis, Esq., M.A., Q.C.
Two in *Common Law and Law and Principles of Evidence*	£70	James Anstie, Esq., B.A., Q.C. / T. A. Philbrick, Esq., B.A., Q.C.
Two in *Constitutional History of England*	£75	Oscar Browning, Esq., M.A. / Prof. A. V. Dicey, M.A.
MEDICINE.		
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Two in *Physiology*	£100	Prof. A. Gamgee, M.D., F.R.S. / Prof. Gerald F. Yeo, M.D.
Two in *Obstetric Medicine*	£75	J. M. Duncan, Esq., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. / Vacant.
Two in *Materia Medica and Pharmaceutical Chemistry*	£75	T. Lauder Brunton, Esq., M.D., C.M., D.Sc., F.R.S. / Prof. F. T. Roberts, M.D., B.Sc.
Two in *Forensic Medicine*	£50	A. J. Pepper, Esq., M.S., M.B. / Prof. G. V. Poore, M.D., F.R.S.

The Examiners above named are re-eligible, and intend to offer themselves for re-election. Candidates must send in their Names to the Registrar with any attestation of their qualifications they may think desirable, on or before Tuesday, March 25. It is particularly desired by the Senate that no personal application of any kind be made to its individual Members.

University of London,
Burlington Gardens, W.
March 4, 1884.

By Order of the Senate,
ARTHUR MILMAN, M.A., *Registrar.*

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FINANCIAL INFORMATION, JUNE 1, 1883:

Total Funds	£3,602,607
Total Annual Income	£333,188
Total Amount of Claims upon Death	£2,257,381
Amount of Profits divided at the last Quinquennial Bonus	£137,547

NO AGENTS EMPLOYED AND NO COMMISSION PAID.

BONUS.—£137,547 was distributed amongst 7,882 Policies at the Tenth Quinquennial Division of Profits. Of these 1,960 are now, by means of bonus, not only altogether free from the payment of Annual Premiums, but have, in almost every case, additions made to the sums originally assured by them.

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MANAGEMENT.—The total expenses on all accounts were, in the past financial year, £3 1s. per cent. of the total income.

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MATTHEW HODGSON, *Secretary.*

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Total Annual Premium Income exceeds	£1,077,000

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INCOME and FUNDS (1882).

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Life Premiums	£51,000
Interest	£21,000
Accumulated Funds	£2,749,000

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REPORT of the DIRECTORS, presented at the 78th ANNUAL MEETING at the Office, on Wednesday, January 30, 1884.

The Directors have to report that the transactions of the Provident Life Office during the year 1883 have been highly satisfactory.

Proposals for new Assurances amounting to £670,000 were received. Policies for £575,500 were issued and taken up, producing new annual Premiums amounting to £19,779, as against £19,311 for the previous year. These Assurances and new annual Premiums respectively represent the actual new amounts. No re-assurances were effected during the year.

The Proposals declined and not completed, amounted to £103,500.

The Claims for the year were £92,255, being £29 4s. more than the corresponding sum for 1882.

The annual Income is now £109,271, being an increase of £9,156.

During the year the sum of £997 20 was paid for the surrender of Policies. The values paid upon Bonus Policies ranged from 3 per cent. the minimum surrender value—to as much as 84 per cent. of the Premiums received.

The total Funds of the Office on December 31 last were £3,232,281, being an increase of £21,197, a result very satisfactory considering the special extra payments required to be made on account of the recent division of Profits. The average interest realized was £4 5s. 9d. per cent., as against £4 4s. during 1882.

The large measure of public support received by the Provident Life Office, as shown in the still increasing amount of new business, is gratifying evidence that persons desirous of effecting Assurances are wisely alive to the advantage given by an Office which has all the experience to be gained from a successful existence of seventy-eight years, and which is ready to adapt its practice to the requirements of the present day.

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though we shall be glad if our article should induce anybody to make himself personally acquainted with its more than masonic fascinations. Everything else apart, it is, one hardly knows why except that one loves it so, a test of temper without parallel, and *ceteris paribus*, or even *imparibus*, the finest temper wins in a canter. Lord Pembroke, according to Pepys and Mr. Marshall, heard even an eminent Quaker swear tremendously to himself when he lost. A fine temper has had much to do with the long success of Mr. Heathcote, as it had to do with that of the famous Frenchman Barre, the greatest tennis-player, as the writer of this article firmly believes, of living memory. Between him and the present all-round champion, the English professional Lambert, exist as links the brothers Tompkins, of Oxford and Brighton, whose play is delightful to watch from the old Barre-like grace of form and stroke which they still preserve, in the face of what we can only look upon as the decadence of general play, traceable to the personal influence of Lambert's game, which depends upon sheer strength and force of wrist (coupled of course with high qualifications) more than on the old steady pendulous stroke. It is very well for him; but in inferior hands it has generated a kind of ferocious skittles, in the place of the old quiet and "cut" return, which is very trying to the old school. It fails with years instead of improving, and so punishes itself. Meanwhile, unluckily, it is not only in the fields of tennis, but in broader and graver ones also, that "playing to win," regardless of the ways and the means, is beginning to be counted for everything.

Barre and Lambert never coincided enough in age to be able to meet and test the respective merits of their schools. The story of the old Frenchman is pathetic, and is pathetically told in Mr. Marshall's book, to whose contents the present writer can add upon this subject a touching anecdote of his own. After losing health and means through severe sufferings during the siege of Paris, Barre—always a pet over here—came to London once more. He was one of the spectators at a match at Lord's, where the rising sun of Lambert was shining very strongly, and there was a full and excited attendance. At a particularly fine cross-court stroke of Lambert's, shot rather than cut down into the corner with a crushing power which perhaps no other player has shown, some one forgetting Barre cried out, "Bravo, bravo! Barre could never have beaten him in his best days!" The writer happened to be sitting close to the old man, who had been generously admiring as much as anybody, but now sadly shook his head, and said in a voice no further audible, "Il a raison; je ne puis rien pouver maintenant." It fairly brought the tears to our eyes, and has haunted us ever since as a piece of homely tragedy.

Barre's spirit still lingers in the Paris courts, where, though the players of the day are inferior to the English, much of the old game is still to be seen. We say this with all respect to the *Times*, which, in a wonderful historical article the other day about the famous "Oath of the Tennis Court," stated as a fact that the game is now forgotten and unknown in France, except in the lawn-tennis form introduced from England, and that not a court remains in the land, though traces of the gallery from which the marker used to come down may yet be seen at Versailles. On the other hand, the temple-like little court which stands in the N.-W. angle of the Tuileries gardens has long been known to passers-by, and a second has quite lately been built on to it. Courts have been opened at Cannes and Deauville, and restored at Bordeaux and elsewhere; and markers do not come down from their galleries because they have none to go up into. The game is, in fact, making something like a revival in France. We fear that history upon casual subjects is rather rashly made in this way in Printing House Square, though it seems a pity not to have taken the very little trouble necessary to ascertain the true state of the case. In this instance we can at all events be justified in hoping that the history may not prove prophetic.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE Suez Canal meeting on Wednesday and its results, though the latter were equivalent to a partial and a narrow victory for the amended form of M. de Lesseps's agreement with England, were not of a character to lessen English objections to that agreement. In the first place, the malcontents turned out to be very much more numerous than had been thought. No trustworthy statistics of their actual voting power were obtainable, and the numerous partisans of the evergreen diplomatist and engineer elected to poohpooh them as representing only an insignificant section of the proprietary. Yet when the division came, and the voting was taken on the main question—that of the acceptance of the President's report—M. de Lesseps carried the day by five per cent. only of the votes polled, the total being 1,604 and the majority for the Report 82. This, moreover, was only one of the questions to be decided. The second was the alteration of the articles of association so as to permit the increase in the number of Directors necessary to include the proposed English contingent. This, it seems, requires, not a bare majority, as in the case of the mainly formal acceptance of the report, but a two-thirds vote; and, unless M. de Lesseps can invert some of the malcontents, or summon shareholders from one more vasty deep than that which he swept for the division on Wednesday, it does not seem by any means certain that he will get it. Furthermore, it does not seem to be absolutely certain that the division itself may not be legally challenged.

It is not necessary to be very critical of the meeting itself. We are quite accustomed in England to noisy meetings, and to meetings which think that rich and unscrupulous directors are robbing the poor but honest shareholder, and to meetings which entertain dark suspicions of coalitions on the part of the direction with some enemy or other. The livelier and more demonstrative character of the material of a Paris gathering seems, indeed, to have made itself felt. The admirably-named M. Abeille, a really busy and thrifty person, who described himself as having saved up five hundred francs for "Suez" as far back as 1858, is said to have "displayed agility of hands and feet," and to have "gesticulated in M. de Lesseps's face in a not very becoming manner." In all probability this is a timid and periphrastic description of the favourite pantomime (seldom going any further) by which a Frenchman shakes his fist underneath the nose of an enemy, with the accompanying remark "V-v-v-v-v-oleur!" or something else of the kind. M. Philippon summed up the national manners and economics very happily and pathetically, by observing that he had bought shares as a *dot* for Mlle. Philippon, who was now being disappointed of her just expectations. We sympathize deeply with Mlle. Philippon, and we do not think too hardly of M. Abeille's agility. Indeed, the speeches with which these gentlemen accompanied their protests contain nothing that is not excusable enough from a certain narrow but natural point of view. It must be very annoying indeed (and we say this with an entire absence of the slightest feeling of vulgar triumph) to see a work which was a kind of challenge to England passing more or less into English hands. It is a trial for men who endured not a few lean years to find that the fat years are not to be allowed to go on increasing indefinitely in fatness. And it is not unlikely to aggravate the annoyance that M. de Lesseps himself their own M. de Lesseps, who has certainly in his time worked upon patriotism and cupidity pretty freely—now administers grave rebukes to those who were moved by these two feelings. We think that M. Philippon and M. Abeille were (not at all from a merely English point of view) wrong, that they cannot reasonably expect their profits to go on doubling at the expense of an unmoved world, and that the hard facts of the vast English stake in the Canal and the preponderance of English custom make some alteration in the present state of things inevitable as a mere business matter, and according to principles which govern all commercial understandings, from costermongering to canal monopolies. But we can make the amplest allowance for M. Philippon and M. Abeille when they are unable to bring the philosophic mind to bear in this manner.

In M. Charles de Lesseps's speech, on the other hand, there is much more show of sweet reasonableness than in the speeches of the malcontents; but there is also much more justifying the very unenthusiastic character of the satisfaction with which we, in common with many Englishmen, regard the agreement. It may be said, of course, that, with M. Abeille indulging in agility on one side, and M. Philippon on the other, like a Roman advocate producing Mlle. Philippon *sordidata*, and crying "Où est ma dot?" a little exaggeration of the advantages on the Company's side would have been quite pardonable. But we can find no such exaggeration in the speech of M. Charles de Lesseps. When he says that, "If this was a proposal actually binding the Company, he should be the last to advocate it," there is no reasonable doubt that he speaks the truth, and there is much reasonable doubt whether it is worth England's while to enter into such a "not actually binding" agreement. When he told his hearers that "the Board might decide to-morrow to abandon the arrangement," and referred to the three English Directors to confirm his words, they did not dispute them. It is certain that they could not dispute them, except in regard to the increase of the direction, which is not carried. Yet the entire benefits, such as they are, which the agreement confers are absolutely dependent on the arbitrary will of the Board, which is still French by a great majority and will remain so. M. Charles de Lesseps declares that the English occupation of Egypt has nothing to do with the complaisance of his Board. It is pleasant to imagine (and only to imagine) a change of scene in which M. Camille Barrère should be in the place of Sir Evelyn Baring, and one of the generals who have been carrying on war in Tonquin after the humane fashion described in Thursday's *Times* in the place of Sir Gerald Graham. Perhaps M. Charles de Lesseps's excellent sentiments as to the necessity of consulting customers, and not aiming at too high dividends, might continue in that case, perhaps also they might not. But if they did not, it is quite certain that there is nothing in the agreement or in the constitution of the Company which could prevent the latter "perhaps" from translating itself into action.

Another argument which has before been urged against the present and any half-hearted and wrong-ended tinkering with the constitution and arrangements of the Canal is very remarkably confirmed and illustrated by this meeting. There were, we have said, some sixteen hundred votes given, and it may be taken as tolerably certain that the voting list was not by any means polled out. Now M. Charles de Lesseps himself puts it that England holds two-fifths of the shares—as a matter of fact she holds more. The total number of votes assignable in any case to this holding is as things stand ten. So that two-fifths and more of the capital is able to dispose of a one hundred and sixtieth part of the votes at the disposal of far less than three-fifths. More than two multiplied by one hundred and sixty becomes in Suez Canal arithmetic less than three. We do not

know to what extent M. Abeille has increased his original investment of five hundred francs; we are not so impertinent as to desire without any right, or so fortunate as to be able to aspire with a right, to know the exact amount of Mlle. Philippon's *dot*. But, at the least, these gentlemen must have had two votes between them—that is to say, they could dispose of a fifth of the whole voting power which Great Britain, with its millions of holding, is ever to hope for according as far as the Lesseps ian agreement goes. It is extremely probable (since the average voting power of each shareholder present seems to have been nearer six than five) that between them they could actually outvote England. Now so long as this initial anomaly continues, so long let it be again and again repeated will matters never be satisfactory. It seems to be made a cringe against some of the malcontents that they want to sell their shares and "get out"; we really do not know why they should not, and the accusation is not very consistent with another taunt often used both by M. de Lesseps's partisans and the malcontents towards Englishmen, that the latter, if they want to manage the Canal, have only got to buy shares and seat their men on the Board. The fact is that the most elaborate and artificial arrangements have been taken expressly to prevent this consummation. There is, therefore, no great reason for Englishmen to rejoice over M. de Lesseps's victory, nor will there be much even if he succeeds in beating the malcontents on the further question of the directorate. The most that can be said is, that it is always hard for a Company which has once adopted a reasonable tariff to revert to an unreasonable one; that if the agreement is strictly carried out, considerable benefit will accrue to English commercial interests, and that the more important political advantages may possibly come if they are intelligently waited for. There are signs that M. de Lesseps does not regard the Suez Canal in a country dominated by the English with anything like the partiality with which he regarded it in the days when he was only not a rival to the Khedive because he was able to regard himself as (in reference to the Canal) the Khedive's superior, and that he is transferring his affections to the younger Panama venture. It is anything but certain that he will be able without English aid to raise the capital required for the Canal alterations, and in the raising of that capital there will be occasion for a little judicious generalship on the part of England. At present judicious generalship out of the actual field of battle does not seem to be the forte of Englishmen, and it is needless to say that all the advantages actually gained might be thrown away, and that all those possible to be gained would be at once rendered impossible by the surrender of the position which England now holds in Egypt. Mr. Gladstone has frequently announced himself as capable of such a surrender, but fortunately even Mr. Gladstone is, as was well shown in this very Canal matter, not an absolute dictator. With Egypt in less crotchety and more capable hands there would be little fear of Egyptian difficulties, whether on the River or on the Canal, in the Delta or in the Desert. It may be added that nothing so much as the irresolution of the Government attitude is likely to induce M. de Lesseps to make any very serious fight to retain what he has practically acknowledged to be an indefensible autocracy.

OLD RHINE WINES.

A THOUSAND louis d'or, or 96*l*. for a fudder of twelve ohms of ten-year old Johannisberg—equal to about 5*l*. a dozen—was a good price to pay, on the spot, in 1789; and it is recorded to have been actually paid by an Englishman. Such a wine were worthy of the royal implement which gives its name to the "Goldener Pfropfenzieher" at Oberwesel, whose signboard Schrödter painted, and which Baedeker still affectionately marks with a *. The ordinary cost of the first quality, as soon as it became saleable, was then from three to four thousand florins, or about a third of the Englishman's mad price. The Abbey of Johannisberg, which was also called Bischofsberg, was then a mere outhouse of the powerful and wealthy Abbey of Fulda, where the best of the wine was sent year by year. Still there remained in the immense cellars thousands of fudders. Bischofsberg was founded as a Benedictine convent (". . . montes Benedictus amabat") in 1106, by Ruthard, second Archbishop of Mainz; was dismantled in the sixteenth century by the Markgraf Albrecht of Brandenburg, and subsequently entirely demolished by the Swedes in the Thirty Years' war. It was then mortgaged by Archbishop Anselm Casimir, and sold by the mortgagee—one Hubert von Bleimann—to the Abbot of Fulda, who rebuilt the schloss, the church, and—the cellars. When Fulda was suppressed in 1802, Schloss Johannisberg fell to the Prince of Orange; in 1807 Napoleon gave it to Kellermann—if because of his name, he made one of the best practical jokes on record—and it was finally presented in 1816 by the Emperor of Austria, as an Imperial fief, to Prince Metternich, who, ere he blossomed into princedom, had long, as Graf von Metternich, owned considerable property not far off at Rüdesheim, including the fine ruins of the Brömserburg.

Highly as it was prized a hundred years ago, we may conclude that it has much improved within the last seventy years, chiefly perhaps because of the careful sorting of the grapes; but even now it is only in the finest seasons that the top of the first quality is reached, and it is run hard by the Duke of Nassau's Steinberg, from the hill at the back of Hattenheim, which was cultivated by the Cistercian monks of the Eberbach valley ("Bernardus valles . . .") seven centuries ago. Diez found that Johannisberg of 1865 contained one-tenth alcohol, while Steinberger of 1846 was considerably stronger, giving 11·60 per cent. of pure spirit. Gerken, who in the third volume of his now forgotten Travels, gave a good account of the wines of the Rheingau in the last century, is content to mention the best in topographical order merely as he proceeds up the river. Thus his list consists of Assmannshausen—in strictness below the Rheingau—Rüdesheim, including the Hauptberg, Rodtland, and Hinterhaus, as the vineyards behind Rüdesheim town are called; Geisenheim, with which he names Rothenberg and Kapellgarten; Johannisberg of the Fuldische-Schlossberg; Hattenheim and Markerbrunner (as he writes it; from Markbrunnen, "boundary well"); Eberbach Abbey and the Steinberg; Kitterich, now Kiedrich, and the Gräfenberg; and, finally, Rauenthal, with its Hauptberg. Above Mainz, he names on the left bank Laubenheim, Bodenheim, Bischheim, Nierstein, Dienheim, and Harxheim; and on the right Hochheim, the father of hocks and really on the Main, and the best slopes of Wickert and Kostheim.

The wines of Bacharach, the Ara Bacchi of the Middle Ages, were still in the eighteenth century reckoned among the best on the Rhine; those grown on the blue slate of the Vogtsberg and Kuhlberg being distinguished by a muscat flavour and an agreeable bouquet. It was of this wine that Æneas Sylvius, Pope Pius II (1458-1464), yearly brought a tun or fudder of 380 gallons to Rome, and the Emperor Wenceslaus, or Wenzel, sold Nuremburg its freedom for four fudders of it yearly. At this date it can scarcely be called advertising to mention a firm of wine-merchants which existed in 1789 among the Herrnhuter of Neuwied—that of Philipp Jakob Scheurer—which was famous for Rhine and Mosel wines, Bleichert (a term answering apparently to the "vin *clairet*," or pale red, of old French, which has given us our generic term claret)—and especially the "vins de Paille," which were to be seen "on the tables of many European Courts, side by side with Imperial Tokay"—a delicate touch which we venture to commend to the notice of the modern touter. But it is quite possible that the Scheurers might have found the custom of the independent burgesses of Cologne quite as desirable, for there was then no town in Germany that could boast so many drinking-shops, and their number was at times insufficient to hold the crowds that flocked to them. Drinking was the favourite pastime of the inhabitants. At the close of the day the merchant left his counting-house, the artisan his workshop, and the labourer his toil, and one and all congregated in the Weinstube or the Bierkneipe. The bottle was the end and aim of all their country excursions; whether across to Deutz or elsewhere, it was the foundation, the backbone, and took the place of the *pièce de résistance* in all their picnics. Young and old, men and women, drank alike, and gallantry and flirtation took but second place even in the dancing parties the Germans have always loved so well; albeit they could by no manner of means have made Allan Ramsay's excuse for swilling, and said,

> Bacchus only drinks with me
> When Ariadne's coy.

They were rabid politicians, too, sad Republicans even then, and plotted their seditions over their cups, and it might truly be told of them, as Dryden said of Shadwell, that the only loyal service they rendered their ruler was to increase the revenue by drinking.

The vines then cultivated a hundred years since in the Rheingau were divided into the common, which did not grow very tall, and were called Rieslinge, a name which survives in the Forster Riesling of the Palatinate and in many other wines. The grapes of this sort ripened first, and gave, next to the Orleans, the best and strongest wine. Then there were the Orleans, the "Klebroth," or Red Burgundy, and those called the Lambert. Gerken advised vine-growers to prefer the Burgundy grape of Assmannshausen, because the red colour did not hurt Rhine wines; because it matured sufficiently even in bad years, when other grapes did not ripen; and because its wine was saleable in the year of its manufacture—a great advantage to the poorer cultivators. But viticulture must then have been still in a most rudimentary state; for the Rhenish peasant could not then be considered rich, his whole income being derived from his vines, which have ever been at the mercy of "bad years." The nobles and the wealthy merchants, too, held all the best vineyards, and a couple of poor vintages ruined the peasant and sent him to the money-lender. Then he soon sold or lost his vineyard, and became a labourer for hire. Thus, at Assmannshausen, where the Bleichert was in 1789 beginning to be preferred to the finest Burgundies, the village plainly spoke of poverty, the greater part of the inhabitants being struggling day-labourers. No wonder, then, that the vines were manured but every six or seven years with road-scrapings, old earth, mortar from ruined houses, and perfectly decayed farm-manure. This was done before the winter, and the vines were frequently hoed during spring and summer, to destroy weeds. The summer prunings were tied round the stem to dry, and given to cows in the following winter. The bunches of grapes were cut with a small sickle, and pounded with a great wooden pestle at Worms and in the Rheingau, but trodden underfoot at Frankfort and its neighbourhood. The grapes thus crushed were brought in large tuns to the press, whence the must ran down, through long wooden tubes, into the vats in the cellars. The presses were either the

ancient Baumkelter, in which the pressure was obtained by means of the heavy trunk of a large tree, or the screw-press, in which the screw was of wood. A great novelty in 1789 was the iron-screw press—in which, of course, the peasants saw all sorts of imperfections. The first runnings of the press are the weakest, but also the most delicate; that which follows has more character and strength; the last is bad and rough. By mixing all three the first gains body and the last loses its harshness. But there was even a fourth pressing, and then the refuse was, as in many wine countries, used for distillation. This refuse had to be pulled to pieces with the hands, else would it take fire in fermenting; it was then trodden in a vat containing six inches of clay covered by a layer of sand. Or the bullocks were fed with it; but given to cows it caused them to run dry.

Gerken noted that in his time, as now, in the hot dry years the vineyards on the heights away from the river produced the best wines, while in cold wet years the yield of the plain and the Rhine banks was to be preferred. Old casks in which good wine has lain, and in which much tartrate remains, are, when well cleaned and scalded, best for the new wine. If put into new casks it retains, it is true, a finer and more delicate flavour, but it develops more body and fire in the old wood, for the new cask absorbs much of the sulphates and the essential oils during the fermentation, whereas an old one gives strength and purifies during the same stage. In small casks, too, the wine becomes sweeter and gentler, and is sooner drinkable, but the loss by evaporation is twice as great as in the genuine large Rhine tun, the Rheinische Stückfass, which should hold seven ohms and a half, or about 250 gallons. In these the wine ripens better, if more slowly, and develops more body, and all the Rheingau produce must be reckoned hard and even disagreeable when too new. Here may be quoted an old dictum taken from Förster about a good Rhine wine. First, it should have a strikingly agreeable flavour; next, it should be clear as crystal; thirdly, a murmur as of some tiny brooklet should be heard in pouring it out; and, lastly, there should appear in the centre of the glass a suspicion of "sparkling," which should rapidly bead away in evanescent bubblets. It is a bad sign if a slight foam mount leisurely, and take an appreciable time to disappear. Such a wine has almost certainly been blended and doctored. A century ago, as nowadays, the first quality of the choicest wines was rarely to be had in the Rhine inns. The cost of transport and the Customs dues being the same for all qualities, the merchants bought only the best, which also travelled best, leaving behind only the lower qualities. Thus it came to pass that all the finest Rhine wines were to be drunk in North Germany.

PAPAL POETS.

HER MAJESTY'S fresh instalment of her Diary appears at almost the same moment with another volume emanating from a crowned—and indeed triply crowned—head. Under the title of *Leonis XIII. Pont. Maximi Carmina*, Professor Brunelli of Perugia has just edited a collection of Latin poems by the present Pope, with an Italian version of his own. The appearance of such a work naturally suggests reflections on the literary and especially the poetical antecedents of the long line of pontiffs to whom his Holiness succeeds. The subject is not, in one sense, a very copious one, for the number of Popes, as of other rulers or potentates in Church or State, who have enjoyed a literary reputation has, as might be expected, not been very great. Mr. Creighton makes rather a strong statement in saying of Æneas Silvius (Pius II.) that "he is, perhaps, the only man of letters who has been equally eminent in literature and in statesmanship." But as a rule the two kinds of eminence are not found in combination. Many Sovereigns and Popes have been men of no special distinction of any sort, and those who have been distinguished were usually, to cite a phrase—if we remember rightly of Napoleon's—"too busy making history to have time to write it"; still less could they find leisure for poetical composition. As regards the early Popes the fact has often been noticed, and is dwelt on by Milman, partly in proof of the inherent and growing greatness of their See, that none of them were men of very conspicuous personality; the very names and dates even of some of the series are still uncertain. It is not too much to say that Leo the Great in the middle of the fifth century is the first whose personal character emerges from obscurity; so much so that the same writer justly speaks of his pontificate as constituting an "epoch in the history of Latin, or rather of universal, Christianity." And Leo was moreover a considerable preacher; at this day many of his sermons might be preached with edification, and with scarcely the change of a word, before an educated congregation, from either an Anglican or a Roman Catholic pulpit; there is an almost modern tone about them, and Milman calls them "singularly Christian, as dwelling almost exclusively on Christ." The next great pontiff, a century and a half later, was also a preacher and a writer, and even a poet, though he has been somewhat unfairly gibbeted by Hallam and other authorities as a typical enemy of learning. Hallam says that hostility to it "was inculcated in the most extravagant degree by Gregory I., the founder in a great measure of the papal supremacy, and the chief authority in the dark ages"; there is even a late, and probably apocryphal, story of his burning a library of heathen authors. It is certain that he spoke with some contempt of grammatical niceties in writing, and thought it improper for clergymen to be employed in teaching grammar; and that he commended the youthful Benedict, afterwards founder of the Benedictine Order, for his flight from Rome to the desert, preferring to be "nescienter sciens et scienter indoctus." But Benedict fled to escape the vices, not the education, of the capital; and it must be remembered on the one hand that the bent of Gregory's mind was in the direction of practical energy and especially of missionary enterprise—which made him, in Milman's words, "the father of the Mediæval Papacy"—while on the other hand he lived at a period when the old classical Latin was in the last stage of decay, and neither the mediæval Latin, which is really a different language, nor any of the tongues of modern Europe were yet in a position to replace it. The kind of grammatical instruction he put aside as mere waste of precious time was in fact little better than a form of obsolete pedantry. Meanwhile he was himself, as we have seen, a poet, and some of the finest of the ancient hymns still preserved in the Roman Breviary are from his pen; a monk of Monte Cassino, named Amatus, dedicated to him a poem on St. Peter and St. Paul.

It is a far cry from Gregory I. at the end of the sixth century to Gregory VII., better known as Hildebrand, at the end of the eleventh; but, with the exception of Nicholas I. and Leo IX., who also were men of action, not men of letters, there is no Pope of commanding personality between them. Leo IX. is said indeed to have been an effective preacher, but rather from the saintly unction of his sermons than from any special rhetorical power. The two next great pontiffs, Innocent III. and Innocent IV., had little time for indulging in any literary pursuits, and thus we are brought, after two centuries more, to Pius II., whose name has already been referred to, and who has not been unjustly described as, in his previous life, before he became immersed in public affairs, "one of the earliest representatives of the man of letters pure and simple." His literary tastes were not indeed exactly accordant with his subsequent position. He wrote among other things a poem, as he boasted, of more than two thousand lines in length in honour of the mistress of his Sienese friend, Mariano de Sozini, and he took pride in receiving from Frederick III. the laureate's crown. It is quite true that few men of more consummate abilities or larger ambition ever sat on the papal throne than Pius II., who in changing his name, not only abandoned the immoralities, but, as Milman puts it, "boldly, unreservedly, absolutely condemned the heretical tenets of Æneas Silvius." The next pontiff of decided literary tastes, who, though not himself an author, was a liberal and appreciative patron of learned men, and especially of poets, was unfortunately still less of a credit to the Papacy than Pius II. The retort of an Anglican controversialist, when charged with the Socinianism of Bishop Hoadley, "Leo X. was a Pope, though an infidel," may perhaps be an exaggeration, but that his tastes and his morals were alike essentially Pagan there can be no manner of doubt. The Italian poetry of the age which he and other Renaissance Popes delighted to patronize, was of the type consigned to an immortality of shame in Beccadelli's *Hermaphroditus*. If we pass over two centuries more, Benedict XIV. and Clement XIII., better known as Ganganelli, two of the best as well as ablest Popes of the later centuries, were both authors, but we are not aware that either of them cultivated poetry.

As regards the present Pope, his literary habits and capabilities have long been matter of notoriety; and Signor Brunelli takes occasion, in the preface to the volume of poems he has edited, to tell us some pertinent anecdotes in illustration of it. Thus it appears that, when Bishop of Perugia, Cardinal Pecci took an active interest in the working of his diocesan seminary, and was in fact "more than Bishop, he was our rector, master, and father." He was constantly to be seen "in the chapel, in the corridors, at meals, at recreation, in the private rooms, in the school, and even teaching at the desk." On one morning, for instance, Brunelli, then himself a student, came down late for his class, and was much taken aback to find the Cardinal Bishop himself seated at the master's desk and explaining Cicero *Pro Milone* to his pupils. Brunelli mentions that he knew by heart more than half of Dante, and nearly the whole of the Æneid and Odes of Horace. His recent move in regard to the Vatican Library was noticed in our columns at the time. It may be added here that three weeks ago he received in private audience the members of the German Historical Club in Rome, with each of whom he conversed separately on the particular work he was engaged upon, and then proceeded to deliver a general address, in which the following significant passage occurs:—"We have no fears about the publication of documents, for every Pope, one more, another less, has laboured, often under great difficulties, for the advance of God's kingdom on earth, and this among all peoples. . . . Work then, with courage and perseverance, with activity and joy, not so much for earthly reward and human recognition and honour as for the honour and glory of God." The present volume is of a somewhat lighter, though mainly of a religious kind. It opens with poems commemorating St. Herculanus and another martyred bishop of Perugia, and then follow verses of a more directly personal interest. One poem is addressed to a friend, "Ad Vincentium Panormum," on his name of Vincent. Another, "De Invaletudine Sua, 1830," is on a serious illness which threatened his own life when he was only ten years old; it begins:—

Ipse puer denos, Joachim, vix crescis in annos,
Morborum heu quanta vi miser obrueris;
Juverit hos fando tristes memorare dolores,
Et vitæ arumnas ulcere carminibus.

Then follow some couplets describing his illness, and expectation of death, and the poem ends:—

Non me laborum perturbant gaudia vitæ,
Acerbum nec me mortis perturbat metus;
Attingat potiam felix ora advena, felix
S. vasa ad portum ducere nauta ratem.

After this there come lines on a certain youth, Roger A. C. by name, who "affectum mulierem depellit"; then some in which "fons loquitur," like Horace's fountain of Bandusia; then some more "de se ipso" under date of 1875; verses on his sister, on Gertrude Sterbini, a virgin, and various sets on different priests of the author's acquaintance and superiors of convents. One poem is on "Ars photographica," one addressed to a Perugian friend, whom he desired to recall from an immoral life, and one bears the ominous title, "Damnatorum ad inferos lamentabilis vox"; two are in Italian, one being a hymn to the Virgin, the other, of a jocose kind, addressed to Orioli, his predecessor in the Delegation of Benevento. The lines seem generally, as far as we can judge from the specimens before us, to be smooth and classical in form, but the chief and permanent interest of the volume will lie, of course, in its frequent biographical allusions, from the time of the author's early childhood down to the present day, and in the evidence it affords of classical tastes and pursuits, for which neither Popes nor *Papalini* have of late years been remarkable. And the circumstance mentioned by the editor, of his Holiness's intimate familiarity with both Virgil and Dante, shows that in his case this habit of mind has been cherished through life. Dante is indeed the great Catholic poet of the middle ages, and there is a close affinity between the teachings of the *Divina Commedia* and of Aquinas, which may help to explain the predilection of the present Pope for it. But it seems that he is equally at home in Virgil and Horace, and here no such secondary interest can have prompted his choice.

It may further be observed that the volume reflects a pleasing light on the simplicity, devoutness, and natural sympathy of the personal character of Leo XIII. We see his patience and trust in the Divine mercy under severe illness, his playful rallying of one companion, and urgent warning of another, whom he feared to be straying into forbidden paths, his affection for his sister and loyalty to his friends. There is nothing to be sure out of the common in all this, nothing we are not accustomed to meet with every day, but then somehow it is pleasant to be reminded that Popes and Kings are after all "our own flesh and blood," and it is especially pleasant, when they are persons exemplary and energetic in the discharge of the public duties of their exalted station, to find that their human feelings and sympathies remain warm and fresh as though no such divinity did hedge them about, and that they are quite willing to confess so much. It is this revelation which gives to the Queen's Highland Journal its peculiar charm, and has evoked so wide and hearty a response among its multitudinous readers. And we can well imagine that for the great multitude of Christians of various nations, who look up to the successor of St. Peter as their spiritual father and pastor, this little collection of papal poems will have something of the same significance and attraction, and that they will recognize in it the "touch of nature" which makes Pope and peasant kin. For those among them who are scholars and keenly alive to the importance of enlisting scholarship in the service of religion, it will of course possess a further interest as coming from such a quarter. But to the ordinary Catholic, who cares little for such matters, and has been accustomed to gaze in distant awe, as at an infallible but impersonal oracle, at the mysterious presence enthroned in the Vatican, it may be expected to convey something of the impression produced on Dr Arnold's boys at Rugby, according to his biographer, as they whispered to each other in accents of half-incredulous admiration, "Why, he calls us fellows."

SCHOOL MANAGERS.

As a nation we rather pride ourselves on our genius for administration, yet certain administrative curiosities have been developed in our midst which could not well be matched for unwisdom by anything that can be found in the countries which we are so fond of tutoring. The statement that we are now about to make may seem incredible to many people, but it is true all the same. The London School Board employs 4,500 teachers.

	£	s.	d.
The average salary of the head-masters is . .	272	15	0
" " " head mistresses is .	182	3	0
" " " assistant-masters is .	117	3	7
" " " assistant-mistresses is .	94	0	3

These salaries are undoubtedly good, and a head-mastership under the Board is one of the prizes of the teaching profession. There are 300 head-masters, 590 head-mistresses, and in all about 3,600 assistants. For the financial year which ends with this month the amount estimated by the Board to be paid for teachers' salaries is 580,000*l.*, but we imagine that the estimate is rather high. Take the amount at 550,000*l.*, and it will be seen that the persons who appoint the teaching staff have an enormous amount of patronage at their disposal. Every post that falls vacant is eagerly sought after, and we have no doubt that, if an advertisement were issued to-day inviting applications for the mastership of any given school under the Board, the committee would receive at least four hundred applications during next week. The choice of a teacher is a difficult task, which may have momentous results. If we consider the mischief that may be wrought by a single incompetent schoolmaster, it is evident that no amount of caution can be reckoned as exaggerated when the fate of several hundred young children is in question. There is no work so wearing as that of elementary teaching, there is no work that requires special aptitudes and special training to such a degree, and there is no work that is nearly so hard to gauge. Before a man is fit to judge whether a teacher is good or bad, he must have acquired a certain indefinable skill which only comes by long practice or long observation. A schoolmaster may be full of knowledge and yet be a mere dreary bungler in school, while another man whose culture is narrow may be able to impart the little he knows like a consummate artist. A good elementary teacher must have healthy physique, and perfect temper; his patience must never for a moment give way, for, if he once shows that he can be ruffled, his influence is gone; he must work with absolute quietude, because the least sign of fussiness is fatal to discipline; he must have learned by years of practice a hundred little devices like the "short cuts" employed by a crack Cambridge mathematician. If he is too familiar his lads secretly despise him; if he is too distant he cannot make his youngsters like him, and a man who is not liked may as well give up the trade of teaching. A good school is a fine sight; a bad school is a dangerous nuisance.

Now let us see what kind of men and women are set by the London Board to decide whether teachers have or have not the qualities which we have described as fitting a man to conduct a school with success. The ten divisions of London are split up into groups, and the schools in each group are under the control of a committee of managers. These managers are chosen by the members of the Board, and the mode of selection is not a little droll. The Dissenting member picks out a Dissenter, the Church member picks out a Churchman, and it is very easy to imagine the kind of committees which are pitchforked together by this interesting arrangement. It is not too much to say that there are districts of London in which no teacher can possibly obtain an appointment unless he belongs to one or other religious sect which happens to hold the majority of the committee for the group. Educational qualifications are not taken into account at all in choosing these remarkable "managers." An illiterate grocer who happens to have made himself active in canvassing during an election has his vanity gratified by an appointment to a committee. Let us choose two representative bodies of managers, and the public may then see in what hands the educational destinies of London are placed. The first committee consisted of a bricklayer, a bootmaker, a chemist, the chemist's wife, a lawyer's clerk, a relieving officer, and two ladies. The second consisted of a pork-butcher and his wife, a general dealer, a registrar of births, an undertaker, a livery-stable keeper, a stationer, and a money-lender who did business in a small way. One lady member of the Board lately appointed a chimney-sweep as school manager. The chimney-sweep was doubtless a public-spirited man, useful at elections, and enthusiastic in the cause of education. We do not of course know what studies he pursued during the intervals when he was not practising his salutary labours; yet surely his training hardly fitted him to measure the qualities of teachers. Under the New Code graduates of Oxford, Cambridge, and London are permitted to apply for schools under the Board, and the difficult London degree is quite commonly possessed by the teachers. At the risk of using words appropriate to an Enemy of the People, we are bound to say that a chimney-sweep is not (on the doctrine of chances) likely to be an efficient critic of University scholars.

Cultured ladies and gentlemen occasionally serve on a committee, but they are few in number, and the great army of ignorant busybodies is most strongly represented. Funny but humiliating stories appear from time to time in the educational and other journals. "I hope, sir," said one beaming and bland authority, "that you teach these boys the proper pronounciation of the Haitches. Boys, do you pronounce your Haitches." The quick little fellows were much amused by this address. A chairman of one of the committees of managers in a very important district may be congratulated on having made the shortest speech on record. At a public meeting the president inquired, "Who seconds this motion?" The school manager arose, and said, "Me." A teacher once took the returns for his school before the managing committee. The chairman gazed with apprehension on the card, which showed that for the first week the percentage had been 96·04, while for the second week it was 96·8. The intrusion of the decimal point represented nothing to him, and he said with dignity, "How, sir, do you account for this extraordinary and culpable decrease?" Another excellent man objected to the teaching of physiology. He feared lest religion might suffer, and he observed with stern emphasis, "I don't believe the Creator meant children to know so much about their own insides. We're turning out thirty thousand atheists every year."

Now these persons, who would be excellently useful if they were set to look after buildings or furniture, are not permitted to order the expenditure of a farthing. As an evening journal lately observed, they cannot order a new pane of glass or a penny-worth of paint; their function is to appoint the teachers who are to shape the minds and lives of half a million children. It is hard to believe, but such is the fact.

The result is that, although many good appointments are made, yet the amount of blundering and jobbery is distressing. Vain and ignorant persons are put in a position where vanity and

ignorance find daily solace. Let us suppose that a new teacher is to be chosen. Canvassing is supposed to disqualify any candidate, but canvassing goes on, and always will go on. An illiterate butcher or grocer finds himself in the delightful position of being courted by men and women of education. Could any stronger bait be held out to petty natures? The wife of the pork-butcher whom we mentioned above may not be quite sure about the long words in a reading-book, yet her interest may be solicited by a clever University man, or by a skilful teacher of twenty years' experience. The canvassing goes merrily on, and the selection is generally decided long before the final meeting takes place; but candidates are brought up from all parts of the country at the ratepayers' expense, and the committee-man's greatest moment comes. One by one the ladies and gentlemen are summoned from the ante-room and stand at the foot of the table where the pork-butcher and the grocer and the others sit in dignity. The pleasure of "heckling" an educated man is keenly appreciated, and, as some of the candidates are nervous, the committee have great fun. Here are some specimen questions which were lately published:—"Do you object to the use of tobacco?" "How would you cure a sulky child?" "Do you read novels?" "Do you consider novels as proper reading for a teacher of youth?" "How is it that you passed 98·1 per cent. in 1877 and 97·9 in 1878?" And all this time, let it be remembered, the inquisitors have not the slightest notion as to whether the man before them can or cannot teach. If the sensible example of certain provincial Boards were followed, if members went to different schools and saw the applicants actually at work, there would be a chance for good teachers. As it is, the suave person who makes gentle answers, the bold one who has no nerves to speak of, may be appointed, while a nervous man who is an excellent teacher may be thrown out, even if the selection happens *not* to be pre-arranged. It is sometimes said of a badgered candidate, "His presence is not good." We know what is the Abstract Grocer's idea of a "presence." The most ludicrous and shameful results arise from this senseless system. Not many months ago, two University graduates, two men who had taken all the honours possible in their training colleges, and two very successful teachers, were rejected in favour of a man who had taken the last position on his college list and held it against all comers. The winning candidate was a member of a chapel attended by four out of seven of the committee, and the majority took their own way. It has happened that, in a single night, appointments worth over a thousand a year have been made by a small knot of persons of whom hardly one could have passed the examination set to children of ten in an average Board school. Small bodies of uncultured and obscure people spread over the whole of London choose the essential portions of the vast educational machinery erected by the Board, and such people take narrow views of their duties as responsible managers just as they take narrow views of everything in life. So it has come about that good teachers in the provinces rarely think it worth while to apply now for London situations. The general impression in the country is that the farce of advertising for teachers might just as well be done away with, since the best appointments are decided by ignoble local jobbery before ever the advertisement has appeared. It must be stated that the nominations of the district committees must be ratified by a committee of the central Board; but this means nothing. When the local committees have sent up their nominations, then the persons nominated attend at the central office. Sometimes thirty, sometimes forty, sometimes sixty or more teachers appear at the Board offices, and have their appointments settled in a single afternoon. They pass rapidly through a room, answer a few hurried questions, and scuttle out again. The process is necessarily slovenly, and the members of the Board must deplore their own want of acquaintance with the individuals whom they thus send away to responsible employments as rapidly as a shepherd pushes a flock into the sheep-wash. This kind of thing should be stopped at once. Of course the necessity for local self-government will be pleaded as soon as it is proposed to abolish the local committees. We find no fault with local self-government; we only say that, in the particular instance which we have discussed, certain local self-governors are unfit for their office—and mischievously unfit. What should we say if we read in a book of travels such a statement as the following?—"The naval service of (say) Lapitta is very expensively kept up, and the organization is most complicated. The mode adopted in choosing naval officers would be considered strange in our own land; but the inhabitants appear to think it quite natural. Supposing that a navigating lieutenant is required, then the selection is made from a body of men who hold certificates, granted by the State, for nautical astronomy, navigation, and practical seamanship. The candidates appear before a committee composed of a tailor, a plasterer, a clergyman, a confectioner, and a newspaper editor. By leaving the selection to men who are totally ignorant of navigation, it is believed that impartiality is secured. The committee have nothing to do with ships' stores: their function is to appoint officers on whose skill the lives of sailors depend." We should reckon this a curious way of managing business; but, seriously speaking, how far does our caricature differ from the actual state of things which exists in London?

The Board should choose an "Appointments Committee," made up partly of the Board's own members and partly of representatives from the various local districts. The money muddled away on the travelling expenses of candidates might be spent in paying the expenses of inspectors whose duty it should be to visit the applicants in various parts of the country and report formally on their work. Local jobbery would thus be avoided; a fair chance would be given to good men; and a ludicrous scandal might, once and for all, be ended.

JAPAN'S FOREIGN RELATIONS.

WE lately placed before our readers a summary sketch of the internal political condition of Japan. We propose now to complete our survey by drawing attention with equal brevity to the most salient features of her external affairs, believing that the time has come when politicians and men of business alike should awake to the reality of our potential interests in that distant country. The foreign policy of the Japanese Empire may be regarded under two distinct heads, corresponding respectively to her position as an Asiatic Power and her relations with the Western world. There is one preliminary observation, however, which applies to both sets of foreign relations alike—namely, that until some thirty years ago she may be said almost to have succeeded in not having any. The exclusiveness which repelled the "Western barbarian" from her shores had been strictly maintained for nearly three centuries. Of the causes which induced this policy, suffice it here to say that the simultaneous proscription of foreigners and Christians where before both had been tolerated is attributed by history to the necessity imposed upon the Government of safeguarding the public welfare from the political intrigues of Jesuit missionaries. Native Christians remained under the ban until a few years ago; and the only exception to the rule excluding aliens was in the annual reception of a single Dutch ship at the port of Nagasaki, and the settlement there of a few Dutch traders, confined almost as prisoners upon a strip of land in the harbour, and subjected to such indignities that the mind revolts from the greed of gain that could induce free men to submit to such a life. During this period, moreover, Japanese subjects leaving their native land returned at peril of their lives; and official regulations, coupled with the unsuitability for any but coasting voyages of the native junk (said to have been specially designed with this object), succeeded in restricting intercourse with the mainland opposite to such occasional ventures as authority chose to permit. But since 1854 the treaties have opened several ports and the two principal cities of the Empire to foreign residence and commerce; and, more recently, the policy of the present Government and the adoption of Western models in shipbuilding have made the Japanese people themselves practically free to go where they will.

Ever since the invasion of Korea at the close of the sixteenth century (which, without conferring any benefit on the invaders, appears, from recent accounts, to have left a permanent blight upon the peninsular kingdom) Japan undertook no foreign military expedition of any kind until some ten or twelve years ago. The opening of the country to European trade and the revolution of 1868, which aroused the people from the lethargy of ages, awoke the Government at the same time to the position of their country as an Asiatic Power. Among the material accessories of European science, eagerly caught at and turned to account, sea-going ships and steam navigation made a foreign policy in Asia both possible and necessary. Together with a mercantile marine there has naturally grown up also a sea-going navy on European lines, while for transport the Government has made provision by retaining rights over the fleets of subsidized steamship Companies. All this is in accordance with the appropriate development of an island Empire. Her insular position, corresponding somewhat closely with that of Great Britain in this hemisphere, points to similar capabilities in like directions; and modern Japanese are fond of calling their country the "England of the East," a healthy aspiration which may help to bring about some portion of its own fulfilment. But it was not to be expected that Japan could operate in this extended sphere of political activity without exciting some sense of uneasiness in her neighbour—one cannot speak of neighbours in the plural, for, with the exception of Russia, of which presently, China is practically Japan's only neighbour. The natural antagonism arising from geographical contiguity has of late years been accentuated by the diametrically opposed attitude towards Occidentalism inspired by the genius of either people. China, remaining wrapped in old exclusiveness, looks on at the headlong career of her neighbour with dismay, coupled with contempt for what she views as treason to the cause of Oriental civilization. Japan, believing heart and soul in the superiority of the new lights, contemns in her turn the obtuseness or obstinacy of the half-torpid giant at her gates. Occasions have not been wanting for bringing these feelings into prominence. China has had, or thought she had, practical grounds to fear the newly-aroused activity of Japan in the seas that wash the shores of both. Three times within the last twelve years the two nations have been in danger of going to war. On the first of these occasions, when Japan sent a considerable force to the large island of Formosa, over portions of which China has unquestioned territorial rights, with the ostensible object of exacting reparation from a savage tribe of natives for the murder of some shipwrecked sailors, the just susceptibilities of China were not unnaturally touched—though probably, if the truth were told, internal rather than external politics would be found to have afforded the real motive of the expedition. On the second occasion, the assumption by the Central Government of Japan of direct control over the Loochoo Islands, for three hundred years administered as a subordinate fief by the Prince of Satsuma,

but where, nevertheless, China put forward, as is her wont, certain shadowy rights, barred by three centuries of prescription; and again, not two years ago, when, in the course of a domestic insurrection, a mob attacked the Japanese Legation in Korea, in which kingdom also China claims, perhaps with better show of reason, some rights of suzerainty—on these two occasions an impartial retrospect shows Japan to have in no way exceeded her rights, or even her plain and simple duty. Indeed, on the last-named occasion, the Ministers of the Mikado, in circumstances of great national aggravation, and in the face of a provocative attitude and assumption of authority on the part of China, displayed a most exemplary coolness and moderation; and, by maintaining throughout the crisis a spirit of dignified conciliation, avoided the collision which the action of China, for once headlong and inconsiderate, was quite calculated to produce. But neither country is really in a position to inflict any serious blow upon the other; and a consciousness of this fact has no doubt helped diplomacy on both sides to keep the peace so far. On both sides of the sea, however, the power to assume the offensive is growing, and will grow. Fortunately Korea, the natural bone of contention, by entering into treaty relations with the European Powers, will practically be neutralized. And, Korea apart, it is really difficult to see any substantial ground of contention between the nations, unless China some day determines to have the Loochoo Islands by force, the southernmost of which, nearest to her geographically, and strategically important, Japan has already offered to cede to close the controversy.

The only other neighbour affecting Japan's position as an Asiatic State is Russia. All this century, and occasionally before it, Russia has been feeling Japan's northern boundaries. Not many years ago the large island of Saghalin—containing coal—which is an extension of the Japanese geographical system in a north-westerly direction to the mouth of the Amoor, was ceded or acknowledged to belong to Russia in exchange for the Kurile Islands, the north-eastern horn of the same group, which, however, Japan had some reason for believing belonged to her already. The story certainly recalls a well-known fable. But though Saghalin had coal, it had not a good harbour; and a good harbour, free from ice all the year round, is the primary need of Russia in the Pacific, without which she can never be, as she evidently intends to be, the commanding naval power in those waters. Now the northernmost of the main islands of Japan, Yezo, has excellent harbours, and, though always an integral part of the Empire, Yezo is politically, at all events, an outlying portion, only partially settled by Japanese immigrants; popularly and officially it is called a colony. We do not suppose for a moment that Russian statesmen have ever contemplated the deliberate appropriation of Hakodaté or any other harbour in Yezo or out of it. But it is certainly significant that that spot, and the northern island generally, separated by a narrow strait only from the now undisputed Russian territory of Saghalin, has for many years past been the scene of the most active propaganda of the Orthodox Church. Enormous sums have been spent in this pious work, and the converts are reckoned by thousands. Missionaries of the Greek Church in those parts are not left to their own unaided efforts, but have the direct official support of the representatives of the Russian Government in Japan. Their headquarters in the capital, whence the work in Yezo is directed, have been constituted, by the cleverness of a former Russian envoy, an outlying part of the Legation, and enjoy all immunities and privileges accordingly. It seems a remote stake to manœuvre for; but we know Russian diplomacy to be prescient and patient, and perhaps it did not seem so remote when the earliest moves were made; yet it cannot be doubted that, if the opportunity should ever arise, it would greatly facilitate the achievement of a sudden *coup* to be able to reckon upon the good-will of a few thousand intelligent natives on the spot. Meanwhile, as Russia is steadily pushing her coast-line on the mainland further and further south into the neighbourhood of some very useful harbours on the outlying confines of Korea, well away from the lines and centres of trade in which England and other Powers are interested, it is not improbable that the coveted acquisition may be made before very long in that direction, and the evangelization of Yezo be left to the missionary zeal of other Churches. And as, besides Russia, there is no Western Power likely to come into collision with Japan—the action of the French Republic being, of course, for the present omitted from calculation in all parts of the world—there is fair ground for hoping that the country may be left free to work out its destiny in peace.

But even amidst the blessings of peace, there are yet obstacles to Japan's development arising from causes external to herself. Though war with a Western State may be out of the question, there is between Japan and the European Powers collectively a perpetual diplomatic struggle. When the country was opened thirty years ago treaties were made on the bases common to the relations of Europe with Oriental States. The main features of these, by which all the treaty Powers are practically placed on the same footing, are the control by the treaty-imposing Power of the tariff of the Oriental State, and the exemption of foreign subjects, under the system known by the name of ex-territoriality, from the jurisdiction of native judges and magistrates. Such arrangements, not only useful but necessary at the outset of foreign intercourse, and, in Mahommedan and some other countries always, are at the present day neither necessary nor useful in Japan. The conditions are widely different; religious intolerance is unknown, and race antipathy, always confined to the official classes, has given place, among them too, to an earnest desire to cultivate the most friendly relations with the people and Governments of foreign nations. Of the two points at which the existing treaty relations press heavily upon the administration of government in Japan, the inability of an exchequer, sadly deficient in specie returns, to collect an adequate customs revenue, by reason of a tariff arbitrarily fixed by those who had the power to impose their will, is a real and very obvious grievance. The other great trouble is found in the restrictions placed upon the exercise by the Government of control over the ports and places set apart for foreign residence, whereby not only foreigners themselves, but frequently also Japanese subjects in their employment, and others, are placed beyond the reach of police measures, and often of law in any shape whatever. The abuses arising from this cause are manifold and serious, as may well be supposed, though they would have been less had the practice of foreign officials followed even the lines of restriction warranted by the treaties themselves; but this has not been the case. The chief practical difficulty lies in this—that, foreign offenders being justiciable in their own and not in the territorial courts, its own legislation is for each nationality the sole criterion of an offence. As regards the majority of offences—probably all the class of offences against individuals—our own law is sufficient. But in the case of offences against the State, and against local, police, and municipal regulations, our own law has necessarily no application in Japan; and as our officials dispute the application to foreign residents of Japanese law of any kind, or for any purpose, there is a large class of cases, and those of the kind causing most hindrance to municipal administration, wherein foreign residents are thus amenable to no law whatever. One or two of the foreign Ministers, our own included, have a limited power of legislating *ad hoc* in special cases for the governance of their nationals. But this power, or the method of its exercise, has in effect tended only further to confuse the chaotic anarchy existing amidst the conflict of some sixteen or seventeen different jurisdictions. The present condition can be described only as one of deadlock.

But to all their efforts to obtain some amelioration of this state of things the Japanese Government have hitherto received no response but an unargumentative *non possumus*. In the matter of the tariff we have now the authority of the Queen's Speech for believing that some modification of it may be expected to result from the diplomatic conference on the whole subject of Treaty Revision held in Tokio in the spring of 1882. But on the difficult question of jurisdiction there seems less chance of agreement. The fact is, no solution can work that recognizes the continuance of the separate jurisdictions. The laws of Japan and the administration of justice, remodelled on the lines of Western jurisprudence, may soon be safely allowed to supersede the old troublesome and expensive anomalies of ex-territorial jurisdiction. Formerly it was Japan who refused to open her territory freely to all comers. To-day she offers to open the whole country to foreign residence, trade, and commerce, upon precisely the same terms as one European country is open to the subjects of another—nay more, her Government is prepared for a time to give special guarantees, ensuring the satisfactory fulfilment of its own obligations towards all dependent on its protection. Our own Government and others hesitate to accept the offer—partly on account of anticipated difficulties in the case of a similar proposal being made by China, a case widely distinguishable, but equally perhaps in deference to those who represent the shortsighted views prevalent among the existing communities in the open ports. Whether their interests would suffer or not—and we believe they would be the first gainers—it must not be forgotten that the interests of those small communities are by no means commensurate with those of the British commercial classes generally. Officials long resident abroad are apt to overlook this distinction; and their opinions therefore are not always to be so absolutely relied upon as it might at first sight appear they ought to be. That the complete opening of Japan to foreign enterprise and capital would be an unmixed advantage to us, and would lead to an enormous increase in the volume of our trade, now insignificant, with that country, cannot admit of question. It lies with our Foreign Office to make or mar the opportunity; where England leads the other Governments will follow. It will be a pity if local prejudices and shortsightedness are allowed, to the detriment of our own national interests, to retard indefinitely the progress and development of Japan.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS—MR. COWEN'S SONG RECITAL.

THE concert at the Crystal Palace last Saturday began with the Overture "King David," by Sir George Macfarren. It was performed for the first time at these concerts. This work is too well known to demand detailed criticism; it is only necessary to say here that this hearing quite confirmed the opinion that it is a work not only of a scholarly technical musician, but of one having a true gift of melody. Perhaps the most important point in the concert was the first appearance at the Crystal Palace of Miss Emily Shinner, a very young violinist, who, we may at once say, made her mark before a highly critical audience. She first played Spohr's Concerto in E Minor, No. 7, for violin and orchestra, and at once it was evident that she was an artist of great promise and something more than promise. When her first

nervousness had worn off, she displayed great sensibility, a broad, decided, and always artist-like method of phrasing, and in the contrasts afforded by the three movements great flexibility of style. Later in the afternoon she played a Sarabaud and Tambourine by Leclair, and, with Miss Agnes Miller at the piano, Nos. 1 and 2 of the first set of Hungarian dances of Brahms. Throughout this varied music, much of which is written for purposes of display, whilst showing the most excellent technique, both in manipulation and intonation, her first thought was always for the music. In addition to these merits, she throughout her performance displayed a grip and power such as is rarely heard except in an artist who has had experience as a *chef d'attaque*. There can be but little doubt that, if Miss Shinner continues to work in the future as earnestly as she has obviously worked in the past, she has a fine career before her. The Symphony No. 7, in E, of Schubert, completed by John Francis Barnett, was also performed. Here, as in the orchestral parts of the Concerto, we found a marvellous improvement in the band, which has now well reached the high standard which Mr. Manns has set before us in past seasons.

The only absolute novelties were three movements out of four of the "Scènes Poétiques" of B. Godard, a very pleasing and tuneful trifle. Mr. Edward Lloyd, who was the vocalist, sang "Oh, wondrous beauty past compare," from *The Magic Flute* of Mozart, and "Soft airs around me play," from *Euryanthe*, Weber, and sang them so well, and with such strong dramatic feeling, that it was impossible to avoid regretting that Mr. Lloyd is only to be heard in the concert-room, and never on the stage. The whole programme seemed to be arranged to give rest to the audience in what is about the middle of the second half of the season, all the numbers, apparently, having been chosen for their suave melodic beauty.

Following the example now becoming general among artists, Mr. F. H. Cowen gave a Song Recital at the Steinway Hall on Wednesday comprised entirely of his own compositions. Mr. Cowen's songs are better known to musicians and to the more fastidious lovers of music than to the public who like their songs to be sweet things and easy; the greater number of his songs appeal with more force to the refined and cultured ear than to the general, while the accompaniments of many of them demand something more than average intelligence and execution. Most of the twelve new songs introduced on the present occasion are thoroughly worthy of Mr. Cowen's reputation. In the "Sunlight and Shadow" series is a quaint and beautiful melody, "Sweetest eyes were ever seen," admirably sung by Miss Mary Davies; "My love is late," also sung by Miss Davies; and "There's none like thee," rendered with inimitable passion by Mr. Santley. "The Snowstorm," a descriptive song in the same album, and dramatically rendered by Mme. Antoinette Stirling, is inferior to these. In a second series of "Six New Songs," however, are three equal to anything Mr. Cowen has composed. No. 2, "A Lullaby," and No. 4, "Because," both given with excellent effect by Miss Edith Santley, possess the beauty of form, the passionate exultation, the simple direct force, common to the best among old English songs. The languor and grace of the lullaby, the suavity and glowing ardour of the lovely melody in the No. 4, are eloquent with genuine inspiration. The last-named song fully realizes the poetic ideal—"perfect music unto noble words." No. 5, "Fantasia," sung by Miss Carlotta Elliot, is full of distinction, antique in character, and piquant in effect. Miss De Fonblanque sang with finished art and delicate expression several favourite songs, the touching and tender "Better Far," "Alas," and "I think of all thou art to me."

SIGNOR SALVINI.

THERE can be no doubt that Signor Salvini's reputation as an actor has been greatly lowered by the performances he has lately given at Covent Garden. He has been seen in three new parts during the present visit, and each has done something towards destroying his claim to be regarded as an actor of the first rank. With Signor Salvini's Lear we have already dealt. It was at best poor; but his Macbeth is poorer still, and more disappointing because in all externals, and more especially in his resonant voice, an ideal Macbeth is presented. The Italian player has brutalized the character of Othello and misunderstood the character of Hamlet—nothing further removed from the Hamlet of Shakspeare than Signor Salvini in his conduct of the wager with Laertes can easily be imagined. It is not surprising that *Hamlet* is not announced for representation during the present visit. His study of what he conceives to be the Macbeth of Shakspeare is merely a crude and clumsy outline. It is a part magnificently rich in suggestion. Few responsible actors have played Macbeth without throwing at least one or two fresh gleams of light upon the poet's creation; but Signor Salvini never passes beyond the merest commonplace. His remarks on the tragedy, in his lately published essays on Shakspearian characters, show no insight into what he says "is rightly considered the masterpiece of the great English poet"; and, masterpiece as he declares it to be, there is one thing in *Macbeth* which seemed to him "a matter of surprise." This is "that the sleep-walking scene was assigned to Lady Macbeth rather than to Macbeth himself." This naïve observation from a representative of Macbeth may perhaps tend to show how it is that the performance of the part falls so lamentably short. He obviously fails to understand how all-important is the share which Lady Macbeth has in the dread events at Inverness. The speech beginning, "Glamis thou art, and Cawdor," may well be recommended to Signor Salvini's attention, as also a later utterance of Macbeth himself:—

> We will proceed no further in this business:
> He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
> Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
> Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
> Not cast so soon aside.

So Macbeth speaks; and his "Prythee, peace," to his wife's bitterly contemptuous answer might serve to convince Signor Salvini, if he would study the tragedy as a whole, that Lady Macbeth is the moving spirit of the work, and that in showing how her mind became unhinged as she vehemently pursued her desperate enterprise, Shakspeare was following to the end one of his most terribly truthful pictures of evil life. One can hardly write with patience of Signor Salvini's primly satirical little suggestion that, "Had the part been written in our time, the presumption would be"—the scene having been originally composed for Macbeth—"that the change was made at the caprice of some charming actress who did not find the part assigned to her sufficiently important." It is, perhaps, not worth while to inquire what end, in Signor Salvini's opinion, should have come to the character of Lady Macbeth. She it was who feared her husband's nature as being "too full o' the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way." She it is who says,

> Hie thee hither,
> That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
> And chastise with the valour of my tongue
> All that impedes thee from the golden round.

She is primarily guilty. No actor can rightly understand the character of Macbeth without rightly understanding the character of Lady Macbeth. Her "undaunted mettle" carries all before it when she has decided on the first horrible crime, and it revives when, at the supper where Banquo's ghost appears, Macbeth is terror-stricken; but (in a passage omitted from the Italian translation) it is seen that before this remorse has begun to overtake Lady Macbeth. When left to herself, crowned Queen, what are her words?—

> Nought's had, all's spent,
> Where our desire is got without content:
> 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
> Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

This is her state of mind, nor can it be supposed that the fit is strange to her. When her courage comes again she bids her husband "Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night," and he replies, "So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you." She is not always thus. The "undaunted mettle" has become feebler; it is he who must now strengthen and inspirit her, weakened by dwelling on desire got without content. She can no longer bear the apprehension of new crimes:—

> Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
> Till thou applaud the deed.

Macbeth says, when he has dimly spoken of Banquo's approaching murder, and she has asked "What's to be done?" Thus the way is paved for the wonderful scene in which Lady Macbeth's mental agony is laid bare—a scene without which, as demonstrating how retribution overwhelms the head and front of Macbeth's offending, the tragedy would be incomplete. Conscience will not be stifled. *Se judice nemo nocens absolvitur.* In face of Shakspeare's working out of inexorable fate, Signor Salvini's supposition that the sleep-walking scene was transferred for the sake of some pretty actress whose part was not long enough to please her, surely tends conclusively to prove that the Italian actor is totally in the dark with regard to Shakspeare's *Macbeth*.

The art of soliloquy is altogether beyond Signor Salvini. He recites, with what is intended to be appropriate action. In the Dagger soliloquy, for example, the passage occurs—

> O che ludibrio
> Son gli occhi miei degli altri sensi—

and, with a view to emphasizing the line, when he speaks of his eyes, he rubs them. How ludicrously prosaic this appears need not be said. Worse still, if possible, is the delivery of the line "E quell' Amen restommi entro la strozza." Here he absolutely rehearses to the wife the futile efforts he made to pronounce the "Amen." That after he has staggered up the steps to the door of his chamber to wash the blood from his hands he should return and bow in answer to the applause is neither more nor less than might have been expected from such a Macbeth. The absurdity of causing Banquo's ghost to hide under the table, hidden by the cloth, and affably to retire under the table again to make room for Macbeth, has been commented on. The omission of the lines, spoken by the Witch, which say that Macbeth "stands amazedly" after seeing the apparitions of future Scottish kings, whereas Signor Salvini is pleased to make his Macbeth faint and fall on the ground, has also been properly criticized. Macbeth was enraged at what the filthy hags showed him to "grieve his heart," but he was a man not given to fainting, and besides he had derived much comfort from the Apparitions.

> Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
> The power of man, for none of woman born
> Shall harm Macbeth.

This is what the Second Apparition had said, and the Third was also rich in "sweet bodements." Why, then, should Macbeth faint? There is no warrant for it, and as a stage trick it is poor, as Macbeth has to recover himself immediately and rise to call Lennox in. In the fifth act, the scenes of which are oddly jumbled up, Signor Salvini is wholly inadequate. There is

not one single note of pathos in those infinitely pathetic speeches: "I have lived long enough," and "She should have died hereafter." There is not even what was to have been looked for from Signor Salvini, fierceness and terror in his wrath. Power, passion, pathos are alike wholly absent. To sum up. In the first act Signor Salvini, by his figure and bearing as well as by his delivery of the first lines—but only as a question of vocal effect—makes a highly favourable impression. From that point to the end of the tragedy he steadily strengthens the conviction that he is utterly incompetent to interpret the character of Macbeth. Injustice has been done to the support which Signor Salvini receives. The representation is felt to be unsatisfactory, and some writers have been far too prone to assume that the fault lies with the rank and file, or rather with the field officers of the general. It is not so. Signor Udina's Macduff, noisy and restless as it was, came certainly as near to Shakspeare as did the Macbeth of the leading player; and in the sleep-walking scene Signora T. Piamonti played with extraordinary force. There was something almost painfully intense in the deep breathing of the sleeping woman, of the woman who in fact was dying, as she stealthily strove to cleanse her hands; and the fixed glazed eyes were completely in keeping. The effect of an admirably played scene was of course utterly destroyed when the lady smilingly reappeared to acknowledge the applause she had well deserved. The stage management generally is disgraceful, and the fight between the opposing armies is a survival of Richardson's show.

Giacommetti's play *La Morte Civile* was given last week, and announced for repetition, but the announcement has been withdrawn—a significant occurrence. In the Salvini pamphlet, which unhappily experience has taught readers to distrust, comment is made on the "eloquent appreciation" this drama has received, and one French gentleman, who left the theatre "literally exhausted with emotion," found Signor Salvini "simply sublime." An exhausted critic is not, perhaps, to be implicitly depended upon; at any rate we wish the criticism did not so irresistibly suggest the lines of Ariosto:—

> Se non voléa pulir sua scusa tanto,
> Che la facesse di menzogna rea.

A duller play than *La Morte Civile* has rarely been written in three acts; and this is in five. The gloom is unrelieved. It is a story of an escaped convict, Conrado, who finds his wife and daughter, after an absence of fourteen years, domiciled with a Dr. Palmieri, who has assumed the paternity of the child, and desires to marry the child's mother. Conrado's return is a most unwelcome episode, and having grasped this unpleasant truth, Conrado dies, whether of poison or not the spectator is not informed. The husband's sin would be reckoned a venial one among the hot-blooded Southerners—the scene is laid in Calabria. He has been sorely persecuted by his wife's family; they have sought to take her from him, and he has killed her brother. There might well be some dignity about the husband who has avenged what he held to be a cruel wrong; but the Conrado of Signor Salvini is a feeble, lachrymose creature, who, so far from being pathetic, is at times actually grotesque. When a great actor has been on the stage one can rarely tell what he has worn; but the baggy suit of velveteen which Signor Salvini wears in the play is felt to be worse than unsightly. The attenuated plot drags its slow length along. Some of the speeches are of preposterous length. Something very touching might be made out of the character of the man who eagerly longs for his home, returns unexpectedly to it, and finds that he is an incumbrance; but Signor Salvini only succeeds in being very wearisome and monotonous. Here his voice and physique tell for nothing, and his admitted knowledge of stage resource finds no opportunity of application, at least until the death, which is elaborately treated till the final moment, when Conrado, the victim of some vague disease, suddenly doubles forward and falls from the chair in which he is sitting, head first to the ground. Signor V. Udina gave such support as was possible in the part of Palmieri. The adaptation of *La Morte Civile*, played a few years back at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, was more effective than the original—perhaps, for one reason, because it was shorter—and the general representation, including the performance of the principal character by Mr. Coghlan, was much superior on the English stage.

DAN'L DRUCE.

THE revival of *Dan'l Druce* at the Court last week was interesting in many ways. There was the natural curiosity of the public to witness Miss Fortescue's return to the stage, and her assumption of a part so entirely different from her former experience, and there was the opportunity of seeing Mr. Hermann Vezin resume one of his most striking characters. The part of Dorothy Druce, although not remarkably exacting, demands great self-restraint and repose of style. Its importance is due rather to its being the one female character in the play than to any strong individuality. Dorothy Druce has been educated according to the strictest Puritan code; her emotions have been governed, her passions chastened, by the continual exercise of repression, and when she attains womanhood her placidity of temper and habitual decorum are the natural fruit of this training. This conception is realized by Miss Fortescue with thorough consistency and nature. In the second act, when Geoffry Wynyard tells his love, the struggle between her affection and that self-control which with her has the force of religious principle is admirably portrayed. There is no touch of excess in her emotion, no distemperature, no warmth; it is suffered only momentarily to thaw her suddenly reserve. When her lover forecasts the future and pictures a hypothetical case with the design of testing her affection, her love and awakened jealousy are charmingly indicated without ever imperilling the integrity of her nature; her pure serenity is ruffled, but the depths are unstirred. This reticence of passion, so excellent in the scene with her lover, is a little misplaced in the last act, where the heartbroken Dan'l Druce leaves her to the care of Sir Jasper Combe. Here Miss Fortescue is a little cold and constrained, and fails to exhibit the perplexity of conflicting duties and the poignancy of grief; the situation is not grasped, and her failure to realize its significance is not accounted for by any expression of bewilderment or anguish. It would, however, be mere cynicism to ascribe the applause that greeted the actress at the close of the drama wholly to the impulsive generosity of the public. However Miss Fortescue's promotion may have been accelerated by recent events, her impersonation of Dorothy Druce must be allowed to be excellent in many respects. Here is not a case of "greatness thrust"; thus to designate her sudden advancement is to discount in some measure her performance in the present instance and to detract from its promise for the future.

Mr. Hermann Vezin's powerful rendering of Dan'l Druce is endowed with all its old unforgotten excellences. In pathos his range of expression is finely displayed in two well-contrasted situations. When the blacksmith surprises the lovers and listens to Dorothy's hesitating explanation, the solemn tone of his ejaculations "Well?" and "Go on" reveals his sense of approaching misery with masterly effect; the voice is eloquent with apprehension, and the slight words are burdened with anguish. Again, when he tears himself from Dorothy, the cry that bursts from his lips is like the ultimate expression of his long-pent agony, startling the ear with its appalling intensity. The Sir Jasper Combe of Mr. John Clayton is distinguished by force and dignity. In the last act the gradual awakening to the terrible truth, his horror on being confronted with the past, his overwhelming passion of remorse are very forcibly depicted, while his farewell words are delivered with an affecting and profound fervour. The humours of Mr. Mackintosh as Reuben Haines, the Royalist sergeant, are quaint and entertaining; but he plays too much in the spirit of Touchstone. The character is of the fantastic species Mr. Gilbert delights in—a little unreal, and not helpful in establishing an historical ensemble. Mr. Charles Hawtrey plays the sailor, Geoffry Wynyard, in a spiritless manner, and with a strange lack of spontaneity and freshness.

Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Cecil appear in a lively little piece by Mr. G. W. Godfrey called *My Milliner's Bill*, which is animated by the frolicsome spirit of burlesque. The burlesque element consists in a playful suggestion of Miss Mary Anderson's *Comedy and Tragedy* and Mrs. John Wood's racy song, "His heart was true to Poll." The piece is played with the utmost vivacity, and receives the fullest interpretation. Mrs. John Wood's singing and Mr. Arthur Cecil's impersonation of a bailiff elicit unbounded applause. *My Milliner's Bill* inculcates a timely lesson, and, as Dryden said of one of his most censured plays, "the moral is excellent, if well considered."

RECITALS AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

MR. CLIFFORD HARRISON'S fifth recital at the Steinway Hall last Saturday fully sustained our former impressions. On this occasion Mr. Harrison's rendering of Macaulay's *Virginia* was not only a fine piece of declamation, excellent in elocution and propriety of action; it exhibited those higher qualities of spiritual interpretation to which we have before referred, the subtle and delicate touches which afford fresh insight into the poet's work and extend the horizon of comprehension. The spirited address of Virginius to the people was delivered with impassioned force, and the pathos of his farewell to Virginia was natural and eloquent; the chief excellence of the recitation, however, lies in the comprehensive skill with which the whole scene is portrayed. With true dramatic feeling Macaulay imagines the reciter of the ballad to have been an eye-witness of what he describes; Mr. Harrison emphasizes this with great effect, and successfully preserves the illusion. The sacrifice, the craven face of Appius, the surging mob, the hustled lictors, and all the circumstances of the terrible drama are powerfully presented. Among other items of a varied programme Longfellow's *King Robert of Sicily* and a reading from *Vanity Fair* deserve commendation. The poem was interpreted with admirable discrimination; the fury of the dethroned monarch, his bitter penance, the tender and lofty sentiment of his repentance and victory, were rendered with great mastery of expression.

At the Piccadilly Hall the first of a series of recitals by Mr. G. A. Lubimoff, a Russian actor, was given last Saturday. The entertainment is varied by music; the vocalists being Miss Hesketh, Miss Delforce, and Mr. Sinclair Dunn. Mr. Lubimoff's powers were displayed to greater advantage in his French and Italian recitations than in English; his rendering of *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, though very vigorous and not without merit, was exaggerated and uneven. His recital of M. Coppée's *La Grève des Forgerons* displayed considerable elocutionary skill and genuine dramatic gifts; the appeal of the prisoner to the judge was given with concentrated force and feeling.

THE PROBABLE SURPLUS.

NOW that we have before us the returns of revenue and expenditure for the first forty-nine weeks of the current financial year, we are in a position to make an approximately correct forecast of the statement which the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be able to lay before Parliament next month. It seems clear that the results he will have to announce will be highly satisfactory. Mr. Childers, in fact, took care last April to secure a surplus. It was evident to all competent judges that, unless there occurred some extremely untoward accident to put out all calculations, he had very greatly under-estimated the revenue. The opinion to that effect expressed by ourselves and others is already justified by the event. Up to Saturday night last the actual receipts amounted to 81,936,199*l.* To realize Mr. Childers's estimate there remained to be received only 4,613,000*l.*, while there were still three weeks and a day to be accounted for. During the ten weeks of the current calendar year then elapsed the receipts had averaged 2,157,000*l.* per week; and if this rate is maintained for the three weeks and a day still to be accounted for, there will be received up to the end of March an additional sum of 6,831,000*l.*, raising the total for the year to a little over 88½ millions. This would give an excess over Mr. Childers's estimate of not far short of 2¼ millions. Last week, it is true, the amount got in was considerably less than the average for the ten weeks. But even at last week's rate the receipts for the year would exceed Mr. Childers's estimate by 1,645,000*l.* The rate of a single week, however, cannot be taken as a basis of calculation, for necessarily there are fluctuations from week to week. On the other hand, there seems no reason why the average kept up since New Year's Day should not be maintained for the remaining three weeks. In any case it may safely be assumed, we think, that Mr. Childers's estimate will be exceeded by nearly, if not quite, two millions. Turning now to the expenditure, we find that up to Saturday night last it amounted to no more than 77,395,529*l.* When introducing the Budget in April last, Mr. Childers estimated the expenditure at a little over 85¾ millions. But the cost of the Soudan Expedition and other supplementary estimates have raised the total estimate of expenditure to nearly 87 millions. If we were to assume that this latter estimate would be realized, there would still remain over 9½ millions to be laid out. It is, however, improbable that the total estimate will be reached. Every year there are supplementary estimates; but it is found that, as a rule, savings in one or another direction counterbalance these supplementary estimates. It is not to be anticipated that the savings will counterbalance the expense of the Soudan Expedition. But the other supplementary estimates may reasonably be left out of account. If the Vote of Credit for the Soudan Expedition is not exceeded, the expenditure would be roughly about 86,300,000*l.*; while, as already pointed out, the receipts will probably not fall much short of 88½ millions, perhaps may be more. Even if the rate of collection is not as high during the three weeks still to be accounted for as during the past ten weeks, we may still reasonably expect an actual surplus of nearly two millions at the end of the year, always assuming, of course, that the expenditure on the Soudan Expedition is not greatly swelled and that no other large outlay is incurred. And it seems hardly possible that in two or three weeks that expenditure can be so much increased as seriously to affect the surplus. Apparently, therefore, we may conclude that the surplus can hardly be less than 1½ million, and may reach 2¼ millions, the most probable amount being between those extremes.

It will be seen from the foregoing that Mr. Childers took effectual measures for securing a handsome surplus, and a brief examination of details will make this plainer, as it will show that he did not remit as much taxation as he might have done last April, and that he concealed the fact by under-estimating his income. In fairness to him it must be borne in mind that he was new to his office, and that, if he were to err, it was better to err by over-caution. It may be, too, that even then he was contemplating a large operation, for whose success a handsome surplus was necessary. However this may be, he certainly under-estimated. For example, he estimated that the miscellaneous revenue would fall off, compared with last year, as much as 880,000*l.* This revenue last year, it is true, was exceptionally productive, but still to the well informed it appeared incredible that there could be so sudden and large a falling off. As, however, that revenue is made up of a great number of items, it was impossible to effectually challenge his estimate. It turns out now that within three weeks of the end of the financial year the total decrease in the miscellaneous revenue amounts to no more than 438,000*l.*, barely half what Mr. Childers estimated it would be last April. Of course there may yet be the diminution anticipated, but it seems unlikely. Again, Mr. Childers estimated that there would be a falling off in the Post Office and Telegraph revenues of 170,000*l.* As an actual fact, there is so far an increase of 351,000*l.* Lastly, he estimated that the reduction of the Income-tax by three-halfpence in the pound would cause a loss to the Exchequer of 2,135,000*l.*; but so far the loss has not exceeded 214,000*l.* It is only fair to admit that this latter result has surprised all observers. Neither the Chancellor of the Exchequer nor anybody else could have anticipated that the yield of a 5*d.* Income-tax would so nearly equal that of a 6¼*d.* tax. That he over-estimated the probable falling off was clear enough; but that the productiveness of the tax should have been so well maintained is certainly surprising. It is to be expected, indeed, that there will be a large falling off in the three weeks yet to be accounted for; but it is not likely to reach Mr. Childers's estimate. This seems to prove that the condition of trade is very much better than it would be supposed to be from the loud complaints we hear from people in business. It may be, no doubt, that the taxpayers give more conscientious returns of their incomes when the tax is low than when it is high; but a reduction of three-halfpence in the pound cannot make so great a difference as the figures cited prove. Here and there needy persons may be induced to underrate their incomes when an addition is made to the tax; but the general bulk of the taxpayers would hardly so greatly understate their incomes on account of so small an increase as would be necessary were that the cause of the phenomenon. The real explanation must be that the country is far more prosperous than it is the fashion just now to admit. Income-tax payers generally would not go on paying the tax on large incomes unless those large incomes were received. And large incomes could not be received if agriculture and trade were so depressed as they are represented to be. That trade is better than it is alleged to be seems also to be proved by the Customs and Excise duties. Up to Saturday night last Customs show a falling off of 60,000*l.*, while Excise show an increase of 62,000*l.*; so that the two together give an increase of 2,000*l.* compared with the corresponding period of last year. Stamps also give satisfactory results. The reduction of the railway-passenger duty was estimated by Mr. Childers to cause a loss to the Exchequer of 135,000*l.*; and, up to Saturday night last, the loss has been 158,000*l.*—somewhat larger than the estimate. No small part of the stamp revenue, however, is received from Stock Exchange transactions; and, as we all know, speculation on the Stock Exchange has collapsed during the past twelve months. Since, then, speculation has not kept up this special revenue, the *bonâ fide* business of the country must have been fully maintained. Thus we receive additional proof of the sound condition of the country.

As only one of the estimates for the coming year have yet been issued, it is impossible to foresee whether there will be much increase of expenditure. If, however, we may judge from the Army Estimates which have been published, the increase will not be large. And, as it may be assumed that next year there will be the normal increase in the revenue from the growth of population and wealth, it is probable that the surplus to be disposed of will not be far short of two millions; though this amount, of course, depends, firstly, upon the course of events in the Soudan; and, secondly, upon the policy pursued by Her Majesty's Government in Egypt. If the operations in the Soudan should be protracted, and should assume larger proportions than are now contemplated, the expenditure might be considerably increased. So, again, if Mr. Gladstone should relieve the pressure upon the Egyptian finances by imposing upon this country the charge for the army of occupation, there would be another augmentation of our expenditure. Lastly, it is possible expenditure may be incurred in other directions. But, if the operations in the Soudan are speedily brought to an end, and if the cost of the army of occupation continues to be defrayed by Egypt, Mr. Childers will have a surplus of at least one million and a half to dispose of. This would enable him to reduce the Income-tax by a penny. But it is doubtful whether that would be the best course to adopt. We have already entered into a provisional arrangement with Spain, pledging ourselves to a reduction of the wine duty; and whether that arrangement is carried out or not, the demand for a modification of the wine duties is urged strongly on the Government by our own wine-producing colonies, and by all the foreign wine-producing countries. It is possible, therefore, that Mr. Childers may decide upon a considerable reduction of the wine duties. If so, he may deem it expedient to deal also with the spirit duties, and thus to effect a considerable reform in our system of taxation generally. Should he do so, he may perhaps decide upon carrying further the changes began by Sir Stafford Northcote and continued by Mr. Gladstone, in respect to the probate duties. All this would involve a change of great magnitude, and would render it desirable that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should have at his disposal a considerable surplus. Whether the surplus now in view would be large enough for the undertaking depends, of course, upon the extent of the changes to be made, and upon whether Mr. Childers sees his way to making up in some directions for the loss that would be incurred in others. But Mr. Childers may decide upon leaving these financial reforms over for another year, and may at once attempt in a tentative way a reduction of the interest upon the National Debt. The price of the new Two and a Half per Cents. is now about 6 per cent. higher than that of Consols in proportion to the interest yielded by both. The public, therefore, is evidently prepared for an early reduction of the interest on the debt; and Mr. Childers may think it desirable to anticipate a compulsory reduction by proposing a scheme of voluntary conversion. It may be said that the price of Consols is not yet high enough to encourage such a measure; but, if the conversion were left optional, no harm could be done; while the Government would be afforded a means of feeling the pulse of the market for the public funds. It is, for many reasons, desirable that the amount of Two and a Half per Cents. in the hands of the public should be increased. Dealers on the Stock Exchange never like to enter into transactions in a stock of very small amount, in which they cannot be sure of always being able to buy or sell when necessary. The larger, therefore, the new stock is made, the freer will be the market in it, and the more easy, therefore,

will it be for the Government by and by to carry out its conversion of Consols. That the conversion must come in the course of a very few years is inevitable, provided we are not involved in a great war. And since this is so, it seems desirable that the way should be made smooth for the great operation that is coming.

REVIEWS.

THE NEW BOSWELL.*

GREAT books sometimes undergo strange fates at the hands of editors and improvers. Not more than half-a-dozen years ago, a misguided enthusiast, with the countenance of one of our most distinguished literary critics, set himself to shear away the redundancies of garrulous James Boswell of Auchinleck, to dock his parts of speech, and to compress his portly proportions within the compass of a measurable volume. The result, it is consolatory to reflect, was not successful, at all events with the critics. Compilations of this kind, however adroitly manipulated, are the Compressed Extract of literature. Certificates from the highest authorities may assure us that they are nourishing; but we can never quite persuade ourselves that they are palatable. Their native flavour seems gone; and, in its place, is a something that we vaguely associate with the commercial odours of the warehouse or manufactory. But in this maltreatment of masterpieces there are other evils besides compression—there is expansion; and to this, too, Boswell, in what has long passed for his best edition, has likewise been subjected. The late John Wilson Croker, for example, dealt with his author's work in the most conquering and arbitrary manner. Into the body of the book, as he received it from Malone and Chalmers—the former of whom had many sterling editorial recommendations—he foisted the entire "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," which had been published in separate form; inserted letters here and there; made text into notes and notes into text; and, as a rule, altered and omitted as it seemed good in his eyes. Of some of these curious vagaries he appears to have tardily repented; for, in his second edition, he withdrew from the text all the extracts from other works which he had before incorporated with it; and there is, therefore, no necessity at present, as Boswell's latest editor puts it in fine old crusted eighteenth-century phrase, for "castigating the mossic" of his first misdeeds. His penitence, however, was only partial. The Scotch Tour and the Welsh Tour were still left to dislocate the narrative; some letters not included in the original were retained; and, under Mr. Croker's direction (for Mr. Wright superintended this issue of 1835), another unjustifiable alteration was made—the book, which had been continuous, was broken up into chapters. There are some organizations, we believe, which, upon division and subdivision, become separate individualities. But this is not true of books; and it is obviously impossible, without endangering its completeness, to cut up into chapters any book which has not originally been composed in that way. These were Mr. Croker's errors. It must, nevertheless, be admitted that he had many special qualifications for his task. His knowledge of men and letters was most extensive; his learning was respectable; and his curiosity unbounded. His defects were that his bias occupied him too exclusively in the discussion of petty problems; that his prejudices were strong and often warped his judgment; and that, as an annotator pure and simple, he lacked the most essential of all qualities—the quality of continence. Yet these were trifling drawbacks compared with his treatment of Boswell's text; and it is not impossible that his labours would still continue to constitute the canonical edition of Johnson's *Life* were it not that the modern spirit demands inexorably that a classic writer shall be reproduced "in his habit as he lived," and shall not be sophisticated to suit the caprice of an editor or the fugitive fashion of as fugitive a taste.

The Rev. Alexander Napier, who is answerable for the new edition of Boswell just issued by Messrs. Bell, appears to have regarded his responsibilities in a more modest, and certainly a more practical, light than Mr. Croker did. He presents us with Boswell's text in its primitive integrity; he has substituted for the existing chapters the unbroken narrative of Boswell and Malone; he has relegated to his fourth volume the Tours in Wales and Scotland, and he has printed as appendices the interpolated letters. Many of Croker's purely excrescent notes have been removed and others have been added. Most of these are useful, concise, and to the point, although here and there the purist may detect some minor lapses which a more vigilant "castigation" of the proofs should have made impossible. For instance, it is cruel to poor Mr. Trevelyan, with all his other troubles, to cast upon him the odium of having cited the motto of the Monks of Medmenham as "Fays ce que vous voudras"; and the late Mr. Forster, who was notoriously sensitive upon this point, would assuredly have "squirmed" to find himself described in page after page of an important edition of his favourite Boswell as "Foster." Blemishes such as these, as well as misprints like "Palmeron of England," and so forth, can, however, be easily set right. Besides new notes, Mr. Napier has added in the form of supplement to his volumes discussions of several interesting Johnsonian *cruces*. In one he has embodied the autobiographical sketch of Johnson, published by Wright of Lichfield in 1805 with Miss Boothby's letters; in another he summarises Dr. Birkbeck Hill's account of Johnson's residence at Oxford. An account of the famous "History of Prince Titi" forms the subject of a third; and those who have ever read the anecdote related by Scott and others of a certain *rencontre* in which the "great lexicographer" and the author of the *Wealth of Nations* are said to have assailed each other in the style and vocabulary of fishfags will be rejoiced to learn that, by the simple test of chronology, Mr. Napier has successfully laid this unsavoury scandal. Other appendices deal with Theophilus Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*, with *Carleton's Memoirs*, with Mauritius Lowe's daughters, and other interesting questions. There is, of course, no finality in editing, and every thoroughly vital book, like Goldsmith's *Traveller*, "drags at each remove a lengthening chain" of illustration and comment; but until the next edition of Boswell makes its appearance, the reader who wishes to secure the latest researches on the subject will do well to procure Mr. Napier's handsome volumes.

But we must not quit them without speaking of that portion of them which, if proper regard be had both to the interests of novelty and the maxim of "place aux dames," should perhaps have come first in our survey, the collection of "Johnsoniana," edited, annotated, and prefaced by Mrs. Napier. She has wisely departed from the system of scrappy extract which has characterized former gatherings of this class, and gives us what she has found as completely as possible, taking no liberties with her original. Her volume (it is No. 5 in the series) leads off with what, after Boswell, must certainly take rank as the most valuable of the Johnsoniana, the "Anecdotes" of Mrs. Piozzi. That the whilom wife of the Tory member for Southwark was flighty, careless, and not over-scrupulous of speech, may be admitted, as also that her recollections were not recorded until long after date (they were, in fact, written and printed while she was in Italy); but she is thoroughly various, vivacious, and entertaining in the office which, like a true Della Cruscan, she describes in her preface as decorating Trajan's column with honeysuckle. Next to Mrs. Piozzi's "Anecdotes" in importance comes Murphy's sketch, originally prefixed to his edition of the works, and a far better performance than his slipshod and discursive memoir of Fielding. It contains, besides, his fine translation of Johnson's Latin poem on completing the Dictionary—a "copy of verses" which really deserves preservation as a piece of uncompromising self-portraiture. Besides these there are Cumberland's and Hawkins's anecdotes, Tom Tyers's sketch from Sylvanus Urban, letters and notes by Mrs. (Miss) Hill Boothby, Mrs. Hannah More, Madame d'Arblay, Sir Joshua's sister (Miss Reynolds), and even a few gleanings from the pleasant Twining correspondence published last year under the title of *A Country Clergyman of the Last Century*. But the real accession which Mrs. Napier makes to the literature of the subject is contained in the curious diary of Dr. Thomas Campbell, discovered behind an old press in one of the offices of the Supreme Court at Sydney, New South Wales, and first published there in 1854. Fortunately, no doubt exists about its authenticity; and its strange hiding place is accounted for by the fact that one of its writer's nephews was Sheriff and Provost Marshal of Sydney. It is entitled "A Diary of a Visit to England in 1775"; and its author, concerning whom Mr. Napier, in vol. ii., gives us sufficient particulars, was in his day a man of some repute as a historian, and an editor of Goldsmith. He came to this country from Ireland in February, and his desultory chronicle should supply several opportune quotations to the new editor of the *Handbook of London*. He lodges at the Hummums and the Grecian; dines at Dolly's; buys prints at the auction (? Cock's) in the Piazza; attends service at the Foundling and Dr. Dodd's chapel; goes to see Garrick in "Lusignan," and Woodward in the *Suspicious Husband*; inspects Magna Charta in the British Museum, and admires the "true sublime" in Sir Joshua—in short, makes completely what, *circa* 1770, was the provincial's "grand tour" of the metropolis. He met Johnson on more than one occasion at the Thrales's and elsewhere, and had a good opportunity of hearing the sage on various themes, for an account of which we must refer the reader to Mrs. Napier's pages. His description of the great man (of which she does not approve) is certainly more graphic than complimentary:—

> He has the aspect of an Idiot, without the faintest ray of sense gleaming from any one feature—with the most awkward garb, and unpowdered grey wig, on one side only of his head—he is for ever dancing the devil's jig, and sometimes he makes the most driveling effort to whistle some thought in his absent paroxisms. He came up to me and took me by the hand, then sat down on a sofa, and mumbled that he had heard two papers had appeared against him in the course of this week—one of which was—that he was to go to Ireland next summer in order to abuse the hospitality of that place also. His awkwardness at table is just what Chesterfield described, and his roughness of manners kept pace with that. When Mrs. Thrale quoted something from Foster's "Sermons" he flew in a passion and said that Foster was a man of mean ability and of no original thinking. All which tho' I took to be most true, yet I hold it not meet to have it so set down.

Such is Dr. Campbell's picture—*verbatim et literatim*, after Mrs. Napier's commendable fashion. Our only regret is that she should have been so economical of her notes, which, in many instances, are far more wanted here than in the remaining volumes. As a case in point, a harmony of the different accounts by Boswell, Cumberland, and Mrs. Piozzi of the sale of the *Vicar of Wakefield* would

* *Boswell's Johnson.* A New Edition. With Notes and Appendices. By Alexander Napier, M.A. 5 vols. London: George Bell & Sons.

be a gain to literature. And is there not an error in her reprint of Dr. Barnard's kindly verses at p. 319?—

Thou who reverest odes Pindaric
A second time read o'er.

Surely the third word should be "reverseat."

FIVE NOVELS.*

SURELY no five novels were ever gathered together that contained so little human interest as the five that lie before us, or so much bad French. From the latter defect, indeed, Mr. Charles Gibbon is free, and therefore he may be considered to have earned the right to be placed at the head of this list, which is rather like a certain "list" at Eton. It cannot be said that in other respects *Fancy Free* is in any way superior to the novels that come after it. The heroine, Davie Morison (Davie is an odd name for a woman) vindicates her claim to the title of Fancy Free by being more or less in love with two men at once; unless she was in love with neither, for it is not very easy to decide about the state of her heart. At any rate, she receives (and by no means rejects) a proposal of marriage in vol. i. p. 145 from a gentleman to whom she twice alludes by his surname of "Eglinton" (vol. i. p. 175 and vol. ii. p. 181), and thirty pages further on she listens with extraordinary calmness to a confession of love from her guardian. So strong is Davie's sense of humour that she thinks the first proposal a kind of joke, and listens to the second with "a sly twinkle." The interest of the book is meant to consist in the mystery hanging round a man named Davidson, who seeks a private interview with Davie, and informs her that he is her father, previously imagined to be long dead. It is plainly visible from the very beginning that he is nothing of the sort, therefore our excitement is but slightly roused in his unmasking. Thus the chief interest in the problem—is Davie, Davidson's daughter?—is discounted. There are several minor characters in the book, all more or less of a conventional type. There is a gentleman who owns a large property in Yorkshire, and is variously designated as "Bonsfield" (vol. i. pp. 6, 10), "Bousfield" through all the rest of the volume, and then "Bonsfield" again; there is a skittish widow from London, who drove over with Davie to church at Crathie, and was "highly excited by the pleasure of seeing royalty," and surprised to find the Queen seemed to be "like an ordinary woman." Many valuable details are given as to behaviour which is considered correct in Crathie Church, and concerning the manners of the preacher. "Her Majesty entered by the private staircase, and as much attention was shown in the eyes of the people to the Prince and Princess of Wales as to herself. The service proceeded without any distinct recognition of royalty being present." And not only did the preacher "proceed as calmly as if he had been preaching to an ordinary congregation," but "when the service was over the people quitted the church in quite as orderly a way as if no one of distinction had been present." Such self-control really hardly seems credible!

The remaining two short stories which fill the third volume are not on a higher level than *Fancy Free*. "One of his Inventions" reads as if it had been originally intended for a wild farce; for a mercenary man of business not merely allows himself to be tricked into a marriage for his daughter with a poor man whom he expects to inherit wealth, but he promptly falls on the neck of the plotter—his own father-in-law—who has taught him that "love was more than money." Mr. Nettleton must have advanced far on the road to perfection if he had learned to be grateful for being deceived in money affairs.

To Have and to Hold opens better. It starts with a shipwreck off the Goodwin Sands, and the launching of a lifeboat from Thanet to save the drowning passengers. Of course the hero is a volunteer in the lifeboat, and the heroine a passenger in the ship. There is plenty of vigour in the description of the rescue, though the reader feels injured that in such a sea absolutely no one should have been lost. All, however, are finally hauled on board, even down to the third seaman, "after his head is under water," and "his jaw has dropped"—a most unfortunate moment for a jaw to choose to do anything of the sort. Then begins the love story of Basil Chetwynd and Christina Winstone. Many obstacles are thrown in the way of their young affections. Letters are suppressed; hints of other attachments are thrown out; every possible weapon in the hands of parents and guardians employed. But love triumphs over all. Even in these days of liberty and excitement, Christina has a better time than most girls. The bare announcement of her dressmaker that she is a beauty and an heiress is sufficient to create a sensation in London society, and to make her a success. If only all dressmakers were equally powerful and considerate, what a charming thing life would become to the female sex! Her reputation once established, Christina is free to listen to the dictates of duty, which frequently oblige her to be scampering about over the country and through City alleys during the night, and enable her to inspire with confidence all who behold her. In one of these excursions she becomes involved with a money-lender and his son, Davidson by name, whom her reprobate uncle has paid with a forged cheque. The Davidsons are suspected, and are prosecuted on behalf of the bank. From this point the story ceases to be clear. Miss Stredder proves herself no cleverer at dealing with a court of justice than most other lady novelists. The counsel is impossible, the evidence hazy; but matters come to a climax when one of the witnesses for the defence "hears for the first time during the cross-examination that the name of the man she witnessed against was Winstone—a name enshrined among her most sacred memories of happier days." A great deal has been said about the curiosity of women, but surely the indifference of men could go no further than this. Miss Stredder has many of the qualities of a good novelist. She can describe well what she knows—as, for instance, the storms off Thanet, winter on the Lincolnshire coast, and a girl like Christina Winstone; and if she would confine herself to what she knows, she might produce a really interesting book. But she is not at home (her state is the more gracious) in legal matters, or with usurers, lawyers, or forgers. In reading her account of them we feel as little reality as if we were studying a description of the vegetation of Saturn. "To preach that which we do *know*" is more valuable advice than is commonly supposed.

The modest reader will hurry over the first chapter of *The Roll-Call* with a sense of discomfort at the love-making, even though it takes place between a heroine "beautiful as the craze of a Pygmalion," and a hero who had "passed the freshness of *premier jeunesse*" (*sic*). So lovely, indeed, was Esmé Gordon that even the attractions of a lady who is always spoken *of as la belle*, or those of a widow who on one occasion at least "coyly extended the tips of her black eyelashes" by way of salutation could not outweigh her charms. *Coûte qui coûte*, as our authoress says, following in the wake of many that have preceded her, Arthur Greatorix determines to marry his ward Esmé Gordon; but a hindrance unexpectedly arises in the person of a certain Alice, who orders Greatorix to go to Gibraltar on her business. Had he confessed the object of his journey to his betrothed, as he ought to have done, there would have been no mystery and no novel, and a great deal of trouble would have been saved all round; but the baleful influence of Alice was too much for Greatorix. In order that his weakness may not be hardly judged, we will give a specimen of the language of the lady. "Speaking more calmly than heretofore," she said, "with all the world against me; with deadly wrong in the place of right; with mourning where there should be rejoicing, and with misery where happiness should reign; with foes in the place of friends, and with treachery given back to me for truth; with my brain dizzy, my heart aching, and with my fair womanhood trampled in the dust; yet I protest that there lives not the human being who can deny my right to proceed to Gibraltar, if so I choose. You cannot gainsay me" (vol. i. p. 148). To his credit be it spoken, he does gainsay her, and departs to Gibraltar by himself. He appears both to write and to receive letters equally seldom, and only learns on his return to England that Esmé's uncle is dead. Esmé herself is pining away in his absence, and her home is broken up, owing to the unreasonable determination of her aunt, who refuses to allow the girl to remain and entertain Mr. Greatorix (when he comes) and Lord Oakdene "*aux prince*" (vol. ii. p. 30), while the mistress of the house is away. Matters are of course soon set straight by Greatorix, who leads Esmé to the altar. Her dress is not described; but no doubt she was *bien ganté* and *bien chaussé* for the occasion, as her aunt was in vol. iii. p. 53 when she went to a rendezvous. After this the love-making sets in again with undiminished vigour, till a thunderbolt falls on the peaceful household by the discovery by Esmé of a MS. named *The Roll-Call*. This tremendous document was written by the voluble Alice for the edification of Esmé's uncle, and contains the story of her life. Hence the name. Space forbids us to quote the whole, but we cannot refrain from giving a sentence or two. "With a thoughtlessness which, in its faulty degree, matched the entirety of a fearlessness such as that of those dauntless ones" (soldiers), "I stood before, and faced, the coming perils of my life." "Schoolgirls may chatter with impunity of their short-lived, innocent conquests; schoolboys may rave of their fleeting admiration for eyes black or blue, locks dark or golden; but not so lightly may those of riper years babble forth their tales of love" (vol. iii. pp. 85–87). The object of all this "babble" naturally is to declare that the writer is married to Arthur Greatorix. Esmé faints, and declines to see her husband until Alice appears and informs her that the hero of *The Roll-Call* is not Esmé's husband, but his uncle of the same name, of whom, of course, Esmé has never heard, and that she, Alice, is Esmé's erring but repentant aunt. So happiness is once more restored, and the curtain falls on renewed love-making. The quotations we have given, both in French and English, form the best comment on the story.

Whatever may be the merits of the Boston of to-day, in one respect they were probably outshone by the Boston of a century ago, written about by a lady calling herself "A. de Grasse Stevens." Great as is the intellectual activity of the modern inhabitants of Boston, we doubt if they could produce from among their ranks a second Lady Troubridge, who at the age of a hundred and eleven was able to give word for word conversations that took place ninety-five years before (vol. i. pp. 79, 80). This remarkable person appears, according to her own account, to have played a considerable part in the troubles with England, together

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* *Fancy Free; and other Stories.* By Charles Gibbon. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

To Have and to Hold. By Sarah Stredder. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

The Roll-Call. By Mrs. Arthur Tristram Jervoise. 3 vols. London: Remington.

Old Boston. By A. de Grasse Stevens. London: Sampson Low & Co.

The Story of Meg. By M. A. Curtois. 2 vols. London: Remington.

with her friend Anaïs de Grasse. Anaïs and her sister Dorothy, or Dot, were both brought up in France by their French relations. They do not, however, seem to have made much use of their opportunities, for the French they are fond of employing is quite the worst we have encountered even among this batch of novels. In vol. i. p. 117 Dot observes in her diary that she and her sister were sent to America, where their uncle held a *pied de terre*. We do not know what this cherished possession of the Comte de Grasse may have been. Had it any relation to the feet of clay belonging to the celebrated idol of Scripture? Dot's sister might have been deeply versed in modern novels, from the glibness with which she talks about a *chaperone* (vol. i. p. 240), but their biographer is alone responsible for the hero's *débonnaire* eyes (vol. i. p. 246). We cannot take any poignant interest in the fortunes of the virtuous Dot or the brilliant Anaïs, neither does it appear very probable that two French-bred girls would converse with each other and their old Bretonne nurse in a jargon of clumsy English and bad French. Both sisters fall in love with the same man, the captain with the *débonnaire* eyes. We hear a great deal about this gentleman's youth, but if he really *was* young, it must have been with the spurious youth of Claudian; for he speaks (vol. ii. p. 28) of the determined look worn by the Americans at the battle of Lexington as being the same which he had "often noted on the battle-fields of Arcot and Dettingen." Now an interval of thirty-two years separates the battle of Dettingen, fought in 1743, from that of Lexington, fought in 1775. The wearing of a doublet in 1759 may have been an idiosyncrasy on the part of Louis de Ventadore or his parents, but certainly we are familiar with no such garment in the pictures of the period.

The Story of Meg is not a good story. It is very jerky; it begins with a sentence of fifteen lines; its paragraphs frequently end in dashes, but it is the one novel of all the five which it is possible to read with interest. Meg was a pretty and forlorn little creature, living with an uncle and three female cousins, to whom she was absolutely unsympathetic. These cousins are formed a little too much on the model of Cinderella's sisters. Women are often neglectful or indifferent, but they are seldom actively spiteful for long together, as the Miss Harmans were. Meg's only hope lay in her unseen and unknown guardian, one Mr. Arlathnot, whose curious bringing up, partly in the fashionable world and partly among the strictest sect of the Pharisees, is very well described. He was equally unfortunate both in his wife and son, and on the news of the death of the latter made preparations for taking Meg to live with him, knowing that she was unhappy at home. Unluckily Meg was not informed of his intentions, and one morning, goaded by some fresh instance of unkindness on the part of her cousins, she ran away. She intended to go to her old nurse, but when, after many mishaps, she reached the nurse's address, it was only to find that the old woman had been dead for a year. The story of the dismal months that followed in the poorest and roughest of respectable lodging-houses is well told, and the account of the frightened Meg's solitary attempt to sit as a model to several young artists is exceedingly graphic. When she was reduced to her lowest ebb, a small newspaper hack, who was lodging in the same house, offered to marry her, and Meg, believing that after all it was the only loop-hole of escape from dying of starvation or returning to her uncle, did not say no. Before she gave her answer, however, she accidentally came across Mr. Arlathnot, who tried to induce her to return to her uncle's house; but she, thinking that she would avoid troubling them all for the future, quietly went back to her lodgings, and was married to her lover the next day. This seems to us unnatural. A childish creature like Meg would have been so thankful to see a familiar face, especially that of a person in whom she believed, that she would have obeyed him unquestioningly, and so have escaped all the sorrows in store for her. These sorrows were many. Her husband became first moody and jealous, and then took to drinking, and finally threw her in the way of most undesirable acquaintances. Arlathnot was powerless to help her, and her troubles ended only with her death. We hope next time Miss Curtois will apply the powers which she undoubtedly has to inventing a tale less consistently miserable.

CHRONICLES OF THE REIGNS OF EDWARD I. AND EDWARD II.*

THIS second volume of *Chronicles of the Reigns of Edward I. and Edward II.* is of unusual interest. The four works here brought together under the general name of "Chronicles" are in themselves interesting, not so much from a literary point of view—for, artistically considered, the mediæval Latin school of historians was in its decadence in the Edwardian age—but as throwing light upon an obscure period of history which is "singularly deficient in first-rate authorities." In the next place, two of the pieces—the *Commendatio* and the Bridlington *Gesta*—are here printed, as the editor believes, for the first time. Then, in the introduction, Canon Stubbs has given us some valuable pages upon portions of the history of the reign, and an inquiry into the origin of the *Vita et Mors Edwardi II.*, and into the history of its reputed author, Sir Thomas de la Moore; he has also fulfilled his promise to set before us the results of his examination into the strange tale which brings the murdered Edward of Caernarvon to life as a hermit in Lombardy. Altogether there is fine foraging in the preface; although, a large part of it being necessarily given up to an account of the MSS. on which the text is founded, it cannot, as a literary composition, take equal rank with the historical essays which Canon Stubbs has given us as introductions to some of his earlier volumes of Chronicles.

Taking the pieces as they come, we begin with the *Commendatio lamentabilis*, a sort of mortuary eulogium or funeral sermon upon Edward I.—or Edward IV., as he is here more accurately styled—dedicated to his widow Margaret of France by the author, who appears to have been one John of London. "A less distinctive appellation," as the editor sadly remarks, "could scarcely have been invented"; and, though attempts have been made to identify him with various Johns of Westminster and London, and with the editor of the *Flores Historiarum*, the conclusion of Canon Stubbs is that we must wait for more evidence. In the meanwhile he seems to lean towards identifying him with a John of London, who in 1312 was a minor canon of St. Paul's and custos of the new fabric, and who may possibly have been the author of the *Annales Paulini*, printed in the first volume of this collection. The *Commendatio*, though hitherto unprinted, is by no means unknown, having been used and cited by Sharon Turner, Pauli, and others, and its authorship having long been a subject of discussion. It belongs to what is usually considered a dull class of compositions; and the literary merit of this particular specimen is not high. But it has nevertheless great value, as being evidently written shortly after Edward's death, as giving a detailed personal description of the great king, and "as showing that the points in the character and policy of Edward I. which have recommended themselves most strongly to the admiration of posterity were not lost out of sight among the men of his own days." The personal description of Edward would have been still more valuable if John of London would only have given it wholly in his own words; but this, he says, exceeded his ability. He therefore hit upon the odd device of adapting the well-known description by Peter of Blois of Henry II. to suit Edward I. Now, as Henry was of middle height, stout, and reddish-haired, while Edward was tall, wiry, and black-haired, the feat might be thought to present insuperable difficulties; but, by altering the adjectives when necessary, and inserting a *non* and a *but* here and there, they are successfully surmounted. In the end, in spite of the clumsiness of the method, we get a lively idea of Edward, towering like King Saul above his subjects, broad-chested and sinewy, and, till his last illness, "upright as a palm-tree" and active as a youth. He was never out of spirits, except at the death of his dear ones (*carorum*); his health was good, almost to the last—"rarissime ægrotavit"—which the writer attributes to constant work and exercise; like Henry, he was an ardent hunter and hawker—"vehemens amator nemorum et ferarum." To the last also—and he lived to be sixty-eight, a long life for a mediæval layman—he retained his eyesight and his teeth unimpaired, though his black and curling hair had grown grey. In spite of the difference in height and colouring, he had in physical, as in mental, constitution many points in common with the founder of his dynasty; he had Henry's round head, and eyes which changed from mild to fierce, according to their owner's mood—"scintillantes ignem," in the phrase of Peter of Blois and John of London, whereby we see that heroes with fire-flashing eyes are not, as is frequently believed, the invention of modern novelists. Like Henry before him, Edward was indifferent to, or rather impatient of, regal pomp; the weight of his crown oppressed him, not figuratively, but literally, so that after his coronation he refused to wear it again; and he habitually dressed "sicut unus ex plebeis," and all in one colour, eschewing purple and scarlet.

The *Commendatio* proceeds in the form of lamentations put into the mouths of the Pope, of Edward's brother kings, his widow, his bishops, earls, barons, and knights, and the clergy and laity generally. There is one marked omission; no lamentation is ascribed to his son and successor. The widow mourns with a profusion of Scriptural phrases, but with little that seems characteristic or appropriate. That she reckons it among his merits "quod parliamenta uniret" is an interesting fact, but one would expect to find it insisted upon by his subjects in general, rather than by his French wife in particular. The Pope and the clergy of course do not mention the little unpleasantnesses which now and then had occurred between Edward and the Church; and the bishops are made especially to praise his justice and moderation in the exercise of his rights over Church property—praise which, as the editor remarks, a monk would scarcely give to "the author of the statute *De religiosis*," and which therefore makes against the theory adopted by Sir Thomas Hardy, that the writer of the *Commendatio* was John Bever, a monk of Westminster. The lamentations of the earls, barons, and knights—who say nothing about the struggle over the Confirmation of the Charters, or the famous "Go or hang" dialogue—are the most characteristic. They show us who were then the accepted worthies of our insular history. Edward, say the knights, has excelled Brutus, Arthur, Eadgar, and Richard. It is worth noting that the exile of the "perfida

* *Chronicles of the Reigns of Edward I. and Edward II.* Vol. II. I.—Commendatio lamentabilis in Transitu Magni Regis Edwardi. II.—Gesta Edwardi de Carnarvan Auctore Canonico Bridlingtoniensi. III.—Monachi cujusdam Malmesberiensis Vita Edwardi II. IV.—Vita et Mors Edwardi II. conscripta a Thoma de la Moore. Edited from manuscripts by William Stubbs, D.D., LL.D., Canon Residentiary of S. Paul's, London. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longman & Co.; Trübner & Co. Oxford: Parker & Co. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black, and Douglas & Foulis. Dublin: A. Thom.

multitudo Judæorum" is mentioned with approbation, not, as might be expected, by the clergy, but by the knights. Probably the gallant gentlemen had had painful experience of money-lenders. The earls and barons set forth other good deeds of Edward—his protection of the liberties of the Church, his magnificent gifts to shrines, his expenditure on castles and fortifications, his laying out of parks and fish-ponds, and his prowess in tournaments—a catalogue which shows us what "in the mind of a healthily constituted baron of the age" went to make up the ideal man. To the bishops it is among his merits that "Edwardus expugnavit Sarracenos, Francos, Scotos, Walenses, perfidos Christianos." The notion that his dealings with Wales and Scotland were matter of reproach had not yet come up. Under the guidance of Scottish poets and historians, we have been taught to condemn Edward for that "inveterate hatred to Scotland" which even the near approach of death could not soften.

> Such hate was his on Solway's strand,
> When vengeance clench'd his palsied hand,
> That pointed yet to Scotland's land.

In the *Commendatio* of the clergy the same facts are looked at from the contemporary English point of view:—

> Et ecce plusquam Saul hic et multo beatior rex Edwardus, qui, cum diem mortis suæ revelante spiritu sentiret imminere suique impotens equitare nihilominus lecticam parat, ad bellum properat, sanguinem in ecclesia fusum dampnat, dum parricidas decapitat et incendiarios flamma incinerat, deridentesque decrepitum deliros mortuficat moriturus.

It will be said that all this comes from a panegyrist; and no doubt we must make due allowance for Edward's being painted, both morally and physically, *en beau*. His faults and his errors are, by the nature of the composition, as completely ignored as the drooping left eyelid which, we know from other sources, marred the symmetry of his face. But a panegyrist may be supposed at least to have picked out the strongest points of his hero; and it is clear that Edward's efforts to unite and organize Britain were by Englishmen of his own day looked upon as among his titles to fame.

The work which follows—the Bridlington book, as it may be called for brevity—consists of a chronicle of Edward II., written by a canon of the Augustinian Priory, and a compilation of annals of the reign of Edward III., embellished with extracts from the poetical prophecies of a real or supposed worthy of the same house, John of Bridlington. Perhaps one of the most remarkable and novel points in the *Gesta Edwardi de Carnarvon* is the account of the judicial proceedings against Piers Gaveston, which, "if true," is "an important addition to our knowledge of the events preceding his execution." If we are to believe the writer, Piers, instead of being simply lynched by the Earls of Lancaster, Hereford, and Warwick, was brought before the judges William Inge and Henry Spigurnell, or Sprigurelle, then sitting to deliver the gaol of Warwick, and, on the ground of his breach of the ordinance for his perpetual banishment, was—by the judges, as is implied—sentenced to decapitation.

> The statement is circumstantial enough, and, if these two judges were really sitting at Warwick at the time of the arrest, the earls may not improbably have fortified their action with some show of legality. I am not aware of any confirmative evidence on this point, nor is it likely from what we know of the political connexions of the judges that they would be willing instruments of the vindictive policy of the earls, Inge at least belonged to the unpopular party.

The work also contains, as we might expect from a Bridlington writer, some interesting notes of Yorkshire history, much information as to the inroads of the Scots, and "the fullest account extant" of the "White Battle" of Myton in 1319. Canon Stubbs particularly calls attention to the account of the Earl of Lancaster's proceedings in Yorkshire in 1321 as "one of the most valuable portions of the present chronicle," "illustrating a period which has only been very partially examined by historians." There are also some curious points in the account of the civil war which ended with the battle of Boroughbridge, the most striking incident being one in which Edward of Caernarvon's second favourite, the younger Hugh le Despenser, plays the chief part, and which is described with the circumstantiality of an eye-witness. The King, accompanied by Despenser, having forded the Trent, and made ready to give battle to the rebel earls in occupation of the town and bridge of Burton, was about to order the royal standard to be unfurled, a formal declaration of war which preserved its significance down to the days of Charles I. At this, Hugh le Despenser sprang from his *destrarius*, and prostrating himself with his arms extended on the snow-covered ground—an attitude no doubt intended to move to mercy by recalling the crucifix—implored the King not to unfurl his standard and thus involve the whole kingdom in civil war. The incident sets the younger Hugh in a favourable light; but, as Canon Stubbs observes, it is the last occasion on which he appears as "counselling even a show of moderation," and, "after joining in the judicial murder of Earl Thomas and the other rebel lords, he is found pursuing a career of avarice and aggression indistinguishable from that of his father."

The chief interest of the annals of Edward III. is in the circumstantial narrative of Edward Balliol's expedition to Scotland in 1332, which "redeems the second portion of the work from the obstacle of a mere compilation or abridgment of common material." On the third work contained in this volume, the *Vita Edwardi II.*, already printed by Hearne, and by him attributed, "on a very insufficient conjecture," to a monk of Malmesbury, our space will not allow us to dwell, though much might be said, both as to its authorship and date, and upon the work itself, which has a marked and vigorous character. We must pass rapidly on to the *Vita et Mors*, first printed by Camden in 1602, and attributed to one Sir Thomas de la Moore, for whom, by guesswork and inference, a family history has been concocted, which Canon Stubbs demolishes, much as Mr. Blades has demolished the received accounts of Juliana Berners. Sir Thomas de la Moore, however, is not whittled away so nearly to nothingness as the sporting lady has been. The pedigree hitherto assigned to him as lord of Eldland in Gloucestershire must be set aside; but he may have been a cadet of the Eldland family, or he may be more probably identified with an Oxfordshire knight of the same name who represented that county in Parliament in 1340, 1343, and 1351. This last supposition fits in well with what we know for certain about the literary Sir Thomas—namely, that he was the patron of the Oxfordshire chronicler, Geoffrey le Baker of Swinbrook. The fact that Sir Thomas wrote in French some sort of a life or memoir of Edward II., whose forced abdication at Kenilworth he had witnessed, really comes to us upon the sole authority of Geoffrey, who in his chronicle acknowledges his obligations to the work of his knightly patron. Of this French life the *Vita et Mors* printed by Camden is professedly a translation; but, as Canon Stubbs informs us, it proves on examination to be a *refacimento* of Geoffrey le Baker's work. Of the original French memoir no trace has yet been found, though Canon Stubbs still cherishes hopes of its rediscovery. It is from Sir Thomas de la Moore, filtered through Geoffrey le Baker, that the received accounts of the insults and tortures inflicted upon the fallen Edward are chiefly derived—the shaving with ditchwater, a story which is stated to have come directly from one of the ex-King's escort, and which, reaching as it does the sublime of ignominious misery, has laid hold of the fancy of Marlowe in his tragedy, and of Croker and Dickens in their children's histories—the confinement in a chamber above a charnel-house, which is artistically preferable to Marlowe's filthy dungeon—"the shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roof that ring," foretold by Gray's Bard. But the method in which the murder was supposed to have been accomplished had got abroad before De la Moore wrote, and appears in the Polychronicon. This brings us to the question which has been recently raised whether this crowning atrocity ever took place. We refer to the discovery a few years ago in the archives of the department of Hérault of a letter to Edward III. from Manuel Fieschi, Papal notary and sometime Archdeacon of Nottingham, purporting to contain the "confession" of Edward II. as to his escape from Berkeley Castle, and his subsequent wanderings till he ended as a hermit in Lombardy. The letter, which was first brought by Mr. Bent under the notice of English historians, and of which we spoke in our review of his history of Genoa, is now reprinted by Canon Stubbs from the *Publications de la Société Archéologique de Montpellier*. Probably most readers will expect to find it followed by a crushing refutation, but this is far from being the case. Canon Stubbs indeed believes the story to be a fabrication, and points out some difficulties in the way of receiving it; but the difficulty of accounting for the existence of the letter remains. It has been written by some one who was sufficiently well acquainted with the circumstances of the King's imprisonment to be able to draw up the details without giving an opening for ready refutation. Down to a certain point it corresponds with the accepted facts, and there are no impossibilities in the later details:—

> I can only suggest three theories to account for it: either it was part of a political trick devised in the French court at the beginning of the great war to throw discredit on Edward III. and possibly to create disaffection in England; or it was the pretended confession of some person well acquainted with the circumstances of Edward's death and probably implicated in it, who wished to secure his own safety and subsistence by counterfeiting the character; or it was the real confession of a madman. There is great difficulty in the last supposition, for there is too much true and consistent detail to have been arranged by a thoroughly disordered brain; if the first be accepted, the plan of which the letter was a part must have been so completely abortive as to be otherwise unknown, and the second supposition seems almost as improbable as the authenticity of the letter. There the fact remains, at present inexplicable.

Our notice of the chronicles contained in this volume has run to a length which forbids us to dwell, as we should like, upon the most valuable parts of the editor's preface—his sketch of the character of Edward II., and of the position of Gaveston and the Despensers; his remarks upon "the constitutional opposition" which, suspended under Edward I. (except on the occasion of the great struggle of 1297), revived under his son; his sketch of the period of the Earl of Lancaster's ascendency, and his striking picture of the revolution which overthrew the Despensers, and with them their unhappy master. In the account of the commotions in the City of London, in which the unpopular Bishop Stapleton of Exeter was seized by the mob and beheaded with a "panade" or butcher's knife, we have one of those pieces of clear and vigorous narrative which Canon Stubbs too seldom gives us. His fame as a constitutional historian is widely spread, but his power as a narrator is hardly known beyond the comparatively small circle of students of the Record publications.

In conclusion, we must thank him for having added so much to our knowledge of the reign of Edward II.—a reign of which the history has yet to be written.

INDIAN RACING REMINISCENCES.*

CAPTAIN HAYES has written a good deal at one time or another about horses. In one of his books he professes to teach how to ride both on the flat and across country; in another he gives a number of veterinary notes for horse owners; and in a third he instructs his readers about the training and management of horses in India. Moreover, he has invented an instrument called the "horseman's knife," which to the uninitiated looks very like an ordinary many-bladed knife, though it may possibly possess virtues of which we are ignorant. His latest production is the work before us, which consists of exactly what its title would lead one to expect—a thing that cannot be said of all books. The author deserves some credit for the modest and candid manner in which he speaks of his own writings. Of one of his books he says, "In the first edition I expressed myself badly, but I had something new to tell. As the reading public was indulgent, I did better the next time. I went home to study at the new veterinary college," &c., the result being that the following edition "has now been before the public for eight years," and has "been a steady income to" him during that time. This being the case, Captain Hayes can surely afford to laugh at his critics. He is very confiding as to the occasional difficulties of horsey authors, for he tells us that he arrived at a certain race-meeting in India in the worst of spirits, because he did not see his "way to win a race or get the wherewithal to pay stable bill and" his expenses to England, where he "wanted to go at the end of the season to write a book."

A book of stories about India, chiefly of a personal character, will be more interesting to those who know the places and the people described than to the ordinary reader; but even racing men who have never been in India may find something to interest them in the descriptions of the system of handicapping which prevails there, as well as in the comparisons between the different breeds of horses that meet together in Indian races. All horsemen are well aware that Arabs cannot compete successfully with modern English racehorses; but, while the author admits that, "from an English point of view, they cannot gallop, to use a common expression, fast enough to keep themselves warm," he contends "that there is a great deal to be said in their favour as high-mettled racers." One of their advantages is that they are usually so sound that an inexperienced trainer may try a great many foolish experiments with them without breaking them down; and, as trainers in India are usually amateurs, this is a great point. Another good thing about Arabs, as far as racing among themselves is concerned, is that they do not, as a rule, vary very greatly in their speed. Captain Hayes goes so far as to say "that in a two-mile weight-for-age race with ten or twelve Arabs, we would [*sic*] be right, three times out of four, in predicting that the proverbial table-cloth would cover the field up to the distance post, and that the verdict would be in doubt up to the last stride." Arabs, again, "have such a knack of improving with age and good treatment, that the owner of one which moves in anything like good form need never despair of winning a race with him." In India, English and Australian horses give Arabs 3 st.; country-breds 2 st.; and Cape horses 14 lbs. Even with these liberal allowances, Arabs and Indian horses have not much chance, at any distance, with English or Australian horses. Captain Hayes tells us that in many parts of India, where the climate is hot and damp, it is practically impossible to breed horses which would serve any useful purpose. "Thoroughbred English dams and sires will produce in India a foal that will be, to a certainty, unmistakable as a country-bred, while the second or third generation will possess but few European characteristics." While treating of the subject of breeding from English horses in India, it would have been well to refer to the efforts that have been made for some years by the Government to send good English sires to improve the breed of native horses. For several years twenty-five thoroughbred and twenty-five Norfolk stallions were sent out annually to India, and although the number is reduced, the exportation of English sires still continues. As this is a matter of importance, we should like to have seen something about it in a chapter on horse-breeding in India. We may observe that great success has followed the system of sending out these carefully-selected stallions, and in a future edition of his work the author would do well to take some notice of it.

The chief difficulty in managing races in India is to "bring the horses together," as racing men say. We mean, of course, at the winning and not at the starting-posts. English handicappers can vouch for the pains required to make a good race between well-known horses of one breed; but the difficulties are increased a hundredfold when many of the horses are unknown to the handicapper and are of different breeds. An instance is quoted in the book before us of a handicap in which one horse had to be handicapped at 12 st. 7 lbs. and another at 6 st. 7 lbs. to put the pair on anything like fair terms. Weight is sometimes allowed for difference of height in India, 4 lbs. per inch being the usual scale. At one time there was some difference between the scale of weight-for-age at Bombay and at Calcutta which greatly added to the difficulties of handicapping. Another cause of confusion was the difference in the time of foaling in India, in Australia, and at the Cape. As all horses in Indian racing law took their age from May 1st, horses bred at another time of year ran at a great advantage or disadvantage as the case might be. Much has been done to improve and equalize the scale of weights through the energy of Lord Ulick Browne, who has been for many years the Admiral Rous of India.

Much importance is attached in India to what is called the "time test." In England the practice of timing races is of less importance, because there is a great variety in the nature of our racecourses, both as regards their soil and their inclinations. The great difference, again, in the state of the ground on different days at even one meeting, owing to variable weather, will often make a considerable margin between the length of time required to traverse the same course on one day and on another in this country. In India, on the other hand, the majority of racecourses are very like each other, being in most cases perfectly flat, with "light going." Trainers in that country consequently find stop-watches very useful in testing the progress of their horses, and in training a single horse by himself the time test is especially valuable. If the racecourses in India are generally like each other, the same cannot be said of the steeplechase courses, which are of every conceivable—we might almost say inconceivable—character. In one place the author says that he and his friends "made a steeplechase course across a cricket-field, over the shingle, and down the hard road in front of the Assembly Rooms." He rode in one steeplechase which had among its obstacles a wall 4 ft. 9 in. high. The negotiation of this wall is thus described:—

> I endeavoured to get Mr. Hartwell to give me a lead over the big wall, but he, seeing what I wanted, kept behind, so I hardened my heart and sent Bowman at the masonry. He tried to "cut it," but I held him too straight and kept him going too fast to allow him to do so. He took off too soon, struck the wall with his chest, and rolled over with me on the other side. I was knocked insensible for a few moments, for there was a terrible lot of "bone" in the ground, as the bloodthirsty stewards had taken good care not to make "the falling" soft. When I came to myself I found I was sitting on the ground, and saw, as if in a dream, Day break with Mr. Short see-sawing on the wall, his head and fore legs on my side of it, his hind legs on the other, and his body wedged in the gap I had made.

There is much variety, too, in the uses to which Indian racehorses are put. One great steeplechase rider "never hesitated at putting his racehorses and chasers into a trap without any previous training, and, as he invariably used harness 'as rotten as pears,' and scorned to go on the high road when he could take a short cut across country, he seldom escaped without an accident or two." A scarcely safer charioteer was the hero of the following anecdote:—

> On one occasion, after a very jolly dinner with the 2nd Bengal Cavalry at Segowlee, one of the planters who had been playing polo, and who had driven in a tandem pair, was obliged to go home instead of sleeping in the station as usual. As the night was very dark, and the road narrow and raised, his friends tried to induce him to unharness the leader. But as he had just enough champagne to make him "contrary," the mere suggestion that he was not able to manage a tandem in the dark was sufficient to make him insist on displaying his ability to do so. A happy thought struck one of his friends, so they ceased endeavouring to persuade him, and, when the trap was announced, they had all the lights taken away from the mess verandah. They gave the syce a rupee to hold his tongue, took off the leader, and fastened both pairs of reins to the wheeler. The jovial planter climbed up, started off immensely proud of himself, and never found out his mistake until he arrived home safe and sound.

But those who ride races get hardened to accidents. The best gentleman rider on the flat that Captain Hayes ever beheld, either at home or abroad, once "got a desperate fall, and smashed his nose almost into a pulp. By way of breaking the news gently to his wife, he telegraphed to her, 'Nose knocked into a jelly, what shape would you like it?'" Nor are race-riders' mounts always very comfortable. We are told of a native racer that was the most fidgetty and impetuous animal the author ever knew. She was the most unpleasant hack he ever sat on, for she would neither walk, trot, nor canter. "She would passage, shoulder-in, progress tail first, waltz, or go in any mad style of her own, but travel as a rational hack ought to do, she would not. On the racecourse she would run away for five furlongs, and then speedy-cut herself and be laid up for a couple of weeks." Of a steeplechase mare we read that "she had a nasty habit of dragging her hind legs after her when jumping a wall or timber," and full descriptions are given of many other racehorses that must have been anything but pleasant to ride.

It would hardly be fair to criticize a book of this kind too severely; good horsemen cannot always be expected to be "litery gents." We may, however, point out that the long stories of the author's personal racing experiences are very tedious. Here and there we find an amusing anecdote, but, taken as a whole, the book is dreary reading. Yet it is a consolation to remember that works of this sort are not often read through from end to end by many readers, and it may amuse some people to dip into this little volume for half an hour or so. We must not omit to notice the illustrations, which consist principally of portraits. It will be sufficient to say that we do not admire them, and we venture to think that the book would have been more attractive without them. Generally speaking, the illustrations are the best parts of sporting works, but the book before us is an exception to this rule.

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* *Indian Racing Reminiscences.* By M. Horace Hayes, Author of "Riding on the Flat and Across Country" &c. Illustrated by J. K. Ferguson. London: Thacker & Co.

A LIFE OF HERDER.*

In several respects Mr. Nevinson's book deserves considerable praise. Though he does not seem to us to have grasped the true significance of Herder's intellectual position, or to have formed a just estimate of the influence he has exercised—somewhat indirectly, it is true—on the whole subsequent course of German thought, he has at least made an earnest effort to do the former. He is evidently familiarly acquainted with the works of the author whom he has made the subject of his sketch; and to become really familiar with them is a hard and rather repulsive task, for Herder was one of those men who can proclaim the truth that is in them only in the fragmentary and semi-dogmatic way which often strikes contemporaries so strongly, only to become utterly intolerable to their children. It is but just to add that the immense intellectual influence of Herder has greatly contributed to make his prose writings so unreadable. The truth that is in them, which once seemed the breaking of a new dawn, is now absorbed into the common light of day, and on turning their pages we are struck only by what is crude, false, and inadequate, because there is nothing new to us in the great thoughts that once announced the advent of our own period. The merits of such a writer can be known to the general public of his own country only by means of a digest, and it is well that such a man as Herder should be known far beyond the limits of his own country. English readers ought therefore to be grateful for the summary that is here offered them, but we must warn them that Mr. Nevinson is entirely, and indeed confessedly, incompetent as soon as he enters upon any question connected with philosophy, that his knowledge of the literature of Germany before the birth and after the death of Herder is exceedingly limited or rather superficial, and that he is therefore inclined to dwell on the parts of Herder's teaching which have an interest for the Englishman of to-day rather than on those which gave a new impulse to the thought of Germany a century ago. He seems also to have an unfortunate contempt of modern authorities. During the last ten or fifteen years a great deal has been written upon the subject in various German reviews which is not entirely unworthy of any reader's attention, and which might have prevented him from treating Herder's guesses as to the creation of species as an isolated, or indeed a very important, part of his speculations.

Mr. Nevinson is far more successful in dealing with the life and times of Herder. His knowledge of the latter is very creditable, though it has evidently been got up for the occasion—that is to say, it is the result of careful study for a given purpose, not of a disinterested love of the letters, the memoirs, and the literature of the period. The Life is deserving of all praise; we, who do not profess to be specialists on this subject, know of none other in which the materials are brought together in so convenient and manageable a form, though we must confess that we differ from the author in the estimate he has formed of the character of his hero, and of many of the other persons who are mentioned. In this respect it is not unlikely that the work may be found useful, even in Germany.

But, as soon as we turn from the materials to the form in which they are presented to the public, all praise must cease. Like most of us, Mr. Nevinson is an admirer of Thomas Carlyle; but unlike most of us, he seems to think it a sign of reverence to travesty his style, which he mimics in much the same way as a clever monkey mimics the gestures of his master. There is a certain likeness, but it is that of a caricature; and the more solemn the action imitated is, the more ludicrous does the copy of it become. We have too great a respect for the original and for things higher than the original to follow Mr. Nevinson into this sphere, and prefer giving a specimen or two of his familiar discourse. Of "the laughing locomotive" (p. 87) we can only say with Polonius, "That's good; the laughing locomotive is good." The irreverence of the statement that "Herder cured souls after the Lutheran fashion" might, if it stood alone, be excused, but unfortunately it does not stand alone; it is the most innocent of a number of similar remarks which we have noted, but refrain from reproducing. We do not charge the author with a desire to offend; he seems to be simply ignorant of the fact that there are certain subjects on which Englishmen of culture, whatever their opinions may be, are accustomed to write seriously if they write at all. Here we would pause, did not sympathy with the lonely and unfortunate foreigner induce us to make one more quotation. Mr. Barnum's Buddhist priests must have been sadly shocked at the unceremonious way in which their charge has been treated by the English press; will it not refresh their souls to know that an English author speaks of an elephant, even when it is neither white nor sacred, as "the dreamlike Indian beast, the type of sensitive intellect" (p. 415)? Such kind words, it may be hoped, will even soothe Jumbo in his exile.

LANCASHIRE GLEANINGS.†

We wonder whether it has ever occurred to the worthy persons who delight in statistics as to the number of volumes published in successive years to ask themselves the apposite question, When is a book not a book? Perhaps more solutions than one might be suggested for the problem; but it would not be a mere bookbinder's reply to say that, in order to deserve its name, a book ought to cohere. Judged by such a test, we fear that not a few collections of altogether or semi-detached papers would be refused a place on the register, and this volume of *Lancashire Gleanings* among the number. Its author, Mr. Axon, has gained some reputation among librarians and elsewhere by his researches in the local history and archæology of Lancashire; and he is true to the character of a genuine student in refraining, as a rule, from any endeavour to set off such curiosities as he has picked up by encasing them in the imitation morocco of would-be fine writing. With the exception of an introductory flourish or two about "Lancashire fair women," and "the pale martyr in his sheet of fire," and an occasional verbosity such as "the snowy regions of Muscovia," or "the myriad-peopled city of Manchester," he preserves a sobriety of style befitting studies which it is no dispraise to call dry. But there is no general connecting thread between the numerous sections of this volume beyond what its title implies; and there is no trace in it of so much as an attempt at arrangement. Religious, political, and literary traditions or anecdotes have all been jagoted as they came to hand; and the result is a compilation which undoubtedly may be taken up at almost any page, but which dissipates interest almost as speedily as it excites it. An emphatically trivial bunch of "Curiosities of Street Literature" is found lying between a genealogical notice of the "Sherburnes in America" and a short narrative of the adventurous military careers of two sons of Dr. John Ferriar. A tribute to the services rendered by Roscoe and others to the beginnings of the cultivation of art in Liverpool follows upon a noteworthy account of the great Chadwick claim—a Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce of real life, with a *dénouement* hardly less complete than that of the story—and precedes a critical notice of a pseudo-analogon to the story of Bürger's *Lenore*. Now, this kind of disorder is neither avoidable nor inappropriate in a magazine for *dilettanti*; but in a book it is rendered irritating by its needlessness. We must add that, though there is no lack of matter that will be fresh to most readers in Mr. Axon's volume, he occasionally intermixes it with information familiar to ninety-nine out of a hundred students of English manners and customs. There cannot be many such readers desirous of hearing any more about the origin of the morris-dance, or to whom the *menus* of King James I.'s Sunday dinners, cited from Nichols's *Progresses*, will have the charm of novelty.

Mr. Axon might in other respects have improved this volume by bestowing greater care upon the revision of its contents. Thus he might have avoided repetitions; for it could not be necessary to tell twice over an anecdote as to the Young Pretender's supposed visits to the Swan Inn at Manchester in the year 1744, or to refer, once with a queer misprint and once correctly, to the "eternal want of pence that vexes public men." Indeed, his printers do not appear to stand on nice points, and he has by no means corrected all their vagaries. Their French accentuation is occasionally fantastic, and the note mentioned above on the story of Bürger's famous ballad is introduced by the following quotation *à faire peur*:—

> Die Todten reiten schnelle!
> Wir sind, wir sind zür snelle.

Again, we may take it upon ourselves to assert that it was Henry VI. and not Henry VII., whom a tradition preserved by the Manchester antiquary, Thomas Barritt, sent into Lancashire, instead of Scotland, after the battle of Towton. Similarly, how can it be possible that "in 1189 and 1199 we read of Jews who held land by a statute passed in the reign of Henry III."? Mr. Justice Eyre (whose name may be seen in the list of subscribers to Greenwich Hospital in Evelyn's papers), though his name is rightly spelt on p. 104, on pp. 138 and 139 becomes Mr. Justice Eyres. Such slips are the more irritating inasmuch as Mr. Axon is, in general, an accurate collector of facts, who evidently has a dislike of statements uncorroborated by chapter and verse, and who, so far as we have observed, is not himself obnoxious to any charge of looseness of expression. Perhaps, by the way, the mysterious naval operations of Spain in 1599 can hardly be called "the second *attempted* invasion of the Spaniards," but the matter may admit of dispute.

Mr. Axon's curious, though disjointed, collection of Lancashire *memorabilia* vividly reflects the contrasts which are to this day, and perhaps more now than ever, observable among its inhabitants. Nowhere is political feeling apt to run higher, because nowhere have the historical foundations of both Conservative and Liberal opinion been more deeply and more broadly laid. Nowhere is the Church of England in closer and more intimate contact with the life of the people, although both the Church of Rome, on the one hand, and the principal Nonconformist sects on the other, command the loyal adherence of large numbers, because they have all closely intertwined their history with that of different parts of the population, so that the Unitarians have their antiquities as well as the Roman Catholics. It is well known how, at the outbreak of the great Civil War, the discordance between the opposing elements in Lancashire made it difficult, if not impossible, to calculate with certainty upon the part the county would play in the contest. Clarendon's passage on the subject is worth quoting, as illustrating, by a statement characteristically involved, the clashing against one another of Lancashire opinions and interests:—

> The town of Manchester had, from the beginning (out of that factious humour which possessed most corporations, and the pride of their wealth),

* *A Sketch of Herder and his Times.* By Henry Nevinson. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

† *Lancashire Gleanings.* By William E. A. Axon. Manchester: Tubbs, Brook, & Chrystal. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

opposed the King, and declared magisterially for the Parliament. But, as a great part of the county [the original MS. reads "the major part"] consisted of papists, of whose insurrections they had made such use in the beginning of the Parliament, when they had a mind to alarm the people with dangers; as it was confidently believed that there was not one man of ten throughout that county who meant not to be dutiful and loyal to the King; yet the restless spirit of the seditious party was so sedulous and industrious, and every one of the party so ready to be engaged, and punctually to obey; and, on the other hand, the Earl of Derby so inactive, and so uncomplying with those who were fuller of alacrity, and would have proceeded more vigorously against the enemy; or, through want of experience, so irresolute, that, instead of countenancing the King's party in Cheshire, which was expected from him, the Earl, insensibly, found Lancashire to be almost possessed against him; the rebels every day gaining and fortifying all the strong towns, and surprising his troops, without any considerable encounter.

As one turns over Mr. Axon's pages, with their mingled records of Jacobite longings and Puritan endeavours, one understands more readily than ever not only the trouble and turmoil, but also the vigour and vitality, which contrasts such as these have helped to produce in Lancashire. Of course there have been important personages, and even families, that have instinctively, whatever their sympathies or antipathies, kept the barque of their fortunes before the wind. The important family of the Moskys, lords of the manor of Manchester till a comparatively recent date, seem on the whole to have belonged to this class, though the "delinquent" Sir Edward Mosley in the Civil War period had to thank the moderation of the Parliament rather than his own discretion for his escape from worse consequences than a decimation fine. Another Edward Mosley, however, was one of Cromwell's Commissioners for the administration of justice in Scotland, and having had the misfortune to lose his three sons before they had reached manhood, "appears," says Mr. Axon, "to have sought the consolations which Puritan convictions could impart." His only daughter and heiress, who became by marriage Lady Ann Bland, who inherited with the manorial rights the Low Church tendencies of her father, was the chief founder of St. Ann's Church in Manchester, the foundation of which "is generally regarded as having been intended as a protest against the High Church views held at the Collegiate Church." She was a strong opponent of the Jacobitism that was rife in Lancashire during the earlier part of the eighteenth century, and on one occasion was so annoyed "at the eruption of Stuart tartan" in the Manchester Assembly Rooms "that, at the head of the ladies who wore the Orange favours, she went into the street and danced in the moonlight in testimony of her loyal affection to the Protestant succession." On her death the manorial rights passed to the other line of the family, the Jacobitism of whose representative in the days of the '45 does not seem to have involved him in any serious trouble. Ancoats Hall, the ancestral seat of the family, has long passed away, and the rural lanes around it have likewise become a thing of the past. But Ancoats is not altogether devoid of literary and artistic associations of even more recent date, so that the eye of the antiquary may be excused for dwelling lovingly upon its past in the midst of its present griminess.

In conclusion, we may content ourselves with touching on one division of Mr. Axon's multifarious gleanings which has reference to a branch of literary art connected since mediæval times with Lancashire. We may pass by his notes on the traces of the performance of mysteries in this county incidentally given in a rather discursive paper on "Sunday in the Olden Time." If, by the way, the story of the old man who had never heard of the Saviour except in a Corpus Christi play at Kendall proves "that the religious teaching of the mysteries was not very effective" (p. 43), it proves rather more than this against the religious teaching of the period in general, inasmuch as the old man in question "constantly went to Common Prayer" (p. 115). Nor need we more than touch upon a note which scarcely fulfils the expectations excited by its title, "Did Shakspere Visit Lancashire?" and by the motto from "Charlotte Cushman," who seems to be a favourite of Mr. Axon's. The Queen's players were "in the furthest part of Laugkeshire" in 1589, at the New Park in Lathom in 1588, and at Knowsley in 1590; but there is no proof, as Mr. Axon judiciously admits, that Shakspeare was among them, or even a member of the company. Of greater interest is a short paper on "Fair Em," a play with the sub-title of "The Miller's Daughter of Manchester," which, "flat and unprofitable" as Mr. Axon justly calls it, has some claim to notice as having been attributed to Shakspeare. The supposition is absurd, as is the more plausible one which attributed it to Greene, and which is refuted in that most interesting collection, *The School of Shakspeare*, unhappily the last work of its accomplished editor, the late Mr. Richard Simpson. Whether it is possible to accept Mr. Simpson's demonstration, intended to show that not only is *Fair Em* a satire upon Greene (an imitation it in part certainly is), but that he believed Shakspeare to be its author, and retorted upon him accordingly, is a more difficult question. Mr. Axon points out that the play, which was performed by Lord Strange's servants (very possibly, or, as Mr. Fleay thinks, very probably, the company in which Shakspeare first acted) and bears the spread eagle, the badge of La Tremouille, on its title-page, contains a few local allusions; we may well suppose it to have been played on occasion at Lathom or Knowsley, where Fair Em, whose father had sought a quiet retreat in a mill at Manchester, would have been a popular heroine. Another dramatic note of Mr. Axon's suggests a curious speculation as to the way in which, after facts have been turned into fiction, fiction may be manufactured back into facts. Some of our readers may remember to have read (for it can scarcely keep the stage now in any form) Lillo's "domestic tragedy" of *The Fatal Curiosity*. Lillo is the reverse of contemptible as a playwright; and, though his declamation is often hollow and his pathos rancid of the footlights, he was at times able to treat a terrible situation with real intensity. Lessing paid him the most genuine of all compliments—that of imitating him. The particular play called *The Fatal Curiosity* is not to our mind his most powerful work; but it can hardly be read without something of the horror which the author designed to excite, and, as Mr. Axon reminds us, it suggested one of the most successful of German *Schicksalstragödien*, Zacharias Werner's *24 Februar*. (He might have added that the suggestion came through Goethe, who produced the piece at Weimar, excusing himself to Wieland on the plea that wine-drinkers occasionally like a glass of brandy by way of a change.) The story of Lillo's tragedy is, to put it briefly, that of a father and mother who, being reduced to the extremity of want, murder a visitor to their house for the sake of his casket of jewels, and afterwards find that their victim was their son. Returning home after an absence of many years, he had been prompted by curiosity to visit his parents *incognito* in the first instance, and his mother, in her turn, had had the curiosity to examine the stranger's box while he was taking an opportune nap. This story Lillo took from a pamphlet purporting to narrate the catastrophe (with a slight variation) as having occurred at "Perin" (Penryn, the scene of the drama) in the year 1616. As observed, the play, or adaptations of it, were frequently performed in England in the last century, and it has not remained unknown in Germany. Dunlop, cited by Mr. Axon, mentions the same story as told by Vincenzo Reta in a *novella* written early in the last century, but not printed till 1794. Its scene is here laid at Brescia: in another version mentioned by Dunlop the story plays in a Norman inn. Under these circumstances, is Mr. Axon justified in a sceptical surmise that a very similar story, which thrilled the readers of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* early in June 1880, was only another version of the same myth? The Young Wilmot of the play is here a young Viennese who had made his fortune in America, and the mother, who perpetrates the deed alone, is an innkeeper. But there is no other essential difference in the plot, the "weak" or "unnatural" part of which is the wish of the returning son to keep his identity concealed for a few days from his mother after revealing it to his brothers (just as Wilmot in the play reveals himself to his loved Charlot and to an old servant). We commend the investigation to those who are interested in the freaks of legend, or in the freaks of journalists, as well as to those who believe that crime, too, occasionally repeats itself. While on the subject of dramatic materials, we cannot help expressing our surprise that in permitting himself (very unnecessarily, we should say) "a slight digression" on a certain famous but apocryphal seigniorial right, Mr. Axon should have forgotten the use made of the tradition by Beaumarchais.

Much curious information of different kinds, on which it would be difficult to comment without giving to this article the looseness of texture to which we have taken exception in Mr. Axon's volume, will be found scattered through his pages. His research, the fruits of which are not likely to have been exhausted by his present production, his industry, of which it gives abundant proofs, and the good sense and good humour with which he treats his varied themes, encourage us to look for further and more solid work from the same hand.

THE CUP AND *THE FALCON.*[*]

IN their present form Lord Tennyson's latest dramatic works reveal, even more clearly than their stage presentment did, the slightness of their dramatic quality. Deprived of the glamour that enveloped their production at the theatres, where the magnificence of the *mise-en-scène* was scarcely less notable than the excellence of the interpretation, their defects become manifest. Despite several admirable passages of splendid rhetoric and glowing declamation, both *The Cup* and *The Falcon* are strangely deficient in vitality, in actuality, and in animation. It is unnecessary to add that they contain much poetic beauty, an exquisite felicity of language, and striking imagery. But there is also much mere verbal sonority and imposing harmony in the verse which, pleasurable to the ear, possesses little significance on the stage. With singular lack of discrimination, some of the most impressive and exalted poetry in *The Cup* is delivered by the treacherous voluptuary Synorix, and elsewhere the poet has distributed the jewels of his unequalled store of diction with strange impartiality. Hence the characters are deficient in force, are shadowy and colourless, and excite neither interest nor emotion. Sinnatus and Synorix are very feebly opposed; the excellence of the one, the villainy of the other, are not dramatically displayed and vividly contrasted by gradual and subtle self-revelation: Camma is a beautiful and stately figure, and nothing more; she has suffered unpardonable affront and inexpiable wrong; she meditates revenge, and yet moves us not, and with the most tremendous passion in her heart, is cold, self-contained, and statuesque to the end. When Sinnatus discovers the supposed Strato to be the notorious Synorix, and might well surmise the nature of his interview with Camma, he expresses himself with scarcely any of the sudden wrath of an ingenuous nature. The

[*] *The Cup and The Falcon.* By Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate. London: Macmillan & Co.

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THE RADICAL *DE PROFUNDIS.*

THE state of mind into which the scare of last Saturday appears to have thrown a considerable section of the Liberal party is natural but amusing. The occultation of Mr. GLADSTONE (whose illness deserves and meets with much sympathy), the narrow escape from defeat, and the growing difficulties of their favourite Administration appear to have produced in Radicals a mingled state of wrath and terror, which they must pardon unconcerned persons for finding somewhat ludicrous. Accordingly all the methods available are being tried. There is plenty of strong language, from the HOME SECRETARY'S "dirty "trick" (which it would be very unfair to attribute to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT) downwards. The fiery cross has been sent round to rouse the Caucuses; the robust provincial Liberal is entreated to march metaphorically on this wicked London. And, finally, irregular regiments of correspondents are rapidly recruited for the purpose of writing to express the disgust of "independent Conserva- "tives," the wrath of patriotic Liberals, and the desire of Liberals generally for a good Reform Bill "to reunite the "party." This last somewhat *naïf* cry has at least one advantage over the remaining notes in the rather discordant concert. It sounds genuine. This is a great deal more than can be said for the passionate demonstrations of the unpatriotic conduct of the Opposition which some Radicals (as Mr. LABOUCHERE unkindly reminds them) have been transcribing almost textually from the Tory newspapers of five or six years ago. Now the honest correspondent who has just been quoted about reuniting the party (there are several of them, and they vary between "reuniting," "in- "spiriting," and so forth) is at any rate honest. He is a JOHNSTONE imploring MAXWELLS to lay aside little differences, and join in a merry expedition to lift the cattle of the glaikit Englisher; a FAGIN striving to compose the differences of Mr. SIKES and Mr. CRACKIT for the better confusion of householders with bloated plate-chests. In him and in his kind there is at least no hypocrisy.

But with the other and larger kind, from Home Secretaries to halfpenny newspaper-writers, who talk about dirty tricks and whine over the base attempts of the Opposition to undermine the best of Governments, the case is different. If they are in earnest they must be very silly people indeed; if they are not in earnest their language is simply *blague*, and not very clever *blague*. From every point of view, from the lowest to the highest, the recent conduct of the Opposition is perfectly defensible. How often have Radicals, with a frankness that happened to suit their purpose, informed the world that at least one main object of this Franchise Bill is to cut the ground from under the feet of their political opponents? It is patriotism, it seems, to bring in Bills with such an object, and it is want of patriotism in the other side to delay them. Again, even the political child-in-arms is scarcely deceivable by the application of the term "dirty trick" to the division of Saturday. To whom was this Saturday sitting in the second month of the Session due? To the Government. Whose business was it, knowing perfectly well that any subject can be raised in Supply, and that this subject certainly would be raised, to be ready for votes and voices? The Government's. The other talk about "unholy alliances" and the like is made up of another variety of the same stuff and the same nonsense. When, as Liberals have done constantly, and Conservatives oftener than they should, Englishmen have stooped to buy Irish votes by tampering with Irish treason, that is an unholy alliance. If Conservatives had voted for a motion Radical in substance, that would be an unholy alliance. But what was Mr. LABOUCHERE'S motion? That the necessity for the costly battles of Teb and Tamanieb "has not been made "apparent." Will any Ministerialist deny that that is the honest and repeatedly expressed opinion of every man on the Tory benches and, it may be added, the honest opinion, if they dared express it, of a good many men on the Liberal benches? Are Conservatives—or, for the matter of that, are in the parallel case Liberals—to be debarred from voting for a proposition which they have steadily contended for because the mover happens to be a person with whom on other points they disagree? The thing is absurd, and the men who say it know it to be absurd, and only say it because they are at their wits' end what to say, and are yet conscious, with the desperate consciousness of fear, that they must say something. Whatever comes of this Radical panic, one curious fact is not likely to be forgotten, and that is the way in which mere reliance on Mr. GLADSTONE has taken the place of argument, common sense, and everything else with the Radical party. It is a pity that there is no independent political caricaturist of genius among us now. The sudden outburst of shrieks, and complaints, and calls for aid directly Mr. GLADSTONE goes away for a day or two may be seen exactly represented by the individual human infant when it is abandoned by its nurse and a naughty boy teases it.

All this, however, is merely the ludicrous side of the matter. There is a much more serious side as well. The intolerable bungling of the Government in Egypt is admitted by all but the staunchest led-captains and sworn advocates of the party. The very journals in the country as well as in the capital which support the Ministry and denounce the Opposition in almost every case accompany their support and their denunciations by wishes that Mr. GLADSTONE would accept the situation a little more fully, by confessions that grave mistakes have been committed hitherto, by hints that the country would like a more definite and a more definitely announced policy. Yet when the Opposition takes the only steps possible to satisfy these reasonable wishes, when it translates them from the bated breath of humble friendliness into the straightforward language of men who have no reason to mince their words, a howl about factiousness, and want of patriotism, and want of scruple rises from Liberal lips. Now every one of the gravest faults of the Government was committed while it was free from the criticism of the Opposition, and every advance towards an intelligible and reasonable policy has been made under the direct pressure (and directly as a consequence of the pressure) which Ministerial advocates choose to describe as obstruction, and faction, and exultation in national disasters. Had Parliament been sitting continuously, it is nearly certain that HICKS PASHA'S expedition would have been either definitely prohibited or properly equipped. It is quite certain that Sinkat would not have fallen, and that BAKER PASHA'S expedition would never have met with its disaster. It is all but certain that General GRAHAM'S expedition would not have been required at all. Yet for exercising the beneficial influence that it has exercised; for doing its duty to the country; for insisting, and in spite of only partial success continuing to insist, that the policy of pottering and blundering shall be given up, the Opposition is stated and shrieked at. Not that it is accused, even by such critics, of having caused any disaster in Egypt; that, in

the face of the facts, would be too much even for English gullibility. Not that it is interposing difficulties in the way of the Government action; for all the difficulties that exist are, and are known to be, of the Government's own creation. The reason for censure is avowedly that this attention of the nation's representatives to the most important business of the nation interferes with the progress of a partisan measure which is openly announced as partisan, as to the future effect of which many even of those who support it have, in their places in Parliament, avowed the gravest misgivings, and in favour of which the desperate efforts of Caucuses and Federations and all the rest of the Radical machinery have failed hitherto to produce the slightest manifestation of national enthusiasm. It is infamous to delay discussion of the point whether Wesleyan ministers shall have votes by insisting that the lives of English soldiers shall not be flung away without some clear prospect of advantage to England. It is a crime to demand some statement of the intentions of the English Government in dealing with the greatest windfall which has ever dropped into England's lap because the demand interferes with ingenious operations destined to make the return of a Tory majority impossible for some years. Of course no one who puts these arguments forward, and not one in three of those who hear or read them, really attaches the slightest weight to them. But that they should be gravely put forward at all shows one of three things. Either the Radical party has completely lost its head; or its political perspective is in a hopelessly distorted condition; or, lastly (the least complimentary, but the most probable, solution), its leaders and spokesmen consider that anything is good enough for their followers. Of that they must be the best judges. But no one who is reasonably impartial, and has any power of political judgment, will find fault with the tactics of the Opposition, except that they might have lost less time in beginning to apply them, and have applied them more vigorously. For they have on two different grounds the strongest possible right to oppose the Government *à outrance*. Every Englishman has a right to insist that the interests of England shall not be neglected. Every politician has a right to insist that a party move to his own disadvantage shall not take precedence of those interests.

CONTINENTAL ALLIANCES.

A RECENT revival or extension of friendly relations between Germany and Russia has probably not been recorded in any formal document. A great Russian noble of high diplomatic rank has been transferred from Paris to Berlin, where he is personally acceptable both to the Court and to the Minister. Official and semi-official journals discontinue for the time their notices of concentrations of troops on the Western frontier of Russia, and they rather hint than assert that Russia has explicitly or practically joined the alliance to which Germany, Austria, and to a certain extent Italy, are parties. It is not yet known whether the new combination is heartily approved at Vienna; but there is no doubt that a cordial understanding with Austria is an essential element in Prince BISMARCK's foreign policy. His main object is the maintenance of peace, which is only liable to be disturbed by concert between France and either Austria or Russia. The greatest diplomatic triumph of his life was the neutralization of one of the two Imperial Powers by the aid of the other during the French war of 1870. Austria, which was then held in check by fear of a Russian attack, is now united with Germany by ties of friendship founded originally on a common distrust of Russia. It was only when Prince GORTCHAKOFF openly courted a French alliance that Prince BISMARCK formed a close union with Austria. As long as it lasts Germany has little need to fear a French war of retaliation, while Austria is guaranteed against Panslavonic intrigues and secured in the possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It is improbable that any serious cause of direct quarrel should arise between Germany and Russia; and there is still less chance that the interests of France should clash with those of Austria. It was a master-stroke of policy to find in the Austrian jealousy of Russia a security against the danger of French resentment. The exclusion of Austria from the German Federation in 1866 had already ended the secular rivalry with Prussia which rendered, as long as it existed, the restoration of German unity impossible.

The reconciliation between Germany and Russia has naturally caused a certain feeling of anxiety among Austrian statesmen. The Chancellor, Count KALNOKY, is understood to retain the friendly feeling to Russia which he cultivated during his embassy to St. Petersburg. The PRIME MINISTER of Hungary is perhaps less easily satisfied. In answer to an interpellation in the Hungarian Parliament, Mr. TISZA, without expressing any opinion on Prince BISMARCK's latest political measure, contented himself with the statement that no change was likely to occur in the relations between the German Empire and the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. As long as the alliance is cordially maintained nothing is to be feared from Russia either as a friend or an enemy. A rumour that the Russian Government has offered once more to recognize the possession by Austria of the Balkan provinces is proved by internal evidence to be inaccurate. The engagements to which Russia assented in the Treaty of Berlin could only be weakened by a repetition, which would imply that they had been originally insufficient. Periodical or chronic struggles for influence in the minor neighbouring States will probably continue in spite of any understanding which may be established. For the time Roumania and Servia seem to incline to the policy of Austria; Bulgaria will perhaps be always a dependency of Russia. One of the advantages which Austria derives from the German alliance consists in the assured good-will of the Italian Government. A separate understanding with Austria might perhaps have been unpopular in Italy; but even a qualified admission to the league of the two Empires forms the best security against French aggression. Modern theories on nationality had served the purpose of Italian patriots so well that sanguine politicians might in the first instance be excused for thinking it possible to annex the former provinces of Venice on the eastern coast of the Adriatic. More serious politicians understood the danger of perpetuating a contest with the superior force of Austria; and the movement has long since fallen under the exclusive control of revolutionary demagogues. The Republicans who utter empty threats against Austria are also the professed enemies of the Italian Constitution and dynasty; and consequently both Governments have a common interest in repressing a troublesome agitation.

Prince BISMARCK has caused some surprise by ostentatiously courting the friendship of Spain for the apparent purpose of completing the isolation of France. In this, as in other combinations, he has probably taken into consideration domestic as well as foreign politics. Although the doctrines avowed by the Holy Alliance of seventy years ago are not likely to be openly professed in the present day, statesmen who are charged with the maintenance of social order are not likely to regard with indifference the advance of democracy, and the simultaneous progress of anarchy. The communism of Germany, of Russia, and of Spain has many characteristics in common; and probably the Nihilist agitation has had something to do with the late approximation of the CZAR to the Central European League. The Government of France is probably regarded with suspicion merely because it is Republican, although it has never been seriously accused of reviving the propagandism of the old Convention. The conspiracies against the Spanish monarchy which have been organized by ZORRILLA and his confederates are of Spanish origin, though private French sympathizers may perhaps have been concerned in some of the plots. A more important circumstance is the undisputed dependence of the foreign policy of Spain on the form of its Government. King ALFONSO has given a cordial reception to the overtures which were made through the Imperial CROWN PRINCE; and probably his present Minister concurs in his leaning to the German alliance. The re-establishment of the Republic would imply a close union between Spain and France, which might possibly affect the balance of power in Europe. The same leaning of the Conservative party to Germany and of democratic politicians to France is found in Italy; but in that country the dynasty appears to be more firmly established than in Spain. The Italian Government has also been exempt from military mutinies of the Spanish type; though GARIBALDI, while he lived, more than once assumed for himself the right of making war without the sanction of his Government.

English curiosity as to the Continental relations of their own Government is compelled to satisfy itself with occasional assurances that there is a friendly understanding with the two great central Powers. There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the statement as far as Germany is concerned; nor is Austria likely to cultivate the

irritation which was formerly justified by the rash language of the present PRIME MINISTER. A further advance from Bosnia in the direction of Salonica would perhaps still excite Mr. GLADSTONE's whimsical susceptibilities; but probably no such movement is at present intended, and the great majority of English politicians would prefer that Austria rather than Russia should profit by the decadence of Turkey. The encouragement or toleration which Prince BISMARCK has extended to English schemes of aggrandizement has been consistent, though it may proceed from motives not always flattering to national vanity. Some years ago Prince BISMARCK is believed to have offered Egypt to Lord BEACONSFIELD, perhaps for the same reasons which had induced the Emperor NICHOLAS to make a similar suggestion thirty years ago. A statesman not directly interested in the matter might perhaps dispassionately approve an intelligible and consistent policy; but he could scarcely regret the probable antagonism which might be aroused between France and England. There can be little doubt that on the same grounds Prince BISMARCK regards with complacency the destruction of English property by French bombardments in Madagascar, the approaching exclusion of English commerce from Tonquin, and the fantastic efforts to monopolize the trade of the Congo. As long as such enterprises are systematically prosecuted, no treaty or negotiation is needed to detach England from a French alliance.

It would be unwise to attach excessive importance to the reconciliation between the Governments of Germany and of Russia. The understanding, even if it had been embodied in a formal treaty, would only last as long as the causes which rendered a friendly understanding expedient. Any serious difference would probably lead to the renewal of intrigues between France and Russia. The position of Austria in the Balkan peninsula furnishes the most likely pretext for a quarrel, in which Germany would almost certainly take the part of her most favoured ally. The combinations and ruptures between Germany and Russia have been repeatedly and rapidly modified. Only a few years have passed since the Berlin Note, signed by the three Imperial Powers, seemed to indicate a permanent union for the execution of a settled policy. A year or two afterwards Prince BISMARCK thwarted the designs of Russia at the Berlin Conference, and facilitated the acquisition by Austria of two Turkish provinces. The change which has since occurred may be partially explained by personal reasons. Prince GORTCHAKOFF was supposed to have become in his later years jealous of Prince BISMARCK's conspicuous success, and of the primacy which was voluntarily assigned to him by European statesmen. M. DE GIERS is more judicious and more temperate, and the Emperor ALEXANDER III. is believed at present not to cherish ambitious aspirations. If he should become desirous of an increase of territory, his new ally will have no wish to counteract schemes of aggrandizement in Central Asia. The project of SKOBELEFF to overrun the plains of India with the wild cavalry of Central Asia has not been officially accepted as a part of the civilizing mission of Russia. SKOBELEFF's amiable watchword of "Blood and Russia" is not yet pronounced.

EGYPT.

THE reported flight of OSMAN DIGMA would, if confirmed, be chiefly important because there would then be no danger of Admiral HEWETT's ill-advised and now cancelled Proclamation being taken too literally. Its effect on future operations, at least immediate operations, is not likely to be great. The tremendous slaughter at Teb and Tamanieb has probably not broken the spirit of the tribes, but it has left comparatively few of them with any spirit to break. Unless the Government is prepared to order a march to Berber—and this must be ordered at once unless the hot season is to be faced—it is very far from evident what other gain has been derived from the two battles. They have not undone the mischief of General BARER's defeat, and they have not recalled the dead garrison of Sinkat to life. But this is an old story, and Radical apologists who have not the consistency of Mr. LABOUCHERE may be left to argue that OSMAN DIGMA could only be prevented from throwing the garrison of Souakim into the sea, not by letting him come and try it, but by going out in two different directions into the country and killing or wounding some ten thousand Arabs. If the result of the expedition to Souakim is that a proper hold is established on the Nile at Berber, a good thing will have been done in an extremely expensive and clumsy way. If that is not its result, and it is now a result by no means easy to bring about with European troops, the bloodshed, the expenditure, and the exhibition of bungling and hesitation will have been entirely fruitless.

The relative ignorance of some weeks ago as to Khartoum has been changed into ignorance positive and complete. Some days have now passed since the telegraph was cut above Berber, and nothing is known of General GORDON's position, save from disquieting rumours and from the fact that just before the cutting of the wire his prospects were far from cheerful. The rumours are now very disquieting indeed, and they come from quarters not very likely to be alarmist. It is said that Khartoum is surrounded on all sides but the river, and that the besiegers are in earnest, and led by fanatical chiefs. Against them General GORDON has nothing but the troops of whose unworthiness Colonel DE COETLOGON gave a too convincing account months ago, and his force is in point of numbers even more inadequate to the holding of a large extent of works, such as that which defends Khartoum, than was his predecessor's. The movements of these excitable barbarians are so rapid that it is quite possible the next despatch may tell of their dispersal. But it should not be forgotten that it is reliance on these "quite possibles" which has brought about every disaster in the whole mismanaged business. The most enthusiastic advocates of the Government plan of waiting for a miracle admit that the death of General GORDON, if not the capture of Khartoum, would be an almost crushing blow to Mr. GLADSTONE and his policy. Yet there is nothing to avert such a blow except the chapter of accidents, although Khartoum might long ago have been made impregnable. Even now the old cuckoo cry of danger to General GORDON if troops were sent is faintly raised. It is only to be hoped that the very obvious danger which awaits General GORDON because troops have not been sent may be prevented by one of those miracles which it seems to be thought are at the special disposal of the PRIME MINISTER, even when he refuses his miracle-worker the rods and tackle which he demands. The actual fall of Khartoum would be so great a disaster that, though it would be still less of a disaster than of a crime on the part of the Ministry, it is impossible not to hope even against reason and probability. It is now announced positively, though not officially, that the Government will not assent to General GORDON's request for ZOBEIR as a *diadochus*. Considering that the Government asserted and reiterated that he went out with full powers and their entire confidence, that this is his first recommendation of importance, and that they have refused it, the complete darkness which rests upon their policy and intentions can only be said to have become still more palpable. Whether anything passed on the subject in those mysterious Cabinet Councils of which no two Ministers give the same account, but in which Mr. GLADSTONE seems to have played the part of the once famous Invisible Girl, has not yet been ascertained; and the breaking of the telegraph gives the Government a convenient excuse for exercising their one talent of silence. Meanwhile, though the importance of maintaining Anglo-Egyptian rule at Khartoum, which has been argued for steadily since November last, has been somewhat compromised by the fantastic kind of support which it has received in some quarters, it is evidently becoming more and more familiar to the country. The bold speech of Mr. LAING some days ago, and the scanty support which the Government was able to muster on Saturday, alike showed this in different ways. It has been said—not by a Conservative journal, nor by a corrupt organ of London Liberalism inspired by wicked men who frequent Pall Mall Clubs and have relations in the army, but by a provincial Liberal paper of the first rank, the *Manchester Guardian*—that "we shall probably end in advancing to Berber and "Khartoum," and that "the Government has a big game "to play, but the country will support it in playing that "game." It may be wished that Liberals had spoken thus plainly a few months ago, for it would have saved many lives, much money, and a lamentable display of political incapacity. But it is all the more satisfactory that they should speak so now.

The game to play in the Soudan is, and has been for more than a quarter of a year, perfectly plain to any one of political capacity. The relief of the smaller and less important garrisons in the East, the recall (if their

maintenance seemed impossible and their withdrawal possible) of the remoter, the support at all hazards of Khartoum and any other posts necessary for the retention of the river highway, in order that at a more fortunate moment the interior may once more be opened up—these things formed the programme which seemed best four months ago, and it is the programme which seems best now, though some of its minor parts are past praying for, though the season in which it was feasible at once and with ease has passed by, and though heavy additional disasters have followed on its neglect. It is not too late, however, even now, and there is no doubt that half the difficulties of the Government would vanish if Mr. GLADSTONE could bring himself to accept the facts. In itself the release of the Government from those difficulties which it has created for itself is not a matter about which it is necessary to be very enthusiastic. But Englishmen who are not mere partisans care much less for the person who is benefitted by consulting the interests of England than for the interests of England themselves. It is unfortunately not those interests only which are suffering from Mr. GLADSTONE'S obstinate irresolution in Egypt proper. Under the withering influence of an occupation which may terminate at any moment, and which yet interferes with the whole government of the country in a tentative and half-hearted way, that luckless country is becoming one of the most distressful in the world. Its credit is paralysed because the bombarders of Alexandria will not say the word which, at no cost to themselves, would cause funds to flow in to pay the expenses of the bombardment. It has an army *pour rire* of its own and an army to fight of Englishmen, both of which it has to pay for. It cannot exercise those police regulations which are necessary in Eastern countries, because European Consuls support the malefactors. It is not allowed to govern itself in its own way, and we refuse to govern it effectively in ours. In a fortnight's time Egypt, if Mr. GLADSTONE would only allow it, could be put under a government as cheap, as efficient, as just, as profitable, as its present government is costly, paralytic, unjust, and ruinous. The scandalous and ridiculous trios of English and French officials to trip up each other, with an Egyptian official to look on, would vanish; the conflict of native habit and English judicial ideas would be resolved at once by experienced Indian officials; the public estates would be managed at half the cost and with twice the efficiency; the constantly ebullient freaks of popular insolence and military mutiny would be suppressed once for all. In the way of this there is nothing but the fancied indignation of the European Powers and the real reluctance of Mr. GLADSTONE to confess that he has been wrong. The European Powers have no *locus standi* in objecting to anything except annexation or a definitely perpetual protectorate, neither of which is necessary nor desirable; and, if Mr. GLADSTONE'S susceptibilities stand in the way of the plain needs of England and of Egypt, there is an extremely easy way out of that difficulty.

THE CATTLE BILL.

THE debate on the second reading of Mr. DODSON'S Cattle Bill in the House of Commons does not promise well for the Parliamentary future of the measure. Several of the supporters of the Government announced that they would only vote for Mr. DODSON now on the distinct understanding that they were going to support him in trying to remove the amendments made in the House of Lords. The Opposition, for their part, consider these very amendments as the most essential part of the Bill. A difference of opinion of this magnitude will lead doubtless to prolonged and angry debates in Committee, in the course of which Liberal members who represent the agricultural interest may again have the unpleasant experience of finding themselves in the presence of a divided duty. For the present, and in spite of the good-will of a great majority of the House, the Bill has had difficulties on the second reading. Liberals may be willing to get it into Committee with the intention of removing the Duke of RICHMOND'S corrections, and Conservatives may be ready to help with precisely opposite designs, but the Irish members must first have their say. Of course the intervention of these gentlemen took the traditional form. They discovered with all their usual sagacity that Ireland was threatened with a new grievance. They found cause to believe that Irish cattle might be excluded from the English market under the terms of the Bill. There is absolutely nothing either in the measure itself or in the speeches made by English speakers to suggest that the Irish cattle trade would ever be liable to any such danger; but it was enough that Mr. HEALY and Mr. KENNY saw it in the far distance, and therefore they proceeded to talk the Bill out. Its further progress will depend on the zeal felt by the Ministry for the Franchise Bill. It was a more satisfactory feature of the debate that the opponents of the Bill contrived to argue with tolerable good temper. Mr. FORSTER, who has lately been helping to cook an agitation against it in London by threatening the inhabitants of towns with a vast increase in their butcher's bill, to be imposed by law for the benefit of landlords, confined himself in the House of Commons to giving reminiscences of his own anxieties in the days when he was President of the Council. Mr. BRYCE did not go much beyond complaining that he and another had been accused by Mr. CHAPLIN of speaking as the mouthpieces of a butchers' ring. He found this habit of imputing ignoble motives to one's opponents unfair, and it is hoped that he will succeed in bringing some of his allies over to his opinion. Even Mr. ARNOLD was temperate. He was concerned for the good of the souls of the Ministers who have to carry out the Bill, and who may be subjected to the temptation to use it for purposes of protection against other things than foot-and-mouth disease. Even the fear of Protection, however, did not lead him to do more than accuse the country members of old-fashioned opinions.

The merits of the question have already been so thoroughly discussed that nothing new could well be said in the course of Tuesday's debate. Authorities on the subject of foot-and-mouth disease have not yet been able to decide whether it is wholly a foreign importation, or whether it has not contrived to naturalize itself in this country. The view they respectively take seems to depend on the degree of their connexion with the business of cattle rearing. Sir L. PLAYFAIR, who can afford to consider the whole subject in a scientific spirit, gave some unpleasantly plausible reasons for his belief that, although the plague was undoubtedly a foreigner fifty years ago, it has now taken its place among our native evils. He and other speakers who think cheap meat of more importance than the prosperity of farmers made the most of the argument that it is impossible to keep out infection completely. The representatives of the country constituencies did not attempt to deny the proposition; but, as Mr. CHAPLIN insisted, it does not follow that because we must run some danger, we should run more than is absolutely necessary. It has been proved by experience that the foot-and-mouth disease can be kept out, or, when it has once appeared, can be stamped out by rigid measures of precaution. The example of Ireland is in favour of Mr. CHAPLIN'S view. Foot-and-mouth disease has only appeared there once, and then it was undoubtedly imported from England. If Ireland can be defended by measures of rigid precaution, so can Great Britain. The real question is, what amount of sacrifice the country may be reasonably asked to make for the sake of the agricultural interest. There can be no doubt that, if all importation is to be prohibited from countries in which the disease has appeared, there will be some fall in the foreign meat supply. It has not yet been even approximately settled what the deficiency will be. The calculations made range from six to twenty-five per cent. The latter of these figures is unquestionably a gross exaggeration, but some deficiency is inevitable. It may be made good in time by the increased importation of dead meat, but for the moment the loss will be felt. The advocates of the Bill have, however, no reason for fearing to look the fact in the face. A permanent injury to the agricultural interest is a far greater evil than a temporary increase in the price of meat, and the country may fairly be asked to make the sacrifice for its own ultimate good. At present the loss falls almost wholly on the farmers and the landed interest. The loss of home-grown meat is made good to the town population by importation from abroad. In the long run, however, the loss must fall on the country at large, and by protecting the farmers the towns are also protecting themselves.

When the Bill does at length reach Committee, the House will be mainly engaged in deciding how far the

measures of precaution to be taken are to extend. The Ministry, having the fear of the next General Election before its eyes, has made up its mind that something must be done; but it differs from the Opposition as to the amount. As the Bill has been amended by the Duke of RICHMOND, the Privy Council will be bound to prohibit the landing of cattle from countries as to which it is not sure that the laws and the general sanitary condition "are such as to afford reasonable security against the "importation therefrom of animals afflicted with foot and-"mouth disease." The Ministry had only asked for powers to prohibit importation when there was not a reasonable security that the laws of the country from which the cattle came and its general sanitary condition were satisfactory. This apparently slight variation in the words of the Government Bill make all the difference between leaving the Privy Council a discretion and leaving it none at all. The House of Lords has also struck out a sixth clause, by which the operation of the Bill was limited to two years. Mr. DODSON has announced that the House of Commons will be asked to reject both the amendments of the Lords. Unless, however, the majority which supported Mr. CHAPLIN last Session has greatly modified its opinion, he can scarcely hope to restore the Bill to its original form. The complaint of country members has always been that the Privy Council used the powers it already had too timidly, and they wish to see it tightly bound down to carry out measures of strict precaution. From the moment that Mr. DODSON asks for a wider discretion for the Privy Council, he may reasonably be suspected of intending to do as little as possible. The same objection applies to his proposal to restore the two years' limit. The farmers do not look upon the Bill as an experiment. In their opinion, the question of the necessity of putting a stop to importation from tainted countries has been settled, and what they ask for is a permanent defence. They declare themselves ready to submit to severe local restrictions, but they insist that they must not be subjected to unnecessary risk Neither they nor their representatives nor anybody who has a serious interest in the prosperity of agriculture will be content with a Bill which has all the appearance of an expedient to tide over a Ministerial difficulty.

THE ROMANCE OF LONDON.

"SWINBURNE began with light carnations," Mr. MONCURE CONWAY has been telling the Sunday Lecture Society. This is the kind of remark that one needs to take home and ponder on piously, till next Sunday at least. "SWINBURNE began with light carnations"; it sounds like the voice of one crying "TENNYSON began with "mixed biscuits," or "BROWNING started in variegated "annuals." However Mr. MONCURE CONWAY has been all round the world, with his eagle eye fixed on London during the whole time of his wanderings, and his gifted intellect occupied in studying the town from the most remote points of view. His remarks, though occasionally enigmatic, are, on the whole, creditable specimens of anecdotic rhetoric, sporting about on a Sunday evening. Before examining the Vision of Romantic London as vouchsafed to Mr. CONWAY, we must make an effort to explain what is meant by Mr. SWINBURNE and the light carnations. For our own part, if we had been asked to describe Mr. SWINBURNE'S beginning, we should have said that he began by getting the *Spectator* to print *Faustine*. That was a stroke of humour. But by "light carnations" Mr. CONWAY means trifles like *Anactoria* and *Dolores*, blossoms of fire and foam, so to speak, which Mr. SWINBURNE wove before he came into contact with life in London. "The "great dumb heart of London appealed to him," as the great dumb heart had previously appealed, Mr. CONWAY declares, to Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD and CHARLES KINGSLEY. The dumbness proved catching in the case of these bards, and they sang no more. One might explain this by the hypothesis that they had passed the singing age; but Mr. CONWAY has a right to his own opinion. The great dumb heart, when it appealed to Mr. SWINBURNE, made him drop his light carnations, "and burst out with "his sublime *Songs before Sunrise*." There must be a good deal to say about London if it can really turn two poets dumb and another vocal, "flaring like a dreary dawn," with diverse consequences, on three modern MEMNONS.

Wandering round the world in his romantic way, Mr CONWAY finds that London's hand goes forth to every land. Everywhere almost you find the more than Chemitic pyramid of Bass, the greatest pyramid of all. Everywhere, by paying a trifle, you can get a private view of the design in which some wild ducks are rising from the bubbling fount of Apollinaris Water. These things do indeed fill a man's heart with "cosmic emotion," which Mr. CONWAY says he feels when he stands on London Bridge. "The picturesque effect of the forest of masts is height-"ened by a cosmic emotion"—and cheap at the price —"for we behold the argosies whose silver sails are "bearing benefits to every part of the earth, fulfilling "dreams that lured JASON and ULYSSES and all who "voyaged beyond old sunsets to find new dawns for "humanity." This is the right kind of eloquence for a pleasant Sunday evening. Mr. CONWAY spoke, with some natural contempt, of the mere every-day parson and his Sunday toils. "When will terminate the great weekly Sab-"batarian sacrifice by which the culture and refinement of "the poor are bound on the altar of a heartless dogma," while "the human praying-machines around us grind out "long prayers to empty pews or sleepy congregations!" There are still men not wholly devoid of taste who prefer the liturgy of the Church of England to silver sails and cosmic emotion. But Mr. CONWAY must not think that the clergy are all mere praying-machines. We have heard a humble probationer of the Kirk of Scotland deliver an address before which even the carnations of Mr. CONWAY would pale. He was speaking to the descendants of the Cameronians in a kirk surrounded by the graves of martyrs like precious Mr. PEDEN. "My brethren," he cried, and we think his remarks quite deserve a place beside Mr. CONWAY'S, "fix your eyes on a small island, far, far away in "the western main. A man is sitting on a rock with his "gaze sweeping the mysterious sea; he is CHRISTOPHER "COLUMBUS, and the island is Terceira. That man is dis-"covering the new world. But look again, on a yet "smaller island in the Mediterranean Sea. There sits "another man with *his* gaze fixed on the skies. The island "is Patmos; the man is St. JOHN. He is discovering the "only geographical fact known to us about the world of the "future, that there shall be no more sea. *Where is "Christopher Columbus now?*"

It will be admitted that cosmic emotion and daring eloquence are not peculiar to Sunday lecturers who have just circumnavigated the globe. To our mind the humble preacher in "the land of the wild Scots" could give points even to Mr. MONCURE CONWAY. That cosmic emotion can be got out of the reflection that sized shirtings and "park "palings" are carried everywhere by our silver sails, proves the accuracy of Mr. CONWAY'S ingenious theory. "We are "adapting ourselves to coal soot in a mental way also." That is precisely what we are doing, and what, to be fair, Mr. CONWAY helps us to do. *Spartam nactus es*, he seems to say to the cockney; you have London for your portion, make the best of it. The gist of Mr. CONWAY'S remarks in this direction is perfectly sensible, true, and manly. Here we all are, millions of people, condemned by circumstance to live in London. It is dirty (*pace* Mr. CONWAY), it is unhealthy, it is hideous, it is unnatural. But let us make the best of it, improve it when we can, reflect on the historical romance of it, and oppose the Parks Railway Bill. The last piece of advice is not Mr. CONWAY'S, but it is not unworthy of his eloquence. He shows us, what is true enough, that better men than we have tolerated London. Mr. ARNOLD, despite "the rural PAN," told the American reporters that he liked the "dear damned delightful town," though he did not venture on that quotation. CARLYLE told Mr. CONWAY, "I can't help liking London, if only for its sublime in-"difference to what one says about it." Ecclefechan might not have shown the same indifference to Mr. CARLYLE'S strictures, and the results might have been unpleasant for the Prophet of Cheyne Walk. Even Mr. CONWAY'S enthusiasm gives up our street architecture, but he consoles himself by the romance of Dick Whittington. But, remembering that it was Sunday, Mr. CONWAY passed, by an agreeable transition, from the moral Whittington and his business-like cat to the aristocratic profligacy of the Marquis de Carabas and the irregularities of Puss in Boots. From these things to ABRAHAM LINCOLN, splitting rails, is the shortest step on a Sunday evening, and thence it is no distance to SWEDENBORG, whose visions began after too much beefsteak at the "Blue Posts." The real romance of London consists in its endless number of historical, mythical, social associations. Protestants used to

be burned at Smithfield before Mr. CONWAY'S time. When he came up to town atheists used to lecture there on Sunday. Here is change, if you like, here is progress, but "that, too, was not found useful," as Mr. CONWAY puts it, mildly. The atheists, as he says, with really diverting satire, were "invited to go to the Hall of Science and a "Meat Market appeared there"—in Smithfield, that is, not in the Hall of Science. That a meat market is more useful than atheists, and less inhuman than the roasting of Protestants; that the migration of atheism to the Hall of Science is a natural evolution; that the whole whirligig of change is highly romantic, who will deny? Mr. CONWAY is, perhaps, no less interesting when he describes the sea as "that proud institution." "The necessities," he cries, "of "millions are at work like the minute coral-builders beneath "the sea: presently that proud institution will split on a "reef, and at length a fair island will be seen above the "waste of waters."

London, like the majestic ocean, is a proud institution. Its waves roar raging (Mr. CONWAY'S eloquence is infectious) down the narrow straits of the Strand, or thunder all the week long through Piccadilly. The winds of commerce, law, politics beat on the surface of the metropolitan abyss, and churn its fierce fluid into foam. But on Sunday the winds fall, and there is a shining calm. Then the waves lap laughing round the fairy isle of St. George's Hall, Langham Place—the isle of which Mr. MONCURE CONWAY is the harmless siren or the friendly CIRCE.

PRIVATE BILLS.

IN his speech on Private Bill legislation Mr. CRAIG SELLAR judiciously abstained from repeating some of the extravagant statistics which he had last year hastily accepted as true; but he was unable to suggest any desirable alternative for the practice which he condemns. Opponents of the present system invariably complain of the uncertainty of decision, which is, in fact, an indication that inquiries are undertaken by an impartial and competent tribunal. The result of an arbitration, or of a trial at Nisi Prius, must be uncertain or incapable of being known beforehand, as long as facts to be ascertained by evidence justify varying conclusions. The duty of balancing considerations of public expediency against private or corporate interests has never been so well discharged as by Parliamentary Committees. The heavy cost of such investigations has given rise to several experiments in the transfer of jurisdiction to other tribunals. Local inquiries have almost always added to the expense, without contributing to the satisfactory determination of the important issues involved. In the majority of cases there is no economy in removing similar investigations from London. The Railway Commissioners have sometimes, with the laudable intention of saving money to litigants, held sittings in Ireland under a power which they possess. The consequence has been that on certain occasions Commissioners, leading counsel, agents, and professional witnesses have crossed the Irish Channel together, instead of avoiding expense and trouble by staying in London. The fees of counsel in election petitions have naturally become heavier since they were compelled to follow the election judges into remote country places.

A much graver objection to a fixed tribunal consists in its inevitable adherence to rigid technical rules. Nearly twenty years ago the Referees who now confine themselves to more modest functions were charged by Parliament with the duty of determining absolutely all engineering and financial questions which might arise on Private Bills. Amongst other matters they were required to report on the sufficiency of the estimates; and their decisions on all points within their jurisdiction were binding on Select Committees, and absolutely final. It happened by unusual good fortune that the chief Referee, Mr. HASSARD, was a former member of Parliament, possessing remarkable judicial ability; yet the result of the experiment was so unsatisfactory that after two or three years the whole inquiry was once more remitted to the Committees. On one occasion the London and North-Western and the Midland Companies jointly promoted a railway four miles long in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The opposition of interested parties on the merits appeared not to be formidable; but the petitioners proved that the estimate was insufficient to the extent of a few thousands of pounds. The Referees were not authorized to take notice of the notorious ability of the two great Companies to supply the deficiency out of their vast resources; and consequently the Bill was rejected before the promoters could produce evidence of its public utility. In numerous instances an engineering objection which a Committee would have overruled proved fatal to schemes which were undoubtedly expedient. Still greater dissatisfaction would have been felt if the Referees had been authorized to usurp the discretionary authority of Parliament.

It is unlucky that these periodical discussions are almost uniformly conducted on one side by disputants who have no practical knowledge. Mr. HORACE DAVEY says that his own want of familiarity with private legislation is an advantage, because it secures him against prejudice. It was not through unacquaintance with the principles and practice of Equity that Mr. DAVEY deservedly rose to the highest rank in his profession. Although the most experienced practitioners are subject to the remark that they are interested witnesses, those who wish to understand the subject will do well to study the remarks of one of the most eminent of London solicitors in a recent letter to the *Times*. Mr. CLABON, ex-President of the Incorporated Law Society, has probably no strong personal interest in the question; and he would certainly not be biassed by any selfish motive in expressing his opinion. He admits that the Railway Companies spend about a shilling a year on each 100*l.* of their capital in Parliamentary expenses; but he shows that litigants have been relieved of heavy charges, especially by the discontinuance of local inquiries. The direction of a line of railway, the choice between two competing schemes of water supply, the question whether private interests shall be sacrificed to public convenience, are, as Mr. CLABON says, proper subjects for a Court of Arbitration consisting of men of the world. Many Committees, he adds, sit at once, and no remanet is ever left at the end of a Session. "Will the "country permit many new tribunals consisting of paid "judges or arbitrators to be established; or, if only one or "two such tribunals are constituted, what will the Com-"panies and opponents say to the inevitable delay? The "business of one Session would not be at an end before "another Session began, and the old local inquiries and spe-"cial modern inquiries, such as that relating to the Thames "Valley drainage, give a lesson as to delay and cost."

The ignorant confusion which prevails among some of the critics of Private Bill legislation was well illustrated in a communication to which the honour of large print was accorded in the same number of the *Times* which contained Mr. CLABON'S letter. The favoured correspondent complained that, not a Select Committee, but the House of Commons, had on a single night discussed the Metropolitan Water Bill, the Parks Railway Bill, and the Bill for protecting the Thames for purposes of pleasure; and that on another day it had devoted a certain time to the consideration of the Metropolitan Board of Works Money Bill. It was wisely suggested that Parliament might be relieved of all of these inquiries if a London municipal reform was effected. The probable mischief of a Metropolitan Incorporation has often been explained; but the most inveterate enemies of the scheme have not suspected that a Common Council, elected by household suffrage, would be allowed to decide judicially important questions, in which it would be itself an interested party. The City Water Bill included, among other startling provisions, a proposal that a freehold landed estate should be confiscated without compensation for the benefit of the water consumers, who would be nearly identical with the constituents of the new Municipality. It was sufficiently audacious to ask the sanction of Parliament to such a mode of dealing with property; but even the promoters of the Bill would have shrunk from the suggestion that many millions should be taken from the present owners at the will of the claimant who was to profit by the transfer. The inhabitants of Northumberland have as good a right as the inhabitants of London to the lands of the New River Company; but it has not been suggested that their future County Board should exercise the powers which are attributed to the forthcoming London Municipality.

The Parks Railway Bill, though far less important, interests almost all members of Parliament; and, indeed, the protection of the London Parks is a matter of Imperial concern. No municipality would be allowed to inclose any part of the space, or to raise a revenue by applying it to purposes of profit. The Select Committee which will consider Mr. STORY-MASKELYNE'S Bill must enter into a difficult and laborious investigation of private rights and

of public convenience. It was not unreasonable that the reference of such a measure to a Committee should be preceded by a short debate. Few persons will be disposed to complain that Parliament exercises a certain supervision over the expenditure or the taxing powers of the Metropolitan Board of Works or of any body which may hereafter take its place. Even the controversy between Railway Companies and the protectors of picturesque districts involves a question of principle which could not be determined by a strictly judicial tribunal. The charms of solitude or seclusion and the advantage of bringing to market minerals are incommensurable quantities which can only be balanced against one another by the intervention of a supreme authority. The *Times'* correspondent holds that the Railway Commission would be more competent than a Parliamentary Committee to consider the merits and disadvantages of the proposed Ennerdale Railway. The Commission, which stands alone among tribunals in the want of confidence felt by litigants in its judgment, has established more than one novel and questionable doctrine of political economy; but its æsthetic qualifications have still to be tested. If the issue is to be decided by reference to precedent, the Bill must be passed, because the Thirlmere Water Bill was passed three or four years ago. Whether Ennerdale is more beautiful than Thirlmere, whether a railway or an alteration in the level of a lake is a greater eyesore, is a question which the Railway Commission is not especially qualified to solve. It is, indeed, doubtful whether the ingenious writer would leave any room for judicial intervention. "There is," he says, "no reason why rival "Companies should be allowed to appear before a Railway "Commission at all." They have, as he contends, no right to object to the construction of competing lines running side by side with their own. Whether any railway would have been constructed, if the assumptions of the *Times'* correspondent were well founded, is a question too practical to have attracted his attention. Intellectual perversity or feebleness not unfrequently obliterates all perception of justice. It would be as unfair as it would be discourteous to place Mr. SELLAR or Mr. DAVEY on the same level with their anonymous supporter; but it can scarcely be said that they have appreciated the difficulties of the subject.

SIGNOR SELLA.

THE death of Signor SELLA removes from the political life of Italy one of its most distinguished figures. Of late years, indeed, he had been less prominently before the world than was once the case. The party to which he belonged lost office almost exactly eight years before his death, and has never since returned to power; and in opposition he has taken a less active part than many of his political allies. But he was pre-eminently the man to whom the country looked in case of need. Himself free from personal ambition, occupied with many things besides politics, indifferent to office except as a means of serving Italy, respected by men of all parties both for his capacity and his sturdy independence of character, he was felt to be one of the men on whom the country could always rely when more showy, noisy, and pushing politicians failed. QUINTINO SELLA was born near Biella in the year 1827. The inhabitants of that district, like the Scotch in this island, have in Italy the proverbial name of being especially shrewd and hard-headed. His reputation was already made as a scientific man when he was first returned to Parliament in the year 1860. It was in that year that the whole of Italy, with the exception of Venetia and the Patrimony of St. Peter, was united under the House of SAVOY. The youth and early manhood of SELLA were passed during a period fitted, more than any other in modern history, to develop political talent. The question whether Italy was to be a nation or a geographical expression was the one which, during that generation, occupied more than any other the minds of Italians. Solution after solution had been proposed, had been tried, and had failed. As popular feeling gradually worked itself clear, and as the unalterable facts of the situation became more and more evident, a class of statesmen was formed, of whom CAVOUR was the chief among many, to whom patriotism was a religion, and who had acquired a wide and versatile capacity in public affairs. We have only to contrast the politicians formed in Italy before, during, and after this period to illustrate the power which the interest that a nation takes in its own politics has to call forth strong politicians.

Signor SELLA was a member of three Italian Cabinets—first as Minister of Finance in the year 1862, under the short-lived Ministry of RATTAZZI, and twice again since, the last time for nearly four years. He found the public finances in an apparently hopeless condition, and took a chief part in bringing them again into order. It was largely owing to him and to his labours that an Italian bank-note, like an English bank-note, is now worth as much as gold. The preliminary work, which a few years later made it possible for the opposite party to complete the great financial reform, was done by him. The political events of 1859 and 1860 had heavily burdened the finances of the new Kingdom of Italy, and foreign investors were for a considerable time suspicious of its credit. Whether the unification of Italy would be completed, and whether the new State, when constituted, would be able to pay its way, were questions which affected the price of Italian stock on every Exchange in Europe. For some years both the good faith and the ability to pay of the new Italian Government were on their trial; and the steady rise during those years in the value of Italian bonds was due in no small degree to the confidence which was generally felt in the capacity and integrity of Signor SELLA. Several of the measures which are due to him were far from being popular. It was necessary to impose taxes which should, in order to raise a sufficient revenue, reach the whole body of consumers in Italy, and such taxes are never popular. The Grist-tax, which would be equivalent to an Excise duty on corn in England, was his work; and, disliked as the tax was, it was the only means by which the country could meet the financial difficulties which beset it. Italy is still one of the most heavily-taxed countries in Europe; and the want of a wealthy middle and upper class causes the incidence of taxation to press with especial weight on the poor. The sacrifices which the country has made for the sake of its independence have not been confined to the battle-field. They have been borne, in the shape of heavy taxes on the necessaries and the cheapest enjoyments of life, by every household in the kingdom.

On a memorable juncture in history the personal influence of Signor SELLA is believed to have been of decisive weight in determining the policy of Italy. As is now well known, attempts were made, between the years 1866 and 1870, to form a triple alliance, directed against Germany, between France, Italy, and Austria. There were various reasons which at that time predisposed public opinion in Italy in favour of the French alliance. The services which France has rendered to Italy in 1859 were fresh in the memory of Italians. The alliance with Prussia in 1866 had brought with it defeat and mortification, and the practical gain of that alliance—the cession of Venetia—Italy received, at least in form, at the hands of the Emperor NAPOLEON. The personal feelings of leading Italian statesmen had been deeply wounded and their personal honour deeply compromised in the course of the negotiations between Italy and Prussia. The sympathies of the late KING were on the side of France. The sympathies of the Republican party in Italy, whose nullity and impotence were not then recognized, were on the side of France as soon as the EMPEROR was deposed. Throughout Italy, and, in fact, throughout Europe generally, it was believed that Germany would win, if at all, only after a long and hard struggle. Even in Germany the full extent of the rottenness of the French military system was not understood. For several weeks the Italian Cabinet wavered as to joining France or not. By joining France the victory of the French, already deemed probable, would, as was then believed, be made certain; and then Rome would have been the reward for this alliance; while, on the other hand, if France had conquered without the aid of Italy, the latter could have no right to expect the EMPEROR to offend the Vatican and the Clerical party in France by sacrificing the Temporal Power of the POPE. The question had become one of sentiment for the Roman Catholic Church. During the lifetime of CAVOUR the proposal of a "Free Church in a Free State" had been the subject of serious negotiation between the Vatican and the Italian Government; and it is probable that, had Italy aided France in a war fomented, if not produced, by the Clerical party, the Temporal Power would have then been amicably surrendered. A number of considerations thus combined to urge the Italian Cabinet to take part with France. That the country decided to be neutral in the Franco-German war, and to occupy Rome without anybody's leave, is believed to be due, most of all, to the personal influence of Signor SELLA.

Since then the character of Italian politics has more and more changed. The new national question of the existence of Italy as a united people and the old international question of the Temporal Power have both been finally solved. What remained after their solution was the gradual reorganization of the country. The Parliamentary life of Italy has, during the last few years, been unfavourable to men of the stamp of Signor SELLA. No great question has been before the country. No great political crisis, either in home or foreign politics, has occurred. The humdrum, every-day work of political life has now come upon a nation stirred only a few years ago into political activity by the greatest questions that can interest mankind. The leading men whom those questions brought to the front have almost all died. Of those who, as younger men, won a name in the formation of the kingdom of Italy, the few who survive are now old. The questions themselves are now only matters of history. But men of Signor SELLA's stamp are wanted more than any other in the political life of all modern States. He was a man equal to great emergencies, able and willing to do the troublesome and unrewarded work of which the public hears little, and careless of the prizes which bring smaller natures into a public career. Had the course of affairs during the last ten years been less smooth for Italy, Signor SELLA would have been even more distinguished than he actually was. In political circles and by public opinion he was felt to be above all trustworthy. He had neither the defects nor the tastes which suit a man to excel in the intrigues and wire pulling which have been too frequent in recent Italian politics; but he was a politician who, when the resources of intrigue and wire-pulling were exhausted, was able to guide the country.

THE ESTIMATES.

THE Englishman who can read the questions, answers, and speeches of last Monday night in the House of Commons without feeling something more than uneasiness must be afflicted with an incurable levity of disposition. The Marquess of HARTINGTON introduced the Army Estimates in the course of the evening with an appropriate official speech; but before he got so far he had to listen to a good deal of criticism and answer a variety of unpleasant questions. For various reasons, almost all this talk was equally unsatisfactory. With the single exception of Mr. TOTTENHAM, the speakers shirked the real difficulty set before the country. The essential thing is that we have an army which is barely able to meet the calls on the service in time of peace, and which would certainly prove insufficient in a great crisis. Compared with that the pedantry of the War Office in its method of examining officers for promotion, and its fussy activity in the reform of regimental tailoring, are things of comparatively no importance. Debate about them is, however, by no means useless, as the mouthpiece of the Adjutant General's department professes to think. It is well to know that our War Office imposes a system of examination on officers which is apparently designed to encourage those who shirk their regimental duties as much as possible. Earl PERCY's question and the answer to it show that the captain who has served with his regiment in the field has less chance of becoming a major than his fellow-officer who has been diligently using pen and ink at home. In an army which is called upon for an infinite variety of service, the application of a hard-and-fast system of examination is absurd enough, and it is something that the Marquess of HARTINGTON has been made to promise that the War Office will take some notice of facts in future. Again, Sir H. MAXWELL did some good by asking what it was proposed to get by taking their hat from the Black Watch. A species of depressed shako covered with ostrich feathers is certainly not a very admirable object in itself; and, in spite of JAMIESON's portrait of the Earl of MORAY on which Sir H. MAXWELL relied, it is particularly absurd on the head of a Highlander. But in such an army as ours, these things are not to be looked at with the eye of pure reason. The feathered hat is dear to the men of the Forty-Second, and to the class from which it is recruited the shako and the plumes are the outward and visible signs of the regiment's glories. To everybody who is not a pedant in tailoring these seem good reasons for leaving the head-dress of the Black Watch alone. It is a species of medal conferred on the regiment, and taking it away would be equivalent to depriving an officer of his Victoria Cross because it is a mere ornament and serves no practical purpose. This business of the hat is one of the proofs daily given by the War Office that it is consumed with zeal about little things. Perhaps if it finds itself snubbed and pulled up by protest or ridicule, it will at last turn its attention, just for a change, to the weightier matters of the law.

That these weightier matters are calling for instant and serious attention is proved for the hundredth time by the speeches of Sir G. CAMPBELL, Mr. TOTTENHAM, and the Marquess of HARTINGTON himself. At the end of the SECRETARY for WAR's business details about the few thousand pounds saved here, and the few thousand more spent there, one thing came out very clearly indeed. It is that the army is not only too weak for the work it may have to do, but is barely able to meet the daily calls of the service. The issue was, as usual, obscured by disputes as to the value of this or the other system. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL laid the blame on short service, and of course he was met by the usual answer. The old system had also failed, and we have a reserve of 44,000 men. In the face of that, Lord HARTINGTON asks, can it be said that Lord CARDWELL'S scheme has broken down? To anybody who remembers what that egregious reform promised it will be obvious that only one answer is possible. According to the plan of 1871 we were to have a Reserve of about 180,000 men in twelve years, and meanwhile the first line was to have done the work of our constant little wars. By 1883 the Reserve has reached 44,000 men. In the interval Lord CARDWELL'S scheme has been hacked and pruned several times. The terms of enlistment have been changed; time-expired men have been bribed to continue in the ranks; Reserve men have been coaxed to return. We could not send an army corps to Egypt without calling upon ten thousand of them. There are thousands in the ranks at this day. Meanwhile what is the condition of the standing army? According to Mr. TOTTENHAM, who has remained unanswered on Monday and since, it is this—that the army at home consists mainly of boys, and can just supply men enough to keep the battalions on foreign service at something like their proper strength. In some of those at home the non-commissioned officers outnumber the efficient privates. The 2nd battalion of the Rifle Brigade, stationed at the Curragh, is by way of being a type of the whole army at home. It is supposed to contain nine-ten men over its establishment, and it can turn out exactly twelve men fit for guard or garrison duty. Two battalions which lately left Aldershot for Egypt took 770 recruits of less than one year's service in a total strength of 1,695 privates. The Marquess of HARTINGTON'S answer is more damaging even than these figures themselves to the case of the War Office. He parades the fact that fewer men are rejected now as physically unfit than in 1882, as if everybody did not know that the standard has been lowered. He could not deny that the reports on recruiting represented the quality of the men as less than good in forty-eight districts, as against twenty-nine. The utmost he can say is that the boys enlisted will become good soldiers in time, and that the regiments in General GRAHAM'S army fought very well, although they are "precisely the same men who have "been complained of and cavilled at and abused" as recruits. If, however, the present system is ever to prove of practical value, the men in the ranks must be trustworthy while they are there, and not only become fit for military service when they are about to pass into the Reserve. The Marquess of HARTINGTON'S citation of the men who fought at El Teb and Tamanieb was peculiarly unhappy; for those regiments have been for some time on foreign service, and have therefore been filled up by the pick of the army at home. It is also just as well not to overlook the fact that a considerable part of General GRAHAM'S force consisted of marines and bluejackets.

But, even if the SECRETARY for WAR was right in saying that the army can do the work it is now called on to do, he has not answered its critics. It is not enough that our army should be just able to relieve the Colonial garrisons, and supply a few thousand men now and then for an expedition when subjected to careful skimming. The country may be called upon to find an army of sixty or ninety thousand men for a great war. If that call were made, and it may be made between this week and next, where are those two or three army corps to be found? The forty-four thousand men of the Reserve are there, or may be, but behind them there is nothing at all. The mob of half-grown lads at present in our barracks are utterly unfit for foreign

service. They might fight a battle, but they would only fill the hospitals under the stream of a prolonged campaign. In any discussion on the state of the army, it is absolutely necessary to keep the probability of a war on a large scale steadily in view, and the efficiency of the force must be judged by its capability to render good service at such a crisis. It would require a confidence bordering on impudence in any Minister to assert that our army is to be trusted for any such work in its present state. Lord CARDWELL'S scheme, however, undertook to give the country an army which, at a great crisis, could supply a force in the field bearing at least the same proportion to our population and the vast armaments of the Continent as the army sent to the Crimea bore to those of the time. It is manifest that we are in no such state of readiness, after the new army organization has been on trial for nearly twelve years, and, therefore, Lord CARDWELL'S plan has failed to keep its promise. The failure may have been due to short service or to some other cause, but in any case it is palpable. That fact leaves no doubt as to what is the manifest duty of every honest politician. There should be an end of makeshifts and juggling with figures, and a resolute effort should be made to put an end for good to a state of things which is a danger and a disgrace to the country. Unfortunately there seems to be little prospect of such an end. The Navy Estimates as introduced by Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN show the same parsimony, the same pottering, the same unwillingness to face facts. But as they are to be discussed in detail in Parliament after Easter it is unnecessary to comment on them further now.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

WE have so much of technical education now that it is not easy to remember how young the term is, and how meaningless it would have seemed before 1871. The admirable workmanship of the French and Italian objects then exhibited surprised us in spite of their execrable taste. German work at that time, except in the one department of printing, was as bad as English. Our workmen were intent entirely on cheap imitations. The great arts of the makers of furniture were veneering and graining; and experiments were daily being made in gutta-percha and papier-maché as substitutes for mahogany and oak. It was the same in everything. NASH'S plaster for stone was still generally in use, and was even then being employed for Buckingham Palace. The skilled builder of thirty years ago did not see, or was only beginning to see, that Portland cement and Portland stone produced very different effects in architecture even with the same design. But if one in a thousand knew that our arts were all out of joint, not even one knew how to set them right. One school of critics was all for going to the thirteenth century for examples, and there was perhaps more to be said for this view than for any other; but, unfortunately, plate glass and iron girders could not properly work in with true mediæval feeling. It was the same with the Renascence doctrine, as it was called. That we should set up principles for ourselves and work them out under new conditions did, indeed, occur as an idea to some, but in practice the difficulties were found to be insuperable. A large number of preachers could say "Do not," but few were found to say "Do."

The question thus presented has gradually solved itself. Our workmen of the better sort have acquired or inherited better traditions. English furniture, for example, is, in mere market value, superior now to French; and this is no accident—it is in consequence of real improvement in the two items of design and execution. Probably we might say the same of every branch of art industry with the single exception of silver-working. No one in England can design and make such a cup as SAMUEL PEPYS gave to the Clothworkers' Company. But in other things there has been a vast improvement. Textile fabrics, for example, bookbinding, stone and brick carving, pottery, glass, coachmaking, inlay—all these, and many more, have partaken of the same advance, and are all superior to what they were a single generation ago. To maintain that advance should now be our object, and it is satisfactory to find that the "City and Guilds of London Institute," in spite of its strange title, is seriously undertaking the task. At the annual meeting held on Wednesday at the Mercers' Hall in Cheap, a most satisfactory report was presented. The new house will contain properly fitted laboratories, workshops and drawing offices, under a properly qualified staff of teachers, "with a view to give "instruction which should combine the elements of those "fundamental sciences that underlie the arts and manu- "factures with as much of a practical character as can con- "veniently be given to them." The practice of foreign schools will serve for example as well as for warning, though indeed the directors will not have far to look from their new Brompton home for a little example and a great deal of warning. Indeed, while we read the LORD CHANCELLOR'S speech at the meeting, we seem to hear an echo of what South Kensington was to do for the working-man in the speeches of a quarter of a century ago. *Absit omen!*

The funds for this great undertaking have to be found by voluntary subscription. The Clothworkers' Company has come forward with three exhibitions, and other similar donations may be expected; but the Institute has exhausted its funds, if not its credit, to build and furnish the new house. It might have attracted fewer subscriptions had it taken the success of Finsbury College as an indication that it should remain where it was, or move, if necessary, rather further, perhaps, to the eastward. However, so far the Institute has prospered under Sir F. BRAMWELL, and has deserved to prosper, though the death of Sir W. SIEMENS is a great loss to the governing body. It must avoid the mistakes which have brought discredit on even more promising schemes. In its new neighbourhood, as we have observed, it will require, literally, circumspection. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to find that some of the City Companies are beginning to come forward with pecuniary assistance, though the recent policy of threats and cajolements is not precisely calculated to open their purses. A very strong appeal has been made directly to the so-called "Guilds," emphasized by a letter from a very exalted personage. An idea seems to prevail that, because a charitable and social body is called by the name of a trade, it should justify its existence by giving largely to advance the cause of technical education; but those who make the demand should remember that the gift is as purely voluntary as that of a private individual, and must divert funds which would otherwise in all probability be spent on some different but equally deserving case. To talk about the funds of the City Companies as so many do is either nonsense or something very like Communism.

LASSOING AND BULL-TAILING.

THE high courage and agility of the bull have caused him to be selected as an object of sport by different nations. Our own ancestors could find no better way of procuring amusement at the expense of the noble beast than the brutal plan of baiting him with dogs—a practice undeserving of the name of sport, and devoid of the one redeeming point in the Spanish bull-fight, namely, the element of personal risk incurred by the men engaged in it. Bull-fighting was, with certain modifications which will be mentioned below, introduced by the Spaniards into the New World; but they also struck out for themselves there some new forms of sport which are infinitely more deserving of admiration, as affording equal opportunities for the display of activity and skill without the gross cruelty which disgusts one in the Spanish bull-ring. The most characteristic of these is the use of the lasso. This instrument, a necessity in managing the herds of cattle that range over the vast plains of America, is somewhat different in form and application in the prairies of the North and the pampas of the South. The lasso employed by the gaucho of the Rio de la Plata is a thin rope made of plaited thongs of raw hide; one end of it is always attached to a ring on the saddle-bow, so that when any animal has been caught in its coils the horse and not the rider has to hold it and stand the strain. The Mexican lasso (which, by the way, is rarely called by that name, but is known by that of the *reata*—*the* rope *par excellence*) is never made fast to the saddle when in use. Some description of the Mexican saddle is necessary to a proper understanding of the sport. It is a modification of the Arab saddle as used in Spain. The tree consists of two pieces of wood, sloping towards each other like the roof of a house, but without a ridge; they are separated by a space of about three inches in width, and, rising towards the pommel and cantle, are joined there above the level of the horse's back, so that the weight rests on his ribs without touching the backbone, along which there is a free current of air, even when the rider is on his seat. The cantle is very high, almost like that of the old tilting saddle to be seen in any armoury; the pommel rises to a neck of solid wood, which spreads out to a flat head sloping forwards and upwards. This is called the *cabeza* or head, and varies in size according to fashion, being sometimes as large as a breakfast plate. In saddles intended for display on the *paseo*, the whole of the head, as well as the rim leading up to it and that of the cantle, is covered with solid silver, often beautifully embossed; but in those intended for real work the wood is covered, not with leather, but with parchment or varnished

canvas, glued down. Right and left of the head, and just below it, hang two thongs of soft deer skin; those on the near side are used for tying up the end of the head-stall, which always forms part of the horse's headgear, while those on the off side hold the *reata*, neatly coiled up, and thus always ready to the rider's right hand. It can be loosened in a moment by a pull at the thong. The stirrups, which are four or five inches wide and six high, are of iron, often inlaid with silver; they hang from broad straps, which go round one side of the tree. This cumbrous saddle is invariably placed on a leathern saddle-cloth, called the *zaparilla*, generally made of goatskin, with the hair on, and the edges embroidered with gold and silver; it covers the loins of the horse, and is fitted underneath with large pockets or bags, which are most useful on a journey. On top of this, and across the horse's back, immediately behind the cantle, is fastened the *serape*, a sort of plaid with a diamond-shaped pattern in the centre; it is neatly rolled up so as to show the gay-coloured diamond, and is tied with two pairs of deerskin thongs, corresponding to those in front. A long holster for carrying a rifle sometimes hangs on the off flank, immediately behind the rider's thigh; while a sword may be placed diagonally under his left leg, so that the handle comes just where he wants it if he should have occasion to draw it in a hurry. The revolver, an inseparable companion, is rarely placed in a holster on the horse, but is worn by the prudent ranchero on a belt round his waist, so as never to be separated from him. The bridle and head-stall are not made of leather, as with us, but of thin rope, ornamented with silver bosses. The bit, also derived from the Arabs, is, or rather might be, a very severe one; the curb consists of a solid ring of iron passing round the lower jaw, and jointed to a powerful port, three or four inches long, inside the horse's mouth. Great leverage is given by the length of the bars outside, from the bottom ring of which hang a few links of chain, to which is attached the single rope rein; this is formed in the middle into a loop, which is carried loosely on the little finger of the left hand; no grasping with finger and thumb is required, a slight touch of this powerful bit being sufficient at any time to throw the horse on to his haunches. Mexican horses have beautiful mouths, and cannot be ridden by any one who wants to "hold on by the reins." It will thus be seen that the right hand is left free to wield the lasso; when not so employed, it is used to hold the eternal cigarette, which, not being gummed together, cannot be kept in the lips, but must be pinched tight by the thumb and two fingers. The Mexican seat is very different to ours; the legs are nearly straight, the knees being almost thrown back; they do not grip with the knees, but ride by balance, and sit well down into the saddle; for a long journey it is perhaps less fatiguing than ours. There are no fences in Mexico, so no jumping is required; indeed, it would be almost impossible with the high pommel. The horses are small, rarely exceeding fifteen hands, and often much less; yet they carry all this weight without apparent effort. The lasso itself is a rope made of the twisted fibre of the *maguey*, or aloe, known in European markets as Sisal hemp. There is a great difference in the quality; the best and strongest are twisted so extremely tight that it is almost impossible to untwist the strands. One end is worked into a small loop, lined inside with leather, through which, when about to throw the lasso, the other end is passed. The rope is about thirty feet long; about one-third of it is formed into a noose which is grasped a little above the loop—*i.e.* where the rope is double; the rest of it is coiled round and held in the left hand, ready to let go, the extreme end being kept separate and of course retained. The noose should hang well clear of the ground when held level with the shoulder, and, when open, forms a circle of four or five feet in diameter. The lasso is swung over the head and left shoulder, and back over the right shoulder, a peculiar turn of the wrist as it begins to return keeping the noose open. It is thus made to circle round and round his head by the thrower until he is within distance of his object, when it is launched and flies off at a tangent, the noose assuming a circular form, and settling quietly round the object aimed at. Before it settles the thrower seizes the other end with his right hand, and gives it two rapid turns round the *cabeza* of his saddle, so as to get a purchase. If he is not quick enough at this, and the bull tightens the rope before a good purchase has been effected, the result is that the fingers get caught between the rope and the *cabeza* and very much injured. It is no unfrequent thing to see a man who has lost one or two fingers in learning the art. It is beautiful to see the exactitude with which an adept will throw the lasso from or to any point, over either shoulder, behind or in front. There is no credit in catching a bull by the horns, for he cannot be thrown by them; but considerable skill is required to pitch the noose just in front of him when he is at full gallop, so that next step he treads into it; then, on its being tightened with a sudden jerk, rolls over in the dust. The horse, too, has to learn his part of the business, and bear at the right moment in the opposite direction, or he might be thrown instead of the bull, to which indeed he is often inferior in weight. It is considered disgraceful to have to loosen the lasso, and to let the bull carry it off with him. A good hand at it will catch by either leg alone a bull galloping past at any angle. The most difficult feat of all is to lasso him round the quarters when at full gallop at the moment when his hind legs are doubled up under him. Usually the noose slips off, and nothing happens; but if it be thrown precisely at the right instant, his hind legs are pinned tight up under his belly, and he is brought to a standstill in the position of a sitting dog, looking indescribably silly in such an unwonted position. These and other feats of lassoing are seen at their best at a *hacienda*, on the occasion of the annual *herradero*, when the young bulls are driven in from the plains, thrown down, and marked with a hot iron with the initials of their proprietors' names. Friends and neighbours come together from afar, and vie with one another in the display of dexterity and horsemanship.

Another peculiarly Mexican sport—to *colear*, or "tail" the bull—may be seen to advantage at such meetings as these. As Englishmen in India when out "pig-sticking" ride against one another for the honour of the first spear, so do the young rancheros in Mexico race for the tail of the bull. Two horsemen ride up on either flank of a bull, who gallops off head down and tail extended; whichever gets up to him first, when within touching distance reaches down his hand as low as his stirrup, and grasps the tail by the tuft of hair at the end, with which he takes a turn round his hand. He then lifts his leg over the bull's tail, so as to get a good "nip" at it between his knee and the saddle, while at the same moment he spurs his horse with the other heel, and makes him rush suddenly forward, and a little on one side. If done right, the bull is spun round, thrown off his hind legs, and rolls over in the dust. If the momentum of the horseman be not sufficient, or be not applied at the right moment, the bull does not fall, while the horse frequently does. At any rate, the other rider gets a chance, and in his turn lays hold of the tail. Most exciting races are the result, but a bull who has been *colcado* before will frequently baffle his adversaries by the simple expedient of refusing to gallop, for a throw can only be effected when he is at his best pace. "Once bit, twice shy," holds good with him. No shouting and yelling "Ah, toro," has any effect on him if he has once felt that nasty tug at his tail; he either trots sulkily on, or else faces round and presents his horns instead of the other extremity to his enemy. A Mexican always considers a bull, no matter whose it be, fair game. Even when travelling quietly along the road, if he sees one feeding at a distance, he will dash off after him like wildfire in the hopes of being able to *colear* him, or at least to roll him over with his *reata;* and no word in the voluble Spanish vocabulary is bad enough for poor *toro* if he declines to show sport.

Most Mexican cities are provided with a *plaza de toros*, but a bull fight is by no means the necessary Sunday amusement that it is in Spain. Moreover, the picadores, instead of being mounted on wretched screws which they take no sort of pains to keep from being gored, are very often young rancheros showing off their own horses; it becomes therefore, as far as they are concerned, a fair contest between horseman and bull, and the rider must do the best he knows to prevent his steed from being touched by the horns of his active antagonist. Amateur fights, in which the bulls are not killed, but only worried, are often got up at *haciendas* in honour of a distinguished guest. Mexicans delight in all kinds of fancy methods of irritating them. Two men, for instance, are put into a large pair of scales made of hide; the bull tosses one, and down comes the other. Sometimes life-size images are made on the principle of the pith toys with a leaden bottom, which jump up as fast as the bull knocks them over. A most dangerous performance is to ride a bull. He is first thrown with a lasso, and held fast while a rope is knotted round him like a surcingle; a man then bestrides him, holding on to this rope, and the bull is loosed. Off he rushes, bellowing and kicking under the unaccustomed burden; and woe betide the foolhardy rider if the rope should give; he is gored to death long before the bystanders can distract the attention of the infuriated animal. The bull must be lassoed and held by his hind and fore legs before the man can dismount with safety. Many a broken limb, if not worse, is the result of such sports as these; but their practice has not been without its value in producing a race of horsemen whose seat and hands will compare favourably with those of any riders in the world.

"ORION" HORNE.

IN a farewell utterance to his American friends Mr. Matthew Arnold spoke of himself as entirely sustained and encouraged by the sympathy of the literary class. "Should the literary class cease to support me," he said, "I should fall." In the case of a very old man who has just passed away, the fate which Mr. Arnold fantastically and needlessly supposed for himself was actually realized. The poet of *Orion* and of *Cosmo de' Medici* was supported by the literary class, and about thirty years ago that class removed its support from him, and he declined into obscurity. If Mr. Horne had died in 1844, instead of 1884, there can be no question that he would have taken his place at once among the principal stars of the Victorian constellation. He was admired by all his contemporaries, and most of all by the greatest. Leigh Hunt and Edgar Poe, Walter Savage Landor and Lord Tennyson, Mr. and Mrs. Browning accepted him as without question belonging to their kith and kin; and though he never reached the general public, he possessed from the first that inner and professional recognition which is, usually, so much safer than the light plaudits of the crowd. Of the poet who died in such obscurity last week, Carlyle declared that "the fire of the stars" was in him, and G. H. Lewes that he was "a man of the most unquestionable genius." But the works that called forth this praise were produced during a single oasis of seven years in a desert of fourscore, and the beautiful things he wrote in his prime were obscured by the mass of poor things written almost until the

day of his death. He presents us therefore with a curious and pathetic literary phenomenon.

Richard Henry Horne was born so exactly at midnight on the last night of the year that it could never be decided whether he came into the world in 1802 or in 1803. He showed no early determination to letters. He wished to be a soldier, and was trained for the army. He went to school at Tottenham, where Tom Keats, the poet's brother, and Charles Wells, the author of *Joseph and his Brethren*, were his schoolfellows. An interesting reminiscence which he was ready to repeat in old age was that he was scampering out of school one frosty afternoon, when he saw the surgeon's trap at the schoolhouse door, and John Keats holding the reins, and nodding on the box with sleep. Horne threw a snowball at the great poet, who was then better known as a determined fellow with his fists, saw it break on Keats's hat, and fled round the corner from fear of condign chastisement. At Tottenham, too, he knew Miss Hitchener, the grim educational spinster, known in the history of Shelley as "the Brown Demon." He was privy to the savage practical joke played on Tom Keats, which severed the friendship between John Keats and Charles Wells; and when Mrs. Shelley, after her widowhood, arrived in London, Horne was the first to call upon her, and express his enthusiasm and sorrow. Charles Wells had introduced him to Leigh Hunt, and he was thus in the centre of that Cockney School which has now so much romantic interest for us all. Hazlitt he never saw in life, but was taken by Charles Wells to see his dead body in 1830.

Horne, however, though the companion of poets, had at first no thought of writing himself. He was, on the contrary, allured by the pleasures of a life of action. He was destined, as we have hinted, for Sandhurst; but just when he should have entered the Royal Military College, he was lured away to America by an adventurous friend, who had dreams of assisting at the declaration of Mexican independence. Horne entered the Mexican navy as a midshipman, and took a prominent part under fire at the bombardment of Vera Cruz and at the siege of San Juan Ulloa. He was a vigorous and spirited young fellow, and then, no doubt, as later on in life, a little what the late Mr. Prowse would have called "vanity-glorious." It was certainly in a spirit of "bustiousness" that he stripped within range of the guns of Vera Cruz, and very nearly perished, not by an ill-directed Spanish cannon, but by a fatally calculating shark. A little later on, again through sheer foolhardiness, he fell into the hands of the Spaniards at Puerto Rico, and was within an ace of being shot as certainly a pirate and probably a spy.

After the war was over, with a certain number of Mexican doubloons in his belt, he went northward and visited the great Indian tribes, the Mohawks, the Hurons, and the Oneidas, and after many strange adventures found himself at Niagara. Here, for a wager, he must needs bathe under the cataract, and was dragged out more dead than alive, with two of his ribs broken. When he was getting well, at the Niagara Hotel, he played billiards with some gentlemanly-looking men, who relieved him of the last of the hard-earned Mexican doubloons. He worked his way to Montreal, and took a steerage-passage in a vessel that was wrecked in the St. Lawrence. He walked across country to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and there started again in a timber-ship, the crew of which rose in mutiny, and put fire to her in mid-ocean. At last, after adventures equalled only by those of the cheerful young persons who take ship in M. Jules Verne's delightful romances, he found himself once more in London, where his relations and friends killed the fatted calf in his honour.

Among these friends was an old gentleman, a Mr. Hengist, who showed so strong a tendency to adopt him that Horne took his name. It was more a joke than anything else at first, and as late as 1864, on the title-page of *Prometheus the Fire-Bringer*, the name is still given Richard Henry Horne. But for the last twenty years of his life he dropped the Henry, and substituted Hengist for it. He was more than thirty before he began to write. The adventures we have briefly sketched occupied the whole of his early youth. It was in 1833 that he came forward with his first book, an anonymous volume, called *Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public*. This was a direct appeal to the sympathies of the literary class, and it had its reward in a success among authors. It is written in somewhat crude prose, with interesting early praise of men then little appreciated by the public, such as Shelley, Wells, and Lytton. The little period between 1837 and 1844, however, contains all that is best in Horne's imaginative production. For his reputation's sake he should have died forty years ago. In 1837 he published his historical tragedy of *Cosmo de' Medici*. It was well received, and in the same year he brought out his tragical scene called *The Death of Marlowe*, the poem most analogous to a *proverbe* by Alfred de Musset which we possess in English. In 1840, having in vain for a year waited for Macready to produce his tragedy of *Gregory VII.*, Horne withdrew it from his hands and published it. In 1843 he brought out his famous epic poem *Orion*, which was published at a farthing, to express the author's sense of the public contempt for epic poetry. Finally, in 1844, he published in two volumes his critical survey of contemporary literature, entitled *A New Spirit of the Age*. We have now mentioned the five works which justify the admiration lavished on Horne by his most eminent contemporaries, and it will be perceived that their publication was comprised within one-twelfth of his long career.

The decline of his poetic felicity was almost sudden. After the great success of *Orion*, his next volume of verse, *Ballad Romances*, in 1846, was a partial failure, and the miracle-play of *Judas Iscariot*, in 1848, still less successful. Horne should have perceived that his magic had deserted him, and should have withdrawn from literature. But at no time of his life did he possess the critical faculty with regard to his own writings, and he was totally unable to see any difference between the fiascos of his later years and the impassioned and melodious verses of his *Marlowe* and his *Orion*. Meanwhile he plunged once more into restless adventure. It is not possible in a short article to chronicle all the journeys he undertook, all the enterprises he dashed into, all the hairbreadth escapes which he courted. He was sub-editor of *Household Words* under Charles Dickens, and Special Correspondent in Ireland to the *Daily News* when that paper was first started in the midst of the great Irish famine. In 1852 Horne went to Australia, and perhaps no man of letters has ever been jack of so many trades as he had been before he came back again. He was Commander of the Gold Escort, and, happy in his semi-martial responsibility, convoyed several tons of gold from Ballarat to the sea. Then he was appointed Gold Commissioner to the Government. It is hinted that certain innocent pranks, the result of spirits more ebullient than words can say, brought this appointment to a hasty close. The versatile poet became Commissioner of the Water-works which supply the city of Melbourne; threw himself into the cultivation of the cactus, for the encouragement of the cochineal insect; and finally took part in the first large Australian wine-making. Other and still more eccentric modes of pursuing a livelihood led him at last, in 1864, to return to England, without having secured lasting profit from any one of his thousand enterprises, the only solid emolument from them all being certain medals and cups which he had amassed by feats of swimming in the harbour of Melbourne. Mr. Horne would have been most unwilling that any biographical sketch of him should omit to state that he was a very powerful and intrepid swimmer. Even in old age, when past his seventieth year, he was only too eager to endanger his health by challenging young rivals to feats of natation. He was certainly on the borders of eighty before he would consent to leave off his champion performances, his singing, his playing on the guitar, his swimming, his bending of a poker on his fore-arm. In men of genius the intellectual vivacity usually long survives the physical, but in his case it was exactly the reverse.

This, however, is not the place in which his life can be described in full. So strange and vivacious a personage will surely not lack a biographer. In the meantime we must dedicate the short space left to us to an examination of his work, of the best which he produced during those seven years of fugitive vitality. Will R. H. Horne live among the English poets? The question is one which some of the greatest names of the last generation, and certain critics of judgment still among us, would eagerly answer in the affirmative. We are not so certain of our reply. Yet it appears to us that, when the great mass of his writing is cleared away, a residue remains which has the stamp of greatness upon it. His three early tragedies, especially *The Death of Marlowe*, are written in blank verse, which is sometimes stiff and bald, but often very stately and dramatic. It is stage-verse which has more vitality than that of Beddoes, or Darley, or Westland Marston, more even than that of Sheridan Knowles or Talfourd. *Orion*, with its nine genuine editions, points to something like real success among the literary class, and was certainly Horne's main gift to the poetry of his age. It was inspired by *Hyperion*, but it is not unworthy of the inspiration. It is full of sombre and gorgeous images, full of the passion of beauty, sustained through four long books at a high imaginative level. The music of some of its finest passages is wholly worthy of the great masters. Some of his prose possesses very felicitous qualities. The *New Spirit of the Age* abounds in vivacious and discriminating passages, and *The Good-natured Bear*, a story for children of all ages, published in 1848, is unique in its way. On the whole, then, if Horne has missed the consecration of the laurel, no one ever missed it by such a hair's-breadth.

THE FIGHTING IN THE SOUDAN.

THE recent operations on the Red Sea coast suggest some very interesting questions that are comparatively independent of the general problems of military administration, such as the amount of money to be spent on the army, the best system of service and recruiting, and the like. These latter will find more appropriate discussion elsewhere. It is intended here to treat only of the strictly minor but still very important matters suggested by the actual events of the second battle of Teb, and the battle very variously named which resulted in the destruction of Osman Digma's headquarters. Four of these matters especially suggest themselves—the general arrangement and equipment of the expedition, the tactics and order of battle adopted, the suitableness of the fighting tools to the purpose, and the spirit of the men and officers engaged.

With regard to the first, it must be admitted by any fair critic that the problems which constantly present themselves to English army managers are radically different from those which present themselves to most other European nations. We have heard enough, and perhaps too much, of the perfect readiness of a German Army Corps to take the field at a moment's

notice. But no German Army Corps has ever been called upon to do more than transport itself with its equipment for the distance of an easy tour by road or rail. With regard to France, the absolute unsuitableness of a conscription army under democratic management for foreign service could hardly be better shown than by the enormous delay which has taken place before the French army was able to meet even so insignificant a foe as that which awaited it in Tonquin, and by the fact that the campaign there has been fought, not by the French army proper, but by marines, Turcos, foreign legionaries, and miscellaneous troops of this kind and that. At the same time the whole English army is supposed to be ready at any moment to go anywhere and do anything, while the presence of an expeditionary force in Egypt, and the accidental but most important advantage of the scene of operations being the highway, and the time of operations being the season of the regular going to and fro of English troops between England and India, must be taken into account. That a practically efficient force for the immediate purpose was got together under General Graham the event proved, but that it was not got together in the best way is certain. It is little short of a disgrace to England that, with an army of occupation established for nearly two years past in Egypt, and within easy reach of permanent English stations like Malta, Cyprus, and Aden, the transport should have been so deficient as it was and is. It is still more disgraceful (because the fault can only be set down to individual obstinacy or crotchet) that the force should have been left so destitute of artillery. The attempt in such a case to make machine-guns do the work is, and always must be, foredoomed to failure, not to mention that it is extremely unfair on the navy, which has to do at great risk and under unfavourable circumstances the work which the army ought to do and is only too anxious to do. Machine-guns in their proper places are capital things. Behind a stockade with a clear space round it, or on the deck of a ship in similar circumstances, they are invaluable, and now that they are to be had indispensable; but, admirable as they are for defence, they are very bad weapons for attack, and especially for what may be called exploring attack. They have neither the range nor the penetration, nor the peculiar pioneer faculty, as it may be termed of modern artillery. In a long-range duel before battle they are inferior even to rifles. They are perfectly useless in clearing the enemy out from scrub or broken ground or deep depressions in advance of an infantry force. In case of a sudden attack from under cover they are at a grave disadvantage, for at short range their charges neither make the familiar "lane" through an attacking force, like solid shot, nor scatter death all about like shells. They simply kill the first few men a dozen times over, and leave the followers unharmed. Lord Hartington's plea about horse artillery is absurd. The difficulty of watering and foddering the horses extends equally to cavalry, of which, fortunately and exceptionally, this particular force had a fair and a most invaluable supply. And if Lord Hartington thinks that horse artillery cannot go wherever cavalry can, let him ask some one who knows the history of Indian campaigns. There can be no doubt that a better composition of the force would have saved many lives, and made the victories much more effective. It is not worthy of an English Ministry to rely on such a telegram as that from General Graham to the effect that he "could do without more guns." A man does not use that phrase unless he knows that it is a case, practically, of Hobson's choice.

On the second point there is less to be said. It is a special fault of English habits in military matters as well as in civil that particular ideas are wont to be ridden to death, and certainly the "square" idea was, in one sense, ridden to a good many deaths at Tamanieb or Tamasi. It must be evident to the merest amateur in matters military that it is a difficult formation to keep up in advance, especially on broken ground: but the result even of the Second Brigade's temporary disaster cannot be said to be wholly unfavourable to it. The immediate cause of that disaster may, as usual, be most safely taken to have been a mixture of several causes, on each of which too much stress has been laid separately. To talk of a scare, a bolt, and so forth is simply absurd. The smoke will not do as a cause by itself. It seems both improbable and unhistorical that the head of the square simply ran away from the rest in its hurry to charge, and a failure of exact coincidence in orders to the leading and flank companies can have been but momentary. But all these three things working together no doubt threw the square out of exact formation; and the undue nearness of the enemy (who could not be driven out of their cover, as they should have been, by a preliminary cannonade, for the simple reason that the guns were not there to do it) enabled them to take advantage of the mishap. On the other hand, probably no mishap of the kind was ever better redeemed, and certainly no Continental troops in the wars of the last twenty years have stood so severe a trial better. The most mischievous tendency of modern scientific war is that it reduces everything either to a game at long bowls or a trial of tactics. For instance, when the Germans advanced into Normandy and Maine, many sanguine people expected that the abundant cover of that district would give the French a great opportunity. Yet it was again and again observed that no sooner had the flank of a line of hedges, orchards, sunk lanes, or what not, been turned by the Germans than the French without attempting resistance took to their heels. Germans have cooler heads, and are individually better gymnasts than the French. But, though a German square might not have shown the gap which let the Arabs in, it is pretty certain that it would not have rallied better than Davis's Brigade.

The third point, which is in a manner connected with this, is the suitableness of the actual equipment of the soldier for such tussles as that of Tamasi. As usual, infinite suggestions have been made tending generally to the substitution of something—revolvers, bowies, creeses, kookeries, short Roman swords, and what not—for the bayonet. The most practical and valid answer proffered has been that it will be time to condemn the bayonet when the private soldier has been properly taught to use it in single combat, which he certainly is not now. That there is no weapon so easily adaptable, and so little cumbersome when not in active use, as the bayonet is certain, and it is also certain that the need for such use as it came into at Tamanieb does not occur except at the rarest intervals. But it must probably be admitted that any weapon which, like the bayonet, can only be used with two hands, and those wide apart, is at a certain disadvantage in a rough and tumble fight at close quarters, where a great number of men are engaged together. Those who appeal to the feats of the bayonet in skilled hands at assaults of arms forget that in that case there is plenty of space. Still, spears and swords of any length being out of the question for a linesman (who is quite sufficiently burdened and occupied by his rifle), and bowies and all similar weapons having the obvious drawback of want of reach (unless used navaja fashion, which leaves the user defenceless against a fresh attack), there is probably nothing better than the bayonet. But that instruction in it should be real personal instruction, and not mere bayonet drill, is certain; and probably much might be done to improve its quality as well as that of the regulation sword.

As for the spirit and discipline of the men, the result of the two battles is the best possible criterion. Of the rumours of discontent and grumbling which have been communicated by some correspondents too much must not be made. There never was a camp yet in which there was not plenty of grumbling, and though it is usually kept from the ears of the public, that wholesome reticence, with other traditions, is necessarily discarded in a period of special correspondence. But it is extremely probable that some soreness of feeling does exist in the force, and except on the very high ground that a soldier has absolutely nothing to do but to obey orders and kill "two at a blow," it is not difficult to understand and in a way to excuse it. The obvious faults in the constitution and equipment of the force which have been pointed out above are quite certain not to be made light of on the spot, and they are exactly such faults as may not unreasonably, so long as the resentment does not affect the performance of duty, be resented because they press hardly on everybody. The most ignorant private of General Graham's little army knows perfectly well that he has had harder, more exhausting, and more dangerous work to do because men who sit comfortably in Downing Street would not take the trouble, or for some political reason refused, to give the proper orders for organizing the force. The regiments which have been so severely handled, the sailors who have had to do the duty of gunners and beasts of burden at once, are as well aware as any home critic that, if the gunners proper who are fretting at their forced inaction in Cairo had been on the spot, as they ought to have been, the fatigue, loss, and danger of Teb and Tamanieb would have been infinitely lessened. Last of all, though soldiers are supposed to have no politics, it is impossible that the morale of any troops should not be slightly affected by the utterly unintelligible and aimless nature of the operations which they are called upon to perform. When the very Ministers who order them are unable to give a reason for what has been done in the past, and a plan of what is to be done in the future, it is not wonderful that the impatience which always accompanies action that the actor cannot understand, should be shown on the spot. Nothing could have been better than the conduct of officers (omitting the slight slip at Tamanieb) and men in the actual fighting; and of that fighting itself, if it was not on a large scale, it may certainly be said that for its scale no European force has recently done anything more creditable. Nor, except for the incomprehensible blunder of the blood money offered for Osman Digma, which is probably a result of the bewilderment communicated by contagion from home, and the apparent fault of judgment in keeping the troops exposed to a fire which they could not return during the night before Tamanieb, is there anything but praise due to the chiefs of the expedition. To go beyond this would be here out of place.

THE OXFORD HISTORY PROFESSORSHIP.

THE appointment of Mr. Freeman to the Regius Professorship of History at Oxford on Saturday last was generally expected, and has given general satisfaction. An unusual delay in making the appointment gave rise to many foolish rumours, and other names were mentioned "on good authority," with no better reason than the wishes of those who concocted stories of offers which were never made. As Dr. Stubbs will, it is understood, continue to hold the Professorship during next term, until the end of the academical year, the nomination of his successor cannot be said to have been unduly delayed, and if Mr. Freeman wonders that there should have been any signs of slackness in acknowledging his claims to the chair, he need only recall some of his own public utterances to find good reason for hesitation as to his appointment.

It is no light matter to give office to a man who is wont to speak unadvisedly with his lips. At the same time no other appointment would have been equally satisfactory to the students of history. Other men indeed there are who would have fulfilled the duties of the professorship worthily; but there is no one so widely known as an historian, both here and in other countries, no riper scholar and none whose grasp of European history, as a whole, is to be compared with his. If history were taught in the scientific fashion Mr. Freeman has long advocated, so as to exhibit its unity and continuity by doing away with the arbitrary division into ancient and modern, no better professor of the science could be found. As it is, it is evident from his books that, in teaching any of the little "periods" in which the Oxford tutors delight, he will lecture with an authority to be gained only from a general knowledge of the history of the whole civilized world.

Mr. Freeman has been a prolific writer, more prolific perhaps than is generally known; for some of his earlier books failed to gain a wide circulation, and have almost passed out of remembrance; while, many as the volumes are which bear his name, they represent only a part of his literary work. Few probably of our readers have ever seen the little book of historical poems which he published long ago conjointly with Sir G. (then Mr.) Cox, or *The History of Architecture*, published in 1849, or the *Essay on the Origin of Window Tracery*, which followed shortly after—books full of promise, but belonging to almost boyish days, and instinct with a sentimental ecclesiasticism, long ago cast aside by the advocate of the disendowment of the Irish Church. Mr. Freeman seems to have given the first public evidence of what was in him by publishing a bright little volume on *The History of the Saracens*, founded on some lectures delivered in Edinburgh in 1855, which still finds many readers. Of all the thirty volumes or more that he has published during about the same number of years, *The History of the Norman Conquest* is the book on which his fame chiefly rests. That even this work is imperfect is no more than may be said of all things; but there is no reason to believe that the labours of any future historian will lessen the reputation for exact scholarship and exhaustive research founded on this great achievement. Invariably lucid in expression, Mr. Freeman's style of writing has nevertheless repelled some readers by its lack of ease and its extraordinary diffuseness. The drums and trumpets which are fitting accompaniments of a military spectacle would quickly weary us if they sounded in our ears whenever we took our walks abroad; and Mr. Freeman's heroic style, however suited to the description of a great battle, becomes tedious when employed in narrating the course of ordinary events. Probably the best part of his literary work has been done; for, with the exception of the *Historical Geography*, his later publications have been the repetition of a more than twice-told tale. Yet when the reader is inclined to be impatient at finding familiar truths enforced over and over again in each new volume, he should remember that their very familiarity is due to Mr. Freeman's work. That work indeed has borne a foremost place in the advance made in the study of history during the last quarter of a century, and will leave an abiding mark on the development of historical scholarship. Neither his University nor his College has been backward in acknowledging Mr. Freeman's merits. Trinity, which has already had the honour of supplying Oxford with such a Professor as Dr. Stubbs, and where Mr. Freeman holds an Honorary Fellowship, will welcome his appointment as a fresh distinction, and though it is useless to pretend that the new Professor has not some difficulties before him—difficulties not wholly unconnected with his own utterances—we believe that Oxford generally, and above all the teachers of history, will receive him with the honour due to such an eminent scholar. The work of teaching which now lies before him is no less important than the career of authorship in which he has hitherto excelled. There is no reason to fear lest he should fail in his new occupation. Slight as his connexion with Oxford has been for several years, his power of attracting younger men and his readiness to help them in their work have given him many scholars, some of whom have become his fellow-workers. No one certainly can be more earnest about his subject, and that is no small thing towards inspiring earnestness in others. With the opportunities afforded by his office, Mr. Freeman will, we believe, exercise a wide and stimulating influence on the study of history at Oxford. His appointment comes at a time when considerable changes are contemplated in the course of that study, and when consequently his influence will be peculiarly useful. Whatever his political opinions may be, it is generally understood that he is a Conservative in all things pertaining to Oxford, and it is well that the younger members of the Board of Historical Studies will have a Regius Professor no less opposed to ill-considered changes and no less worthy of respect than even Dr. Stubbs himself.

THE ITALIAN IN LIFE AND ON THE STAGE.

To say that the art of a nation or a period is the outcome of its whole social life, and that it must necessarily bear the impress of the circumstances that produced it, is merely to repeat one of the commonplaces of criticism; and yet it is a fact that is too often forgotten in judging the work of foreigners. What is placed before us seems new; its very strangeness excites dislike in some and an inordinate admiration in others. Those who love novelty suppose it to be original merely because it is not English; those who have endeavoured to educate their taste by a careful study of more familiar models object to a departure from principles of which the artist probably never heard, or which it would have been quite impossible for him to have adopted in his own country. This is the case both with painting and poetry, but far more strikingly so with acting—an art whose too ephemeral charm largely depends on the taste, the manners, and the fashion of the day. It may not therefore be uninteresting to inquire how closely a few of the peculiarities of Italian acting are connected with the national character. In doing this, we shall refer as little as possible to the distinguished guest who is at present performing at Covent Garden, and who, whatever may be our opinion as to his reproduction of single parts, deserves our respect on account of the great influence he has exerted in the reform of tragic acting in his own country. In speaking of the Italian stage, we are thinking rather of the theatres of Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples than of Signor Salvini and his troupe.

The Italian is a social, the Englishman to a considerable extent a solitary animal. The former lives a great deal in the open air and in places of public resort. He is always ready to enter into a conversation with the respectable stranger who sits at his own or the neighbouring table. After a few such meetings he makes you his confidant in everything except his money affairs, and is ready to supply you with the details of his whole emotional and family history. His wife, it seems, is not a paragon, and, if you are not a marriageable man, he is ready to own that his eldest daughter has a bad temper. Life altogether is rather a paltry business, but one must not take things too seriously; carnival has not long been passed, and already Easter is near. These things he tells you while you are a perfect stranger, whom he would never think of inviting to his house; indeed, it is only when you are introduced to him that he becomes reticent. History has shown that the Italian is far more gifted both for intrigue and conspiracy than most of the Northern nations—a fact which is probably in a great degree due to his sobriety. He is not addicted to drink, and he rarely, between his nineteenth and his fiftieth year, becomes the fool or the tool of a woman. He is thus protected against the two influences which the police find most useful when a plot is to be discovered. He is shrewd and cautious in business matters, too, and silent whenever he fancies that his speech would give you an advantage over him. These are serious matters, and must be treated seriously, but with his emotions it is different. If he has been disappointed in a love affair, if his mistress or his wife has proved unfaithful to him, he cannot thoroughly enjoy his desolation before he has brought it before his own little public, in which he generously includes not only his personal friends, but also any stranger he may chance to meet in a café or a railway carriage whom he finds or fancies to be *simpatico*. So far does this instinct for expression of the feelings go that in Naples it is the popular belief that any attempt to suppress or conceal a strong unsatisfied passion, whether it be love, hatred, or fear, is injurious to the health; and so men who have ten times more courage than many of the Englishmen that laugh at them will there say, without shame, "I dare not—I am afraid." Thus, much that forms the most private and secret experience of men of Northern races is openly discussed in every Italian café, and even those who suffer most perhaps find a comfort in the consciousness that they are, for the time at least, interesting.

Nature has granted the Italian the social gifts he himself values most highly—the charm of manner, the art of adding effectiveness to everything he says or does by gesture, tone, and facial expression. "*Er weiss sich zu geben*," as the Germans say, an art in which they themselves are sadly wanting; the result is that you generally find your German acquaintances gain and the Italian lose on a nearer acquaintance, but for the moment the latter overwhelm you. To see even half a dozen peasants in the street is often like looking at a picture or a scene in a well-ordered theatre. They talk not only with their tongues, but with their whole bodies. They are a nation of rhetoricians; it is therefore only natural that they should be peculiarly susceptible to the charms of an art in which they excel, and that words and postures which would seem to us theatrical claptrap will there decide an election, or even, in exceptional cases, a division. They do not suspect that the brilliant phrase and the studied attitude are signs of insincerity, as Englishmen instinctively do. They see the purpose, they will even criticize the means by which it is attained, but this does not render them impervious to the charm.

Now all this must affect their acting. The subdued and most self-restrained of performers is obliged to adopt on the stage manners more accentuated and gestures more marked than he would think of employing in real life. From what level is he to calculate the necessary elevation. Obviously from that of his audience. Some years ago Signor Rossi was condemned by several Neapolitan critics for the tameness of his Hamlet, whereas his rendering of the part seemed almost farcical to an Englishman, and it was, even on the first evening, far more highly coloured than he ever thinks of making it at Florence. The cause of this is clear enough. If the man from whom you buy your fish is accustomed to assume the most indignant and pathetic attitudes when the question between you is one of a penny, you naturally expect a prince whose father has been murdered to do something more. The tragic actor must outbid the man in the street. Of course when he comes to England he ought to moderate his gesticulation, and this the Italian celebrities who visit us almost invariably endeavour to do. It is unfair to them not to remember that this requires an effort greater than that of the Englishman

who desires to rise "to the height of the scene." Before us they always act in chains.

But the fact that the Italian knows nothing of our reticence, of the sanctity in which we hold our own hearts and homes, is a still more important matter. Even in the privacy of his bedchamber he is apt to imagine himself in the presence of a sympathetic audience, and to play a part. He utters noble sentiments to himself and his looking-glass, and does not pause to inquire whether they spring from his heart or his imagination. The result is that he never can speak a monologue as a Northern audience thinks it ought to be spoken. On his lips it is no piece of self-communing, no silent thought rendered audible for a dramatic purpose, as Shakspeare's soliloquies invariably are; it is an address to the audience, in which all the fine points are carefully insisted upon. It is his hearers, not himself, that the Italian Hamlet or Lear endeavours to persuade. When a second person enters, there is hardly a change in his voice or manner, except that his eyes are fixed on Ophelia or the clown, instead of on the third gallery or a lady in the stalls. There are exceptions, of course; but even in the case of the greatest actors they are rare. The instinct of the Italian performer is to turn poetry into what seems to us mere rhetoric. And the same national characteristics affect his whole conception of character. The success or failure of the hero is to him always an external matter—a thing that can be seen and displayed. Shakspeare, on the other hand, loves to dwell on the hidden internal tragedy, on the horror of the soul at its own crime or weakness, and the loss and gain that no court of law can assess. It is, however, this intimate knowledge of the silent and hidden workings of the human heart that has rendered him the favourite dramatist of Northern nations. The Southerner is attracted less by this than by the splendid theatrical opportunities he constantly affords, the very characteristic of his work to which the German actor is generally all but blind. Thus, the one is too apt to give us the soul without the body, and the other the body without the soul.

AN IRISH CATHOLIC LAYMAN ON OBEDIENCE TO THE POPE.

IN commenting last May on the Irish Circular then just issued by Leo XIII., we took occasion to observe that the Court of Rome does not often speak out so distinctly, and with so little circumlocution or technical verbiage of any kind, especially on matters having no directly ecclesiastical significance. And we added that the reception of a document, at once so authoritative and so impossible to misunderstand or evade, would supply an excellent test of that devotion to the Holy See which we are so loudly assured on all occasions is the special boast and prerogative of Catholic Ireland. The event has justified our discernment on both points, with a completeness which could hardly have been anticipated. A bulky pamphlet lies before us, *Letters from an Irish Catholic Layman*, reprinted from the *Nation*—one of the leading Parnellite organs—devoted first to emphasizing the unmistakable drift of the Papal circular of May last, and the impossibility of putting on it any but one construction—"*a frightful mistake has been made*. Propaganda has changed sides and *gone over to our enemies*"—and, secondly, to establishing the necessary inference that, as the Pope has unequivocally condemned Mr. Parnell and all his works, the document cannot be regarded as "in any true sense, a Papal utterance at all," and the paramount duty of Irish Catholics is to disobey it at all costs. We cannot profess to have waded straight through the whole 119 pages of this somewhat wearisome and extremely tautologous tirade, but the writer has collected into a brief Appendix the acidulated quintessence of his indictment, and we are therefore relieved from the obligation of more than a cursory review of the salient points of the correspondence. It is only due to him to explain that, while he comes forward as "an Irish Catholic Layman," he begins by informing us—no doubt quite correctly—that he does not speak the sentiments of laymen only; on the contrary, his letters "have been received by ecclesiastics with a remarkable warmth of approval." We entirely believe him; it may safely be assumed that two-thirds at least of the Irish priesthood follow the patriotic lead of Archbishop Croke. He premises another profession at starting which has an exquisite naïveté about it. Those who recollect the sensation produced above twenty years ago by the appearance of *Essays and Reviews*, may also remember the statement in a prefatory notice that the writers anticipated advantage from "a free handling, in a becoming spirit," of the sacred themes they were engaged upon. That their handling was "free" was allowed on all hands; about the "becoming spirit" there was not an equally unanimous consent. A similar preamble of the Catholic Layman's is suggestive of a similar comment. He too has undertaken to treat "respectfully—at least in intention—but with *very uncommon freedom*, of the policy and actions of ecclesiastics of high rank," including the highest of all. That the Catholic Layman's freedom is "very uncommon"—even were he a Protestant heretic, it would be startling enough—none of his readers are likely to dispute. As to respectful intentions—perhaps a man is the best judge of his own subjective intentions, but the result inevitably reminds one of a familiar proverb about the manufacture of paving-stones. On that point however our readers will have an opportunity of judging for themselves, and they will probably agree that he wallops his own nigger—that is "the Castle Bishops" in general, to whose exposure ten successive letters are devoted, and various exalted prelates living and dead by name, even before coming to the highest ecclesiastic of all—with a "freedom" and frankness—his victims will perhaps be tempted to call it a brutal frankness—which leave little to be desired.

Let us take a few characteristic specimens of this method of "free handling, in a becoming spirit." The venerable Archbishop Murray, Cardinal Cullen's predecessor at Dublin, was universally respected throughout Ireland by Protestants no less than by his own flock, and it was reported how the Queen, on her visit to Ireland with Prince Albert, was deeply impressed by his respectful and dignified demeanour. Our Catholic Layman remarks that "Archbishop Murray justly bears the largest portion of the blame due for the wretched muddle into which the question of primary education has fallen" in Ireland. Dr. Murray's successor at Dublin was a very different man from himself, but he fares still worse at the hands of his critic. It cannot indeed be said that either Cardinal Cullen or Pius IX. were men of large and enlightened views, but they had an honest aversion to murder and treason, and it was notorious that Dr. Cullen was appointed direct from Rome to the primacy in order that he might enforce on the Irish priesthood the duty of confining themselves to their spiritual duties—which were then, and are often still, scandalously neglected—and not meddling with political agitation. To the best of his power, and not without beneficial effect, he carried out his commission. It is therefore only natural for our Catholic Layman to observe "that, since Oliver Cromwell landed on her shores, no greater calamity befell Ireland than the advent of Cardinal Cullen." Cardinal Cullen's present successor, who was justly honoured by a complimentary telegram from the Queen, and raised by Leo XIII. to the purple, has continued the same policy, but in a more statesmanlike and judicious manner. He accordingly incurs a yet deeper condemnation. "Intimately acquainted with Ireland, Cardinal MacCabe has followed the example of Cardinal Cullen in its most anti-Irish features. Under his administration the See of Dublin has got further estranged from the Irish cause"—that is, of course, the cause of rebellion—"and the chain of Castle servitude more firmly bound on priests and people." So much for individual prelates. As to that most contemptible creature, "the Castle Bishop" generically, we have no room to follow our Catholic Layman through his detailed vivisection of him, "as a patriot," "as an educator," in "his genesis," his relations with "the English Catholic faction," "his allies, and his end." It may be right to explain that "his end" does not mean, as we rather feared at first, his end in the next world—that would be quite too awful a subject of contemplation—but his end in Ireland, which is that he must be improved out of it with all available speed, "for until he is made impossible, the relations of Ireland with the Holy See will be in peril." That can only mean that unless he is speedily got rid of, it will become necessary to declare that the Pope "neither hath, nor ought to have any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within the realm" of Ireland. We must find room however for the definition of "the Castle Bishop," which is terse and to the point. It is given in answer to a critic who had taken exception to the phrase, and is attributed to episcopal authorship:—"An English Whig is bad, an Irish Whig is worse, an Irish Catholic Whig is worst of all; but an Irish ecclesiastical Catholic Whig is —— itself." The reader is requested "to fill the blank for himself." He will have no difficulty in doing so, and a certain squeamishness—of a very English and Protestant kind, no doubt—precludes us from supplying the omitted monosyllable for him.

Before coming to the Appendix we turned with some curiosity to a final letter "on English Catholicism," in which our Roman Catholic countrymen will certainly find themselves dealt with, if not "respectfully," at least "with very uncommon freedom" indeed. In the first place we learn that the crowning sin of the English Catholic gentry is that "they are Englishmen first and Catholics after." But as it is the writer's object to insist that Irish Catholic gentry are bound to be Irishmen first and Catholics after, this charge sounds a little oddly in his mouth. He explains however that by being Englishmen first, he means that they do not canvass Irish constituencies in the Parnellite interest, where "they could have got seats in any necessary number"—a pleasing prospect, if the Irish constituency is to be enlarged. His suggestion that the late Dr. Ward, editor of the *Dublin Review*, ought to have placed his "eloquent tongue" at Mr. Parnell's service in Parliament, if it is seriously meant, will appear to those who knew anything of Dr. Ward to betray a somewhat defective sense of humour in the Irish Layman. He proceeds to fall foul of the *Dublin Review* under its present *régime*, and we are free to confess that, if in Dr. Ward's hands it was clever and rather violent, it has now become exceedingly dull. But still we suspect the editor understands his business better than his critic, who complains that "with numberless practical questions calling for treatment and solution, it is filled with abstractions, such as Essays on "the Days of Creation, the origin of the word 'Muss,' or the guilt or innocence of Mary of Scotland." Essays on the Scriptural meaning of the Days of Creation—which came by the way from the pen of a bishop—seem more congruous to the pages of a theological Review, and will probably be found by "the English Catholic gentry" more readable, than essays on the "practical question" how to collect a fund to put into Mr. Parnell's pocket. The *Tablet*, an English Roman Catholic newspaper, which is anti-Fenian, is roundly charged with "venturing on the lie direct with

an audacity which rivals the *Times*"; the charge comes rather oddly from a writer whose own sense of veracity may be gauged by his calmly repeating the exploded fable that "Mr. Gladstone declared 'the sentence of eviction was a sentence of death for 15,000 Connaught peasants'"—which he must be perfectly aware that Mr. Gladstone has emphatically denied having ever said. But our Layman is not content with a general indictment of the English Catholic gentry. He has a fling at individual representatives of the class, both living and departed. "The late Earl of Shrewsbury" was a man widely respected for his goodness and his munificent and unostentatious charities; the Layman himself mentions that he spent 100,000*l.* on church-building in two places only. But he did not assist Irish Fenianism, and was therefore justly denounced by O'Connell as "a pious fool." Lord Bute has "given years to the translation of the Breviary"—not an unnatural or unprofitable occupation for a Roman Catholic scholar—but has neglected the cause of Irish university education—which did not especially concern him—and therefore his conduct "may well give rise to doubts as to the reality and permanency of his conversion [to "Irish ideas"?—yes] and to gravest fears for the future of a body of which he is one of the principal leaders." And if from the English Catholic gentry we turn to their clerical superiors, the prospect does not improve. There is a somewhat obscure reference to "Cardinals Newman and Manning," from which we are led to infer that the former, however great "in the order of thought," is of not much practical use, while of the latter "the English Catholic body is not worthy." It is intimated that, "if the Irish people had the advantage of the leading wasted on men who will not follow," they would soon get their rights. How far Cardinal Manning will appreciate this rather ambiguous compliment we cannot say. But if no help is to be expected from English Catholics, there is yet balm in Gilead; something may be hoped for from English Protestants, and more particularly English atheists. "Supposing, by the favour of that bright Christian, Mr. W. E. Gladstone, the beastliest form of infidelity, in the person of Mr. Bradlaugh, had got entrance into the House of Commons, Mr. Parnell would be perfectly free to take advantage of his vote." Why not? Mr. Parnell, who has hob-nobbed affectionately with equally decided, if not equally "beastly," professors of infidelity in the persons of the Paris Communists, need not certainly be squeamish about allying himself in Parliament with Mr. Bradlaugh, and probably will not be, if he ever gets the opportunity. But moreover something may be hoped for from Irish Protestants, who will be gratified to learn on such excellent authority, that most of them—"truth compels me to except Belfast from this favourable view"—represent "a far higher type, both in belief and conduct," than their English co-religionists. If they are not the rose, at least they are near the rose, and close physical contact with that most fragrant and enchanting variety of the orthodox faith, Irish Catholicism, has suffused them, as it were, with a refracted odour of sanctity. They have imbibed, we are to understand—except in Belfast—some approximate appreciation, not indeed of the sanctity of human life—that vulgar error the English Protestants, or even the English Catholic gentry might have taught them—but of the sanctity of taking it, of the science of judicious "removals."

And now let us pass on to the Appendix, which contains in a nutshell the pith of the whole matter. It opens with "the Roman Letter" of the *Nation* for May 10, 1883, accompanying the Papal Circular, and the Roman Letter opens in this wise:—

> There is evil and disastrous news from Rome. Never since the priceless treasure of the Faith was brought to our Irish shore has so terrible a stroke been dealt at religion in Ireland as it is our lot to chronicle to-day.
>
> The deadly intrigues of England have triumphed at the Propaganda. The sword is drawn on our faithful and devoted prelates and priests.
>
> May the God of our fathers be with Ireland in this cruel moment! Now, indeed, must we show that our fidelity to religion and our historic devotion to the Holy See can come scathless through an ordeal more trying than the blazing faggots of Elizabeth or the merciless massacres of Cromwell.
>
> As we have through blood and fire held our faith against England, so shall we at all human price hold our country against Rome. We will not desert our priests and prelates; they will not desert us. If force, spiritual or temporal, come to tear them and us asunder, we will recall to mind how are now those who in an evil moment were enabled to speak in the name of the Supreme Pontiff were (fortunately for Rome and for Ireland) resisted—and successfully resisted—by O'Connell, with Catholic Ireland at his back.

Then follows a graceful allusion to "the British spy, who for the last sixteen months has been traducing us and our prelates and priests in secret at Rome," and the English Minister, who employed him, as former English Ministers have employed former spies, but with this difference—the italics are not ours—"In *that* day it was done in vain. *To-day* it has succeeded!" And then we are reminded how Ireland is honourably contrasted with every other nominally Catholic country in Europe, Italy, Portugal, Austria, France, Spain—none of which deserve the name of Catholic—in that "they have marched on to infidelity with the cry of No Priests in Politics!"; which is precisely the cry raised by the Catholic Layman a few pages further on against the Pope. The Letter concludes: "If Rome will enter into an unholy alliance with England against us, then, trusting in the help of the good God, we shall stand for the national rights and liberties of Ireland against Rome and England." We have next an article from the *Nation* of a week later recording an historical parallel, which suggests a noble example of Irish resistance to the authority of Rome. In 1814 a letter was addressed by Quarantotti, Prefect of Propaganda, to Dr. Poynter, Vicar Apostolic of the London district—not "head of the English hierarchy," as the *Nation* calls him, for there was then no such hierarchy—conceding to the English Government a veto on episcopal appointments in Ireland. This missive from Rome "scandalized, astounded, and horrified bishops, priests, and people" in Ireland. An Irish priest of the day observed in the *Dublin Evening Post* that "some cursed, others moaned, all complained," and his own old servant-maid asked him with agonized emphasis, "Oh! sir, what shall we do? *Is it, can it be true, that the Pope has turned Orangeman?*" The congregations were all in mourning, but the bishops and clergy spoke out boldly:—"Every attempt," wrote the Irish priest, the master of the agonized servant-maid, "to weaken the Catholic Church in Ireland shall in the end prove fruitless; and as long as the shamrock shall adorn our island, so long shall the faith delivered to us by St. Patrick prevail, in spite of kings, Parliaments, Orangemen, and Quarantottis." The venerable Bishop of Cloyne "denounced in scathing language what he called 'Mr. Quarantotti's decree'"—it was really of course the Pope's—and other bishops followed suit. The clergy of Dublin, headed by Dr. Blake, P.P., who afterwards became a bishop, passed a resolution to the effect "that we consider the document or rescript signed Quarantotti as non-obligatory upon the Catholic Church in Ireland;" in other words they openly defied the Pope. And an episcopal Synod convened at Maynooth sent a deputation to Rome "to argue the whole question" with his Holiness. It is noteworthy however that some of the bishops, including Bishop Doyle—the well-known "J. K. L.," far the ablest and most upright and conscientious of Irish Roman Catholic prelates for many a long year—were in favour of accepting the arrangement. But the question was not left to the bishops to decide. "If the laity, headed by O'Connell, had not intervened on the side of Ireland," all would have been lost. But O'Connell "rejected with scorn all compromise." He nobly declared, "I will for ever divide with [meaning apparently, from] the men who, directly or indirectly, consent to vetoism of any description." He went further, and intimated his readiness, if necessary, to "divide with" the Pope himself. His protest, duly italicized, runs as follows:—"Let our determination never to assent reach Rome. It can easily be transmitted there; *but even should it fail I am still determined to resist.* I am sincerely a Catholic, but I am not a Papist. I deny the doctrine that the Pope has any temporal authority, directly or indirectly, in Ireland; we have all denied it on oath, and we would die to resist it." Very fine certainly; only a benighted English Protestant might have imagined that the nomination of bishops had something to do with spiritual authority, but O'Connell and the Irish Catholic Layman know better. O'Connell indeed "knew no foreign prince whom in temporal matters [such as episcopal nominations] the Catholics would more decidedly resist than the Pope; and this while they respected and recognized his spiritual authority," which has obviously no connexion with such details of Church government. He "would as soon receive his politics from Constantinople as from Rome," and "how dare Quarantotti [that is the Pope] dictate to the people of Ireland?" Pius VII. yielded to the storm, and withdrew his "Orange" rescript, but "the outrage offered to Ireland in the Propaganda Letter" of last May has not yet been cancelled, "and already deplorable mischief looms on the horizon." It is no time for mincing matters. "When Pope Clement"—Ganganelli, one of the best and wisest pontiffs since the Reformation—"so far harked in with the anti-Jesuit Crusade, in presence of a howl raised by all the infidels and tyrants of Europe [*i.e.* the Catholic sovereigns], as to decree the suppression of the heroic Society of Jesus—when Pope Pius VII. was so far 'misled' or 'misinformed' as to concede the Veto of 1814," they were told plainly that they were wrong and must retrace their steps. The same plain speaking must be used now to Leo XIII., and his chief emissary in Ireland, Cardinal MacCabe, who "has, from first to last, denounced the movement that saved the Irish people from ruin, and brought forth Mr. Gladstone's Land Act of 1881." If the Letter of Cardinal Simeoni last year is not resisted as stoutly as was the Letter of Cardinal Quarantotti in 1814, "it can only lead to one result." In other words, if Leo XIII. is not compelled to withdraw his Letter, as did Pius VII., Irishmen, as represented by Mr. Parnell and the Catholic Layman, will withdraw their allegiance from him. Quite so. Said we not rightly in a previous article, that, "as far back as they are known to history at all, they have been 'Catholics, if you please, but first Irishmen'"; and accordingly that "the fervent Catholicism of what has been not very happily termed 'one of the most priest-ridden nations in Europe,' has retired into the background, with the subsidence of the accidental and temporary causes which evoked it"? They decline to listen to the Pope as soon as he bids them respect the second table of the Decalogue.

IL GLADIATORE.

SIGNOR SALVINI has lately reappeared in *Il Gladiatore*, an adaptation of Soumet's tragedy, and has therein, to a far greater extent than in any other work, justified the enthusiasm of his admirers. "The play is contemptible," is Mr. George Henry Lewis's verdict. "I do not think that any actor could have succeeded with such a patchwork," he goes on to say; and we certainly do not propose to stand up in warm defence of Soumet. There are, nevertheless some powerful incidents in *Il Gladiatore*, and Signor Salvini, as the Thracian slave, is called upon to portray

deep emotions which lie within the compass of his art. That the full depth of these emotions is sounded, that the pathos is all it might be made, we are not able to admit; but it must be cordially confessed that, especially in the fourth act, the scene in the amphitheatre where the Gladiator finds that the Christian he is commanded to kill is his own daughter, Signor Salvini is exceedingly impressive. No severe tax is laid on the actor's imagination; his long speeches are narratives, prayers, denunciations, and not soliloquies; and alike in figure and bearing he most admirably realizes the idea of the dauntless hero of the arena. *Saucius ejurat pugnam gladiator*, Ovid has said; but one cannot believe that any pain of wounds would quench this warrior's courage. The long description given to the Christian Origen, of how his wife was most hideously murdered before his eyes, is finely spoken by the Gladiator, except that the vehemence of his passion might be exchanged for something of intensity. As regards what is more strictly speaking the acting of the scene, it is still to be deplored that Signor Salvini practises no higher art than that of what has well been called "pictorial gesture." When he tells Origen how he was bound to a pillar by iron chains, and how, as he saw the victim of the Empress Faustina's superstition quiver beneath the knife, he struggled desperately to get free, he reproduces his writhings and frantic efforts. Here we are quite in accord with the critic already quoted, from whom in his general estimate of the play we have in some degree ventured to differ. Speaking of "pictorial gesture," Mr. Lewes remarks, "I cannot think it consistent with fine art, being as it is a remnant of the early stages of evolution, wherein gesture is descriptive, and not, as in the higher stages, symbolical; it bears the same relation to the expressive gestures of cultivated minds that picture writing bears to the alphabet." It may be safely assumed, from a study of the Italian actor's method, that if he were to give the famous speech of Jaques, "All the world's a stage," those imitations of the seven ages which are the stock-in-trade of the inferior provincial player would all be carefully reproduced. All the representation of the struggle is, however, perfect in itself as an example of this manner of illustration. The declamatory passages spoken by the Gladiator in the Temple of Juno go for little, except that it is a pleasure to listen to the rhythmical rise and fall of the actor's voice; but throughout the scene in the Amphitheatre, whither he has been summoned to fight the lions, Signor Salvini is at his best. The consciousness of strength, the fierce delight of battle, the proud assurance of victory, are nobly indicated as the Gladiator, who has been absent for fifteen years guarding the child now stolen from him, strides with head erect across the familiar place, the admiration of the Romans who crowd the seats above him. The Priest demands that first of all the Christian who has violated Juno's temple shall be sacrificed, and the Gladiator, now executioner, tests one after another the swords which are brought in for his choice. The victim, Neodamia, enters whilst his back is turned; and there is something terrible in the careless manner in which he flings down each blade which he rejects till the weight and balance of one satisfies him, and then turns to where the black-veiled figure awaits her fate. As she submissively bends her head for the blow the Gladiator sees upon her shoulder the mark which tells him that this is his own child; a few words bring conviction, and with a cry of fervent joy, throwing his sword from him, he springs forward to clasp her in his arms. All this is wonderfully good, and to the end of the act, when Faustina (who believes that the life of her son, the Emperor, is bound up with that of the Gladiator's child) ensures a respite of a day, nothing is wanting except a truer ring of earnestness in the voice of the father, as he pleads to the wayward populace and the inflexible Priest for his daughter's life. The construction of the last act is weakened by the scenes which are devoted to showing how the Gladiator exults over the agony of Faustina, herself a prisoner in Neodamia's cell, while the populace risen in revolt burn her palace and slay her son. It is the author who is at fault. Faustina's barbarity was described in the first act, but the effect of that has passed; interest now centres in Neodamia and her father; the audience is indifferent to the fate of the Empress. At length, to save her from a worse death, the Gladiator stabs his child, and plunges the weapon into his own breast. The preparations, the dialogue, and the action are so much spun out, however, that one is apt to awake from illusion, to be disenchanted, and to remember the actor at the expense of the desperate father. It will be seen that there is much to praise and but little to condemn in this performance, which, with a weaker hero, would be intolerable; but then, in estimating the value of a dramatic work, it is only fair to consider what it is worth if adequately interpreted. The general representation is more level than it has been in any previous play. Signora Cattaneo touches somewhat timidly the character of Neodamia; but, if the outline is feeble, it is correct. Signora I. Piamonti is a capable Faustina.

LIFEBOATS.

THE annual meeting of the National Lifeboat Institution, held on Saturday last, attracted rather more attention than usual, owing partly to the fact that the Prince of Wales, who on one previous occasion had taken the chair, presided, and partly, perhaps, to the pleasure which was felt in hearing of successful efforts to save life after the long accounts of the destruction of life on a large scale which has filled so many columns during the week; but still it cannot be said that the noble work of the Institution has excited any such enthusiasm as might be expected, or that the langour of the public with regard to it has been effectually dispelled. When, owing to the exertions of a private Society, which receives no aid whatever from the State, 1,839 lives were saved in two years, it might reasonably be thought that very general and very warm, not to say intense, admiration would be felt; but it can hardly be said that the energy of the Institution and the magnificent deeds of the crews have really roused any feeling of this kind. The sympathetic speech of the Prince, and the presentation of testimonials to two veteran coxswains by the Princess of Wales, did, for a moment, draw attention to the wonderful work which is done on our coasts: but the interest which was awakened soon flagged, and by this time the brief but very striking record which His Royal Highness was able to give is well-nigh forgotten. Perhaps the Institution suffers as some individuals suffer who do their work too well. The annual saving of life does not strike people because during so many years lives have been saved before. The task is so well accomplished that its great and inherent difficulty is overlooked.

This year the record of what had been done certainly deserved notice, as showing how admirably the lifeboat service is maintained. The number of lives saved in 1883 has only been exceeded in four years out of the sixty during which the Institution has existed. In 1867, 1,086 lives were saved; in 1869, 1,231; in 1877, 1,048; in 1881, 1,121, and last year, 955, of which 725 were saved by lifeboats, and 230 by other boats, the crews of which received rewards from the Institution. The mere statement of lives saved, however striking as it is, does not show all the work done by crews, as, in answer to signals of distress, boats were frequently launched on voyages which had no result in saving life, and it may be presumed that not a few of these voyages were quite unnecessary, and that in a good many cases the crew, after much toil and perhaps some danger, reached a vessel merely to find that the master had changed his mind. If this supposition is correct, a curious fact shown by the Report of the Institution for 1883 may be partly accounted for. From a tabulated statement there given, it appears that the number of launches in each month bore but a very irregular proportion to number of lives saved. Thus, to take the first three months, there were in January 33 launches and 70 lives saved, in February 39 launches and 53 lives saved, and in March 41 launches and 105 lives saved; and a similar disproportion is shown in the closing months of the year. When the furious gales of the early ones are remembered, it seems strange to find that the month during which there was most for the lifeboat crews to do was September, during which 127 lives were saved, the number of launches being 51. In December nearly as many rescues were effected; but the work apparently was not so arduous, as the number of launches was considerably less.

That in the many voyages made during the winter gales, the equinoctial gales, and those which came out of all season, great courage and endurance and a resolute determination to give aid at all hazards, if aid were possible, were shown by the sailors who work for the Institution, need hardly be said; for, whether those who allege that the British seaman is not what he was be right or wrong, there can happily be no doubt whatever that the lifeboat crews have not in the least deteriorated, and that the magnificent spirit which has hitherto animated them for so long is in no way on the decline. What real danger there is in their work, despite the admirable qualities of the boats they man, was shown in a very melancholy manner at the beginning of the past year. On January 23 the lifeboat *Albert Edward*—a name well known to all who are acquainted with the annals of the service—was going out to the assistance of a vessel in distress when "the third sea" capsized her, and, although she righted quickly, the second coxswain and one of the hands were drowned. The petty officer, it may be observed, had been out thirty-three times, and had aided in the saving of 116 lives. On no other occasion were men lost from any of the boats in 1883; but the accounts given in the Journal of the Institution show that crews were not unfrequently in some danger, and that often their work required great endurance. Not long after the fatal mishap just mentioned another lifeboat crew were in considerable peril, and showed the most heroic indifference to it. On Feb. 6, the brig *Euphemia Fullerton*, of Londonderry, got ashore near Ballywater, Co. Down, in a heavy gale. With great difficulty the lifeboat was dragged to a point on the coast near the scene of the wreck, and she was then manned and launched. So furious was the gale, however, that she was driven ashore, three of her oars being broken, and, with a tremendous surf running, there was great difficulty in saving her. The crew, however, were not in the least daunted; and, plenty of willing hands aiding, the boat was launched again, and succeeded in taking off the crew of the brig, six in number. It should be mentioned that the boat was in charge of the Rev. J. O. Reilly Blackwood, an hon. sec. of a branch of the Institution, who had previously distinguished himself in lifeboat work, and who most deservedly received a second service clasp for his noble efforts on this occasion. The gale in which he and his men made so useful a rescue must have extended or travelled very quickly to the east coast of England, as on the morning of the succeeding day it was blowing very hard off Harwich, and a vessel was driven ashore on that ugly miniature Goodwin, the Shipwash Sand. The lifeboat *Springwell* was manned, towed out to the sands, and spoke a large screw-steamer, the master of which had made several fruitless efforts to rescue the crew of the stranded ship. The lifeboat men, happily, were more successful. Their craft was taken

well up to windward, and then dropped down under sail and anchored close to the wreck, on board which a grappling-rope was thrown; and by means of this the crew were rescued, in spite of the difficulty and danger caused by the floating wreckage, a thing dangerous anywhere, but specially dangerous in such seas as break on the Shipwash. On other of the dangerous shoals off the East coast several very courageous rescues were effected during the winter; and further north similar bravery was shown. One exceptionally bold deed by a North-country seaman demands special notice, although the danger was incurred not at sea, but on shore. On March 11th the Seaton Carew lifeboat went out at night in answer to signals of distress from the Long Scar Rocks. There were heavy snow-showers and the wreck could not be seen, and as in the darkness it was impossible to take the boat in among the rocks, the coxswain, Henry Hood, and one of the hands landed on the reef and endeavoured to discover the vessel. This at great risk they succeeded in doing. Another hand from the boat joined them, and, after many efforts, a line was thrown on board the wreck. Just after this had been done the coxswain saw a man in the surf and, rushing into it immediately, succeeded with the aid of his companions in saving him. By means of the line the crew were got on to the rock, and with great difficulty the lifeboat was regained. For his very gallant conduct on this occasion Hood received the Albert medal of the second class, and the silver medal of the Institution, and certainly this was no more than his due. His achievement and the others which have been spoken of show how the lifeboatmen worked in the storms of the early part of the year, and as a further and striking instance of the spirit which animated them we may mention that in two consecutive days in March the Thurso lifeboat saved the crews of six vessels.

With the latter part of the spring and with the summer the work became less arduous, and the number of rescues much smaller. Vessels, it is true, succeed in getting ashore at all times of the year, but happily it is not usually possible to put the lives of men in danger in fine weather. So late as May 9 a lifeboat with a crew of Customs officers and pilots took a crew safely from a vessel which went to pieces only twenty minutes after they had left her; but otherwise there seems to have been no demand for any great exertion in May, and June and July were at least as calm as usual. During these two months lifeboats were only launched eight times. With August came need for a little more work, and September was, as has been shown, the month during which the lifeboats had most to do. Although, however, great skill and courage must have been displayed, and although the number of lives saved shows how admirably the crews must have striven, there do not seem to have been such specially difficult and dangerous voyages as were made in the early part of the year. The crew of the Ballywater lifeboat already mentioned were tried, as other lifeboat crews have been, by the inconsistent, if brave, conduct of men who first made signals of distress, then refused to leave the ship, then made signals of distress again, and did their duty with excellent spirit; but, so far as can be ascertained from the record at present given, the month was remarkable for the alacrity and readiness everywhere shown rather than for any very exceptional rescues. In October the New Brighton lifeboat saved the crew of an unlucky ship which had not fairly started on her voyage when she got ashore. Owing to the extreme darkness of the night on which the wreck occurred, and to the heavy sea which was running, the danger and difficulty were considerable, and the master of the vessel, whose wife was saved with him, showed a feeling which has not always been evinced, as he wrote to a Liverpool paper to express his gratitude to the seamen who had saved twenty-one lives. Later on in the month the famous Ramsgate lifeboat rendered material assistance to a vessel which had gone ashore on the North Sand Head, and on November 7th the same boat went alongside one vessel which had got ashore, then went to three others which had been abandoned, and finally returned to the stranded vessel, which was ultimately brought by steam-tugs into Ramsgate harbour. After this no very remarkable voyages are chronicled in the Lifeboat Journal; but that the crews did their work most nobly is proved by the great number of rescues in December, and possibly further accounts of the services rendered on various parts of the coast during that month will be given.

Whether quite completed or not, however, the record for 1883 speaks for itself, and shows that the great traditions of the lifeboat service are nobly maintained by the present crews, and that the Institution which directs them has not in the smallest degree abated its provident care. The achievements to which we have endeavoured to draw attention, and others which we have not space to describe, prove that the men are as willing as ever to face danger and hardship, as anxious as ever to give aid. Small recognition do they receive, as a rule, from the general public, which, moved sometimes to almost hysterical admiration by isolated acts of valour, takes little heed of a steady and strenuous struggle to save life. Perhaps, however, a stronger feeling with respect to them may arise, and justice may be done to men who, in days when sailors are said to be deteriorating, show all the best and noblest characteristics of British seamen. At present certainly there are no signs of any great enthusiasm, and even the speech of the Prince of Wales has not commanded more than passing attention; but some day the doings of crews and the unceasing vigilance of the Institution may receive the notice they deserve. Perhaps even the conflict which is now raging may be the means of drawing attention to them. During the discussions respecting the Merchant Shipping Bill there have been on both sides the strongest expressions of a desire to diminish loss of life. And it may not impossibly occur to some who are weary of the clamour and bewildered by a multitude of conflicting assertions to contrast the talk of the many disputants with the doings of the Society which says so little and actually does save lives at the rate of well-nigh a thousand a year.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE programme of the Crystal Palace Concert last Saturday opened with Mendelssohn's overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the performance of which is well worthy of notice. It not only showed how completely Mr. Manns has once more got his band thoroughly in hand, but also showed him as a conductor with exceptional feeling for tempo and rhythm.

This was immediately followed by the Concerto for violin and orchestra, No. 5 in A, of Mozart, performed for the first time in England. Of the manner of its performance there is but little to be said. Herr Joachim held the solo instrument, and the Crystal Palace band played the orchestral part in their very best style. It is no doubt somewhat impertinent to attempt criticism of a hitherto unheard work of Mozart's after but one hearing, but we are free to confess that the impression left upon our mind was one of disappointment. Had this Concerto not been signed by Mozart, it might have been accepted as a masterly piece of writing for the display of executive ability on the violin, written by one who was a thoughtful and inspired musician; but, considering it as a work of Mozart, in spite of its charm and grace, we feel that in both these particulars it falls short of his other works, which we know and love so well. It is no doubt highly interesting to the musical student, not only on account of certain unimportant departures from the hard and fast lines of form, but also from the singular resemblance of the themes and musical forms of expression to those which are to be found in the works of the old Italian masters. We are almost tempted to think that this work was a sort of study of the style of some contemporary Italian musician, so rarely do we find the habitual tone of musical thought of Mozart cropping up through the almost unfamiliar dialect of the rest of the work. Herr Joachim played as his second piece variations for the violin and orchestra from his own pen—a piece written more for display than for charm, though abundance of the composer's true musical power is to be found in the orchestral part. It seems almost a pity that Herr Joachim and those responsible for the arrangement of the Crystal Palace programme should merely have shown the audience that Herr Joachim has perhaps more command over his instrument than any other living violinist—a fact with which most of them were probably acquainted—and that he should not have had an opportunity of displaying his great power of exciting musical emotion. The band were again heard to great advantage in Schumann's Symphony, No. 2 in C, the first three movements of which were most admirably played. In the final movement, *allegro molto vivace*, perhaps from the effect of fatigue, there were moments when the band were by no means well together. The other orchestral number of the programme was the Notturno and Tarantella from the Italian suite of Raff, which was performed for the first time at these concerts. This exquisite music has not been often heard in England before, and we therefore take this opportunity of again saying that the Notturno at once would stamp its composer as a master of his art. The themes, or rather the theme, upon which it is built is of most exquisite beauty; its whole treatment full of scholarly, yet poetic ingenuity, and its orchestration, though never obtrusive, of the utmost elegance and effectiveness. The Tarantella forms a fine contrast to the earlier movement, and is written with a lively sense of the force and meaning of this form of dance, and with great ability in construction and treatment. Miss Thudichum was the vocalist, and sang the Recitative and Aria, "Ah! come rapida" from Meyerbeer's "Crociato," and Sullivan's song, "My dearest heart." Her voice is of beautiful quality, and her vocalization most admirable, and, above all, entirely without a trace of the tremolo. She speaks her words distinctly, and has an unusually good idea of the right way to declaim recitative. She seems indeed to have all that good teaching and diligent practice can well give her. As to her artistic feeling, we can only say that, though she seemed to thoroughly please her audience, we could not but feel that her musical sense had yet to come to her.

THE INDIAN BUDGET.

THE point that first strikes one in the Indian Budget figures is the remarkably close balance between the revenue and expenditure. In 1882-83 the surplus was 706,633*l.*, the revised estimate for 1883-84 shows a surplus of 271,500*l.*, and the Budget estimate for 1884-85 a surplus of 319,300*l.*, out of a revenue of more than 70½ millions. But the figures are misleading, owing to the plan recently adopted by the Government of India of including in the expenditure, under the head of Insurance against Famine, sums applied to the reduction of debt. The average annual sum so applied is fixed at 750,000*l.*, less any amount actually spent in the relief of famine. The revised estimates of 1882-83 showed 1,330,200*l.*, and the Budget estimates of 1883-84

131,700*l.*, applied to the reduction of debt; how much is appropriated for this purpose in the estimates for 1884-85 we are not in a position at present to know, but it may probably be taken at about 750,000*l.* It is evident that these sums are really surplus revenues, and should be added to the surpluses given above. In 1882-83 a net charge of 785,496*l.* is included on account of the Egyptian war, which was not foreseen when the Budget estimates for that year were prepared. But here, again, the system of preparing the Indian accounts is misleading, owing to rupees being taken at the conventional value of two shillings. The expenditure and receipts on account of the Egyptian war were partly in rupees in India and partly in pounds sterling in England. The net expenditure in rupees was Rs. 1,17,92,000 entered in the accounts at 1,179,200*l.*, and the net receipt in pounds sterling was 393,704*l.* But the exchange value of the rupees was *1s.* 7½*d.*, so that the actual value of Rs. 1,17,92,000 was 958,100*l.*, and the actual charge for the war on the Indian revenues was, in true sterling, 564,400*l.*, instead of 785,500*l.*, as shown in the Indian accounts, or rather revised Budget estimates. Another unforeseen cause of increased expenditure in 1882-83 was a further fall in the value of silver. The estimate of loss by exchange was framed on an exchange value of *1s.* 8*d.* for the rupee; the actual exchange was *1s.* 7½*d.*; the result has been an excess charge under this head of 306,400*l.*, although it is believed that the drawings on India by the Secretary of State were considerably smaller than was estimated. In spite of these unforeseen charges, the surplus for 1882-83 was 421,633*l.* more than was originally estimated, owing to under-estimates of revenue under almost every head of account.

For the year 1883-84 the revised estimates show an extraordinary increase, both of revenue and expenditure, over the Budget estimates prepared a year ago. The following are the figures:—

	Budget estimate	Revised estimate	Increase
Revenue ...	£67,274,000	£70,569,900	£3,295,900
Expenditure	66,817,000	70,298,500	3,481,500
Surplus ...	457,000	271,400	

Very little explanation is given of these large increases on both sides of the account. Of the increase in revenue about 800,000*l.* is due to principal heads, other than productive public works. The chief of these heads is apparently salt, the consumption of which is said to have increased by 10 per cent. since the reduction of the duty. On the expenditure side it would appear that the increase is due to loss by exchange on remittances to the Secretary of State of 1,500,000*l.* in addition to the estimated drawings, and to the payment of 1,000,000*l.* to the English War Office on account of arrears of non-effective charges connected with Her Majesty's forces in India. These two items apparently account for 1,345,900*l.* of the increased expenditure. It is further stated that the *net* increased revenue from productive public works amounts to 390,900*l.* It will probably be found that the *gross* increase of revenue and expenditure on productive public works, of which this sum is the difference, was very large, and will explain the greater part of the increases on the whole account. A very large extent of State railway lines has recently been opened; the gross receipts and working charges of these lines must year by year swell the account on each side. It is a question whether this profit and loss account should not be entered *net* in the general revenue and expenditure accounts of the Government, the gross figures being given separately in another statement. Already these figures swell the account by nearly ten millions on each side, and in a few years may be doubled or trebled.

In the year 1884-85 the Budget estimates show a revenue and expenditure not much differing from those of 1883-84, namely:—

		Decrease
Revenue	£70,560,400	£9,500
Expenditure	70,241,100	57,400
Surplus	319,300	

As it is probable that the receipts and charges on account of railways will continue to increase, these figures indicate a considerable reduction on both sides of the account under other heads. The estimated falling off in the revenue is attributed to opium, owing to the failure of the poppy crop last year. This requires some explanation. In 1867 the Government of India determined to form a reserve stock of Bengal opium, with the view of giving greater fixity to the quantities offered for sale each year. It was not until 1879 that a sufficient reserve had been formed to enable the Government to carry out this policy. At the beginning of that year the reserve amounted to nearly 48,500 chests. Unfortunately, misled by the large crops of the two previous years, the Government fixed for annual sale a quantity which has proved to be above the average annual production. The result has been that year by year the reserve has decreased. At the beginning of this year it had sunk to below 14,000 chests. But it was not until August last that the Government diminished the quantity to be brought to sale, of which they had bound themselves to give a year's previous notice. The small outturn from last year's crop has again forced them to reduce the quantity from the 1st of April, 1884. In spite of this reduction, we are told that the reserve is estimated to stand at the end of the year at only 2,296 chests. This does not take into account the opium now in process of manufacture from this winter's crop, which is said to be a large one. It is to be regretted that the Government did not sooner appreciate the fact that the quantity fixed for annual sale in 1879 was too large, and that they have been forced to make the recent sudden reductions, and have reverted to the position they had hoped to avoid, in which the quantity brought to sale, and therefore the revenue, is subject to the fluctuations of the season. They have now to recommence their task of forming a reserve stock, so as again to be able to give greater fixity to the revenue. There seems reason to fear that the Government have allowed the acreage under poppy cultivation to diminish, owing to a reduction of the price paid to the cultivators. Although Sir Auckland Colvin is justified under the circumstances in taking a low estimate of the revenue for 1884-85, it must be borne in mind that the price per chest ordinarily rises with the diminution of the quantity sold, and that deficiencies in the supply from Bengal tend to increase the exports of Malwa opium. This, however, does not yield to the Government so large a revenue per chest as the Bengal opium.

The reduction of expenditure is more satisfactory to contemplate. It seems to show that the Local Governments, who have recently been spending their accumulated cash balances, have been able to contract their expenditure so as to keep it within their revenue. The most agreeable feature of the financial statement is the announcement of the increasing success of the investment in railways. Under the old guarantee system the State was burdened with heavy annual charges on the revenue, owing to the high rate of interest guaranteed—generally 5 per cent.—and the great cost at which the lines were constructed. To these succeeded the railways constructed by the State, at a cheaper cost, and out of money borrowed at a lower rate of interest. It is only in the last few years that a large mileage of State lines has been open for traffic: meanwhile the Government has had to defray the interest on the debt. Now that there are 3,600 miles of railway constructed by the State open, and the principal of the guaranteed lines—the East Indian—has been purchased by the Government and worked under a new arrangement more profitable to the State, the receipts from the railways, taken as a whole, not only cover the working expenses and the interest on the money raised for their construction, either under a guarantee or by direct borrowing, but leave a considerable margin of profit to the public revenue. In 1881-82 this exceeded one million; the next year it fell below half a million, but has since steadily increased, and is estimated again to exceed one million in 1884-85. The endeavour of the Government to get lines constructed by private enterprise without a guarantee has had very little success, but under a limited guarantee a considerable impetus has been given to such enterprise. Sir Auckland Colvin's reproof to the mercantile community that they are liberal with their advice and chary with their money is somewhat misplaced. Railways are not made with the money of merchants, whose capital is fully employed in their own business, but with the subscriptions of the general public—persons retired from business, widows, clergymen, professional persons, and others seeking an investment for their savings. Until Sir Auckland Colvin can persuade this class that investments in Indian railways are safe and profitable, no amount of lectures to the mercantile community will produce the necessary funds. We venture to think that it is the instability of the exchange value of rupees, in which the profits are earned, that prevents railways in India from attracting more of that superabundant capital in England always on the look-out for profitable investment. The necessity for railway extension in India, both for commercial objects and for prevention of famine, is now fully recognized, as well as the enormous benefits to the country and to external commerce which have already been conferred by the lines that have been made. The whole question is now before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, and it is to be hoped that they will arrive at a speedy decision; for, meanwhile, all schemes for further extension are postponed.

In view of the small estimated surplus Sir Auckland Colvin has found himself unable to consider any further financial or administrative improvements. A strong case has recently been made out for the reduction of taxation on legal proceedings. It appears that the court fees more than cover the entire expenses of the courts, so that the unfortunate persons who have to enter them as parties to suits are taxed to maintain those courts which protect the whole community. The moderate Income-tax which, under the name of a Licence-tax, is levied on the comparatively wealthy classes of traders is, we think fortunately, to be also let alone. Nothing, apparently, is said about the export duty on rice, which falls chiefly on Burma, where there is another exceptional impost, the Capitation-tax. It would be well if these taxes could be got rid of. Some compensation might be found in the extension of the Indian rate of Salt duty to Burma. The chief difficulty in the way is due to certain commercial agreements with the King of Upper Burma—agreements the terms of which have been repeatedly broken by the King. It is open to the Government of India to come to a new arrangement, by which all salt going to Upper Burma would pay the full duty. This would allow of the tax being enforced in British Burma, and would bring Upper Burma under contribution as well.

On the whole, the financial statement indicates the continued and increasing prosperity of our Indian Empire. The large remissions of taxation, by the abolition of Customs duties and the reduction of the Salt duties in 1882, which were the result of the measures taken under Lord Lytton's administration, have not affected the stability of the finances; and, in the absence of exceptional calamities, such as war and famine or a further fall in the value of silver, there is good ground for anticipating in the not distant future other beneficial reforms and removals of burdens from the taxpayers.

DVORÁK'S *STABAT MATER* AT THE ALBERT HALL.

THE performance at the Royal Albert Hall of Herr Anton Dvorák's "Stabat Mater" was an event which will prove to be one of the features of the present musical season. Mr. Barnby's setting of the Ninety-seventh Psalm under the title of "The Lord is King," although not to be compared with the great "Stabat Mater," was very welcome as an introduction to the concert, and did not suffer from its proximity to the more ambitious work of the Bohemian composer. A comparison of the two works indeed would be obviously unfair, since their respective intentions and spirit are as widely different as it is possible to conceive, but Mr. Barnby may be congratulated on having been able to associate his composition with one of such rare merit as that to which it served as an introduction on this occasion. "The Lord is King" does not seem to aim at any very high standard of excellence, but the music is very charming and effective, and it is clearly the work of a conscientious and practical musician who really loves his art, and does not suffer himself to be carried away by any desire to appear original at the expense of that art. The impression produced by the Psalm was even more favourable than that produced by some more ambitious flights in sacred music that have of late been submitted to the English public, one of its merits consisting in the fact that it is short and thoroughly intelligible—a merit which in these days of laboured abstruseness is by no means to be despised. Of the seven short numbers which make up the Psalm, the solo and chorus, "Sion heard it and rejoiced," the solo part falling to Miss Anna Williams, who sang it with great spirit, and the double quartette, "There is sprung up a light," are the most noteworthy. The latter is a really good piece of writing, and would have had a more complete success had not the orchestra done its best to mar the beauties by asserting so emphatically its claim to the attention of the audience. In fact it is with this department that our quarrel principally lies, for we think the whole work would have been more effective if the orchestra had been a little more restrained, and the singers, both solo and chorus, had been allowed a chance of vindicating themselves. It is true, perhaps, that the work is somewhat heavily scored, and that the predominance of the brass instruments is occasionally excessive; but much, we feel, might nevertheless have been achieved if the orchestral energy had been checked in its rather wild career. What happened in one of the passages allotted to the horns we are not exactly prepared to say, but the effect produced was certainly far from pleasing. Another by no means slight matter we may be allowed to refer to is the very objectionable system of repeating a number at the desire of a noisy minority of the audience.

With regard to the performance of the "Stabat Mater" we may at once say that none of these objections hold good. Not only did the orchestra perform its part with marked success under the skilful conductorship of the composer; but the chorus showed that much time and care had been expended in the rehearsals of the work. The character of the "Stabat Mater" of Anton Dvorák, the music of which we noticed in detail when published, is subdued in tone as a rule, though there are not wanting at times passages of great vigour, which show that this is only the result of wisely-husbanded power, which is eventually allowed to assert itself as it culminates in a magnificent "Amen" in eight parts. Jacopone's Hymn is divided by the composer into ten parts, each serving as a separate number, not one of which is of a tempo more spirited than "andante con moto quasi allegretto," and it is only in the last half of the tenth number that an "allegro molto" is achieved. This might at first be thought to have a somewhat monotonous and gloomy effect; but it is far from being the case, as it only seems to enhance the religious earnestness with which the work is imbued. The composer has treated his subject, we submit, in the only way in which it could be treated—namely, as a hymn in use in Roman Catholic churches; and he follows rightly, as we think, the example set by so many before him of dividing the work into numbers. It seems almost impossible nowadays for a composer of any merit to come amongst us without some reference being made to the influence or non-influence of Wagner upon his method; and Herr Dvorák has had his share of influence-gauging at the hands of most of our contemporaries. We find that as regards the two schools—the "absolute," as represented by Beethoven, Schumann, and Brahms, and the "poetic," as represented by Wagner alone—Herr Dvorák is dubbed an absolutist, so that in his case Wagner's influence is small. Why this strange definition of the two schools should have arisen, and why the Wagnerians should arrogate to themselves the title of the exclusively "poetic" school, except as another instance of their excessive modesty, is a question we will not stop to answer. Herr Dvorák, however, is of the absolute school, and he divides his work into numbers, and has also dared to evade the rules of prosody; that is, he has used the word "pendebat" as a triplet on occasion, and done many other shocking things in the eyes of his "poetic" critic. Nevertheless, even the "poetic" critic must acknowledge that this work shows a grandeur of design, and an earnestness of purpose, together with a marvellous flow of melody, consummate contrapuntal skill, and mastery of the resources of orchestration—that, in fact, it has quite reached that standard, whether "absolute" or "poetic," which entitles it to be called a work of the first rank, a production of genius. In so fine a performance, as a whole, as was given it is difficult to specify the best pieces; but the quartette, "Quis est homo," admirably sung by Miss Anna Williams, Mme. Patey, and Messrs. E. Lloyd and F. King, the chorus, "Eia mater," "Fac me vere tecum flere," very finely given by Mr. E. Lloyd, and the "Inflammatus," in which Mme. Patey excelled, were the best portions of a very finished performance. As we have already said, the orchestra and chorus were all that could be desired; and Herr Dvorák showed himself to be a conductor of the highest order.

THE MONEY MARKET.

THE business community is divided in opinion as to the wisdom of lowering the rate of discount by the Directors of the Bank of England last week. It is obviously to the interest of all who are engaged in trade to be able to obtain what accommodation they require on the lowest terms, and, therefore, it would seem natural that the commercial community should approve of the action taken by the Directors; but not a few far-seeing persons doubt whether that action is calculated in the long run to maintain a cheap money market. Owing to the substitution of a gold for a silver currency in Germany, and to the resumption of specie payments in the United States and in Italy, there has been for the past dozen years a considerable drain of gold from this country. The Bank of England is bound to cash its notes in gold on presentation, and every one, therefore, who can get possession of a sufficient number of Bank of England notes can draw gold from that institution. As our trade is world-wide, and as we are always indebted to some country or other, it thus happens that the Bank of England has come to be regarded as the one place where gold can always be obtained; and upon the Bank of England, therefore, the first and the heaviest demand for the metal falls wherever that demand may arise. Of late years the Bank has, through a combination of circumstances, been unable to replenish its stock of gold in the proportion desired; and not a few business people thought that now at last an opportunity had offered which the Bank Directors would have been wise in turning to the fullest account. The United States have retained at home for eight or nine years all the gold raised from their own mines, and they have drawn in addition immense sums from Europe. At the same time they have coined about 4¾ millions sterling in silver for some years past, and they have kept in circulation all the paper previously existing. In this way the currency of the country has been augmented in an unprecedented manner during the past four or five years, and during the past two years the demand for currency has been decreasing. The over-construction of railways has led to a collapse of speculation, and that in turn has depressed trade. Consequently there is less requirement for money in every direction, and capital has accumulated to an enormous amount at New York. The Associated Banks of that city during the past few months have held the largest amount of deposits ever before held by them, showing that there is a vast accumulation of capital which cannot be profitably employed. And this fact is still further proved by the circumstance that loans have for months past been freely made to the Stock Exchange at the rate of 1½ per cent. per annum. Thus there is more loanable capital in New York than is required, and, as a natural result, the owners of that capital welcome any opportunity to employ it remuneratively abroad. When, therefore, the Bank of England raised its rate of discount to 3½ per cent., and that rate was maintained for some time, considerable sums of gold were shipped from New York for employment here, and it affords striking evidence of the accumulation of unused capital that the rate of interest in New York, notwithstanding these large shipments, has not risen. Many critics, therefore, urge that since the supply in New York is excessive, whilst the supply in the Bank of England is deficient, the Directors of the latter institution ought to have kept up their rate until they had drawn such a sum from New York as would enable them to face the future without anxiety. Frequent fluctuations in the value of money are always injurious to trade; but frequent fluctuations must occur so long as the stock of gold held by the Bank of England is very low, for the Directors cannot allow much to be taken from that stock; and when, therefore, a drain sets in they are obliged to raise their rate of discount. But if they had augmented their stock in such a way that they could afford to lose without anxiety a few millions, all departments of business would be reassured and would feel that the money market would remain more steady for a considerable time to come. Although the amounts already shipped from New York are considerable, they are not sufficient to give this reassurance to trade. It is true that considerable amounts have been imported from the Continent likewise; but even those amounts, added to the imports from New York, still leave the stock of gold in the Bank of England below what it ought to be if frequent fluctuations in the value of money are to be avoided. It will be recollected that twelve months ago the Directors lowered their rate of discount, and that instantly a drain of gold set in which obliged them once more to raise their rate and to maintain it at 4 per cent. throughout the summer. It is possible that something of the same kind may occur again this year. Should operations in the Soudan be continued, and on a considerable scale, it would be necessary to send out gold; and various other accidents might likewise cause exports of the metal. On the other hand, as Australia has of late begun to take gold from this country instead of sending it to us, while America retains the whole yield of its own mines, and the production of the Russian mines is kept at home, or travels no farther than Germany, we can at present reckon upon no considerable supply

coming to us in a regular and normal manner. Should we want to increase our stock, it must be by artificial means.

There is much force in this reasoning, and the force is increased by the fact that between the end of September and the beginning of February over 3½ millions in gold were taken away from this country, and that the Directors of the Bank of England replenished their stock to a large extent by drawing upon the home circulation. Since the end of September, in fact, 2 millions of gold, which were previously circulating in the provinces, have been attracted to the Bank by the artificial dearness of money in London. Should anything occur to increase the country circulation, this gold would flow out again, and thus the stock held by the Bank would be seriously diminished. As long as no great failure occurs that would give a serious shock to credit, or as long as trade remains dull, as it is at present, there is no great likelihood indeed of a considerable increase in the metallic circulation of the country; but it is impossible to foresee what accidents may happen, and it would be well that the stock of the metal held should be sufficient for the Bank without this contraction of the provincial circulation. At the same time, it is not to be denied that there are various other considerations of which the Directors were bound to take notice. We pointed out a fortnight ago that the Directors were able to attract gold in the manner they have done mainly because the changes in the collection of taxes made by Lord Sherbrooke, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, have given the Bank an unusual control over the money market in the months of February and March; and this year their control has been increased by the decision of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to maintain a larger balance than usual in the Bank. But now it is probable that the expenditure of the Government will be greatly increased; that therefore the balance will be considerably reduced, and in any case the collection of the revenue will fall off greatly at the end of this month. It is doubtful, therefore, whether, with the gold imports assuming considerable proportions, and with the increase in the Government expenditure, while the time is rapidly approaching when there will be a great falling off in the revenue payments, the Bank could have maintained its control over the market. If it could not, if the rate of discount in the outside market had fallen considerably below the Bank-rate, there would have been no advantage in keeping up the latter. No doubt it is a matter of opinion whether the Bank could have retained its control; but the decision of the Directors shows that they at least were inclined to think that they could not retain that control. Furthermore, it is natural on the part of the Directors to shrink from keeping up their rate of discount longer than is absolutely necessary while they are given an advantage over their competitors by the fact that they hold large sums of the public money as the bankers of the Government. Mere delicacy on this point ought not, of course, to prevent them from performing a public duty; but if they believed that they had done enough to replenish their stock of gold, they were right unquestionably in giving to trade all the advantages to be derived from a cheap money market. And on this point it is to be borne in mind that, although the accumulation of capital in New York is so great that it has borne the loss of about 2½ millions sterling without a movement in the rate of interest, yet it was questionable whether a very considerable perturbation might not have been produced if the exports had continued on a large scale. In the United States silver as well as gold is legal tender; but a large party object to receive silver. The New York banks, for example, which hold the ultimate reserve of the whole country, have bound themselves not to accept silver in payment, nor to tender it in payment to their customers. When this is the feeling of the chief bankers of the country, it is easy to understand that a considerable export of gold might have created a serious alarm. During the Civil War the issue of inconvertible paper currency drove all the gold in the country out of circulation, and it is now feared that depreciated silver might have the same effect. The fear at present is confined to mere thinkers; but if a considerable amount of gold had been exported the public generally might have been seized with alarm, and there might have been a serious disturbance in the New York money market. It is clearly not desirable in the interests of the trade of any part of the world to create a banking panic in this way; and if the Bank of England Directors had reason to believe that apprehensions were growing in financial circles in New York on account of the proportions assumed by the gold shipments, they were certainly right in avoiding risk by reducing their rate of discount. Lastly, there are not wanting grounds for believing that imports of gold will continue without keeping up the rate. Even now the value of money in London is higher than in New York or in many of the great capitals of the Continent, and gold has continued to be sent hither since the reduction of the rate; while there appears no reason to suppose that gold is in such demand elsewhere as would lead to a drain of gold from the Bank of England.

The main point to be borne in mind is that the dearness of money in London as compared with the other great business centres of Europe and America is artificial—that is to say, it is produced not by natural causes, but by the mere fact that the amount of gold held by the Bank of England is less than it ought to be under the operation of the Bank Charter Act. The Bank of England in our system holds the ultimate reserve of the country, and that reserve consists of unused coin and notes, the notes being exchangeable at will into gold. If there were reasons to fear that the gold held by the Bank would continue to dribble away, it would of course be the duty of the Directors to prevent the drain; but if no such reasons exist, then it is desirable that trade should have the benefit of a cheap money market. So far as all other circumstances are concerned, the prospect is that the rate of interest payable for the use of capital in the short-loan market will be low for some time to come. There is no speculation of any kind to give rise to a demand for loans, and at the same time trade is exceedingly dull. The amount of business done is perhaps as large as ever it has been; but there is no increase of that amount, and, owing to the extreme lowness of prices, a much smaller capital is required for carrying on business than would be were prices higher. There is no probability at present of a considerable rise in prices, and there is equally little likelihood of an outburst of speculation. Under these circumstances the natural causes that produce a dear money market are wanting. There may of course occur some accident that would throw out all calculations. A great failure might so paralyse credit as for awhile to send up the rate of discount sharply, or a drain of gold to some unexpected quarter may arise; but if accidents of these kinds do not happen, the probability is that the value of money will continue very low; and when almost all the trades of the country are depressed, when heavy losses have been incurred by the fall in prices, and when, in consequence of these losses and of such failures as that of Blakeway, considerable distrust has been aroused, it is desirable in the interests of trade that all the benefit derivable from cheap money should be given to it.

REVIEWS.

ESSAYS ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.*

WE have purposely postponed for a few months our review of this remarkable book, in order that it might appear at the juncture most suitable to it—the eve of the second-reading debate on the Franchise Bill. The responsible editor (who does not give his name, but who may perhaps be identified without much difficulty) states the point of view of the book accurately enough as "the Whig, not to say the Conservative-Liberal," point of view; and, as we shall shortly show, it is at least as much Conservative as Liberal. The interest of these three essays, two of which first appeared five-and-twenty years ago, and the third twelve, lies not so much in the complete condemnation by a distinguished Liberal of the past of the Liberals of the present, as in the forcible fashion in which the cleavage between Liberalism proper and Liberalism improper is shown. Only very simple Conservatives will experience in reading this book the rather simple joy of seeing Liberals rebuked by a prophet of their own, for the truth is that Mr. Walter Bagehot is at this time of day not a prophet of the Liberal party at all. In none of its prominent men, with the exception of Mr. Goschen, is there any tincture of his political ethos; in none of the chief Liberal organs of to-day are Liberal measures, even such measures as he might possibly have approved, urged by arguments which he would have thought even worthy of use as accessory and supplementary arguments. To take the three chief Liberal newspapers of the metropolis, it is difficult to say whether the sentimental Liberalism of the *Spectator*, or the popular and undefined Liberalism of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or the purely party Liberalism of the *Daily News*, would have commended itself least to the author of these essays. In reading them the political phrase which most often recurs to the memory is Mr. Mill's famous, constantly-repeated, and constantly-misunderstood description of the Tory party. There is no reason whatever for doubting or denying that, even so recently as twenty years ago or thereabouts, the Tory party *was*, in the sense in which Mr. Mill used the words, the stupid party. There is no doubt whatever that in that sense the Liberal party is the stupid party now. At both times it would have been, and would be equally insolent and absurd to say, that any given member of the stupid party must be, or even in virtue of his party principles was likely to be, stupid. At both times it would have been, and would be, not unjust to anticipate, according to the dictum, the politics (actually unknown) of a person perceived to be stupid. He would probably have been a Tory then; he would probably be a Liberal now. For a stupid man's politics are determined by inheritance, by popular commonplace, by sentimental reasons, by his neighbours, by anything rather than reason and deliberate purpose, or even taste. All these causes for generations set, and even a quarter of a century ago had hardly ceased to set, in the direction of more or less moderate Conservatism; they all set in the direction of Liberalism now, and not very moderate Liberalism. Thus in shuffling the political parties have changed rapiers. The old appeals to personal or sectarian feeling, to party signs and watch-words, are heard; but on the other side. There is probably nothing odder in political history than that a party which used to have its Sydney Smiths and its Peacocks has now utterly lost all command (so utterly that it never dares to try it) of satire or wit as a political weapon, and that a party which used to claim "no force but argument" has been driven to caucussing on the one hand, and appeals to passion on the other, to gain and keep its place at the head of affairs.

* *Essays on Parliamentary Reform.* By Walter Bagehot. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Mr. Bagehot belonged rather to the hoplites than to the peltasts of politics, though his remarkable letters from Paris at the time of the *coup d'état* and other things show that he had not a little capacity for irregular warfare. These essays are almost entirely serious in tone, the chief exception being the story told with admirable quietness of the candidate in 1868 who remarked, "When I do not know what to say, I say 'Gladstone,' and then they are sure to cheer, and I have time to think." Mr. Bagehot could hardly have anticipated the duration of this political resource. But for the most part, as we have said, he is quite sober; indeed, he may be described as not merely sober, but anxious. His book and its author's mood exhibit what may be called the very arête of the Great Divide between the states of things intellectual and political. He has reached that position through Liberal country and by Liberal methods, and he finds that he can progress no further without losing hold of Liberalism. He does not actually lose that hold; he still speaks as a Liberal, and tries to think as a Liberal. But he is *ἐπὶ ξυροῦ ἀκμῆς*. He says, evidently with a sort of consciousness of blasphemy, that he is "exceedingly afraid of the ignorant multitude of the new constituencies." He endeavours to comfort himself by devising a possible strengthening of the House of Lords, and he urges that strengthening with arguments which, with very slight changes, Lord Salisbury might use to-morrow. We have seen with what deep though unvocal scorn he notes in passing the mere Gladstone-worship which ever since his day has more and more served the average Liberal instead of knowledge, instead of argument, instead of principles. He indicates clearly the danger when the constituencies are greatly increased of statesmen (as we have seen them actually do) abandoning all responsibility, asking for the popular mandate, complying with it, deferring to it, and looking to nothing else. All this is in the latest essay, that written in 1872; but the earlier ones, twelve years older and written long before the last Reform Bill, exhibit with less actual apprehension, as was natural, a not dissimilar temper of mind. The writer is convinced of the excellence of Liberal principles and Liberal programmes. But he already makes admissions and uses arguments which show how not so much his personal professions as the general forces of political argument were coming round to the Tory side. He points out that "the object of the Reform Bill of 1832 was to transfer the predominant influence in the State to *the general body of fairly instructed men*." A curious difference this from the Reform Bill of 1884. He formulates the great danger of Governments like that of modern England admirably in the words, "A free Government is the most stubbornly stupid of all Governments to whatever is unheard by its deciding classes." Need it be said how fine are the political ears of the agricultural labourer and the lower-class Irishman? He acknowledges incidentally, but decidedly, the degradation of intellectual power in the reformed Parliament of even twenty years ago. He points out that the sweeping enfranchisement of the lower rank means "the practical disfranchisement of the best." He writes a sentence which is in itself an adverse verdict on most Reform Bills:—"A practical statesman will be very cautious how he destroys a machinery which attains its practical object for the sake of an incidental benefit which may be obtained from a different machinery." He puts the disquieting question (disquieting, at least, to superficial politicians), "Whether the democratic theory does not rest on a kind of sentiment rather than on reason?" And he says boldly that, up to a late period of its existence, and with an exception or two, the unreformed Parliamentary system worked very well. These extracts might be indefinitely multiplied. But they are sufficient for the purpose. They show how one of the ablest, best-informed, and most thoughtful political students of recent years on the Liberal side has incidentally or directly destroyed by anticipation every argument which, for instance, Mr. Gladstone used in introducing the Franchise Bill the other day. But they show also how entirely the manner of thought of the Liberal party itself has been changed. We know, of course, that many Liberals have long ago taken the easy step of repudiating Mr. Bagehot. This is, we say, easy, and has been done in other cases. But it may be questioned whether it is wise for a political party, whenever a clever man is mentioned as having belonged to it, to try to prove that he did not.

The moral of the book is, however, not exhausted. Indeed the most important part of it remains to be noticed. These essays are significant of a great and a very unfavourable change in what may be called the mental constitution and habits of one of the great parties of the State, and they contain a whole arsenal of destructive weapons ready for use against the measures upon which the heart of that party is, or is declared to be, just now set. But the impression which the reader derives from them is not by any means wholly complimentary to the author; and the lesson which should be learnt from them first of all is a lesson neither of comfort for Tories nor of discomfort for Radicals, but of warning for men of the author's own kidney, for "those about Mr. Goschen" at the present day, and for the analogues of those about Mr. Goschen at all times. One cannot help saying to the author of these essays, and to all such persons, what the Voice said to Mr. Browning on Easter Day, "'Tis somewhat late!" It is interesting, no doubt, to trace and acknowledge the advantages of an unreformed Parliament over a reformed. But it would, perhaps, have been better to see in time to the retention of those advantages. It is frank and generous and eminently sensible to acknowledge fear of the results of a vast extension of the franchise to ignorant voters; but whose action in times past brought about such extension? It does a man great credit that he has correct notions *of* the functions of the House of Peers, but it is awkward that he should only wake to those notions after things have been done which make it infinitely difficult and extremely invidious for the House of Peers to exercise its functions. It is admirable to plead for small boroughs, but inasmuch as the extinction of small boroughs is the necessary and unavoidable complement of Parliamentary franchise reform, it would perhaps be more consistent to set the face against such reform. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not advocating anything so impracticable, and if practicable so dangerous, as the division of the nation into tantivy Tories pledged to defend the most patent abuses to the last gasp, and levellers *sans phrase*. But it seems to us that of all the classes and divisions known to political enumeration, the heaviest responsibility rests on what is called the Left Centre. And we cannot say that, historically speaking, Left Centres have acquitted themselves of that responsibility very happily. Without them the party of destruction is always and everywhere powerless, and with judicious action on their part, the party of reaction or of unthinking resistance to change is certain to be constrained to reasonable concessions. With the Extreme Right they have much more natural affinity than with the Extreme Left, and they never give themselves up to the guidance of the latter without (as we see now) misgiving before and remorse afterwards. Yet they constantly do so give themselves up, and often, as in the matter of the Irish Church, of the Irish Land Act, and (just before the latter) of the 1880 election, from no apparent motive except an altogether mistaken party spirit and the delusive force of party commonplace. On the other hand, while the Left Centre constantly joins Radicals to do what it knows to be evil, it can scarcely ever bring itself to join Conservatives to do what it knows to be good. The Tory party has been much and justly blamed for the action of its larger part in 1867. But does anybody with the slightest knowledge of politics suppose that, if the Whigs could have been counted on to refuse any but a moderate Reform Bill, Mr. Disraeli would have done what he did? This is the curse of political trimming (a vice which seems to be inherent in Left Centres), that it does not really trim, but, as this book shows, always inclines to one and the wrong side. Once only in English history, at the outbreak of the French Revolution, has a Left Centre been, in this respect, politically wise.

A BURGLARY; OR, UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.*

THE author of this strange mixture of sensational drama and discursive twaddle seems to have started with the idea of drawing a thoroughly natural, and exceedingly original, girl, who should be as unlike the ordinary bread-and-butter miss as it was possible to make her, yet possessing a sufficiently distinct charm of individuality and strength of character to exercise an "unconscious influence" on a very pronounced scoundrel, who adds to his many contemptible traits the singular accomplishment of being a gentleman-burglar.

After wading through three volumes of reflections, more or less irrelevant to the personages of this story—which, no doubt, are designed to pass for "analysis of character"—we close the book with a decided conviction that the writer has succeeded only in reducing his characters and his readers alike to a condition of bewilderment. His figures are too shadowy to create any sustained interest in their doings, and, indeed, with one or two exceptions, they are mere marionettes, tantalizingly manipulated by the gentleman behind the scenes, no doubt to his own complete satisfaction, but without doing much to enlighten the audience.

Imogen Rhys, the ultra-natural heroine, is the only daughter of a Welsh squire. The author does not vouchsafe any definite description of the young lady, except that she is "nearly seventeen." She is the inseparable companion of her brother Ralph, who is "nearly eighteen." She imitates him in everything, even in his way of talking. These two pass their time most congenially, in "sugaring" for moths, fishing for eels, and "pig-hunting," and mutually agree in a supreme contempt for society and all its ways, especially the particular frivolities of "Cwm-Eithin." The only point on which they disagree is the somewhat knotty problem of the proper destiny of women. Imogen's only passion is entomology; she would rather capture a "Lathonia" than land a baronet with 10,000*l.* a year. But Ralph insists that women's mission is to marry, which dictum Imogen hotly disputes as an insult to her sex:—"To marry without being in love was a thing which she felt vaguely convinced must be wicked; and falling in love she regarded in the light of a piece of folly—a thing not exactly wrong, but a sort of contemptible weakness, of which she was convinced she would herself never be guilty." Together with these somewhat unorthodox views on matrimony and love-making, she is devoured with an overpowering desire to do something to help the world along, and this is the elegant way in which she expresses her yearning for usefulness:—

> It's awfully jolly, and no mistake, to live as we do now [referring to moth and pig hunting], but yet one can understand it may be as well not to be able to keep on doing it always; when one feels what a lot of stunning go there is in one, it seems as if there's bound to be something to sop it all in somewhere or other, and if every chap's got some sort of work cut out for him to do, I calculate we must have it too.

* *A Burglary; or, Unconscious Influence.* By E. A. Dillwyn. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

She is further inspired by a couple of lines by "a chap, called Arnold"—the oracle of "Sweetness and Light," a chap!

> Tasks in hours of insight willed
> May be, through hours of gloom fulfilled.

Her good resolutions result in nothing more than a little mild district-visiting. With this slight sketch of the heroine's character we pass on to the leading incident of this extraordinary story.

There is to be a grand ball in the neighbourhood, and among the guests that are staying in the house is Ethel Carton, a niece of Mr. Rhys, "an heiress of very great wealth, possessed of more splendid jewels than any other spinster in the kingdom," and having an income "popularly estimated at somewhere between 80,000*l.* and 120,000*l.* a year." It was only natural that on such an occasion as the Owm-Eithin ball, so fortunate a young lady should desire to display all her most costly gems. What more likely, too, than that the fame of these expensive trifles should have tempted a respectable gentleman, holding a responsible position in a house of business, to turn burglar, and endeavour to possess himself of the treasure? Miss Carton arrays herself in "diamonds and sapphires," "enough to make every one turn green with envy," and goes off to the ball. Now it happens that on this particular evening Imogen and her brother had taken advantage of every one being out to plan a midnight fishing expedition. They stealthily creep out of the house by the smoking-room window in the dead of night, conveniently leaving the window unfastened behind them, and the gentleman burglar, lurking outside, is saved the trouble of using his "jemmy." Being well acquainted with the interior of the house, having recently visited there, he bides his time till the party return from the ball. When the house is quiet, and every one has retired to bed, he makes his way to the bedroom of the heiress, and, with dark lantern in hand, and a black mask hiding his features, he at once proceeds to business. But Ethel was only dozing, and with the noise of his moving about the room she is soon "broad awake," and is naturally terrified to see a man in her room coolly pocketing her best diamonds. However, she determines to "simulate sleep, at all events till she has time to think over the situation," and in the meantime the author proceeds to analyse her sensations, and recount the many speculations that he thinks would naturally present themselves at such a stirring moment to a mind much addicted to "masterly inaction." We are forcibly reminded of the old lady who, in somewhat similar circumstances, offered up a little prayer for the soul of the burglarious intruder, and succeeded in converting him on the spot; but, unfortunately, this is not one of the many plans that suggest themselves to Ethel.

We are told, after three or four pages of wool-gathering, that "masterly inaction carried the day with her." She resolved to sleep, like the weasel, with one eye open, and "when his back is turned to take a good look at him." But the amateur Bill Sykes, with a foresight worthy of a professional, has somehow suspected that she may be shamming, and has artfully placed the looking-glass in such a position that "a glance into the mirror immediately showed him the gleam of her open eyes." The cool amateur takes no notice until he has completed the ransacking of her drawers and pocketed her choice set of "diamonds and sapphires", then he returns to the bed and addresses her in an accent which

> conveyed to her mind a vague impression of some kind of incongruity, as if the speaker's voice was an assumed one, and the vulgarity of his accent and manner did not sit upon him quite naturally: "Oh! it ain't no use yer pretendin' to be asleep any longer. I knows better, for I seed yer in the glass ven you wos a pryin' at me. Stop quiet and yer safe enough; but if yer speaks so much as vun single word, I'll dash yer brains out with this 'ere life-preserver."

Then by the light of the lantern she saw that one of the fingers from his right hand which held the "life-destroyer" was missing. Before leaving he calmly gags and pinions her in a thoroughly professional style, "making a running noose in a piece of rope, passing it round her neck, and securing it behind her, so that it would choke her if she pulled at it." In this extremely uncomfortable position, unable to move or shout for help, she again indulges in a lengthy reverie, until "kindly sleep" overtakes her and relieves the reader from her interminable reflections and vague speculations on things in general. The next morning there is a hue and cry after the thief. The only clue to his identity is the missing digit on the right hand. The whole household has to submit to an inspection of fingers. This indignity is much resented by the servants, and one of the maids suggests that there is a man in the village, one Richard Richards, a poacher and a dark sort of customer, who, as she remembers, has lost a finger.

This very suspicious circumstance having been confirmed, and the poacher being unable to give a satisfactory account of his movements on the night in question, he is arrested, tried for the burglary, and only escapes conviction by the skin of his teeth, on the unsupported assertion—by the way—of his counsel, that at the very hour when the robbery was committed he was engaged in practising his calling in a remote part of the country. Richards returns to his wife and family, but every one refuses to believe in his innocence except Imogen, who takes the greatest interest in his welfare. Perhaps one of the best touches in the novel is the picture of Imogen visiting the poacher's cottage when he is stricken with fever, brought on by his unjust persecution. In the meantime our author has taken the reader into his confidence and, with some apologies for making the hero a "gentleman burglar," has imparted the secret, more than half suspected already, that the real purloiner of Ethel Carton's jewels is none other than Mr. Sylvester, a friend of the Rhys family, and well known in the neighbourhood. While every one is pursuing the false scent and persecuting the innocent Richards, the real criminal is going about doing everything in his power to foster the popular belief in Richards's guilt. We find him actually arguing against his victim with Imogen just after she has left her *protégé's* cottage on one of her errands of charity; "sneering at her playing at Providence in the matter of soup or pudding," and so amused himself at the "oddness of the situation" that he is "conscious of a wild impulse to reveal the truth to her", and immolate himself that she may be pleased. But of course he thinks better of it, and almost "despises himself for the weakness of the very thought of such a thing." The author goes on to describe his hero as a man "wrapt up in a coat of mail of selfishness, secretly setting at nought and despising all recognized standards of morality"—a gentleman who expresses the opinion that "the whole world was clearly intended for him to prey upon," but "yet if by any concatenation of circumstances he had found himself compelled to exempt some one individual from the general category of victims and identify that person with himself as the object whereon to bestow the spoils of which he had deprived others, then he could almost imagine himself selecting Imogen to be the favoured exception." This then is the contemptible scamp upon whom Imogen has exerted her "unconscious influence." They see much of each other at balls and picnics. He is amused with her "childish simplicity" and "tomboyish love of enterprise"; and she finds his sarcastic tone and supercilious manner more entertaining than the soft nothings of the good-natured but brainless baronet, Sir Charles Dover, who is over head-and-ears in love with her, but is unfortunately so supremely ignorant of entomology that he endeavours to ingratiate himself into her good graces by carefully sending her two specimens of "Thyatira batis," one of the commonest English moths. He eventually surprises her with a proposal of marriage, to which she innocently replies, "Oh, I am awfully sorry, but I really can't do that. I never dreamt that was what you meant. I shouldn't do at all well as a wife, I know, and shouldn't like it either; I don't mean ever to marry." Although rejected, the soft-hearted Sir Charles does not by any means despair, but determines to bide his time and read up entomology. An opportunity soon after occurs which enables him to appear to the greatest advantage in the eyes of his lady-love and at the same time affords him a splendid chance of scoring off his rival, Sylvester, who is now always "in her pocket," as the author expresses it. A mad dog appears at a picnic. Every one is thrown into the utmost consternation. Sylvester takes Imogen under his protection, and, crouching behind a heap of stones, draws a penknife and, kneeling beside her, whispers earnestly, "You're as safe as if you were in your own drawing-room. Even if the dog should see us and attack us, I swear that he shall not touch you: that my body shall barricade you from him as effectually as any walls could do." Notwithstanding this high-flown bragging, he takes very good care to keep his body well out of danger; and when a girls' school is seen to take to "its" heels and scamper off just in the direction that the infuriated animal is taking, Imogen's impulse is to start up and wave them back, but Sylvester forcibly prevents her. Just at the critical moment Sir Charles "sprang astride on the dog's shoulders" and dexterously twisting a shawl over the brute's head, saves the girls' school and, better still, "excites the admiration of Imogen for his bravery." From that moment she begins to admire and respect the virtuous young baronet, and the wicked but fascinating Sylvester is in danger of being ousted, but that his providential good luck in catching a "Tortrix" for her at once restores him to favour.

The scene now changes to London, whither all the characters are most conveniently transferred. Sylvester, the confidential, right-hand man of the Welsh firm, is found constantly riding in Rotten Row with Imogen, and people are actually beginning to couple their names, &c. Ethel, who is puzzled to account for her cousin's intimacy, has curiously enough never yet been introduced to Sylvester. Surely the rashest of novelists would never have the audacity to marry his unsophisticated heroine to a rogue, thief, liar, and burglar, and allow her to throw over that nice, amiable, long-suffering Sir Charles? Our author cleverly contrives to bring Ethel Carton and Sylvester together at a ball, after some private theatricals at the house of some wealthy friends. Sylvester has, of course, played a part in which he very incautiously assumed the same vulgar voice and manner of speech that he used on the memorable occasion of the burglary. She recognizes him. When he is afterwards presented to her by Mr. Rhys, her face betrays to Sylvester that she knows him. "It pleases you to speak as though this were our first meeting, Miss Carton," he says, coolly, "and all the better if it were so indeed. Yet I can hardly believe that the one occasion when we met before has escaped your memory so readily." Here's a pretty complication. What will she do with him? Before she can make up her mind in this most embarrassing situation there is a cry of "Fire! fire!" and in a very few moments it becomes a case of *sauve qui peut*. The description of this fire is decidedly thrilling. Of course the wicked Sylvester covers himself with glory. Having rescued Imogen and all the other characters of any importance, including his rival, Sir Charles, by means of a private staircase known only to himself and the master of the house, he is induced by the entreaties of the generous-minded Imogen to go back and attempt to save others. We see him being done to death in the conservatory, from which all escape had been cut off by the smoke and flames—a happy martyr to the one noble action of his life, and content in the consciousness that "she is praying for him—that he

has obeyed her wishes." The writer having got over his difficulty by this rather violent device—more suggestive of a Surrey melodrama than a romance of real life—it only remains to complete the triumph of virtue over vice by marrying the heroine to the patient and persistent baronet. The words in which Imogen is made to accept Sir Charles on his renewing his proposal are a fair specimen of the pervading style of this eccentric novel. "Ah, well!" she said, "I suppose it would be hardly fair to treat you worse than I did your moths. And, after all, you are better than them in one way; for while there are lots of *Thyatira batos* in the world, you know there is only one You."

LIFE OF SIR HENRY DURAND.*

THE writer of this memoir has anticipated one or two of his critics by the remark that "in some respects the story of a man's life can hardly fail to suffer from being told by his son." Too much knowledge joined to natural affection creates a suspicion of partiality. And this suspicion might be confirmed on a hasty perusal by the discovery that Sir H. Durand was at various periods of his life in conflict with superior authority; that he brooded over supercessions and slights, imaginary or real; that, to use a familiar expression, he was often in hot water; and that he never thought himself to have obtained the due recognition of his merit or the high office which naturally fell to others who had no greater abilities and perhaps less honesty of purpose and character. These patent facts, long known to Anglo-Indians, impart a controversial character to much of the narrative. Yet we can conscientiously say that Durand's was an honourable career of which some record was desirable, and that his son has discharged a difficult task with accuracy and conscientiousness, and in attempting to vindicate his father's memory has not been censorious or unjust to others. The leading events of Durand's life are connected with some of the most striking episodes in Indian history between 1830 and 1870. From his childhood he was left almost alone in the world; and, though he might have had a nomination to the Civil Service, he for some unexplained reason was sent to Addiscombe. There he soon distanced most of his competitors and arrived in India as a cadet of engineers in the year 1830. His companion on his voyage was the late Dr. Duff, the foremost missionary of his age, whose friendliness he retained to the last. At the outset he was employed, like most of his profession, in surveying stations for troops, building barracks, and looking after canals. This sort of work was exchanged in 1838 for the excitement of the first Afghan war; and how, as a subaltern in Sir John Keane's army, he blew open the gate of Ghazni and enabled the troops to carry the fortress by a *coup de main*, is a fact which neither engineer nor civilian is likely to forget. His first great step in advance was, however, his selection by Lord Ellenborough for the post of private secretary. Soon after that nobleman's recall Durand was made Commissioner of the Tenasserim Provinces by Lord Hardinge. Recalled from that post by the Government of Bengal, he went home a disappointed man, but returned to India in time to be present at the battles of Chillianwala and Guzerat. At the annexation of the Punjab he refused a subordinate position in the new administration, and then became Political Agent at the native State of Bhopal. At the time of the Crimean War he endeavoured in vain to obtain active employment under Lord Raglan, and at the commencement of 1857 we find him back in India filling the very important post of Resident at Indore. After the Mutiny he again came to England and was appointed one of the Council to the Secretary of State. Then Lord Canning, who had been struck with his diplomatic and military experience, recalled him to India as Foreign Secretary; and a seat in Council followed eventually as a natural consequence. After five years' good service during the administrations of Lord Lawrence and Lord Mayo, he was selected by the latter statesman for the Lieutenant-Governorship of the Punjab, which he filled for six months, when his life was ended by an accident owing to a blundering Mahout and an impetuous elephant.

The detailed narrative of which this is a summary, cannot afford scope for a biographer to expatiate on the conduct of vast operations, civil or military, such as we associate with the names of Munro and Lawrence. Durand, except in the Mutiny, never had independent charge of a post where he could largely influence the course of events. His career in the Punjab was cut short. In Council, whether at Westminster or Calcutta, he could write forcible minutes and prove a fearless opponent, but he could hardly originate a policy. The dream of his life was to command an army in the field, and, in contrast to his friend Robert, Lord Napier, he never even commanded a division in battle. But there is often as much to be learnt from the record of trials and disappointments as from a long catalogue of unbroken successes and blazing stars. And there is such sterling honesty and courageous independence in the man's character, and so much of prophetic warning in many of his minutes, that we can endorse his son's opinion that the biography ought to find readers in England, where he was "little known," and in India, where he was both "well known and honoured." A few words must be said for the biographer himself. Though comparatively young in the service, Mr. Durand has shown himself worthy of his name. He has acquired a very competent knowledge of Indian politics and history, of the relations of feudatory States to the Paramount Power, and in Oriental terminology he is quite at home. We find no perplexing misjoinders of titles and no muddles about places and dates. Nothing can be better in its way than the sketch of the Agency of Central India, its scope and duties, at the outbreak of the Mutiny. The salary of a Member of Council, we may remark, used to be 8,000*l.* a year, and not 7,000*l.* as at page 332, unless, indeed, in the present mania for irritating reductions, the salaries of the Members of Council have been docked, like those of the Judges of the High Court. Then, every now and then, Mr. Durand, in anxiety to do his father justice, cannot help being a partisan. Many experienced administrators see nothing "unfortunate" in the renewed charter given to the Company by Lord Halifax in 1853, and some even wish that the spirit of Leadenhall Street now and then animated the Secretary of State at Westminster. And on what data does Mr. Durand base his opinion that the press of India in the time of Lord Ellenborough merely represented the ruling class or the Civil Service? If he had lived in those times, he would assuredly have soon found that Civilians then, as afterwards, were the objects of unceasing criticism, and that Lord Ellenborough, with great ability and many fine qualities, had managed to array every class against him except the officers of the army. At page 150 we hear of "a Major Bogle," who was then serving in the army, and to whom was given the post of Commissioner of Tenasserim." The late Major Bogle, who like the Aunt Deborah of Charles Surface, set a high value on himself, had already gained great experience as Commissioner in Arracan, had been recalled from Akyab to his regiment at the beginning of the second Sikh war, and by experience of the Burmese language and character was in every way fitted to rule at Moulmain. However, these are minor points; and, as the son alludes to the father's errors of intemperate language without comment, we can generally admit that he leaves the reader to judge for himself.

For the Anglo-Indian who is curious about forgotten controversies, a very good account of the Tenasserim Provinces and Durand's not unsuccessful administration, and of the disputes which led to his removal, will be found in No. XV. of the *Calcutta Review* for 1847. We have no inclination to revive an old story; but it is clear that Durand did not want staunch friends and supporters when his conduct and character were fiercely assailed. But we cannot as quietly pass over the episode at Indore. Sir John Kaye achieved literary distinction and wrote divers good books, but he could on occasion be as one-sided as any pamphleteer. In Vol. I. of the "History of the Mutiny" he was signally unjust to Lord Dalhousie; and in Vol. III. he was as unfair to Durand. After praising this Resident's abilities and character, he brings against him two serious charges—first, that he left the Residency at Indore when he ought to have held out and awaited the arrival of Captain Hungerford and his battery from Mhow; secondly, that he deliberately sacrificed Holkar's character for loyalty to his own justification. We have read Kaye again and we have read Mr. Durand; and have no hesitation in saying that he not only completely clears his father's memory from the historian's imputations, but shows that the Resident did everything that a wise politician and a brave soldier could do in "facing fearful odds" and in sticking to his post till it became untenable. Durand's private letters, written in all the excitement of a crisis, show a pluck and a fearlessness of consequences happily paralleled by many others at that terrible crisis. He defended for some hours an unfortified building with fourteen native gunners, two English sergeants, and a few dispirited men of the Bheel Corps, against Holkar's numerous troops—artillery, infantry, and cavalry, reinforced by the armed rabble of the bazaar, till the Bheels and the Bhopal horsemen would fight no longer; and, with the arrival of a small column from Bombay, he was able to put down the insurrection in Dhar and Amjhera, to disperse the forces of a Delhi Shahzada, to reoccupy Mundisore and Sahore, to clear Malwa up to the frontiers of Rajputana, and to prepare the way for the more signal successes of commanders with more ample means. As regards Holkar, Kaye believes this Mahratta prince to have been "thoroughly true to the British Government." Those who, to a careful perusal of Durand's letters and minutes, add some little insight into Mahratta character, craft, and policy, will have little difficulty in concluding that Holkar trimmed and hesitated; sent notes and messages when he ought to have recalled his guns, and simply waited the turn of events. Mr. Durand devotes an appendix to the controversy. It was superfluous to notice an abusive work by the late Mr. Dickinson about Dhar. No one with any pretensions to authority ever thought that gentleman's pamphlets worthy of the smallest notice as a contribution to history.

Truth compels us to say that on other less important occasions Durand invited collision, or took offence where none could have been intended. It is characteristic of Mr. Durand's fairness and candour that he quotes *in extenso* two letters from men of eminence reproving this habit; one is from Sir Charles Napier, the Commander-in-Chief; and the other is from the late Mr. Henry Drummond, M.P., who, though eccentric in language and manner, always commanded the attention of the House. Sir Charles in his downright, plain-spoken way tells Durand that he has done very wrong in returning an ungracious answer to Lord Dalhousie, who had just offered him the Residency of Bhopal. Mr. Drummond's language is still more emphatic, and should be borne in mind by others far inferior to Durand, who are haunted by the idea that their want of success in life is due to the conspiracy of a clique, and not to their own egregious folly. Thus writes the owner of Albury:—

I must say, from all I have read and heard, that you are making

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* *The Life of Major-General Sir Henry Marion Durand, K.C.S.I., C.B., of the Royal Engineers.* By H. M. Durand, C.S.I. of the Bengal Civil Service, Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. London: Allen & Co.

yourself enemies and destroying your own prospects. . . . I have known intimately many naval officers, and I can truly say that I never knew one who did not vow that he was the most ill-used man on the face of the earth. It is quite preposterous to imagine that any set of men conspire to oppress another. If success is not obtained, it should be taken like a broken leg, or sickness, or any other unavoidable misfortune. Every one has some injudicious friend or another to fan the flame of discontent and persuade us the world is not aware of our merits, but they really only help forward our ruin.

It is pleasant to turn from expressions of dissatisfaction, from delayed hopes, or unacknowledged merit, or fiery discussions in Council, to the store of political wisdom to be found in Durand's public minutes and private correspondence. The second volume of this biography is entirely taken up with reprints from the *Calcutta Review*, or Minutes in Council, where he could make himself heard and influence, if not mould, the course of events. We do not suppose that they will be read, even in India, like Vol. I. But they are good for reference, and cannot be disposed of as the "obsolete theories" of a disappointed man. Many are handled with remarkable weight of experience, forecast of consequences, and breadth of view. Durand was strongly opposed to the abolition of the local European army in India. There might, he said, be a Royal, but there ought to be a local army, even when the Government was transferred to the Crown. Durand was originally against the occupation of Quetta, and, though differing from Lord Lawrence on sundry internal questions, as we have learnt from Mr. Bosworth Smith, agreed entirely with that statesman as regards Central Asia and Afghanistan. Indeed, unlike as these two men were in character, there are points of contact in their straightforwardness, honesty, and simple religious faith. Durand felt confident that God did not give us "this great Empire in order that we should be thus ignominiously kicked out of it or massacred by wholesale." This was written in July 1857, and about that very time Lord Lawrence was speaking almost the same words to his friend Donald McLeod. The remarks on the want of organization in the Crimean expedition, sheltering the troops, and succouring the wounded, were no afterthoughts; and there is much to be said in favour of his plan of a campaign against the Russians in the Caucasus. But, if there be men who still think that an Indian officer has no business to have any opinion on Continental warfare, they must still hear Durand on his own Indian ground. He showed clearly that, whether the Viceroy and Council migrated to Simla in the hot season or not, Calcutta, from its communication with the sea and with the rich Gangetic plain, must always be the permanent headquarters of the Government. The proper attitude of the Government to the press, English and native, has always been a subject of discussion. Durand showed satisfactorily that the establishment of a sort of Moniteur would not improve matters. Lord Lytton's subsequent plan of a mild censorship over the native papers—often spiteful, seditious, and disloyal—was a good solution of the difficulty; but, in deference to cant and commonplace, the post was abolished by Lord Ripon just when it was beginning to tell. Like many other experienced administrators, Durand preferred indirect to direct taxation, and never had heard any complaints from those most interested as to the burden of the salt-tax on the community of Ryots and artisans. All these are big subjects; but whether Durand was right or wrong about an opium reserve, the impolicy of a licence-tax, the expenditure on barracks and public works, or even the great scheme of financial decentralization advocated by Lord Lawrence, and carried out by Lord Mayo and his successor, he always writes with a clearness and fulness which ensured respect if it did not carry conviction. And we may easily conceive, from the general tone and colour of his minutes, the merciless logic with which he would have exposed the fallacies of the Ilbert Bill, or dissected the miserable carcase of that for self-government, or, in plain words, effacement.

To turn from his complaints to his minutes is a pleasure; but the glimpses of his private life and habits are still more satisfactory. There was no sternness in the house. There never was a more attached husband or a kinder father. His letters to his wife and daughters are full of tenderness and good sense. In his religion there was neither cant nor narrowness. In society his conversation was instructive, animated, full of experience and anecdotes. He was a proficient in Arabic, Persian, and Urdu, without being either a pundit or a pedant; he spoke German and other Continental languages, and was a good classical scholar. Indeed, we might fancy him, in the bitterness of some disappointment, saying to one of his sons:—

> Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
> Fortunam ex aliis.

After all, a man was not altogether unsuccessful who was Private Secretary to one Governor-General and Foreign Secretary to another, who bore himself bravely and well in the Mutiny, who sat in the Council at Home and in India, who became a C.B. and a K.C.S.I., and who died in the exercise of his duty as Lieutenant-Governor of a splendid province. Modern statesmen cannot despise his warning about the "administration of one of the finest but most dangerous Empires on the face of the earth." And district officers, humble subalterns, Political Agents on frontiers, and all who uphold the framework of that administration, when fretting against supersession, or worn out by climate, isolation, and unceasing work, may take courage and try to do their duty like Henry Durand.

BERLIOZ AS HE WAS.*

THERE is, it appears, more than one Berlioz. The great artist played many parts in his time, among them that of his own apologist. Thus we have the Berlioz of the *Mémoires*, who is by no means the same as the Berlioz of the *Lettres Intimes*; we have the Berlioz of the *Ronde du Sabbat* and the *Orgie des Brigands*, who has little or nothing in common with the Berlioz of *Béatrice et Bénédict* and the artist of the *Troyens*; we have the Berlioz of the *Grotesques de la Musique*—of "Un Concerto de Clarinette," that is to say, of the "Lamentations de Jérémie," and other masterpieces of wit and irony and fun—and the Berlioz of *A Travers Chants*—of the analysis of Beethoven's Symphonies, that is to say, and of the studies of Gluck. From this time forward, side by side with these we must place the Berlioz of M. Edmond Hippeau. To him it has seemed good that the musician of the *Requiem* and the *Prise de Troie*, having at last attained to that place at the head of the French school which is his by right of conquest and of genius, should be known for the man he really was. To this end he has devoted many years to the study of Berlioz and his works, both musical and literary, sparing no pains to arrive at the truth, omitting nothing which might help to make his achievement enduring and complete. The result is a masterly essay in critical biography. The present volume—a large octavo of near five hundred pages of close print—is but the half of the work. In *Berlioz Intime* M. Hippeau has studied and set forth the man; in *Berlioz Artiste*, the complement of *Berlioz Intime*, he purposes to study and depict the musician. When this is done (and we hope that it may be done quickly), Berlioz, like Mozart and Bach and Beethoven—to say nothing of Auber and Adam and Hérold, will have his book *à lui*: will no longer need to rely for credit and renown on the effect of his own writings, but will have entered the domain of critical and historical literature as the subject of a real book, the work of one anxious to render him full justice, and able to do it.

M. Hippeau's theory of biography is by no means that of M. Taine. With that distinguished dogmatist, indeed, he does not hesitate to break a lance (and a brave one) ere he starts on his own way. He complains of M. Taine and his followers, that they lose much and gain nothing by considering and defining art and literature as the result of an aggregation of causes; that, in pursuing the discovery and development of generalities to the complete exclusion of particulars, they are guilty of the suppression, or at all events of the misuse, of the only material which is really veracious and representative; that, in preferring the epoch to the individual, they oblige themselves to produce only false science and bad art; and all the rest of it. To him the man is more interesting than the time, the individual than the aggregation, what is personal than what is only collective; and while he resolves to leave no stone unturned to get at the truth about his hero, while he purposes to press into his service every detail of every element—historical, ethnological, physiological, psychological—on which he can lay hands, while he sets out, in fact, with a determination to reconstruct his subject "à l'aide des infiniment petits," he is yet relentlessly persuaded that his theme is not Eighteen-Thirty, but Hector Berlioz, and that he has very much less to do with Berlioz as a detail in Romanticism and the *mal du siècle* than with the *mal du siècle* and Romanticism as a background for the figure of Berlioz. "Un livre de généralités," says M. Renan, "est nécessairement dépassé au bout de dix années. Une monographie étant un fait dans la science, une pierre posée dans l'édifice, est en un sens éternelle dans ses résultats." This M. Hippeau quotes with entire approval; and to the category applauded by M. Renan he relegates his own work. "Je ne désire pas," he adds, "comme M. Taine, apprendre la vérité à l'humanité présente et future; il aura suffi à mon amour propre d'auteur d'avoir pu être utile une seule fois à quelqu'un." If that is all he asks, he is pretty certain of his reward. He has done his work so well, and thrown so much new light upon his subject, that not to know him is not to know Berlioz. He is the master's first biographer, and he is likely to remain his best.

He divides his essay into three parts—"L'Homme," "Le Roman," and "Le Supplice." In the first he starts with an analysis of the *mal du siècle*, the malady of René, of which he regards—and he is right—his hero as an absolute representative. He supports his theory by a set of quotations which are really irresistible; he notes—what has never been noted before—that in all the writings of the composer of *Harold* and the *Fantastique* there is no reference of any sort to the writings of the author of the *Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle*; he remarks that, if it was from Scott and Byron and Goethe and Shakspeare and Moore that Berlioz derived his artistic inspirations, it is always Hugo and Lamartine "qui traduisent ses propres pensées"; he is careful to observe that the musical influence in which the composer sought and found relief from the "malaise inexprimable" with which he was possessed was the influence, not of Rossini, who had the world at his feet in those days, and who was the chosen musician of Romanticism as well as of society, but of "le grand *sur-esprit*," Beethoven. As will be seen, the thesis is complete, the picture perfect; the René-ism of Berlioz is so palpable and plain that it would seem not very extravagant to talk of the Berliozism of René. Pursuing his way, M. Hippeau goes on to study the men and

* *Berlioz Intime.* By Edmond Hippeau. Paris: Librairie Fischbacher.

women of Dauphiné—Stendhal, Barnave, Condillac, Augier, Poisard, Mably, d'Alembert—and to prove his Berlioz a representative Dauphinois, "brave et jamais dupe," as Stendhal writes of Lesdiguières, or, as Berlioz puts it on his own account, uniting in himself a full measure of those two master virtues, "la prudence et la fièvre." There follows a description of Côte Saint-André, its morals, and ideals and history, with a pleasant note on the house where Berlioz was born. Then comes an account of the Berlioz family, which for M. Hippeau is certainly one in blood with the ancient house—"éteinte au milieu du seizième siècle dans la ligne directe"—which sent forth a crusader in 1346, and gave Malta a knight in 1409. M. Hippeau has much that is interesting and new to tell us of Louis Berlioz, the composer's father, one of the best and ablest of men; of his wife, Marie-Antoinette-Joséphine Marmion; of his two daughters, Nancy and Adèle; and of his second son, Prosper, whose name, so far as we know, no student of Berliozian literature has ever seen before. In this chapter, moreover, M. Hippeau makes an excellent point. In commenting on the relations between Hector and his mother, he tells anew the famous scene in the *Mémoires*—the scene of the malediction; of Berlioz preferring art with his mother's curse to science with his mother's blessing. After impugning—and rather successfully—the veracity and good faith of the *Mémoires* in this particular, he proceeds to show, or rather to suggest, with good arguments *ad hoc*, that, if Berlioz disliked his mother, and was absolutely indifferent to his brother—who was seventeen years his junior, who had a considerable musical talent, and who was able to study unopposed, and even with applause, the art in whose service he himself had met with nothing but mortification and contumely—it was because he was touched with jealousy, to the point of being cruelly unjust to the woman who had borne him and vindictively resentful to the child who, he thought, had supplanted him in her affections. As it seems to us, the hypothesis is sound, and may stand. What comes next is a study of "L'Homme Physique"; the temperament and appearance of Berlioz, his extravagant sensibility, his abnormal nerves, his passion for movement and excitement, his tendency to tears, his extraordinary capacity of misery and happiness. In the next chapter, "Le Caractère," we have an analysis of Berlioz under a dozen different aspects—man of business, man of the world, man of pleasure, wit and humourist and practical joker, fighter, manager, critic, comrade and companion, stoic and sufferer; and this is, in turn, succeeded by chapters on Berlioz as a man of culture (he was only strong, says M. Hippeau, in Virgil and Shakspeare and in the literature of travel), and on the Berlioz of Côte Saint-André—the boy who plagued his schoolfellows to death, and played the drum magnificently, and fell in love with the *Stella Montis* and was religiously inclined, and wept bitterly over Dido's woes, and had to be bribed with a new flute to attack his osteology, and was so furiously jealous of his uncle, Félix Marmion, that forty or fifty years after he could recall the jingle of that gallant soldier's spurs, and experience something of the passion of rage and bitterness with which he had listened to them long ago. And in this way, with a descant on Berlioz the student—the lectures of Amussat and Gay-Lussac, the life with Charbonnel the pharmacist, the teachings of Lesueur, the chorus at the Nouveautés, the composition and destruction of the *Francs-Juges* and the *Passage de la Mer Rouge*—M. Hippeau brings his first section to an end.

It is a type of the whole book. Not easily could one overpraise the diligence with which M. Hippeau has worked; not easily could one over-estimate the pains he has taken to elucidate the facts of the case, and to bring the truth about Berlioz within everybody's reach. It was necessary that this should be done; and M. Hippeau has done it. Berlioz, like Napoleon, was the author of his own legend. He suffered horribly; he was grossly misrepresented and monstrously abused; he determined that the world, if it would know him at all, should know no more of him than he chose; and to this end he wrote, or rather edited, his *Mémoires*. All his life long he retouched, and revised, and corrected; like the great artist he was, he saw where posterity would admire and where posterity would contemn; and he did his utmost to make posterity his slave. M. Hippeau opines—and we agree with him—that so much astuteness was unnecessary, and that Berlioz has nothing to lose by appearing as he really was. To this end he has gone to work on the *Mémoires*, the *Correspondance Inédite*, the letters to Humbert Ferrand; he has compared and annotated and revised; he has collected impressions, and collated texts, and verified facts, and corrected dates. In his second section, "Le Roman," Berlioz fares but poorly. It now seems certain that he behaved exceedingly ill to Henrietta Smithson, and that Henrietta Smithson behaved exceedingly well to him; that before marriage he was only the dupe of Mlle. Moke; and that after marriage he was merely the slave of Mlle. Récio; that he owed to his union with Miss Smithson the happiest years of his life and the noblest of his artistic inspirations; that it might have been better for both if Lélio had never won his Ophelia, but that, if the wreck in which their marriage resulted is anybody's blame, it is certainly not Ophelia's. Berlioz as a lover, in fact, is but a poor creature: he was conscious of it himself, for he wilfully perverted the truth about it; but it is only fair that the world should know the rights of the case, and that the memory of the excellent actress who in her way and degree was an influence in the development of the romantic revolution should be purified of reproach, and made to shine forth as it ought. There are three women in the life of Berlioz (for the *Stella Montis* of the first years and the last can hardly be said to count); and of these three the best and worthiest is Henrietta Smithson. In M. Hippeau's third and last section, "Le Supplice," it is other guesswork. Here Berlioz is really the hero and martyr he declared himself. From first to last he is the same commanding figure—fearless, unalterably honest, magnificently unfortunate; the Quixote of music. We catch a tragic glimpse of him in Russia:—"Son grand profil d'aigle blessé s'abaissait plus douloureusement que jamais sur sa poitrine." We come upon him again at Grenoble, at the festival held in his honour; but for all the golden circlet which they set upon his white hair, "il n'est plus là que comme un fantôme"; and the storm which rages without—"les rafales qui soulevaient les tentures et agitaient les flammes des lustres autour de lui, . . . l'apparition des hautes cimes et des glaciers illuminés par la foudre"—is but the type of an existence which is nearing its close. Then comes the end. He went out to vote for the election of Charles Blanc at the Institute (Charles Blanc had been kind to him some fifteen or twenty years before), and a week afterwards he died. "Enfin on va jouer ma musique," he said; and he was right. Dead as a man, he began to live as an artist; and now there is no such name as his in French music—there are not many such in the music of the world. Like his life, his ending was most tragical; but he cannot be said to have lived in vain.

JEBB'S *ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS*.*

THE long-expected edition of Sophocles by Professor Jebb has now happily begun with the issue from the Pitt Press of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*. The *Œdipus Coloneus* is to follow as soon as possible, and next the *Antigone*: and it is announced that each volume will be, as the present is, "in all essentials an independent book." Professor Jebb, in his preface, gives substantial and interesting reasons for the delay which has taken place; the projector of such a literary enterprise might well follow the great example of "beginning late." Such as it now comes forth, the edition is indispensable to the serious student of Greek tragedy, and should do much to multiply the readers of the poet. At a first view the most distinctive feature in it is the prose translation, which is printed on the page opposite to the text, while the brief critical notes (in Latin) and the explanatory notes (in English) occupy the lower parts of both pages. We hold, with the editor, that such a translation is a most valuable part of the commentary. It is, in fact, the best means of securing to the reader what in a work aiming at completeness he is entitled to expect—the judgment of the editor upon every question which the text presents. To praise this particular translation is superfluous. No one but the translator could, we believe, have executed it; and for this part of the work, at least, his name will be a sufficient guarantee. Nor shall we do it the injustice of citation by extracts. Specimens might, indeed, exhibit its grace and fidelity; but the harmony of the whole, that most Sophoclean of literary qualities, is not to be so seen, and, like the original, the translation must be read in its entirety to be properly appreciated.

Indeed, to present an account of the volume at large is beyond our scope. To give a mere catalogue of noticeable points would exclude discussion, and discussion is due to the editor himself. We will only say that we find everywhere the care, felicity, and original power for which we looked, and most heartily recommend the book to all who may value our recommendation. Even here, however, we cannot omit to notice the comparison instituted between the dramatic treatment of the Œdipus legend by Sophocles, Seneca, Corneille, Dryden, and Voltaire (Introduction, p. xxxv.), and the section on metre (p. lxv.), in which are expounded and applied the too little known principles of Dr. J. H. H. Schmidt. In the appendix is reproduced in brief Mr. H. Norman's account of the performance of the play at Harvard; it is interesting to record the conviction of Professor Jebb that "such revivals, apart from their literary and artistic interest, have also an educational value of the very highest order." It is sometimes asked whether we may expect a "definitive" edition of an ancient classic, or whether a particular edition is likely to be "definitive." To our minds, and we gather that Professor Jebb would agree with us, such a question is not to the purpose. The two great ancient literatures of Europe are of such transcendent importance to European life, our thoughts and writings are so based and built upon those of the Greeks and Romans, that every age, for such time as it is worth while to forecast, must desire to read Sophocles, like Shakspeare, from its own point of view and with its own lights. When the last word has been said upon the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, then Greek will be dead indeed—dead as most assuredly it is not yet. An edition which marks a definite advance, which is whole in itself, and brings a mass of solid and well-wrought material such as future constructors will desire to adapt, is definitive in the only applicable sense of the term, and such is the edition of Professor Jebb. No man is better fitted to express in relation to Sophocles the mind of the present generation.

An examination of the *Œdipus Tyrannus* raises so many interesting questions that, in a brief notice, if we would get beyond the driest assent or approbation, we are compelled to make a narrow and somewhat arbitrary choice of subjects. We will take,

* *The Plays and Fragments of Sophocles.* With critical Notes, Commentary, and Translations in English Prose. By C. Jebb. Part I. The *Œdipus Tyrannus*. Cambridge Warehouse.

therefore, some of the passages to which the editor has given the distinction of separate appendices, and some of those in which he has questioned or emended the text. We would premise, however, that, whether we agree or disagree, these discussions of detail neither represent nor affect our estimate of the work as a whole—of its unity, completeness, and admirable literary quality.

In the second verse of the play,

τίνας ποθ' ἕδρας τάσδε μοι θοάζετε;

arises a well-known difficulty. Does θοάζειν here mean, as usual, *to hasten?* or is it synonymous with θαίσσειν, *to sit?* Professor Jebb translates by "Why are ye set before me thus?" deciding, rightly, we think, that the notion of fixed attitude in ἕδρα, *sitting*, makes the first alternative impossible, and that Sophocles here (and Æschylus also in one extant example) treated ancient language with a poetical and not a scientific liberty, assuming a θοάζειν, *to sit*, which in strict etymology had probably no existence. In 44. 45 we have a still more notorious *crux*:—

ὡς τοῖσιν ἐμπείροισι καὶ τὰς ξυμφορὰς
ζώσας ὁρῶ μάλιστα τῶν βουλευμάτων·

"For I see that, when men have been proved in deeds past, the issues of their counsels, too, most often have effect," writes the translator, between whom and Professor Kennedy, who says that, as ξυμφέρειν βουλεύματα means *to compare counsels*, so ξυμφορὰς βουλευμάτων means *comparison of counsels*, we shall certainly not assume to arbitrate. Professor Jebb states his own case with effect, and that of his opponents with fairness. He considers that in the long interval between ξυμφορὰς and βουλευμάτων the auditors could not but suppose that ξυμφορὰς had its ordinary meaning, *issues*, and not the improvised meaning (if it were granted possible) of *comparisons*. The conclusion of the sentence would thus come with a disagreeable surprise. His illustration of this is much too amusing to be omitted. "*Many of the visitors were afterwards present at a collation, and did ample justice to the difference of hands in the MSS.* If we heard that read aloud we should be apt to suppose, down to the word 'to,' that 'collation' meant luncheon; and a certain degree of discomfort would attend the mental process of apprehending that it meant a comparison of documents." It will be seen that Professor Jebb's premisses are (1) that ξυμφοραὶ *comparisons* must at all events have been a very hazardous phrase, since it is now nowhere extant, unless here; (2) that ξυμφοραὶ naturally means *issues* or *results*. Whether the other side would accept these premisses we shall not say. When two such authorities cannot agree, the average reader of Sophocles had better be content to doubt. In the entrance-chorus (v. 198) the MSS. offer us the mysterious sentence—

τέλει γὰρ, εἴ τι νὺξ ἀφῇ,
τοῦτ' ἐπ' ἦμαρ ἔρχεται.

The editor accepts the correction τελεῖν and translates "for if night leave aught undone, day follows to accomplish this." Here we shall have more hope of a satisfactory decision upon reading and rendering when some one can satisfy us as to the bearing of the whole sentence on the context. The passage runs in outline thus:—"And grant that the fierce god of death may turn his back in speedy flight from our land borne to the great deep of Amphitrite, or to the Thracian wave. O thou who wieldest the lightning, slay him beneath thy thunderbolt." The sentence in question stands between *Thracian wave* and *O thou* &c. The usual explanation (adopted by Professor Jebb) is, "If night omit anything (in the work of destruction), day comes after it to accomplish this." Surely this remark is not only a most inopportune break in the prayer, but is itself expressed with singular obscurity. We suspect the corruption to be deeper than is generally supposed. The next appendix introduces us to one of the oftenest debated passages in the classics, the words (219) in which Œdipus, preparing to inquire for the murderer of Laius, introduces his proclamation by alleging his own necessary ignorance of the circumstances:—

ἄγω ξένος μὲν τοῦ λόγου τοῦδ' ἐξερῶ,
ξένος δὲ τοῦ πραχθέντος· οὐ γὰρ ἂν μακρὰν
ἴχνευον αὐτός, μὴ οὐκ ἔχων τι σύμβολον·
νῦν δ', ὕστερος γὰρ ἀστὸς εἰς ἀστοὺς τελῶ,
ὑμῖν προφωνῶ πᾶσι Καδμείοις τάδε,

translated by, "These words will I speak publicly, as one who has been a stranger to this report, a stranger to the deed; for I could not have tracked it far by myself if I had not had some clue. But as it is," &c. With most of the editor's negative criticisms we agree, and we think his translation the only possible one as the text stands; but we cannot accept it, for two main reasons. A speaker who uses the conditional phrase "if I had not had some clue" distinctly implies that he has a clue; but νῦν δέ, "as it is," here no less clearly means, and is explained by Professor Jebb to mean, "as I have no clue"; and this *apparent* contradiction cannot, to our thinking, be got over. Further—and to this objection Professor Jebb should, from his arguments upon ξυμφορὰς βουλευμάτων, accord some weight—the sense is complete at the word αὐτός, for in a sentence of this mood and form the laws of Greek impel, not to say compel, the hearer to supply from the preceding words the condition εἰ μὴ ξένος ἦ τοῦ πραχθέντος; the substitution of a different condition is, therefore, in the nature of a surprise. It is true that in such cases the condition is not always left unsupplied, and the editor quotes an instance from Demosthenes (*De Cor.* § 228) in which it is expressed. But what is the condition expressed? *The very same which the hearer would otherwise have understood*, not, as here, a different condition. The meaning we require is that given by Mr. Blaydes, "for, if I had not been thus ignorant, I should not even by myself (αὐτὸς) have searched far without having some clue," *i.e.* I should have found a clue with no long search. (Professor Jebb thinks—we do not quite see why—that this would imply that the speaker had actually been searching.) The sole, though fatal, objection is the presence of μή. The plain remedy, then, is to eject it; and our only difficulty—not a very small one—is to imagine how it ever came in. Perhaps it was the learned blunder of an ancient editor, who took οὐκ ἔχων for a condition; or perhaps we should see in αὐτοσμὴ the remains of αὐτὸς ὀσμὴν, where ὀσμὴν would be the gloss or conjecture of some one who thought that ἴχνευον required an object, and remembered from the *Ajax* (v. 7) that to track scent is a Sophoclean metaphor.

Professor Jebb's original conjectures in this play are twelve in number (besides two conjectural supplements); seven are admitted into the text. Among them the palm is due to the beautiful restoration of 1218, δύρομαι γὰρ ὥσπερ ἰάλεμον χέων ἐκ στομάτων, "I wail as one who pours a dirge from his lips" (MSS. ὡς περίαλλα ἰαχέων or ἀχέων). It is for the sake of such discoveries as this that the science of MSS. evidence is worth study. Next to this in interest, and not far from it in convincing certainty, is that in 1090, τὰν ἐπιοῦσαν ἔσῃ πανσέληνον for οὐκ ἴσῃ τὰν αὔριον πανσέληνον. This *appears* very bold, and perhaps that is why Professor Jebb does not put it in the text. With scientific explanation it is not really bold at all, and we should like to see it promoted in a second edition. Upon the corresponding passage of the antistrophe the editor does not so completely convince us. The Chorus are conjecturing that the unknown parents of Œdipus must be sought among the divine beings who haunted Mount Cithæron:—

τίς σε, τέκνον, τίς σ' ἔτικτε τῶν μακραιώνων ἅρα
Πᾶνος ὀρεσσιβάτα πα-
τρὸς πελασθείσ', ἢ σέ γ' ἐτίς τις θυγάτηρ
Λοξίου; τῷ γαρ πλάκες ἀγρόνομοι πᾶσαι φίλαι.

Now it is impossible, as commentators have seen, that "a daughter of Apollo" should be supposed the mother of a child by Apollo himself. Hence various remodellings of ἢ . . . Λοξίου. Our best MS. omits τις, an omission to which we should not ourselves attach much weight, holding it, for certain reasons, easily explicable. Professor Jebb, starting from ἢ σέ γε θυγάτηρ Λοξίου, conjectures ἢ σέ γ' ἔφυσε πατὴρ Λοξίας; and, accepting τᾶν for τῶν, translates thus:—"Who was it, my son, who of the race whose years are many that bore thee in wedlock with Pan? . . . Or was Loxias the sire that begat thee?" This brilliant suggestion not only far surpasses its predecessors, but might well be thought conclusive. We demur, however, on several grounds. First, as the editor acknowledges, the preceding alternative points to some mention of the mother. Secondly, is it quite probable that in the simple sentence—ἢ σέ γ' ἔφυσε πατὴρ—even when written in continuous uncials, the final syllable of ἔφυσε should be taken for "a repetition of the pronoun σε," and that the mistake would escape a second time upon revision? Thirdly, is the feminine *ai μακραίωνες* altogether acceptable? We venture to think not. Substitute in the translation any clearly feminine phrase (*e.g.* "mothers" for "race") and consider the effect. We would essay, with submission, a new defence of the MSS. In alternative clauses, Greek is extremely tolerant of elliptical constructions, the parallel sentences mutually supplementing each other. Now the peculiar position of ἅρα points to a slight pause after ἔτικτε, the alternative parts of the sentence commencing with τῶν μακραιώνων. May not the full construction, then, be—τῶν μακραιώνων ἅρα τις θυγάτηρ Πᾶνος πατρὸς πελασθεῖσα, ἢ τῶν μακραιώνων τις θυγάτηρ Λοξίου πατρὸς πελασθεῖσα? "Who was it that bore thee—some daughter of the ancient ones, was it not, wedded to Pan, or perhaps to Loxias?" (πατρὸς is to be taken predicatively.) We may observe that "daughter of the gods" is no mere synonym for "goddess." The mortal Œdipus could not be sprung on both sides from divine beings of the highest rank. One of his parents must have had at most only the semi-divine rank of the nymphs. Of Professor Jebb's minor corrections, Οἰδίπουν in 1091, κάτα in 1280, ταὐτοῦ in 1405, seem to us as successful as they are acute, nor do we think that it will be easy to improve upon μονάδ' for νομάδ' in 1350. In 1031 we do not think he has solved the problem, though he is undoubtedly right in rejecting every solution which takes no account of the variant ἐν καιροῖς. Œdipus asks the herdsman who found him, when exposed as an infant, what was the pain from which, as implied by the previous remark, he was then suffering. Professor Jebb would give the question thus—τί δ' ἄλγος ἴσχοντ' ἐγκυρῶν με λαμβάνεις; where ἐγκυρῶν is a conjecture for ἐν καιροῦσ or ἐν κακοῖσ. It is, however, somewhat superfluous and not very liable to the supposed corruption. Now one of the best MSS. gives ἐν καιροῦσ λαμβάνεις. This plainly ungarbled transcript affords a strong presumption that in some uncial progenitor of our copies the syllable which preceded λαμβάνεις was not με at all, but μα. Nothing is more common than the loss of a letter or letters in such combinations as ΜΑΛΑΜ, which may be compared for confusion to the *m*, *n*, and *u* of our modern cursive. This at once indicates that what really occupied the middle of the verse was a substantive in -μα, of course describing the infant, that ἴσχον is the neuter participle agreeing with it, τ the necessary article combined with it, that it probably began with an *a* (hence the error ἴσχοντα which some MSS. actually give),

and that the rest of it was such as to give rise to the variants. Possibly more than one word might satisfy the conditions thus presented. We ourselves incline to find the common origin of *ἐν καιροῖς* and *ἐν κακοῖς* in *ἐν καλοῖς*. Some expositors justified this by the explanation *ἐν καιροῖς*, wrongly but not at all unreasonably, since *ἐν καλῷ* for *ἐν καιρῷ* is common; others preferred the bad conjecture *ἐν κακοῖς*. These lines would take us straight to the reading—

τί δ' ἄλγος ἴσχον τἀγκάλισμα λαμβάνεις;

"And what pain had the nursling when thine arms received it?" —not, perhaps, such a very bad reading either. So Euripides calls an infant a *ὑπαγκάλισμα*.

One remark of a less pleasant character we have to make in closing this notice. Professor Jebb has informed the public of the authorship of an article in the *Saturday Review*. The intention was, no doubt, complimentary. But at a time when vulgar curiosity is doing its best to abolish the long-established and invaluable principle of anonymity which has always been observed by the better part of the English press, we cannot give the countenance of silence to an infringement of a custom to which we attach a particular value.

HORACE WALPOLE AND HIS WORLD.*

WE find it by no means an easy task in judging this book to look at it from the point of view of the ordinary reader. To us a selection—a small selection—from the letters of Horace Walpole seems almost an act of impertinence. He and his World can never be known by a selection. The reader who would know both the one and the other must begin with the first letter written by the clever, lively lad of eighteen, and go on through the two or three thousand of them till he parts company with the old man worn out with disease, but never dull, as in his eightieth year he passes away. In the last letter that he wrote he blames his correspondent for showing his "idle notes, which," he says, "I cannot conceive can amuse anybody." Yet at once he falls into his old lively strain. "At home," he writes, "I see only a few charitable elders, except about four score nephews and nieces of various ages, who are each brought to me about once a year, to stare at me as the Methuselah of the family." Following his guidance we become acquainted with three generations of men. We see the elders of the first dropping away; the men of the second in their youth, their vigour, and their age; and those of the third beginning to fill up the places left vacant on the stage. Yet, while the people about whom he writes spread from the days of the Stuarts to the days of Victoria, in his letters there is never any break. So full are they, so numerous, and so unbroken in their succession, that we pass through the long years without once being struck with the vast difference in the world which he described in his youth and is describing in his old age. We get slowly to know intimately a large company. We see them slowly growing older and older. Some of them die, others drop out of his and our acquaintance. Their place is taken by new comers, whom in like manner we get slowly to know. To no one, perhaps, do we become strongly attached. We make acquaintances, pleasant enough acquaintances, but scarcely any friends. No one do we miss as we miss Goldsmith and Garrick in the pages of Boswell, unless perchance it be the blind old Mme. du Deffand. But the variety is endless and unwearying. Johnson asked:—"Was there ever yet anything written by mere man that was wished longer by its readers, excepting *Don Quixote*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*?" We would answer, "Yes; the nine big volumes of Horace Walpole's Letters. There should have been a tenth." For days of illness, for nights of wakefulness, where can pleasanter reading be found? Let him who, some hours before it is dawn, finds he can no longer sleep, keep always by his bedside one of these volumes. They pleasantly occupy the mind, but do not fatigue it, still less do they excite it. When at last nature calls for further repose, the book is at once dropped—for there is never any distant point to which we are tempted to read on—and sleep is not kept off by the remembrance of what has just been read. The only drawback is that the volumes are so heavy. There should be not nine, but almost nine times nine of them. Each should be so light that it could be held by an old man's failing hand. But they should be read long before old age begins to threaten, so that, when the real need comes for them, they may be looked upon as friends of long standing. If he who knows not whist is preparing a sad old age for himself, one scarcely less sad awaits him who has not learnt to enjoy Horace Walpole.

This is the work whose perfection is its fulness, of which Mr. Seeley gives us Select Passages. We felt, as we have already said, that it was indeed hard for us to form such a judgment of his book as might be of use to the ordinary reader. We, therefore, made an experiment, if we may be allowed to say so without disrespect, *in corpore vili*. We gave it to a young lady who had never read a single letter of Walpole's. We were, we must confess, disappointed with the result. She read these Select Passages with interest. Had she lived a hundred years ago she would have pronounced it "a very pretty book." As it was, she merely called it "nice." There is, after all, we fear, too much of what we may call "Jack-Horneying" in the world; too great a love in the case of books as well as of pies for pulling out the plums, and leaving on one side that in which they are set. Yet for all we are told, Jack Horner, though he began with the plums, did in the end eat the paste. We may hope, therefore, that some of those who in an unwholesome manner begin with these select letters, may go on to finish the whole nine volumes. If such a selection was to be made, we do not know that there could have been a much better one than that which is here given us. We do not, however, altogether like the "tags" by which one select passage is joined to another. We get a little irritated in reading such lines as the following:—"Arrived in London, he is again in his element"; or "A little later on we have more gossip about the humours of the day and of Lady Queensberry"; or "The attack [of illness] proved obstinate, and we have again complaints of the English climate, mixed with lamentations over the change in English manners." We doubt, however, whether Mr. Seeley has that close acquaintance with the times which is needed in the editor of such a work. At all events, we see not a few places where an illustrative note might well have been given. Thus when Walpole writes, "Mr. Beauclerk has built a library in Great Russell Street that reaches half-way to Highgate," the reader should be reminded, or rather informed—for a reader of *Select Passages* is likely to hear of it for the first time—how Wilkes said he wondered to find in the library of a gentleman of Mr. Beauclerk's character in the gay world such a numerous collection of sermons, and how Johnson turned Wilkes's wonder upon himself. He should be told, too, that so vast was the library that its sale was spread over fifty days by auction. The mention by Walpole of "Lady Di's windows" should have brought in the passage in which Miss Burney tells us how Sir Joshua directed her to look at Lady Di Beauclerk's house, and how Burke rejoiced "to see her at last so well housed" after all she had suffered from her husband's "singular ill-treatment of her." The admiration that the London Pantheon raised in Walpole when he was now an elderly man might well have been compared to the feelings of delight that its glories excited in Miss Burney's youthful heroine, Evelina. An apt parallel passage might also have been found in Boswell. When he and Johnson visited it, "I said," writes Boswell, "there was not half-a-guinea's worth of pleasure in seeing this place." "But, sir," answered Johnson, "there is half-a-guinea's worth of inferiority to other people in not having seen it." Here and there a note seems either superfluous or deficient. For instance, on the same page are mentioned *Persian* Jones and Mr. Wraxall. If the reader is told by the editor that Mr. Wraxall was "afterwards Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall, Bart., known by his 'Memoirs of His Own Life,'" why is not his ignorance also enlightened as to *Persian* Jones? Macaulay's Fourth-form schoolboy knows of course all about Sir William Jones; but, then, he is equally well informed as to Sir N. W. Wraxall.

When Mr. Seeley maintains, in very un-Walpolian English that "the extant results of Walpole's diligence display a full picture of the period, distorted in many places by the prejudices of the artist, but truthful on the whole," there we cannot agree with him. Very far indeed is the picture from being a full one. He who should know the period only from Walpole's Letters would know but a small part of it indeed. What could a man of his temperament, as fastidious as it was acute, know of the great rough, moving world that was around him, or rather, as he would have thought, beneath him? What he did see he saw very clearly; but, after all, he saw but one small part of the whole of English life. He knew next to nothing of the great writers of his age. He was so ignorant of Johnson that he said his life might be written in four lines. He had, it would seem, never heard of his strength or his courage. He called him "an unfortunate monster, trusting to his helpless deformity for indemnity for any impertinence that his arrogance suggests." Little did he know of the man who, first buying a great oaken cudgel, wrote to tell Macpherson that he would never be deterred from detecting what he thought a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian. Walpole was so much above everything that was "low" that he was most thoroughly tired, as he says he knew he should be, with an evening in which Garrick and Goldsmith joined in what must have been an admirable piece of humorous buffoonery. Insensible as he was to the merits of Johnson and Goldsmith, scarcely less insensible was he to those of Sterne, Fielding, and Richardson. His admiration for such a poor writer as Mason was excessive. Still less did he know of the great wave of religious feeling that was spreading over the land in the wake of the Wesleys and Whitfield. Of the vast economic changes that were silently going on, scarcely a trace is to be found in his letters. Admirable though the picture is that he gives, it is but one long-continued view of one part—a brilliant part, no doubt—of English eighteenth-century life.

With Mr. Seeley's judgment of the literature of that age we are as far from agreeing as we are with Walpole's. Indeed, Walpole's opinions seem in one case to have been accepted by him without any misgiving. Mr. Seeley writes:—

> Some excuses may be made for his disparaging criticisms. The literati of his day were certainly eclipsed by the contemporary orators. What writer was left in prose or verse, on the death of Swift, who could compare with Mansfield or the first William Pitt? Which of the poets or historians of the next generation won the applause which was called forth by the speeches of Fox or Sheridan or the younger Pitt? If Fox and Sheridan could obtain their greatest triumphs in the midst of gambling and dis-

* *Horace Walpole and his World: Select Passages from his Letters.* Edited by L. B. Seeley, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. With 8 Illustrations after Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1884.

sipation, and apparently without pains or application, there was some apology for slighting the labours of Robertson and the carefully polished verses of Goldsmith.

Mr. Seeley, by the way, is a good deal out in his chronology when he makes Goldsmith's verses compete, as it were, with the oratory of Sheridan. We might, indeed, object to his making them compete with that of Fox. Sheridan was but thirteen years old when *The Traveller* was published, and *The Deserted Village* came out before he had reached his nineteenth birthday. He was, moreover, still in his teens when Boswell, pressing Johnson for his opinion on the merit of Robertson's *History of Scotland*, received as answer, "Sir, I love Robertson, and I won't talk of his book." But Mr. Seeley, as we have said, is here following Walpole. "Except," Walpole wrote, "for such a predominant genius as Shakspeare and Milton, I hold authors cheap enough; what merit is there in pains, and study, and application, compared with the extempore abilities of such men as Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, or Mr. Pitt?" But has Mr. Seeley for one moment himself considered who were those whom he calls, no doubt contemptuously, the *literati* of Walpole's day? Has he forgotten the great cloud of writers who make last century so famous? Have Mansfield, Chatham, Fox, Sheridan, and Pitt eclipsed Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Johnson, Goldsmith, Hume, and Gibbon? Could any one or anything eclipse *Tom Jones*, and *Tristram Shandy*, and *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and *Humphrey Clinker*, and *The Lives of the Poets*, and *The Moral Essays*, and *The Decline and Fall*? The speeches of Chatham that were most admired were years afterwards found to have been written by Johnson in a garret. We had thought that the ignorant contempt that had been poured on the great writers of last century had died of exposure; but it still shows some signs of life. When we come across it we almost long for Reynolds's convenient deafness, of whom we read in "the carefully polished verses of Goldsmith":—

> When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
> He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

To part, however, with the editor of the *Select Passages* with a friendly word, we must not forget to thank him for the interesting illustrations, which add not a little to whatever attractiveness his volume might otherwise have had.

HISTORICAL PORTRAITS OF THE TUDOR PERIOD.—VOL. IV.*

WE heartily congratulate Mr. Burke and his readers—and, having been faithful among the latter, we may venture to add that we congratulate ourselves—upon the conclusion of his labours. In what he calls an Introduction to the present volume, after making his acknowledgments to those who have helped or liked his book, he administers a parting rebuke to "a literary journal," the identity of which we cannot pretend to mistake. He resents our astonishment on a previous occasion that he should "reappear undaunted and unabashed"; and tells us, in return, that he is fearless because he is the advocate of Historical Truth, "a sentiment which I believe to be esteemed and honoured by every high-minded and chivalrous Englishman."

That there is something chivalrous in Mr. S. Hubert Burke himself we do not deny; moreover, he always writes like a gentleman, even when he writes bad grammar. But, though fully armed with a tremendous controversial apparatus and astride on principles which are proof against argument, he is as unfortunate as were the Danish king and his knights at Hemmingstedt when, horse and man, they stuck in the marsh. The truth is that, with zeal enough and to spare, he has not learnt to combine a fair proportion of discretion; and that, like the king aforesaid, he accordingly meets with more cold water than he may have looked for. In answer to his challenge, it once more becomes our duty to show, as briefly as may be, how he has once more proved himself unfit for the function which he has so confidently assumed. We do not feel it necessary to ward off any suspicion of prejudice on our part against Mr. Burke as a devoted adherent of the Church of Rome. In our review of the third volume of these *Historical Portraits* (April 7th, 1883) we attempted to show how little the cause of historical truth really gains from the combative onesidedness of partisanship, however imposing may be its accumulations of evidence, even of evidence in itself trustworthy and significant. If Mr. Burke considers that his entire method of writing or reviewing history cannot with justice be called onesided, we have clearly been unable to persuade him to the contrary. On the present occasion, therefore, we must confine ourselves to the humbler task of proving that his carelessness and extravagance have not decreased as the number of his volumes has increased; and that, though he may be undaunted and unabashed, his *laches* are such as would be inexcusable in the merest recruit desirous of finding a place among writers on English history.

In speaking of Mr. Burke's carelessness, we do not refer to the carelessness of Mr. Burke's printer; nor are the mistakes introduced by the latter into the history of the former quite as dreadful as those by which Miss Fanny Fudge's printer impaired her prosody. The "*Aulutaria*" of Plautus may pair off with Cardinal "Bessarian"; while a possible old spelling of the name "Chaucer" is balanced by the perfectly new spellings "Gregori Letti" for Gregorio Leti, and Count "de Ritz" for Count de Retz. Unless these *Historical Portraits* should reach a second edition, Mr. Burke's readers will remain in doubt, so far as he is concerned, whether the second part of the name La Motte or La Mothe Fénelon, should be written Fenelon, or Fénélon, or Feneleon. According to Littré all these three ways are incorrect. From the laws of spelling we pass by a not very abrupt transition to the rules of composition, a due observance of which is surely quite compatible with the service of Historical Truth. The inverted commas which make a sort of *camera stellata* of Mr. Burke's text cannot relieve him of the responsibility of eccentric constructions which have an all too characteristic family likeness to one another. Thus we read in a description of Queen Elizabeth's personal appearance, which seems to be taken in part from some unspecified source, that "No one, when she pleased, could be more amiable, when young." Elsewhere we are told that Sir Christopher Hatton often had to settle the disputes between the ladies of the Queen's Court:—

> When his arbitration was not accepted, the case went before the Queen, who quickly decided by a box on the cheek, or a pinch in the fat neck, or to be confined in their apartments for so many days, or relegated to the charge of some courtier in a lonely country mansion.

These oddities do not stand alone, but the depth of obscurity is reached (perhaps not altogether inappropriately) in the last sentence but one of the following picture of the torture-chamber in the Tower. As before, we cannot state what authority is implied by the inverted commas; nor do we know whether the italics are Mr. Burke's, though he greatly affects this engine of emphasis:—

> The Tower rack stood in the long vaulted dungeon below the armoury. The cells were underground, with no light but the flicker of a far-off lamp. "*The rats were racing about in dozens;*" and have been described as "*daring in the extreme, and not like any other rats they had ever seen.*" To add to the horrors of the place, *no cat was permitted to enter the infernal regions.*

Are we to understand that the Tower rats were unlike any other rats they had ever themselves seen? In this case, one might have expected them, like Fear in Collins's Ode, to have back recoiled at the sound they had themselves made.

Slovenliness of this kind would not be worth touching upon, were it not an unfailing index of inaccuracy in matters of greater importance. And there are few varieties of inaccuracy of which Mr. Burke does not contrive to make himself guilty—indeed he may be said to court danger with a chivalrousness which sometimes leads him, like the good Knight of La Mancha, into strange vicissitudes. Why, for instance, should he have treated us to a short chapter (to be sure it is a very short one) on the English Drama? He clearly lacks even so much knowledge of the subject as might have at all events apprised him of its difficulties. For him the biography of Shakspeare is a collection of traditions which may be accepted as facts, and the criticism of Shakspeare's Sonnets a *terra firma* offering the safest of footsteps. He narrates as a certainty that Paul Whittington, the last monk who enjoyed a pension from the Crown, "in his old age received visits from Shakspeare, Spenser, Ben Jonson, and Walter Raleigh." He informs us, as a matter removed beyond possibility of dispute, that in one of his Sonnets Shakspeare testifies to the genius of Spenser. We presume the reference is to the eightieth sonnet, which has, with quite as much probability, been supposed to refer to Drayton, and to Daniel. He, with more hesitation, repeats the absurd supposition of "some," that Spenser's Irish wife had been "a peasant-girl, Arcadian-like, attending her father's flock at a stream, who quite enchanted the love-stricken Poet." He does not shrink from original criticism of his own, declaring that the *Rape of Lucrece*, "had Shakspeare written nothing more, would have entitled him to rank on a level with the author of the *Faërie Queen;* and, far above all other contemporary poets," including, we suppose, the author of *Hero and Leander*, whom Mr. Burke condescendingly calls "unquestionably a man of genius, however deficient in taste and judgment." On the other hand, his acquaintance with the elements of English dramatic history is singularly imperfect; he evidently thinks *Gammer Gurton's Needle* the oldest English comedy; and confusingly refers to *The Spanish Tragedy* under the title of *Jeronimo*. We should be interested, by the way, to know Mr. Burke's authority for asserting that Sir Christopher Hatton was author of the fourth act of *Tancred and Gismunda*, and that when the play was printed in 1592 (Wilmot's version was really printed in 1591, but some copies have the later date) "the name of the Royal favourite was thus affixed—'Composuit Chr. Hatton.'" But our author's vagaries are by no means confined to one particular domain of literature or of knowledge. He startles us in a note by the statement that Holinshed's real name was Harrison—doubtless a development of the fact that Harrison furnished Holinshed with a "Description of England." He says of Roger Ascham that he "could like Tityrus play upon the lute," though he does not reveal how a lute could be constructed out of oaten reeds. He asserts that Archbishop Tenison supported a plot for the restoration of James II.; but "the plot fell through," as we fear must also fall the attempt to implicate so cautious a prelate in so hazardous an enterprise. In the mere matter of names Mr. Burke shows a weakness of memory for which we should have nothing but sympathy were it not that the slightest amount of care in the revision of his proof-sheets would have easily cured its effects. "Kate of Hardwick" is a new reading for "Bess," adopted in but a single passage. The Assington mentioned as tried for treason on p. 207 is so evidently the Asingdon mentioned as a member of the Association for the Protection of the Jesuit Fathers on p. 109, that we fear the treason prisoner named

* *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty and the Reformation Period.* By S. Hubert Burke. Vol. IV. John Hodges.

"Chidoke" on the later page can be no other than the Chidiock Tichbourne who occurs on the earlier. Worse than this, Bishop Ken is on p. 70 twice over transmuted into Bishop Kerr.

In the arrangement of his materials Mr. Burke shows a disregard of the most obvious dictates of convenience. The volume is, indeed, like its predecessors divided into chapters, and a list of the sections in all the four volumes is vouchsafed at the close in an alphabetical Table of Contents, which, like everything else in the book, is *sui generis*. Who, for instance, would guess at the chance of finding "Fall of the Duke of Buckingham" among a series of titles of chapters beginning with the definite article ("The Young Widow," "The Irish Cousin," "The Border Chief," &c. &c.)? The chapters themselves succeed one another on no perceptible principle whatever; and within them there is neither order nor cohesion. The chapter on the sufferings of Lady Lennox might have connected itself naturally enough with that on the marriage (to Darnley) of the Queen of Scots; but between the two are inserted a rambling discourse on the Use of Torture, and a section quite out of chronological sequence, since the Anjou episode is its main theme, called "Memorials of Royal Love Scenes." The chapter on "The English Drama" follows upon a narrative of the Northern Rebellion, and precedes an account of the later experiences of Bothwell. Mr. Burke's manner is not so much discursive as (to use an eloquent word of his own) "decollated"; indeed, his chapters often have neither head nor tail, and towards the end of the volume in particular this collection of *Historical Portraits* resembles that room in many exhibitions of pictures where the odds and ends are crowded together and where no patience proves equal to finding out the hidden gems.

Such faults as these, however, might be excused, and Mr. Burke's book might have its use, did he at least supply intelligible guidance to the authorities on which he has based, or rather out of which he has, like an unskilful worker in mosaic, stuck together his narrative. We have already spoken of his inverted commas, which leave the reader in constant ignorance as to whether the author is speaking in his own name or in that of some writer known or unknown. Occasionally the obscurity is increased by a doubt whether the *ipsissima verba* cited by Mr. Burke have come to him at first or at second hand. Thus we read, without being led to form any new conclusion as to the date of the *Merchant of Venice*:—

> Christopher Hatton formed no exception as to "pecuniary difficulties," for Walsingham was also in debt, and it all accords with the popular idea of the chivalrous Sir Philip Sydney to find him "hopelessly in debt." In 1581 Philip Sydney wrote to Hatton, beseeching him "to solicit the Queen for some aid to keep off a Dutch Shylock who worried him to death."

Even when Mr. Burke goes so far as to give a statement on the authority of "a contemporary" or "a contemporary of critical judgment," he cannot be said to do much towards making darkness light.

We do not deny that Mr. Burke's footnotes are full of references to works and passages, or insinuate that he is unacquainted with a considerable portion of the literature of his subject. In fact, he has devoted a chapter of some length to an examination of "conflicting authorities," opening it with a dictum of Dr. Maitland, which may certainly defy contradiction, that "the question of authorities is a very grave one indeed." The list given by Mr. Burke is very far from complete; but it is upon the whole quite equal to that which M. Dargaud has appended to his vivacious *Histoire d'Elisabeth d'Angleterre*. What is worthy not only of notice, but of acknowledgment, is that Mr. Burke should have shown no desire to confine himself to Roman Catholic authorities; indeed we notice with surprise the absence of any reference to that storehouse of information concerning the Elizabethan persecutions, Mr. Foley's *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus*. The gist of Mr. Burke's charges against Foxe will receive the assent of every candid student, even though he may be unable to support them with the aid of "Sir James Mackintosh's 'History of the Reformation'" [*sic*]. Mr. Burke expresses only a very partial confidence in the allegations of the Roman Catholic historian Sander, but he is, we think, mistaken in holding that Baxter and Neal, who agree in condemning Sander, "carry not the slightest weight with any unprejudiced reader of the present time." It is new to us, by the way, that there should have been a party "called the 'High Church Party'" in the Tudor age. After the probably correct, but in its absolute isolation cheerless, statement that "Dr. Goodwin died in 1638," we bark back again to Nicolas Harpsfield, and then forward again to Holinshed and Stowe. Thomas Heywood, whose little book on Elizabeth's early years seems to have obtained for its prolific author a compliment from Miss Strickland, is rather loftily dismissed as one whose "impartiality will not stand the test of searchful criticism." The brave Jeremy Collier's *Ecclesiastical History* is generously praised; and there follow, of course without any attempt at order, comments on other historians, old and new. We may disagree with more than one of these comments; nor, in truth, was it to be expected that Mr. Burke should deny himself the pleasure of an onslaught upon Burnet—the best-abused of all historians, or appreciate the "souffle libéral" in Rapin which won for him the good will of MM. Villemain and Dargaud. But the survey, as a whole, unmistakably shows that the author of this book has a real desire for fairness, even if he is not what he declares the excellent Maunder to be, "an equable admirer of heroes." Nor, in truth, are signs of this desire wanting elsewhere in the book. The injustice is recognized of attaching "all the censure of unreasoning oppression to the English Protestant party" in Ireland; "for, long before Protestantism appeared in this realm, the Celtic Catholics were ground down and misgoverned by the English Catholics." Among "the incidents leading to the Spanish Armada" the barbarities inflicted in Spain upon English sailors and travellers are not ignored by the side of the lawless excesses of these sailors themselves. Mr. Burke neither retails, nor apparently believes in, scandal of a certain kind against Queen Elizabeth; and even for Walsingham he finds a word in recognition of his comparatively independent spirit and comparatively clean hands. It is all the more to be regretted that the tone of the book in general should be one of angry invective, as in the case of Elizabeth's ministers, or of passionate partisanship, as in that of Mary Queen of Scots. From the name of the latter Mr. Burke cannot part except in a lyrical gush quoted from Aytoun; and to "the grave foresight" which, for good or ill, made England what it was under Elizabeth, he has no other tribute to pay than this, that "upon the long roll of English Ministers there are to be found none so bad and unprincipled as the advisers of Queen Elizabeth, Burleigh worst of all."

FOLK-MEDICINE.*

THE existence of the Folk-lore Society is more easily justified by the publication of this volume than by many papers belonging to the series of its annual transactions. We have here a systematic attempt to deal with a vast mass of facts and traditions, for which an explanation must be sought somewhere, unless we choose to say that an immense multitude of notions which have exercised no small influence on the history of the human race are altogether inexplicable and unaccountable; and we believe that Mr. Black has analysed and classified these facts with commendable judgment and with better success than many who have dealt with some portions of his subject before him.

We may, however, fairly express our regret that his praiseworthy earnestness in seeking for truth has not made him somewhat more exact in the execution of his task. In the preface some stress is laid on the amount of care expended by himself and his friends in reading and correcting proof-sheets and revises; but unfortunately we have not far to go in order to come across instances in which a moderately careful search would have been rewarded by the removal of some awkward blots and blunders. A few sentences, as they stand in the text, are scarcely intelligible. We are at a loss to know what is meant by the statement that "curses and denunciations are not the only means by which nations of thought have found their magicians work their evil will" (p. 16), or that for primitive man the sight of death "must soon have suggested that the rude weapon of the chase which had missed its aim had some volition of its own" (p. 3). It is but poor praise for a writer if we say that we can just see what is meant by the sentence which tells us that "the person cursed (by wizard or witch) soon hears of the cruel charm; and it is not surprising that, ruminating upon all the forms of disease to which it may be possible that he will be doomed, should readily induce, if not an actual sickness in a healthy man, at least a craving for the removal of the impending curse." Still more puzzling at first sight is the declaration that when the curse is removed, "the thankful spared can go about his work with lightened heart" (p. 31). It is hard to convince ourselves that three men have read the sentence which asks, "To what do we owe the Renaissance of Italy and Southern Europe; to what in our own day do we owe the Gothic revival; to what do we owe the hundred arts which make our life of to-day more beautiful to those who have leisure and wealth, and more varied—if not more happy—to the unfortunate poor, than has been any previous age in the world's history?" (p. 218).

Mistakes or blunders in writing or printing are not so rare as they should be. The notions of burglars about amulets are said to be "a curious physchological study" (p. 219). There would seem to be but little excuse for printing "radii visini" (p. 21), or "per cruce tua," where the text cited had undoubtedly the mark of abbreviation (p. 141), or for turning Pausanias into Pausonius (p. 150), or the German *schaut* and *geschaut* into *schant* and *geschant* (p. 151), the Latin *solvitur* into *salvitur* (p. 169), or the French "dialecticien" into "dialectricien" (p. 4). Nor can we say that the references are always so given as to inspire us with implicit confidence in the accuracy of some which we have not verified. For the statement (p. 74) that Xenocrates, according to Galen, said good things of cannibalism, we are referred to Grimm's *Deutsche Mythologie*, i. 37, and to the same work, in vol. i. p. 46 of the English translation by Mr. Stallybrass. But neither in the one nor in the other is there any mention of either Galen or Xenocrates.

The subject with which Mr. Black has undertaken to deal is not altogether an inviting one. Unhappily this remark applies to a good many regions in the wide domain of folk-lore; and only when we begin to group large clusters of traditions can we trace the links which connect them, and see that all are evidence of some rude effort to arrive at a coherent philosophy. The most important point beyond all question is the ascertainment of primitive feeling as to phenomena with which we are so familiar that we often bestow on them no thought at all; and here Mr. Black has done good service by steadily refusing to be led astray by the speculations of some modern thinkers whose dogmatic utterances are certainly not wanting in assurance. Mr. Black cannot bring himself to

* *Folk-Medicine: a Chapter in the History of Culture.* By William George Black, F.S.A. Scot. London: Published for the Folk-lore Society.

believe that the coming on of darkness after sundown was viewed by the first generations of mankind with the equanimity with which it is now regarded by children in a modern nursery. He insists that the indifference of the latter is the result of security and comfort, and that the mind cannot work in its natural way in regard to phenomena of the outward world which are seldom seen. Children nowadays rarely watch a sunset; they hardly ever see a sunrise. They are scarcely more familiar with the sight of death, although their notions about it are moulded and stereotyped by what they hear or read. For primitive men there was neither hearing nor reading about facts which were undiscerned in the infancy of the world. What we have to determine for ourselves is the direction in which we must seek for the evidence most likely to throw light on the earliest stages of human thought. If we say that our safest course is to start from the conditions of savage life at the present day, we start with an assumption quite as large as any that can be made by those who would rather trust to the records or indications of a literature handed down orally through generations wholly ignorant of writing in any shape. The pictures here given have at the least come down to us unchanged; but it would be no easy task to find savages in our day who have not been exposed to a multitude of influences unknown to the earlier ages of the world; nor is it possible to measure in each case the degree of degeneration which may have brought them to their present state, any more than it is possible to deny the fact that degeneration is a most important element in the condition of tribes which are thought to have retained their primitive simplicity.

But whatever may have been the thoughts first awakened in the minds of men by the sight of death, it is clear on all sides that one of the first notions formed on the subject was that of a relation between the living and the dead. Whether this relation was one of love or of fear is a question perhaps less easily answered. To Mr. Black it seems "more natural to regard dead ancestors as beneficent minor deities than as devils, . . . and to look for prosperity and help from those who are now beyond the troubles of earth." Assuredly it is this feeling which finds an emphatic expression in many hymns of the Rig Veda; and there seems to be but slender excuse for treating this higher and more cheering thought as of later growth than the theory which leads the Chinese to withhold help from a drowning man. This theory is "that the spirits of persons who have died a violent death may return to earth if they can find a substitute. Thus, if A has just lost his son B, and is mourning his loss, should he see C struggling in the water, he naturally will not help him; he would rather see him quickly drowned, for so B will return to life all the sooner. As for C, it is his fate, and he has only to wait until another person, D, E, or F, comes to the same end." The idea which lies at the root of this notion is that of the possibility of altering the state or condition of one man by changing that of another. The change may work in either direction. It may issue in great benefit to the living or in great calamity; and the notion will assume a more systematic form when the inference is drawn that the principle is not limited to the relation of man with man. If life may be recovered at the cost of another, so may health, or wealth, or any other thing. If a man may be freed of his sickness by passing it on to another man, why should man be the only living being to whom it may be thus passed on? Why should not this principle be a law pervading the whole universe? Why should not the malady be got rid of by laying it on vegetable, or even on inanimate, substances?

Without going far into details, we can readily imagine that a vast fabric might spring up, forming itself in a certain sense into a system of folk-medicine—a method of curing which, in spite of its seeming incoherence and absurdity, would rest on a certain philosophical foundation, and seek to account for or to produce phenomena on a hypothesis which at least is worthy of refutation. The system so formed is not inviting either in its general character or in its local features. It has little outward consistency, and the means adopted in two or more places for attaining the same end may be absolutely self-contradictory. What the sufferer is bidden to do in one district may be just what he is told not to do in others; but these absurdities are scarcely greater than those of the earlier Greek astronomers, whom yet we justly regard as not undeserving of respect. We may be tempted to smile at the notion of Xenophanes that the stars were fiery clouds lit at night, like coals, and put out again in the morning; but the notion was an attempt to account for certain phenomena, and, as such, it marked a stage in the growth of the human mind. The difference between the early Greek astronomy and the folk-medicine which is still a living power among Englishmen at the present day lies in the readiness which both physician and patient display to disregard all seeming exceptions or contradictions to their philosophy. The apparent occurrence of what is considered the right sequence is held to prove the theory, in spite of a hundred cases in which the result may point to a contrary conclusion.

If, then, the materials of Mr. Black's chapters are often of an uninviting, or even repulsive, character, this is not his fault. He has had to deal with facts and fancies, from which he may not unnaturally pass with a feeling of relief and satisfaction to the inferences to be drawn from them. His analysis exhibits in full detail the working of a vast system of popular medicine resting on ideas of transference, and traces this idea in transferences supposed to be effected by means of men in the first instance, by beasts in the next, and then by fruits, flowers, roots, trees, and sawn timber. This task leaves him unable to admit Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory, that for primitive men "the first explanation of disease, of death, and the suggestion of higher powers and religion, are due to dreams and epileptic fits." His definite conclusion is that "the mythologist, to use Mr. Spencer's term, far more accurately grasps the ideas and feelings of the semi-civilized than does the Spencerean thinker." His opposition to Mr. Spencer is based chiefly on the ground that "Mr. Spencer assumes that we can judge of the past by the present in the very particulars which others might think the most liable to alteration." It is something to know that Mr. Spencer himself is not without misgivings as to the complete trustworthiness of his method, and that he believes not only in the possibility, but even in the high probability, "that retrogression has been as frequent as progression."

THREE NOVELS.*

SWEET MACE is a story the scene of which is laid in Sussex, and the date of which is placed in the reign of James I. It opens with a description of Sussex scenery and of Gil Carr, the hero of the story. We read on the second page that he "revelled, as young men of eight-and-twenty can who love to place one object in the chiefest spot of all they see." We imagine this to mean that he took delight in the beauties of nature; for he is throughout the story represented to be of sober and temperate habits. On the next page we are told that green is "Nature's own colour," but why it should be so more than any other colour we are not informed: nevertheless, a few lines further on we read that "lest there should be too much green, Nature has been lavish with other colours." And the writer proceeds to give them us now without mercy. "Golden tassels," "burnished bullion yellow," "creamy grey," "delicate violet mauve," "silvery arrows," "silver stars"; and among all these colours "the most æsthetic critic could not find one that offends." Amid this scene of beauty "on one particular undated morning in spring . . . all birddom (*sic*) breaks forth into song." The song is then described metaphorically as an oratorio. "There are no programmes," and "as to tickets they are *minus* too." Nature is the "conductress," and "in a few moments will raise her *bâton*." The concert is now about to begin; "there is the deep low humming buzz and murmur as of thousands speaking in a vasty hall." "Tell me it is the bees," exclaims the writer; on which we may remark for our own part that no reasonable number of even the largest humble-bees could produce the effect of thousands of persons speaking at the same time in—say, for instance, the Agricultural Hall at Islington. The bees being discarded, the birds are now brought in one after the other. But as they have nothing to do with the story, we may pass on. Gil Carr is a sort of mixture of trader, smuggler and freebooter, whom love and business combine to bring from time to time to the coast of Sussex. Sweet Mace, with whom he is in love, is the daughter of a gun-founder who lives on the same coast, and whom he supplies with sulphur and saltpetre for the manufacture of gunpowder. She has another admirer in the person of Sir Mark Leslie, a young courtier from London, who has a commission from the King to watch what is going on in Sussex and see if any disloyal practices are being carried on under the guise of legitimate trade. He is a volatile young man, in love with Mace at one time, and at another with a certain Mistress Anne, daughter of a newly-made baronet in the same district. Mace is in love with Gil Carr, but her father will not hear of the match, and Sir Mark, by working on the vanity and interest of the founder, gains his consent that he should himself marry the girl. To this Gil Carr naturally objects; and on the eve of the marriage he, together with the crew of his ship, come to the founder's house to carry her off. Sir Mark, however, is there too with a band of followers from London, and a desperate fight ensues, in the middle of which an old woman, considered to be a witch, blows up all the powder in the founder's cellars. Mace, it is supposed, has perished in the conflagration. The founder goes mad on the spot, but recovers his reason after a time. Mace's maid, who is really the one who has been killed, is mistaken for Mace herself, and buried with due honours. Mace herself is saved by the old woman and hidden away; but she too has gone mad. The old woman is condemned to be burnt at the stake as a witch, and the flames are already lighted when she is rescued by a party of Gil Carr's men just returned from a long voyage. Most of the characters in the book come to their senses in due time, and as many of them as are marriageable marry. Among these are Gil Carr and Sweet Mace. We are sorry that we cannot recommend the book to our readers. It is very unprofitable.

The Jewel in the Lotos is the third novel by Miss Tincker which has been noticed in these columns. The first, *Signor Monaldini's Niece*, gave evidence of a good deal of ability, and, in spite of its absurd ending, compared favourably with most recent tales which have taken Italian life as their subject. The next, *On the Tiber*, was by no means so successful; and the falling off was apparently due to the fact that it was, as far as could be judged, not so much a story as a recital of the writer's real or fancied

* *Sweet Mace.* By G. Manville Fenn. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

The Jewel in the Lotos. By Mary Agnes Tincker. London: Allen & Co. 1884.

Bride Picotée. By the Author of "L'Atelier du Lys," &c. London: Remrose & Sons.

grievances. In the present novel the scene, too, is laid in Italy, but in the country, instead of in Rome. The chief interest of this book consists in the experience of the two girls, one Italian and the other English, who pass their *villeggiatura* in an old country house a few miles from Rome. The one, Aurora, is the beautiful daughter of a poetess and *improvisatrice*, who has once been famous, but who is compelled by reduced circumstances to be dependent on the noble family of the Cagliostri, Dukes of Sassovivo, who are lords of the domain on which the country-house stands, and whose own castle lies close by. The other girl, Aurelia, has come with her guardian, an old man named Glenlyon, to spend some months in Italy; and, as she is in want of a companion of her own age and a teacher of Italian, it is settled that Aurora shall form part of the household. The three are accordingly installed in the country house, between which and the neighbouring castle the interest of the story alternates. In the castle, besides the old Duke and his wife, lives their son, Don Leopoldo, a very dissolute youth, who has succeeded in persuading a beautiful American heiress to take a title in exchange for her dollars. The marriage is soon to come off; and Miss Melville, the young lady in question, is staying with the family. Don Leopoldo, being what a good number of young Italians are, is not, consequently, so content with his conquest as not to seek for others as well; and speedily, to the disgust both of his mother and of his *fiancée*, lets his liking for Aurelia become evident. He even succeeds in persuading himself for a moment that he is in love with her. She, for her part, deludes herself in the same way; and both allow themselves to go so far as to give Miss Melville reasonable ground for breaking off the engagement. The opportune arrival from England of a former lover of Aurelia's, to whom she was half engaged already, puts a stop to the flirtation with the young Italian, and she ends by marrying her own countryman. Aurora becomes as famous a poetess as her mother was before her, and, eschewing matrimony, lives an ideal life of her own. Glenlyon dies; the ducal family becomes extinct, and its property passes into the hands of distant heirs.

There is almost no plot, properly speaking, to the tale, and the characters, for the most part, are vaguely drawn. The book reads like a string of sketches. The air of Italian life is given not unsuccessfully; and here and there throughout the tale there are scenes and descriptions above the general level of mediocrity which characterizes it. Perhaps the most interesting figure in the book, though but little is seen of him, is that of Father Segneri, a learned and devout priest, suspected of Liberal tendencies, and as a consequence exposed to intrigues, which finally cause him to be silenced and left alone and friendless. It is but a sample of what others must have undergone who have been too zealous or not prudent enough to conceal their Liberal sentiments and not influential enough to maintain their position notwithstanding them. The domestic life of the poorer Italians is also well given. But the connexion between the title and the subject of the book is a riddle which we give up.

Bride Picotée, the smallest of these three tales, is in many respects the best. It is fresh and wholesome. The scene is laid at Louville, in Burgundy, and the events of the story have to do with the quiet domestic life of several households in or near the little town. The most prominent figure in the story is an old woman, "La Brisarde," who is the sole survivor of a family which has possessed the secret of making the lace which gives the title to the story. Adjoining her room on the upper floor of the tenement in which she lives dwell two sisters, the one Françoise, who works as a milliner and dressmaker, and the other Lise, a lame child of fourteen, who is dependent on the elder, but has the talent and ambition to make herself a help instead of a burden to others. Françoise has an offer of marriage, which might have been approved of by the parents of her lover were it not for the fact, not only that Françoise herself has no dowry, but that the expense of supporting the younger sister is an incumbrance which an intending bridegroom and his family must take into account. The morose old lace-maker and lace-mender has the strongest dislike to all outsiders, and especially, like all recluses, to those who live nearest to her and presumably give most grounds for suspicion. But the little crippled girl gradually worms her way into the old woman's heart, particularly after she has been suspected and cleared of a charge of theft. The child, in working with the old woman, has been intelligent enough to find out the secret of the lace-stitch, the possession of which is so valuable; and, after being further instructed in the art, is able to produce a piece of lace which wins the prize at a provincial exhibition at Dijon, and secures for her something more than a competence. She is no longer regarded as a burden on any one anxious to marry her elder sister, and the objections to the match made by the relatives of Françoise's lover are greatly lessened by the younger girl's success. The story, as it is said, "ends happily." Everybody gets what he or she wants. Even the old woman, who has been long separated from her son, and has lived a life of seclusion, finds him at last, and goes away to live with him in comparative wealth. The tale reads as if the writer were familiar with the better side of French provincial life, and had taken as a guide some of the wholesomer kind of French novels. There seem to be echoes of *La petite Fadette* and other such stories in it.

In the first two stories which we have noticed there is among others the common fault that there is really no plan to them. There is no reason why either should not end at almost any point after the first half of the tale has been reached. The third story, which is hardly ambitious enough to have a plot at all, and confines itself to simple sketches of home life, can be read all through with pleasure and interest.

LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM LOGAN.*

SIR WILLIAM LOGAN well deserved a biography; nine in ten of those whose friends think it necessary to give to the world a record of their lives have rendered far less service, have attained far less eminence in their several vocations. We can nevertheless believe that the biographer has had no easy task when we find how little the critic has to say of one whose career was remarkable alike for public utility and private virtue. Few lives are more useful, few deaths make so sensible a vacancy, as those of eminent permanent public servants; and yet the lives of such men are rarely written, and would rarely prove readable. Their work, valuable as it is, is interesting only to themselves and their colleagues, or to those whom it immediately affects; their services have been recognized, their loss is often heavily felt by their chiefs, to whom they are commonly subordinate only by chance—the chance of birth, fortune, or circumstances. But, even if those chiefs cared to recall the assistance they have received, the work that has been done for them, and even if the etiquette of the service would permit the story of such men to be fully and truly told, it would be eminently uninteresting to the general public. The same is very commonly the case with another class of lives almost equally useful and equally full of immediate and active interest—the lives of men of science whose work has been of a routine character, especially if they have not reached the highest rank of their profession, have achieved no very great discoveries, engaged in no professional controversies of permanent or general import. Sir William Logan was at once an invaluable public servant and a laborious and successful man of science. The earlier years of his manhood were passed as a man of business in London, and later as the conductor of a Company's copper works in Wales. But, born in Canada, of a well-to-do Canadian family, possessed of valuable property in the Colonies and of a considerable business in England, he was able at a comparatively early age to leave his business and take charge of the Geological Survey of the Provinces, then known as Upper and Lower Canada, now as Quebec and Ontario, forming part of the Dominion. His business vocations impelled his first steps in scientific study, determined the direction of his first inquiries, perhaps caused him to become a geologist. They contributed in no small degree to give to his first geological investigations that practical aspect which rendered them more acceptable, if not more useful, to the practical and somewhat Philistine aims of colonial politicians. He had learned before he quitted business more than scientific geologists commonly care to learn of the signs indicating the presence or absence of metalliferous veins—perhaps the one use of geology which the majority of Canadians appreciated, the one result they expected from the Survey.

Born at Montreal in 1798, William Logan was educated first at a local school, and afterwards at Edinburgh. Up to 1838 he was practically engaged, as we have said, in business, but had leisure for the scientific observations which determined his after career. His reputation as a geologist was made by his investigation of the underlying clays of the great coal seams, and by a geological map of the part of Wales in which he resided, so excellent, so unsurpassable in thoroughness, accuracy, and practical utility that it was actually adopted by the Ordnance Survey. He observed that underlying every coal seam within his reach was a bed of clay always filled with the fossil plants called *stigmaria*, afterwards proved to be the roots of those *sigillaria* and other large, but lowly organized, trees of which the coal consists. At that time —1830-40—it was commonly supposed by geologists that the coal-beds had often, if not universally, been formed by the fossilization of vast masses of driftwood collected in the estuaries of ancient rivers. Had this been the case, however, the underlying strata would have been different in different places, and few or no traces of the timber which formed the coal seam itself would have been found in the beds below. Logan's discovery that a certain kind of clay, as he affirmed, always occurred immediately beneath the coal seam, and that this was filled with fossil wood of an invariable character, would of itself have served to indicate that the coal had been formed by the fossilization of forests *in situ*. When the *stigmaria* of the clays were identified as the roots of the *sigillaria* forming the coal, the proof was complete. A visit to Canada and the United States confirmed Mr. Logan's view. Wherever he found a coal seam he found also the same underlying clay with the same fossil *stigmaria*. The acquaintances made in the course of this tour, together with his reputation at home and his birth in the colony, marked him out for the direction of the Geological Survey which somewhat hesitatingly the Parliament of Canada at last undertook, and for which it voted a miserably inadequate sum for five years. Of the importance and difficulty of the work the politicians who ordered it seem to have been utterly unaware. They grudged Mr. Logan the necessary assistance, overlooked the enormous difficulty which the absence of any trustworthy or complete geographical map of the surface imposed —a difficulty aggravated by the extremely defective character of the surveys which had sufficed for such practical purposes as the

* *Life of Sir William E. Logan, Kt., LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c., First Director of the Geological Survey of Canada.* By Bernard J. Harrington, B.A., Ph.D. London: Sampson Low & Co.

settlement of townships and the definition of boundaries. And had not the director been a man of private means and of unlimited devotion to his work, the Survey must have broken down at the outset.

Undismayed by the labours, and in no way disheartened by the want of proper support, the probabilities of desertion, and the imperfect appreciation which he clearly foresaw, Mr. Logan undertook the task with a zeal which overcame all obstacles, with a tact and discretion which prevailed at last over the ignorance and parsimony of his employers. His troubles were greatly aggravated, his success often delayed, by the conduct even of those Ministers who had originally been persuaded to incur the trifling expense which alone the Colonial Legislature would vouchsafe for so vast an undertaking, and by political changes which transferred power to men still more ignorant and indifferent. Such aid as was absolutely indispensable he contrived to secure, no matter at what pecuniary sacrifice; work that ought by rights to have devolved upon subordinates he undertook himself, and performed until his health broke down at last under an accumulation of duties and hardships which only the strongest physical vigour, the most strenuous and enthusiastic spirit, would have endured so long. The country he had to survey was always wild, often uninhabited, and almost impassable. He had to survey not merely the strata, but the surface, to determine for himself the distances, the levels, the directions which for other geological surveys had been already ascertained; he made his way in canoes along the shores where the strata might be seen one after another upon the face of gigantic overhanging cliffs, and explored rivers whose banks here and there gave similar indications of the general geological character of the country. His labours on the Survey were interrupted several times by other duties, as when he was sent as a member of the Canadian Commission to the Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, and to the great Parisian Exhibition which intervened. Both at home and in France he was duly honoured, receiving from the Emperor the Cross of an Officer of the Legion of Honour, from the Queen the compliment of knighthood, and from the Royal Society the highest distinctions reserved for his particular branch of scientific investigation. The recognition of his services in Europe seems to have rendered his colonial fellow-countrymen more sensible of their true value; and during the later years of his life the importance of his work, his own personal and professional merits, seem to have met with due acknowledgment. But from first to last he laboured, almost gratuitously, as few men would care to labour for the highest remuneration; toiled in the comparatively uninteresting routine of his duties not less enthusiastically than other men of science have toiled in the pursuit of discoveries profoundly interesting in themselves and sure to reward them with world-wide and lasting fame. To such geologists as Lyell and Owen, Logan was what the Astronomer-Royal and his assistants are to the great pioneers of astronomical research. It was only incidentally, in the course of duties which had nearly all the tedium, and none of the ease, of routine, that he could accomplish anything of wider and more general interest; and after his acceptance of his Canadian charge the only important scientific incident with which his name is connected is the discovery of the *Eozoon*—a discovery which threw back by an incalculable period the supposed date of the earliest appearance of life upon the earth.

His letters and journals contain here and there passages of graphic description and lively narrative, or of scientific interest, which render the volume, on the whole, readable enough. His account, for example, of the packing of the ice on the St. Lawrence, the manner in which the narrow bed and rapid course of the stream at particular points create those vast accumulations of ice which often appear to form a gigantic dam, and raise greatly the height of the stream behind; the manner in which the water finally finds its way through or underneath; the signs which indicate the point at which the accumulation has ceased—a matter of no little importance to all inhabitants of the lands bordering the great river—is singularly clear and striking. His account of an important landslip is equally graphic and lucid, and his sketches of life and travel by land and water in the trackless forests he traversed on duty are spirited and amusing. The biographer has done his work well, has made the most of his materials, and has, on the whole, been careful not to make too much of them. The memoir is therefore perhaps as good a monument to the reputation of a valuable public servant, an enthusiastic votary of science, as circumstances permitted. It leaves upon the reader's mind a high impression of Sir William Logan's character, personal and professional, and in so far may be considered successful. But the conditions of the task hardly allowed the production of a book which, in these days of literary abundance and scanty leisure, can attain an extensive circulation.

STUDIES IN GERMAN LITERATURE.*

As the title of this book is vague, and would justify an expectation of great things, we will at once state that this volume of "Studies" is a collection of nine magazine articles on subjects which, though various, may fairly be described by the wide term literary, though one or two scarcely belong to either High or Low German literature. Three of these articles appeared, we are told, in the *Cornhill Magazine*. No notice is given of any former appearance of the other six, and we are therefore led to suppose that they have not been printed before. Not the less, however, are they magazine articles of the ordinary type, dealing with some interesting subjects pleasantly enough, but at the same time in a superficial and careless fashion. The book opens with an account of the life and writings of Fritz Reuter, the Platt Deutsch poet, and tells the tale of the long imprisonment he suffered as the penalty of his connexion with the visionary revolutionists of 1833. Infamous and cruel as the vengeance of the Bund was, Mr. MacCallum makes a ludicrous overstatement in declaring that "the proceedings were almost more infamous and scarcely less cruel than those of our own Bloody Assize." He must either have never read or greatly forgotten his Macaulay. When Reuter's imprisonment began, he was about twenty-three years old and full of life and spirits. He came out of prison at thirty, broken in heart and constitution. After sundry vain attempts to make up for the waste of his youth, he at last found out where his strength lay, and beginning with his Läuschen, or Gossipings, wrote in rhyme of the lives, the sufferings, and the simple thoughts of the people round him, using his native language, a dialect of the speech common alike to England, Holland, Belgium, and northern Germany. The dialect of Reuter naturally leads Mr. MacCallum to compare him with Burns, "the first in merit among dialectical poets"; but what he means by saying that Burns was also the "first in order of time" we cannot conceive. To speak only of Scotch poets who wrote in their own dialect after the Union, it is odd that Mr. MacCallum, whom we take to be a Scotchman, should know nothing of Allan Ramsay, and indeed that any one should profess an acquaintance with Burns, and know nothing of Robert Fergusson. Another paper is devoted to Klopstock, a far less interesting person than Reuter. A narrow-minded pietist, egotistical and positive, the founder and president of a Ladies' Poetical Club, Klopstock, in all respects save one, was a type of the sentimental middle-class German of his age. But, though the patience of his readers came to an end long before the tears and dialogues of the personages, human and divine, of Klopstock's interminable epic, his poem marks the beginning of the restoration of German literature. Mr. MacCallum gives a good account both of the man and of his work; but he has borrowed so largely from Gervinus—a loan which he honestly acknowledges—that all who can read German had better get their information at first hand from the *Deutsche Dichtung* of that author.

Mr. MacCallum's superficial way of treating his subjects is more apparent in those papers which deal with distinctly literary topics than in his biographical notices. He seems to have approached his subjects without any general information, and to have worked at each by itself without noting its relationship to kindred matters. Consequently he is in a chronic state of astonishment at lighting on things which he ought to have expected to find. He is surprised, for example, to find that our forefathers were given to riddles, and that such men as Aldhelm, "Bishop of Sherbourne and Abbot of Malmsbury"—for so he spells these names—learnt and practised the art of riddle-making. Such surprise is perhaps natural enough in any one who is wholly unacquainted with the early culture of all peoples, of our own race and of those akin to us, as well as of Zulus and Basutos. So, too, his surprise that a strict Lutheran like Hans Sachs should tell a story of how the devil was outwitted shows an equal ignorance of the spirit of the early part of the sixteenth century about which he is writing. In a long and rather dull paper on the stories which different European nations have attached to the name of Solomon, he makes no mention of the novel of Boccaccio, where the wise king advises a perplexed husband to administer marital discipline in a fashion which, however consonant with Italian manners in the fourteenth century, is not such as one would have thought would have been recommended by the legendary Solomon, who is generally represented as under petticoat government. More serious omissions are made in the account of the development of the Charlemagne myth, where no reference is made to the stories of the monk of St. Gall, who wrote shortly after the Emperor's death, or to the embodiment of the History of the pseudo-Turpin in the great Chroniques de S. Denis. Mr. MacCallum, indeed, makes no attempt to follow out this interesting subject, save so far as it is illustrated by the legends concerned with the single incident of the death of Roland. He deals in much the same way with the Arthurian romances, for he simplifies his work by pronouncing the oddly expressed opinion that, "Whatever their remote origin may have been, it" (the variety of their characteristics) "justifies us in treating them as the inventions of chivalrous writers, and in neglecting the north-west passage of Welsh antiquities for the safer overland route of Latin and French authorities" (p. 156). That is, to speak without a parable, that because the earliest forms of these legends seem to belong to a period far older than that of the French romance-writers, we are therefore justified in believing that they invented them, and that because their origin belongs to a civilization of which Mr. MacCallum knows nothing, he is justified in saying that its investigation had better be neglected. On the other hand the two articles on the Minnesong and on Hans Sachs, cobbler and master-singer, are written with greater care, and are certainly the most interesting parts of the volume. Mr. MacCallum constantly falls into a very slovenly style of writing, and he would do well to note, among other matters, that "making considerable loans" does not mean borrowing largely; that "to take a telling" is an expression to be avoided, and, above all, that the constant use of "the former" and "the latter" is ugly and confusing.

* *Studies in Low German and High German Literature.* By M. W. MacCallum. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. STEENACKERS, whose very interesting account of the part played by the Post Office in the war of 1870 we noticed last year, has brought out, in conjunction with his former secretary in that department, the first volume of a history of the irregular Government in the provinces from September to February (1). It is likely to be useful, but at this stage we do not propose to criticize it at length. The author has adopted the unambitious and somewhat inartistic plan of embodying in his narrative as many speeches, letters, newspaper articles, proclamations, and so forth as possible. The result is not strictly literary, but is perhaps better in substance than in form.

Enjoyment of M. Bardoux's book on Mme. de Beaumont (2) will probably depend on the reader's liking or dislike for the peculiar French society of the interval between the Revolution and the Restoration. Of this and of the special Chateaubriand clique in it Mme. de Beaumont was a distinguished member, and she also holds a certain place in literature as one of the "Muses" of Joubert. Furthermore, she was one of the most sorely-tried victims of the Terror who themselves escaped, for almost her whole family perished on the scaffold or at the hands of the Septembriseurs. M. Bardoux, however, has not the delicate tact with which in different ways Sainte-Beuve and Cousin knew how to make readers of the present fall in love with ladies of the past, even if (like Mme. de Beaumont) they had little beauty, and (like her) a somewhat unnecessary dose of sentimentality. His work is meritorious, but it is not exactly interesting, and in such a case a book is almost bound to be interesting to prove its right to exist.

We note only (for the present) the appearance of the sixth and last volume of M. Perrens's elaborate *History of Florence* (3) in pre-Medicean times.

In undertaking a general history of the emigration (4) M. Forneron has undertaken a task more difficult than it seems. He comments in his introduction with justice on the extreme rarity of authentic memoirs suitable for his purpose; though, by the way, not a few have recently appeared or are now appearing. He also remarks on the extreme difficulty of treating such a subject without irritating the partisan feelings which are nowhere stronger than in France. And he might perhaps have added that there is another difficulty in the subject, unless it is treated as one of mere curiosity. No reasonable person doubts that the emigration ruined the cause of social order and regularly graded government in France; few can help contrasting the conduct of the *émigrés* with that of the English royalists in 1643 and the Scotch Jacobites in 1745, it must task the most ingenious advocate to assign respectable causes, first, for the inability of so vast, wealthy, and powerful a body as the French noblesse to form some kind of organization in their own defence; secondly, for the almost simultaneous *sauve-qui-peut* which took the place of all attempt even at such an organization. Then, too, the actual conduct of the *émigrés* when they had emigrated is not an inspiriting theme. Of want of individual bravery no one accuses them, with rare exceptions; but their frivolity, their endless and hopeless dissensions, their petty jealousies, and their other faults were as unheroic as they were fatal. M. Forneron tells the whole dreary tale with great impartiality (indeed he very seldom commits himself to a definite expression of personal opinion at all, except in such clear cases as the atrocious bad faith of the Republicans at Quiberon), with immense patience and erudition, and with not a little piquancy in detail. He has, however (as he has also in former books), borrowed rather too freely the effective but dangerous method of Macaulay,—the method of weaving a large number of separate facts (chapter and verse being duly and scrupulously given in footnotes) into a general narrative. How likely this method is to mislead readers, the wrong constructions which have been put, to name no others, on Macaulay's famous chapter on the state of England at Charles II.'s death sufficiently show.

Many are the woes which wait on the hasty reviewer, and to do him justice he seems to take them very placidly. Not long ago we saw it calmly stated that the subject of the late Mr. Green's *Conquest of England* was "the same as that of Thierry and Mr. Freeman," and more recently we have seen M. Masson's discovery spoken of as "the journal of the great Colbert" (5). "Alas, how easily things [and men] go wrong!" If the hasty person who said this had but looked at the cover of the book, where the dates 1709-1711 are given in good round type, he could hardly have made his blunder unless he was a very ignorant person indeed. For "the great Colbert" certainly was not alive then. M. Masson's man is, of course, Colbert's nephew Torcy, the most prominent negotiator on the French side in the proceedings which at last succeeded in putting an end to the War of the Spanish Succession. The diary here given is very minute, and, as it has more to do with diplomacy than with active proceedings or miscellaneous details, it cannot honestly be recommended as very amusing to the general reader. But its importance to the historian is considerable.

M. Jules Nollée, who seems to be a Belgian diplomatist, has prefixed to his book (6) a preface in which he seems to take himself a little, a very little, too seriously. But that is a venial fault in poets. His book, which is a mixture of prose and verse, exhibits excellent sentiments and a praiseworthy devotion to literature.

A new and revised edition of the well-known French Dictionary of Spiers (7), revised and completed on the late author's plan by Mr. H. Witcomb, may be recommended. The book is a well-known one, and in its present state it seems to be considerably improved.

(1) *Histoire du gouvernement de la défense nationale en province.* Par F. F. Steenackers et F. Le Goff. Vol. I. Paris: Charpentier.

(2) *La comtesse Pauline de Beaumont.* Par A. Bardoux. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Histoire de Florence.* Par F. T. Perrens. Tome VI. Paris: Hachette.

(4) *Histoire générale des émigrés.* Par H. Forneron. 2 vols. Paris: Plon.

(5) *Journal inédit de J.-B. Colbert.* Par F. Masson. Paris: Plon.

(6) *Contes macabres, etc.* Par Jules Nollée de Nodnwez. Paris: Plon.

(7) *Spiers' French Dictionary.* 2 vols. Twenty-ninth edition, revised by H. Witcomb. London: Sampson Low & Co.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MR. NEMIROVITCH DANTCHENKO'S book on Skobeleff (1) has all the value of the evidence of a witness who writes of what he has seen, and tells the truth as it appeared to his eyes. He does not profess to write a biography, but simply to give his personal reminiscences of the General. For whatever did not fall under his own observation, the author refers his reader to other authorities. His field is, however, sufficiently wide. He was attached to Skobeleff's staff as a newspaper Correspondent throughout the war with Turkey, and saw him frequently during the last period of his life. Mr. Nemirovitch Dantchenko's method of writing cannot be commended without reserve. There is a good deal of gush in his book, and an almost insufferable amount of repetition. The scene in the hotel where Skobeleff's body lay before burial is described over and over again. At every successive fight—and the number of them is naturally great—we get exactly the same picture of the General in almost the same words. It is a worse feature of Mr. Nemirovitch Dantchenko's style that he cannot praise his hero without pointing the eulogy by sneers at somebody. If we are to take his word for it, the Russian army must be afflicted with the presence of an immense number of cowardly officers, and envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness must be terribly rampant in Russia. With all its faults of arrangement and taste, however, the book does give a picture of Skobeleff which agrees well enough with what was already known of him. It contains a hundred stories which show the fiery quality of his valour, his ready sympathy with his men, his ardent patriotism, and his passionate love of enterprise. Skobeleff was obviously the ideal of a popular hero—handsome, daring, and prodigal of money. It mattered little to his popularity that he was generous at the expense of others, with his father's money, or with sums which he borrowed from friends and never repaid. The soldiers, whom he fed and lived among like a friend, forgave him for his recklessness in wasting their lives. Skobeleff obviously belonged to a class of officer with whom we are not likely to become familiar—the General at ten thousand men a week. Mr. Nemirovitch Dantchenko tells how at Plevna he ordered a redoubt to be stormed at a terrible loss of life, and left a garrison in it to certain destruction, although he well knew that he would not be supported and that nothing was to be gained by the sacrifice. With all that Skobeleff was no mere *beau sabreur*. He had studied war as an art, and could be a strategist on occasion. The author passes lightly over the last years of his life, but he says enough to show that Western Europe was right in thinking that Skobeleff would have proved a dangerous firebrand.

Storms and Sunshine of a Soldier's Life (2) is the not inappropriate name of a very readable biography of General Colin Mackenzie. The General was known as one of the bravest and ablest officers of the East India Company's army. He was the younger son of a branch of the ancient house of Mackenzie of Redcastle, and a descendant through women both of Robert the Bruce and of the Cochranes of Dundonald. With such a pedigree a young Scotchman naturally took to the honourable profession of arms, and it was quite in the ordinary course that he should enter the East India Company's service. Here he went through plenty of fighting, from the Coorg campaign down to the Mutiny. By far the most interesting portion of these two volumes is that which tells the story of Colin Mackenzie's adventures in the first Afghan War. He was at Kabul when Burnes and Macnaghten were murdered, and was one of the two Englishmen taken alive when the unlucky envoy was treacherously slain by Akbar Khan. His own account of the scene is given. His imprisonment on this occasion was short, for Akbar Khan allowed him to return to the cantonments. After this first escape he went through the horrors of the retreat in the Kabul Pass, and was again taken prisoner. At a later period he was allowed to come down to Jellalabad, but returned to captivity as he had promised, and remained with Akbar's other prisoners till they were all set free by the army of General Pollock. The story is, to a large extent, told in his own words, and it more than confirms all that had ever been said of the feeble bungling and miserable

(1) *Personal Reminiscences of General Skobeleff.* By V. J. Nemirovitch Dantchenko. Translated from the Russian by F. A. Brayley Hodgetts. London: Allen & Co. 1884.

(2) *Storms and Sunshine of a Soldier's Life—Lieut.-General Colin Mackenzie, C.B.* "Ferendum et Speraudum." Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1884.

squabbles which brought the Kabul disaster upon us. The remaining part of the book is not of equal interest, and is rather overlaid with trivial detail, but it is, on the whole, a worthy biography of a high-minded soldier.

It is only fair to allow Mr. Merz to state the aims of his book on *Leibniz* (3), written for Blackwood's Classical Series, in his own words:—"In the following discussion of the character of Leibniz and the spirit of his philosophy," he says in his preface, "I have endeavoured to confine myself as much as possible to those points in the life and the doctrine which cannot be easily gathered by a perusal of Guhrauer's biography (Berlin, 1846), of the principal works of the philosopher himself, or of the well-known historical treatises of Ueberweg, Kuno Fischer, Erdmann, and Zeller." It is, therefore, to the less known part of Leibniz's work that he devotes himself mainly, but he also intends his monograph to serve as an introduction to the study of the philosopher.

The *Memorials of John Flint South* (4), published by the Rev. C. L. Feltoe, consist for the most part of the surgeon's autobiography. It is written in a rather dry style, but contains some interesting sketches of the leading medical men of the beginning of the century, including Astley Cooper and Abernethy. One chapter is devoted to "the resurrection man," vulgarly called the body-snatcher, and gives a very repulsive picture of the doings of four ruffians who supplied St. Thomas's Hospital with subjects about 1818. Mr. South tells, in a matter-of-fact way, how these persons got drunk and cheated one another, and how they fought and were insolent to their employers, and of the method of their robberies in cemeteries, and how the surgeons had to get them out of trouble or support their families when they found their way to gaol, as they occasionally did.

Garboard Streyke (5) is the pseudonym of an author who cannot sleep for the laurels of Mr. Clark Russell. He believes, not without good reason, that very little is known of our seafaring population, and has written the papers of which his book is made up to describe such parts of it as have fallen under his own notice. There is a good deal of sentiment and some mere "talky-talky" in his little volume; but the writer has obviously a considerable familiarity with the smacksmen and the crews of the coasting vessels. He tells what he has to say in the form of description or yarn in a tolerable Telegraphese style.

The author of *King Capital* was not well advised when he collected a variety of his newspaper articles into a volume, and called them "Views from Sea and Land" (6). They are for the most part nothing of the sort, but reviews of books or historical articles suggested by some subject of the day—very good small beer for immediate consumption, but not strong enough brew to keep. Others of the papers are hasty descriptions of foreign towns seen on a tour for perhaps only a few hours. There are a few done in Ireland in the days of the Land League's glory which possess a more permanent interest.

The publication of Mrs. Bray's biography has been followed by the appearance of a new and revised edition of her novels (7). It is nicely printed and of a handy size.

We have also received a copy of the second thousand of Anderson's *Fasti Apostolici* (8), and of a new edition, revised and illustrated by Mr. Du Maurier, of Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell's *Pegasus Re-saddled* (9).

Mr. Robert Farren has executed with considerable success a series of etchings to illustrate the performance of *The Birds* at Cambridge last autumn (10). They will, no doubt, be welcomed as a memento by all who were fortunate enough to be present, while those who were not may thus get a very tolerable notion of the nature of the performance.

We have received from Messrs. Prang & Co., of Boston, U.S.A., through their London agent, Mr. Ackermann, a parcel of Easter cards of very pretty and in some cases of very sumptuous design. Whether the addition of Easter cards to Christmas cards is a burden or a blessing may be left undecided here. The particular examples have certainly not a little merit. One card, a design on white silk thrown up on grey cardboard and bordered with floss-silk fringe (as are most of these cards), is particularly noteworthy. Of the others a "book-wise" folded card in white and orange with grey fringe, another with a design of birds in front and flowers on the reverse, and a third with pansies on the back and a landscape in crayon fashion on the obverse, deserve special mention. But all of them, if a little useless, are pretty.

Messrs. Marcus Ward, who have long ago won a first place among English publishers of such ware, have also sent us a collection which deserves equal praise in its way.

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(3) *Leibniz.* By John Theodore Merz. Blackwood's Classical Series. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1884.

(4) *Memorials of John Flint South.* Collected by the Rev. Charles Lett Feltoe, M.A. London: John Murray. 1884.

(5) *The Sea, the River, and the Creek.* By Garboard Streyke. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

(6) *To and Fro; or, Views from Sea and Land.* By William Sime. London: Elliot Stock. 1884.

(7) *Mrs. Bray's Novels and Romances—The White Hoods: an Historical Romance.* By Mrs. Bray. New and revised edition. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

(8) *Fasti Apostolici.* By W. H. Anderson. Second thousand (enlarged). London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

(9) *Pegasus Re-saddled.* By H. Cholmondeley-Pennell. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

(10) *The Birds of Aristophanes.* A Series of Etchings.] By Robert Farren. London: Macmillan & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The same Course of Lectures will also be delivered by Professor REVILLE, at Oxford, in the New Examination Schools, at 4.30 P.M., on each of the following days, viz.: Tuesday, 22nd, Friday, 25th, and Tuesday, 29th April; and Friday, 2nd, Tuesday, 6th, and Friday, 9th May. Admission to the Oxford Course will be free, without Ticket.

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By a resolution of the Council, Candidates are especially requested to abstain from canvassing.

Further particulars may be obtained from

GEO. H. MORLEY, *Secretary.*

DURHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—There will be a VACANCY in the HEAD-MASTERSHIP of the CATHEDRAL SCHOOL of the Dean and Chapter of Durham at Easter 1884. The Head-Master must be a Graduate of one of the English Universities, and in Holy Orders.—Applications, with the names of three References, should be forwarded to the CHAPTER CLERK of the Dean and Chapter of Durham, The College, Durham, from whom all necessary information may be obtained, on or before the 27th instant.

March 13, 1884.

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THE OPPOSITION AND THE FRANCHISE BILL.

THE speeches which have been as yet delivered on the Franchise Bill have not on either side come up to the level of those delivered on former occasions of a similar kind. But this is hardly surprising, the debating power of the present House of Commons being very decidedly inferior to that of the House of Commons of sixteen or seventeen, not to say of fifty, years ago. On the side of the Opposition, however, Lord JOHN MANNERS and Mr. RAIKES were not unequal to the opportunity. On the side of the Government, Lord HARTINGTON accomplished his usual task of posing as a common-sense apologist, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN displayed his also familiar powers of inflammatory suggestion and personal abuse. It was somewhat obliging of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE to proclaim openly that one object of the enfranchisement of agricultural labourers is connected with the fact that they have been "robbed of their land." No agricultural labourer in this country has been robbed of a rood by legislation; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, by openly connecting the Franchise Bill with the not wholly consistent theories of Mr. HYNDMAN and Mr. GEORGE, has done a public service. After this the net may be said to have been spread openly in the sight of the moderate Liberal party, and it is their fault if they walk into it. When Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says that the form of the Opposition amendment is "unreal," it is probably safe to substitute for that adjective "inconvenient"; and the country will appreciate his candid confession that he hopes the Bill will serve as an engine to promote agitation against the House of Lords. His stout declaration of adherence to the Irish proposals, expressed and understood, in the measure contrasts somewhat strikingly with Lord HARTINGTON's attempt to minimize Mr. GLADSTONE's statements as to Irish representation. Unfortunately experience goes to show that when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Lord HARTINGTON express different opinions, it is not generally Lord HARTINGTON's opinion which finally becomes that of the Cabinet. It is unnecessary to discuss Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's assertion that he has never known a candidate of the party opposed to him unwilling to truckle to the Irish vote. No one can speak to the state of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's knowledge save Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself. But, in fact, not more than two or three such tracklings, since the question of Home Rule became a burning one, can be charged against Conservatives, although these two or three are no doubt too many. Accuracy of statement is not MR. CHAMBERLAIN's most remarkable characteristic; neither, it may be added, is relevance of argument. The greater part of his speech was solely occupied by polemical utterances of the kind which are familiar on Radical platforms, and which therefore may be supposed to be inspiriting to Radical audiences.

Not the least part of the interest attaching to these speeches, however, centred on the speech of Mr. BRIGHT, the only representative in Mr. GLADSTONE's absence of the prowess in similar conflicts of old days. His entire speech may be divided into two parts, and both are instructive not only as to what is to be said for the Bill, but as to what ought to be said against it. For though nominally the Government has its defence, and bound to show cause for the measure practically, as every one knows, the case is different. The Bill itself is of the nature of an assault on the Constitution, and the lines of its attack, or rather of the attack of its champions, cannot be studied too narrowly for the better resisting of it. Mr. BRIGHT's force, then, was marshalled in two columns. He first twitted the Conservatives with having set the example of throwing the franchise open in 1867, and then he tried to dispel the over-representation-of-Ireland argument. The first attack, as Mr. BRIGHT must himself have very well known, carried no weight with it. In the first place, one at least of the two Conservative leaders, and more than one of his principal lieutenants, is absolutely untouched by the sarcasm. In the second, no political party, and the Radical-Liberal party least of all, can afford to set up the principle that politicians are bound by what other politicians of the same general complexion did, or even by what they themselves did seventeen years ago. In the third, narrow as is his range of vision, and contemptuous as he is of all those who see more widely, Mr. BRIGHT knows perfectly well that his own estimate of the beneficial effect of the last Reform Act is not shared by his opponents, and that even those of them who consented to that Act are fully entitled to plead the correction of experience. And indeed, to do Mr. BRIGHT justice, such force as there was in his speech did not lie, and was evidently not meant to lie, in this sarcastic reference to 1867. He knew, as every one knows, that the real fight is not over what is in the Bill, but over what is not in it. And he bent all his energies (as far as he bent them at all) in this direction. That he made a good fight about Ireland, even his own side does not seem to think; but such fight as he did make he made on that subject.

The extreme difficulty which Mr. BRIGHT thus had in replying to Lord JOHN MANNERS's speech, and the tameness which pervaded the utterances of a speaker who is certainly not usually chargeable with that vice or virtue, showed clearly enough that the Opposition have hit the right nail on the head in choosing their amendment. Had they moved, as Mr. BRIGHT wishes that they had moved, the reading of the Bill this day six months, they would have no doubt made a very handsome present of the game to their opponents. The present majority only desires an opportunity of affirming some wide general proposition in conformity with what are called Liberal principles, and the refusal to entertain a Reform Bill *simpliciter* and *qua* Reform Bill, would furnish them with an admirable opportunity for doing this and for avoiding difficulties. They would be able to employ the not very lethal weapon of sarcasm about 1867 with more force or with less weakness than at present; they could ring the changes on the great flesh-and-blood argument; they could reiterate the well-worn contrast of the man on this side of the street and the man on the other side of the street; they could, in short, luxuriate in all the commonplace and the cant which parties love because they divide them least. But with Lord JOHN MANNERS's amendment this course is, if not impossible—for almost all things are possible to a member of Parliament—at any rate so glaringly inadequate as to be dangerous of use. The amendment is a practical amendment, a statesmanlike amendment, an amendment exactly corresponding to the reflections which in the ordinary affairs of daily life sensible men make and ponder over before they take steps of momentous import. What are you going to do with these two millions when you have got them? is a question which cannot be honestly declared evasive or shifty except by a controversialist either too hot-headed to be willing to think or too wooden-headed to be able to perform that not too common operation. Mr. BRIGHT does not answer the question at all. He can only say that

the inhabitants of the Cave of 1866 were very disreputable people, that the Conservatives of to-day are inconsistent with the Conservatives of 1867, that the member for Cork is not a fool, and that the Act of Union may be altered in one political sense but must not be altered in another. It is no unfairness to say that the question, "What are you "going to do with those two millions?" may be asked after Mr. BRIGHT'S speech with even more pertinence than it could have been asked before it, because there is at least one distinguished politician who clearly cannot answer it. Mr. BRIGHT is not in the Ministry. But the intentions of the Ministry can hardly be said to have been more clearly or satisfactorily stated in Mr. GLADSTONE'S reassertion of the doctrine of Centrifugal Representation and in Lord HARTINGTON'S argument that, if the doctrine of Centrifugal Representation be not admitted, arrangements founded on the doctrine of Centrifugal Representation will doubtless not be maintained. The anxiety of the country is to know whether they will be maintained, and not to hear from Lord HARTINGTON a logical statement of the general connexion between antecedent and consequent. In short, though the sentence may sound and may be called cynical, the effectiveness of an Opposition may be best judged from the extent to which it seems to perplex the Government. It is tolerably evident hitherto that the Government is considerably perplexed, and to that perplexity there can be but two ends. Either some authoritative disclaimer of the intention to maintain the over-representation of Ireland must be given (in which case the effect on the party of the person who, according to Mr. BRIGHT, is not a fool is pretty clear), or both the present arbiters of the measure and those future arbiters who have to be taken into account will have to consider whether the greatest change short of an absolute revolution which has ever been introduced into the political system of any country is to be permitted in face of a positive assurance that that change is to inure to the benefit and preference of bad citizens and of a total absence of assurance how it is to be otherwise arranged and directed.

The Opposition therefore has, beyond all question, chosen a good fighting line, whether for the present purpose of converting, if possible, a great minority into a majority, or for the future one of handing over the question to other champions in such a state that those champions may be able to give a good account of it. It only remains that the battle shall be fought both on the second reading and in Committee, if necessary, with watchfulness and with determination. It has been repeatedly shown that the occasion is one for no niceness of choice about means and for no remissness in using them. With the exception of the Septennial Act, it would be difficult to mention any constitutional measure in English history which was so entirely a party move as this present Bill. It has been called for by no national demand; precluded by none of those exploring measures of proposed legislation, the defeat of which opens the way for future victories; necessitated by no altered circumstances in the life of the people. It is, as it has been called, a Continuance in Office Bill pure and simple. Short as it is, its object might be obtained still more shortly by a Bill of a single clause providing for the continuous filling of the great offices of State and the representation of the constituencies by some such machinery as that of the SIMEON Trustees. Against such a Bill all things are lawful that the law does not forbid, and all things are expedient that the practice of gentlemen does not discourage. Delay, counterworks, outflanking tactics, are all good and all legitimate, and the chief thing necessary is that there should be no want of vigilance and no indulgence in apathy. This last fault is specially fatal, in both senses, to a party which defends the Constitution, as distinguished from one which attacks it. It was by no means creditable to the Conservative party last week that the vindication of the Spiritual Peers from the sectarian malice of Little Bethel and the Hall of Science should have been left to the Government and a contingent of Liberal members. Without these Messrs. WILLIS, WADDY, and Co. would have won a triumph, barren enough, no doubt, but gratifying to their feelings as an insult to the dominant Church. Not dissimilar apathy last year led to the most discreditable division of this not very creditable Parliament, and gave up the population of English garrison towns to the unrestricted ravages of loathsome disease. These things are not as they should be, and however dull a defensive war may be, it need not be, and ought not to be, fought dully.

THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE great Republic which is, as usual, happy in having no history, has for some time scarcely furnished foreign newspapers with materials for half a dozen paragraphs. The trivial incident of the LASKER Resolution, and of Prince BISMARCK'S refusal to transmit the document to the German Parliament, has attracted more attention in England than the preparations for a contest which was formerly regarded as highly important. Within little more than five months the Presidential electors will be chosen; and possibly the party which has not elected a President for nearly a quarter of a century may at last succeed in returning its candidate. The more important issue between Protection and Free-trade may then, perhaps, attract attention; but it will not be prosecuted with vigour as long as the advocacy of sound doctrines involves the risk of losing the votes of powerful States. English manufacturers and traders have a divided interest in the commercial policy of the Union. In the first instance a reduction of Customs duties would open a new market; but, on the other hand, Free-trade would render American competition far more formidable. English shipowners would especially regret the removal of the restrictions which have alone prevented the American merchant navy from recovering its former prosperity. The Democratic party which now controls the House of Representatives, and which may perhaps succeed in electing a President, is, notwithstanding some internal dissensions, still, on the whole, opposed to Protection. The Speaker, who was chosen as a Free-trader, nominated a Committee of Ways and Means which inclined to his own opinions. The Committee has now reported in favour of further reductions in the tariff to at least the extent which was announced at the beginning of last year's Session. The Protectionists, who then contrived to make the actual reduction almost nominal, are apparently losing ground both in the country and in Congress; but nothing definite will be done before the Presidential election.

The choice of nominees at the two great party Conventions is unusually difficult to anticipate. For the most part possible candidates think it prudent or decorous to affect disinclination or indifference; but there is no reason to doubt that any politician who may be nominated will overcome his scruples in pursuance of his duty to his party. The actual President, Mr. ARTHUR, makes no secret of his readiness to submit to re-election. He has discharged the duties of his office with credit; and he has especially deserved and acquired public favour by the liberality and good taste of his hospitalities at the White House. Before his election as Vice-President he was principally known as a political manager at New York; but he has risen without effort to a higher level. There is still a prejudice against re-election, except as a reward for extraordinary public services in such cases as those of LINCOLN and GRANT. Mr. ARTHUR'S strength lies chiefly in his own State of New York, which will probably show a Democratic majority. The most conspicuous of his Republican competitors in New York is the late Secretary of State, Mr. BLAINE. It is doubtful whether Mr. BLAINE'S turbulent proceedings as Secretary of State under General GARFIELD have been rewarded by personal popularity. His chances of success would perhaps be greater if it were generally understood that no other probable candidate would be so distasteful to foreign Governments. Mr. BLAINE'S efforts to assert, under colour of the MONROE doctrine, a kind of protectorate over the Pacific States of South America augurs ill for his moderation and prudence. His differences in domestic politics with Mr. CONKLING, Mr. ARTHUR, and the so-called Stalwarts, transcend the comprehension of ignorant foreigners. Mr. EDMUNDS is another possible Republican nominee; and perhaps Mr. SHERMAN may once more find supporters. The active members of the party have no hesitation in announcing their intention of preferring the candidate who is most likely to win. It may be doubted whether Mr. ARTHUR or Mr. BLAINE satisfies the indispensable condition. In many former Conventions the successful aspirant has been unknown to the last moment. General GARFIELD attended the Republican Convention four years ago as one of the most active supporters of General GRANT. It was not till the objections to a third term of office were found to be insuperable that the Convention fell back on an active and respectable manager of elections.

Among the possible Democratic candidates one of the best known is Mr. CLEVELAND, now Governor of New York. General BUTLER is, in consequence of his defeat in Massa-

chusetts, eliminated from the list of possible nominees. There is in many parts of the Union, and especially in the Southern States, a strong feeling in favour of the candidates who, after obtaining a majority, were fraudulently deprived of the Presidency and Vice-Presidency in 1876. The election of Mr. TILDEN and Mr. HENDRICKS would afford some reparation for a scandalous injustice; and Mr. TILDEN still enjoys a high reputation for political sagacity. During the contest of eight years ago the Republican papers daily accused Mr. TILDEN of some supposed fraud; but perhaps political morality has since improved. The objection which is now more commonly urged against Mr. TILDEN is that he is far advanced in years; but some of his partisans are, it is said, in the habit of considering the candidate's age as a positive recommendation. An infirm President, likely to die before the end of his term, gives importance to the sinecure office of Vice-President. It might therefore be worth the while of some ambitious politician to take the place of Mr. HENDRICKS. The claims of General HANCOCK, who was Democratic candidate in 1880, have apparently been forgotten. Another possible nominee is Mr. PAYNE, who, like his competitors, conforms to the fashion by professing unwillingness to engage in the contest. Until the two Conventions have met in the spring or in the early summer, more activity will be displayed in promoting the interests of competitors for nomination than in the final trial of strength. At present the chances of success are on the side of the Democrats. Since its internal feuds in the city of New York have been composed, the party is probably strong enough to carry the State. Ohio has been wrested from the Republicans; but Pennsylvania adheres to the party which is most steadily opposed to freedom of trade. The Democratic managers rely with well-founded confidence on the solid support of the South. The enfranchisement of the coloured population has in its result disappointed its promoters. The superior race, having by more or less regular methods reasserted its predominance, will not forgive during the present generation the attempts of the Republican party to control the South after the civil war by means of the negro vote.

In 1880, and to a greater degree in 1876, the Presidential contest was supposed to turn on the condition and administration of the Southern States. The Republicans were naturally held responsible for General GRANT's high-handed policy of employing Federal troops to maintain order at State elections. On the other hand, the Democrats were accused of favouring the acts of violence which had been committed by the Kuklux Society and similar organizations. If any intimidation is still practised against negro voters, order is not superficially disturbed, and there has for several years been no question of Federal interference with the domestic affairs of the Southern States. Foreign observers find it difficult to understand even the limited interest which the American people still feel in the choice of party nominees or in the subsequent election. The candidates and election managers profess to approve of Civil Service reform, and both parties promise, in the event of success, to execute the recent laws in spirit as well as in letter. The manipulators of Conventions and Caucuses perhaps already find that the springs of their machinery are beginning to show signs of weakness. Competitive examinations and official fixity of tenure would, if they become universal and permanent, disarm the most skilful operators. Since the first establishment of General JACKSON's principle that the spoils belong to the victors, posts in the public service have been openly distributed or promised in payment for votes. If the spoils are henceforth to be at the disposal of Civil Service Commissioners and Examiners, the currency which has been employed in political transactions will have been effectually demonetized. The change is for the present only inchoate or impending. Veteran practitioners observe with pleasure and sympathy that almost all office-holders support the re-election of the PRESIDENT, in apparent confidence that their loyalty will not be unrewarded. It is not known whether a Democratic President would imitate his predecessors in former times by substituting followers of his own for all Republican holders of office. As far as the higher posts are concerned, he would be held in check by the Senate, which still maintains a small Republican majority; but he will assuredly be urged by his followers to give them an ample share of the good things which have now for many years been enjoyed by the Republicans. The custom, though it may have been partially affected by Civil Service Reform Bills, has not been allowed by the present Government to lapse into desuetude. Within the last year a head of a department was allowed with impunity to levy for political purposes a percentage on the salaries of his subordinates. Wealthy partisans are still expected to contribute liberally to the expenses of elections. The process is at present in full operation, as preparatory to the contest, or, as it is called, the campaign. Single votes are too numerous to command a price in the market, and there is probably no direct pecuniary corruption; but lavish provision is made for the expenses of canvassing and of party agitation, and there is an understanding that contributors and paymasters shall in case of success be rewarded by office.

EGYPT.

ONCE more on Tuesday the policy of being instant, in season and out of season, in demanding explanations from the Government as to its Egyptian schemes was justified of its works. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's speech may have had drawbacks, but it certainly elicited from Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE two remarkable disclosures. With the very worst grace in the world, the UNDER-SECRETARY for FOREIGN AFFAIRS admitted that General GRAHAM's force was going to try to find OSMAN DIGMA to give him a third beating; and that the Government regarded the keeping open or opening of the road from Souakim to Berber as of the very greatest importance. Of course Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE, when his avowals were put into plain language for him by Mr. GORST and Mr. COWEN, protested that he had said nothing of the kind. The less skilful members of the Government imitate freely their leader's license of disclaimer; but they omit to prepare the way for this evolution by their leader's admirable ambiguity of language. A plain blunt statement is not to be got out of by an equally plain and blunt denial of having stated it. But not even the arts of the PRIME MINISTER or of his own predecessor in the responsible office of dressing up foreign facts for home consumption could have saved Lord EDMOND. The news which arrived next day by telegraph, unintelligible on any other hypothesis, is intelligible on the hypothesis that the Government has done what Lord EDMOND first said they intended to do, and then said that he did not say they intended to do. The weary and wondering troops who, if the Government had heeded what was plainly set before them, would have been at Berber and Khartoum in January, have once more set forward to cover the thrice travelled ground between Souakim and Tamanieb, in order to kill more Arabs if the Arabs would come and be killed, and to come back again if the Arabs declined to come and be killed. The Arabs did decline to be killed in any numbers, and the force came or is coming back again. As the capture of Souakim by OSMAN is not, it may be supposed, considered now likely even by English Radicals who support the Government, this movement would be inexplicable but for Lord EDMOND's unwilling frankness. As it is, it appears that it is after a manner explicable. The troops went to find and beat OSMAN once more, and they went to open the route to Berber with the aid of the friendly tribes. By this time these friendly tribes are known pretty well. They are and will be friendly as far as English power is visibly shown, and no further. Therefore, if the road to Berber is to be opened with their aid, it will be opened by them in conjunction with English troops and not otherwise. It could have been, and should have been, opened in the same fashion three months ago. But it would then have been done in the cold season, not in the hot season, and in all probability with insignificant bloodshed, instead of with a preliminary deluge of blood. That is the difference between the ways of PROMETHEUS and the ways of EPIMETHEUS.

Unfortunately there is a further disadvantage in the Epimethean fashion of acting. Not only is it more difficult and costly to do things as afterthoughts, but it occasionally becomes impossible to do them. Readers of the telegrams from Souakim on Thursday morning must have been of a sanguine disposition if they were hopeful as to the accomplishment of the programme of which the Government have allowed glimpses. It is generally held that in about a fortnight action, by English troops, in this particular part of the Soudan (which is either in, or close to, the very hottest district of the whole earth) will become impracticable. The accounts of the newspaper Correspondents seem to show that it has already become foolhardy to the extent

almost of madness. That there may have been some shamming among the hundreds of men who fell out on Tuesday is possible, for the troops are known not to be best pleased with the aimless and unexplained, but exceptionally severe, work on which they have been set. But this is far from being a very comforting or satisfactory explanation in itself, and it is besides certain that it does not apply to the majority of the cases. The cruel folly of keeping a small force unrelieved, unreinforced, imperfectly and improperly equipped, and composed in large part of men who have already had their full share of exposure to the weakening effects of Eastern climate, marching and counter-marching in such a furnace when England possesses thousands and scores of thousands of troops admirably suited for the work, would need no exposing if it were not the act of an immaculate Government and a more immaculate PRIME MINISTER. As it is, the patience which has received unmoved the greatest slaughter of enemies for the least intelligible cause recorded in the recent annals of English warfare may possibly be extended to this reckless harassing and jeopardizing of English troops. It would, however, be a bold man who cared to stand in Mr. GLADSTONE'S shoes, should the obstinate resistance of the Arabs inflict any disaster on General GRAHAM'S wearied and overtasked handful of men. For the present there is no immediate danger of this, as the Arabs have refrained from all but nominal resistance. But no one who reads the telegrams above referred to, and who remembers Tamasi, can say that such a disaster is out of the question, though it may be hoped that it is improbable. The risk is run, as Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE has said, for the sake of opening the road to Berber. It may be more than doubted whether at the present moment that opening is physically possible. And if it is not, General GORDON and Khartoum must simply be left to the enemies who at the latest news surrounded and threatened them, and who would certainly be encouraged by the intelligence that the English generals who threatened to go to Berber cannot get there. The time which would have enabled troops to be sent by the long way up the Nile has been lost just as the time for sending them by the short Souakim-Berber route has been lost. Everywhere the Procrastination Department has achieved a brilliant success, a success which should be the less grudged that it is the one single department of the present Government's administration which has been so favoured. It is true that, as it in a way pervades and influences all other departments, they may claim a share of its success.

There has been in recent years no more striking illustration of the audacity or the blindness of party spirit than the complacency with which not a few of the supporters of the Government contemplate the blunders of their leaders in this matter. It would puzzle the most generous apologist to devise any coherent series of explanations or excuses for the Government policy, regard being had to historical truth. On the principles of their original statements, General GRAHAM'S expedition had no *locus standi* on Soudanese ground at all except to defend the walls of Souakim. On the principles of intelligent policy, it should have been sent three months earlier. On the principles of military science and of common sense, it should have been differently composed, differently equipped, and have pursued from the first a clear and definite line of action. Turn from Souakim to Khartoum, and the same paltering, the same hesitation—to use the words of one of the chief apologists of the Ministry—shows itself. It was understood that General GORDON went out with an absolute *carte blanche* to use the means he might think best, and the very first important proposition he makes—the appointment of ZOBEIR—is refused by the Government which has sent him as a lamb among wolves. It was understood that every demand of his for support would be granted, and yet the "British "troops," to whom he has repeatedly referred in his proclamations, are not on their way, and apparently cannot be got on that way. The remarkable mission of two English officers to Berber with money but without troops, which is now announced, can hardly be said to be a compliance with his wishes; but it seems to indicate that General GRAHAM will not leave Souakim just yet. To the military as to the political historian, the steps taken in the Soudan by Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government up to this time must, taken by themselves, and regarded as parts of a general and intelligent design, ever remain a hopeless enigma, an enigma only to be matched in hopelessness by the Gladstonian policy in Egypt proper. Yet any discussion of these things in the proper assembly for their discussion, any prayer for light, any remonstrance with the mixture of rashness and reluctance which is dignified by the name of the Government policy, is howled at by Radicals of a certain type as treason in their fellow-Radicals and faction in Tories. To play pranks with the Constitution of the country, to tinker the franchise and potter with registration and redistribution—things which not a few candid Radicals in private conversation will acknowledge to be of no import whatever save a party import—is applauded as real statesmanship. To squander the blood of English soldiers in streams and of Arabs in oceans, to play chuck-farthing with the interests of the country, to wait on Providence in the hope apparently that Providence will somehow be kind enough to recall the gift which England cannot manage, this, perhaps, is statesmanship too.

LEASEHOLD ENFRANCHISEMENT.

THE principle of the Irish Land Bill is, as might be expected, fructifying in the imagination of theorists, more or less sincere, and of political adventurers. The more audacious Socialists affect to justify wholesale robbery by the enumeration of the beneficial purposes to which hundreds of thousands or millions of revenue might be applied if it were only released from the encumbrance of private ownership. Other projectors, at the same time less consistent and less dishonest, propose to interfere in detail with proprietary rights for the supposed advantage of the community or of certain classes. Some changes in leasehold tenure may, perhaps, be fit subjects for remedial legislation; but Mr. BROADHURST'S Bill, as it was introduced, contained flagrantly unjust provisions, and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S language was justly stigmatized by a member of his own party as rank and cynical communism. The denunciation by a member of a ducal family of the owner of Belgrave Square may be described in the language which JOHNSON applied to another anomalous performance. "It is not well done; but the wonder is that it should "be done at all." Practical paradoxes generally attain their principal object by making bystanders stare. In serious argument Belgrave Square would not have been chosen as an instance of bad administration. If all urban freeholds were administered like the Westminster estate, many of the arguments which were urged against leasehold tenure would become inapplicable. Petty speculators who run up flimsy suburban houses would continue their operations if they were compelled first to buy the land, and then to sell the houses when they were completed. The statement that there is no freedom of contract between landlords and lessees would, as far as it has any meaning, be equally applicable to vendors and purchasers of land, or indeed of any other commodity. It is true that owners in the City or in Kensington enjoy a monopoly; but all property, real or personal, is equally exclusive. If a man's business makes it necessary for him to occupy premises in Bloomsbury or in Southwark, he would be as much compelled to pay the price of a freehold, if such a tenure were universal, as to hire the buildings at a rent fixed by competition under the system which now prevails.

Scarcely any speaker in the late debate ventured to support the scheme of compulsory purchase at the instance of any existing tenant who might have an unexpired term of twenty years. A prospective enactment to the same effect, though it would be less flagrantly unjust, would cause the greatest inconvenience. The objection which has been urged against agricultural tenant-right applies equally to houses; though it is fair to admit that Mr. BROADHURST has not proposed, like the agitators of the Farmers' Alliance, to confer a perpetuity on the tenant without compensation. In either case the owner, if he was unable or unwilling to occupy his house or his land, would be prevented from letting it, except at the risk of losing it altogether. It might, indeed, be possible to evade Mr. BROADHURST'S legislation by letting houses for nineteen years; but all the evils which are attributed to leasehold tenure would be aggravated by limitation of the customary term. The option of purchase is, according to the Bill, not reciprocal. It is true that in that case compulsion would be often impracticable. In other words, Mr. BROADHURST'S measure is intrinsically and necessarily unequal. The Bill expressly provided for the non-allowance of the percentage which is usually added to the cost of land taken for

public purposes. The tribunals by which the purchase-money was to be assessed was required to assume, in contradiction to the fact, that the transaction was on both sides voluntary. Up to the present time Parliament has constantly refused expropriation for the benefit of private persons. The issue has frequently been raised when railway companies have promoted lines to single collieries with the proposed result of extinguishing way-leaves. If the practice were altered or reversed, it would be a strange proceeding to give purchasing lessees more favourable terms than those which are granted to a public company or a corporation.

One advocate of the measure urged as an argument in its favour the assertion that it was desired in Scotland; yet it is notorious that in that country building land is almost always alienated in perpetuity to freeholders who pay few duties or ground-rents to the superior or lessor. The custom might perhaps be advantageously extended beyond a limited number of districts in England, where a similar tenure has been found expedient; but it is seldom the business of Parliament to interfere with voluntary arrangements. There must be economical reasons for a custom which has become general. It appears that in some parts of the country the more objectionable tenure of leases for lives still survives. The combination of a suzerainty with a duration of perhaps seventy or eighty years seems to serve no useful purpose.

Both the Scotch and the English systems have hitherto been recommended by the almost perfect security which they provided for the payment of the fee-duty or ground-rent. One of the speakers in the debate inaccurately stated that the main object of the London freeholder was to obtain the largest possible ground-rent. It is true that, as long leases fall in, ground-rent is almost always raised; but the owners are prudent enough to take care that it bears a small proportion to the actual value of the premises. The rack-rent, if it has not been commuted in the form of purchase-money, is for the most part payable to the first lessee. The reversion, if it comes into the market, commands but a small price during the earlier years of a long lease, though the hope of enriching remote descendants may probably have a tendency to maintain the practice of granting terminable leases. As the Attorney-General showed, Mr. Broadhurst's Bill would have sometimes vested the reversion in the occupier for a nominal price. It is possible that the recent agitation against the rights of urban as of rural proprietors may induce some landlords to sell their property instead of reletting it at the termination of existing leases. On the other hand, the increasing difficulty of finding safe investments may serve as a reason for the retention of ground rents and of terminable or perpetual leases.

In the more prosperous parts of London there is probably but a moderate demand for freehold houses. If the great metropolitan estates were broken up, they would for the most part be bought by speculative builders or contractors, though in some instances occupiers might wish to become absolute owners. Only a certain number of residents of the upper and middle classes regard London as the permanent home of their families; and provident householders, before they effected a purchase, would remember the changes of local fashion which are perhaps not yet exhausted. Fifty years ago, the bankers, merchants, and judges who now swarm in South Kensington were content to live in the roomy streets and squares of Bloomsbury. Since that time the respectable district on the north of Hyde Park has flourished, and perhaps begun to fade. Mr. Broadhurst and his supporters would, perhaps, disclaim any special solicitude for the interests of the richer classes of occupiers. The fragile and ill-drained tenements which are run up in the suburbs for the use of clerks and artisans are undoubtedly not conducive to health or comfort; but it would be difficult to prevent the purchase of lots of building land by speculators with the intention of sub-letting houses when they have been constructed as cheaply as possible. Modes of dealing with property which have been widely adopted are always the result of economic causes. Arbitrary interference invariably tends to check both cheapness and convenience.

The outskirts of some manufacturing towns consist of cottages which for the most part belong to the actual occupiers. The laws which regulate the tenure of land are the same in Birmingham and in Leeds as in London; and the provincial freeholders have not acquired their possessions by the legislative expropriation of former lessors. If the circumstances differ, it is idle to complain that the results are not identical. One obvious peculiarity of London consists in the high value of land, and in the consequent waste which would be caused by the construction of houses only large enough for the occupation of single families of the poorer class. In the heart of the town large buildings, such as those of the Peabody or Waterlow trustees, are incomparably cheaper and more convenient than separate cottages. Neither Mr. Broadhurst nor his competitor, Lord Randolph Churchill, appeared to have taken into consideration the complicated questions which would still arise if the rights of house-owners were summarily abolished. Almost all the other speakers in the debate admitted the impracticable crudity of Mr. Broadhurst's proposals, though the division represented a vague and inaccurate belief that the scheme might perhaps be rendered just and practicable by alterations of detail. If it were proved that the system of building leases was injurious to the community, there might be some ground for endeavouring to prohibit the future existence of a mischievous tenure. The proposed remedy of allowing the occupier at his pleasure to buy out the landlord involved a confession that no rational plea for establishing a change of system had yet been devised.

ANDORRA.

THE dispute which has arisen between France and Spain—a controversy which can hardly have any important consequences—on the subject of Andorra must have led many readers of the newspapers to ask themselves what there could be to dispute about. It is true that at the present time the French nation, disabled by the arms and by the diplomacy of Germany from throwing all Europe into confusion, finds its satisfaction in threatening or attacking, on any or no pretext whatever, those countries from which a serious resistance is not to be expected. The public opinion of France, in spite of the severe lessons which the country has received, has not yet reconciled itself to the patent fact that France is no longer able to dictate to her neighbours and to the world at large. But the illusions which have beguiled the French mind from the days of Louis XIV. to the fall of Napoleon III. are such as do not die easily. To be the great nation, to have the lead in the politics of the world, to determine its affairs in accordance with the desires of France, was the ambition of half a dozen generations of Frenchmen. It was an ambition fed and worked upon by nearly every French statesman. In Europe, Asia, and America, the attempt was persistently made to render France the predominating Power in the world. During the last century the plans of France for founding an Empire in Asia and America were frustrated by England, and in the present century her preponderance in Europe, at one moment almost complete, has been overthrown. It is now impossible for the most imaginative of French patriots to think that France can play the same part in European affairs which she could play when surrounded by weak, decrepit, and divided neighbours. Her neighbours are now either strong States, too strong to be lightly assailed, or, which comes to the same thing, small States the maintenance of whose integrity is in the interests of the Great Powers. These facts have more and more, within the last few years, driven the French Government to satisfy the ambition of the French people, or the financial interests of French traders, by seeking influence in new directions. The action of France in Tonquin, Tunis, and Madagascar is due solely to the fact that her favourite part in Europe is played out. Still, something may be done even in Europe; and to assert French influence on the south side of the Pyrenees may be some kind of consolation for not being able any longer to assert it on the Rhine or beyond the Alps.

Andorra is one of the few European States which, like San Marino and Monaco, have not been absorbed into the larger countries of the same speech and blood by which they are surrounded. But it differs from San Marino and Monaco in the fact that its frontiers touch those of two other countries. When Cracow was annexed by Austria in 1846, the disturbance which the act produced in the diplomatic world was due to the impression which it made that the Treaties of 1815 were no longer to be held binding. Otherwise it might have been incorporated by Austria almost without notice. The only reason why the tiny Republic of San Marino does not now form part of the kingdom of Italy is that its existence as an independent State does no harm to anybody, and that its union with Italy would do no appreciable good to anybody.

Andorra is the debatable land between France and Spain; and it is not unnatural that, after the recent irritation caused on both sides of the Pyrenees by the unpleasant events which attended the visit of the King of Spain to Paris, any trifling difference between the two countries should be made the most of. The "Andorra question," as it has been called in the telegrams, is in itself one of the smallest. It consists in the fact that Andorra furnishes a convenient base of operations and place of refuge for smugglers, robbers, and all that class of persons who are "wanted" by the police. The reason why France is more interested in the matter than Spain is, apart from French love of interference, that France, as the richer country, has probably suffered more than Spain from those who find Andorra a convenient residence or halting-place. The natives themselves are, from all accounts, a people remarkably simple, honest, and industrious. Their history and their relations to the two countries are very curious. The "State" of Andorra, if one can apply the name to a district resembling the smallest of the Swiss cantons, is said, in popular story, to have been "founded" by Charlemagne. According to the legend, which may have had a foundation of fact, the independence of Andorra was granted by Charlemagne in return for the services which the natives rendered to him in the wars with the infidels by which he extended the southern frontiers of his Empire to the Ebro. At the same time the "suzerainty" over Andorra was conferred on the neighbouring Bishop of Urgel. It is needless to say that bishops were then persons of more territorial importance than they now are, in Spain or elsewhere. The rights conferred by Charlemagne were confirmed by Louis le Débonnaire. Four centuries later, the Comte de Foix was also invested with a kind of sovereignty over Andorra, the already existing rights of the Bishop of Urgel being expressly reserved. The Counts of Foix became in the course of time Counts of Bearn and Kings of Navarre; and, when Henry IV. came to the throne of France, his ancestral rights over the little peasant community became vested in the French Crown. With what justice those who are proud that their grandfathers destroyed the French monarchy, and appealed from documents and inherited rights to nature and reason, can now found their pretensions on these self-same documents and inherited rights it is not easy to see. According to reason and nature, it is perfectly clear that Andorra should be Spanish. The little Republic lies south of the Pyrenees; the language is a dialect of Spanish; the people are, and always have been, mainly of Spanish blood; all their traditions associate them with Spain. If inheritance is to decide the matter, then the Comte de Chambord and his successors, the present Orleans Princes, would be those who would divide the sovereignty of Andorra with the Bishop of Urgel. It is stupid to have recourse to this principle in one case and to repudiate it in another—to turn out, on the ground that mere technical right is of no value, a dynasty which had ruled for centuries in France, and then appeal, in a controversy with a foreign country, to documents which at home are treated as nothing better than old parchment.

Perhaps the pleasure of baiting a Bishop may have had something to do with the action of the present Cabinet in France. We read that the negotiations between the Bishop and the French Government have been marked by great courtesy. In this case we may safely conjecture that the soft answer was on the side of the Bishop. There is, indeed, no reason whatever why France should have any rights at all south of the Pyrenees. Spain neither is nor is likely to be a dangerous enemy to France. The only time when she was so was when Spain was only a part of the great Empire of Charles V. Since then Spain has not been an aggressor, but rather on account of its possessions the bone of contention between other Powers. France has every reason to be happy at home. Nobody wants to attack or molest her in any way. She is in many respects the most happily situated country in Europe. There is, if not greater wealth, at least more diffused wealth in France than in any other European country. The problems which an expanding population brings with it are of less importance in France than elsewhere. The population of France remains stationary; and for this reason alone the French desire to have a colonial empire, or to exercise that influence on the affairs of the world which an expanding country can and must exercise are denied to her. But there are in France means for a prosperous national life which hardly exist in any other country. The mere fact that her population does not increase, though it shuts her out from the great politics of the world, ensures her a freedom from the troubles which perplex the statesmen of growing countries. Only it is essential that Frenchmen should recognize facts; that they should give up old illusions, which history has shown to be no more than empty dreams; and that they should be content to play the honourable part which is always open to any nation if it is at once gifted and modest. The dominating part which France once played is gone for her, as for all other nations; and in this question of Andorra, as in others, France will find the principle of give and take to be the wisest. France is so isolated that she cannot afford even to quarrel with Spain.

THE CATTLE BILL.

THE machine of Parliamentary government, as it is understood by our present rules, is like the ill-horsed hansom commonly to be seen in the streets. It cannot be set going without a great deal of shoving and pushing at the wheels, to a chorus of shouting, rattling of sticks in hats, and even blasphemy. When voluntary assistance is at hand, the vehicle can be got under way and despatched on its erratic course easily enough. When cabby is left to his own resources, then a dreadful pother of strong language is kept overhead. There is a despatching of small boys to public-houses, desperate appeals and lavish offers of beer are made to the passer-by, and there the cab sticks with its backing hack, a spectacle to loafers and nursery maids. Even so is it with Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet when a Bill has to be driven through the Houses. Nothing can be done till the momentum is given by meetings, deputations, and infinite clamour of outsiders. It has now come to such a pitch that the first thing a Minister has to do is to look about for a mob to push behind. He must summon spirits from the vasty deep to help on his work, and, if they do not come (and they are certainly becoming very restive), then, by way of terrifying opponents, it must be roundly asserted that they are really coming. In the meantime an air of plausibility is given to the dreadful threat by dressing up the most imposing bogies. All the Ministers together declare that the country is clamouring for the Franchise Bill. Mr. Chamberlain is in the habit of saying three or four times a week that there is a deep and earnest persuasion in the minds of voters as to the pressing necessity of his particular measure. Now Brutus is an honourable man, and is, of course, firmly convinced of the truth of every word he utters; but to those of us who have not the good luck to have access to his exceptional sources of information, the existence of this popular persuasion seems at least doubtful. It is certainly curious that we should need to learn it at second-hand. Very juvenile politicians can remember agitations which contrived to assert themselves in a most unmistakable way and had no need to be revealed by Ministers. There are meetings held all over the country, and deputations come up to recommend this, and protest against that, but somehow they do not ring so true as they used to do when Mr. Plimsoll was a reality and the Bulgarian a pet. When we hear that the sailors of a second-rate port have held a meeting and unanimously voted that the Shipping Bill should be referred to a Grand Committee, and have utterly abhorred the notion of a Select Committee, nobody is much impressed. It is so very doubtful whether the honest fellows know the difference between the two things, and then their votes are so much like an echo of noises heard long ago in Birmingham—the new "other place" on which the House of Commons has now to keep its eye.

Now it seems that the country—the poor country which is at every agitator's beck and call—not content with being wildly excited by the Franchise and Shipping Bills, is fiercely intent on seeing the Cattle Bill carried. Of course it is not the measure now before the House of Commons in its revised and corrected form, but the first edition which has won the hearts of the familiar spirits of our wonder-working Ministers. The country has come in a body to ask Mr. Forster to tell Mr. Dodson that it wants the first Bill, the whole of the first Bill, and nothing but the first Bill. The member for Bradford has taken the message, and has given voice to the desire of the country in his place in Parliament, and now we know that there is yet another agitation to be taken into account. We live in an age of curious little enthusiasms, but this cult of Mr. Dodson's Bill—or

is it Lord CARLINGFORD's?—is the funniest idol-worship we have yet seen. It has shot up more swiftly than JACK's beanstalk. Yesterday it was not, and now it overshadows the country, at least Mr. FORSTER and Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD say so. Then the nature of the worship is as wonderful as its rapid growth. The country is, it seems, greatly moved on behalf of two clauses of a little Bill introduced at the last moment and very unwillingly by a Ministry in abject fear of mutiny in its own camp. When Mr. FORSTER speaks of his moderation, which he does every time he opens his mouth on the subject, he very frankly confesses that he does not like the original Bill. He and his friends think it a dangerous measure. They do not see the necessity for it, and they do think it will lead to mischief. Nevertheless, they are prepared to support it, because, after the vote of last Session, something had to be done; because, if the Ministry played at being deaf, it would certainly have its attention aroused in an unpleasant fashion by the representatives of the agricultural interest; and because, whatever mischief the Bill may do, anything is better than the overthrow of Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet. Now as Mr. FORSTER, Mr. A. ARNOLD, Mr. ROGERS, and the deputations are, on their own showing, the spokesmen of the country, we come to a curious result. The country, it seems, is prepared to accept a Bill for restricting the importation of cattle from countries not free from foot-and-mouth disease provided the measure is wholly the work of the Ministry. It would, so its alleged representatives say, rather leave the thing alone; but to save Mr. GLADSTONE it will submit to a disagreeable necessity. Only let him say that he smites for purposes of his own, and such is the devotion of the country that it will kiss the rod. All it asks is that Mr. GLADSTONE shall choose the rod. Now there are unquestionably persons official and unofficial to whom this may seem credible; but, to everybody who is not in the bodyguard of our Mahdi, it is hard of belief. The English people, including the Scotch, will, as we now know, accept much from Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet; but it may be doubted whether it will submit to the rifling of its breeches' pocket. Its manuetude, as described for our edification, surpasses all the virtues of the saints. Before we believe that Leviathan has presented his nostrils for the hook so humbly as this, we should like to have better security than the word of Mr. FORSTER, who has voted yes after speaking no too often of late, or of Mr. ARNOLD, who is professedly acting against his own convictions in giving any support to the Cattle Bill at all.

There is, indeed, nothing in all this theatrical agitation which need scare the Opposition. It is too manifestly a mere *chimæra bombinans in vacuo*. If the country were really frightened at the Cattle Bill, and disturbed with fears of dear meat, it would not be so gingerly in its resistance. It would refuse to have anything to do with the measure, and say so plainly enough. Neither would the Bill ever have been heard of if the Ministry had not known well that it had no choice but to take steps of some kind. It was introduced because the Cabinet well knew that it would not be supported in any further attempt to treat the vote of last Session on Mr. CHAPLIN's motion as if it had never been given. Ministers want to do as little as they can, and do it under compulsion, in order that, if at any future time they are accused of not sufficiently considering the interests of the town population, they may be able to say that they submitted to pressure. The ricketty agitation now being nursed by the Ministerial press in town and country is as much a makeshift as the unamended Bill. A popular movement which takes so much count of the fortunes of a Cabinet is a very half-hearted business. If the Bill is needed at all, it should be effectual; and to be that it must make it a matter of necessity for the President of the Council to refuse admittance to cattle coming from countries which cannot show a clean bill of health. If the need of more stringent legislation has been proved, and if it has not the Bill should never have been brought in at all, then the limitation of the duration of the Act to two years which Ministers are striving to reintroduce is useless. The only reason for its existence is their wish to do the least they can, and for the shortest time. Two years hence, unless their hopes are more modest than anybody takes them to be, they expect to have a House in which members who think like Mr. CHAPLIN may be safely disregarded. There is nothing in the Bill to compel the exclusion of cattle from healthy countries, and the Ministry has already undertaken to exclude those which come from those which are infected. On their own showing, therefore, they may reasonably accept the Duke of RICHMOND's amendments, and their private motives for rejecting them afford the Opposition its best reason for insisting that they should be retained.

AMERICAN COLLECTORS.

"THIS is where our money goes," said the publisher to his partner when they dined with a hospitable author. "This is where our books go to," a European—and especially an Englishman—may say when he reads the series of little books on the Private Libraries of Philadelphia. To the dweller in the old world, whatever he may collect, the American competitor is naturally odious. We do not know that the American market has yet developed a taste for Scarabs. "Gather ye scarabs "while ye may" is, therefore, the motto of every one of the few and fortunate amateurs into whose hands Mr. LOFTIE's pretty *Essay of Scarabs* has fallen. The American is probably just awakening from the sleep of ignorance, with a healthy appetite for beetles "inscribed," like the Virgilian flower, "with the names of kings." He will soon know all about dates and glazes and dynasties, and refuse to be taken in by a sham Scarab of THOTHMES III. Meantime the American collector chiefly shows his vivacity in the matter of books. He has raised prices three- or fourfold all round the European market. He has privily suborned certain of the dealers in old books to send him the cream of their collections, and they prefer the alien dollar to the scanty shilling of the native amateur. What the Americans most love to collect are old books about their own country. Even such unattractive looking series as the *Lettres Edifiantes sur la Nouvelle France* are hunted for all through England and France on this side of the Atlantic. The slimmest and dingiest pamphlets of planters, politicians, missionaries, and Boston ministers are bound in morocco and fine leather, and are quite beyond the reach of the few students who want to read them. Fortunately, the British Museum is rich in Americana, and any one who can face the atmosphere of the Museum Reading-room may find out what he wants to know. But to buy books touching on the past of America, on the native races, and on the "pow-wowing" for which the Puritans (with their usual intolerance) fined the poor Redskins, has become practically impossible. These treatises go to decorate the shelves of New York millionaires, who probably never read them. Ultimately they will drift, no doubt, into American public libraries, and be at the service of the future historian. If we may judge by modern American works on ancient native history and native beliefs, the old Americana are collected rather than read in the States. They have been made to throw about as much light on the past of the native peoples as Nankin porcelain in an English house throws on the mediæval records of the Flowery Land.

America is not at all content with carrying back all the books which touch, even faintly, on her own antiquities. Her citizens are keen to possess whatever is valued in Europe, and, as some of us know to our cost, have a perfect fury for autographs. Many a British scribbler, wholly unknown by name to his countrymen, has letters from bold young ladies "on Algonkin Avenue," maidens as enterprising as the dauntless daughter of the carpenter in *The Bread-winners*. These adventurous ones demand his autograph, and declare that they will certainly come to see him when they visit Europe. To these flattering advances silence is the only safe reply, yet the British author goes round with a sad, weary feeling that a literary lady's heart is wilting "on Algonkin Avenue." However, the owner of the heart has probably more responsive correspondents, and casts her net widely enough to catch many of the small fry of letters. America is now the home of the hated Grangerite, who makes up one bulky and larcenous volume by cutting engravings out of any book he may come across and binding them together into a folio.

If we may judge by a description of the "Library of "GEO. W. CHILDS" in a Philadelphia series of pamphlets, DICKENS's autographs and letters from emperors are very highly prized by the Transatlantic curious. Among tables of ebony brought from the land of the gorillas by M. DU CHAILLU, and carpets from unique designs by OWEN JONES, are storked the treasures of Mr. CHILD. He possesses—sweet boon—a manuscript sermon of the Rev. COTTON MATHER, full of "the love which sainted" COTTON "bore "to all who came behind him or before." He also has

Leigh Hunt's poems, a copy presented in 1844 to the creator of Harold Skimpole. There is something very moving in the sight of this offering of unsuspicious affection. More interesting still is a copy of *Hood's Annual*, with a MS. poem addressed to Dickens on the eve of the voyage whence he brought back Martin Chuzzlewit's impressions of the United States.

> May he shun all rocks whatever,
> And the shallow sand that lurks,
> And his passage be as clever
> As the best among his works.

Such is the lyric prayer of Tom Hood.

FitzGreene Halleck, whoever he may have been, and his poem on "Alnwick Castle" is also represented in Mr. Childs's collection. Here, at last, is a prize which jealous Europe does not envy. A MS. of Bryant's translation of the Iliad will also be most highly esteemed, no doubt, in Bryant's own country. A nine-page folio of Mr. Lowell's "June Idyll" recalls the fact that eighteen years passed in the construction of that poem. So many Aprils in hot summers burned between 1850, when the "June Idyll" was begun, to 1868, when it was finished, with very few alterations. The manuscript of Poe's *Murders in the Rue Morgue* has a curious history. It is written in Poe's beautiful minute hand on seventeen large folio sheets of paper. An office-boy picked the MS. out of the waste-paper basket of a journal about 1841. Twice the rooms of the finder (who had become a photographer) were burned between 1847 and 1850, and once again in 1857; but the MS. of the *Murders in the Rue Morgue* always escaped fire and water. From 1861 to 1864 the owner was fighting his country's battle; but, when peace returned, he discovered the MS. in an old music-book. He then became a hotelkeeper; and the indestructible MS. pursued him, as the brownie "flitted" after the flitting farmer, wherever this nomadic American pitched his tent and chose a new business. Finally he had the paper bound; and, after all its wanderings, it reposes, with an autograph (dated) of the Emperor of Brazil himself, in the collection of Mr. Childs. Little did Poe think, when he wrote his story for a few dollars, what illustrious associations were to gather round the unconsidered 'copy.' An interesting letter of Poe's demonstrates that he offered a new collection of his prose tales to Messrs. Lea & Blanchard in 1841. The emoluments of literature in 1841 were not considerable in America. Poe writes:—"I should be glad to accept the terms which 'you allowed me before—that is, you receive all the 'profits, and allow me twenty copies for distribution to 'friends." Here is indeed a document for that great unwritten work, the History of Publishers. With the exception of some of Hawthorne's tales, Poe's are perhaps the most remarkable works of fiction which America has yet produced. They may have been less popular than the Leather-stocking novels of Cooper, and less popular than *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Still, they must have had an enormous sale in America if they were as much liked there as in England and France. Yet what arrangement did the publishers make with Poe? Why, they took "all the profits." Perhaps Poe found that this system was less complex than that of "half 'profits," while the results were the same. Modern American writers who have entered what is, comparatively speaking, a Promised Land of wealth should not speak harshly of Poe. How could a man of genius support life, and be respectable, and shun the bowl on the proceeds of stories whereof the publishers received "all the profits"? There is something very touching in the humble acquiescent attitude of the author of the *Cask of Amontillado*. He could not have been worse remunerated had he been a Briton unprotected by copyright.

In England many collectors will envy Mr. Child his MS. of *Our Mutual Friend* more than any of his other treasures, which are chiefly modern. Most of the Dickens manuscripts are in the South Kensington Museum, but Mr. Childs has acquired the only novel of the first class which has reached America. The folios contain a sketch or skeleton of the tale, drawn out before Dickens had quite settled on the names of his characters. The care with which the sketch is made should be a lesson for novelists who jump at once into their story without more than the vaguest idea of what is going to happen. Perhaps the skeleton might be published with fresh editions of the book, and guide us through the Podsnaps and Twemlows. Thus Mr. Childs's collection would be made useful as well as curious. Interesting, too, it is to learn that the Emperor of Brazil "inquired quite feelingly after Mr. Geo. W. "Childs."

THE GUARDIANSHIP OF INFANTS.

It is satisfactory, but only to a moderate extent, that on Wednesday afternoon the House of Commons read a second time Mr. Bryce's Bill relating to the guardianship of infants. The majority was large—208 to 73—in favour of the Bill; but, unless we are greatly mistaken, the division only indicates that many people are anxious for an alteration of the present law. The difficulties in the way of carrying out Mr. Bryce's proposals are very great, and whether they will be got rid of to any extent in Committee or in the Upper House remains to be seen. It is one thing, as Mr. Bryce has had but too many reasons to remember, to point out an evil, but quite another to remedy it. The present law is unsatisfactory; but, at any rate, we know what it is. A man who is married and has children is the head of his house. He can not only settle the profession for which each of his family is to be brought up, but he can settle what creed they are to be taught; and, moreover, after his death his wishes in these respects must be carried out, however disagreeable they may be to his surviving widow. This is the law, and people who make mixed marriages know it, and may calculate beforehand what risks they encounter. True, it is a relic of a semi-barbarous age, and is the last remnant of the ancient law which permitted a father to sell or even to slay his offspring. But whether it is worth while to abrogate a law which, after all, but seldom leads to complications, and impose rules instead which will lead to constant complications, is the question decided so far by the House on Wednesday. It decided, in short, that such a piece of domestic hardship as was revealed by the Agar-Ellis case, or by a recent case in Ireland where a Protestant mother has to bring up her only child a Romanist, ought not to occur again; but it remains to be seen whether Mr. Bryce's proposals will do away with the obvious injustice at which they are aimed. A court of law is to stand *in loco parentis*. It may make what order it thinks fit. A mother may be appointed guardian of her own children, even though the court be aware that she will bring them up in a different religion or to a different profession from that which the father approved. The Court of Chancery has some such power already. A father who has misbehaved can be denied access to his own children, yet the anomaly remains that such a father, who conceivably had never seen his child, could oblige the mother or the court-appointed guardians to order its temporal and spiritual affairs as he pleased. If Mr. Bryce was content to attack this anomaly, his Bill would have a better chance of final success; but he goes much further, and it will probably be seen that he will fare worse.

The cases cited above, and others adduced by Mr. Bryce, are undoubtedly hard, but they are exceptions; and there is much truth in Mr. Ince's contention that an extension of the present law in the direction of Talfourd's Act of 1839 and the Act of 1873 would be sufficient. Mr. Bryce interested his hearers by some romantic tales, chiefly from Scotland, though the hardest cases would probably be found in Ireland. Some time ago, he said, a lady who had been compelled to leave her husband found, on her return from a concert, that her children had been removed by their father during her absence. In a case like this one feels disposed to think that a lady anxious about the custody of her offspring had better abstain from nocturnal amusements. Mr. Bryce thinks the law should be altered. He tells of another lady who was ill-treated by a Scottish husband, and left him before the birth of her child. Yet the father obtained the child, and kept it. The moral of such a story is that young ladies had better not marry Scots. It is impossible for law to reach every kind of complication, and even Mr. Bryce would probably think a father entitled to the custody of his own child until at least some criminal act was proved against him. But, whatever the cases with which Mr. Bryce supported his Bill, he undoubtedly had the House, and probably a majority of thinking people, with him when he declared that the law at present does not work well, and that it is desirable that some change should be made. Mr. W. Fowler, Mr. Ince, Mr. Gregory, Mr. Forster, and others spoke more or less cogently against the Bill, but it was carried probably on account of the provi-

sion relating to maternal guardianship, which Mr. WALTER emphasized so strongly. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the mother is the proper guardian of her children after their father's death. Under the Bill both parents are guardians, with remainder to the survivor. The difficulty most likely to occur is that of religion; but Mr. WALTER's contention that, if a widow became a Romanist, she could interfere with the religion of the children is precisely the question at issue. This is a Bill to enable a widow, the survivor of the two parents, to bring up children according to her own wishes. The religious question remains practically untouched, though in working we mitigate its harshness. Mr. WALTER put the case of a widow turning Roman Catholic and bringing up the children of a Protestant father in that religion; but he did not put the case of a Romanist mother whose children are brought up Protestants after her death, or, still harder, during her life, under the existing law. In the present state of things there is both difficulty and hardship, and something may well be proposed to ameliorate the law; but Mr. BRYCE apparently would do too much, and make difficulties and hardships of a fresh kind.

THE PARKS RAILWAY.

THE majority at the Westminster meeting which affirmed the principle of the Parks Railway Bill was the victim of a not unnatural confusion between the end which the Bill has professedly in view and the mode in which it proposes to attain it. The working classes, it is said, would greatly benefit by the construction of such a line; consequently those who oppose it are enemies of the working classes. It is not needful to deny the premiss in order to deny the inference. Those who oppose the line are not in the least enemies of the working classes, and yet it is true that the working classes would benefit by its being made. There is no real paradox in this. What we contend is that the working classes would benefit much more by a line taken in a different direction, and that, whatever be its direction, it ought not to be constructed at their expense. In tracing the course which a new railway is to follow, it is not enough to prove that it will serve a certain number of people. Railways in London are mutually exclusive. If one is made, another will not be made. The Metropolitan Company are not going to waste their substance in carrying first a line from Paddington to Westminster, next a line from Baker Street to Charing Cross, and finally a line from King's Cross to Charing Cross. If they make one of the three, they will leave the other two alone. It is possible, therefore, to offer a perfectly honest opposition to a line from Paddington to Westminster, not on the ground that it would be useless, but simply on the ground that it would be less useful than some other line. Every consideration that naturally bears on this question points to one of the two alternative lines as supplying a much more urgent want than will be supplied by the railway from Paddington to Westminster. The vast district that lies to the north of King's Cross, and the rapidly-growing suburbs that lie to the north of Baker Street, would yield a far larger number of passengers than can be furnished by Paddington; and Charing Cross, as the terminus of a railway commanding the south of the Thames, is a point to which a far larger number of passengers will wish to be carried than are ever likely to want to go to Westminster. Even if the population to be served were equally large in all three cases, the greater distance of King's Cross from the existing line which takes passengers to Westminster would be a strong argument in favour of its being chosen as the starting-point of the new line. A working-man at Paddington can go round to Westminster with an appreciably less sacrifice of time than from King's Cross. As a matter of fact people do often go by the Metropolitan Railway from Paddington to Westminster; but we doubt whether any one goes by the Metropolitan Railway from King's Cross to Westminster. When, therefore, we oppose the railway across the Parks, we are really contending for a much more useful railway. What the working-men who suppose themselves to be interested in the success of this project have to consider is not simply whether they will gain by it, but whether they would not gain much more by a different project. If they think this, they must get the Parks Railway Bill rejected before they can hope to get either of the other Bills brought forward. The Metropolitan Railway Company, we repeat, will not make more than one new line across London from north to south. Those who wish that line to be carried either from Baker Street or King's Cross, and who think Charing Cross a better southern terminus than Westminster, must strive first of all to put an end to the present scheme. Otherwise Paddington will be benefited at the cost of districts which need a railway more and can turn it to better account.

The majority which carried the amendment at the Westminster meeting did not see why it is that the Metropolitan Company wish to make the line for which they are now asking the sanction of Parliament, in preference to making one which would attract more passengers. From the point of view of their own pockets they are quite in the right. Their profits will not be so large, but, as the cost of construction will be very much less, they may be even larger in proportion to the capital invested. But why is the cost of construction so much less? Simply because the land taken belongs not to rich men who look for compensation, but to poor men who do not think of compensation. This is nothing more than the literal truth. Technically, indeed, the Parks are the property of the Crown, but whose property are they beneficially? They are the property of the people of London, and, in so far as London attracts visitors from all parts of the country, of the people of England. And to what section of the people of London do they specially belong? Surely to that section which remains in town from the 1st of January to the 31st of December, which knows no distinction between season and out of season, which looks to the Parks as the one place in which it can enjoy air and space on summer evenings and on Sunday afternoons. It is the working classes who will be the real sufferers by any injury done to the Parks, because they have nothing to take their place. The Parks might be destroyed, and all that the rich would have to do would be to invent a new drive and a new Rotten Row. All else that the Parks supply they can have in greater perfection at their own country houses. The irreparable loss would fall on the working classes, and on this principle it is the working class who have the greatest real interest in protecting the Parks. If they are to be given up, the Metropolitan Railway should at least pay the same compensation that it would have to pay to private owners, and the money should be devoted to some public object by which the working classes would specially be the gainers. As it is, the Company simply propose to take public land for private purposes, and to pay next to nothing for the use of it.

ROWING AND SCULLING.

THE long lead which this country took about the middle of the present century in almost all branches of athletic sport has in these later years, as we all know, been woefully diminished, if not altogether taken from us. And in no case has the change been more remarkable than in the department of aquatics. About twenty-one years ago the best sculler that the Colonies could produce came over to England to row a match with the then champion, Bob Chambers, and was beaten with ridiculous ease, having exhibited an extraordinary turn of speed for a short distance, but no staying power at all. The United States made their first attempt three years later, when another English champion, Harry Kelley, defeated Hammill of Pittsburgh with equal ease in a match on the Tyne. Australia had been the first to challenge our supremacy on the river, and it was Australia which first succeeded in a like attempt just ten years later. But in the meantime no other colony or country attempted to interfere with our honours either in professional rowing or professional sculling. An international regatta, held on the Seine in 1867, and actively favoured by Napoleon III., only served to demonstrate the superiority of the English oarsmen, both amateur and professional; and the sole occasion of any importance before 1876, when this superiority was again called in question, was when Harvard University challenged Oxford, which won the University race of the year, to row them a four-oared race on the Thames. The invitation was accepted, not indeed by the University itself, but by a club within the University, which was able to turn out a crew probably quite as good; and the race, about which there had been many opinions even amongst the connoisseurs at Putney, ended in a very easy victory for the Oxford Four. At length, in 1876, when Joe Sadler, never one of our strongest champions, was manifestly in declining health, the match was made which resulted in first taking away the palm from the Thames and the Tyne. Trickett, of Sydney, then carried off the title of Champion Sculler of the World, which was next rowed for on the Parramatta river; and the subsequent matches in England could decide no more than what began to be called the Championship of England. For this inferior honour Boyd, Higgins, and Elliott contended, with varying success, for two years, until Canada put in an appearance, and at once rushed to

the front with a brilliant victory. In June 1879 Elliott, who had now beaten his two English rivals, was defeated in an ignominious manner by Edward Hanlan, of Toronto. The new comer astounded every one, not only by rowing the course in shorter time than had yet been known, but by the extraordinary vigour of his style and the extreme ease with which he disposed of a man then supposed to be well worth backing against any one in the world. This victory of Hanlan was the forerunner of a series of others equally decisive. Trickett, who had retained his title against all comers in Australia, came over to meet the new prodigy on the Thames. He succumbed without giving the Canadian any trouble at all; and, in a match rowed shortly afterwards over the same course, Laycock, the second string of the Australians, fared rather worse than his fellow-colonist. The winter of 1880-81, which produced these two last races, also afforded the most humiliating proof possible of the decline of English professional sculling. A grand water tournament, historically known as the "Hop Bitters" Regatta, brought on to the course between Putney and Mortlake eight Englishmen, two Canadians (Hanlan not condescending to start), two Australians, and two men from the United States. In every one of the four heats into which the fourteen scullers were divided the Englishmen took the hindmost places. Not one of them beat a single one of their opponents; and the final heat showed Laycock of Sydney first, a Canadian second, an American third, and another Canadian fourth. Since then almost the only attempt made to retrieve our lost laurels has been the match between Bubear and Wallace Ross, which resulted in so disastrous a defeat for this country. That race disposes of our chance for many a day to come, and again condemns English professional sculling to a place in the international list far below Canada, Australia, and the United States. Those who attempt to console themselves for the loss of the championship by saying that it has gone to colonists of our own nationality forget that in the last general trial of merit all our best scullers were beat either by the American Hosmer himself, or by men whom the same Hosmer beat in a subsequent race.

For this extraordinary change in the relative position of English and foreign scullers many reasons have been assigned. It is, in the first place, hardly possible to deny that in point of mere physique we have lost ground as compared with the rest of the world. Evidences are not wanting to prove the superior bodily strength of the labouring class in the Colonies, which is both better bred and better fed than our own people, and also lives in a purer atmosphere, further removed than they are from the material and moral dinginess of the town. These reasons perhaps account sufficiently for the excellence of the colonists in any sport which they seriously take up. But it is also supposed, not altogether without good grounds, that English watermen are becoming not only relatively, but actually, worse than they were. The habit of spirit-drinking, now so long established amongst the working classes, has undoubtedly begun to have a serious effect upon their health and constitutions; and their custom of idling away nearly the half of every week is productive of a laziness prejudicial to all manly vigour. But the greatest evil of all from which English rowing has suffered is the lack of public encouragement. For several years past the watermen of the Thames have been dependent upon the chance munificence of public-spirited men for anything in the shape of a national regatta. The grand display of 1880, which has been already mentioned, was the result of an offer of no less than a thousand pounds presented by the Hop Bitters Company to be rowed for. Since that some well-known sportsmen have had the generosity to give handsome prizes to be rowed for by second and third-class professionals; but there has been nothing in the shape of a subscription regatta, as in the amateur world, and there have been no prizes at all worth mentioning for rowing as distinguished from sculling. Such a dearth of patronage might well be expected to cause a decline of interest amongst the class affected, and to hinder the most likely men from taking up the amusement of rowing as a business. It is not very flattering to our national good sense and good taste to find that, when so many thousands of pounds are annually offered for horse-racing, which so little promotes the strength or health of the people, it should have been found impossible to raise the very few hundreds necessary to give a first-rate regatta, such as was formerly held upon the Thames every year. The failure to keep up such regattas is often accounted for by saying that the men would not row fair; but this objection, even if it were well founded, is not one that has been, or need be, fatal to other sports. There is, moreover, little reason to believe that the chief prizes in the Old Thames regattas were at all commonly taken by other than the best crews entered. Probably the one thing which has most discredited professional rowing is the fact that betting-men—bookmakers, in fact—became mixed up with the races, and manipulated the matches so as to suit their own personal ends to the detriment of the public on the one hand and of the performers on the other. Minor causes also helped, such as the new practice of using steam-launches for the purpose of carrying umpires at Henley and elsewhere, instead of depending upon the services of paid crews; and, lastly, the wholesale decline of the waterman's trade, properly so called, by reason of the multiplication of bridges and steamers, which have made it no longer necessary to "hail a boat," according to the old-fashioned practice, whenever a person wishes to cross the river or to travel from one place on its banks to another. It must, however, be remembered that in its best days professional rowing had one great disadvantage as compared with amateur rowing. There were practically only two centres which had any *esprit de corps* of their own—London and Newcastle. The amateur clubs in a dozen different parts of the country had each an exclusive pride and ambition of their own; but there was no such healthy rivalry amongst the watermen of separate districts; no "clubs" worth speaking of; no local prizes from which outsiders were barred; nothing, in short, but the old-standing rivalry between North and South, which was not enough to keep up a lively competition and lead to renewed struggles for supremacy year after year between a number of good crews.

Very possibly it is this last-mentioned difference between amateur and professional rowing which has enabled the former to retain in this country so far a better position than the latter. It is true, no doubt, that when we speak of the high position of our amateur oarsmen as compared with those of other countries, we are talking rather without book. The definition of an amateur is more strict here than in other countries; and, although some latitude has hitherto been given to strangers, yet, on the other hand, crews which were allowed the name of amateurs in America have already been excluded from our regattas, and are likely to be still more often excluded in future. Still there are plenty of signs, later than that afforded by the four-oared race already mentioned, to show that our amateurs have not suffered the same loss of prestige as the watermen. There is the negative evidence supplied by the fact that foreigners so seldom enter for the big events at Henley; but we have also seen them fairly defeated, as in the sculling race at Henley last year, when a Frenchman and a German both entered, and the former was defeated still more easily than in former years, while the latter, although he won his trial heat, and also beat the Frenchman, stood no sort of chance against Mr. Lowndes, the winner. Races which have been rowed in other countries have not had so gratifying a result, but they cannot certainly be said to have proved any inferiority on the part of England. The analogy of cricket and other sports, moreover, besides professional rowing, seems to show that if there had been crews anywhere good enough to win the Grand Challenge Cup or the Diamond Sculls, they would have appeared at Henley to dispute those coveted trophies. However this may have been, undoubtedly an immense influence in keeping up the public interest in boat-racing has been exercised by the remarkable equality which has long existed between a number of rival clubs. Oxford has never got so far ahead of Cambridge as to make their meeting at Putney an uninteresting affair. The Grand Challenge Cup has never fallen so often to one or two or even three clubs as to discourage others from sending their representatives. The London Rowing Club, Leander, Thames, Kingston, all these are known every year to be pretty sure to send a formidable crew, and it is worth their while to train men hard for the event. The leading College boats at Oxford and Cambridge are almost equally sure to appear, and are encouraged by knowing that College crews have several times taken this chief prize of the year. In the multitude of competitors there is an assurance of excellence and a guarantee for hard practice and hard training; for oftentimes, as last year, the eight-oar which was thought least of by the connoisseurs has been known, with a little of the luck that is so powerful an agent at Henley, to make an example of far better-looking crews.

In these headquarters, the clubs and Colleges, rowing has accordingly been kept up with unabated zeal. Many changes have been introduced since the first University race was rowed in 1829, and since the amateur sculling championship was founded in the following year. The old tub boats have developed into very different-looking craft. Outriggers, sliding seats, self-acting row-locks, and steering sails, have all been successively added, with divers other refinements of the boat-builder's art; but the science of rowing remains after all essentially the same; and the same bodily shape and muscular conformation are still usually to be observed in the most successful oarsmen. If we could confine our attention solely to these great clubs and the two Universities, there would be little cause for finding fault with amateur rowing or sculling. Unfortunately the prospect is by no means so limited or so gratifying. The increasing taste for "boating," as it is very advisedly termed—that is to say, of going in a boat—has led to the formation of a host of third, fourth, and fifth-rate clubs, as well as to an enormous amount of rowing in hired boats by people who think they would like to learn the art all by themselves. Now rowing is, of all things, that which a man finds it most impossible to learn by himself. There is nothing, perhaps, in which unaided practice is so certain to make a man develop a bad style. If any person doubts this, let him look at the river Thames on a Saturday afternoon. From Teddington to Wandsworth it is covered with boats, which are being rowed and sculled by persons exhibiting every possible fault that an oarsman can commit. The round back, the bent arms, the hanging head, the wriggling body—these are only a few of the hideous distortions observable on every side. How are they to be accounted for? Simply by this—that the wretched creatures who indulge in them are too proud to take a lesson. Go and suggest to one of the tradesmen's clubs which is out for practice on a Saturday evening that one or two of its members would be all the better for a little coaching, and ten to one both those individuals themselves and the bulk of the club, if not even its captain, will feel insulted at any such suggestion. This sort of feeling is one which fortunately still exists only in the lower ranks of the aquatic world. But it is constantly liable to spread and infect the upper spheres, even as it infected the highest class of professional scullers, inspiring them with a bumptiousness which despised good advice, and prevented them from perfecting their style in proportion as new improvements were introduced

into the boats they used. Such presumptuous vanity is particularly misplaced at a time when technical skill and education are requisite for excellence in sporting as well as other matters. It is to a very large extent responsible for the defeats we have suffered at the hands of the colonists, who are more modest, to begin with, have more perseverance in learning what they want to do, and, finally, enjoy a far better prospect of earning fame and public honour when they do credit to their native city or place.

LORD DALHOUSIE AS HENRY VIII.

IN these days of literalness and of scandal we cannot make too much haste to assure Lord Dalhousie that the parallel above indicated between him and the largest and most married of English kings means nothing offensive. We do not insinuate that Lord Dalhousie has had six wives, or has got rid of two of them in a sanguinary manner, or has indulged in any of the other enormities attributed by Hume, Mrs. Markham, *Little Arthur's History of England*, and other authorities to Mr. Froude's favourite. But as we all know on those same authorities that Henry sent about to consult universities and great scholars when he wanted to unmarry his dead brother's wife, so has Lord Dalhousie for two years past been sending about to consult universities and great scholars now that he wants (Heaven only knows why) to procure leave for other people to marry their dead wives' sisters. Part of the results of this correspondence were published by the active and well-subsidized society which exists for the purpose some two years ago, and Dr. Candlish, of Glasgow, disposed of them very satisfactorily then. They have now been republished, with a queer appendix of additional opinions, partly got from the Biblical Revisers of England and America, partly culled from the writings of Dr. Stanley, Dr. McCaul, and other persons in days long past. Sufficient unto the year is the bad literature thereof, at least of this kind; and we must not here pay much attention to the previously-published matter, though it is tempting. The ingenuity with which Professor Geddes, of Aberdeen (there are wide-awake people as well as cauld kail in Aberdeen), declines to commit himself on the subject, and the delightful certificate of a certain Dr. Naber, Professor of Greek Literature in the University of Amsterdam, which appears on the same page, contrast pleasantly. Professor Naber asserts that "there is nowhere any evidence in Scripture against your bringing forward the measure you propose to introduce to the Senate," and that "the various arguments adduced by your adversaries are totally inadequate to shake your position." That is something like a Greek Professor! But this field, though, as has been said, tempting, must be left to Dr. Candlish. The business of a periodical is to shoot flying, and not round the corners of the past.

The new matter which has resulted from Lord Dalhousie's (or some one else's) fresh appearance in the character of Henry VIII. (always with the limitations above made and provided), is, as we have said, extremely miscellaneous. The wise know what is meant by counsel's opinion, and would be surprised to find anything but a majority on the side of the consulting party. However, even among this number there seem to have been some whose answers the Marriage Law Reform Association would hardly have published if it had been wise. Dr. Ezra Abbot, of Cambridge, Mass., Dr. Angus of the Regent's Park (who displays his exact scholarly and logical faculties by answering the question of scriptural authority in the words "I have known many cases illustrating the cruelty of the present law"), Dr. Birrell of St. Andrew's, and so forth, declare themselves unhesitatingly on the side of Bottles. But when we come to Mr. T. K. Cheyne, whose authority as a Hebrew scholar is certainly as high as that of Dr. Angus of the Regent's Park, Mr. Cheyne is found pronouncing roundly that "the circumstances of the writers of the Bible being different, he does not see how we can appeal to their authority on either side." All these epistles are headed by recent and intelligible dates. But after hearing Chancellor Crosby of New York (he makes a lovely paralogism which it would unluckily take too long to expose), we come upon a blast from the wild horn of Benjn. Davies, LL.D., who in 1865 signified his "hearty sympathy with the objects of your Association, as seeking to remove a hateful monkish blot from our law of marriage." Monkish blot is good, but as Lord Dalhousie was, according to the Peerages, only eighteen in 1865, it is clear that we have got among new strata. A man surely does not send circular letters to burgomasters and great oneyers in languages and theology requesting permission to marry his deceased wife's sister when he is eighteen! Indeed these later opinions are a sufficiently perplexing medley. Dr. Gotch does not think the marriage should be prohibited by law; but, on the other hand, he does not think it in general desirable. When Professor Henry Green, of Princeton, N.J., says that "such marriages shock no one's sense of propriety," he says what may be true of Princeton, N.J., but what even the Marriage Law Reform Association will assert hardly to be true of England, so that he cannot be said to be good for much. Dr. Kennedy, of Cambridge, whose opinion seems to be regarded as of such value that it is given twice over on two different pages, chiefly refers us to the late Dr. Hook, but this scarcely seems conclusive. Dr. Stanley Leathes says that "there is nothing in the letter of Scripture which can be twisted into an explicit prohibition." Prof. Mead says that the arrangement works capitally in America, which, as we know on very good authority, it does not. Dean Merivale takes the ground (which is compatible with the strongest objection to such unions) that "the texts usually discussed have no reference to the present time." But perhaps the pluckiest thing here done is the publication of Cardinal Newman's opinion. That is, as is well known, that, if the interests of the lower classes are consulted, the law ought to be relaxed; if the interests of the educated classes are consulted, not so. For this odd and characteristic distinction the writer gives no reasons. But he is careful to say that this concerns the social question only, and that, in his opinion, there is "in favour of the law standing the danger of its repeal acting in the serious movement now making all over Christendom to relax the sanctity of marriage." Beyond this it is not necessary to go, though it may be observed that Canon Westcott, whom the Association, or Lord Dalhousie, or somebody else seems to have consulted so recently as last month, "cannot but feel that the early Church rightly expressed the spirit of scriptural teaching by forbidding marriage with a deceased wife's sister." After this the ruck of Americans, who naturally defend the existing law of their country; and of Dissenters, who sometimes avowedly and always pretty evidently object to the prohibition because it expresses the law of the Church they hate, do not seem to require much attention, though it may be freely confessed that they are in the majority. But what is noteworthy is that in almost all this argument the single text in Leviticus and not the general spirit of Biblical injunctions as to marriage, far less the great question to which Cardinal Newman briefly alludes, is handled. The far more important text as to the "one flesh" is practically left alone, or treated only in the spirit of idle flippancy with which a distinguished member of the House of Lords thought proper to treat it last year. No notice is taken of the well-known fact that, as far as literal prohibition is concerned, an argument for a marriage between father and daughter might be founded on Leviticus. It is on the supposed permission implied in the prohibition that the assailants of the law of marriage rely, and it is noteworthy that, in so relying, they do not so much as notice the argument (not flawless no doubt, but which as rough common-sense argument will always have great weight with common-sense people) that a prohibition to marry two persons at the same time when polygamy is permitted, implies a prohibition to marry them successively when polygamy is not permitted.

However, this is a digression. We fear that the result of this supplementary appearance of Lord Dalhousie, or of Mr. Paynter Allen, or of the canvassers of the Marriage Law Reform Association, or of whoever it is in the guise of seekers for the opinions of wise men, will not have any considerable effect, except on persons who have a mind to their sisters-in-law as Henry VIII. had to Anne Boleyn. Probably it is not Lord Dalhousie at all who makes this heterogeneous collection of letters dating from last month, undated expressions like Dean Stanley's "ecclesiastical rubbish" (by the way, did he think that deaneries came under that denomination?), the opinions of the great Dr. McCaul, delivered before Lord Dalhousie was born, and the twenty-year-old indignation of Benjn. Davies, LL.D., with monkish blots. Just at the present moment Lord Dalhousie seems to have modestly withdrawn from this particular scene. The deceased wife's sister craving for brothers-in-law does not address him in the famous lines:—

> Dalhousie of an old descent,
> My stoup, my pride, my ornament.

It is Mr. Broadhurst who is at this moment the stoup and ornament of the deceased wife's sister, Mr. Broadhurst who has Sir Pandarus of Troy become between her and her sighing brother-in-law (what will brothers-in-law have to be called when they are not brothers-in-law?). Mr. Broadhurst is going to move a motion or a resolution or something of the same kind which was so successful on another notorious occasion. The way has been smoothed by harrowing stories of deceased wives' sisters who have been married in the colonies and deserted in England. These stories a wise association would perhaps have kept in reserve, for they do not testify either to the stable attractions of deceased wives' sisters, or to the high-minded morality of the brother-in-law whom we are asked to relieve of disability for this particular indulgence. What may come of this none can say. Meanwhile the assailants of the law of marriage may obtain counsel's opinions from every so-called college of every minute sect in Christendom, and they may garnish them with the venerable extracts which have been kept standing forty years by the Association's printers. They may pass resolutions and lobby for majorities to their hearts' content. But there are some things that all their money and all their energies will not enable them to do. They will not overthrow the great consensus of the Christian Church on this point from the earliest time. They will not dissever the particular case they are busied on from the general case of marriages of affinity. They will not show that a relaxation of the marriage law can be anything but a curse to the world.

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.

A GREAT number of ignorant people have been clamouring lately for the abolition of what they call the monopoly of the Bar, by which they mean the exclusive right of audience which barristers have in the highest courts of law. Next to an anomaly,

there is nothing your Radical likes so much as a monopoly. Behold! here is a monopoly, let us sweep it away, is so fascinating a sequence, and appeals with such seductive force to persons properly permeated with the sentiments of freedom and equality, that the many people who seek destruction for its own sake are sometimes quite ready to obey the precept without stopping to consider whether the piece of information on which it is grounded is true or not. It may therefore not be inopportune to consider for a little what this alleged monopoly is not, what it is, and whether, whatever it is, it ought to be abolished. In the first place, it is not a monopoly. A monopoly is, strictly speaking, an exclusive right, acquired by favour or purchase, of selling goods of some particular kind. In the so-called monopoly of the Bar there is no sale of goods; there is no exclusive right, because any one can be a barrister who chooses; and the right is not acquired by favour or purchase, but by passing examinations. Waiving, however, this perhaps pedantic point, we may admit the existence of what may be inaccurately called a monopoly, not of the Bar, but of law. Since it is obviously to the advantage of the public that some limitation of the natural right, whereby any man is as good as any other, should be imposed in the matter of legal assistance, it has been found convenient to ordain that no one shall follow the profession of the law, either as advocate or as agent, who has not satisfied certain tests. The tests now in use are examinations, and the lapse of time which may be supposed to be devoted to professional study. Any one who has satisfied these tests may become a professional lawyer, and any one who acts as a professional lawyer without having satisfied them is liable to punishment. Thus it may be said by a loose analogy, likening the giving of legal advice and assistance to the sale of goods, that lawyers have a monopoly of law. This monopoly, however, it has not yet occurred to the aforesaid shallow-minded persons to complain of. The business of supplying law (we continue to make use of our halting simile) may be divided into two parts, for which it is convenient to have two men. These are the advocate and the agent; or, in English, the barrister and the solicitor. It is not found practicable, except in a very small way, to be both of these at the same time, partly for the reason that one must be a great deal in court, and the other must be a great deal out of court; but in some countries the distinction is only practical, and in some it is nominal as well. In England it is nominal as well as practical, and the fact that it is so is what the gentleman who tried so hard to spoil the Christmas holidays of many virtuous barristers by four columns of dreary twaddle in the *Times* calls the monopoly of the Bar.

The demand that solicitors should have equal rights of audience with barristers granted to them is made by two classes of people, of which the more noisy, and probably the larger, consists of people at large holding Radical views on all subjects, and therefore quite capable of being excited by the bogey of a monopoly which they have fashioned for themselves without taking the trouble to ascertain the facts of the case. The other class consists of solicitors who desire the change for personal reasons. It must not be supposed, however, that all solicitors take this view. On the contrary, among the men at the head of the profession a large majority is in favour of keeping things as they are. It is only natural that it should be so. Men who have succeeded in any pursuit are naturally tolerably well satisfied with existing conditions. Besides this, the position of a successful solicitor with a practice of a high class has some very attractive features. His business, besides being highly profitable, is more or less in the nature of property. He could if he liked sell it, and can and does make provision out of it for one or more sons. It is not, like the practice of a successful barrister, absolutely dependent on his own personal exertions. If he falls ill he is not harassed by the reflection that if he does not recover soon his means of livelihood will disappear. Besides these solid and comforting qualities, the solicitor such as we are describing occupies, or may occupy, a station in society good enough to content any man who is not prompted throughout life by the ambition of public distinction. Success of a notorious and public character is the one good thing in life which the solicitor must not hope to gain in the ordinary practice of his profession. But how many men there are who gladly forego their chances of such success for the sake of an assured and moderately dignified way of earning a livelihood! There are, however, a certain number of younger and less distinguished solicitors, who do clamour for, and hope to get, the abolition of all distinction between the two professions. What these gentlemen really want is to eat their cake and have somebody else's. They want to retain the comfortable security of their business as solicitors, and at the same time to have a chance of winning themselves glory in the comparatively perilous adventure of the Bar. Then if they found that the brilliant success which they so confidently anticipate did not attend their efforts, they would be able to fall back upon the obscure but trustworthy resources which they at present command. Now this is an unreasonable wish, and cannot be gratified; for if the solicitor whose heart burns within him for the Woolsack gets his way, and speaks with his tongue, his business as a solicitor will suffer for want of his attention, and if, to prevent this, he engages somebody to look after it while he is occupied with more lofty matters, he will find that this somebody will expect a share of the profits. It is like betting: the long odds are more profitable when you win, but you are more likely to win the short. If solicitors of this covetous nature are really ambitious, and really confident in themselves, it is now made perfectly easy for them to be called to the Bar, more especially as their connexion with their old firms can hardly fail to give them a start as soon as they are called. Many of them boldly plunge, and with brilliant results; but even if those who want to combine the advantages of long and short odds get their way, they will at best only get middling odds, which means middling profit when they win and a middling chance of winning.

Such being the reasons which really give rise to the agitation for removing the distinction between barristers and solicitors, it is not surprising to find that the ostensible reasons which are urged by the agitators are not of the most cogent nature. The principal one is that the amalgamation would diminish the cost of litigation. It is in the highest degree unlikely that it would do so to any appreciable extent. The work of advocacy must be done, and the work of agency must be done, and both must be paid for. They cannot practically be done by the same man, and the expense that would be saved by the two men being partners in the same business, instead of being only temporarily connected, is either nothing at all, or something so trifling as not to be worth legislating for. The lawyer who does the barrister's work must have his brief drawn, and his copies of documents prepared. The conveyancer must have his instructions put into some kind of shape, and the fact that he is himself the solicitor through whom he is instructed will not in the least diminish the necessity of somebody engrossing the deeds who has to be paid for doing it. The work of lawyers is worth what, in the presence of very keen competition, it will fetch, and the shifting of different parts of it on to different shoulders will not substantially diminish its total burden or reduce its total price. It is true, as has been pointed out, that a certain number of fees for "delivering briefs" and "attending counsel" would, or might, disappear; but those who suppose that a solicitor, because he was given the right of audience in the Supreme Court, would be unequal to the task of devising charges to replace such losses as these, knows little indeed of the ways of solicitors. Then it is urged that solicitors are often more thoroughly acquainted with the details of a case, and the wishes of their clients, than the counsel whom they instruct, and could perform the duties of counsel more satisfactorily than they are performed. The simple answer to this is that prolonged experience has shown it not to be true, and that the two functions are too distinct to be performed adequately by the same person. The existence of the two professions shows that this distinction was found practically convenient in England long ago; the fact that in America there invariably comes to be a distinction of persons between those who do the two sorts of work shows that it is so still. The final contention of the advocates of change is that solicitors are as good as barristers; that they know as much law, and are as virtuous, intelligent, and gentlemanlike; and that they ought not to be placed in an inferior position and held in lower esteem. Every one of these propositions we hold to be directly contrary to the facts. There are, of course, many solicitors who are excellent lawyers, and many barristers who are very bad ones; but to assert that, on the whole, an ordinary practising solicitor is likely to be as well qualified as an ordinary practising barrister to give an opinion on a question of pure law or to conduct a case before a judge or a jury is to make a claim on behalf of solicitors which every one in the least qualified by observation to form an opinion knows to be flagrantly absurd. And, though there are many solicitors than whom the country does not contain more upright and honourable persons, there are many others—and this would be notorious even if the constant activity of the Law Society did not testify to it—who are not only not honourable, but are exceedingly dishonest. Which could not be said of the Bar without exaggeration. Solicitors who feel that they are not quite gentlemen should seek to attain to that dignity individually. Amalgamating the professions would not do it for them. What it would do is to destroy the still considerable remains of *esprit de corps* which animates not only the best, but the largest, part of the British Bar, and, slightly perhaps, but certainly, to lower the prevailing standard of learning, intellect, and morality. That standard is now remarkably high, and it is of the greatest public importance that it should remain so. It is unnecessary to point out that whatever lowers the standard of the Bar also lowers that of the Bench; but it should be borne in mind that the efficient administration of justice depends in a great degree upon how the work of barristers is done. By making every solicitor a barrister, and every barrister a solicitor, the best and the worst men would be brought more or less into rivalry and contact, with the result that the possible amelioration of the worst would be dearly purchased by the certain deterioration of the best. The opponent of an unscrupulous antagonist cannot afford to be scrupulous, and if you bring men whose morality allows them to play tricks and take unworthy advantages into competition with men of higher principles, association with the former will inevitably corrupt the latter. It is not worth while to risk such a result for the sake of gratifying the social ambition of a certain number of second-class solicitors, and still less for the sake of appeasing the light-headed reformers who cannot resist that meaningless phrase, the monopoly of the Bar.

THE LONDON INQUISITION.

ON one day of last week sixty parents appeared before Mr. Bridges to meet summonses issued by the London School Board. The general public do not know what an amount of illegality is implied by this wholesale fashion of summoning people to the police-courts, and a plain statement of facts may do good. Each division of London is subdivided into a number of districts corresponding to the number of members elected to serve on the School Board. Thus Marylebone is marked out in seven subdivisions, each of which is under the charge of one member; and this member's duty is to hold at intervals a kind of secret court, in which cases relating to the attendance of children are investigated. Supposing that a child is irregular in attendance, then sooner or later the parent or guardian receives a notice directing him to appear at a given hour or place before "The Divisional Committee," to show cause why he should not be summoned and fined. Now, as a matter of fact, there is no such thing as a Divisional Committee. The phrase sounds large and impressive, but there is no sign of a fact to match it. Every man and woman who obeys the peremptory notice is privately interrogated by a single member of the School Board, in whose hands are placed powers which are foreign to all English notions of justice. The meetings are generally held in a private room of a Board School, and the scene is much the same in all parts of London. The crowd stand about on the stairs and wait their turns. Draggled women with babies at the breast lean against the walls or sit on the steps; rough workmen who are losing time straddle and spit, and use bad language; blowsy matrons of the drunken sort laugh and joke with shrill vulgarity. One after another the culprits are ushered into the private room by a decorous visitor, and men and women are subjected to questioning. Here is a list of pleasing queries taken down on the spot. "Carroll. Oh, another Irish Catholic. Now, Mrs. Carroll, how is it that your girl doesn't attend school? Be careful, mind. All you Irish Catholics lie, but I know you. Be careful." "Well, sir, the child suffers from a wakoness, sir." "Oh, weakness. Nonsense. Another Irish lie." Then the following stock set of inquiries followed:—"How much does your husband earn?" "Does he drink?" "Do you?" "How many children have you?" "One of them is over age. What does he earn?" Then, after a long time of badgering, the unfortunate parent was allowed to go away, and the presiding dignitary went on to the next case.

This is a specimen of what has occurred when a hard man was in charge of a district. The women who loiter in dull silence or drunken levity on the stairs may wait for three or four hours until their turn comes. The time usually chosen is midday, and thus many a labourer comes home to find his wife absent and his dinner unprepared, while many men lose a day's work and run the risk of losing their employment through having to travel a long distance and lounge about till their names are called. When twenty or thirty women of the lower class are called together, the scenes of shrewish violence are sometimes very unpleasant indeed, and exasperated viragos use the language of the alley with freedom. It must not be thought that many "Notice B" meetings are conducted by persons like the man of whose proceedings we have given a sample. On the contrary, nothing can be more admirable than the patience and gentleness shown by most of the Board members. Wealthy ladies and gentlemen spend wearisome hours in sifting cases of distress, in granting remission of school fees, and in choosing objects of charity. They might be engaged on their own business or pleasure, but they are content to work on obscurely amid depressing surroundings. They listen to stale hypocrisies, to impudent falsehoods, to angry abuse, and to heartrending stories of hardship and dire poverty, and they are kind and indulgent through it all. The amount expended in private charity by some members is very heavy, and the general tendency is toward helpful counsel and indulgence rather than toward harshness and threats. But, however good and wise a member of the Board may be, it is not right that powers so great should be entrusted to any man or woman. A parent may be summoned to a police-court; he may wait among ruffians and brawlers for several hours; he may be tried in two minutes and fined—and all this on the behest of one man or woman who presides over what is practically a secret tribunal, and who is irresponsible.

We must now turn to a darker and more disagreeable side of the subject. The members of the Board are undoubtedly overworked. If any one of the fifty chooses to do his duty thoroughly, he must give his whole time to the service of the Board; and this sacrifice is, of course, impossible in the case of business men. Thus it often happens that when a troop of parents are brought up to a "Notice B" meeting there is not even one member of the Board present to hear the cases, and unknown underlings fulfil the duty of judges in matters of the extremest delicacy. In every division there is an official called "The Clerk to the Divisional Committee, and Superintendent of Visitors." This clerk may have been an officer in the army, or a tradesman, or a private secretary to some one or other, or a rate collector; he may not have one tittle of legal training, yet he exercises judicial functions of a very important nature. Worse than this, it often turns out that even the Superintendent is absent; and instances have been known in which a clerk, (paid at the rate of 80*l.* a year) or a visitor has taken the chair, and sat with inquisitive majesty while parent after parent was brought in before him. Jack-in-office is always an unpleasant person, but Jack-in-office stuck in the place of a legal functionary is simply intolerable. It is true that the Board has authorized Superintendents of Visitors to hear cases, but not to order prosecutions; yet, in practice, this rule is constantly violated. Let it be observed that in thus delegating any of its functions the Board acts with gross and absolute illegality. The Act says:—"No legal proceedings for non-attendance or irregular attendance at school shall be commenced in a Court of Summary Jurisdiction by any person appointed to carry out the compulsory bye-laws of a School Board or local authority, except by the direction of not less than two members of a School Board or School Attendance Committee." The letter of the Act cannot be construed as meaning that two members shall investigate every case before a prosecution is ordered; but the spirit is sufficiently evident, and it is a pity that the whole of Clause 38 cannot be rigidly amended, so as to ensure that no British citizen shall be dragged to a police-court until the nature and extent of his offence have been investigated by a competent tribunal. The poor are ignorant of legal subtleties; but we are certain that, if any defendant were to demand the names of the Board members who ordered a prosecution, and were then to force the prosecuting officer to prove in court that the two members had really investigated the case, there would be far fewer convictions. As it is, the poor people are dragooned, and dragooned by beadles in mufti, and not by persons duly qualified to order prosecutions under the Act.

We have no wish to say anything sentimental about the treatment of the lower classes. The poor are often lazy, shiftless, thriftless, drunken, and false. But the fact that a man has every positive and negative vice named in the dictionary does not justify any one who twists a statute in order to punish him. His trial should be fair, and his punishment assured when his guilt is proven. Under the present system, the proceedings are so loose and haphazard that magistrates have grown sick of the whole business, and positively refuse to convict. People who would obey the law if they could are badgered and persecuted; while other people who have not the smallest intention of obeying the law are enabled to laugh at visitors, members, and police-courts. Unmerited hardship, and equally unmerited impunity, are the main results of a system which is at once grotesque and cruel.

Let us take two typical cases to illustrate the working of the Act in London. John Smith is a labourer who leaves home at five every morning, and returns about six every evening. John's son is a wild little fellow of ten years old, who manages to play truant for a week at a time. A visitor calls and sees Mrs. Smith while John is away. The visitor says, "You must make your boy attend school better, ma'am; I have to serve you with this notice," and he thereupon hands out a piece of paper which tells Mr. Smith to "Take Notice" that the young Smith has been absent. Mrs. Smith says nothing at the time, and in a week or two John is ordered to attend a meeting to show cause why he should not be summoned. Mrs. Smith dare not destroy the peremptory notice; there is an explanation and probably a quarrel, and John stays away from work one day in order to attend before "The Divisional Committee." The Superintendent inquires, "Well, and what have you to say for yourself?" whereupon John explains that he "didn't know the kid was playing the truant." A give-and-take discussion begins; John grows ill-tempered and receives a warning; he goes home, beats the boy, and then matters go on for awhile until the youth again forgets himself. In due time the inevitable summons arrives, and John Smith goes to the court. Perhaps, after he has waited from eleven o'clock to one, the magistrate discovers that no School Board cases can be taken that day; and the bevy of chattering women and swearing men are sent off home. At the second attempt John stands in the dock at last; the visitor formally states the case; and the magistrate inflicts a small fine amounting to half of Smith's day's wages.

The man is enraged, puzzled, and rebellious. His fine is not heavy, but the sense of restraint and indignity works in his mind; he is not improved in any way by the experience he has gone through, and, if by any chance the visitor passes through the street, poor Smith is more likely to growl a curse at "the bloomin' School Board" than to think of the blessings of education.

Take, now, the case of a more acute person. Thomas Brown has a son of twelve years old. This lad goes to work and earns four shillings a week, without having passed even the fourth of the Government standards. In time Notice B arrives, but Thomas pays no heed to it. Then comes the summons, on receipt of which Brown immediately sends the boy off to school. As soon as Thomas appears in the dock, he says, "Please, your worship, the boy is at school now." The magistrate is hurried by the crowd of cases; he snaps out, "Pay costs of the summons and go away," and Thomas is free. This mode of proceeding is lovingly termed "The Two Bob-and-go-away trick," and it may be repeated again and again, for the simple reason that the courts are crowded, and that the wholesale ordering of summonses produces a deadlock. Innocent John Smith suffers; wily Thomas Brown gets clear off on advantageous terms, and nobody in the world is a whit the better for all the confusion. At present the strange thing is that the compulsory bye-laws are administered with surprising kindness by most of the persons who carry them out. The School Board members who order prosecutions are generally gentle, long-suffering, and charitable; the visitors are usually thoughtful, although offensive instances of bumbledom have been charged to the corps; the magistrates are always compassionate. And yet the poor suffer under the Act,

and suffer severely. The reason is that the law is applied in a haphazard way. If Notice B meetings were only held in the evenings, so that men would not lose time; if ladies and gentlemen were deputed to hear cases in every district; if paid officials were absolutely forbidden to hear cases; and if no order for a prosecution were signed except after full investigation; then the sufferings of the poor would be relieved. The present state of things is neither more nor less than a flagrant social scandal, and we wonder that the people have tamely submitted for so long.

CITY CHURCHES.

THE very influential deputation, headed by Lord Devon, which waited on the Lord Mayor a few days back to secure his influence for the preservation of three of the most recently threatened of the City churches, had a more powerful argument to urge against the contemplated vandalism than some of those who in former years have pleaded the same cause. The former defenders of the City churches have usually been met by the argument that the buildings where they stood were practically useless, while the endowments, set free from the grasp of "the dead hand," and augmented by the sale of the consecrated site for an exorbitant figure, would do much to relieve the spiritual destitution of the suburbs. There was no use blinking the fact that the churches were, practically speaking, empty on the Sundays. The bells, still as when Arthur Clennam listened to their dreary chiming from the window of the coffee-house on Ludgate Hill, exchanged their "deadly-lively importunity of 'Come to church, come to church' for the low-spirited complaint, 'They *won't* come; they *won't* come,'" and at last, abandoning hope, gave a dismal swing per second "as a groan of despair" at the obstinate refusal of the parishioners. That the City churches were not doing their work, at least on Sundays, was an undeniable fact. Hard-headed, keen-eyed, utilitarian Philistines were ready to prove it by their statistics. They had been round to the churches with their note-books on their unholy errand of *espionage* when they ought to have been saying their prayers in their own parish churches, and had reckoned up every worshipper, down to the youngest of the "Charitable Grinders," with his leather breeches and muffin cap, and the most crouching old charwoman, waiting her turn for the charity loaf. Not one escaped this inquisitive inspection. And the sum total, it must be confessed, was disheartening to those who felt the many and great dangers of playing into the hands of those who desired not more useful churches, but no churches at all.

What ground then, it will be asked, have the recent protesters for renewing the conflict? What fresh arguments could Lord Devon and his colleagues at the Mansion House add to those which had been urged so often already? Certainly in this case they could not plead the architectural beauty, or, except in one case, their historical associations. The three churches now doomed—St. Olave's, Jewry, St. Katherine Coleman, and St. Thomas in the Liberty of the Rolls—are among the least interesting of City churches. The last-named is a modern building, dating some forty years back, in the revived Norman of the day, neither better nor worse than a hundred other churches of its date. St. Katherine's, happily lurking behind the houses in Fenchurch Street, is a dowdy, burnt-brick conventicle, with a stumpy little tower at one end, and a semicircular sideboard recess for the altar at the other; internally a mere neat-ceiled room, without the slightest attempt at architectural design, an index of the utter deadness of all ecclesiastical feeling in the early years of the second George. Nor in either case do the historical associations compensate for the absence of beauty. St. Katherine Coleman—which one of our contemporaries strangely confuses with its neighbour the historic St. Katherine Creq Church, rebuilt and consecrated when Laud was Bishop of London, the ceremonies introduced by him on that occasion being among the counts of his indictment, and which others no less perversely place in Coleman Street—is utterly barren of historic reference. Stowe tells us it takes its name "of a great haw-yard or garden of old time called Coloman-Haw." Spared by the Great Fire, and so not rebuilt by Wren, it was unhappily rebuilt in the mean guise we have described in 1734. With St. Thomas's the case is slightly different. The name of "the Liberty of the Rolls" calls up many associations, from the time when Henry III. erected his "Domus Conversorum," or home of shelter and maintenance for converted Jews, in the "foul and noisy thoroughfare betwixt the Old and New Temple," known as Chancellus or Chancery Lane, which, when the Jews had been banished the realm and converts waxed few, his great-grandson Edward III. annexed to his newly-created office of "Custos Rotulorum," or Master of the Rolls, which, such is the irony of history, we have seen filled by a Jew, still unconverted. The memories of Butler, and still more recently of Brewer and Brookfield, it is almost needless to say do not belong to the threatened church, which is a modern foundation as well as a modern building, but to the adjacent Rolls Chapel, from the pulpit of which the famous "fifteen sermons" on Human Nature and Morals were delivered by the author of the *Analogy*. Greater historic interest is associated with the third of the churches in the doomed list, St. Olave's, Jewry. One-half of the name reminds us of the strange popularity of the martyred King of the Northmen, Olaf, who is commemorated in four London churches, including that in Tooley (St. Olave's) Street at the Surrey end of London Bridge, one of the predecessors of which the Norwegian monarch is accredited with having burnt. The other half takes us back to the time when the unbelievers, to aid whose more speedy conversion the Rolls House was originally founded, were a recognized contingent of the population of London as of all our ancient cities, living in a quarter by themselves "in Veteri Judaismo," "a source," as Mr. Loftie remarks in *The History of London*, "of regular revenue as well as an always ready scene for irregular exactions" as well as of popular violence, bloodshed, and judicial murder. The church itself is a work of Wren's. It may not be one of that great architect's happiest conceptions. But, like all Wren's designs, it is characterized by much dignity of design and harmony of proportion which raise it above the commonplace. The exterior, though plain, is well designed. The western tower is low, but of pleasing proportions, obelisks at the angles taking the place of pinnacles. The east front towards the Old Jewry has more architectural pretensions. There is a stateliness about its pediments and the large carefully-designed Venetian window, which the eminently prosaic street, no long time back the residence of the wealthy merchants of the city, could ill spare. When we add that it contains the monument of Alderman Boydell, the creator of the English school of engraving, who was buried within its walls, and that it was the place of interment of Robert Large, the famous mercer of Cheap, once Caxton's master before he exchanged silks and velvets for metal-types, of Thomas Morshead, surgeon to the three sovereigns of the House of Lancaster, and of Giles Dewes, Clerk of the Library to Henry VII., and schoolmaster for the French tongue to Prince Arthur and his sister, the Lady Mary; and that among its rectors is counted the brilliant "Scott of Hoxton," it must be acknowledged that none but reasons much stronger than any yet urged could justify the demolition of another of the few remaining churches of England's greatest architect, and the removal of another source of wholesome religious influence from the very busiest centre of City life.

That St. Olave's, in common with the other doomed churches, is capable of becoming such a source of influence, was the argument so powerfully employed by last week's deputation at the Mansion House. The attacks of the destructives were not easy to meet so long as the old idea of a church being only intended for use for an hour or two on Sunday ruled men's minds. Even this argument was based on a misconception. Active incumbents living among their own people have not been slow to discover that the city is not so absolutely deserted on Sundays as has been popularly believed, but that the materials of large congregations exist close to the church doors. As Canon Ingram has proved at St. Margaret's, Lothbury, and Mr. Benham more recently by his bright telling services at St. Edmund's, and, as we do not entertain any doubt, Canon Mason will soon show in his missionary work among the dock labourers and wharfingers of Thames Street and Tower Hill and the adjacent East End districts, in his revived collegiate church of All Hallows Barking, and Mr. Shuttleworth is already exhibiting in his crowded congregation at the other end of Thames Street among the warehousemen and clerks of Queen Victoria Street and the great business thoroughfares which surround his church—absorbing, so far has demolition gone, no fewer than six parish churches into itself—there is no longer any question that even on Sundays a man who knows how to adapt himself to his position, and suits his services and his sermons to the actual wants and feelings of the people, careless of his own ease or leisure, as well as of the supposed "dignity of the Church" of which she has been so nearly dying, will have, if not a full church—a rarity, we fear, anywhere, especially in morning, except in special cases—yet a congregation large enough to tax his energies to the utmost, and entirely to remove the disheartening sense of labour in vain. At one church—we purposely abstain from particularizing it—where the average morning congregation was four persons, since the change of incumbent the morning congregation fills the church, while in the evening the crowd is so great that there is no standing room. At another, where the services, we are told, are of the ordinary kind, with no special musical or oratorical attraction, the church is always full on Sundays. At a third the congregation, which was of the scantiest at the beginning of the present rector's incumbency two years ago, has gradually worked up, little by little, until it now as a rule fills the church, the people being almost entirely parishioners. At a fourth a lecturer, whose predecessor's congregation was usually limited to the clerk and sexton, has succeeded in getting together, and, what is more, keeping together, a good congregation.

Such facts as these are sufficient to prove the truth of the words of the Mansion House deputation, that if only the right men are appointed, men of energy, of zeal, and real devotion to their work, men who will live among the people and be their pastor all the week through, instead of driving down from the West End for their "Sunday duty," the City churches would once more attract regular congregations. The right man in the right place has proved the remedy for many apparently hopeless evils.

But the main argument for the maintenance of the remaining City churches lies in the self-evident though tardily recognised truth that the parish church is the parishioner's house of worship every day in the week, and not on Sundays only. If the Sunday population of the City is comparatively small, for Sundays in the week it is immense. These clerks and warehousemen and porters have each of them an immortal soul, for which the pastor in whose parish they pass the greater part of their lives must surely, if any one, be accountable. Slowly have our City incumbents awoke to

the responsibility thus attaching to them. Many, indeed, are far from being awake to it yet. But wherever this self-evident truth has been realized, and the consequent duties faced, the results have been most encouraging. To take only one example, though happily they are many, and constantly growing. At St. Edmund's, in Lombard Street, the 1.15 services on week days are generally attended by at least a hundred, nearly all men, mostly clerks and young men of the age when the purifying and strengthening influences of religion are most needed. On special days, such as the Rogation Days and Holy Thursday, the church was crowded to the street door. The church is left open from ten to four, and whenever any one goes in he will notice some men kneeling in prayer, others sitting quietly reading the Holy Scriptures, copies of the Bible being wisely provided for every sitting in the church. Weekly Bible classes are well attended; while, as the surest test of the reality of the work, the communicants sometimes amount to seventy. Surely in such facts as these, which we repeat represent the experience of one City church only, there is a sufficient answer to those who so persistently assert the absolute uselessness of the City churches, and a convincing proof that, as has been well said, "Every church in the City might be used for the advancement of God's glory if only the clergy would bestir themselves." Where they do the result is always the same. As Mr. Shuttleworth, the Vicar of St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey, has said in his address of "A City Rector to his Friends," "Out of nearly three-quarters of a million of people there must be a large proportion to whom a short bright service on a week-day in a City church, or a daily Te Deum or anthem, or a meditation with organ music for its only voice, or a few minutes' address or opportunity for private prayer or undisturbed thought would be welcome." "Many a busy heart-weary City man would be thankful beyond measure if the doors of the City churches, like the gates of the City of Rest, were ever open continually that he might freely enter and spend his few spare moments in quiet or in prayer."

Before our great National Church, with her illustrious history, makes the humiliating confession that she can turn to no good service her noble heritage in the City churches, and begs the Legislature for power to demolish the houses of God, and transfer elsewhere their endowments, at least let an experiment of using them be fully tried. If it fails—and where wisely and patiently tried it never has failed—it will then be time enough to make the heritage over to other husbandmen in another place, who will know better its value and its capabilities.

THE NAVY.

It can hardly be said that the unfortunate Return respecting the strength of the navy which was issued last week has been the subject of much controversy, and, when the facts contained in it are considered, this certainly does not seem surprising. There is little use in continuing to argue with an adversary who has virtually capitulated, and as the Admiralty has been at some pains to show in the most brief and clear manner possible how weak we are in fighting ships, and especially in ironclads, critics are of necessity to a great extent silenced. Alarmists may cease from troubling when officials admit that they did well in sounding the alarm, and that there is excellent ground for the misgivings which they have expressed, and practically this is now admitted. Mr. Campbell Bannerman did indeed express surprise at the reception of the Return, and his word cannot be doubted; but it is difficult to suppose that his surprise was shared by any one else; and those who have, without any party bias, opposed the naval policy which has been pursued for years past may, without hesitation, point to the "Statement of the Fighting and the Sea-going Ships" as being substantially an admission that they were perfectly justified in their reiterated complaints. Of course, however, it is not a formal one. An official confession must be made in the official manner. Men who speak from Whitehall cannot be expected to say plainly that our navy is much weaker than it should be. But when the humorist who draws up a solemn report includes in his list one vessel which has never been to sea, another which has hardly been begun, and another which has never been trusted out of sight of land, it may fairly be said that generous antagonists can hardly ask for more. No doubt, it is not well to insist too much when, under cover of certain forms, an optimist view which has long been maintained is abandoned; but still it must be remembered that forms are misleading, and that there is a wonderful amount of superstition afloat respecting our power at sea. While, then, it would be most unfair to triumph over the Admiralty, which may have had an excellent object in publishing the Return, it is well to point out what is the real meaning of the evidence they now give, and to show that what purports to be a statement of naval strength is really a confession of naval weakness; unless, indeed, there is to be complete disregard of the constantly-increasing strength of foreign armaments.

Cogent criticism this remarkable statement of the present condition of our only safeguard against invasion did receive in the House of Commons from Sir J. Hay, who had small difficulty in showing how misleading it is, if taken seriously; but we cannot but think that the gallant Admiral treated the Return in rather too matter-of-fact a spirit. It is true that the "Abstract of both the Fighting and Sea-going Ships" gives a total of sixty-two armoured vessels; and it might at first sight be supposed that this is intended to indicate a really effective force. When, however, the list is examined in the light of a moderate knowledge of naval affairs, it is so clear that there is nothing like this effective force as to make it difficult to suppose that the Admiralty meant to attempt even the most superficial deception. One vessel on the list is, as has just been said, only just begun. Mr. Campbell Bannerman, in introducing the Estimates, spoke of the *Hero*, a projected turret-ship of 6,300 tons, as if she had been commenced; but as at best she is only to be advanced to 2·4 per cent. by the end of the present month, she belongs altogether to the phantom fleet. For the exactly opposite reason another vessel must also be included in this reserve. Of the *Waterwitch*, now seventeen years old, Mr. King said, in 1878, that she had never been trusted out of sight of land, that she was not fit for coastguard defence nor harbour service, and that probably the next step would be to break her up. This step was not taken, but surely this poor, rickety, turbine-wheel vessel, which had such a feeble life, must be looked upon as having been long defunct, and nothing but a feeling of pleasantry can have caused her name to appear amongst those of the armoured ships of the British Navy. To many other vessels in the list objection was justly made, as they cannot be considered fit to form part of an effective sea-going fleet. Amongst the sixty-two names appear those of the coast defence vessels *Cyclops*, *Hecate*, *Hydra*, and *Gorgon*, which are not even fit for coast service in the winter. To one of them alterations have been made with a view of improving her sea-going qualities, which may or may not prove successful. If it is found that the desired result is attained, the others will be altered, and at some future date they may be within certain limits sea-going vessels; but they can only be described as ships for harbour defence. The larger home-service vessels *Glatton*, and *Hotspur*, and the *Prince Albert*, with Captain Coles's cupola, must also be excluded from the sea-going class, and it would be absurd to include in it the *Scorpion* and *Wyvern*, which were built for the Southern States during the war, but seized and purchased by our Government. Equally absurd would it be to treat as effective armoured ships those obsolete plated gunboats the *Vixen* and *Viper*.

For other reasons several vessels of a different type must, as was clearly pointed out in the debate, be struck off the list if it is desired to ascertain what our naval strength in fighting and sea-going ironclads actually is. The *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, and *Resistance* are, in common with the redoubtable *Watermitch*, described with some humour as waiting for repair. As they are more than twenty years old, and as it is impossible to say how much work an old armoured ship may require until she is thoroughly opened up—impossible, indeed, sometimes to say whether she will be worth repairing—these vessels can no more be classed as forming part of an effective navy than invalids who may take long to recover, or may never recover at all, can be treated as part of the effective strength of a regiment. Beside these old and possibly worn-out ships there must be placed in the ineffective list ships which are not likely to be of use for some time because they are still far from complete. Strictly speaking, of course, no incomplete vessel should figure in the list of fighting-ships, but there is no need to be pedantic in this matter, and it may fairly be admitted that, in estimating the strength of foreign navies, vessels which are being built are usually included. Such Estimates, however, relate to future strength. In a statement meant to show the present strength, and the strength within a moderate time, of a navy, it is ridiculous to include ships which cannot be completed for sea until 1887 or 1888; and the *Camperdown*, *Benbow*, *Anson*, and *Howe* must, at all events, be launched before they can be put down as ships of war. Altogether, then, twenty vessels must, under any system of computation, be deducted from the effective list; and to their number should be added some which must before long need large repairs. Accepting these, however, accepting vessels which are practically obsolete, and disregarding the condition of boilers—a trifling matter, concerning which no information is to be given—we have, on the most liberal computation possible, forty-two ironclads to answer all needs—to protect important ports abroad, and to be ready for service at home. Of course it may be contended that this is enough, because France has not, at the present moment, quite so many; that practically there is no danger, because, for the time being, we, without an army, are somewhat superior in naval strength to a country which has a huge army, and is in many respects far less vulnerable than we are. It can, however, no longer be contended that the navy of this country is a match for the navies of any two foreign Powers. We have more than once insisted on the fact that England might be overmatched at sea by an alliance between France and Italy, and now at last the truth of what we have said seems to be realized. Sir J. Hay stated in his speech that in number of effective ironclads the French and Italian navies were now superior to ours, and the absence of all contradiction gave the best possible confirmation to his words and to the predictions which we have made.

The decline of our comparative naval strength seems, then, to be now admitted, and oft-repeated criticism is virtually ratified by the official return which has been published. Owing, not to any official incompetence, not to any misuse of the money which has been voted, but to the simple fact that the money voted has not been sufficient, our navy is now quite inadequate for the work which might be required of it in the event of a European war, and

the statistics of the Admiralty, when properly examined, show this to be the case. This state of things may be allowed to continue, and indeed it is doubtful whether the general apathy will be dispelled; but, at all events, no excuse for it can be pleaded: On the whole it may be thought better to have a weak navy than to add to taxation, but there can be no doubt that the choice lies between danger and increased expenditure.

THE PROPOSED MONUMENT TO COLIGNY.

THIS is an age of reparations and rehabilitations in the historical domain. It has been argued that Nero was a model of filial piety and Henry VIII. of conjugal fidelity; Richard III., we have been assured, was deformed neither in body nor in character and was a most affectionate uncle; and Frederick the Great—one of the most accomplished tyrants and hypocrites the world has ever seen—was selected by a writer, who by many is still looked up to, as little, if at all, short of "a prophet new inspired," as the ideal of heroism and "reality." And as it is also an age of artistic revival, our historical palinodes or repairs of past neglect are apt to be translated into bronze or marble. Within recent years, to take but a few examples, we have erected a Scott memorial at Edinburgh, and the Germans a Luther monument at Worms; and we are now preparing to do honour to the immortal Samuel Pepys. Only last year the first steps were taken, certainly not at all too soon, for the erection of a monument to Grotius at Delft, and it has just been proposed—with far more questionable reason or fitness—to put up a monument at Frankfort to Schopenhauer, the chief modern apostle of pessimism, who conspicuously illustrated the worst features of his philosophy in his life. No such objection can be raised against the very natural proposal advocated the other day by two leading members of the French Protestant Church, at a meeting held in the Westminster College Hall, under the presidency of the Dean, to erect a monument in honour of Admiral Coligny at Paris. But we fail to understand why Englishmen should be asked to take part in what is mainly, if not exclusively, a matter of national interest for Frenchmen; neither indeed can we quite accept, even on the authority of Voltaire, the Dean's somewhat enthusiastic estimate of Coligny as, "if not the greatest of Frenchmen, one of the most illustrious of the sons of France," or M. Bessier's commendation of him as a martyr for "liberty of conscience" and bright example of "perfect self-devotion to the service of God." Dean Bradley was careful to disclaim any sectarian bias, yet it is difficult to see how, except as a demonstration of Protestant sympathy, any but his own countrymen can be asked to join in commemorating one whose only title to distinction beyond that of a national hero is that he was a leading Huguenot. And the names—neither very numerous nor very illustrious—of English attendants at the meeting seem to point in the same direction. Of course the massacre of St. Bartholomew was an event of European interest, and those whose knowledge of history, ancient and modern, does not go much further than a schoolboy recollection of Lord Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, and his hardly less popular Puritan and Huguenot ballads, must have, cursorily at least,

> thought of Seine's empurpled flood
> And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood.

The musical echoes will still linger on their ear of the lament of the vanquished after "the Battle of Moncontour," who had to leave their "dear desolate home"

> To the serpent of Florence, the vulture of Spain,
> To the pride of Anjou, and the guile of Lorraine,

which serpentine and other pleasing qualities were very remarkably exemplified in the St. Bartholomew. But still it is not obvious why Englishmen of any creed should particularly concern themselves, except in the way of abstract sympathy, with the erection of a monument to Coligny at Paris. However that is a matter which must be left to their own judgment and their own pockets to decide. Such assistance as the scheme may derive from a brief notice here of what is assuredly a memorable epoch, in a century exceptionally rich in eventful memories, we need not grudge it.

Mr. Lecky, who of course disapproves himself of religious persecution, but, like some other writers of his school, is always anxious to insist that it is the only consistent policy for those who have any positive beliefs to maintain, has selected as one of his proof-cases the massacre of St. Bartholomew. "France," he observes, "is still ostensibly, and was long in truth, the leading champion of Catholicity, but *the essential Catholicity of France was mainly due to the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.*" On the contrary, it would be less of a paradox, though no doubt an exaggeration, to say that the widespread scepticism of modern France is mainly due to those causes. For the moment the plot succeeded, though even Catherine found herself obliged, almost immediately afterwards, to disavow her share in it; but, as Ranke, a higher authority than Mr. Lecky, very justly asks, "Can crimes of so bloody a dye be crowned with *lasting* success? Are they not at variance with the deeper mysteries of human events, and with those inviolable laws of nature which, even when not understood, are in constant though silent operation?" It is instructive to remember that the massacre of St. Bartholomew preceded by little above two centuries the no less horrible *noyades* of Carrier, and the enthronement of Reason, in the person of a naked prostitute, on the high altar of Notre Dame. But there is a further objection to Mr. Lecky's method of stating the case. The dragonnades of Louis and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes do afford an example of a genuine religious persecution, alike cruel and impolitic, and for the time it went far to extirpate from France the Protestant minority. But it was and always had been a very small minority among the people generally, though at one time including about a third of the aristocracy, and it was certainly not their expulsion which preserved, to use Mr. Lecky's phrase, "the essential Catholicity of France." The leading motive however was a religious one, Louis being at the time under the influence of his Jesuit directors. It is no excuse for the odious policy of Catherine de Medicis, but rather the reverse, that its inspiring motive was clearly not a religious but a political one; but it places the Huguenot massacre in a somewhat different category from the dragonnades of the next century, and a still less respectable one. Neither party, Catholic or Protestant, in the sixteenth century had the least idea, begging M. Bessier's pardon, of what we understand by "liberty of conscience," or felt the slightest scruple, when they got the upper hand, of inflicting on their rivals the persecution they naturally exclaimed against when their own turn came to suffer it. Mary's Protestant martyrs only "got as good as they gave," to put it bluntly; Cranmer had enforced on the boy King the burning of Anabaptists, and Latimer in the previous reign had preached a brutally jocose sermon while Prior Forest was being roasted to death suspended over a slow fire for denying Henry's spiritual supremacy. Coligny and his Huguenots, to cite Ranke's words, "gave no quarter," because "in the papal soldiers they beheld the army of Antichrist." But Catherine de Medicis, like her rival Elizabeth of England, was, consciously or unconsciously, a true disciple of Machiavelli, and for religious ends as such she cared nothing. As Mr. Froude puts it—and his testimony may be trusted here, for Catholicism is even more offensive to him than Catherine—"religion, in its good or in its bad sense, was equally a word without meaning to her." She had favoured the plan for the marriage of Anjou, and, when that fell through, of her third son, D'Alençon, with the heretic English Queen. When the crisis came, and her interests required the sacrifice of Coligny, who had already been wounded but not killed by the shot of a hired assassin of the Duke of Guise, she would apparently have been satisfied with his death only. But the feeble and frightened boy in whose name she misgoverned France dared not go so far without going further. It was he who cried out in a paroxysm of tears, when driven to desperation by the fierce insistence of his infamous mother:—"Since you will have the life of the Admiral, take it; but, at the same time, you must kill all the Huguenots in France, *so that not one may survive to reproach me.*" Catherine declared that she only desired the death of six men and would charge her conscience—a tolerably elastic one—with no more; 50,000 actually perished. There is no need to repeat here the too familiar details of the hideous tale. But it must be noted that the whole North of Europe, Catholic as well as Protestant, including a large portion of the French Catholic nobility, protested against the ruffianly crime. Charles found it prudent on the same day to have letters written by his Secretaries of State signed by his own hand, representing the affair as a private quarrel between the partisans of Guise and Coligny, and despatches were sent soon afterwards to warn the Cardinal of Lorraine that he must cease to extol it as a glorious triumph. When the Pope sent a legate to congratulate Charles, he was coldly received by the Queen Mother, and the Court of Rome had the discretion to make no parade of the present sent it by some zealots among the assassins of the head of Coligny.

But for the part played in the business by the Popes of the day there is unfortunately nothing more to be said. It cannot be proved, as Ranke points out, that Pius V. was privy to the preparations for the massacre, "but he did things which leave no doubt that he, as well as his successor, would have sanctioned them." He had formally approved the butcheries of Alva in the Netherlands, and had privately encouraged plots for the murder of Elizabeth. But Pius had gone to his grave four months before the fatal day. His successor, Gregory XIII., best known to the world as the reformer of the Calendar, was an able and cultivated man, and is described in the Memoirs of Richelieu, with imperfect accuracy, as "prince doux et benin, meilleur homme que bon pape." He at all events did not leave doubtful his estimate of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. He celebrated the event by a solemn procession of thanksgiving to San Luigi, and by medals struck to commemorate it, where the Archangel is depicted presiding over "the slaughter of the Huguenots," and a picture of it was painted, which may still be seen at the Vatican. It is curious that the Venetians, who had no interest of any kind in the matter, should have expressed in official despatches to their minister at Rome their satisfaction at "the mark of God's favour." Cardinal Santorio, who was the Spanish favourite some years later, in the Conclave of 1592, and narrowly missed his election to the Papacy, has designated the event in his autobiography, still extant in MS., "the celebrated day of St. Bartholomew, most joyful to the Catholics." He tells us by the by, in this same autobiography, that the night after learning his failure of the election, which he had reckoned upon as certain, "was more painful than any moment I ever endured. The heavy grief of my soul and my inward anguish forced from me—incredible to say—a swine of blood."

On the whole it is impossible to exculpate the Court of Rome from full complicity at least after the fact. In the chief perpetrators the crime must be attributed rather to political Machiavellism of the worst kind than to religious bigotry. In the subordinate agents there was probably a mixture of political and religious fanaticism, as the Huguenots were always looked on as the unpatriotic, and therefore naturally became the unpopular, party in the country. And this of course helps to account for the acquiescence, if not approval, accorded by public opinion to the persecuting policy of Louis XIV. But some further explanation is needed for the peculiar atrocity of the transaction we are immediately concerned with, and it must be imputed partly to "the fool fury of the Seine," which has again and again since then deluged Paris with blood shed by her own citizens, partly to its Medicean authorship. That family concentrated in itself, as in a microcosm, the darkest corruptions of the moral side of the Renaissance, and it rejoiced them to revel in a carnival of lust and blood. Such little "grain of conscience" as they retained—and we have seen that Catherine could talk about her conscience—only served to "make them sour" towards heretics, whose Puritanism was offensive, and whose destruction might possibly prove acceptable to heaven as a makeweight against many pleasant sins. Charles IX. indeed is said to have suffered agonies of remorse on his death-bed, though he was really far less guilty than his wretched mother, but he had in his veins French as well as Italian blood. And to "the serpent of Florence" must be chiefly traced the original sin of the terrible tragedy of St. Bartholomew.

THE THEATRES—*MARGERY'S LOVERS*.

TRUE drollery is so rare a quality on the stage that Mr. Royce was ill spared from the Gaiety Theatre, and his return last Saturday was the more welcome because it had been little expected. Two years since a stroke of paralysis incapacitated the comedian who has done so much for the fortunes of the Gaiety, and it was feared that the chance of his reappearance was hopeless; but such predictions have fortunately been falsified. Mr. Royce has recovered much of his health and strength; his desire to return to his profession was strong upon him, and Mr. H. J. Byron's burlesque of *Don Cæsar de Bazan* was specially revived for the purpose of allowing the original Don José to resume his character. The fascination of the footlights is not to be resisted, and why this is so, the experience of Saturday went far to prove. Much kindness and friendly warmth of feeling pervade English audiences; that Mr. Royce would be cordially received was certain, but he could scarcely have anticipated the enthusiasm with which he was greeted. When the familiar figure in the broad-brimmed hat stalked upon the stage early in the burlesque, a round of cheers broke forth, and these signs of welcome were again and again renewed. It seemed as if the audience which filled the theatre would never have ceased to congratulate the favourite on what the programme particularized as his "partial recovery." Mr. Royce soon proved that the power of grotesque dancing had not left him, and he dived through a trap at the end of one scene with no lack of his former agility. His voice, both in speaking and in singing, was somewhat weak; but after so long an absence and so severe an illness this was natural. There seems every reason to hope that Mr. Royce is permanently restored to the stage, and if the rough and tumble fun of burlesque be too heavy a strain, he is so good an actor that other paths in which intelligence and dramatic aptitude are of more avail than physical activity will be open to him. A comedian of ability might be better placed than in a theatre where audiences receive with positive rapture such inanities as Miss Farren's song "I'll strike you with a feather," of which little is comprehensible, while that little is worse than merely senseless. What does duty for Sheridan's *Critic* is now pressed into service. To burlesque what was burlesque to start with is a sorry task. The Gaiety company by its preposterous exaggerations is completely successful in excluding all the fun from the piece. As here represented *The Critic* is a very tedious affair.

At Toole's Theatre Mr. Burnand's *Paw Clawdian* goes more brightly than ever. It is a return, and a more successful one than *Sings Dora*, to the true spirit of burlesque, burlesque as Talfourd and Planché imagined it. Mr. Toole's exquisite caricature of Mr. Wilson Barrett grows upon one; as does Miss Linden's humorous imitation of Miss Eastlake. Mr. E. D. Ward is vastly diverting as the hermit, and Mr. Shelton as the Tetrarch contrives to give a really funny parody of what is in itself a feeble caricature. The earthquake now works admirably, and is quite as impressive as the original earthquake at the Princess's.

There is something eccentric about the proceedings of a dramatist who energetically claims the paternity of an unsuccessful work. Apart from any question of success, however, a charge of plagiarism may reasonably annoy the author who knows that his piece, whatever it may be worth, is at least purely original. And Mr. Brander Matthews, the author of *Margery's Lovers*, which was recently produced at the Court, has issued a small pamphlet to prove that when he put his name to that comedy he did so because it was in every particular his own. For ourselves, we recognized considerable merit in the play. Its career was short, however, perhaps because the representation was inadequate in important particulars, perhaps because the management was hasty and timorous, or possibly for other reasons; and it would not be worth while to recur to the affair except for the fact that a vague and clumsy charge against the honour of a distinguished man of letters, who is a stranger to the country where his play was produced, needs refutation. Mr. Brander Matthews's pamphlet makes the task which courtesy suggests a very easy one. Mr. H. P. Stephens, who is known as a writer for the stage only by his crude imitation of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's comic operas, professes to have written a play called *Hearts*, from which he supposes that Mr. Brander Matthews, who has earned reputation as a writer on dramatic subjects, English and foreign, stole—plain speaking is best—his story, characters, and incidents. Mr. Stephens seems to show some reticence as to the date when his comedy *Hearts* saw such light as has been vouchsafed to it. The first traceable proof of the existence of Mr. Stephens's play comes from Mr. Augustin Daly, the manager of Daly's Theatre, New York. Writing on the 21st of February, 1884, Mr. Daly says, "it is scarcely two years since Mr. Stephens (one of the *Billee Taylor* authors), who was then on a visit to New York, sent me a play of his to read. My present recollection is that I examined the piece immediately, and returned it with my answer within thirty-six hours after its receipt." The play in question is understood to have been *Hearts*, and what Mr. Daly's answer was may be easily assumed. But two years previously to this Mr. Daly had read *Margery's Lovers*, then called *Breakers Ahead*. Corroborative evidence—were it needed—is furnished by a writer who in 1878 was collaborating with Mr. Brander Matthews and saw him daily. Speaking of *Breakers Ahead*, this gentleman, Mr. H. C. Bunner, says of his partner, "he talked with me about the play from its inception to its completion; we discussed its progress, and I knew of every emendation or modification of the original schemes, and was familiar with the plot, as first conceived and as finally perfected. If one man can properly say of another's work that it is original, I can and do make that affirmation in this case." Furthermore, Mr. Coghlan knew *Margery's Lovers* in June 1881. If *Hearts* does indeed bear a striking resemblance to the Court comedy, it can only be said, as was said by Mr. Puff with reference to himself and Shakspeare, that "two men hit upon the same idea." But Mr. Brander Matthews used it first.

CONCERTS AND RECITALS.

THE programme of the Crystal Palace Concert of last Saturday was one of very great interest. It opened with Mozart's Prague Symphony in D, and an extremely fine performance of this beautiful music was given. In these days Mozart's music is, as it were, crowded out between two schools, one of which professes to despise him on account of that which makes his great charm to most music-lovers, his intense power of melody, which they are pleased to call too sweet and cloying, whilst the various branches of the followers of the modern school are unable to see any merit in any composer except the particular master whom they choose to worship. We thus too rarely get an opportunity of getting the thorough musical repose and satisfaction which may be got more surely from Mozart's works than even from those of the greatest of all masters, Beethoven. Schumann's Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra (Op. 54) was also played, with Mlle. Janotha as the pianiste. She also played Chopin's Nocturne in C sharp minor and Valse in A flat. The Concerto was, on the whole, a good performance, and Mlle. Janotha's exquisite touch even succeeded in producing pleasing sounds from the piano which is generally used at the Crystal Palace Concerts. For her solos she used an instrument by Bechstein; but, though her touch is as delicate and beautiful as ever, and though her manipulation has, of course, if anything, improved with time, both in the Concerto and in the pieces by Chopin we could not avoid feeling that there was some falling off in musical sentiment. Even in the Concerto, though here Mlle. Janotha must still feel the influence of Mme. Schumann, there was a slight coldness, and in the Chopin solos the artist seemed to be a little out of sympathy with her composer. The concert ended with an admirable performance of Rossini's *William Tell* overture—a performance reflecting great credit on Mr. Manns both as a bandmaster and a conductor. He may be congratulated on taking the "Ranz des Vaches" in the proper tempo and avoiding the practice which has grown of playing this movement so fast as completely to destroy its meaning. It might have been better had he shown the same moderation in the March movement, which, to our thinking, ought to be taken a trifle slower than it is by Mr. Manns.

At the present moment, when Mr. Dvorák's name is in every mouth and his music being performed at almost every important concert in London, the great interest of the concert centred in certain of his compositions—two orchestral pieces, performed for the first time in England, and two songs. The first of the orchestral pieces was a Notturno for strings (Op. 40). This is an example of the composer's own individual or national manner, and therefore is perhaps the more important as regards estimating his powers than even his "Stabat Mater" which we have so recently noticed. The main theme of this Notturno is extremely beautiful, full of character and individuality. It is treated in a scholarly way, and so as to bring out its full beauties. The piece is short; but perhaps the theme is rather more drawn out than the idea will quite bear. However, on the whole, this composition is so

beautiful that we hesitate to point to even the smallest blemish in it. The second orchestral piece, Scherzo Capriccioso for orchestra (Op. 66), is even more peculiar than the Notturno. It is, indeed, peculiar to the verge of eccentricity. As is truly pointed out in the programme, it belongs to the class of musical rhapsodies. To describe it is almost impossible. It seems to be built on a waltz movement of great beauty, which is perpetually interrupted by the most extraordinary, weird, and almost comic passages, distributed freely amongst the different parts of the orchestra. We can, perhaps, give an idea of the character of this remarkable work by saying that it might well have been written as a piece of programme music with the title of "A Rustic Fête." The waltz movement might be taken here to represent the dancing of the young people in the market-square, and the interruptions as representing now the shouts and contortions of mountebanks, now the garrulity and laughter of the greybeards over their wine, and now the harsh calls of showmen. But, in spite of this eccentricity and almost incongruity, the work is beautiful, and stamps its composer as a man of strong individuality. Mr. Dvorák did not show to such advantage as a conductor on this occasion as he did when directing his "Stabat Mater." His beat was so uncertain, so often invisible from being made below his desk, and altogether so wanting in that fire and light and shade which his music so emphatically demands, that we feel sure that his compositions would have been heard to greater advantage had the batón been left in Mr. Manns's hands.

The songs "Mein Lied ertönt" and "Als die alte Mutter," which are Nos. 1 and 4 from the Gipsy songs (Op. 55), were both extremely pleasing, each of them being a flow of quiet, beautiful, unforced melody. Though perfectly original in thought and style, they may be best described by saying that they are conceived in much the same form as some of Gounod's best songs and the beautiful opening serenade in Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew*. The accompaniments were played by the composer himself, who showed considerable skill as an accompanyist, and were admirably sung by Mr. Winch, who is the fortunate possessor of a true tenor voice. He sings well, and his phrasing and expression show that he has a true musical mind. Mr. Winch was also heard in the Barcarole from Gounod's *Polyeucte*, in which, owing to nervousness, he was less successful. He showed a tendency to force his voice and end each breath with an audible gasp; but even with these faults the success which he achieved obviously restored him to full command over himself, and in Dvorák's songs both these defects had entirely disappeared.

The programme of Mlle. Janotha's Pianoforte Recital at St. James's Hall on Wednesday was highly interesting and varied, including three songs by Schumann, excellently interpreted by Herr von Zur Mühlen, and Beethoven's Sonata in C Minor for piano and violin (Op. 30, No. 2), in which the pianist was assisted by Herr Joachim. It is only natural that Schumann's compositions should occupy a prominent position on this occasion, and it is significant of the decay of the stupid prejudice which for so many years deprived the works of the great master of romance of the honour due to them. No one has done more than Mme. Schumann to correct public taste in this direction, and if there are people still unconvinced, we fear that even the brilliant rendering of the *Kreisleriana* by her pupil, Mlle. Janotha, would prove a vain appeal. Mlle. Janotha's performance of this fascinating work exhibited not only perfect technique, but complete mastery of its vast range of expression; the *bizarre* and fitful character of the various numbers, the quaint and changeful rhythm, the exuberant colour, the most delicate alternations of light and shade were rendered with faultless perception and exquisite subtlety. In the *allegretto* of Beethoven's Sonata in E minor (Op. 90) the pianist's beauty of touch and refined style were strikingly displayed. The other contributions comprised Chopin's Nocturne in C sharp minor and Barcarolle; a Romance in E flat minor, by Clara Schumann; and a Gavotte and Valse, by Janotha, in the execution of which Mlle. Janotha showed the versatility of an accomplished artist. The Barcarolle, in particular, was rendered with true sympathetic insight. The C minor Sonata was, of course, the chief attraction to a large audience, Herr Joachim's masterly interpretation eliciting rapturous applause. Mr. Zerbini was the accompanyist.

NITA'S FIRST.

AT the Novelty the strange adventures of a baby inspire the action of Mr. T. G. Warren's farcical comedy, *Nita's First*, and exemplify the magnitude to which one initial error may attain if not at first rightly apprehended. If Nita, clandestinely married to Will Frankleigh, had not treated her first-born very much as the man in the *Arabian Nights'* story treated his guest who was choked by an inhospitable fish-bone, the tissue of diverting events that sprang from her extraordinary conduct would never have overwhelmed her family with confusion. Inexperience, and the exigencies of the case, may certainly plead for her, and there is just that element of nature in her act which, in farce, justifies the most extravagant humours and the most grotesque situations. Impelled to precipitate action, she no more foresaw consequences than the reckless person in the old story who, having incontinently caused the death of his visitor, sought to escape responsibility by passing on the body to a neighbour; there is just sufficient extenuation of her conduct to make its probability, faint though it is, a clear and reasonable basis for the astonishing imbroglio that follows. In this *Nita's First* differs from many similar comedies; while in farcical broadth, ingenuity of construction, and vivacity of action it is excelled by none.

No mere outline of the action can convey a true notion of the spirit of merriment that animates the piece; it is too volatile in its nature to be caught, and to exist in any other medium than stage atmosphere. Its ingenious series of surprises, each accentuating the other through an extreme rapidity of development, can only be appreciated by representation. The art, however, by which every member of her family is gradually involved in the consequences of Nita's escapade merits recognition, and may be in some measure demonstrated; the cleverness with which the force of destiny is thus humorously illustrated is the chief, though not the most obvious, merit of the play. Returning home at dawn, Fred Fizzleton indulges in a brief sleep in the morning-room, and is disturbed by Jane, the servant, who enters with the shawl-enveloped parcel which contains the fruit of future discord, and places it on the table, with the information that it had been left at the house for her master. With surprise and horror he discovers the baby, and, hastily resolving to escape the dilemma, sets off down the street, not without the baby's crying reaching Mrs. Fizzleton's ears. In his absence his wife questions the prevaricating Jane, and her imperturbable schoolboy nephew Jim, in vain. The ensuing breakfast-scene is very amusing, and ends with Mrs. Fizzleton's determination to leave for ever the house of mystery. In the meantime, the unhappy babe is deposited by Fred in the hall of Miss Prim's house, with the inevitable result of much scandal. Fred learns the truth in a letter from his sister Nita, and, agonized by the discovery, bids Jim fly to rescue it. Henceforth, in what ways the baby wanders—how it is taken from the house of the maiden lady to the police-station, and from the police-station to the interior of an empty cab—Jim only knows, and suffers for his knowledge when interrogated by his distracted uncle. In the next act we are introduced to the elder Fizzleton, irascible by name and nature; and Mrs. Patience Fizzleton, a charming old lady, whose placidity continually exasperates her husband, and whose observations strikingly recall the *naïveté* of a well-known character in *Frank Fairleigh*. Nita is naturally anxious about the success of her scheme, and is speedily made a sharer in the contagious excitement by the arrival of Jim, who tells his miserable experience; and, shortly after, her husband enters, during the absence of the old folk, and declares his intention to announce the marriage and reclaim the baby. He, of course, ultimately learns the horrible truth; and the climax is reached when Fred, with the cabman, bursts into the room with the dread intelligence that the missing baby was supposed to be *en route* for Edinburgh, and more inaccessible than ever. This is too much for the overcharged feelings of the unhappy parents, who rush forward, divulge their marriage in the presence of the whole family, and proclaim the paternity of the little wanderer, amid voluble explanations and general prostration. In the last act a ray of comfort gleams across the stricken household; news such as consoled the owner of Mark Twain's white elephant arrives; the searchers are "on the track" of the baby, and every one is busy with Bradshaw and expectant of the desired moment. The entrance of Miss Prim, who is bent on extracting substantial damages for her injured fame, and the presence of a Mr. St. George, an inane youth who had been paying his addresses to Nita, further complicate the situation. From this point to the triumphal entry of the jubilant father with the babe in his arms the laughter provoked is so general and hearty that the play lapses at times into pantomime, though the final culmination is inferior to the ingenious and cleverly constructed finale of the second act.

Nita's First is excellently interpreted throughout, Mr. W. H. Denny's Irascible and Miss Fanny Robertson's original and piquant Mrs. Patience Fizzleton being particularly admirable. The schoolboy Jemmy is played with much force and stolid humour by Mr. T. W. Robertson; Miss Clara Jecks' Jane is a capital study of the servant girl, full of character, and never exaggerated; and Mr. T. G. Warren's Fred Fizzleton is very humorously conceived and energetically played. Miss Stella Brereton's Nita is natural and pleasing, and Miss Minnie Bell as Mrs. Fred Fizzleton, Mr. Kerr as Will Frankleigh, and Mr. E. W. Gardiner as St. George, are efficient in their parts. In the old and amusing little piece, *The Bonnie Fishwife*, which precedes *Nita's First*, Miss Minnie Bell fills two parts with much spirit and humour, and is well supported by Mr. Denny and Mr. Percival Slark.

THE ART GALLERIES.

THE regular exhibitions had a powerful competitor last week in the Potter collection which was on view at Messrs. Christie's. It consisted mainly of eleven great pictures by Mr. Briton Riviere, all of which fetched fair prices, though perhaps hardly so much as was expected. The average, however, was just under 1,000*l.* a piece—namely, 10,909*l.* 10*s.* The highest price was given for "Daniel in the Lions' Den," which was sold for 2,500 guineas. Two exquisite Mulreadys were strangely neglected. Pictures by this great artist are so rare that to see fine examples like these sold at such nominal prices as 105*l.* for the "Fathers" and 315*l.* for the "Surprise" was a disappointment, the more so as two very poor, not to say unpleasing, portraits by Mr. Millais

fetched 1,470*l.* and 1,365*l.* each. On the whole, the result of all the sales of this season so far has been to show a fall which last season hardly led us to expect—a fall which should be taken into account by artists now engaged in estimating the value of their pictures in the forthcoming summer exhibitions. Mr. Cromptin Potter was a judicious buyer. He had early training in art, for his father was the chief promoter of the famous Manchester Exhibition of 1857; yet it may be doubted whether the sale of his gallery would show, if examined, that even the capital sum invested without interest had been realized. While works of art thus appear to be cheaper than they were, the production seems to increase. The number of exhibitions, public and private, is so numerous that a conscientious critic might spend all his time in going from one to another. With this activity, however, it cannot be said that much real progress is apparent. Nothing can be more disheartening than to go from a modern exhibition into the National Gallery, except perhaps to look at the copies made there by the artists who crowd the rooms every Thursday and Friday. A few good copies, perhaps four or five, may be seen, the best being of pictures of a kind no one would think of painting now as originals, such as the early Italian "gold grounds." But when we visit a gallery like that of the "Society of Lady Artists," and look in vain for evidence that all this study of old masters has any effect in improving public taste, we may well feel despondent as to the present state and future of English art. The dull dead level of mediocrity to which the lady artists sink is hardly relieved by a single picture which we can praise unreservedly. Even artists like Miss Clara Montalba and Mrs. Jopling, who really can paint pictures when they care to do so, are represented here by works wholly unworthy. Miss Helen Thornycroft sends nothing; Miss Ellen Partridge two figures of very moderate interest; Mrs. Naftel four or five sketches which call for no remark; in short, as we have hinted, even when good names occur in the Catalogue, pictures such as we might expect are not to be seen.

Taking the order of the Catalogue, Miss Marian Croft's "My Gipsy Queen" (79) is a delicate little water-colour, so delicate, in fact, as to verge on weakness. Mrs. Oliver's "Richmond Park" (95) may be praised for firm, if somewhat conventional, handling, but the foreground is too spotty. The background shows some of the best work in the gallery, if not the very best. "Young Egypt" (103), by Miss Cookesley, occupies a place of honour over the chimney-piece, a distinction to which we cannot consider it entitled. "Early Autumn" (106), by Miss Spiers, is small and neat, and might have been expanded into a good picture. Miss Kompson's "After Sunset, Loch Tarbert" (111), is a pretty water-colour, with considerable force and depth. "Chrysanthemums" (112), by Miss Hastie, is a little hard, but on the whole a fair flower-piece of a very ordinary kind. Miss Beresford's "Roman Leguminara" (118) is not up to the mark aimed at. A fine solid-looking rock and sea-piece, "On the Beach—St. Margaret's, Dover" (140), by Miss Wenham, is almost skied, but might repay a closer examination. Miss Kempson's illustration of Wordsworth's line, "The sleep that is among the lonely hills," may be compared with her "Loch Tarbert" mentioned above. "Trade on the Bosphorus" (176) is a pleasant, bright picture of a fruit-seller and two veiled women by Miss Mary Sharp, and looks like a study on the spot, which may account for a certain hardness so often seen in Oriental sketches, on account, perhaps, of the strong light. "Sailing at Sunset" (207) is one of a number of very similar water-colours by Miss Macaulay, representing the same yellow skies and tan sails. Of "Mist in the Meadows" (221), by Miss Deakin, it is not possible to say anything unfavourable, the little that is left of the landscape being well and softly painted. Miss Wratislaw sends several pictures of very various degrees of merit. Her figure subject, "A Nubian Beauty" (231), is very inferior to her architectural interiors, of which "St. George's Chapel, Windsor" (214), is the hardest and flattest, and "The Cathedral, Monreale, Sicily" (248), the most pleasing. "Samedi en Finisterre" (257) is the best work we have seen by Miss Helen Mabel Trevor—a Frenchwoman sweeping out a neat chamber, decked with all kinds of "properties." The painting is solid and the drawing correct, but there is a certain want of harmony in the colouring which goes far to spoil one of the few good figure paintings in the gallery. Another figure study is "From Damascus" (277), by Miss Merrick, which shows a familiar face, and looks as if it came from the school of the Royal Academy, as does "Iseult of Brittany" (291), by Miss Clow. Mrs. Schenk's "Sad Memories" (304) is of the same class. "A Swedish Landscape" (297) is by Miss Hilda Montalba, and represents a pleasant-looking girl in red walking through a very ragged wood, altogether a good, solidly-painted, and harmonious picture, but with a great deal too much "canvas to let." "Winter" (652, but wrongly numbered), and "Summer" (662) are by Miss Cook, and are very simple little flower pieces, set off by well and solidly-painted crockery. We have gone rather out of the way to find what we could praise, but the whole exhibition is extremely disappointing if we look at it as really representative of the state of art as practised by English ladies.

The ladies of a different profession have opened another exhibition—that, namely, at South Kensington, in the Royal School of Art-Needlework. A magnificent and widely-representative loan collection of ancient embroidery, chiefly ecclesiastical, has been gathered and admirably arranged. The Catalogue is a curious compilation, being not only incorrect, but needlessly long in some places and short in others. The first object mentioned is a cope of Florentine gold tissue, lent by Mr. Eyre of Stonyhurst, which is described as having been "made at Florence for Henry VII., along with numerous other ecclesiastical vestments, and doubtless used at the consecration of his chapel at Westminster." An extract from Henry's will is given which is believed to relate to the suit of which this was one. It would be curious to try how this cope would fit into the cope-chest still remaining in the triforium of Westminster Abbey. Little is known of the history of this magnificent piece of embroidery, but there can be small doubt of its identity. "It found its way to the English College at St. Omer, and was brought back to England at the time of the French Revolution—about 1794." It is ornamented with two twining stems, bearing red and white roses. The portcullis of Henry VII. is four times represented, as well as the mysterious "SS" mark and other significant badges. A chasuble (74A) is one of three said to have belonged to Westminster Abbey, and is lent by the Bishop of Southwark; it is composed of a patchwork of very old embroidery, some of it probably of the thirteenth century. Very conspicuous are a number of Hebrew embroideries, "Mantles," for keeping the scroll of the law. Some of them are lent by the South Kensington Museum, others by the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, Bevis Marks, and by the Great Synagogue in Aldgate. They are all very handsome, some of them really magnificent, and chiefly dating from the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century. An "Antependium" (36) is lent by the Dean and Chapter of Winchester Cathedral, and is embroidered with the arms of William of Wykeham. Its date is not certain, but it ornamented a pulpit of the time of Elizabeth or James I. in the chapel of New College, Oxford, and is probably of that period. An "Altar Frontal" (88A) is lent by the Rev. Thomas Miller, of Ridge Vicarage, near Barnet. It was presented to Ridge Church by Katharine, Lady Blount, in 1600. Another parochial possession of the kind is a Cope (94), which comes from East Langdon Rectory, near Dover. The Catalogue oracularly says of it:—"Originally it formed a Priest's Cope, but was subsequently cut to make a hanging for the pulpit, the pieces being used for a cushion, now completely destroyed." Some wonderful embroideries in gold, silver, coral and pearls, and much beautiful darned work and lace altar-cloths, must be passed by. A little picture on paper (131) looks like an illumination from a manuscript. It is a representation of the scene in the Garden of Gethsemane, and is lent by Mrs. Williamson. It is really an embroidery, "and, if held up to the light, the piercings of the needle can be seen, though both sides appear the same." A beautiful altar-frontal of Spanish work, gold on white (not in the Catalogue), is lent by the Countess Brownlow. A magnificent pair of cuttings from ancient vestments (160, 161) are lent by the Duke of Westminster. They are greatly spoilt by the bad taste of the mounting, which makes them into fire-screens. There are many other objects of great interest and beauty; but probably nothing in the Gallery is of greater value and importance than the fine series of five palls lent by the Vintners', the Merchant Taylors', the Fishmongers', and Ironmongers' Companies. That of the Vintners is well known as having been exhibited on several occasions, and is figured in the third volume of the Transactions of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society. It has figures of saints on the sides and ends, the centre being a magnificent piece of the so-called "pomegranate pattern." The arms of the Vintners' Company, and those of, probably, the donor. A long, but confusingly printed, appendix relates to the "Herse Cloth" lent by the Merchant Taylors' Company. It is described, as well as the others, and one belonging to the Brewers which is not here, in the second volume of the Catalogue of the famous exhibition of art and antiquity held in the hall of the Ironmongers' Company in 1861. A second, belonging to the same lenders, is embroidered with the scissors which used to be the Merchant Taylors' badge. The Fishmongers' Pall (178) is known to have been used for the funeral of Sir William Walworth in 1381. This interesting relic is beautifully ornamented with figures of saints and coats-of-arms. The Ironmongers' Pall is of the sixteenth century, and has the arms of the Company and the name of the donor, John Guyva, who presented it in 1505; but the date is, perhaps through the ignorance of the embroiderer, marked on it as 1515. Altogether, this is one of the most pleasing and interesting exhibitions which has been opened in London for many years.

THE INDIAN WHEAT TRADE.

THE problem how to develop the resources of India is at last attracting the attention of which it is eminently deserving. The Chambers of Commerce of Bombay and Calcutta, backed by those of the principal towns of this country, have long been urging the importance of the question upon the Government, and now it has been referred for consideration to a Committee of the House of Commons, whose inquiries, we trust, will lead to the adoption of practical measures. India is periodically liable to famines, because its people are so poor that the failure of a single harvest plunges them into dire distress; and because the means of communication are so defective that it is not easy to transfer the surplus food of one district to another where there is a deficiency. Government has endeavoured to cope with the evil by establishing great public works when the need for them arises, and by giving relief upon a

vast scale; but it is evident that a permanent remedy can be found only by so increasing the prosperity of the country that there will be everywhere such an accumulation of wealth as will render famine as impossible in India as it is now in Western Europe. Although India is, in one sense, one of the poorest countries in the world, in another it is extremely rich—it is rich, that is, in undeveloped natural resources. Could those resources be developed employment would become more abundant; wages would rise; the margin out of which savings could be effected would be increased; wealth would accumulate, and after awhile the prosperity of the country would so greatly augment as to render drought a much less serious disaster. The Government would be relieved from the financial embarrassments that now harass it, since the people would be better able to pay their taxes, and each tax would be more productive. And this country would derive material benefit, inasmuch as from this country India receives the bulk of its imports, and, if its purchasing power were increased, it would buy more from us. If it is thus desirable to develop the resources of India generally, it is especially desirable to stimulate the wheat trade. At present we obtain our principal supplies of wheat from the United States and Russia; two countries with protective tariffs, which are eager enough to sell to us, but endeavour by every means in their power to contract their purchases from us. India, on the contrary, is a Free-trade country, which buys from us the greater part of its imports; and if, therefore, we were to transfer our custom largely from the United States and Russia to India, we should enable one of our best customers in turn to buy more largely from us. Moreover, India is a portion of the British Empire, and every addition to its strength is an addition to the strength of the Empire. Lastly, the development of the wheat trade would increase the value of land in India, would improve the condition of the peasantry, would raise wages, and, above all, would tend to accumulate surplus food which, in case of need, could be retained at home. From a telegram that appeared in the *Times* on Monday last we learn that inquiries instituted by the Indian Agricultural Department show that the area under wheat is about 26 million acres. This is about nine times the area under the crop in the United Kingdom; it is fully six times the area under it in Hungary, itself an important wheat-growing country; it is very nearly equal to the area under this grain in European Russia; and it is fully two-thirds of the area under the crop in the United States. India, it thus appears, ranks third amongst the nations of the world as a wheat grower, and the yield also is very considerable. It is estimated at from seven to seven-and-a-half millions of tons, or, roughly, about thirty-two millions of quarters. The Agricultural Department is of opinion that in good seasons about one-fourth of the whole yield would be available for export, assuming that the railway communications were improved. This would give an export of about eight millions of quarters, or about one-half our total import in a year. In other words, if the statistics of the Agricultural Department are trustworthy, India under favourable conditions would be able to supply us with half the wheat that we at present buy from all the world. It would be able, therefore, very largely to take the place of both America and Russia. We know of this report only from a telegraphic summary, and cannot judge therefore of the value of the evidence upon which the estimated surplus available for export is based. It is, however, higher than has hitherto generally been accepted. Unquestionably there has been an extraordinary growth in the wheat exports of late years, which seems to show that the ability of India to supply the European markets is very great. But it is to be recollected that the Indian peasantry are in the habit of storing up their wheat in pits, that they refuse to sell when the price falls below the customary figure, and that it is usually estimated that nearly three years' supply is thus held back waiting for a favourable opportunity to sell. If this be so, it is clear that for a few years an enormous export might be maintained. But it does not at all follow that the volume of the exports could be kept up when the old accumulations had been exhausted. However, the surplus available for export is a mere estimate, which can be tested only by experience, and we need not therefore dwell upon the subject. It is probable, indeed, that if a ready market were afforded, the area under cultivation would be greatly extended. It is certain that there is a great extent of land now uncultivated or under other crops which might be applied to the growing of wheat. But in the opinion of many who are well acquainted with the country, the production of wheat cannot be considerably increased without trenching upon the growth of the food required by the natives, or without such an increase in the cost of production as would check export. This, again, is a question that can be decided only by actual experience.

The Indian wheat trade was called into existence by the opening of the Suez Canal and the depreciation of silver. In 1874 the total export was no more than 33,080 tons; in 1882 it had risen to 417,954 tons, and last year it exceeded 1,100,000 tons. Now that the Suez Canal dues are to be considerably reduced, a further impetus will doubtless be given to the trade. But it is to be recollected that, if the trade becomes really great, it will tend to raise the value of silver. At present the depreciation in silver is about fifteen per cent. The gold price obtained in London for wheat, therefore, when turned into silver, is really fifteen per cent. higher than it seems to be, and, consequently, the depreciation in silver greatly aids the Indian wheat trade. Still further has the trade been stimulated by the construction of railways. one-twelfth of the mileage of the United States, while the area of India is about half that of the United States. For every six miles of railway in the United States, therefore, there is only about one in India; and it is evident under these circumstances that India does not compete with the United States on equal terms. Consequently, it is urged by all who are interested in the trade that the construction of railways should be greatly accelerated. The Chamber of Commerce of Bombay has put forward a scheme which is totally impracticable, which would increase the debt of India too rapidly, which would draw too largely upon the London money market, and which would burden the Indian taxpayers too heavily. It may be put aside, therefore, without discussion. The Chamber of Commerce of Calcutta has urged in more general terms a more moderate scheme, and Sir James Caird, in his evidence before the Parliamentary Committee last Tuesday, recommended that about six millions a year should be expended on the construction of railways in India. Unfortunately, India itself is without such an accumulation of wealth as would enable a large construction of railways by native capital, while the natives themselves are apparently unfit for engaging in the work. Private enterprise in Europe, too, is little willing to embark in this kind of venture. On a small scale, private railways are being built without a Government guarantee; but if railways are to be pushed forward at the rate that is desired, it seems clear that they must be built by the Government, or the Government must be prepared to give a guarantee. That it need not guarantee five per cent. is highly probable; perhaps a guarantee of three per cent. would suffice. But some guarantee is necessary if there is to be a great and rapid extension of railways, unless the Government itself undertakes the task. The question then arises, whether there is such a prospect of developing the wheat trade as would justify the Government in doubling or trebling its present outlay upon railways or burdening itself with guarantees? At present it engages in railway-building chiefly as a precaution against famine; but, if it is to yield to the new demand, it must satisfy itself that the railways will pay commercially. The inquiries of the Agricultural Department referred to above show that there is a vast area under wheat already, and that there is a large surplus; but as this area was cultivated before the export trade had attained considerable proportions, it seems to follow that the wheat must have been raised for home consumption, and consequently that, if the export trade is to become permanently important, the price must be raised considerably. If so, is there any probability that India can successfully compete with the United States? In other words, can wheat be grown in India so much more cheaply than in the United States that the native demand can be fully supplied and a considerable export to Europe maintained, while bearing the cost of a voyage so much longer than that to America? Upon this point the evidence is very conflicting. The best Indian wheat—that which is in most demand in the London market and which commands the highest price—is grown in Northern India; and, according to the Agricultural Department, the cost of producing it is about 12*s.* per quarter. If this be so, undoubtedly India can compete with America, for the American cost of production is considerably higher. But we should like to know how the estimate of the Agricultural Department has been arrived at. Usually the peasant obtains his seed from the village money-lender, paying interest for the advance at the rate of about twenty-five per cent. per annum. When the time comes round he has to sell a portion of the crop to pay his rent, and he must sell at whatever price can be obtained. Has the Agricultural Department based its estimate upon the selling price at the time the rent is paid? or has it taken the price in some out-of-the-way market where railways do not yet penetrate? If so, the estimate is worth little. If, on the contrary, the estimate is based upon the average price at a sufficient number of considerable markets all over Northern India throughout a series of years, it fairly represents the present cost of production. Doubtless, if the export trade were to assume large proportions, other land of a worse quality would be brought under cultivation, and the cost of production would increase. But still, if the average cost of producing wheat in Northern India now is only 12*s.* a quarter, it seems clear that a very large trade can be maintained.

The Chamber of Commerce of Bombay, besides calling for a great extension of railways, is demanding that the existing Companies should reduce their rates. It is doubtful whether much can be done in that way. It is obviously to the interest of the Companies themselves to encourage a trade which would add largely to their earnings, and they may be trusted to do what they can towards that end. But it is to be borne in mind that the Government guarantees the Companies a minimum interest, and if that interest is not earned the charge falls upon the taxpayers. It would be very questionable policy, indeed, to encourage the wheat trade at the expense of the poor taxpayers of India. Now, it seems to be beyond question that the existing rates for the carriage of wheat hardly pay; in other words, if all the goods carried by the Railway Companies were conveyed at the same rates as wheat is, there would be little or no profit to the Companies. The Companies charge low for wheat, and compensate themselves by charging high for more valuable commodities. The real difficulty appears to be, not the railway charges, but the extortionate usury of the money-lenders. For example, in Northern India, where, we are told by the Agricultural Department, the cost of production is only 12*s.* a quarter, the market price in several important towns is 22*s.* The peasant who raises the crop

money-lender. As already stated, he advances the seed to the peasants at about 25 per cent. interest, and it is he who collects the grain and stores it. As long as the crop is raised in this manner, it is difficult to see how local prices can be brought down. If a system of land banks could be established, the rate of interest would be at once reduced, and the profits made by the peasants would be proportionately increased; while with additional prosperity they would doubtless be enabled to adopt better systems of cultivation and to raise their own standard of living. All this, however, is a question of time; but it is a question all the same that eminently deserves study. The charges of the middlemen appear to be overweighting the trade at present, and until they are legitimately reduced it is not probable that the trade will be greatly increased.

REVIEWS.

THE DUKE OF BERWICK.*

SEVEN years ago (November 4, 1876), when reviewing Colonel Wilson's earlier volume bearing the title of *James II. and the Duke of Berwick*, we expressed surprise that he should have broken off his memoir of so renowned a commander precisely at the point where its interest as a record of important military achievements would have begun. Before the death of his royal father and the outbreak of the war of the Spanish Succession, Berwick's public career, though it had already earned for him a considerable reputation as a general, which his personal loyalty and integrity had enhanced, was after all to be summed up as a long series of unfortunate experiences. In the Hungarian campaigns of 1686 and 1687, with which his service under arms began, he was at first only a volunteer, and then a subordinate. The rapidity of his father's downfall, hastened very probably by his uncle's very potent instinct of self-preservation, prevented the young Duke at the critical moment from striking a blow for the maintenance of the Stuart throne; nor could he render any service to the cruelly disenchanted King beyond accompanying him in his final flight. It was Berwick who sat faithfully by his father's side, penned up in the small cabin of the *Harwich*, during the arduous and perilous Christmas voyage which bore them into a common exile. Soon afterwards in Ireland the Duke showed strategical ability in the operations designed to prevent the advance of Schomberg upon Dublin; but he was unable either to avert the disaster of the Boyne, where he led the cavalry on the right wing, or, after being appointed to the command-in-chief of the Irish forces, to arrest the further progress of the English arms. During the remainder of his father's life he served in the Low Countries at the head, first of Irish soldiery, and afterwards of a French regiment of his own. But he had no opportunity of very specially distinguishing himself, and at Neerwinden (Landen), where he had been heard urging a body of two hundred volunteers to an attack upon the person of King William himself, he was even unfortunate enough to be taken prisoner by his uncle, Brigadier Churchill. Three years afterwards, in 1696, occurred his secret mission to London, when he was charged with the task of inducing the Jacobites to rise before the landing of the French expedition, and then of placing himself at their head. As is well known, this mission proved a failure, and something worse than a failure. It is very well for Colonel Wilson, in a footnote in his present work referring to a passage in its predecessor, to contrast with Berwick's generosity in absolving Stair from any intention to procure the assassination of the Old Chevalier the readiness of Berwick's opponents to accuse him of conspiring to murder William III. We fear that the Duke's own memoirs convict him unmistakably of a clear insight into Barclay's designs; a conclusion in which we are at one, not only with Macaulay, but even with a Catholic historian such as Onno Klopp. This solitary blot will not easily be washed away from the fair scutcheon of Berwick's fame. His journey to Rome, undertaken in 1701, with the purpose of persuading Pope Clement XI. to support the Bourbon cause in Spain, was likewise unsuccessful; nor was it till the middle of the War of the Spanish Succession that the Pope's neutrality, benevolent as towards France, ended with a little war waged on his own account against the Emperor.

The second, and far more brilliant, part of Berwick's public career, which Colonel Wilson has undertaken to narrate in the volume now before us, was begun by him still in a subordinate capacity. We may here observe at once that the biographer (if so modest a term will suit his humour) leaves the reader, as best he may with the help of an index, to disentangle the narrative of the Duke's campaigns and other doings from that of other more or less contemporaneous transactions. In the case of his services in the campaign of 1703 under Villeroy, Colonel Wilson may be right in suggesting that the sagacity of Berwick had some part in the contrivance of the French movements, which, together with the slowness of the States-General and the undue haste of one of their commanders, almost completely disappointed the hopes of Marlborough. But it was not till after the close of this campaign that Berwick's opportunity at last arrived. In November 1703 he was appointed to the command of the French army corps destined to support the cause of Philip V. in Spain; and, feeling his foot at last upon the ladder which might speedily raise him to the marshalate, he obtained the permission of the "King" at St. Germain to be naturalized as a Frenchman. Colonel Wilson protests against the insinuation of St.-Simon that Berwick owed his appointment indirectly to that redoubtable intrigner Mme. des Ursins; and certainly the indifference (to say the least) which he showed to the question of her ascendency in Spain—an indifference which afterwards brought about his own recall—is not easily reconcilable with any such assumption. Soon after his arrival at Madrid, in 1704, he was appointed Captain-General of all King Philip's forces; and, though his strength was unequal to that of the Anglo-Portuguese forces, he contrived by a bold substitution of the offensive for the defensive to push them back across the frontier. The Golden Fleece rewarded his success; but, to the astonishment of Louis XIV., female influence induced Philip before the year was out to part with his preserver.

Berwick, though an honourable and high-minded man, was a soldier first and above all, and on more than one occasion in his military life addressed himself without hesitation to the execution of tasks against which it might *à priori* be supposed that he would have felt a natural repugnance. There is no reason to suppose that such had been the case in 1696, when, as Montesquieu puts it, he had undertaken a strange kind of commission, of which the object was to induce persons to act against common sense. At the end of the War of the Spanish Succession he was employed to suppress the heroic resistance of the Catalans, with whom, as a brave man, he can hardly have failed in some measure to sympathize. On the other hand, when, in 1705, he was appointed to the command in Languedoc, and had, in the first instance, to stamp out the remains of the revolt of the Camisards, he seems to have regarded the work as both righteous and necessary. His strictly Catholic training may have had something to do with this feeling; but he evidently looked upon the Camisards as savages, deserving nothing short of what, *mutatis mutandis*, William III. and the Master of Stair would have called extirpation. He tells us in his Memoirs that, "by means of executions, tranquillity was restored in the course of a single month"—a passage which naturally reminds an historian of the Camisards (Bonnemère) of the famous Tacitean "solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant." Yet he does not seem to have been altogether without bowels. Curiously enough, the memory of the fearful struggle in the Cevennes was not long afterwards revived on the occasion of Berwick's most brilliant military success. At Almanza the Huguenot regiment raised by Cavalier in the Netherlands was opposed to a French Catholic regiment; and so savage was the fight between them, conducted entirely at the point of the bayonet, that, writes Colonel Wilson, "Out of 1,200 contending men, not more than 300 escaped unhurt . . . Voltaire relates that the Duke of Berwick, familiar as he was with the horrors of war, never spoke of the incident without emotion."

Before Berwick had been again invested with the command in Spain, his capture of Nice in January 1706 had obtained for him the desired marshal's bâton. When, in the following February, he found himself once more at Madrid, he was confronted by difficulties of all kinds; and the greater part of the year during which the Anglo-Portuguese entered the capital, and which, in point of fact, marks the highest tide in the achievements of the Grand Alliance, brought to him nothing but bitterness and vexation. Berwick himself attributes the recovery of the Bourbon cause out of the desperate condition into which it had fallen to the gross errors committed by the generals, together with the matchless fidelity of the Castilians; but Colonel Wilson's narrative makes it clear that, without the resource and patience of the Marshal, the allied generals might have quarrelled, and the Castilians might have displayed their fierce enthusiasm, in vain. The great battle of Almanza, in April 170-, justified to the full the previous tactics of Berwick, which cannot perhaps be precisely called conciliatory, but which had enabled him to form an army which he could at last lead to decisive victory. Philip V. was now really King of Spain, and a shower of royal rewards descended upon the great commander, such as even Berwick's uncle might have looked upon without disdain. The Marshal was himself too good a family man to contemn either honours or income; but the scheme which he afterwards developed of leaving to his eldest three sons three peerages of the highest rank in England, France, and Spain respectively had to be curtailed after the prospect of a restoration in the first of these countries had virtually passed away. Hence his eldest son, the Marquis of Tynemouth, actually succeeded to the Spanish grandeeship, and as Duke de Liria took possession of the estates which had been granted to his father after the battle of Almanza. His second son was to have inherited what Colonel Wilson severely calls "the barbarous and shameful title of Fitzjames"; but, as he died childless, and the next two brothers were ecclesiastics, it went to the fifth son (the fourth by the Duke's second marriage), who became a Marshal of France like his father. Colonel Wilson states that the Château de Fitzjames in the Beauvoisis was alienated only two years ago by the present holder of the French title.

Berwick conducted many campaigns after that to which he owed so large a part of his reputation and his wealth; altogether, says Colonel Wilson, he boasted twenty-nine campaigns, in fifteen of which he led armies.

Nevertheless, strange as it may seem, he was present only in six battles, in one of which—Almanza—he commanded in chief. Averse from mortal

* *The Duke of Berwick, Marshal of France—1702–1734.* By Charles Townshend Wilson, Lieutenant-Colonel. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

arbitrament, he used to say that a general should never deliver a pitched battle, the result of which is always uncertain, unless nothing else remained to be done. The purpose of a campaign, of a war, perhaps the existence of the State, should not be staked when the object might be attained by wise dispositions and skilful manœuvring.

Villars said of his brother-Marshal, that among his many talents he perfectly understood the art "de fermer bien un pays"; and Montesquieu reported a saying of Berwick himself, that he had all his life desired the duty of defending a first-class fortress. Never was his ability in maintaining the defensive better illustrated than in 1709, when he held the chief command in Dauphiny—at a time when France would have been lost, had her King and her people, as well they might have done, despaired of the commonwealth. Berwick's system of defence, which extended along a frontier stretching from the Lake of Geneva to the Riviera, with Briançon in Dauphiny as a slightly protruding centre, proved completely successful, so that in the next year he could spare for service elsewhere nearly a quarter of his forces. In his campaign, already mentioned, against the valiant Catalans in 1713, he once more assumed the offensive; and the capture of Barcelona at last made Philip V. master of the whole of Spain. Strangely enough his next campaign, in 1719, was conducted against the prince whom he had established on the Spanish throne. Yet neither his sword nor his counsel was at the back and call of every occasion; he declined to serve on the Council of War of the Regent Orléans, having believed himself entitled to a seat on the Council of Regency; and at the risk of losing the confidence of "James III.," he declined to go to Scotland to head the army there in 1715, on the ground that as a naturalized Frenchman and an officer of the French crown he could not leave the country against its will. After his return from Spain, where the war had been no doubt instinctively carried on by him with less than his usual vigour, he served in several important provincial governments—in Provence combating an enemy more terrible than in Spain, the plague, against which he was not contented with half measures. (The statue of the good Bishop Belsunce, whose efforts had preceded the Marshal's, will be remembered by every visitor to Marseilles.) In 1733, when the War of the Polish Succession, which of itself would suffice to point many a speech in support of the principle of non-intervention, broke out, Berwick was speedily sent to the Rhine. But little was done till the following year, in the course of which the Marshal invested the much-contested fortress of Philipsburg. The siege was in progress, when, on the 12th of June, 1734, Berwick was killed by a cannon-ball while inspecting the trenches in the company of his son the Duke de Fitzjames. Marshal Villars, who was very shortly to follow his comrade and fellow-townsman (both were born at Moulins), exclaimed on hearing of the circumstances of his death:—"Cet homme a toujours été heureux."

Whether or not this judgment was exact as to the career of the Duke of Berwick, he certainly as a soldier deserved the success which neither genius nor a lucky star can at all times ensure. He never conducted his campaigns with a view to popular applause or royal favour; nor was he afraid of the charge of tardiness and want of spirit which has at all times menaced the circumspect commander. He provided with special care for the supplies on which the health and strength of his troops would have to depend, and was a consistent disciplinarian without being a martinet. The simplicity and high-mindedness of his nature, which were accompanied by an openhandedness to which even his vast revenues proved unequal, must have stood him in good stead in his dealings with many kinds of men; in an age the insolence and servility of which alike revolted an observer such as St. Simon, the victorious general seems to have taken no liberties, and the bastard of an exiled King to have permitted none. His private life was almost proverbial for its kindliness and purity; but Colonel Wilson verges on the namby-pamby in his imaginary picture of the last parting of "James Fitzjames" and his second wife.

If the truth has to be told, Colonel Wilson in the course of this volume not only verges on, but lapses into, several excesses and defects of manner which we had hoped he might have cast off in the course of seven studious years. Though his book as a whole is neither heavy nor trivial, his style is occasionally all too solemn (as where he takes away our breath by informing us that "woman is the pivot of our social system"), but far more frequently errs on the side of flippancy. Why should a military historian, borrowing the phraseology of Tommy Traddles, speak of the Princess Marie Louise of Savoy, afterwards Queen of Spain, as "one of the dearest girls imaginable"? Why should he introduce "the vivacious matrons of the present day" into an anecdote concerning the experiences of the Countess Tilly? (What warrant, by the way, has Colonel Wilson for calling her husband a Fleming? The family took its name from a place south of Brussels, not very far from the field of Waterloo.) But we have no inclination to multiply examples of what Colonel Wilson evidently considers ornamental passages. In the same light he doubtless, and more naturally, regards his quotations, which are strewn through his pages thick as leaves—but we may leave him to finish the quotation for himself, although it is not taken from his and Dr. Pangloss's favourite author. An almost equally troublesome habit is that of interlarding his English narrative with bits of French. Inasmuch as his book is necessarily founded to a large extent upon the memoirs of his hero, while he has liberally used St. Simon and other French sources, there were of course many occasions on which historical writer a reasonable liberty in the use of tongues. But Colonel Wilson's text is (he obliges us to quote) "of amphibious nature." On the other hand, we gratefully acknowledge that he has taken a hint on which we ventured in our review of his earlier volume, and has greatly enhanced the value of its successor by giving chapter and verse in nearly all the useful references with which it abounds. He does not, however, say whence he has taken his statement as to the cause of the disgrace of Count Gallas, which appears to us incomplete if not incorrect, while the mention of Maurice "de Saxe" as having served under Marlborough at Malplaquet is misleading, inasmuch as a letter from his mother thanked the boy's immediate commander, Schulenburg, for keeping him out of the battle.

Military readers will find in Colonel Wilson a critic who preeminently has the courage of his opinions, and who justly holds that students of the art of war may learn something from great generals who lived before Count Moltke. In this as in other respects there is not a little to be learnt from the narrative before us; it is the more to be regretted that its author should not have confined himself more closely to his subject, and have treated it without a succession of flourishes and antics which no biography could have better spared.

MR. TROLLOPE'S LAST NOVEL.*

THE volumes before us contain work which, as was explained in the preface to the author's Autobiography, was written before *The Land Leaguers*, but which, unlike *The Land Leaguers*, was finished and perfect. *An Old Man's Love*, moreover, is, in more than the mere mechanical sense, a more finished book than *The Land Leaguers*. It is very much shorter, and deals with a much more confined set of situations; indeed the whole really important part of the action is comprised within a space of time very little longer than the twenty-four hours of the venerable Unities. It is also more original in design and *donnée*, not only than *The Land Leaguers*, but than any of its author's more recent work, with the doubtful exception of *The Fixed Period*, which was not so much a novel as a *jeu d'esprit*. There are a few slips here and there, pretty evidently due to failing memory and other physical weaknesses. A personage is named Furnival in one place and Hall in the rest of the book; a sentence or two here and there has a slight slovenliness which he would certainly not have committed in his earlier days. But, on the whole, the book is not an unfitting finale to an almost unparalleled series of works in fiction; and there is something in its pathetic motive which may be thought without much fancifulness appropriate to a *pièce d'adieu*. Not, of course, that Mr. Trollope meant it as his good-night to the auditory which he had amused continuously for a whole generation, but that the Fates did. And the Fates have an even better habit than the best artist of shaping things decorously, and so that they shall come to an harmonious, or, at any rate, a not inharmonious close.

The plot of *An Old Man's Love* is simple enough. William Whittlestaff, aged fifty, is a kind of squireen, or, to speak more exactly, a *rentier*, with a country house and certain acres appertaining near Alresford. He is a person who has had losses in the world—losses of a sort which breaks no bones, but still affects some natures very amply. He has failed in making his mark at Oxford; he has failed still more in attempting to make his mark as a poet; he has been jilted at thirty by a certain wicked, fair-haired Catherine Bailey, who afterwards married an odious and successful lawyer; and his fortune, which would have been ample, has become simply comfortable owing to certain injudicious speculations of his father, who was disgusted at his son's refusal to go to the Bar. So at fifty Mr. Whittlestaff is something of a humorist (in the old sense), though no misanthrope, and something of an old bachelor, without exactly being that kind of old bachelor which corresponds strictly to an old maid—in the worst acceptation of that opprobrious term. He is reasonably familiar with his neighbours; carries, or has carried, his gun now and then; reads the classics (than which his contemporaries might find many worse employments); and half teases, half is teased by, his ancient housekeeper, Mrs. Baggett. After many quiet years, and at the age already twice mentioned, something happens to him. In an extra-legal kind of fashion an embarrassing ward is thrown on him in the person of a certain Mary Lawrie, daughter of an old friend, and left at five-and-twenty quite penniless. After a little reflection he decides that he is old enough and confirmed bachelor enough to take her into his house and treat her as his daughter. Mary Lawrie is attractive without being beautiful, affectionate without being demonstrative, and reserved without being shy or sly. She comes to Croker's Hall (as Mr. Whittlestaff's house is named), and abides there for more than a year, feeling very grateful to her host, who has redeemed her from the inferno of governesshood or companionship. By that time Mr. Whittlestaff has necessarily, and according to the common way of [illegible] with a maid in the same house, fallen in love with her—a process in which he is, in an odd sort of way, encouraged by Mrs. Baggett, who thinks it only right that he should do what he likes, being a man, though she is at the same time determined not to endure a mistress, and agonised at the thought of having to retire to the society of her graceless husband,

ex-Sergeant Baggett. At last Whittlestaff proposes, and Mary, after some changes of feeling and some grotesque interferences of Mrs. Baggett's, accepts him. She tells him, however, that her heart is not, and cannot be, wholly his. There is in the background a certain John Gordon who two or three years before, being, like her, penniless, has had to leave England to make his fortune, and from whom she has never heard since. But Gordon had never spoken, and she does not feel justified in rejecting her guardian and benefactor summarily because of this vague and half-imaginary tie. *Sur ces entrefaites*, as the practised reader anticipates, John Gordon turns up with a fortune made at the diamond fields, and with the fullest intention of claiming Mary. Here is a deadlock which is rather complicated than resolved by the explanations which follow. Gordon is determined to win if possible, Whittlestaff is determined not to lose, and is backed up by the ancient housekeeper, who is contemptuous of the instability of diamonds and indignant at her master not having his way, while Mary, though all her affection for Gordon has revived, is steadfast to her word. So the situation is fully evolved before the first volume is finished. How it is settled in the second need not be formally stated. The two noteworthy things in the book are, first, the conflict between selfishness and generosity, or, rather, between selfishness of the vulgar and selfishness of the more refined sort in Whittlestaff; and, secondly, the manner in which his housekeeper, a most excellent soul, urges him to persevere and hold Mary to her word. It would almost seem as if Mr. Trollope in this last character had wished to show in decorous and modern matter the same curious peculiarity of the feminine nature and its tendency to side with man against its own sex which Middleton drew so cunningly in *Women Beware Women*, and Richardson more elaborately, but perhaps not more cunningly, in *Pamela* and *Clarissa*. It is rather a shame to compare good Mrs. Baggett with Mrs. Jewkes and Mrs. Sinclair; but there is little doubt of the comparison holding, proper allowances being made. The battle of the good and evil angels in Whittlestaff (under the somewhat unexpected influence and guidance of Horatian "tags," instead of texts of Scripture) is one of the best pieces of what fine writers call soul-dissection that Mr. Trollope ever did. It must be left to readers to decide whether the curious and rather unmanly garrulousness of the hero after he has made his election in or is not true to life. For ourselves, we do not think it out of character. At any rate, Mr. Whittlestaff is one of the least commonplace of Mr. Trollope's personages. John Gordon has nothing particular to differentiate him from scores of his likes; and Mary Lawrie is not much more than an addition to Mr. Trollope's vast army of girls—attractive enough, but not at all out of the common way, and by no means too bright or good for human nature to make hearty meals off them daily.

The story would not be its author's if, short as it is, it had not plenty of minor characters, and episodic sketches. Mrs. Baggett and her drunken reprobate of a sergeant might perhaps undergo considerable "cutting" without much disadvantage. John Gordon's partner at the diamond fields, Fitzwalker Tookey, and his wife Matilda (the latter, however, does not appear in person), are thumbnail sketches from Mr. Trollope's African tour of a somewhat naturalist kind, and we are not certain that we could not, despite their liveliness, have spared them. Mr. Hall, the squire, who "could give a dinner without champagne," and "thought forty shillings a dozen enough for port, sherry, or even claret" (by the way, if by this is meant the sum which the wines cost him when he laid them down, he might have treated his guests very well, but if otherwise we praise him not), who achieved the ideal of living upon half as many thousands a year as he had, and who was not by any means a friend in need where money was concerned, but still a hospitable and not disagreeable old person, is one of those thoroughly lifelike outlines the abundance of which in Mr. Trollope's books always went far to conciliate the judicious reader. He never gave bad measure in this respect, never seemed (as some practised novelists do) to be wondering how little the reader would take for his money. The four Miss Halls are merely supernumeraries, and so is their friend Kattie Forrester, who, however, has some of the not wholly commendable pertness which sometimes showed itself in her creator's girl studies. But Kattie Forrester's betrothed, the curate Montagu Blake, the last and not least good-humouredly malicious figure of Mr. Trollope's famous clerical gallery, almost deserved fuller handling. Mr. Blake is quite amiable, and by no means wholly a fool. His criticism on the diamond business—"if you gave me three diamonds, I can easily imagine that I should toss with another fellow who had three also, double or quits till I lost them all"—exhibits an amount of good sense and knowledge of human nature, as well as of neat expression, which the reader (this is at Mr. Blake's first appearance) is sorry not to find constantly borne out. But he is garrulous, a busybody, singularly devoid of delicacy in his attempts to make other people happy, and ludicrously indifferent to anything but the very smallest small beer (metaphorically speaking, for speaking literally he has a generous, though not excessive, taste for port and whisky). He plays his part, however, very well, and indeed the whole little story, as Captain Clutterbuck would say, goes trippingly off, and presents in very curious miniature the merits and the defects of its many predecessors. Nor ought a word of praise to be omitted for the descriptions. The author's work in this kind was so unobtrusive in contrast with the fearful daubs of the day that it has too often lacked the praise it deserved.

TWO ILLUSTRATED BOOKS ON THE EAST.

M. LE DOCTEUR GUSTAVE LE BON is an anthropologist who some time ago wrote a work entitled *L'Homme et les Sociétés*. In this he dealt with the physical and intellectual evolution of the individual man, and discussed how, during the lapse of time, individuals agglomerated, and societies of men passed upwards through the various stages which lie between the nomad tribe and the civilized State. He now proposes to examine in detail the history of each of the civilizations which the world has seen, and he has begun with that of the Arabs. To hit noble quarry one must aim high. The subject is a noble one, and the author's aim is high; but in the beautifully illustrated volume which lies before us, we feel that the author sometimes gets beyond his depth for lack of erudition, no superfluous accomplishment in one who would write the History of Civilization. It is not enough to have journeyed in Syria and Egypt, to have travelled by rail in Spain and Algeria. To compose a history of Arab civilization that can be worthy of the name, the writer must be versed in the Moslem sciences, and have a very competent knowledge of the classical Arabic; he must be sufficiently acquainted with the sciences of the Greeks of the seventh century A.D. to appreciate our debt to the Arabs when, in the third century A.H., they snatched up the torch, and for a time carried on the work; and, finally, he must have studied the history of Europe during the middle ages to judge why the philosophy of Averroes was the bugbear of Rome, and to appreciate what was the learning that Christian theologians went to study in the porticoes of the Great Mosque at Cordova.

Up to the present time translators have not worked enough to enable this chapter in the history of civilization to be written by one who does not command his materials at first hand. The authorities which M. Le Bon has used in the composition of his works are not cited at the foot of his pages, but are gathered together at the end of the volume in a "Bibliographie Méthodique." He states that he has given here "la liste de tous les ouvrages arabes importants traduits dans une langue européenne" and other works "utiles pour la connaissance de l'histoire des Arabes." Such a list would be extremely useful were it compiled with some small critical faculty by one who had read the works cited. But with M. Le Bon this is far from being the case. He mentions, for instance, Conde's most apocryphal *Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabes*, adding, "Ce livre, écrit d'après les manuscrits arabes, a été traduit en français par Marles," and in the same column, without any note of excellence, follows Dozy's *Histoire des Musulmans d'Espagne*, a work that is really of the first rank both in scholarship and style. Typographical errors are annoying to the reader, but do not impeach an author's scholarship; also let any system of transliteration for Oriental names be employed that the writer may prefer. But M. Le Bon's carelessness (not to use a harsher word) in such matters is unpardonable for a serious work. The historian Nowairi, both in the body of the work and in the table of contents, is written *Howairi*, and we have to recognize the celebrated biographer of Arab physicians, Ibn-Abi-Osaibia, under the mutilated form of *Obou Osaibat*; Ibn-Khordadbeh, too, is reduced to *Ibn-Khardabih*. The well-known German Professor, Nöldeke, figures under the M's as *Moeldeke*, and then again under the N's as *Noeldeke*; and a list of Arabian philosophers is given without any indication of what would be the real transcription of their names, with mediæval forms, such as Albumazar, Avenzoar, or Alchindus, although we notice Alkindi written rightly enough two lines below. "Les ouvrages arabes non traduits," says M. Le Bon, "n'ont été cités que lorsqu'il s'agissait de livres d'une importance exceptionnelle, tels que les séances de Hariri, par exemple"; but then why does Ibn-el-Athir's *Chronicon* follow Mr. Howorth's *History of the Mongols* as though it were a translation? and does our author imagine Wüstenfeld's *Chroniken der Stadt Mekka* to be in German? Such blunders are the more annoying to the reader who turns to these pages to find "les indications nécessaires pour compléter l'étude des points qu'il voudrait approfondir," and on such principles as the above we opine that the author has laboured needlessly in the compilation of his bibliographical index.

Let us, however, give all praise to M. Le Bon's volume on the score of its illustrations. On the remains of the architecture of the Moslems, and for describing their arts, his book is one of no inconsiderable merit; his readers will be saved, also, many pages of tedious description by the exact delineation of monuments and objects of art which the camera has enabled our author to bring home from his travels. By the use of the instantaneous process, furthermore, photographs have been taken of such scenes as are presented by the crooked Eastern street, blocked up by the Oriental procession; and we have the shops of the various trades, with the craftsman squatting at his work, his tools spread out around him, and his assistants in the background. Besides photographs, M. Le Bon has made an excellent selection from the works of O. Jones and Murphy for Spain, of Prisse d'Avesnes and other Frenchmen for the Levant; while for Persia he has had to trust to the folios of Flandrin and Coste, since, apparently, he has not visited that country himself. It is, however, time to give our readers some detailed account of M. Le Bon's volume and of the

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* *La Civilisation des Arabes.* Par le Dr. Gustave Le Bon. Paris: Firmin-Didot et Cie. 4to. 1884.

La Syrie d'aujourd'hui. Par le Dr. Lortet. Paris: Hachette et Cie. Folio. 1884.

theories set forth therein. It is divided into six books, of which the first is chiefly anthropological, while the second and the third depict the genesis of Islam, and the Arabian Empire in its various provinces from India to Spain.

The chapter treating of the Arab dominion in Spain is, perhaps, one of the best in the work. After describing in some detail the high degree in civilization which Spain enjoyed during the eight centuries that the Moslems owned her soil, M. Le Bon notes the extreme feebleness of the political genius of the Arabs, and points out how completely their princes failed to weld the Arab tribes settled in the Peninsula into a body politic that should make head against the continual encroachments of the Christians from the North. In recounting Abd-ar-Rahmán's invasion of France and his defeat by Charles Martel at Poitiers, M. Le Bon starts the somewhat novel theory that after all Poitiers was not one of the decisive battles of the world, and that it would have mattered but little for Christendom in the end had the Arab won the fight. According to our author's view, the expeditions into France were mere raids for the purpose of obtaining booty, and no permanent settlement of that country was ever intended by the Arab chiefs. That Charles Martel's victory did not annihilate the power of the Moslems on the French side of the Pyrenees is shown by the fact that for two hundred years—till the end of the tenth century—the Arabs still held Provence. And M. Le Bon concludes that had Pépin d'Heristal's son never led the Frankish chivalry to victory against the Moslem hordes, the course of history might still have run on much the same, and that the Arabs would have retired again into Spain laden with the booty of Tours or some few of the neighbouring towns. So far we may follow M. Le Bon; but it is hard to share his regrets that France was not in point of fact conquered as Spain had been by the Moslems. The view taken is that, seeing the gross barbarism into which Europe at this time was plunged,

Il est évident qu'au point de vue de la civilisation de l'époque, les populations chrétiennes n'auraient eu qu'à gagner à se ranger sous la bannière du prophète. Adoucis dans leurs mœurs, les peuples de l'Occident eussent sans doute évité ainsi les guerres de religion, la Saint-Barthelemy, l'inquisition, en un mot, toutes les calamités qui ont ensanglanté l'Europe pendant tant de siècles, *et que les musulmans n'ont jamais connues.*

The italics are our own. We refer M. Le Bon to any volume of Moslem annals, and let him see whether toleration, as in mediæval Europe, was not rather remarkable by its absence in the days of even the most enlightened of the Khalifs. Do not the massacres of the Alides and the persecutions of the Mo'tazelite philosophers indicate but too plainly how matters fell out in "the Golden Prime"? In dealing with the Crusades our author, as might be expected, and in full justice, has little to say in favour of the Christian knights. The barbarism of the middle ages learnt in the end many lessons by being brought into contact with the luxury of the civilized East; but it must be admitted that the knights of the West behaved, for the most part, very like savages, pillaging friends and foes indiscriminately, and giving but a poor example of the effects of Christianity in the bad faith and the blind ferocity with which they treated their enemies. The East, on the other hand, could and did learn but little in civilization from the Europe of those days; and in the West it was during the Crusade that the clergy, greatly fostered in their intolerance, learnt that indifference to bloodshed which bore such terrible fruit in the cruelties of the Inquisition and the massacres of Jews and Albigenses. Prior to the Crusades intolerance was rife enough, but deliberate cruelty was rare. After the Crusades it became the habit of the Church to seek to extinguish heresy in blood.

Passing on from their history M. Le Bon in his fourth book takes up the discussion of the manners and customs of the Arabs. On the subject of slavery and on the position of women he has much to say from personal observation during his travels in the East. The position of a slave in a Moslem household is very different from that which was his fate in times gone by on the plantations in the West Indies and America. In judging the question it is well to bear in mind how little in the East servitude is regarded as humiliating. Slaves in the Arab State have often filled the highest posts under Government, and in their masters' households are regarded as members of the family. Still, granting all this, our author should not let his readers forget that, although the lot of a slave may not be unpleasant in a Cairene household, yet slave-holding presupposes slave-hunting, and this last is the cause of diabolical oppression and the ceaseless fighting in the interior of Africa. On the subject of women, too, we can hardly agree that "la femme est plus respectée et plus heureuse en Orient qu'en Europe," and it is assuredly untrue that "la jalousie et la rivalité n'existent pas dans ces mariages polygames." In the main, however, the picture of harem life is painted in true colours, and our author concludes that the women have little to complain of, they are kindly treated and enjoy great power indirectly over their husbands, and the Law of the Prophet may compare favourably in this respect with the legislation of Christendom in the days of chivalry. After manners and customs we come very naturally to the arts and sciences of the Arabs, and here the reader greatly profits by the splendid illustrations of the various productions of Moslem artificers and builders. Chromo-lithographs of mosques with gorgeous tiles, stained-glass windows, pottery, and mosaic floors, with over three hundred and fifty woodcuts in the text, attest M. Le Bon's industry and excellent taste. In the four sciences of medicine, [illegible] astronomy and mathematics, the Arabs, as is well known, became great adepts; and we particularly recommend the chapters devoted to the discoveries of the natural philosophers of Islam, trusting that our readers will be rid of their "préjugé héréditaire . . . accru à chaque génération par notre détestable éducation classique, que toutes les sciences et la littérature du passé viennent uniquement des Grecs et des Latins."

In the section on the Arab geographers we find a reproduction of a map of the World, drawn in A.D. 1160 by Edrisi, by which it is evident that the Arabs were perfectly aware of the Nile having its sources in the great equatorial lakes. The three lakes are shown (the Victoria and Albert Nyanzas and Tanganyika); while besides the Nile a great river (the Congo?) flows from them westwards, falling into the Atlantic. The last book of M. Le Bon's work is devoted to the decadence of Arab civilization, which may be attributed in the main to the extreme feebleness of the political institutions of Islam—to a want, in short, of *solidarité*. As regards India our author has much to say on the rule of the Mongols and of the English—chiefly, too, in favour of the former. He holds that the effect of our rule has been "de plonger le pays dans un degré de misère tel qu'on n'en a jamais observé de semblance dans aucune contrée du monde," which lamentable state of things is brought about, he says, chiefly by the fact that yearly there is sent home from India to England five hundred millions—let us hope, in charity, that francs are understood, and not pounds sterling. But we must now take leave of M. Le Bon, and we have no space to discuss with him Indian finance. For illustrating the arts and architecture of the Arabs M. Le Bon has produced a most charming book, but it would have been well had he been more careful in the compilation of his text, and his title is, to say the least of it, misleading.

The sumptuous folio containing Dr. Lortet's travels in *La Syrie d'aujourd'hui* does not demand any very detailed review, containing, as it does, but little that is new about countries already so well known as Phœnicia, the Lebanon, and Palestine. M. Lortet's volume is magnificently illustrated, and he depicts in a charming style the people and the places he has visited; he is a naturalist too, and his volume abounds in interesting zoological and botanical observations. But, alas! that such entertainment should be entombed in a ponderous folio which, to be read, must be supported on a dining-room table, especially if one desires to open out the map. Had the publishers contented themselves with a manageable octavo, and put the map in a pocket, M. Lortet's work would certainly have become more widely known than can now be the case in a size which nine readers out of ten will qualify as "impossible." During the five years that M. Lortet spent in the country he saw very thoroughly all that was to be visited on the coast, from Alexandretta to Jaffa, and also inland from Jerusalem to Damascus, and that his readers may the more vividly understand his descriptions, he has adorned his work with three hundred and sixty-four wood engravings, more remarkable perhaps for beauty of execution than for any novelty that they may contain in the way of unknown sites. M. Lortet, however, did now and again stumble across queer people in out-of-the-way places, as, for instance, the German colony of "Templars" at Haifa. According to the account our author received on the spot, these poor people found their fatherland made too hot to hold them by the iron hand of Bismarck. To have free scope for their religious convictions, and in order to escape military service, they, taking their families with them, migrated from their homes in Saxony or Wurtemburg, and have finally settled in Haifa, where they form a very prosperous little colony of hard-working Teutons:—

J'ai été heureux d'avoir pu visiter quelques-unes des maisons de ces honnêtes Templiers. Elles sont toutes très simples, mais d'une grande propreté; . . . et dans le modeste salon on trouve toujours une petite bibliothèque, composée de livres de piété et des chefs-d'œuvre des poètes nationaux. Cette colonie deviendra certainement un centre de régénération pour les populations molles et enfantines de l'Orient.

Haifa in the hands of these Germans is already becoming a commercial centre, and the carriage-road made by them from the sea up to Nazareth has set a pattern which the Turkish governors might in the end find energy enough to copy.

SAMOA.*

DR. TURNER'S account of Samoa, its people, their habits, ideas, and beliefs, is (in spite of omissions) one of the books which comfort the anthropologist. Works like this remove from him the reproach of relying on untrustworthy evidence. This is a charge usually brought by writers who construct for themselves a theory of early man resting on no evidence at all. While such theorists represent early man as going in fear of his life every evening lest the sun may have set never to rise again, and talking in a strain of gushing poetry of which his grandchildren forget the meaning, Dr. Turner shows us what people in a somewhat backward state of culture actually think and do.

The natives of Samoa, or "The Navigator's Islands" situated about 3,000 miles from Sydney (13°-15° south latitude, 168°-173° west longitude), are by no means savages of a very low or degraded type. Even before the arrival of Europeans they had made considerable progress with rude stone tools in the art of carpentry; much labour and ingenuity is expended on their

* *Samoa.* By George Turner, LL.D. With a Preface by E. B. Tylor, F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

houses. It is an example of the defects in Dr. Turner's book that the word "pottery" does not even occur in his copious index. Now pottery gives us one of the best comparative standards of a young civilization: For example, Mr. Herbert Spencer thinks that the natives of Australia have fallen from a higher degree of culture. It is a satisfactory answer that not a single shard of native pottery has ever been found in the island, and that the descent from a potless civilization cannot have been long or steep. Naturally we want to know whether the Samoans, like the Fijians and the New Caledonians, are or have been potters. In his chapter on "Articles of Manufacture," however, Dr. Turner does not even mention pottery. This, as will be shown, is only an example of other deficiencies, which occur just where the evidence of a writer like Turner would be most important.

Why, then, do we praise the book? Because its positive merits outweigh its faults. Dr. Turner, to start with, has dwelt for more than forty years among the people he describes. No one can venture to say that he is a hasty student or a reporter of matters he does not understand. Again, his evidence (that of a thoroughly well-informed observer) coincides with the reports which other observers bring from every quarter of the globe, and which students collect from history. Here we find Samoans taking omens and auguries much as the Romans did. Here we mark each family abstaining from the flesh of its own sacred animal just as Egyptians did, just as Kurnai and Yakuts, Oraons and Bonis, people of Ashanti, and people of Vancouver's Island do. Finally, Dr. Turner is not a theorist. He has not written his book to support notions of Henotheism, nor Totemism, or hypotheses that Fetishism or the sense of the Infinite is the germ of religion. Dr. Turner gives a straightforward unvarnished account of the beliefs of a people whom he has known intimately for more than forty years. Had he studied recent controversies much, we fancy that he would have given more information on certain points. But, on the other hand, if he had read deeply in anthropological and "agriological" works, he might have become a partisan; and he appears to be quite impartial. We therefore accept Dr. Turner's contribution to knowledge with gratitude, though we indicate points where he might work out his picture in detail.

The Samoans are a people of light copper colour, belonging to the race most commonly found in Central and Eastern Polynesia. Like the New Zealanders, they have a cosmogony; mythical, indeed, yet by no means wanting in purely metaphysical conceptions. This cosmogony, like that of Hesiod, is stated in a series of semi-mythical, semi-allegorical genealogies. First came Nothing (like the Maori Night), then Fragrance, then Dust, then That which might be Perceived, then Earth, then High Rocks, Small Stones, and so forth. Though there is an effort after abstract thought in these terms, the thought instantly becomes mythical. The various stages or moments in the evolution of the Samoan's world are conceived of as personal, and capable of marriage and child-getting. Children are born to a mythical pair, and settle certain districts in Samoa. The divine genealogies, like those of English kings, or the records of Egypt, slope down into the human, and reach Malietoa Tɛlaiou, "proclaimed king in 1878." The mental muddle is most excellently illustrated when we read that "Space had a long-legged seat," or when the native memory falls back on a lower stratum of savage mythical fancy telling us how the cuttle-fish fought against fire, and how maggots (lizards in Australia) were developed into men. While the god Tangaloa is regarded by Dr. Turner as "unconditioned," he is so far "conditioned" as to have a daughter who can assume the form of a bird—a sort of snipe. This snipe was sent wandering over the waters to find a rest for her feet, and finally discovered Samoa. Tangaloa is, at least in some aspects, a kind of Zeus, or heaven-god; his daughters are thunder and lightning.

Though Tangaloa is a heaven-god, the heavens were not always treated with respect in Samoan myths. As in the myths of Cronus and Indra, as in China and New Zealand, the Samoans believe in a remote age when heaven lay passing heavy upon earth. Cronus separated the pair in Greece, Indra in India, Tutenganahau in New Zealand; the arrowroot and a similar plant did the feat in Samoa. In another isle Maui, with five comrades, separated heaven and earth; elsewhere, again, a serpent did what was necessary. In Samoa the original separation was insufficient, and "a man" (name unknown) had to raise the roof of the world. Yet another account attributes the deed to the god Tïtï'i. In Samoa the usual Jack-in-the-Bean-stalk stories of the heaven-climber occur, as in one Greek myth of Prometheus. The Samoan heaven-climber has a Pandora of his own. Like Maui in New Zealand, and the Red Indian Tcha-ka-betch, this hero trapped the sun, tamed him, and compelled him to run in his present orderly circuit. As in Bulgaria, the sun married a pretty girl of the daughters of men. The wedding stopped the custom of human sacrifices to the sun. The Samoans have their story of the woman in the moon. She was taken up there for impiety, like our man in the moon. The Pleiades are called "eyes of chiefs." The myth of fire-stealing is very like that current in New Zealand. The god Tafute permitted Tïtï'i to find fire in wood, whence it is extracted by friction. The story in Savage Island is more like that of Prometheus Purphoros. Many other myths have the Samoans. Some are animal-fables; for example, the fable of the hare and the tortoise is represented by the fowl and the turtle. Other stories account in the usual way for the characteristics of animals or plants, on the hypothesis that they were human before assuming their present forms. The *Metamorphoses* of Ovid have their parallels in the mythology of every savage race. Purely romantic myths also are common and are chanted in ballads. The most remarkable of these given by Dr. Turner contains the central incidents of the Jason saga. This myth is, perhaps, the most widely distributed of all stories which are neither attempts to account for natural phenomena nor parables with a moral purpose. The two latter classes of tales might conceivably be invented in separate centres, wherever the moral lesson had to be enforced or the physical phenomena to be explained. But the Jason story seems to be merely a novel with a certain series of romantic situations. The finding of the saga in North America, Samoa, Finland, Madagascar, and (with certain modifications) among Eskimos, Bushmen, Zulus, Japanese, and Samoyeds, as well as wherever the Aryan race has wandered, suggests one of the problems of mythology. Can the story have been transmitted, like an object of barter, from people to people in some very remote antiquity? The Samoan version of the saga will be found on pp. 102, 104. The mythologist must notice that while magic metamorphosis and similar processes are freely employed in myth, they are also believed to be common enough in everyday life. It is plain that the first myth-makers used incidents which we regard as monstrous, but which they thought as commonplace as duels, fraudulent attorneys, and concealed wills are in modern novels.

We have regretted the *lacunæ* in Dr. Turner's information. As an example of what we mean, take the account of Samoan religion, which fills the earlier part of his book. That religion is zoolatry, of a Totemistic character, with certain curious developments, which seem to need fuller explanation. The ordinary rule of Totemism is that each set of kindred revere and refuse to eat a certain plant or animal, while they do eat the plants and animals holy in the other stocks. They use the object, or a representation of it, as a badge, or crest, and do not marry women of the same crest and family name. Now the most patent and prevalent habit of Samoan religion is the abstinence of each family from a certain animal or plant. In that object (usually an animal) each family is said to believe its own god to be incarnate. Now the ordinary Totemist appears (so far as can be ascertained) merely to regard each individual of the species from which he claims descent as his kinsman, and therefore to be respected. Any one acquainted with Red Indian, or Australian, or Bechuana, or Ashanti habits will remember many examples. But, if Dr. Turner has rightly understood his Samoan flock, the kindred beasts are each incarnations of a special god. Mr. Tylor writes, in his too brief preface:—"The transition, so interesting in the history of religious ideas, from the spirit inhabiting an individual body to the deity presiding over all individuals of a kind, has nowhere been brought so clearly into view as in the account of the war-god Tongo, who was incarnate in the owl; so that when a dead owl was found the islanders wailed and mourned, beating their foreheads with stones after their manner; Tongo nevertheless was not dead, but continued to exist incarnate in other owls." Much the same features occur in Egyptian religion, at least as reported by Herodotus. The mourning on the death of a cat; the yearly sacrifice of a sheep by the sheep-stock in Thebes (compare the buzzard sacrifice by the Californian Galinameros) very closely resemble Samoan belief and custom as described by Dr. Turner. Are we to regard Samoan religion as a thoughtful advance on Totemism? Has the owl become from a clan totem a war-god incarnate in all owls? Would the next step be an approach to the Aztec war-god, with the attributes of a bird lingering about him—a Euhemerized bird-god, as explained by J. G. Müller? Would the last stage be the evolution of an anthropomorphic god, with the owl for his companion, as the owl was the companion of Pallas Athene? It is a pity that Mr. Tylor did not develop his hint further, and show us what he thinks about these things. Dr. Turner, too, leaves us in doubt as to the Totemism of the Samoans. Each family has its sacred animal-god, it is true; but is the animal or its representation used as a crest or badge? This appears to be hinted at (p. 191); "in their war-canoes they had some distinguishing badge of their district hoisted on a pole, a bird it might be, or a dog, or a bunch of leaves." Again, we want to know whether the families (as among Totemists) were "exogamous," whether it was forbidden to marry a woman whose family revered the same animal as the family of the man. We find in Samoa that, while some gods had but one animal incarnation, other gods, such as Tongo, had different incarnations in different families. Pua was a tree in one family, a land crab in another, an octopus in a third. Tongo appears in bat, mullet, and sting-ray, as well as in owl. Was Apollo in some unknown antiquity a mouse in one family (Smintheus), a wolf (Lyceius) in another, a dolphin (Delphinios) in a third, a raven in a fourth, and so on? This theory would readily account for the sacred animals of the Greek gods and for the animal gods of Egypt.

Dr. Turner's book, with its account of clan communism in Samoa, is as interesting to the economist as its devinettes are to the student of riddles, its gods to the mythologist, or its long lists of South Sea words to the philologist. The book is excellent, full of matter, and indispensable, despite lacunæ, which perhaps Dr. Turner will fill up, to the student of man and his institutions.

BURTON'S BOOK OF THE SWORD.*

THE first part of Captain Burton's *Book of the Sword*, which has for certain years been understood to be in preparation, is now visibly before us. Like a French historical work on fencing, of which we reviewed the first volume a couple of months ago, it leaves us in suspense before we are even in sight of the point where real swordsmanship begins. But, unlike that work, it is impossible to charge Captain Burton's with lack of substance or with unprofitable repetition of commonplace knowledge. Rather we are in danger of a surfeit from the bulk and variety of matter offered for our digestion in this goodly quarto. Not only we get full particulars of the sword and all weapons that have any family likeness to it, but there is an ever-present and luxuriant undergrowth, so to speak, of miscellaneous erudition and speculation. Military history, Oriental philology, comparative ethnology, prehistoric mythology, and we know not what else, crop out in the text and overflow into discursive and often pungent notes. With these matters we do not propose to meddle. Captain Burton in his "Foreword" (which the vulgar call preface: but foreword is anyhow better than pre-script, which we have seen) pointedly calls attention to his advanced views of Egyptology. But we shall not be tempted. It may be that most things in earth, including swords, came out of Egypt originally. So Captain Burton appears ready to assert against all comers, and, no doubt, some Egyptologist of a less advanced school, to say nothing of what he calls "the Aryan heresy," will be equally ready to break a lance with him. Awaiting that combat with equanimity, we are content to start from the undisputed facts afforded by the monumental evidence of the two earliest historical civilizations, the Egyptian and the Assyrian.

The forms of the sword may be reduced to three types; the straight-edged, the leaf-shaped, and the scimitar. A French duelling sword is the complete development of the first, a good Persian or Indian sabre of the last. Our Western military swords are a compromise between the two. The leaf-shape, familiar in the classical monuments of Greece, is represented in modern times only by a few eccentric patterns of short swords and sword-bayonets, and possibly, by no means certainly, by the yataghan. The common yataghan form of sword-bayonet, by the way, is much disparaged by Captain Burton, and we fully agree with him. Probably the yataghan is the most formidable of short hand-weapons; but at the end of a rifle, which it spoils for shooting and makes top-heavy for a pike, it is hopelessly out of place. It is tempting to see, with General Pitt-Rivers, the original type, developed in metal from the hint of a stone spear-head, in the symmetrical leaf-shape. Straighten out the edges and lengthen the point, and we have the broadsword, and are on the way to the rapier. Give the preference to one edge and incline the axis of the blade in its direction, and we have the doubly-curved yataghan shape, the Greek *κοπίς*. Lengthen this blade in proportion to its width, and transfer the cutting edge to the unbroken convex curvature which forms the back of the yataghan, and we have the Eastern sabre, preserving in the old Turkish scimitar, now rare, and in the common tulwar, with their broadening near the centre of percussion, a trace of the original model. This, we say, is tempting. But the historical evidence is none of the most encouraging to this or to any other simple theory of origin. On the Assyrian monuments we find a tapering pointed sword with straight edges. Bronze weapons of the same pattern, only longer, have been found in considerable number by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ. The like form occurs in Egyptian bronze daggers, and in several iron swords found in Etruscan tombs, to which Captain Burton justly calls particular attention. Egyptian monuments abound in a particular cutlass or hanger, shaped somewhat like a broad sickle, the name of which is written Khopsh by our author, and connected by him, after Meyrick (with doubtful warrant, we conceive), with the Greek *κοπίς*. The leaf-shaped bronze sword has also been found in Egypt, we are not told with what indication of date, or whether, in particular, under such circumstances as to exclude its being a Greek importation. Of the earlier history of the Eastern sabre there is not forthcoming, that we know of, any positive evidence whatever. Thus we have no proof that the leaf-shaped pattern was in fact earlier than the others, but rather a certain amount of presumption to the contrary.

Captain Burton adopts, though not with any marked dwelling upon it, the opinion that the sword had several independent origins. Of these not impossible, but still disputable sources, the boomerang is one, and the flattened club, or even the broad end of a paddle, is another. It is not difficult to exhibit a series of intermediate forms between the yataghan and the boomerang, or the sabre and the club. But this is not enough. Closely resembling forms may turn out not to be steps in the same process at all, but to have approached one another from widely different starting-points, the resemblance being due, perhaps, to similar external conditions in the later stages. Again, a form assumed to be transitional may really be modified by imitation of the very form which it is used to explain. There is nothing to show that the "wooden sabres" of some of the Pacific Islands, which are plausibly represented as clubs on the way to become swords, were not the work of men who had seen imported swords of metal. Similar doubts apply to the many curious varieties of boomerang-like weapons met with in Africa. We incline, on the whole, to think that the sword proper—"a metal blade intended for cutting, thrusting, or cut-and-thrust," as our author defines it—arose in some one way to begin with, probably, as General Pitt-Rivers maintains, by enlargement from a dagger which had itself grown out of a spear-head broken off short; or, it may be, from a roughly-shaped knife modelled on the older stone implements. The influence of such a type, once formed, would speedily be apparent in modifications of axes and other staff-weapons. And herein it is worth noting that some ancient bronze spear-heads are full as large as an average dagger. There is one such in the Tower. But all general conclusions from such materials must be doubtful.

As for the order of Captain Burton's present volume, it may be said to consist of a prehistoric and a historic part, divided by a chapter of technical explanations. The division comes about in this way. Having disposed of the stone, bronze, and early iron ages—or rather stages, for the so-called ages are not definite or exclusive periods—Captain Burton thinks it time to describe with some fulness the parts and properties of a sword, reproducing, by the way, some valuable work of the late Mr. Latham's from pamphlets not now easy to come at. Especially good is Mr. Latham's explanation of the cutting power given to the blade by curvature. One or two of the diagrams, however, might have been altered with advantage. The man lifting up a sabre for a vertical cut, and thereby exposing himself to a straight thrust, is simply absurd. No swordsman would ever cut like that. Mr. Waite has shown the fallacy of the common assumption that the cut is necessarily slower than the point; and some of the early Italian writers, we may add, had already observed that, inasmuch as the human hand is, mechanically speaking, at the end of a jointed rod (witness the anatomical term *radius*), the movement of the sword's point cannot be really straight in any case. Then follow historical chapters, of which the most interesting to our mind is that on Greek swords, containing as it does a full account of Dr. Schliemann's finds at Mycenæ, and bringing them into relation (as Dr. Schliemann did not) with Etruscan and other remains. Greek monuments and relics tell us very little of curved swords. Yet they were not only known, but preferred by some good judges for cavalry service. Captain Burton refers to Xenophon, *De Re Eq.* c. 12, s. 11, who says:—*μίχαιραν μὲν μᾶλλον ἢ ξίφος ἐπαινοῖμεν ἐφ' ὑψηλοῦ γὰρ ὄντι τῷ ἱππεῖ κοπίδος μᾶλλον ἡ πληγὴ ἢ ξίφους ἀρκέσει.* This looks as if the arm indifferently described as *κοπίς* or *μάχαιρα* must have been longer than the doubly-curved blade (a yataghan, in fact) figured on vases, mostly if not always in the hands of Amazons, giants, or barbarians, as General Pitt-Rivers has pointed out. Even about the Greek sword, for which the evidence is comparatively abundant, we still have much to learn; and, in passing on, we may call attention to Mr. W. Leaf's paper on Homeric arms in the current number of the Journal of the Hellenic Society as a good specimen of what may yet be done. Lindenschmit has left little new to be said of Roman arms and equipment for the present, and Captain Burton is tempted to fill out his Roman chapter with a little too much matter about the gladiators; whereby we come to learn, with some surprise, that he thinks there was not so very much harm in an exhibition of this kind, but also, and with more satisfaction, that he wholly condemns pigeon-shooting. We look forward with much curiosity to the continuation of the work, which is to deal with the sword in its full age—the age of true swordsmanship or fencing.

* *The Book of the Sword.* By Richard F. Burton, Maître d'armes (breveté). London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

OLE BULL.*

IT was inevitable that the career of so strange and romantic a personage as Ole Bull should find only too many biographers. He was not at all averse to publicity, and during his lifetime he supplied material to at least three writers, all of them of more than common distinction, who published studies of his genius and character. Of these one, that by the poet Wergeland, was simply a eulogy. The other two, by the Danish novelist Meyer Goldschmidt and by the late Henrik Winter-Hjelm, were valuable so far as they went; but they contained errors and omissions that could not be corrected until the time came for examining documents. Since his death Ole Bull has continued to be fortunate in his biographers; for the selection from his letters which heads our list is prefaced by the Norwegian novelist Jonas Lie, the distinguished author of *Livsslaven* and *Lodsen og hans Hustru*, whose style is charming, and whose temperament is specially adapted to appreciate that of Ole Bull; while still later there has appeared the volume which is second on our list, and which is an American memoir, in English, by the widow of the great violinist. In the latter part of the life, no doubt, Mrs. Bull speaks with greater authority than Herr Lie; but she seems to borrow from his careful pages many of the incidents of Ole Bull's early days, and we are bound to confess that she sometimes spoils a good story that Herr Lie has told with grace and humour. Taken together, and in connexion with the letters, these publications give us an adequate impression of this very remarkable and picturesque man of genius.

The great men produced in Norway in the beginning of the present century were curiously vehement and ebullient in temperament. Herr Lie rather fantastically says that this little

* *Ole Bulls Breve i Uddrag.* Udgivne af hans Søn, Alexander Bull. Med en karakteristik og biografisk Skitse af Jonas Lie. Copenhagen: Gyldendalske Boghandel.

Ole Bull. A Memoir. By Sarah C. Bull. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

forgotten nation, which for four centuries had been communing with the stars and the sea and its own auroral legends, suddenly attracted the attention of Europe by throwing up a chain of active volcanoes. The phrase is not unfortunate, for in such men as Henrik Wergeland, Engebrecht Soot, and Ole Bull there was something volcanic which contrasted with the quiet flatness of all that Norway had done in the arts until their time. Their personality was so marked that a crowd of legends grew up about them in their own lifetime, and to this day it is difficult to sever the truth from the falsehood. Some musical critics may very likely tell us that Ole Bull's genius was overrated. It is asserted that he has left the science of music exactly where he found it, and that his marvellous *tours de force* have profited later executants not a whit. His famous flageolet-notes, his arpeggios, and all his dazzling and bizarre feats of technique belonged to himself, and died with him, as the wonders of vocal skill pass with the organ of the vocalist. It is hardly correct to think of him as a musician, in the newest sense of the word; he was rather a marvellous improvisatore, a poet who stirred the emotions of his audience by pouring out his heart into his violin. His personal qualities aided his genius; he was physically one of the most powerful and beautiful persons of his generation, never so much inspired as when he had an opportunity to remove a difficulty by the exercise of his will, loving to encounter the labours of Hercules that he might prove himself irresistible, and yet, with all this vigour and vehemence, as amiable and as winning as a child. One little point which greatly added to the majesty of his appearance was that he did not, as most violinists do, incline his head in playing, but stood singularly erect, with his chin free. All his spectators agree in noting this grace and dignity of pose, and some one has recorded that when he reached the highest notes he used to look "forty feet high."

Ole Bull was born on the 5th of February, 1810. Both his parents were musical, and one of his uncles was a fanatic for stringed instrumentation. The quartet evenings of Uncle Jens were closed to a child like Ole, but the latter would allow himself to be put to bed, and then, creeping out again, would hide for hours under the sofa for the pleasure of hearing the music. After a time Uncle Jens interceded, and an exception was made in the child's favour. When Ole was only three years old he began to try to play, and at five years old his uncle gave him a little lemon-coloured fiddle, on which he played well from the first, although he had received no teaching. The opening of his public career is told by Herr Lie rather better than by Mrs. Bull, but the story is radically the same in each case. The one good first violin in the town of Bergen was a man called Paulsen, who was in great request at Uncle Jens's parties. One evening when they rose from supper it was evident to all that the eminent *Kammermusicus* was hopelessly intoxicated. When he took his place in the quartet, the violin glided out of his hand, and he sank in a lethargy upon his chair. The first violin was utterly *hors de combat*. Uncle Jens called out to the child, "Now Ole, you must play for Paulsen! Quick, my boy, and you shall have a piece of sugar-candy." At the same moment he forced Paulsen's violin into the child's arms. It was a quartet by Krummer, and Ole Bull had heard it before. Although the great violin hurt his fingers and his neck, when he placed it on his shoulder, he attacked his part with spirit, and, though he was still too young to read the music, he remembered it, and played it with astonishing precision and grace. The result of this triumph was that he received a violin suitable to his size, and was henceforth an active member at all his uncle's musical parties.

His parents, in the face of his astounding talent, continued to wish him to become anything rather than a musician. When he was sent up to Christiania University in 1828, he was destined for the church, and his father had forced from him a promise that he would not practise the violin. This promise he tried very hard to keep, but in vain. One morning, after spending the greater part of the night in playing a quartet at the house of one of the performers, he learned that he had been plucked for Latin in his little-go examination. In despair, he rushed to the friend who had seduced him to take up his fiddle again, but this man merely said, "And do you suppose yourself fitted to be a parish priest in Finmark, or a missionary to the Lapps? We have something better for you than that." And he forthwith informed him that he had been nominated provisional director of the Philharmonic Society during the illness of the greatest musician Norway then possessed, Professor Waldemar Thrane. A month later Thrane was dead, and Ole Bull was made Director, at the age of seventeen. Two years after this he threw up his appointment, and went off to Germany, to study under Spohr. Later still, in 1831, he made his first appearance in Paris.

His adventures in France were of the most extraordinary kind. He could obtain no situation, and sank lower and lower into penury. The cholera was raging in Paris, and it was no suitable moment for a young foreign artist to make his way there. He was at the point of starvation when a very curious man stepped in, as the end out of the machine, and saved him in a very curious way. At the pension where he lived he met one morning a stranger, who was, he was told, a detective. Ole Bull said something, which this stranger overheard, and he entered into conversation with him. The young Norseman frankly told him the state of his affairs, and the detective took him to an *estaminet* close by.

"Listen," said the stranger; "I know you are in want; but follow my advice, you must try your luck at play." "But I have no money." "You must manage to get five francs; then go to-night between ten and eleven o'clock, not earlier, to Frascati's, in the Boulevard Montmartre. Mount the stairs, ring the bell, and give your hat boldly to the liveried servant in attendance; enter the hall, go straight to the table, put your five francs on the red, and let it remain there." The young man ran home, raised the five francs, and was on the spot at the appointed hour. He made his way to the green table, surrounded by ladies and gentlemen playing at *trente et quarante*. He placed his five francs on the red, but through his awkwardness it rolled over to the black and was lost. He stood as if struck by lightning, without a *sou* in his pocket. He came to himself on hearing, "Messieurs, faites vos jeux." He called "Cinq francs," but his foreign accent made it sound like "cent francs," and one hundred francs were shoved over to him as his winnings. He stands pale for a moment, unable to speak or move; then places his money on the red, and wins once again, and yet again, until, at last, eight hundred francs in gold lie in a heap before him. . . . Suddenly, from amid the crowd surrounding the table, a delicate hand, gleaming with diamonds, glided over the golden pile; but the iron hand of the Norwegian grasped the little white one. A woman's shriek was heard; several voices called out "A la porte! à la porte!" But a man near Ole Bull, in a calm clear voice that seemed to command all in the room, said, "Madame, laissez cet or là!" and to Bull, "Monsieur, prenez votre or, s'il vous plait."

His friend, in whom he recognized the mysterious stranger of the morning, proved to be no other than Vidocq, the head of the secret police in Paris. Mrs. Bull says that he never saw his benefactor again, but we understand Herr Lie to doubt this. At any rate the improvement in his circumstances was sufficient to take him out of Paris, but not until after he had engaged himself to marry his first wife, a sprightly young Frenchwoman. He gradually rose to a certain musical position, and his first great triumph in Parisian society was made under circumstances that proved how large a place the accidental always took in Ole Bull's career. A man who had a patent varnish for violins brought his invention to Ole Bull, and begged him to try it. He said that it gave ordinary instruments the sweet quality of a Cremona fiddle. Ole Bull tried it, and found that it really did improve the tone, and promised to use a violin prepared with it at a concert he had to give at the house of the Duke of Riario. There was a great deal of fashionable company collected at this concert, and the heat of the room melted the famous varnish, which was really a preparation of assafœtida. The smell which it exuded was so maddening that an ordinary man would have stopped and have excused himself; but Ole Bull merely closed his eyes, turned his face away, and played with an energy which became more frenzied the more intolerable the stink became. He enjoyed an overwhelming success; but Herr Jonas Lie goes on to say that, when the Duke rushed forward to seize his hand in congratulation, the appalling odour of assafœtida struck him in the face, and Ole Bull had to explain in what an agony he had been performing.

These books are full of good stories. It is difficult to know where to choose. When Ole Bull was once reduced almost to starvation at Bologna he was saved by the accident that Colbran was passing under the windows of the barracks in which he had a garret and heard him playing. This led to his famous performance before the Duke of Tuscany, when the Princess Poniatowsky and two other ladies gave him each a theme, and he wound all three together in an improvisation which threw the virtuosi of Italy into an ecstasy. After this his career was one long succession of triumphs; but it was not the less attended by quaint and romantic incidents at every turn. We should like to have space to tell how Liszt and Ole Bull held an offensive manager hanging over the street from a window until he made abject confession of his sins; how an American tried to cut the Duke of Devonshire's diamond out of Ole Bull's fiddle-bow with his bowie-knife, and how the Norwegian thrashed him, and then graciously accepted the bowie-knife as a memento; how, when he made his first appearance at the Grand Opéra in Paris, he snapped his A string in the midst of the finale of the *Polacca Guerriera*, and, with an instinct of despair, contrived to transpose the remainder of the piece, and finish on three strings—a feat which nobody present realized except Meyerbeer, whose voice rang out with applause. There is really no limit to the good stories which might be told of Ole Bull.

The letters in the Norwegian edition are almost all from Ole Bull to his first wife and from her to him. They were written in French, but are here published in Danish, which seems a pity, as they happened to exist in a form familiar to a European public. They are warmly affectionate in tone, and reflect the great violinist's hopes and fears and enthusiasms from day to day. They principally cover the period from 1836 to 1846. The American memoir contains technical appendices which will be very interesting to musicians, a chapter by Professor Crosby on the anatomy of the violinist, and a series of curious notes on the history of the violin by Ole Bull himself.

EARLY GERMAN AND FLEMISH PRINTS.*

THESE volumes, cataloguing the British Museum collection of early German and Flemish prints, have a wider interest than their title would seem to imply. Dr. Willshire is not an unknown or "unrecognized" authority; his *Introduction to the Study of Ancient Prints*, which has passed through two editions, has attained the standard of a text-book; and there are few iconophilists whose criticism on an early print of the Northern school, or on the date and origin of a mediæval playing-card, we would more

* *A Descriptive Catalogue of Early Prints in the British Museum—German and Flemish Schools.* Vol. I. 1879. Vol. II. 1883. By William Hughes Willshire, M.D. Printed by order of the Trustees.

willingly accept. We wish, therefore, we could speak in entire commendation of a Catalogue which on every page bears evidence of wide research, of extensive knowledge of these early works, and a thorough appreciation of their peculiar interest. Beginning with special *incunabula*, such as prints *en manière criblée*, and the earliest impressions from metal or from wood, the Catalogue leads onwards to the acknowledged work of Schongauer and of Meckenen. Interspersed in the text, and prefacing each several divisions, are notes or dissertations upon the processes by which particular prints were produced, upon their authorship or their history. Thus it is apparent that "A Descriptive Catalogue" is a title not sufficiently comprehensive, and one which does less than justice to the contents of these volumes. But, at the same time, while expressing this high opinion of the ability and qualifications of the author, we must express our regret that a complete and recognized system of indexing the treasures of the Print Room has not yet been established. It is for want of such system that a work like the present, which has taken years to mature, and for which no one is more competent than Dr. Willshire, loses much of its value. The volumes on Early German and Flemish Prints, like an earlier volume on Playing and other Cards in the British Museum, are not so much "general" as "class catalogues"—good, it may be, for description of particular prints, but insufficient as an index even of the collections to which they especially refer. It ought to be as easy to discover whether a print or drawing, known to exist from descriptions given elsewhere, is to be found in the Print Room, as in other departments it is to verify the occurrence of a coin or of a manuscript. Class catalogues meet a special want; these volumes on Early German and Flemish Prints are a contribution, and a valuable one, to the history of art, and will occupy their fitting place upon our shelves; but a general catalogue of the treasures of the Print Room is still urgently required; and, until this is complete—and its execution will be neither a simple nor an easy task—the real importance of this department cannot possibly be appreciated, or the collections be available as they ought to be for reference or for study.

It would be impossible within the prescribed limits of a review to refer, except in the most cursory manner, to the various interesting discussions to which Dr. Willshire's short introductory chapters give rise. Even a summary of the questions which are suggested by each several "Division" would fill more than our allotted space. The student must himself possess the book, and accept its guidance, though it is possible he may regret that the author has not in all cases expressed his conclusions with a sterner decision. He tells us in the introduction (p. 4) that

> In justice to himself he should ask the iconophilist to bear in mind that he has not intended to assume the possession of any "royal road" to knowledge, or to superciliously put aside the judgment of other men, often perhaps more qualified than he is himself to arrive at a legitimate conclusion on a debatable subject. But the nature of the work before him demanded some decisions from the labourer, and they have been necessarily adopted.

The charge which Dr. Willshire deprecates is the very last which we are disposed to bring. We think, on the contrary, that he has too often refrained from the "peremptory decision" which in these matters he is, beyond almost any one we know, justified in expressing. The proverbial non-existence of a "royal road" is as applicable to a knowledge of early prints as to every other branch of learning or research, but it would have been an advantage to the iconophilist, even while regarding a question as debatable, to be able to cast into one or other balance the conclusions to which a connoisseur, so well qualified by long observation and experience, has arrived. But the very fact of Dr. Willshire's avoidance of decision on some of the most interesting points which surround the study of early prints will convince the student that the problems connected with the introduction of the art of engraving are not all solved, and that there are, if not golden discoveries, yet many pleasant untrodden bypaths around the field into which volumes such as these invite him.

The origin of engraving is a question which has long exercised the minds of students. The steps which lead to a great discovery are, when we look back upon them, apparently so simple and so easy of ascent that our wonder is not that, at some special time and under the influence of some special intelligence, they should have been successfully trodden, but that they should ever have formed anything but a well-worn path. It is difficult for some of us in the present day to realize what interest there could be in life when type-printing was unknown, and the use of incised wood blocks or metal plates, for the purpose of repeating a design or drawing, was unthought of. We watch with something like impatience the gradual advancement of these sister arts, from their youthful days when, as described by Heinecken, "the woodcutter (Formschnieder) having designed the images of saints, found it easy to engrave historical pieces and entire sets of wood-engraving, and to add to them an explication engraved in the same manner in wood, whether for the instruction of youth, or to incite the people to devotion." It reads simply, yet in this we have the origin of our first printed books. The illustration and the explanatory legend, taken off mostly by friction from incised blocks of wood, is the process which led to the invention of typography. The successive steps to this end seem so obvious and natural that we may contentedly agree with Ottley in rejecting "the fancies and conjectures" of Heinecken, who would claim the sole merit of the great discovery for Gutenberg. We see how for his greater convenience the "Formschnieder," prompted by the frequent recurrence of some short word or termination or group of two or more letters, proceeded to cut them on the same shaft of wood or metal. The invention of single letters, strung on a thread to retain them in their place, quickly followed, and next a frame and screws to keep them in position. And yet all this was in its day a discovery quite as real as is the electric light in ours, and to those who have acquainted themselves with the history of the period, its ignorance, and its superstition, there is nothing strange or improbable in the story that when the celebrated printer Fust sold his Bibles in Paris as manuscript, the deception was not detected until his impeachment as a sorcerer compelled him to reveal his secret to save his life. The "art and mystery" of the engraver was approached by steps as slow and lingering, though apparently as easy, as were those of the printer, and, partly owing no doubt to the tardy invention of paper, many years elapsed from its first inception to the time when it had become a practical and recognized art. There is evidence that incised blocks were used for printing on silk and suchlike fabric towards the close of the twelfth century. "Playing cards" "Tarocci" were produced in Italy about the middle of the fourteenth. Prints *en manière criblée* and from *wichi* date from the earlier half of the fifteenth century. The earliest woodcut which bears a date is a "Hortus inclusus" of 1418, at Brussels (it is a print we know well, and though its inscription has been questioned, we do not hesitate to accept it); the second is the Buxheim St. Christopher of 1423, in the Spencer collection. The earliest copperplate engraving known with a date inscribed, 1446, is of German origin, one of seven subjects of a "Passion" series, absolutely unique, and now in the Museum at Berlin. It is represented by a photogravure as a frontispiece to Dr. Willshire's second volume; the reproduction of the "Mazarine" crucifixion, a print unquestionably of about the same time, 1440–50, forms the frontispiece to the first. But it is certain that these were not the first efforts of the nascent art. Dr. Willshire says:—"If we could see certain of the earliest predecessors of these prints, which have escaped us, they might be found less uncouth and Gothic than are their immediate successors, since it is probable that traces of the Byzantine characteristics of religious art would have pervaded them, instead of their being merely a craftsmanlike and vulgar translation of the principles of the schools of Flanders and Cologne." But these "earlier predecessors" would carry the art back a very little way. So also the evidence of superiority of design in some of the xylographs of the first edition of the *Biblia Pauperum*, while it supports the contention that they may have come from the very hand of Van Eyck himself, will only antedate the invention of engraving by a very few years; the woodcuts in the *Légende de St. Gervais*, if rightly attributed by M. Ruelens to the hand of Jan van Eyck, would hardly have been executed until after the death of Hubert in 1426. Thus the invention of engraving and the invention of printing, even if they did not seem to have proceeded *pari passu*, were sister arts, shading into each other by imperceptible degrees, and so closely allied that the one appears to us but the complement of the other.

Of engraving in its most intimate connexion with type-printing perhaps the most interesting examples described by Dr. Willshire are the work of an engraver, as yet anonymous and unrecognized, and only known to iconophilists by the title of "the Master of the Illustrations in Boccace." In our examination of his work we find ourselves transported into the workshop of no less eminent a person than Colard Mansion, the man who cast types on his own model for Caxton, and who instructed him in the art, while printing *with* and *for* him "The Recueyell" and the "Chess Book." The works of Boccatius were the most popular historical books of the fifteenth century. The account of the editions belongs rather to the history of printing; but there is one edition printed in 1476, of which a single example only is known, now in the collection of the Marquess of Lothian. This "Boccace," a folio of 289 leaves, has nine illustrations and a place left vacant for a tenth. It is the illustration which should accompany the sixth book which is wanting. It is partly for its rarity that this precious volume has acquired its reputation; but chiefly because it is not only the earliest book with engravings known to have been produced in the Netherlands, but as such it precedes the earliest printed book containing plates produced by Germany—namely, of the year 1479, or France in 1488, or Italy in 1477. Afterwards translated into English, it was printed by Lydgate 1527, with woodcut illustrations. To these, though far inferior to the metal-plate engravings from which they were copied, the student will probably devote more attention than to the "boke" itself, although it was "translated into Englissh by iohn ludgate, mōke of the monastery of Saint Edmūdes Bury, at the comaūdemēt of the worthy prynce humfrey duke of gloucestre. beginnynge at adam and endinge with iohn takē prisoner in fraunce by prynce Edwarde," a title whose naïve simplicity must surely have suggested that which Knickerbocker gave to his delightful History of New York "from the creation of the world to the end of the Dutch dynasty."

It must, however, be acknowledged that, viewed apart from the interest which surrounds the earliest dawn of this pleasant art, there is but little, either of excellence in form or skill in manipulation, with which to attract the gallery-haunting, picture-loving public. Nay, it is more than probable that even the more intelligent patrons of modern art, with their observation trained in later schools, would regard *incunabula* which the connoisseur cannot praise too fervently only with a kind of amused astonishment that they should be so esteemed. He would tell us—and we will treat his ignorance as tenderly as we trust he will respect what he thinks our infatuation—that finer and more effective evidences of

the engraver's art are exhibited in a single year in this nineteenth century than all the Northern schools produced in the first fifty years of their existence; he would point to modern examples of wood and line engraving, more pure in quality of tone and in expression than anything which could then be compassed; and assure us that etching, that fashionable and facile art, in which even amateurs innocent of drawing may arrive at eminence, annually contributes to our portfolios charming effects in light and shade, which in actual worth, as well as in the continued pleasure they afford, surpass the whole school of early masters, known or "unrecognized"; and declare his conviction that every existing example of those "exceptional processes," *empreintes en pâte* or *en manière criblée*, though their very presence in a collection ensures almost reverence from the earnest iconophiliat, and their value, if they could be offered at Messrs. Sotheby's would exceed "a Jew's ransom," are, in point of real excellence, not to be compared with a fine portfolio of mezzotints after Sir Joshua. Yet to ourselves these slighted prints are ever infinitely precious, since in them we trace the tentative endeavours of an art whose earliest dawn coincided with an awakening of the human mind and an enlargement of its ideas, out of which have grown all the successes of to-day. All honour, then, to the Museum Trustees, and to the author of these volumes, in every endeavour they may make to enable the student to pursue his pleasant path with greater ease, and avail himself to a still greater extent of the treasures of the Print Room.

AN ITALIAN GRAMMAR.*

THIS is one of the best Italian grammars for general use which we have met with in English, if not the best of all. In the compass of about two hundred and fifty loosely printed pages it gives the student a clear and sufficiently full view of the Italian language. Most grammars err on the side of being too long. The learner's memory is burdened with a large amount of unnecessary matter, of matter which he will acquire naturally in the course of reading and conversation, but which only confuses him as a beginner. In such cases a good teacher has to correct the fault of the book by marking what is, and what is not, to be learned. Signor Perini appears to us to have succeeded in making his Grammar thorough and complete for all the purposes of the ordinary student, without doing too much. One point in it is to be especially commended. In most grammars the system commonly known as that of Ollendorf is used in the exercises given to the pupils. That is to say, first a series of sentences are given in Italian to be translated into English, and next a series of almost exactly similar sentences are given in English to be translated into Italian. So that when the pupil comes to the latter he has only to cast his eye back to the former in order to see how to finish his task. The value of the exercise is in this way greatly diminished. Signor Perini rightly confines his exercises to the translation of English into Italian, and they thus form a true test whether the pupil has mastered the preceding rules or not. As to the translation from Italian into English, the learner cannot too soon be given an easy book to read with the help of his dictionary and of explanations from his teacher. It is only at first that any explanations will be necessary. There is another excellent point about this Grammar. All students of Italian are aware that a chief difficulty of Italian pronunciation to a beginner lies in the right placing of the accent. In certain cases the accent is indicated, but in a very large number of cases it is not; and the student learns it only by hearing the word pronounced. But it constantly happens that, before hearing it spoken, he has already seen it printed, and has associated it with a false accentuation. In such cases, where there is a departure from the usual rule that in words where the accent is not indicated it falls on the penultimate syllable, Signor Perini marks its true place by printing one or more of the letters in the syllable to be accented in a type larger than the rest. This simple device makes any misunderstanding impossible. As to the arrangement of the different parts of the Grammar, each teacher will have his own methods; and the matter is not one of very great importance. Nevertheless, it seems more natural to take the verbs, or, at least, the regular verbs, all together, rather than, as Signor Perini does, to insert several chapters not bearing on the verbs at all between the first and the second conjugations. With regard to the modes of addressing people in Italian, Signor Perini recommends the use of "ella" and "elleno," rather than "lei" and "loro," though both are permissible. The latter, however, are surely more generally used at least among cultivated Italians. The Grammar may be safely recommended both as a school-book and to those who wish to teach themselves Italian. For the latter, indeed, it is certainly the best that we have seen.

DECISIVE BATTLES OF INDIA.*

IT is somewhat difficult to decide what is, and what is not, a "decisive battle." For how long after the event must its effects continue to allow of a battle being termed "decisive"? Professor Creasy, in his "fifteen decisive battles of the world," has included Zama and Waterloo. The former of these sealed the fate for all ages of a great people. But only thirty-six years elapsed after Waterloo before the Napoleonic dynasty was re-established in France, although the proscription for all time of that dynasty was the immediate and most important result of the conflict. In another sense, no general ever achieved more decisive results on the battle-field than Napoleon; yet, because those results were felt for only a few years, not one of Napoleon's battles, with the exception of Waterloo, is included in Creasy's list. We quite agree with Colonel Malleson that the importance of a battle is not to be judged by the number of the slain. Some of the most sanguinary conflicts on record—for instance, Eylau and Borodino—were singularly bootless of results, either military or political. On the other hand, only fifty Frenchmen fell in the fight at Kávéripák; yet the British gained by that victory a preponderance which they never after entirely lost. That combat settled for ever the pretensions of the French in Southern India. It has nevertheless been passed over with singular neglect, considering the importance of its issues, by such historians as Mill and Thornton, by Malcolm, and even by Macaulay. Colonel Malleson has perhaps defined with correctness what should be understood by the term "decisive battle"—one that "is decisive of the campaign, decisive as to the consequences, decisive as to the future permanent position of the combatants."

When we consider the gigantic Empire we have created for ourselves in India—the vast area our arms and diplomacy have opened out for our commerce, our missionaries, and for the career of the youth of our over-populated island—we are struck by the smallness of the means which have produced such great results. At no time, probably, have we ever had at once more than 60,000 British soldiers on the soil of India. But in the first instance the numbers, when we remember what they achieved, seem ludicrously inadequate. Fortunately for us the French under-estimated also the importance of the prize they desired to win, so that as against them the decisive battles of India were fought by battalions on either side and not by armies. At the battle of St. Thomé—a victory against natives only, but one which changed the fate of Southern India, and made European traders the masters—the French numbered but two hundred and thirty men. It was that battle which brought the French and English face to face in the Carnatic. The mention of the Carnatic reminds us that Colonel Malleson spells all proper names after the orthodox Indian fashion; but it is irritating to find words which have been Anglicized for decades altered for the sake of preserving a pedantic uniformity. Karnátak has replaced Carnatic, Trichinopoly is now Trichinápalli, Ferozeshah is converted into Fíruzshahar, and some names are so twisted that we can barely recognize them. To return, the contest in the Carnatic took almost at the outset the form of a duel between two men, both men of consummate genius, Clive and Dupleix. Never was genius left so much to shift for itself. In the fight which, as we have said, was the most important in its issues of all the struggles between British and French in Hindostan, the former numbered only 380 European soldiers with six guns, while the latter had 400 Europeans with nine guns. But though Kávéripák decided who were to be masters in Southern India, much remained yet to do, and that much was done when Plassey was won. "Plassey," writes Colonel Malleson, "was a very decisive battle." It was gained by 950 European infantry, of whom 700 were British, and 50 British sailors, with six very small guns and two small howitzers. The loss of the victors was seven Europeans killed and thirteen wounded. It is no wonder that French historians to this day write bitterly as they reflect on the myriad lives sacrificed in insensate and disastrous wars nearer home, when, had only one or two battalions more been sent out in response to the earnest entreaties of those in India who were in a position to know, the empire of the East might have been preserved to France. "As a victory Plassey was, in its consequences, perhaps the greatest ever gained." The effects of it are felt this day by more than two hundred and fifty millions of people. From the very morrow of the victory the English became virtual masters of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa. They became the greatest Mohammedan Power in the world.

> It was Plassey which necessitated the conquest and colonization of the Cape of Good Hope, of the Mauritius, the protectorship over Egypt; Plassey which gave the English middle classes the finest field for the development of their talent and industry the world has ever known; to the aristocracy unrivalled opportunities for the display of administrative power; to merchants and manufacturers customers whose enormous demands almost compensate for the hostile tariffs of rivals; . . . it was Plassey which, in its consequences, brought consolation to this little island for the loss of America; and which, whilst in those consequences it has concentrated upon it the envy of the other nations of Europe, has given to her children the sense of responsibility, of the necessity of maintaining a great position, the conviction of which underlies the thought of every true Englishman.

When the French were virtually disposed of, the business of subjugating Southern India had to begin well-nigh again. In the decay of the Mogul Empire an adventurer of commanding talents had usurped authority in the Hindú kingdom which had existed on the highland plateau overlooking the Carnatic towards the East and the sea-coast towards the West. By degrees this man, Hyder Ali, absorbed all the native States within his reach, and at length resolved on making a supreme effort to become master of all India south of the Krishna. It was not till the hard-fought

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* *An Italian Conversation Grammar.* By N. Perini. London: Hachette. 1884.

* *The Decisive Battles of India, from 1746 to 1849 inclusive.* With a Portrait of the Author, a Map, and Three Plans. By Colonel G. B. Malleson, C.S.I., Author of "The Life of Lord Clive" &c. London: Allen & Co.

victory of Porto Novo was won that the first check was given to the conquering career of Hyder Ali, and time secured to the English for the accumulation of their resources.'

After the invader had been forced to retire within the limits of his dominions, the English were brought face to face with the Maráthás. "The aggressive action of those hardy warriors had, even in the time of Auranzíb, shaken the Mogul Empire to its very basis. After the death of that sovereign they, too, began to dream of universal dominion. . . . Masters of the Imperial cities of Delhi and Agra, of the North-Western Provinces as far Aligarh, they at length beheld before them only two possible rivals—one of them, indeed, the Sikhs, almost too young to be seriously regarded as a rival—and the English, ruling from the mouths of the Ganges to Cawnpore, and possessors of Bombay and Madras." But for the fact that at the crisis of their destiny the Maráthas were deprived of their renowned leader, Madhají Sindia—by far the most remarkable man whom India produced in the last century—and for circumstances which kept a considerable portion of the Maráthá Confederacy from engaging in the struggle, it might have fared ill with the English. It was a fight for supremacy through the length and breadth of Hindostan. "For Southern and Western India the question was decided at Assaye; for Northern India at Laswárí."

The result of the successful issue of the Maráthá war was the extension of the English frontier almost to the Sutlej. Fortunate was it for us that we became neighbours of the Sikhs at a time when they were, through internal dissensions, unable to put forth their undivided strength against us. Ranjit Singh—the one man who, by virtue of his commanding ability and absolute influence with his people, might not improbably have met the English on equal terms, had just died, and his kingdom had become the prey of rival factions. When the inevitable war broke out the Sikh army, incompetently and treacherously led and miserably officered, succumbed to our better trained and disciplined battalions; but such was the fighting of those splendid soldiers that officers who had seen Albuera and Salamanca and Fuentes d'Onor declared that no battle in Spain was as fiercely contested as was Ferozeshah. "That battle shook the edifice of British dominion in India to its very basis, and impressed our native soldiers with the conviction that the English were not invincible." The Sikh defeat, however, virtually decided the campaign for the time being, for Sobraon was but the complement of Feroze-hah The result of these victories was that the English Government assumed a protectorate over the Punjab during the minority of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, and British officers were nominated with full authority to direct and control all matters in every department of the State.

But the peace was a patched-up peace. The Sikh people had only yielded for the time being. Now they bided their time and waited till an opportunity should arise for striking another blow—this time not for empire but for independence. On our side, with scarcely an exception, not one man in authority apprehended the situation. "The arrangements made with respect to the Punjab were so perfect, the contentment of the people was so assured, the reforms introduced by the English were so popular, that it was heresy to dream of Sikh disaffection. And in point of fact no one *on the spot* did dream of it." The awakening was a rough one. An outbreak occurred suddenly one day in the hottest season of the year—the time having been deliberately chosen—at Mooltan. The Controller of the Punjab, Sir Frederick Currie, made light of it. When, at another place, two days later, a second outbreak occurred, Currie was as far off as ever from arriving at a just conclusion. He contented himself with directing the Sikh troops at Lahore to co-operate against the malcontents with the British troops at that station. But the Sikhs refused to act. It was necessary therefore to begin operations against Mooltan with British troops only; but the siege was not undertaken till the beginning of autumn. Almost simultaneously with the opening of the besiegers' batteries that portion of the Sikh army which had till then ostensibly held aloof gave its adhesion to the national movement. Thereupon Lord Dalhousie, Governor-General of India, declared that, as the Sikh people wished for war, "they should have it with a vengeance." Lord Gough, the Commander-in-Chief, assumed command of the "army of the Punjab," as it was styled. Then followed the battles of Chillianwallah and Gujrat, which closed the era of Sikh independence. The story of Chillianwallah is admirably told by Colonel Malleson, as indeed is the story of each one of the battles in this book. "The judgment formed after a lapse of more than thirty years, when time and death have assuaged all the passions of the period, is that no British general ever fought a battle so badly as Lord Gough fought Chillianwallah. It was throughout a day of blunders." Fortunately, the Sikh commander was as little skilful as his antagonist. Lord Gough's generalship is severely dealt with by the author, but not unduly so. The Sikhs were just the kind of foes against whom manœuvres would tell more than direct blows. But Lord Gough was nothing if not a fighting general. In the hour of battle all ideas of strategy, of tactics, of the plan of the campaign, vanished from his mind. He had adopted an excellent plan—not his own—for fighting the battle; but when the moment came for putting it into practice the theory was altogether lost sight of. The Sikh leader wished to bring matters to a crisis, and "knowing the temperament of the British commander that the fire of artillery was the music which would make him dance, he despatched to the front a few light guns, and opened fire on the British position. The fire was distant and the effect innocuous, but the insult roused the hot Irish blood of the commander of the English army. It 'drew' him, in fact, precisely in the manner designed. . . . Wild with excitement, Lord Gough ordered his infantry to advance and charge the enemy's batteries." In the end, the battle so recklessly engaged was won, but "the victory was certainly of a Pyrrhean character." For the British retired from the field, to win which had cost them, in killed and wounded, 89 officers and 2,357 men; and they left behind them several standards, six guns, and all their dead. We have not space to refer to Gujrat, a battle which was the complement of Chillianwallah, as Sobraon had been that of Ferozeshah. The Punjab was now finally annexed. "Against the annexation," concludes Colonel Malleson, "I do not venture a single word. It must have come sooner or later, and it was better to take it after a fair fight than to steal it in the manner we adopted towards Oude some five years later. But for the guiltless boy, for the young Maharajah, of whose interests we were the guardian, surely some fitting provision should have been made. Granted that we did well to take his kingdom, by what right did we annex his private estates? This is a question in which the honour of the country is concerned. It behoves it also to demand whether a pension for one uncertain life is sufficient compensation for the loss of a great position and the forfeiture of inalienable private property."

We know of no book so well calculated as is the one we are noticing for giving the student a clear and comprehensive knowledge of the successive steps taken in conquering for ourselves the Empire of Hindostan. It is not simply the story of so many decisive battles. The causes which led to each war are set forth, and the connexion between successive wars is clearly shown. The author has consulted "as far as possible original documents, or the writings published and unpublished of contemporaries"; and, to judge by the list of such given, the labour of composing this excellent work must have been very considerable.

RECENT MUSIC.

THOSE who are admirers of M. Planquette's charming music, and we are sure their number is not small, will be glad to hear that Messrs. Metzler & Co. have published in sheet-music form most of the best songs in that composer's sparkling little opera *Nell Gwynne*, which bids fair to rival, if not to surpass, his other very successful work, *Les Cloches de Corneville*. M. Planquette's music, if not always comparable to that of the late M. Offenbach, is at any rate at times an admirable substitute for it; and, though occasionally somewhat commonplace in form, his work is generally influenced by the spirit of the great composer of opera-bouffe. If opera-bouffe is not to be a thing of the past, it is greatly due to M. Planquette's labours that it has survived; for, with the exception of his work, scarcely any of the later attempts in this style of opera can be considered deserving of success. Of the eight songs which Messrs. Metzler & Co. have sent us, it is scarcely necessary to do more than give their names, as the music is already so well known and appreciated. They are the following:—Nell Gwynne's three songs, "Only an Orange Girl," "First Love," and the rustic Rondo, "A work-a-day life's hard," all excellent in their several styles; "The Song of the Clock," "Illusions," and "The Trysting Tree"; the beautiful serenade, "Sweetheart, if thou be nigh," and "Once upon a time." Besides these songs, we have also "A Fantasia" upon the airs in the opera from the prolific pen of Mr. Sydney Smith, in which are introduced, in a very pleasing manner, nearly all the above-mentioned songs, as well as the stately "Pavanne" and the "Gipsy music." As a natural consequence also the opera has taken shape as dance music, and Mr. Charles Coote's Nell Gwynne Polka and Quadrille, and Liddell's Nell Gwynne Galop, Waltz, and Lancers will be welcome additions to the ball-room répertoire of the present season.

Messrs. Enoch & Sons have sent us a budget of songs, all of which are considerably above the average. "The Silent Keys," by Signor Ciro Pinsuti, to words by Mr. Hugh Conway, is a touching little song, which shows the hand of a talented artist, who, from very slender materials, has succeeded in producing an effective and highly-pleasing piece of work; and the same may be said of Mr. Joseph L. Roeckel's "Roses all the way," which, like all his other productions, is full of grace and beauty, and not hampered by an elaborate accompaniment. To some very pretty words by Miss Mark Lemon, entitled "Old Times," Mr. Milton Wellings has set some excellent music, and we feel certain that this song has only to be heard to achieve success, as it is a very charming specimen of its kind. Mr. Berthold Tours is so well known and admired as a scholarly composer that his name alone is sufficient to guarantee the value of a song from his pen; but we think that he has seldom produced a more pleasing and effective composition than "Unforgotten," a song which we have no doubt will command the success it deserves, and enhance his already well-earned reputation. "Jack of 'Ours,'" by Mr. Frederic N. Löhr, is dedicated to "the officers in the British Army," and is a not unsuccessful attempt at a military lyric very much in the same spirit as the many naval lyrics which have appeared of late. It is, perhaps, as well that the army should have its turn as well as the

navy, and it is but fair that the military man should be allowed to assert as he does in this song:—

> Merrily, lads, so-ho! They may talk of a life at sea;
> But a life on land, with a sword in hand,
> Is the life, my lads, for me.

From the same publishers we have also two pieces of dance music, "The Old Look Waltz," by Mr. Georges Lamothe, and "Fairy Land Waltz," by Mr. R. E. Batho, both effective and good of their kind.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

EUROPEAN travellers in America have often noticed as a singular and somewhat depressing characteristic of the vast woodlands that occupy so large a part of the surface, even in the oldest and most extensively cultivated States, the rarity of song-birds. This may be ascribable in great part to the existence of enemies which in England and in great part of Europe have been exterminated, or so limited in number that to the great majority of their natural victims they are scarcely more familiar than to man himself. Comparatively little as they are heard and seen, nevertheless the wild birds of the Northern Atlantic States are numerous and various; and it is their very variety, the non-intervention of man in their constant mutual hostilities, that keeps down their number. American ornithologists have a wider scope, a much more extensive zoological as well as geographical range, than their rivals in Western Europe. If they have to go further afield for the common, they have no great difficulty in finding specimens even of the rarer kinds; may study at leisure the character, haunts, and habits of species, and even of *genera*, scarcely to be found nowadays save in the remotest nooks and corners of Western Europe. We have noticed more than one ornithological work profoundly interesting even to the ordinary reader, dealing exclusively with the birds of New England or the Northern seaboard. But Mr. Samuels's account of the *Northern and Eastern Birds* (1), the natives and visitants of the North-Eastern States and British provinces, is none the less welcome that it has had several excellent predecessors. It contains of course all the technical information that is interesting and fully intelligible only to professed students of natural history; but it gives also a mass of interesting and curious facts, of anecdote and observation, gathered from the author's own experience or from the works of others—naturalists, specialists, and sportsmen—equally valuable in a scientific aspect, and attractive to those who take up the volume in simple curiosity, or to amuse a leisure hour. The engravings and tinted illustrations exhibit a great variety of well-chosen examples, representative of every principal class of American birds in characteristic attitudes, the shape, size, and colour of their eggs; and add greatly to the interest, and yet more perhaps to the instructiveness, of the work.

Mr. Tryon's treatise on Conchology (2), of which the first volume only is before us, belongs to the class of technical scientific works, and should be of the greatest interest to the advanced naturalist. To say this is to say that it is not intended for the beginner or the general reader.

Dr. Wharton's *Commentaries on Law* (3) fills a place intermediate between the technical works, which only a professional student would care to attempt, and those general treatises on the principles and philosophy of law which are even more useful as part of a thorough general education than as the basis of professional training. His chapters on the History of American and English Law and on the Law of Nations afford, in fairly popular language, in a sufficiently readable style, and in reasonable bulk, just that general knowledge of the principles and origin of law, as a lawyer of the United States has to deal with it, which is indispensable to any thorough and intelligent appreciation of the common law of the States and of the Codes with which we believe most of the older States are now furnished. On one point especially Dr. Wharton's views possess a grave and direct political interest for English readers. He reviews at great length, with considerable care, and with the more historical fairness that his practical conclusion repudiates the reasonings and the position of his countrymen, the rules laid down for, as well as those established by, the Geneva Arbitration. That the case was decided upon principles which had never before been recognized by either of the contending parties, or indeed by the States from which the arbitrators were taken, that the contention of the American Government contradicted all American traditions, renounced all those neutral claims of which America had been the strongest asserter, and carried the pretensions of belligerency further than England, as the strongest of maritime belligerents, had ever pushed them, Dr. Wharton holds as strongly, argues as cogently, as Chief Justice Cockburn himself. That neither England nor the Union is bound in future either by the rules or the decision is a somewhat startling inference, but one for which the author has much to say, and important authority, English as well as American, to allege.

(1) *Our Northern and Eastern Birds; with Illustrations of many Species of the Birds and accurate Figures of their Eggs.* By Edward A. Samuels. New York: R. Worthington. London: Trübner & Co.

(2) *Structural and Systematic Conchology: an Introduction to the Study of the Mollusca.* Vol. I. By George W. Tryon, jun. Philadelphia: published by the Author. London: Trübner & Co.

(3) *Commentaries on Law.* By Francis Wharton, LL.D. Philadelphia: Kay & Brothers. 1884.

The Records of Living Officers of the United States Army (4) is a work which, as preserving the names and the claims of American officers, is of course profoundly interesting to the American services, and may form the groundwork of an annual or periodical handbook.

Mr. Bowker's little manual on *Work and Wealth* (5) is not an elementary economical treatise, but rather a practical application of familiar economical principles to a few of the more familiar phenomena of social, commercial, and industrial life; for example, the functions of banks, the use of money, the nature of rent, and the distinctions between agricultural and city rents, and other points on which misconception and confusion are apt to prevail, and liable nowadays to produce no little practical mischief in countries governed, like England, France, and America, by the votes of the proletariat.

By co-operative housekeeping (6) Mrs. Peirce means something more than that which has been so largely achieved in this country of late by Co-operative Stores of every kind; but this is the main, or at least the first, object she has in view, this she would have her neighbours attempt and achieve in the first instance.

A ponderous volume published by the State Board of Agriculture sets forth the resources industrial and social of *South Carolina* (7), the last of the Southern States which is likely to attract either capital or industry from without. A more interesting little handbook sets forth the industrial, sporting, and social attractions of Florida (8), the market-garden of the Union, perhaps at no distant period the semi-tropical orchard of the world. Florida can send ripe fruit and vegetables northward at the beginning of April. Her rapidly-spreading orange-groves promise a quiet, easy, and certain method of attaining fortune in the course of twenty years to those who can start with an adequate capital and wait for its return. Her climate, her soil, her rapidly-improving social condition, render her, to adventurers who lack the moral or physical hardihood demanded by sheep-farming, cattle-raising, or corn-growing on the great scale, as well as to those who are simply seeking a pleasant home and refuge from the severe winters of the North, the most attractive of the younger States; while her scenery, in its beauty and its utterly exceptional character, the simple hospitality of her people, and the growing facilities of travel, are certain to draw thither a constantly increasing stream of winter visitors.

Mr. Conkling has written a Guide to Mexico (9), which will be of use and interest to intending and to experienced travellers.

Mr. Deming's *Byways of Nature and Life* (10) is a collection of articles contributed to the *New York Evening Post*—articles whose style, substance, and variety testify to capacities which should achieve for its author a very considerable professional success. Few journalists, not many of the most successful correspondents, could write so well upon such a variety of topics. British elections and London fogs; the giant tides and "bores" of the Bay of Fundy; seal-hunting in the Arctic and deep-fishing in tropical seas; the sponge-fisheries of Bahama and the cod-fisheries of Newfoundland; subterranean waters and Mississippian navigation; the social condition and political troubles of the Southern States—are all treated in the same sensible, practical, readable style. Upon sport, and especially upon sea-fishing, Mr. Deming is most at home; but upon natural scenery and popular science, and even on politics, he is seldom at a loss.

Mr. Mead's account of Martin Luther (11) is, of course, one of the innumerable products of the late Tercentenary.

A treatise on historical teaching (12), by a number of historical professors, contains, as might be expected, interesting and instructive matter.

Miss Evans's *Laura* (13) and Miss Litchfield's *Only. an Incident* (14) are both above the average level of cheap American novels.

(4) *Records of Living Officers of the United States Army.* Philadelphia: Hammersly & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

(5) *Of Work and Wealth: a Summary of Economics.* By R. R. Bowker. New York: The Society for Political Education. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(6) *Co-operative Housekeeping; How Not to Do It and How to Do It: a Study in Sociology.* By Melusina Fay Peirce. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

(7) *South Carolina; Resources and Population, Institutions and Industries.* Published by the State Board of Agriculture of South Carolina. Charleston: Walker, Evans, & Cogswell. London: Trübner & Co.

(8) *The Florida Annual.* With large new Sectional Map. Edited by C. K. Munroe. New York: 140 Nassau Street. London: Trübner & Co.

(9) *Appleton's Guide to Mexico.* By Alfred R. Conkling, LL.B., Ph.B. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

(10) *Byways of Nature and Life.* By Clarence Deming. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

(11) *Martin Luther: a Study of the Reformation.* By Edwin D. Mead. Boston: George H. Ellis. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

(12) *Pedagogical Library.* Edited by G. Stanley Hall. Vol. I.—*Methods of Teaching History.* By Dr. G. Diesterweg. Professors Herbert B. Adams, C. K. Adams, &c. Boston: Ginn, Heath, & Co.

(13) *Laura, an American Girl.* By Elizabeth F. Evans. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott & Co. 1884.

(14) *Only an Incident.* By Grace Denio Litchfield. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

FRENCH LITERATURE

ADMIRAL JURIEN DE LA GRAVIERE is indefatigable in his studies of ancient military and naval affairs; and his *Campagnes d'Alexandre* (1), now presented to the reader in five neat and compact volumes (with a map in each, which is, we regret to say, a great deal better than anything to be found in English books of anything like the same price), is a very creditable and interesting monument of industry. The Admiral, as is known to his readers, has a happy, if somewhat garrulous, knack of comparing old things with new which adds considerably to the interest of his books. He compares Alexander's Punjab experiences with Chillianwallah, not, it need hardly be said, to the advantage of Lord Gough, but in no unfriendly spirit to Englishmen; he follows the voyage of Nearchus with abundant erudition, as well as with a careful eye to places, and nobody will be surprised to hear that he is fertile in parallels between Alexander and the First Napoleon. Perhaps more copious citation of chapter and verse from the original authorities might be desirable, but that is not the older French fashion. In that fashion the Admiral has produced a readable, instructive, and by no means unamusing book.

M. d'Avenel's book on *Richelieu et la monarchie absolue* (2) is somewhat oddly named. It is in reality a long, careful, and valuable summary of the political and economic condition of France at the moment when the great Cardinal changed its state and constitution. The King and his prerogatives, the chief officers of State, the various forms of popular or class representation which survived in the early days of the seventeenth century, the gradual exaltation of the monarchical principle, fill the first book. The second treats of the extremely complicated subject of the *noblesse*, its rights, functions, and titles, the customs which regulated its succession and property, its habits of living, its amusements, its language, &c. Finally, M. d'Avenel discusses the causes of its decadence. The third book passes to the civil service, and discusses it in the same minute way. The whole fills two stout volumes, and there are two more to come. So vast a mass of matter naturally defies criticism in detail. But where we have examined M. d'Avenel minutely he stands the test very well; he is evidently very well read in unpublished as well as published authorities, and he uses his reading with judgment and writes with clearness.

We have to notice two new parts of M. Vivien de St.-Martin's vast Gazetteer (3), which has reached the article "Jau-iers."

The first volume (nine hundred closely-printed and frequently illustrated pages of double columns) of the supplement of M. Wurtz's Chemical Dictionary (4), the body of which already forms five stout volumes, has appeared.

M. Richet's "Psychological and Physiological Fragments" (5), as the more modest sub-title of his book runs, consists of essays on subjects such as mesmerism, intoxication, alcoholic and other, demoniacal possession, and the like. They are purely materialist in tone, and not remarkably subtle in explanation; but they are not without merit as collections of facts with a kind of common-sense commentary.

Monseigneur Maret (though by the way one of his chief opponents holds, and we think rightly, that general usage is wrong in employing the term Monseigneur except in the vocative) has in his *Vérité catholique* (6) surveyed the teachers of the age, from Hegel to Büchner, and from Comte to M. Renan, of course from a strictly orthodox standpoint.

Very good things may be said of M. Mainard's capital little treatise on versification in M. Lemerre's school series (7). It costs but a franc and a half, and henceforward "Hadst thou not fifteen pence?" will be a sore question to a bad versifier in French. Varieties of rhymes and rhythms, a dictionary of syllabic pronunciation, notes on cæsuræ, and the like, duly occur, and there is the famous list of rhymes unrhymable, such as "fourche" and "sceptre,' and the like. One of these, by the way, in the present fancy of Frenchmen for Gallicizing foreign words, might be made to vanish from the list. There is no exact French equivalent for "scamper," and the naturalizing of it as a verb would at once supply the singleness of "pampre" with a consort. As thus:—

A travers ce beau pampre
Le faune agreste scampre.

But this is only a humble suggestion derived from the very extraordinary vocabulary of some modern French books.

We are glad to see that the *Tentation* (8), perhaps the most pocketable of all Flaubert's books, has made its appearance in M. Lemerre's *Petite bibliothique littéraire*.

Every one who has seen it and every one who has not ought to be glad to hear of the reimpression of M. Robida's charmingly extravagant and nonsensical *Tour enchantée* (9). It is, as we can testify from experiments duly made, equally welcome to small children who cannot read French and to large children who can.

Some of our readers may be surprised to find us reviewing Louvet's questionable "Chevalier" (10); indeed, M. Jouaust ingenuously confesses that he is rather surprised to find himself printing it. His excuse that his reprint is very dear (which it is) does not strike us as a triumph either of ethics or logic, and his *tu quoque*, addressed apparently to the Naturalists, though perfectly justified in fact, is not an excuse, for two blacks do not make a white. But it is true that *Faublas* is something of a classic, and, as Carlyle has it, a "symptom of much" in French history; it is also true that its sins against decency have been a little exaggerated, and it is most true of all (though M. Jouaust does not say so) that its intolerable deal of verbiage and sentimental rubbish to a halfpenny worth of obscenity make it a very tough morsel for amateurs of that kind of matter.

(1) *Les campagnes d'Alexandre.* Par le vice-amiral Jurien de la Gravière. 5 vols. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Richelieu et la monarchie absolue.* Par le vicomte G. d'Avenel. 2 vols. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Nouveau dictionnaire de géographie universelle.* Par Vivien de St.-Martin. Fasc. 22, 23. Paris: Hachette.

(4) *Dictionnaire de chimie.* Par A. Wurtz. Supplement, Part I., H—F. Paris: Hachette.

(5) *L'homme et l'intelligence.* Par C. Richet. Paris: Alcan.

(6) *La vérité catholique et la paix religieuse.* Par H. L. C. Maret, archevêque de Lepante. Paris: Bentu.

(7) *Traité de versification française.* Par L. Mainard. Paris: Lemerre.

(8) *La tentation de St.-Antoine.* Par G. Flaubert. Paris: Lemerre.

(9) *La tour enchantée.* Par B. Robida. Paris: Dreyfous.

(10) *Les amours du chevalier de Faublas.* Par Louvet de Couvray. Vols. 1, 2. Paris: Jouaust.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MOST people of a modest turn of mind will think that Mr. Buckland is very moderate in saying that "there are two different classes of people who know very little about India"(1). If by this he means only two, he is certainly complimenting us all very much, for it is the sad truth that there are many besides "your old Indian who knows only one Presidency," and "your real rural Englishman," the two ignorant persons instanced by Mr. Buckland, who have a plentiful lack of knowledge on this subject. There is consolation, however, in learning that this ignorance is not without excuse. Mr. Buckland says himself that India is not easy to know. The reader who is as anxious to correct his defects in this respect as he ought to be will find that he can do it very pleasantly with the help of this book. A great deal of what Mr. Buckland has to say about the organization of our administration in Bengal, for he scarcely touches on the other Presidencies, has already been said by Colonel Chesney, in his standard work on Indian Polity, but it will bear re-telling. There is more originality in the chapters on the "Social Life" of the country. The author gives a good deal of space to the unofficial part of the English community; and at the end there is a chapter on "Native Life" which shows clearly enough how hard it is for an Englishman to learn anything beyond the mere surface about the people he has to live among.

It can scarcely happen to any man who labours with pen and ink to enjoy better luck in one respect than has befallen Mr. Genung. His study of *In Memoriam* (2) makes a little volume such as rarely gladdens the heart of any author who publishes in England. In respect of printing, paper, and margin it is a credit to Messrs. Macmillan. Mr. Genung's study itself will be found useful, and esteemed accordingly, by people who have a guilty feeling that they do not in the least know what *In Memoriam* is all about, and who would like to be instructed. He describes the poem, divides it into a first, secondly, thirdly, and to conclude, reduces many of the stanzas to the plainest prose, and withal points out "those inquiries concerning God and man and unseen things which fulfil the deeper purposes of *In Memoriam*."

Every line of the *Notes on Painters and Painting* (3) made by Mr. McCraig, banker at Oban, is entitled to careful study. Like a true lover of the beautiful, he begins by bursting into verse. "Artists and poets," he says, about the middle of his poetical introduction:—

Artists and poets have a sense of right,
A keen sense of virtue and honour bright;
Artists and poets, with their feelings keen,
Distinguish the right and wrong in the scene.

Argal, they are helping forward the happy time coming when "life eternal shall still be the goal, The end and reward of the pious soul. And may this my song be, the morning star, To herald this glorious dawn afar." We share in Mr. McCraig's pious wish, though not with much confidence. His criticism, when he reaches it, with this "right butter woman's rank to market," is scarcely so superior as his lofty ideas about art lead the reader to expect. He finds the statue of Diogenes "a most striking one, and almost a perfect likeness of the late Mr. Potter, director of the City of Glasgow Bank." The statue of Pericles "is a perfect dandy—tall, slender, graceful, with a most delightful expression of face—the very image of a young linendraper from New York we met at the ball-room of the Grand Hotel, Nice, of the name of Richardson."

Joyful through Hope (4) is the history of a worthy young lady named Hope, who marries a clergyman with a poor living, and finds how hard it is to get along with three hundred a year when

(1) *Sketches of Social Life in India.* By C. T. Buckland, F.Z.S. London: Allen & Co. 1884.

(2) *Tennyson's In Memoriam: its Purpose and its Structure.* A Study. By John F. Genung. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

(3) *Notes on Painters and Painting.* By John Stuart McCraig. Paisley: J. & R. Parlane.

(4) *Joyful through Hope.* A Story. By Blanche A. L. Garvock. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1884.

you have eight children and various other relations to look after. Hope, however, keeps a smiling face, and is even equal to making Irish stew without meat. To such a woman all things are possible. A better living comes, the wicked are converted, and Hope ends with her constitution still unimpaired.

Mr. Watt's *History of a Lump of Iron* (5) is a fair specimen of the science-made-easy style of book so common nowadays.

While Dr. Murray's great Dictionary is being completed a sale should be found for a new edition of Dr. Stormonth's *Dictionary of the English Language* (6), which is being revised and enlarged.

A great addition to our knowledge of the statistics of India is made by the publication of the second and third volumes of the *Census of the Panjáb* (7).

Our list of reprints includes a neat paper-bound edition of the *Lays of Ancient Rome* (8), and two very pretty volumes of the poetry of Mr. J. Brent (9). Mr. Grindon's *Scripture Botany* (10) belongs also to the class of reprints, as it is a collection of articles which have already appeared in newspapers or magazines. The author has carefully revised them, however. Mr. William Graham's *Creed of Science* (11) has reached its second edition; and so has Mr. Proctor's treatise on *The Management and Treatment of the Horse* (12). The reader of magazines and newspapers blessed with a long memory will recognize some old acquaintances in Mrs. Lynn Linton's "Essays on Women" (13). A complete edition of the works by the author of *The Pilgrim and the Shrine* (14) is being published by Messrs. Tinsley Brothers.

Mr. Charles Kent has torn handfuls out of Dickens's novels to make a collection of "Humour and Pathos" (15). This style of book has been judged and condemned long ago; but editors will always be found to make them, and it is only too probable that readers will long be found to encourage them.

Pontes (16) is the name given by its authors, S. A. D. and E. L., to a slim little school book intended to introduce the schoolboy in the gentlest possible manner to a knowledge of the Latin tongue.

Miss Yonge has subjected two of Shakspeare's plays, *King Henry the Fifth* and *King Richard the Second* (17), to the pruning required to fit them for reading in schools. Each play is supplied with an historical introduction and a summary.

Mr. Nichol's *Tables of European History* (18) has reached its third edition.

(5) *The History of a Lump of Iron.* By Alexander Watt. London: A. Johnston. 1884.

(6) *A Dictionary of the English Language.* By the Rev. James Stormonth. Blackwood & Sons. 1883.

(7) *Report of the Census of the Panjáb.* By D. C. J. Ibbetson. Lahore: printed by the Superintendent of the Central Gaol Press.

(8) *Lays of Ancient Rome.* By Lord Macaulay. London: Longmans & Co.

(9) *The Poetical Works of the late John Brent, F.S.A.* London: Kent & Co. 1884.

(10) *Scripture Botany.* By Leo H. Grindon. London: F. Pitman.

(11) *The Creed of Science, Religious, Moral, and Social.* By William Graham, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

(12) *The Management and Treatment of the Horse.* By William Proctor, Stud-Groom. London: Allen & Co.

(13) *The Mayfair Library—Ourselves: Essays on Women.* By E. Lynn Linton. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

(14) *By-and-By: an Historical Romance of the Future.*
Higher Law. A Romance.
The Pilgrim and the Shrine. By William Maitland. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1884.

(15) *The Humour and Pathos of Charles Dickens.* Selected by Charles Kent. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

(16) *Pontes.* Eton: E. Ingalton Drake. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1884.

(17) *Shakspeare's Plays for Schools.* Abridged and annotated by Charlotte M. Yonge. *King Henry the Fifth* and *King Richard the Second.* National Society's Depository, Westminster.

(18) *Tables of European History, Literature, and Art, from A.D. 100 to 1882.* By J. Nichol. Third edition. Glasgow: Mackehose & Sons. 1884.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, London, will hold at the Crystal Palace an International Exhibition of Arts, Manufactures, and Scientific, Agricultural, and Industrial Products. The Exhibition will be opened on St. George's Day, the 23rd of April, 1884, and will remain open for a period of at least six months.

All communications to be addressed,

GEORGE COLLINS LEVEY,
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THE HIBBERT LECTURE, 1884.—A COURSE of SIX LECTURES on "The Origin and Growth of Religion, as Illustrated by the Ancient Religions of Mexico and Peru," will be delivered, in the French Language, by Professor ALBERT REVILLE, of the College de France, at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on the following days, viz.: Monday, 31st, Wednesday, 23rd, Monday, 28th, and Wednesday, 30th April; and Monday, 5th, and Wednesday, 7th May, at Five P.M. Admission to the Course of Lectures will be by ticket, without payment. Persons desirous of attending the Lectures are requested to send their Names and Addresses to Messrs. WILLIAMS & NORGATE, 14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C., not later than April 12, and as soon as possible after that date tickets will be issued to as many persons as the Hall will accommodate.

The same Course of Lectures will also be delivered by Professor REVILLE, at Oxford, in the New Examination Schools, at 4.30 P.M., on each of the following days, viz.: Tuesday, 22nd, Friday 25th, and Tuesday, 29th April; and Friday, 2nd, Tuesday, 6th, and Friday, 9th May. Admission to the Oxford Course will be free, without Ticket.

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FINANCIAL INFORMATION, JUNE 1, 1883:

Total Funds	£3,002,005
Total Annual Income	£333,188
Total Amount of Claims upon Death	£2,257,381
Amount of Profits divided at the last Quinquennial Bonus	£437,317

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BONUS.—£437,317 was distributed amongst 7,882 Policies at the Tenth Quinquennial Division of Profits. Of these 1,070 are now, by means of Bonus, not only altogether free from the payment of Annual Premiums, but have, in almost every case, additions made to the sums originally assured by them.

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Capital paid up	£250,000
Life Fund in Special Trust for Life Policy Holders exceeds	£600,000
Other Funds	£950,000

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INCOME and FUNDS (1883).

Fire Premiums	£408,100
Life Premiums	181,500
Interest	121,300
Accumulated Funds	£2,749,400

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REPORT of the DIRECTORS, presented at the 78th ANNUAL MEETING at the Office, on Wednesday, January 30, 1884.

The Directors have to report that the transactions of the Provident Life Office during the year 1883 have been highly satisfactory.
Proposals for new Assurances amounting to £670,080 were received. Policies for £575,520 were issued and taken up, yielding new annual Premiums amounting to £19,770, as against £18,211 for the previous year. These Assurances and new annual Premiums respectively represent the actual net amounts. No re-assurances were effected during the year.
The Proposals, declined and not completed, amounted to £107,560.
The Claims for the year were £152,253, being £29,415 more than the corresponding sum for 1882.
The annual Income is now £310,371, being an increase of £9,308.
During the year the sum of £19,020 was paid for the surrender of Policies. The values paid upon Bonus Policies ranged from 45 per cent.—the minimum surrender value—to as much as 93 per cent. of the Premiums received.
The total Funds of the Office on December 31 last were £2,433,284, being an increase of £94,197, a result very satisfactory considering the special extra payments required to be made on account of the recent division of Profits. The average interest realized was £4 8s. 6d. per cent., as against £4 4s. during 1882.
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THE

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OF

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THE DUKE OF ALBANY.

THE death of the Prince whose funeral takes place to-day has been a painful surprise to the country. That his health had always been delicate has been generally known; but constitutional weakness is often no obstacle to a long and useful life. The careful and regular habits which such weakness imposes frequently enable a man to live more and last longer than those who, because robust, are careless in their mode of living. Such weakness, too, passes away in some cases as men approach middle age; and few of the Prince's fellow-countrymen had any fears that his career would so soon be cut short. To the Queen and to the widowed Duchess we join all England in offering our respectful sympathy. The interest which the former has always taken in the welfare of her subjects, and the sympathy which she has shown for the sufferings of the lowliest among them, have won for her a place in their hearts wholly independent of the sincere loyalty which they feel towards the Crown. The bereavement, too, which befell her more than twenty years ago, the peculiar loneliness in which it left her, the revelations of her home life which she has from time to time laid before the world, have given her subjects an interest in her personal feelings which it seldom falls to the lot of sovereigns to gain. On the present sad occasion, as in all her sorrows, their condolence is heartfelt. The Duchess, short as her residence has been in England, has won from those who know her a personal regard which will enhance the regret which all must feel at her loss. Of Prince Leopold himself there is but one opinion held by those who knew him either in private or in public life. His knowledge, his intelligence, his interest in great subjects, his love of all that gives grace and charm to human life, his sympathy with the needs and sufferings of the poorest among his fellow-countrymen, are known to all our readers. On these subjects much has been written and spoken during the past week. There is one reflection, however, which the life and untimely death of the Prince especially force on our mind when the first personal tribute to his memory has been paid. This is the great public and political loss which the nation has sustained by his death.

The Duke of Albany was, in a remarkable sense, a link between the Throne and the people; and, had he lived, he would doubtless have become so in a greater and greater degree. It is a part of the good fortune of the English, as of the Germian, Monarchy that the reigning family comprises many members and branches. To this fact it is due, not only that the succession is always provided for, but that between the Crown and the mass of the people, there are a large number of members intimately related to the former, and sharing, to an extent impossible to the Sovereign, the interests and occupations of the latter. That some members devote themselves to professional soldiers, others professional sailors, and that others, like the Duke of Albany, should interest themselves in the political, literary, artistic, and social questions, qualifies a Monarchy like our own to keep constant touch of the people. At the present time it is especially fortunate that this should be the case. The changes which have been, and during the present generation, not in England alone, but in other European countries, have been all in the direction of democracy, and it is unreasonable to suppose that this movement would have been checked by the will of any individual or small class of individuals. But there is no small difference between a popular movement guided over by party politicians, and hostile to the main institutions of the country, and one sanctioned by those to whom it is accustomed to look as its natural heads. The old and deep-seated loyalty of the English people, which extends to all classes throughout the country, has remained unshaken by the political changes of the last half-century, and is not likely to be shaken by any changes which may be impending. But the Crown, which wisely remains, as a rule, neutral in the strife of political parties, gains greatly in stability and popularity by the fact that, outside the sphere of politics, members of the Royal Family have assumed an active leadership in all that tends to national progress. The part which Prince Leopold took was marked out, for him by the state of his health; but it was none the less useful because it did not assume a professional shape. He had already, before his death, won for himself a place as something much more than a nominal patron of the movements which he befriended. He was able to take a part in them, as intelligent and practical as it was influential. It is here that his loss will be most felt by the general public. The many duties both public and private, which fall to the lot of Royalty leave, as a rule, but little time for the pursuits in which the enforced leisure of the Duke of Albany was so wisely spent. His example, like that of the late Prince Consort, shows how important a part can be played in this country by those who are near to the Throne, without occupying it. The opportunities of usefulness which a position of this kind affords are such as fall to the lot of few; and it must be admitted that the Duke of Albany turned them to the best account. But he had reached an age, at the time of his death, at which men can only begin to be widely useful. Years of preparation are needed to fit a man for such a part. The world waits for repeated proofs of capacity before it gives the able aspirant to honour his due. But it may be said, with truth, that the Duke of Albany had already won for himself the reputation, not in a limited circle only but before the general public, of being one of the able men of his time. The part which he might have played in public life, had he attained to fuller years, is matter only for melancholy conjecture. But that a greater part than ever can now be played by those of his gifts and station seems to us clear. It cannot be said that this country is less loyal to the Monarchy now than in any past period of its history; and, at the same time, the whole movement of the nation, political and social, has tended to lower and level the barriers which once existed between the various classes which compose it. Each member of the Royal Family is now more conspicuous before the eyes of the whole nation than could formerly be the case; and the influence of one like the Duke of Albany can now find recognition in parts of the country where a century ago little more than the fact of his existence would have been generally known. The maxim *noblesse oblige* was one that guided his conduct, and nowhere more than among the mass of the English people does conduct founded on this maxim meet with due recognition. The jealousy of any kind of social superiority which infects the French populace is foreign to English habits of mind. The Monarchy in itself is not only tolerated, but popular; far more so than any other form of government which could be proposed in its place. It has been popular in the past, even at times when the occupant of the throne has personally found little favour with the people. During the last half-century its position has been greatly strengthened by the happy coincidence that, during a period when the powers of the people have been widely

extended [illegible] has been worn by a lady more popular and more [illegible] than any Sovereign who has held it for nearly [illegible] centuries. The Monarchy and the people, during [illegible] when many persons, the reverse of alarmist, looked [illegible] apprehension on the future, have never been in antagonism to one another; and experience has shown that great political changes may take place, and that power may be transferred from one class to another, without in any way weakening the position of the Crown. Prince LEOPOLD thus found the way open and smooth for a career eminently suited to his tastes and his talents. With distinguished mental gifts admirably trained, with the desire to be useful and influential, and enjoying a popularity due alike to his personal qualities and to the relation in which he stood to the Throne, he would assuredly, had his life been prolonged, have done service to the country such as few can hope to render. In him talent, goodwill, and opportunity met together, and his death is a loss, not only to those nearest to him, but to the English people.

EGYPT.

THE Opposition having, in deference to Lord HARTINGTON'S request, abstained altogether during the earlier part of the week from pressing for information on the subject of the very alarming news from the Soudan, expectation could not but be concentrated on the promised statement of Thursday. The question, moreover, which the leader of the Opposition had arranged was so framed as to facilitate the Government's task to the uttermost. A certain confusion which has been observable in Ministerial ideas needed assistance of the kind; and such assistance could not have been better afforded than by the sevenfold division of the question—a division which adequately represented the desire for information of every one who is really acquainted with the subject and understands the political necessities of the moment. Probably few persons expected a perfectly full and frank disclosure in reply. It could hardly, however, have been anticipated that the impeninent attitude which Mr. GLADSTONE'S and Lord HARTINGTON'S speeches display would be maintained. The calculated bluster of Mr. GLADSTONE'S second speech will not carry off the confession of incompetence contained in his first and in Lord HARTINGTON'S. As to the Soudan in general, as to Egypt in general, the Government still has no policy at all. As to General GORDON (it is incredible, but it is the fact), Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord HARTINGTON say that he can come home if he likes and when he likes, and there's an end on't. In these two sentences the practical contents of three long speeches are faithfully summed up. As for Mr. GLADSTONE'S withering and scorching and crushing eloquence, these epithets have been used too frequently and too freely to produce much effect now. It would require eloquence greater than Mr. GLADSTONE'S to disguise the hopeless weakness of a speech which actually blamed Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE for want of patriotism in publishing to the world that situation of General GORDON which columns of the largest type in the most widely-circulated of newspapers have already made matter of universal knowledge. It would require eloquence greater still to conceal the real meaning of the attempt to disparage the truth of information which the Government and the public both know to be authentic. If the precedent of these constant Egyptian debates is, as Mr. GLADSTONE says, inconvenient, it is because the conduct of the Government is intolerable; and, if the discussion of their blunders is bad for the public welfare, how much more is the commission of those blunders?

But the reply to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S patiently postponed inquiries whether at last the Government have hit upon a policy for Egypt, had it been real and not illusory, could not affect the judgment which may and must be passed upon the conduct of the Ministry. For the credit of human nature it may be hoped that the apparent equanimity with which certain of Mr. GLADSTONE'S supporters have received the news of the last week has been a feigned equanimity, and, to do the most prominent of them justice, they have for the most part taken the wise course of abstaining from all notice of the subject. The solemn farce of a Franchise Bill which no one wants or believes in, or regards with any interest whatever except as an engine of party purposes, has afforded them cover for the silence; and the national attention has been diverted to the sad fate of the Duke of ALBANY. But these are merely distracting and temporary influences; they have no real effect upon the situation; the Arabs of the Soudan are entirely insensible to them, and it is upon the Arabs of the Soudan, among other simple and elementary forces, that the course of events depends. Such forces, however, being facts, and the Government having made up its mind to have nothing to do with facts in its Egyptian policy, it ignores them altogether. The inexplicable Souakim expedition, which did not rescue the garrisons of Sinkat and Tokar, for the excellent reason that one had been massacred before it started, and the other had capitulated before it arrived; which did not defend Souakim, because Souakim was not attacked; but which did go forth seeking for adventures, and which did kill and wound from five to ten thousand Arabs, and lose in killed and wounded from four to six hundred Englishmen—according to public announcement accomplished its purpose last week. What it accomplished, except that the sending of it saved Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, no one knows or can say. But that it did not accomplish the pacification of the triangle between Souakim, Berber, and Kassala is quite certain. The natives, it is said quaintly, are "much dis-"satisfied" at the withdrawal of the troops; and no wonder. For, although the said troops are not quite withdrawn, yet the irrepressible OSMAN DIGNA, oblivious of the fact that by the rules of war and for the convenience of Mr. GLADSTONE he ought to be crushed, has already reappeared and begun to harass the friendly tribes. The entire worthlessness of the purely Egyptian force which it was stated was to open the Berber route has been once more shown—if, indeed, the showing was needed—by the rout of General GORDON'S Egyptians at Khartoum. No doubt a proper force at Souakim can hold Souakim—that could have been done when OSMAN DIGNA'S power was at its strongest by the ships and crews of Sir WILLIAM HEWETT'S squadron. But that every other result, if there is any result, of the expedition will be lost by withdrawal or reduction of the force to a mere garrison, that the English blood spilt might in that case as well have been poured into the sea, is a positive and certain fact. No good effect has been produced in Egypt proper by this spasmodic series of operations, for the Egyptians do not believe that the English have won, and, seeing them return, will be confirmed in the idea that they have lost. No good worth mentioning has been done on the spot, for the road is not open, the garrisons were not rescued, and OSMAN DIGNA'S spirit is not subdued. No good, and worse than no good, has been done at Khartoum, for the tribes whom this action at a distance has failed to overawe can only be encouraged by its sudden, and to their view, as to that of all reasonable men, untimely and futile cessation.

But even the bungling and blundering at Souakim is less surprising than the inaction in reference to General GORDON, culminating in the shocking statements of Thursday. After long silence, repeated despatches have reached England from Khartoum during the past week. It is known that in a sortie from the city the Egyptian troops—partly, no doubt, owing to the treachery of their leaders, but more owing to their hopeless incapacity for fighting—were put to flight by a mere handful of Arab cavalry and camelry, and were then pursued and sabred at leisure, exactly after the fashion of the first battle of Teb, and not improbably after the fashion of the battle of Kashgil. The only Englishman in Khartoum whose tongue is not tied by official reticence sends repeated declarations of the necessity (and the expectation on the part of General GORDON) of English help. He is "daily expecting English troops"; he "evidently "believes English troops are on their way"; the "only "hope" of the town "is in English troops." And there are no English troops on their way, and the Government is entirely careless of General GORDON (who can, in Mr. GLADSTONE'S very words, "withdraw when he thinks "proper"), and Radical journalists write columns on columns about a trumpery Franchise Bill, and pass over the situation of Khartoum in silence. It is by no means necessary to have shared the foolish enthusiasm of some persons as to General GORDON'S mission; it is by no means necessary even to have regarded with approval that mission in itself, in order to feel and see the deep damnation which must rest on any Ministry which, after sending out a plenipotentiary, and after deliberately refusing the one method of action which he had to propose if likely to avoid the necessity of supporting him with troops, now refuses or neglects to send those troops. The whole policy of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government appears to be one of "to be"—of curious experimentalizing. They seem to reject the

idea of furnishing General Gordon with the arm of flesh as a sort of unsportsmanlike device calculated to interfere with the interest of his unparalleled undertaking. The time-worn legend of the apoplectic sufferer on the steps of Burton finds itself curiously renewed in this instance. Yet the Government, putting the honour of England out of the question as irrelevant, owes something to General Gordon. Not wicked jibing Tories, but pure-minded Radicals, have said that, whether or not he saved Khartoum, he certainly saved, if only for a time, Mr. Gladstone's Ministry. It may perhaps be added that as gratitude, especially political gratitude, is for favours to come, their gratitude should certainly lead them to prevent his dying. If Khartoum were to follow Sinkat it might be difficult even for the present majority to vote that the result was not due to the vacillation of the Government. Yet up to the middle of the present week nothing, absolutely nothing, had been done; and nothing, it is now said, is to be done. No troops were on their way, the officers and the money which had been sent were stopped at Assouan, the retirement of General Graham's expedition to Souakim had left the coast route once more at the mercy of Osman Digna, the Mahdi had treated General Gordon's offers of Sultanship with contumely, the resistance of the up-country garrisons was reported as constantly diminishing, the worthlessness of the Khartoum garrison had been proved to demonstration. But, on the other hand, there was much prospect that Mr. Gladstone's majority would be staunch on the Franchise Bill, and Mr. Gladstone himself had good hope of the introduction before Easter of Sir William Harcourt's scheme for un-Torifying the Corporation of London. Therefore all was well. As for Egypt, it is, on Mr. Gladstone's written authority to the Workmen's Peace Association, "of the "greatest importance to remember that the covenants "under which this country has been acting in Egypt were "not made by the present Government." If this has any meaning at all, it means that the late Government compelled Mr. Gladstone to send General Graham wool-gathering to Tamanieb, and to summon him home without wool, that it forced Mr. Gladstone to make General Gordon Governor-General of the Soudan, and then to refuse him alike permission to settle the country without force and troops to settle it with force. For these are the matters of present importance, and to connect them with Dual Controls, or anything of that sort, is as sensible as to connect them with the original misconduct of Eve. There is much to be said, no doubt, on the whole subject of the relation of England to Egypt. But, in face of General Graham at Souakim, of General Gordon at Khartoum, and of Mr. Clifford Lloyd clearing the Egyptian prisons without leave asked of Khedive or Minister, the nature of that relation is for the time being unquestionable. England has for the moment taken Egypt as completely under her charge as she has taken any Crown Colony. It is the manner of this taking in charge that is the immediate subject of criticism, and it is safe to say that the series of alternate wilful inaction and blundering action which that manner displays is almost unparalleled in history.

MR. PELL'S RESOLUTION.

FOR the second or third time a Liberal Government has been defeated on the difficult question of readjustment in the incidence of local taxation. Sir Massey Lopes carried by a majority of a hundred against Mr. Gladstone's former Administration a motion to the effect that occupiers of real property ought to be relieved of the whole or part of their exclusive burdens. Since that time considerable subventions have been furnished in aid of rates by the transference of certain charges to the Treasury; but, at the same time, the demands on the ratepayer have been augmented, especially by the increase of the charge for elementary education. More than half of the rates is levied in towns; but rural contributors have been more sensitive and more clamorous for relief. Mr. Pell, who proposed and carried the latest Resolution on the subject, more especially represents the landed interest, including the tenant-farmers. Whatever may be the ultimate incidence of local taxation, the agricultural occupier bears the burden of increased rates in the first instance; and he contrasts his own liability with the comparative exemption of neighbours who may perhaps be richer than himself, though the sources of their income are less visible and tangible. Mr. Gladstone has sometimes vainly attempted to remove the dissatisfaction of the farmers by assuming that the rates were ultimately paid by the landlord, who could, as he assumed, in no case be entitled to favour or to justice. The county members, who in this matter represent the unanimous opinion of their constituents, have nevertheless persisted in their demand; and Mr. Pell has had the satisfaction of proving to the Government that in many instances even the ties of party allegiance are less stringent than the obligation of doing justice to a powerful class. Indignant ratepayers were not satisfied with the answers that subventions are, for some mysterious reason, inexpedient and objectionable.

Many plausible arguments are adduced to show that every district ought, as far as possible, to meet the outlay which attends the management of its own affairs. The abstract term of decentralization is at present constantly used by Liberal politicians; and many questionable commonplaces illustrate the supposed advantage of municipal experience as a preparation for political activity. Without entering into theoretical refinements, Mr. Pell and his supporters reply that real property pays more than its share of the rates, and that the inequality ought to be removed. If justice can only be done by subventions, they see no reason why State contribution should not be extended. The alternative remedy of taxing personalty has been found impracticable. Stock in trade was made liable to the Poor-rate by the original Act of Elizabeth, but it has never been actually taxed. A similar exemption of movable property has been created in spite of the plain words of an Act of Parliament in the case of the Land-tax, which was imposed equally on personalty and on real property. The financial reformers who from time to time demand that the tax shall be levied on the present value of land, ought in consistency to discover some method of reaching other forms of wealth. Subventions, as they are called, effect, as far as they extend, the object of approximate equality of burdens. Under the modern financial system every increase in the national expenditure is practically met by the Income-tax. It would be impossible as long as the secrecy of the returns is maintained to appropriate to local purposes a percentage of the Income-tax accruing within the district. A contribution from the public revenue produces the same result.

The discontented ratepayers can scarcely be expected to accept as satisfactory Ministerial assurances that local and general taxation cannot be readjusted until a novel scheme of provincial government has been approved by Parliament and established throughout the country. The farmers, even if they cared for the institution of local parliaments, are perfectly aware that their burdens would not be reduced by any conceivable system of administration. As long as they remain chargeable with expenses which, in their judgment, ought to be borne by the general community they will continue to demand relief. The more sagacious of their number probably foresee that rural municipalities are likely to spend money much more freely than Boards of Guardians, Highway Boards, or magistrates in Quarter Sessions. The modern nostrum of household suffrage as the basis of executive and legislative power tends in all cases to divorce taxation from representation. One of the advocates of the proposed measure lately announced, with much complacency, that it would provide farm-labourers with an education qualifying them afterwards to exercise a judgment in political affairs. Farmers and landlords may be excused for regarding with suspicious dislike the prospect of being taxed by those who will themselves contribute little or nothing to the local revenue. Subventions will be something definite and probably permanent, whether they are given according to existing precedents, or take the shape of an assignment to the local body of the house-tax or some other impost now levied by benefit of the Treasury. It is not difficult to understand the motives which induce Ministers to make pecuniary aid to ratepayers conditional on the newfangled provincial constitution. In this, as in other instances, they are anxious to devise changes which may tend to keep themselves in office; and, as it happens that no part of the community takes any interest in projects of decentralization, the Government invites agitation, and offers its possible promoters a bribe. It is doubtful whether the acceptance of a stone instead of bread would be afterwards rewarded by a subvention; and unless the boon can be reckoned in money, it will excite neither preliminary desire nor subsequent gratitude.

Sir Charles Dilke took occasion to explain for the information of the House and the country the ambitious

scheme which is to be introduced when the Franchise Bill and the London Municipal Bill have been passed. The details of the measure were of course not fully stated; but its character may be generally understood. It would seem that rural and urban districts are to be organized on one uniform plan, with an elaborate machinery of District Boards and County Boards, possessing large attributes, which are not yet fully defined. The object and the probable effect of the new constitution will be, as in all other measures promoted by the present Government, to exclude the upper classes of the community from public life. Mr. RATHBONE, indeed, who is not in the habit of talking cant, approved of Sir CHARLES DILKE'S plan on the express ground that it would tend to an opposite result. As he justly remarked, it would be a misfortune that the leisurely and wealthy part of the rural community should abstain from taking part in local administration; but, by some strange process of reasoning, he had persuaded himself that popular suffrage would replace in power the very persons whom Sir CHARLES DILKE proposes to deprive of their position and their functions. The country gentlemen in their character of justices form a part of every Board of Guardians, and in Quarter Sessions they levy and expend the part of the county rate which is not appropriated by law. There is no reason to expect that the most competent among them will be elected by household suffrage; nor, indeed, is it likely that they will expose themselves to the annoyance of canvassing for votes. Mr. C. S. READ suggested that two-thirds of the County Board should be nominated by the Boards of Guardians, and that the remaining third should consist of justices chosen by their fellows. Such a body would be preferable to Sir CHARLES DILKE'S elected assembly; and the magistrates would, if Mr. READ'S plan were accepted, have no excessive power. It is found in practice that ex-officio Guardians are out-voted whenever there is a conflict of interests between owners and occupiers, and also when patronage has to be exercised. It may be admitted that any Board which may be formed must contain an elective element.

Even the fanatical admirers of the supremacy of numbers might hesitate to apply this principle to local taxation and administration. In the great American cities, and especially in New York, the owners of property and the respectable classes from time to time vainly protest against the control over their property which is vested in the lower part of the population, and especially in the Irish. Professing with suspicious persistence their devotion to universal suffrage in State affairs and in the government of the Union, they faintly suggest that those who pay the rates ought to have some voice in determining their amount and application. London may, perhaps, when its local taxation has under the new Municipality been multiplied threefold, sympathize with New York; and in some parts of the country Sir CHARLES DILKE'S constitution may have a similar operation. The Government follows at a distance the policy of restless innovation which found its most conspicuous illustration during the early years of the French Revolution. It is true that Mr. GLADSTONE has not yet renamed the calendar months, or altered weights and measures into a fanciful symmetry under an unfamiliar nomenclature; but he and his colleagues regard with dislike the ancient City dignities, and they are impatient to make counties conform to the model of corporate towns. They refuse relief to classes which complain of unjust taxation until the malcontents can be persuaded to ask for administrative changes which they at present regard with utter indifference. The Ministry have probably by this time discovered that the Ground Game Act and the Agricultural Holdings Act are regarded by the farmers as mere equivalents for the vote which some of them gave at the last General Election. Having now returned to their customary allegiance, they are not to be bought by promises of a Bill for establishing rural municipalities.

Mr. PELL is fully justified in proposing a censure on the Government on account of the refusal to give effect to the Resolution of the House of Commons. Mr. GLADSTONE'S answer to his first remonstrance was almost insulting in its transparent sophistry. When the House has resolved that immediate relief ought to be afforded to the ratepayers, it is idle to pretend that the redress of the grievance must be contingent on the progress of business and on the enactment of the County Government Bill. The same issue had been raised in the debate; and the vote of the House implied that the readjustment of local and general taxation ought to precede the measure on local administration. The Ministers are estopped by a factious proceeding of their own from disputing the conclusive force of a Resolution of the House of Commons. Last year, when an unscrupulous majority had condemned the Contagious Diseases Act, the Government, with full knowledge of the disastrous tendency of their policy, at once suspended the operation of the law. In that case a Resolution of the House was treated as if it had been a repeal of an Act of Parliament. There is no law which prevents the introduction of a Bill to increase the national subvention to the rates. It is perhaps not surprising that Mr. GLADSTONE should refuse to afford facilities for a discussion of his paradoxical conduct. He is probably not anxious to impose on Liberal county members the necessity of choosing between their constituents and their party. For any delay which may affect the business of the House Mr. GLADSTONE is responsible.

THE FRANCHISE BILL.

IF the debate on the Franchise Bill was delayed or shortened by the time bestowed on Thursday upon the really important business of the nation, it can only be said, in a Scotticism familiar to readers of Sir WALTER, that there has been "mair tint" on a good many other occasions. How little there is to be said for the new invasion of the barbarians may be seen, better perhaps than in the debate, in Sir CHARLES DILKE'S extra-Parliamentary speech of Wednesday. Sir CHARLES DILKE is a very clever man; and, except when, as in answering Parliamentary questions, it is his business to be stupid, he rarely opens his mouth without saying at least something worth attention. Wednesday was one of the exceptions; and the fact ought in fairness to be charged to the subject, not to the speaker. When a man like Sir CHARLES DILKE can do nothing but fall back on the silly "other "side of the street" argument, it is pretty clear that his game is logically speaking hopeless. No one knows better than the PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD that this argument is as against his opponents a complete *ignoratio elenchi*. They do not say that the present system, or the system before 1867, or the system before 1832, gives or gave a vote to everybody who ought to have it, and withholds it from everybody who ought not. They do not say that either of these systems is or was free from anomaly. What they say is, that there is no such a thing as individual right to the franchise at all; that if the two indiscernibles whose existence LEIBNITZ denied, existed, the enfranchisement of the one would give the other no claim whatever; and that the whole end and object of the electoral system is simply to get a good working representation of the whole nation into St. Stephen's, not to get the whole nation itself boxed up periodically in deal stalls with a pencil and a voting-paper. When Sir CHARLES DILKE, or any one else, meets this argument, it may be admitted that there is something to be said for a Franchise Bill, but not before.

The all-pervading fallacy which has just been noticed was shown, as was to be expected, evidently enough in the debate itself. It may seem strange (if anything could be strange in politics) that a man like Mr. FORSTER should orate and perorate about the "continuation of an injustice" ignoring the previous and really important question whether any injustice exists. It may seem stranger that any one who has good reason to remember the Kilmainham Treaty should be sanguine about the "patriotism of states-"men," and certain that statesmen would not "postpone "the public interests to the behests of a small minority." But Mr. FORSTER, like all honest Radicals, without exception, is the slave of a certain number of commonplaces, and hugs his chains. This Radical may discard that commonplace, and that Radical may discard this; but the badge of the whole tribe is the passionate retention of those which are not discarded, and the refusal to let reason, experience, or anything else, interfere with them. Reason shows that the injustice of allowing A. to vote and not allowing B. is a figment of the brain; experience shows that the patriotism of statesmen is the rottenest of all rotten reeds that grow by the muddy river of self-interest. But Mr. FORSTER is quite content to disregard both. The comparison of such a speech as that of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH with such a speech as Mr. FORSTER'S brings out with startling clearness the difference between two orders of politicians. Sir MICHAEL, like all reasonable people, is perfectly prepared for a moderate and proportional extension of the franchise so as

to keep up that representation of the whole people which, as has been said above, is the logical cause and end of the franchise system. But also, like all reasonable people who have no private ends to serve, he does not think it necessary to flood the constituencies, instead of refreshing them. The woful dearth of argument on the Government side could indeed hardly have been better illustrated than by the joy of the Government organs over the speech of Mr. Charles Russell. Mr. Charles Russell is a professional advocate, and excellent in his profession, and it must go hard with a professional advocate if he cannot find something in the nature of an argument to back his side with. But, if Mr. Charles Russell were to produce in Court such an argument as his battle-horse of Monday, it is to be feared that the presiding judge would scarcely feel it necessary to call on Mr. Charles Russell's learned friend on the other side for a reply. Mr. Russell has discovered that the present and proposed over-representation of Ireland is quite proportional and reasonable if the metropolis be left out of the question. That is to say, if the capital of England, with four millions or so of inhabitants, be for the sake of argument supposed not to exist, then the rest of England has about enough members. The gratitude which Mr. Russell's friends seem to feel towards him for this remarkable contention may certainly be shared by his foes. Or, again, let the speeches be examined of the member for Stoke and the member for Newcastle, the most extraordinary pair of yoke-fellows that Parliament has recently seen. To Mr. Broadhurst and to Mr. John Morley the proposed Reform Bill appears admirable and delightful, because it may possibly result in the disfranchisement of the Universities. It would be a pardonable weakness in Mr. Broadhurst to be jealous of institutions the benefits of which by his misfortune, not his fault, he has not experienced. But, though it is decreed that Universities more than other things shall find foes in their own households, it is somewhat surprising to find Mr. Morley in the same tale. Whether these two distinguished Radicals and oddly-conjoined partners are irritated by the accomplishments or by the Toryism of the Universities does not very clearly appear, but it seems, on the whole, to be their opinion that scholarship and Toryism are generally found together. This opinion there is no present occasion to combat; but what is most noteworthy is the ingenuous confession in these, as in most other speeches on the same side, that the Bill is welcome because it will or may swamp one form of political belief. No enemy who wished to expose the purely partisan character of the Bill could do so more effectually than these its defenders. To pass from such utterances to the speech by which Mr. Plunket extorted expressions of admiration from the supporters of the Bill is to pass at once from party to patriotism. It is tolerably certain that those who follow Mr. Plunket on the other side will pay him the yet higher compliment of omitting to answer his arguments.

No better general review of the weakness of the Government position could be given than was given by Sir Robert Peel in the lively and forcible speech which reminded the House of Commons of days in which it was not thought the chief requisite of a Parliament man that he should speak dully for one side and vote vigorously for the other. But Sir Robert, if only from the place he occupied in the order of speakers, could not enforce, as he could have done had he spoken later, one singular consideration which is suggested by the Government orations. Every Government speaker has announced his firm and cheerful intention to vote against Lord John Manners's Amendment, which deprecates enfranchisement without a clear understanding of its results in the shape of redistribution. Nearly all Government speakers, except members of the Government and Irish advocates, have taken occasion to express their more or less decided disapproval of the shape which, as foreshadowed by Mr. Gladstone's speech, redistribution is to take. That is to say, as is now usual with the partisans of the present Ministry, these gentlemen have argued for Lord John Manners and intend to vote against him. Mr. Forster, Mr. Sellar, and Mr. Grey added their voices in this sense to an already respectable number of utterances in the same sense last week. This may, indeed, or rather will have but little influence on the division; but it has all the influence in the world on the argument; and it must immensely strengthen the hands of the Upper House when it comes to deal with the Bill. It is on record that, while the Government is tied to no scheme of redistribution by the present measure, the scheme which its leader has suggested is thought unreasonable, dangerous, and unjust by its own most disinterested and therefore most important supporters. In such a case it is certainly the duty of those whom it concerns to see that the State takes no damage. It was the habit formerly of kings bankrupt in money to debase the coin, and it seems to be the habit of Ministers bankrupt in reputation to debase the franchise. Against the consequences of this some better security than Mr. Forster's patriotism of statesmen and Mr. Broadhurst's unselfishness of artisans may be reasonably asked for.

THE WEDNESDAY JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

With a respect for tradition not unworthy of the most important part of the mother of Parliaments, the House of Commons devoted last Wednesday to the Sunday Closing Bill of this Session. There is now no Session without its Sunday Closing Bill. These forerunners of the new slavery predicted by Mr. Herbert Spencer are become an established institution. They appear Session after Session, with some differences of detail, but an essential similarity. Sometimes we have the thin end of the wedge in the shape of a local Bill for Durham or Cornwall, and sometimes we have the wedge in its full dimensions. There is little variety in the history of these pious Bills. For some years past it has been their fate to appear, to be argued for and against in exactly the same terms. Mr. Stevenson's Sale of Intoxicating Liquors on Sundays Bill—the last as yet of an unfortunate race—is the whole wedge, and has run the usual course. Its proposer recommended it in the usual style. He took for granted that the object was good, and also that it could be obtained, and devoted his speech chiefly to insisting on the one vital fact that a great number of people wished for it. Then he was seconded by Mr. Burt, who repeated the same proposition. Then the stock arguments for and against were produced in due Parliamentary see-saw; and Sir W. Vernon Harcourt said for the tenth time that the thing should be so because the people wished it—or, rather, wherever the people wished it—and also casually pointed out that the Conservatives were very obstructive, and even rejoiced in their iniquity. Finally, Mr. Warton—a just man, and tenacious of his proposition—talked the Bill out, amid cries of "Divide!" "Divide!" "That job is done," said the wicked boatswain in Captain Marryat's story, when he had completely cut the throat of the last of the French prisoners. That job is done, the House of Commons may have thankfully said on Wednesday, when, having paid its due tribute to what Mr. Carlyle was in the habit of calling contemporary stupor, it went off hungry to dinner.

By far the most delightful thing about these debates is the use of statistics on both sides. Successive speakers made the most contradictory assertions about the same things, and supported them by figures of equal plausibility. Mr. Stevenson says that Sunday closing has promoted temperance in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; but he does not think that the fall in the number of arrests is of much account. People can get drunk at home, only he is quite sure they do not. Mr. Burt, for his part, supports the movement because the diminution in charges for drunkenness on the Sunday convinces him that closing the public-houses does make people more temperate. Then comes Lord A. Percy, and shows, figures in hand, that the number of Scotchmen "run in" for being drunk on the Sabbath increased by six hundred and fifty-four between 1879 and 1882. Who shall decide when these doctors disagree? Yet it does appear to the mere outsider as if it would be perfectly possible to arrive at some sort of decision by a judicious use of statistics which are within the reach of everybody. There is no doubt whatever that the consumption of alcohol has diminished within the last few years. The Chancellor of the Exchequer knows it, and so does the Income-tax payer. Now it must surely be possible, and even easy, for any one who has mastered the first four rules of arithmetic to find out whether the fall in the amount of strong drink consumed has been greatest where Sunday Closing Bills are in force. If it is so, that will not be enough by itself to make such measures acceptable; but the faddists are entitled to make the most of it. If, on the other hand, the increase in sobriety is greatest in England—which is possible—or even pretty equally divided among the three kingdoms—which is most probable—the necessity for Sunday Closing

Bills may be considered as disproved. Nothing, however, would be more rash than to suppose that we should be rid of Sunday Closing Bills because they had been shown to be useless for their avowed purpose. As the column and a half of the *Times* filled with the list of petitions in favour of Mr. STEVENSON's measure shows, there is a strong feeling in support of this kind of legislation in the country. The value of the petitions is subject to a considerable discount. It is, to use a vulgar phrase, which must be odious to the soul of the temperance party, as easy as drink to secure signatures to petitions. A smart tout can make any number for himself; but even when they are genuine, they do not necessarily mean much. Thousands of workmen who get their pot of beer from the public on Sunday will sign to please the civil-spoken gentleman who asks them, and who may put a job in their way. Then our friend the *bonâ fide* traveller accounts for a good deal. A Sunday morning trip of four miles or so from London will explain why. There are scores of taverns at about that distance which are the head-quarters of a mob on that day of the week all the year round. Of course the mob drinks and shouts and swears. It has a female camp following which also drinks and shouts and swears, and staggers about with babies in arms very hot and draggletail. All this is an unmixed nuisance to all the neighbourhood except the publican. Moreover, it is by no means peculiar to London, but extends to every considerable town in England. The residents who heartily object to being invaded by a noisy rabble once a week are of course ready to sign petitions in favour of Sunday closing. They never stop to think that the measure which would rid them of those odious intruders would be a serious evil to thousands of honest and sober people.

These Bills are only one of the many forms of a kind of legislation which is terribly common in our time. To punish the many just as an experimont to see whether you cannot amend the few is the sign of an advanced and philanthropical law-maker in this generation. Because some 17,000 brutes become drunk and disorderly on a Sunday, it seems right to a large party now to impose disabilities on three or four millions who neither become drunk nor disorderly. It is the great misfortune of Parliament that it seems to have an ideal slum in Whitechapel before its eyes whenever it is called upon to legislate upon any matter which can be supposed to concern the poor. Members would save themselves from talking a great deal of nonsense, and from occasionally doing a good deal of mischief, if they would take the trouble to learn that slums and dwellers in slums form a small minority. The greater part of London and of other large towns is occupied by the "poor" who are not in rags and who do not pig ten in a room. These people may be wanting in refinement, they sing music-hall songs when they feel merry, and have many habits irritating to the nerves of better educated persons. At the same time they have a standard of respectability of their own. Whatever may be the case in the North, it is a well-known fact that in the South of England these people are drinkers of beer to a considerable, but not immoderate, extent. Mr. STEVENSON's Bill would impose a disability on the whole of them, because a few black sheep among them ruin themselves by indulgence as it would be equally in their power to do if his proposed measure became law. The details of these Bills are matters of comparatively little importance—if only for the reason that they could never be enforced in London. The really essential thing about them is that they are the most plausible among a host of measures now brought forward which would have the effect, supposing that they could be thoroughly carried out, of putting the weak and cowardly and indolent part of mankind on a level with their superiors. No legislation could possibly lead to a result which is contrary to the laws of nature; but it is quite within the bounds of probability that the attempt may have the effect of hampering the more deserving for the sake of the less. Quite apart from their folly as practical measures, the whole class of faddist Bills are morally detestable.

ITALY AND THE POPE.

THE report that the POPE had communicated to the Emperor of AUSTRIA his intention of leaving Rome appears to have been unfounded; but it is not denied that he referred to the subject in a formal address to the Cardinals. In the printed version of his speech the announcement is omitted, but the abrupt termination of the document indicates a significant erasure. It is not surprising that the POPE's equanimity should have been disturbed by a late proceeding of the Italian Parliament. During two or three years which have elapsed since the riotous interference with the removal of the remains of PIUS IX., the chronic antagonism of the two Courts on the opposite banks of the Tiber has not found open expression. It is impossible that, as long as he occupies the Vatican, the POPE should be on friendly terms with the King of ITALY; but in ordinary times they contrive to avoid an open rupture. One singular result of an anomalous arrangement is that Catholic princes are prevented from accepting King HUMBERT's hospitality. The Crown Prince of GERMANY was able as a Protestant both to visit the KING and to have a ceremonious interview with the POPE; but the anomaly seems to have been excused by the invincible ignorance of heretics. A short time since one of the Bavarian princes, with his wife, who is an Austrian Archduchess, excused themselves from fulfilling an engagement to visit the KING because they had been warned that they would not be afterwards received by the POPE. For the same reason the Emperor of AUSTRIA has down to the present time not returned King HUMBERT's visit to Vienna. Though LEO XIII. is believed to be a sensible man of the world, he may possibly derive satisfaction from the opportunity of proving that his social authority has survived his territorial sovereignty. On the other hand, his unfriendly demonstrations are from time to time encountered by more serious encroachments and rebuffs.

It appears that ecclesiastical property not absolutely appropriated by the State is, in consequence of modern legislation, invested in the Italian funds. The rule has recently been applied to the property of the Propaganda to the amount of 400,000*l*. The whole amount is in the nature of a trust fund, having been received from the contributions of the faithful, to be applied by the Congregation of the Propaganda to missionary purposes. The Italian Parliament, while it makes no claim to the possession of the capital sum, has, without the sanction of the POPE, converted the whole amount into Italian stock. If the operation was effected at the market price, the Congregation and those who have contributed to the funds in dispute suffer no immediate loss; but the commutation was, as the Parliament well knew, in the highest degree unpalatable to the Church authorities, who are probably not confident in the financial soundness of the Italian Government. They may also regard with reasonable solicitude the right of interference asserted by the State, and the facility with which at some future time funded property might be sequestered or confiscated. The Papal organs contend, with some plausibility, that the Congregation of the Propaganda is a trustee, not for any section of Italian subjects, but for the Catholic community throughout the world. There is a distinction between local endowments and subscriptions for exclusively ecclesiastical purposes. The Italian Parliament itself has hitherto abstained from meddling with the revenue which arises from the collection of Peter's pence. Unfortunately for the POPE, his protest, however reasonable, is useless against an adversary who has absolute control of the subject matter in dispute. The change which has taken place since the Holy See was deprived of its secular authority is forcibly illustrated by its present helplessness. No European Government will intervene on behalf of its Catholic subjects who may be interested in the affairs of the Propaganda. Indignant remonstrances, though they may be conveyed in the choicest ecclesiastical Latin, are useless when they are no longer backed by force.

The Roman Court was never credulous enough to believe Liberals and Protestants when they assured it that the spiritual power would derive fresh vigour from dissociation with temporal government. The POPE has lost more in his spiritual capacity since the occupation of his dominions by Italian troops than in many previous centuries. Much of the authority which he still retains is connected with the shadow of past royalty, which has hitherto been protected by treaties and by the survival of moribund traditions. If it is true that the POPE has thought of seeking another refuge, he will do well to take warning from recent experience. He is still master of the Vatican, and ambassadors are accredited to his Court. If he were unwise enough to leave Rome, he could evidently no longer live in Italy; and as an exile in a foreign country he would be a dependent and almost a private person. Even if it were for his own interest to seek a foreign asylum, he would regret the

great relief which his departure would cause to his rival. The King of ITALY, who is still vexed by a divided supremacy in his own capital, would take care that the door was finally closed against the POPE's return. In his latest allocution, as in many similar declarations issued by himself and his predecessor, LEO XIII. demonstrates with force and pathos the loss which he has suffered by the abolition of his secular sovereignty, or, in the translator's odd version, of his principality. It seems impossible that even a Pope can still persuade himself that it is possible to recover his former dominions.

Any threat of leaving Rome would be addressed to deaf ears; nor would Catholic Governments be anxious to receive an embarrassing guest. The hospitality which LOUIS XIV. extended to JAMES II. at St. Germains would not now be repeated, even in favour of a dethroned king; and the STUARTS, though they were sometimes troublesome inmates, had no means of interfering in French politics. It is possible that Austria might receive the fugitive Pontiff. His presence would certainly not be welcome in Spain. The Catholic States of Southern Germany are a part of the Empire which is not especially favourable to ecclesiastical pretensions. French territory is of course inaccessible; and consequently on the whole continent of Europe there seems, if the Vatican is abandoned, to be no available residence except Austria. It is probably on this ground that busy newsmongers circulated the rumour of an indirect application to the Court of Vienna. If the proposal had really been made, though it might possibly have been accepted, it would not have been cordially received. There might formerly have been some competition among Catholic potentates for the opportunity of exercising the influence of a protector over Papal policy; but the Holy See has in the present day little means of promoting the interests of any favoured State. The alliance on which Austria principally relies is that of a Power which is essentially, though not exclusively, Protestant. It is not surprising that, on consideration of so many objections to any continental residence, amateur advisers should recommend to the POPE the choice of an insular refuge. It is assumed that the indiscriminate hospitality of the English Government and nation would not be withheld from the most unexpected guest.

If the island were at the disposal of the first comer, it cannot be disputed that Malta offers many attractions. The climate suits Italian constitutions; there are no resident princes to compete in dignity with the Head of the Church; and the native population is devoted to the Roman Catholic faith with primitive and almost pagan devotion. In no part of the world is the priesthood more numerous and more sympathetic with popular prejudice. If the POPE were compelled to leave Rome, and if he were at liberty to choose his residence, he would almost certainly settle at Malta under the protection of the most tolerant of Governments. If the contingency occurs, it may be hoped that no English Government will for a moment entertain any application of the kind. Though Malta is of small extent, it is a military and naval station of the first importance; and the civil and military representatives of the Crown ought to have no rivals in rank or power. It is not impossible that the defensibility of the great fortress might in some cases, and to a certain extent, depend on the loyalty of the population. For many years after the occupation of the island the inhabitants were strongly attached to the English Government; but, in consequence of the mistakes of well-meaning Colonial Ministers, there has since been some alienation. As it was impossible to employ the indigenous Arabic, the use of Italian instead of English was unwisely encouraged, with the result of increasing the influence of the priesthood. At a later time the establishment of an Anglican bishopric offended the clergy so far that they withdrew in great measure from social intercourse with the English officials and residents. If the POPE were resident in Malta, the priests would teach the population to regard him as their sovereign, and to prefer his interests to those of a schismatic Government. Experience has shown that little advantage is to be derived even from the sincere good will of the POPE. The Irish, who have lately complained of his interference in political affairs, would on plausible grounds repudiate his authority if they could represent him as a dependent on English hospitality.

A GOSSIP'S APOLOGY.

NO one, except perhaps Lord LONSDALE, is much to be congratulated on the result of the LONSDALE libel case. Mr. YATES, the editor of the *World*, has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment, and has also received the vials of the wrath of Lord COLERIDGE. No man can enjoy being scolded, and Mr. YATES may remember the negro who objected to preaching and flogging when inflicted simultaneously. The law's delays may do something for Mr. YATES, but his sentence will not put down the kind of journalism which he revived in England. Perhaps editors and ladies of the highest rank (who now write false slanders for a few shillings) will be a little more cautious, that is all. Lord COLERIDGE, again, can scarcely be felicitated on his speech, or lecture, or sermon, or address, or whatever the oration in which he pronounced sentence is to be called. If the eloquent PRESIDENT of the ROYAL ACADEMY had ever been obliged to utter doom on a malefactor in public, he might have spoken more or less in the style of Lord COLERIDGE. He might have remembered to talk about the *Areopagitica* and the free air of England. Happily, Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON has only to speak on pleasant occasions, when a little rhetoric and literary flourish are perfectly in keeping. They are not so well in keeping on occasions like that which Lord COLERIDGE has recently "improved."

If neither the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE nor Mr. YATES has been fortunate, what shall we say for the *Pall Mall Gazette*? That journal has been, as Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD says of the modern spirit, "on many thousand "lines." It gave up a somewhat acrid Socialism when Mr. GEORGE appeared in England, and started as a kind of society journal, *minus* society. Interviews with archbishops, with pedestrians, with sculptors of accidental notoriety, now adorn its columns. Perhaps, if archbishops and pedestrians like this kind of thing (and they seem to like it), no one has any right to throw stones at the *Pall Mall Gazette*. But a little grain of conscience makes that journal publish "A Plea for Tittle-Tattle." Lord COLERIDGE denounced the love of personalities which gives the *World*, he says, a large circulation, though somehow, the print at the same time only appeals to "a small minority of a privileged "class." If curiosity about "attenuated personalities" be a mean miserable passion, then to a mean miserable passion people who publish personalities are catering. The apology is that curiosity about personal details is neither miserable nor mean. This apology is not set forth with much heartiness or consistency. The writer declares that "served him right "is the popular verdict" on Mr. YATES, and that the public would like to hear "deep calling unto deep, HENRY to "EDMUND" (as Mr. ARNOLD puts it) from adjacent dungeons. Almost the next remark is that "every one must sympa- "thize with Mr. YATES in his solitary cell" (where, by the way, Mr. YATES is not yet). If every one says, "Serve "him right," why must every one sympathize with him?

The *Pall Mall's* own defence of its tattle is that neither foolish vanity nor abject curiosity impels people to want to know all about the "heroes of the hour." Is the curiosity abject or not which feeds on the *Pall Mall's* paragraphs as to Mr. LAWES drinking hot soup out of a jug, or concerning Mr. VERHEYDEN and his wife, who very wisely sent "our representative" about his business? Not caring personally whether Mr. WESTON has corns, as the *Pall Mall* cares, or whether Mr. LAWES absorbs soup without using a spoon, we confess that the inquisitiveness which does revel in such details appears to us undignified. We are not mollified even by a sketch of an image of the late Duke of ALBANY'S child, "The Royal Orphan." These things are matters of taste, and perhaps need no apology. It is not a sin or a crime to advertise one sculptor, and tell us how another drinks soup. But the action, whatever its ethical value, is not justified by the fact that people talk gossip in society. They do not, at least, talk it to make money. They do not make it a profession to wait on archbishops and plaintiffs and pedestrians. To do so, we repeat, is no crime. To print a sketch of a Royal Orphan is not wicked. But will any one say that it is conduct which at once recommends itself to a man of delicacy? "Delicacy, where "have I heard that word?" said the conscience-smitten LEO ADOLESCENS; "it was before I wrote in that infernal "paper." LEO did not refer in this profane way to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which in those far-off years published no interviews nor Royal Orphans. And, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks that ANSELM would have rejoiced to see its

day, its own conscience ought to be like a sea at rest. Besides, there is always the plea of the man who kept the mongoose, and set it on to torture rats. "The "defendant alleged, as an excuse, that he was obliged "to give the rats to the animal in order to attract customers "to his shop." The *Pall Mall* also is "obliged to give "rats to the animal"—to that "great animal the public"—in order "to attract customers to its shop." That is the humour of it.

THE CINCINNATI RIOTS.

THIS week's telegrams from the United States report another sign of the undiminished vitality of one of the most typical of American institutions. An attempt to execute Lynch-law on a large scale has been made at Cincinnati. There is nothing particularly new in the story, except the extent of the disturbance. There have been abuses in the administration of justice, and they have produced some popular ill-feeling. Judges, lawyers, and juries have been suspected, more or less plausibly, of not doing their duty. It has become a general belief that criminals who happened to possess money were sure of impunity. We have no means of knowing, at present, how far this opinion is justified by the facts. The miscarriages of justice which are said to have aroused the indignation of the citizens of Cincinnati do not appear very gross when compared with the habitual practice of some European countries. A boy who confessed to having murdered his employer was only condemned for manslaughter, and an equally light sentence was passed on a negro who killed a whole family in order to sell their corpses to the doctors. If these are fair examples of the misdeeds of the Cincinnati law courts, they may be readily acquitted of doing worse than the judges and juries of Italy, Belgium, or France when it is in a humanitarian frame of mind. At the outside they have only been too lenient. Neither do cases of this sort give any evidence of corruption. The precocious office-boy and the negro who bettered the instruction of BURKE and HARE can scarcely have been persons in sufficiently affluent circumstances to give bribes. The people of Cincinnati were, however, justly of opinion that they should have been sent to the gallows. Probably there have been greater scandals than these; and at last an exceptionally bad murderer was allowed to escape his proper punishment. Then the patience of the more austere among the citizens came to an end. In the usual American way, they held an indignation meeting and passed resolutions. As a matter of course, this seemed tame to a portion of those present, and they proceeded, also in the usual American way, to lynch the offenders. That, at least, was their intention; but the force of police at the gaol was strong enough to make a fight, though not to suppress the riot at once. Then things followed their natural course. The mob was angered by an opposition which was not sufficiently strong to cow it, and grew very violent. Arms were procured, shots were fired, blood was spilt. The rioters were furious at the severe measures taken against the exercise of a traditional American privilege, and finally Cincinnati had to be occupied by a little army of militia, and two hundred or more persons killed and wounded before order was restored. The police were able to save the imprisoned murderers from murder at the hands of the populace, but Lynch-law was not wholly defeated. In the course of the disturbance the law courts, which were nowise responsible for the alleged miscarriages of justice committed in them, were burnt to the ground, and the interests of the whole community seriously damaged by the destruction of a number of important documents. By this wholesome clearance a heavy expense will be entailed on Cincinnati for the buildings which must be restored, and the offending lawyers will be supplied with abundance of remunerative work for some years to come. Such is the justice of the sovereign people when it sits as mob.

If the people of the United States are inclined to try and make the best of this ugly business, they can find quite enough in it to encourage them. It is certainly better to find a mob rioting in favour of the strict administration of the law rather than for the contrary motive. Then, too, the police, and, with the exception of one regiment, the militia, on whom the task of restoring order mainly fell, did their duty bravely, and were well supported by the law-abiding part of the citizens. Disorder of this sort does far less harm in the long run than the Jew-baiting which has been going on over half Europe during the last few years. But it is not to be believed that the citizens of the United States have lowered their standard to the level of Russia or Hungary. It will be left to the more unwise sort of their admirers in England to discover that lynching riots are admirable things in themselves. The Americans will be the last people in the world to approve the pretentious twaddle that street riots are "a "good sign of the healthy future of American demo-"cracy." Nothing is easier than to lead a crowd of angry men into violence in any part of the world and under any form of government. All that is required is a beginning, which may be a mere matter of accident, and the temporary absence of an armed force too strong to be resisted. Within the last few years we have seen street-fighting in Belgium, Italy, Russia, and at home in Lancashire. It is barely twelve months ago since the inhabitants of Hounslow rehearsed the Cincinnati disturbance on a small scale. What really is a proof of the healthy condition of society in the United States is that disturbances of any serious kind occur so seldom. Much of the country is thinly inhabited and newly settled. There has always been a section in which every man has had to trust mainly to his own courage to defend his life and property. The practice of carrying arms is indulged in to a dangerous extent. Adventurers and refugees from all the world find their way to the States, and yet, in the presence of all these elements and occasions for disorder, the State and Federal Governments are very ill armed. It may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that the peace could not be kept for forty eight hours in many of the most civilized parts of Europe if the police and the army were as weak as they are in the United States.

The events at Cincinnati are none the less calculated to make the people of the United States reflect seriously on the dangers which are beginning to threaten them. It has hitherto been their accepted principle that the force of their government is due to the spontaneous loyalty of the citizens. They have never found it necessary to supply the authorities with the large armed power which is indispensable in Europe. The prosperity of their country has been so great and so rapid that they have been able to persuade themselves that they would always escape the evils common to other nations. They have been so little governed that they have been able to endure abuses in administration which appear intolerable when they are described. It has long been obvious that this is a condition of things which could not possibly endure. As the country fills up and the cities grow in size, the business of administration becomes complicated to a degree unknown in the early days of the Republic. Already the mass of the citizens who were long content to let what little government they had misbehave at discretion in small matters, because they were well aware of their power to have their own way if they chose to exert it, are beginning to find that this careless good humour cannot be safely shown any longer. The riots at Cincinnati should be sufficient evidence of the folly of allowing abuses to go on unchecked till they become an excuse for disorder, and it ought by this time also to be tolerably plain to everybody in the United States that their Governments are not properly armed to deal with the elements of anarchy now collected in the great cities. The Cincinnati riots would have been stopped at once if the municipal authorities could have disposed of a few hundred armed men on an emergency, for as far as we can judge from the details received up to the present, the disturbance was almost accidental. A dense city population is always capable of becoming a mob, and may be set in action by well-meaning people with the best intentions, but the most fatal results. It is a matter of common experience that the well-meaning people lose their influence as soon as the first shot is fired. With the necessity of arming their Governments the citizens of the United States will find that there is associated the duty of watching the administration vigilantly. The old days of easy tolerance are coming to an end for them, and the present and the next generation will be amply occupied on the work of internal reform. The task will be by no means difficult. The evils to be remedied lie mostly on the surface, and can be removed by the exercise of a little courage, some tact, and a good deal of patience. Neither is there any reason to doubt that the work will be done. In spite of follies and errors in detail, the States have hitherto been governed with remarkable good sense in essentials. Nothing is needed to secure the making of the

necessary reforms except the general conviction of their necessity, and that should be produced by this last demonstration of the existence of dangerous elements in the great cities.

ETHICS OF PLAGIARISM.

THOUGH the Americans are less successful, if not less earnest, than we could wish in their supervision of Irish dynamitards, they have a lively detective force to watch over English errors. Our literary sins are at once found out and proclaimed on the housetop. Not long since an American critic discovered that an English novelist had borrowed a dab of "local colour" from some obscure and forgotten description of the Southern States. A hue-and-cry was raised, as if the unlucky author had stolen a whole plot, or had written a tale and attributed its authorship to some famous man of letters deceased. Now a much more curious example of plagiarism or coincidence has been "smelt out," as the Zulus say, and all the pack of literary beagles is in full cry after Mr. CHARLES READE. The "Master," as he has been enthusiastically styled by a distinguished contemporary, can on all occasions make his hand keep his head. Mr. READE is never slow to descend into the arena of controversy. Often challenged, he pitches his hat into the ring, and follows it with alacrity. Probably he has his sufficient reply. In the meanwhile, the charges urged against him afford material for a very pretty quarrel.

Mr. READE has published, in *Harper's Magazine*, a story of which we confess that we have only read the second number. The tale is called "The Picture." Some one is struck with a portrait, in the house of his uncle, where he is a visitor, and the story of the portrait is told by the Curé. We learn that the painting represents a Mlle. DE GROUCY, daughter of the Marquis DE GROUCY, and that this lady, about the time of the Revolution, married a peasant named FLAUBERT. This *mésalliance* was the result of advanced opinions, and much reading of ROUSSEAU. Naturally the family of Mlle. DE GROUCY cast her off, and the lady lived in the hut of her peasant lord. The peasant annoyed his noble wife by losing his money at cards; she irritated him by scolding; he struck her, and she stabbed him to death. The Curé happened to witness this distressing affair; and "the champion of all those parts lay on his own floor, "surrounded by the jugs, and mugs, and plates he had won "by conquering the other SAMSONS of the district, felled by "a woman's hand, armed with a bare bodkin." A jury was so moved by the patrician dignity of the widow FLAUBERT that she escaped with two years' seclusion in a religious house. Here she saw the error of her ways, but remained, after her release, in obscurity. Finally one CATHERINE, an old woman about the place, died, and the Curé then revealed that the faithful CATHERINE had been the widow FLAUBERT *née* DE GROUCY. The moral is that young ladies of rank should not read ROUSSEAU, should not marry peasants, and should be very careful with their bodkins.

Perhaps the narrative does not seem very striking or marvellous to the reader. It is not the kind of brilliant idea that an amateur really could not keep his hands off, if he found it in the possession of another. Yet this tale—the series of situations and the characters—has been wandering over the world like some ancient myth, found in the remotest lands. A correspondent of the *Nation* (the New York paper) had read this story in the *Month*, and also in LITTELL'S *Living Age*, in 1869. In LITTELL'S *Living Age* the story was said to be derived from "the "French." A good deal of conjectural ingenuity was displayed in the effort to show that the tale had originally been written by Lady GEORGIANA FULLERTON. These suggestions came from the cultured city of Michigan. But Boston is a great deal wiser than Michigan in literary matters. In the *Nation* for March 20 a Bostonian announces that the story in LITTELL'S *Living Age* (called "The Portrait in My Uncle's Dining-Room") "is a literal "translation from *Mlle. de Malepeire*, by Mme. REYBAUD "(Paris, 1856)." Next comes to judgment Miss C. J. MARSHALL, in the *Academy*. This lady recognizes in Mr. READE'S Mlle. DE GROUCY the *Mlle. de Malepeire* of Mme. REYBAUD. The tale was also brought out, it seems, in the *St. James's Magazine* for 1867, and has been detected there by an active agent who writes to the *Boston Literary World*. This one story, then, has many names—*Where He Found Her, The Portrait in My Uncle's Dining-Room, Mlle. de Malepeire*, and, if Mr. READE'S assailants do not grossly wrong him, *The Picture*.

"All the stories have been told already," according to Mr. HOWELLS, and the fate of this legend certainly suggests that new ideas and new plots are very rare. We must believe them to be so scarce that either great wits naturally jump to and annex the same set of ideas, or that there is a plentiful lack of international literary honesty. The ethics of plagiarism ought not to be very hard to fix. If we might set up as casuists, we would venture to propose three lenient rules which would clear many great men now falsely accused of plagiarism. In the first place, we would permit any great modern artist to recut and to set anew the literary gems of classic times and of the middle ages. Thus VIRGIL had a right to all he conveyed from HOMER and from APOLLONIUS, nor can LUCRETIUS be blamed for his adaptation of the beautiful passage in the Odyssey about the homes of the gods. PLAUTUS and TERENCE, in the same way, might blamelessly, as openly, adapt from MENANDER, or THEOCRITUS take the theme of the *Adoniazusæ* from SOPHRON. The Roman Comedians did not stamp themselves as plagiarists; they only took, quite consciously, a secondary rank. On this principle the LAUREATE'S unnumbered borrowings from VIRGIL, HOMER, DANTE, are all as fair as they are charming. England is richer, the ancients are not poorer, and the scholar wins a double delight in the pleasures of comparison and reminiscence.

Our second rule would be that all authors have an equal right to the stock situations which are the common store of humanity. HOMER was not the first to tell the tale of the Cyclops and of the wiles of CIRCE. The avaricious father, the cunning servant, the spendthrift son, the infants changed at nurse, the hero (rumoured to be drowned) who returns in perfect health, the sprained ankle, the infuriated bull, and so forth—every one may make them his own who cannot think of anything better. No one thinks the worse of *Called Back* because the idea has been used by XAVIER DE MONTÉPIN in *Le Médecin des Folles*, and, to a certain extent, by Lord LYTTON in the *Strange Story*. Any man who can make old situations as good as new has a perfect right, like MOLIÈRE, to take his own where he finds it, just as CHARLES DE BERNARD, in *Un Homme Sérieux*, makes us laugh again over an incident used in *L'Ecole des Femmes*. No man has any original copyright in or claim to the common property of humanity. We may find the oldest extant examples of certain dramatic situations in HESIOD or in the Rig Veda; but they are far older than these authorities, and have found their way wherever men amuse themselves with romances. Finally, we presume that an author has a right to borrow or buy an idea if he frankly acknowledges the transaction, as THACKERAY did in the case of *The Bedford Row Conspiracy*. Crime begins when an author, or rather an adapter, tries to hide his conveyance of another man's goods, and to claim something more than the merit of a skilled cobbler or translator.

Outside these limits, which seem wide enough, direct plagiarism begins. It may be asked whether a man can plagiarize from himself? SHERIDAN LE FANU, the greatest of purely "sensational" English novelists, repeated in various essays the main idea of *Uncle Silas*. Apparently he was trying to work his notions up to the highest perfection, which in *Uncle Silas* he found at last, to the shuddering delight of his readers. M. FORTUNÉ DU BOISGOBEY, that fertile novelist, has certainly stolen from his own *Epingle Rose* a *truc* which he uses in his new and thrilling *Margot la Balafrée*. The man who loses his way in Paris, and helps a stranger to carry a chair which is found to contain a dead body, opens the plot in the story of the Restoration as in the story of to-day. To make a mystery hinge on somnambulism is as old as *The Spectre of Tappington*, and who knows how much older? Mr. WILKIE COLLINS employs the *truc* in *The Moonstone*, and M. FORTUNÉ DU BOISGOBEY in *L'Affaire Matapan*. It is difficult, however, to avoid the suspicion that M. BOISGOBEY ploughed with Mr. JAMES PAYN'S heifer in the diving-bell passages of *L'Affaire Matapan* and *Une Affaire Mystérieuse*. Mr. PAYN'S *Perfect Treasure*, where the romance of the diving-bell is well worked, is earlier than either of these books by M. DU BOISGOBEY. But the crime would be at best a peccadillo compared with boldly driving off a whole story, plot, characters, and all, out of the French across into the American marches. Mr. READE'S novel differs from that of Mme. REYBAUD in details. For example, in both stories come the incidents of letting the husband's soup cool, and

heating his sabots with ashes. But Mr. READE's lady stabs her husband with a bodkin, after he has struck her, while Mme. REYBAUD's girl slays her lord in bed, and therefore, perhaps, is the more deeply stained culprit of the pair. What the explanation of the resemblance may be we shall doubtless learn in good time.

LUNATICS AND THE LAW.

IT would not be of the slightest use to open a formal attack upon the Lunacy Laws, except at a moment when the public happened to be strongly excited by the opportune discovery of some case of gross violation of personal liberty. But the existing state of the law is so bad that no occasion of calling attention to it ought to be altogether passed by, and just now there is such an occasion. There has been a slight revival of interest in the subject owing to the observations of the judge in the WELDON case, and to the appearance of some articles in two evening papers. It is not an interest that promises to have any solid result, but it is only by making the most of these momentary stirrings of the public conscience that things can ever be altered for the better. Nothing can be simpler, one would say, than the principles on which a Lunacy Law ought to be based. There are two dangers to be guarded against, the consignment to an asylum of a man who is sane, and the detention of a man who has become sane; and the arrangements at present in force make no real provision against either of them. Any one may be handed over to the proprietor of a licensed madhouse, on production of an order signed ordinarily perhaps by a near relation or intimate friend, but in case of need by an entire stranger, if only he has seen the alleged lunatic within a month from the date of the order. The defenders of the present law plead that it is necessary to allow the order to be signed by any one under the sun, because without this liberty there would be no way of dealing with urgent cases. A man may go mad when he is away from all his friends, staying perhaps, as Dr. FORBES WINSLOW puts it, at a lodging-house, the landlord of which knows nothing about him. In this event, it is contended, the landlord of the lodging-house is the right person, and the only person, to sign the order. Otherwise time would be lost in hunting up some relation or friend, and murder or suicide might take place before one could be found. The order of admission must be accompanied by two medical certificates, and it might be thought that, since no restrictions have been placed on the issue of the order, some test of qualification, or at the least of official character, would be demanded from the doctor. There is nothing of the kind. No special knowledge of mental disorder is required. Any two doctors will do, so long as they are doctors and have the requisite certificates to show. The only other condition that they must satisfy is that they are not professionally connected with one another or with the proprietor of the asylum to whom the order is addressed. But they may be connected in all manner of ways with the person by whom the order is signed. He may have bribed them to give certificates in which the facts of the case are either exaggerated or invented, and so long as they keep their own counsel he and they are perfectly safe. He was alarmed by symptoms of madness on the part of the alleged lunatic, and he called in two doctors who decided that it was not safe to leave him any longer at large. Where is the weak point in this plea? Nowhere except in the consciences of the man who signed the order and of the doctors who gave the certificates. They may know that order and certificates alike owe their being to purely mercenary considerations, but they may safely defy any one else to prove it against them. Dr. FORBES WINSLOW says that when the order is signed by a stranger the Commissioners in Lunacy inquire most carefully into the circumstances. But the danger of false imprisonment probably arises much more often in cases where the order is signed by the nearest relation. It is not even necessary to credit this relation with the intention of shutting up a sane person. There is a great deal of eccentricity which does not amount to lunacy, and a great deal of lunacy which does not justify the consignment of the patient to a madhouse. He will give less trouble and be better cared for in an asylum than he can possibly be out of one—this is how the relation puts the case to himself—so to an asylum he must go. If a man is at all eccentric, things can probably be told of him which, [illegible] may easily be mistaken for madness even by doctors, when these doctors have no experience in the treatment of mad cases.

All this would not matter if the asylum to which a lunatic is sent were kept by public authority, and not by a private proprietor. In that case the mischief would be over so soon as the doors had opened to receive the patient. The superintendent and the doctors would all be public officers, and they would have no interest whatever in keeping a patient who was not mad, or one who, having been mad, was mad no longer. Even if the doctors of private asylums were public officers, things would be better than they are. Whatever the proprietor might make out of his patients while they remained with him, the date of their departure would be fixed by an independent authority. But the proprietor or one of the proprietors is himself the doctor. If a patient is profitable, it rests wholly with the man who profits by him to determine whether he is fit to leave. Dr. FORBES WINSLOW says that "all the "proprietors and superintendents of asylums in England "are actuated by one motive—the welfare of their patients "and their restoration to a sound state of mind and "body." Dr. WINSLOW's ready belief in his profession is touching. It is the one flock upon earth in which there are no black sheep. But this miraculous strength of faith is not commonly to be attained. For ourselves we cannot get rid of the conviction that among the proprietors of lunatic asylums, as among mankind generally, there are some—it may be many—who are all that Dr. WINSLOW describes; some who care for nothing but money, though they are not prepared to resort to actual crime in order to make it; and a few who do not stick even at actual crime when it is the shortest road to wealth. Mr. WINGFIELD, in the curious experiences which he has lately described in the *St. James's Gazette*—experiences gained by disguising himself and going as a keeper in a private madhouse—mentions a case of a keeper who made 3,000*l.* by helping a patient to escape, and then invested it in setting up an asylum. Is he likely to be actuated by one motive—the welfare of his patients? There is no need to assume that many people are detained in madhouses after they become sane. The question rather is how many people have remained mad when, by better treatment, they might have recovered. The answer ordinarily made to these charges is that, even if the possibility of their being true be conceded—and we have seen that Dr. WINSLOW is not willing to go even so far as this—the intervention of the Commissioners puts everything right. That the Commissioners do all they can to put everything right there is no doubt; but the duty which the law assigns them is altogether beyond their power of performance. It is not by a sudden act of observation that the mental state of a suspected lunatic can be determined. To do this requires close and constant watching—watching, in fact, that can be given by the doctor in charge of the case, and by no one else. Thus we come round to the same point. The one man who can pronounce a supposed lunatic sane is the man whose interest it is to keep him a lunatic.

We have said nothing about the ill-usage from which lunatics in private asylums occasionally suffer, though Mr. WINGFIELD makes some unpleasing revelations upon this point. But the prevention of cruelty on the part of keepers is a difficulty common to all asylums, public and private; so that it is best kept out of the controversy between them. We have simply drawn attention to the main point in which the present law is faulty, the laxity with which it consigns men to private asylums when there may be no real evidence that they are proper subjects for such treatment. This laxity might be amended by allowing no one to be admitted into a private asylum except upon the order of a qualified doctor appointed by and responsible to the Government. Perhaps, when Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has pulled down the Corporation of London, and set every town and village in the kingdom by the ears on the question whether it shall or shall not have public-houses, he will spare a moment for the consideration of what, as the law stands, may easily be a sentence of perpetual and causeless imprisonment.

FOX-HUNTING ON DARTMOOR.

HUNTING the wild red-deer on Exmoor has become the fashion of late—too much the fashion perhaps, to make it a very sporting affair; but a fine September spent with the stag-hounds is a delightful way of seeing and enjoying that beautiful country. One of the greatest charms of hunting is, that you are led by the chase into sundry and out-of-the-way places, sometimes of great beauty, which would

be seen except by the few who live hard by, with whom familiarity may have bred contempt. To know a large tract of country as well as a hunting-man knows his country, to know every path, every stream, every ford, every lane, every gate, to say nothing of all the intricacies of the woodlands, is of itself a joy exclusively given to him. If hunting falls before the scythe of the Destroyer, this knowledge, amongst the rest, will be lost; the red-deer and the wild fox will be as the wild cat, the tree martin, the eagle, and the peregrine falcon, beautiful animals gone from us for ever—extinguished in the name of humanity. It would be a curious study in comparative psychology to speculate whether a fox would prefer life with hunting to no life at all; as a man doubtless prefers life with the gout to obliteration. As the wild red-deer is to Exmoor, so is the wild fox, the old aboriginal large grey fox, to Dartmoor. And if you want to know Dartmoor as it ought to be known, scorning guide-books and antiquarian researches into Druidical remains which the freaks of nature have bountifully supplied for the dilettanti, you must hunt this fox. You must not refrain from following after him; and where he goes you must go, even into the bogs. Getting into a bog on horseback is a curious sensation that no man who has any respect for science ought to neglect. We have given up limiting ourselves to five senses, and a sixth has been authoritatively announced. If a philosopher could be induced to hunt the fox on Dartmoor, he would experience an entirely new sensation, utterly unlike any other, when he rode his horse into a bog, which he would be bound to connect with a seventh. It is an old tradition, and a well-known fact, that no man or horse was ever hurt in a bog, though it must be allowed that it requires an educated taste, as in the case of Wagner's music and some curious old wines, to like it. It is the necessity for a good education that makes hunting on Dartmoor, very fortunately, not so popular as it might be. But to the past master, the man who has come out in honours, what hunting can be compared to it? It is true that you may take a very high degree in Leicestershire and find yourself at the bottom of the class, if a bog may be made classical, at the university of Dartmoor; and this, no doubt, carries with it its vexations. To lead the field with the Quorn, and have to follow a roughish-looking moorman, albeit very well mounted, with the Dartmoor hounds is humiliating. But everybody knows that humility is a very good thing, and it is not less so in fox-hunting than in any other walk, or gallop, in life. To run one of these great grey foxes from the large coverts at Stowford Cleave, on the Erme, near Ivybridge, across the moor to the still larger coverts at Benjay Tor, on the Dart, near Holne Chase, ten miles off, is the perfection of hunting to a really hunting-man who is not a common rider to hounds. The vice of the present day and of the present system is that large, unmanageable fields have reduced hunting-men to mere riders, and woodcraft is like to become a lost art. There has been a revival of hunting in this "so-called" nineteenth century, as there have been other revivals; and hunting has its formalists as well as other more solemn institutions. The vestments are gay and lively; the tall hat, the neat tie, the scarlet coat, the white leather breeches, the top-boots, and the spurs, with every buckle and button in the right place, make a cheerful sight on Dartmoor with a pack of hounds, and set off the scenery with great effect. But the formalism or etiquette of the modern field is a damper to hunting. Not to know the names of the hounds, not to know their tongues, not to know their different merits in drawing or in chase, with the huntsman as a high-priest of the mysteries, is a misery which civilization has happily as yet spared Dartmoor. Sir Francis Grant once said to Count d'Orsay, "That was a fine run." "Run!" said D'Orsay, "it was an epic poem." Such is a run from Stowford Cleave to Benjay Tor. The first stave is sung by Susan. She has already signalled to the huntsman by a feather that the fox is there, and the fox's delicate ear has caught a warning sound. He has moved at once from his kennel, and soon Susan proclaims him on foot, doubling her tongue in a high-pitched key, like the utterance of a wild cry of delight. He has heard Susan's tongue before, and Sontag's, her dam's, too, for that matter, a season or two ago, and although you may call it music, he thinks it Billingsgate, and puts her down as a common scold; no company for him. He will get out of hearing as quickly as possible, and being of a rather decided character, as all good foxes are, will not wait to be tally-ho'd and screamed at by the vulgar, but goes away at once. The meets at Ivybridge on great occasions sometimes number three hundred. But there are laggards amongst them, and if the fox breaks quickly, they are not all up. The moorman, on his small lean thoroughbred-looking mare, with power in the right place, leads the way down what he is pleased to call a path, perpendicular, embossed with boulders, through a dense copse, into a ravine, at the bottom of which is a foaming river. He knows the crossing-place, and you must condescend to follow; not only that, you must descend at the same pace as he does which is no condescension at all. In any other country this would look like a break-neck piece of business, but on Dartmoor it is only a common-place everyday transaction, and nobody ever breaks his neck. This is a Dartmoor cleave, coombe, or valley, cleft by the waters, and it is very beautiful. The stream is too large to be called a brook, but the trees nevertheless meet over it, and the dense mass of copse defies the fisherman. The moorman must be followed on the other side, for he knows the way out, and you must get to the moor as quickly as possible. He will tell you that there is not a moment to spare, and not to be in a hurry, which is very good advice, though it sounds ambiguous. He means that you must be as quick as you can be, but you must not hurry your horse; for if you impart your hurry to him and set his heart beating, he will not "show you the run." As for the moorman, he goes on at a perpetual easy, deliberate gallop. The hounds are ahead he knows well, but he cannot afford to hustle his mare, and once on the moor he will get to their sterns somehow. He cares not who passes him, he has only one object in view, and that is to see the run, which, if a good moor-run, will demand all his skill and horsemanship, added to the staying blood of his mare. It is hopeless to attempt crossing the few enclosures between the covert and the moor. The moorman scuttles up an unpromising unsportsmanlike-looking lane, and you had better put your pride in your pocket and do the same. Suddenly you emerge on the moor, and you have before you what looks like a boundless piece of fine turf, short furze, and heather, backed, it is true, by dark-looking hills, with tors on their tops, and a suspicion of granite rocks scattered about; but where you are is ground fit for a racecourse. You are on high land; and, if you are so foolish as to look behind you, Plymouth Sound, with the ships at anchor, the Channel, and a lovely country, rich with meadow, woods, rivers, and pleasant-looking mansions, lies several hundred feet below. Thanks to the moorman, you find yourself on pretty good terms with the hounds, the high enclosures having hindered them a little; but now they are racing as hounds on Dartmoor only do race, with a straight-running fox before them, and under them the old primeval turf which has never known the plough and a soil on which the gentle dews of heaven never cease to drop. This seems an exceedingly pleasant hunting country, and nothing can be easier than riding to hounds. It is still rising ground, but it does not look very steep, and now would be the time to ride at the tail of the pack; but you have been warned to keep your eye on the moorman, and you see him going on the same easy gallop as before, with his mare's ears pricked forward harkening to the hounds. It is exactly the pace she can keep up for ever. The moorman kindly throws away his advice on young Ambition, who gallops past him on a hack. "Gently, young fellow," he says in his own broadest Devonshire, "you'll beat your horse." "Oh! I'll take my guinea out of him," says Ambition, who has that sum to pay for his hack. "You've a-took nineteen and sixpence out of him already," says the moorman, which proves only too true, for in another furlong the poor hack hopelessly stops for good, and young Ambition has to get back to his mess at Plymouth, where he tells his brother officers what a beastly country Dartmoor is. You are not long in getting over this fine ground and reaching the black-looking tors. The ground has been gradually rising, and most of the three hundred who had somehow got to the moor have tailed off. The scenery is very wild, and the enclosures are out of sight, except in the distance where the sun is smiling upon them. There is sound footing round the tors, but the high table-land is hopeless bog, from which trickle the streams that scoop out the deep coombes, and joining their forces form into rivers. Where the ground is sound it is studded with granite boulders, and between tor and tor there is a steep bit of rocky riding with a brook in a bed of rocks at the bottom. The hounds are going at their best pace, and you must ride down over these rocks at your best pace, for down this hill, or precipice if you like, is the chance you have to get on better terms with the pack. The moorman knows the best crossing-place to which he has ridden rather faster than before, but still with none of that fatal hurry, down over rocks which would make a stranger's hair stand on end. But facing the hill opposite is a far more serious thing, and to ride up a hill properly so that your horse, who must be a stout one, can gallop when at the top is *the* art in riding over Dartmoor to hounds. Many a horse will do the first hill gallantly, and perhaps the second; but the third is the stopper, and when you have got to the top of that and find that your horse can gallop, you may put him down as a Dartmoor hunter, and you may be sure he comes of a long line of sires of the best staying families in England. You may be very proud of your horse, but the moorman will ask you "Can a'continny?" which being interpreted means, Can he continue to gallop for ever? If he cannot, his mane and his tail and all his other beauties are held in contempt. Having successfully followed the moorman up this first hill at exactly the right pace, no faster and no slower, you find yourself by no means too near the hounds, who are running over the bogs on your left faster than you ever saw hounds run before, and you have now to encounter the greatest difficulties that Dartmoor presents. Well may the Quorn man say, "This is no country for me." Nevertheless, it demands the finest horsemanship at your disposal, and the word fine here means "refined," for care of your horse and nursing his powers are indispensable requisites. No stranger can go here; you must know every inch of the country, or you must follow some one who does. There are three sorts of bog—the impassable, the just passable, and the sound, though deep—indistinguishable except by personal experience. This the moorman has; it has been the business of his life, and he has been in all of them. His mare is going her usual pace, which you now seem to think rather fast, with her ears pricked forward as before listening to the hounds. He takes a very decided line, and soon gets on the jobber's path on which drovers have driven their cattle for centuries, as sound ground in the midst of the bogs. He keeps the hounds well in sight and hearing by virtue of this path, but suddenly leaving it he rides down a boggy precipice with the inevitable granite, improving his pace a little, to the River Awne. It is the Awne in Dartmoor, but

the Avon "in along." It is a bad river to cross, but he knows the best place, and half cheats the opposite hill by riding up a little coombe with a stream in it. The hounds have crossed about a quarter of a mile above, the worst of Dartmoor has been passed, and you are on the best galloping ground on its borders. The hounds are still going a terrific pace, and you must ride all you know. Your horse has just done his second hill, and the third is to come. You are on high land, and away on your right you can see the valleys and thick woodlands leading down to the Dart; beyond, the rich land, with Teignmouth and the Teign in the extreme distance. Before you, some way off the moor, lie Holne Chase and Buckland-on-the-Moor, two of the most lovely places in Devon, opposite one another, with the great Dart between:—

Oh! river Dart! Oh! river Dart!
Every year thou claim'st a heart.

You are not on a racecourse after all; there are small, deep coombes to cross, and as the hounds are going straight for Holne Moor the moorman thinks Benjay Tor is his point (never, as a rule, ride to points), and he rides for the crossing place over the brook which runs through that most lovely of all lovely fox coverts, Skaye, the deepest gorge of granite and the densest thicket of copse and gorse to be found anywhere, impenetrable even to the moorman. But the fox has heard Susan's tongue there, and he likes Benjay Tor better. Now comes the third hill down and up, steep, rocky, and trying, and the moorman is on Holne Moor, with the heather up to his mare's knees and the blackcock flying about. This heather holds scent well, and the pace of the hounds is as good as ever, better it could not be, but it is high land, and there is a slope down to Benjay Tor with sound ground under the heather. If there is anything left in your horse, you can improve your pace, in the faith that no fox is such a fool as to scorn Benjay Tor. There you find yourself well up with the hounds, though you have never ridden a severer run in your life, but not the three hundred. A select few straggle up, and we look very pretty with our red coats, off our horses, standing on the top of the tor. It is a rule with the moorman to get off his horse whenever there is nothing doing, to ease her spine, as he calls it. There speaks the good horseman. The fox has gone in, too deep in the granite for any terrier to fret him. It is a fox's "holt," and he gets air through the cracks in the rock. In his present state he could not breathe in an "earth," hence the distinction. It would take a population of miners to get him out; and the huntsman, who is up, grumbles, for he wanted his blood. You secretly rejoice that he has saved that beautiful brush of his, with the long white tag at the end; and that his intelligent mask, with his bright eyes dimmed, is not dangling at the whip's saddle. You stand on the top of Benjay Tor, which is the granite crown of a high cliff hanging over the Dart, with a corresponding cliff, Sharpy Tor, on the opposite side. It is all dense copse and granite stretching down the steep banks of the Dart as it flows to Holne Cot, Holne Chase, and Buckland-on-the-Moor, "brawling," as the poet says, as it goes. Looking up stream it is the same; but further up you see Dart Meet, where the two Darts, East and West, separate or join (as you like it); and in the background Dartmoor again appears—shall we say frowns?—looking black at you, with fine rugged tors, Bellever Tor the chief, on his forehead. It is the finest spot in Devonshire, and, according to the moorman, the finest spot in the world. His mare looks as if another five miles or so of galloping would be a pleasure to her; but he says a cheery "Good-bye!" and goes off into the heart of the moor at a slow hound-trot, which often takes him twenty-five miles to covert with ease. He "knows by" a path with a good sandy bottom through the bogs to his snug home in a deep valley on the western side of the moor. You have seen Dartmoor, and you have had a lesson in riding. The last stave of the epic was sung by the moorman when he cried his "Whoo-hoop!" at Benjay Tor, in a scream that awakened all the echoes of all the hills.

A NEW DEFOE.

WE have received from Messrs. Bickers & Son, of Leicester Square, a circular letter and a specimen title-page, having reference to a proposed new edition of Defoe. The circular contains a statement that, "as [the publishers'] desire is to make this edition as complete as possible, they will be glad to hear from any one possessing letters or other matter attributed to or known to be by Defoe." We very gladly give currency and publicity to this request, and we hope it may be widely answered. But there happens to be a good deal to be said on the matter of a complete edition (and, for the matter of that, of any new edition) of Defoe; and, for reasons which will appear in the sequel, it is of very great importance that the attention, both of Messrs. Bickers and of any one who is likely to take an interest in their projected publication, should be called to it.

The circular to which we have referred speaks of "an uniform edition of Defoe's complete works in twenty volumes." The title-page of the printed specimen speaks of "the novels and miscellaneous works of Daniel Defoe, with a biographical memoir of the author, literary prefaces to the various pieces, illustrative notes, &c., including all contained in the edition attributed to the late Sir Walter Scott, with considerable additions. In twenty volumes." Now, in the first place, there is a great difference between the "complete" works and the works described in the title; and, in the second, that title is not in all respects satisfactory. To begin with, no edition in the type and size represented by the specimen before us (both, let it be said, comely enough) can by any possibility be "complete" in twenty volumes. The *Review*, the topographical works, and others have never been reprinted in any collections; and no collection has, even with these exceptions, and with the further exception of doubtful and periodical matter, contained anything like a complete set of what is known, still less of what is suspected, to be Defoe's. It seems pretty certain, therefore, that, if the proposed reprint is to be in twenty volumes, it will not be complete. The "attributed" collection spoken of, which is with more correctness to be attributed to Sir G. C. Lewis, fills twenty by itself, and omits very much. Again, we do not observe that either in the circular or in the specimen any responsible editor is spoken of. It is certain that without such an editor no edition of a satisfactory kind can possibly be produced, and that the familiar plan of the orange-peel in St. James's Street will not succeed in selecting him. With no desire to disparage Professor Minto's valuable monograph in the series of *English Men of Letters*, which was composed with a different object, it may be said that there is at present no detailed Life of Defoe which is worthy to be put at the head of a complete edition of his works as representing the sifting, comparison, and completion of Wilson, Chalmers, Chadwick, Lee, &c. The literary prefaces to the various pieces, if they are old, will not represent the existing state of knowledge and criticism; and if they are new will require a "hand" of something above merely hack character. The illustrative notes are still more in this case, and indeed may be said to be almost entirely *à faire*. They are moreover very much wanted, for Defoe is chokeful of allusions to matters which have quite dropped out of the knowledge of the present generation. Lastly, literary knowledge and skill of the highest kind would not be thrown away in the attempt to select from Mr. Lee's two volumes of hypothetical works, and from the vast mass of other available material, what ought, and to reject what ought not, to appear in a complete edition. Without real editing Messrs. Bickers, even if they do not content themselves with what Mr. Carlyle somewhere calls a mere "formless agglomeration," will only add one more to the existing collections of Defoe which alternately disappoint the student by what they do not contain and irritate him by what they do. With such an editor, and with his name properly announced as a guarantee of the work, their book can only gain in popularity with the general reader, and will acquire its only chance of being really satisfactory to students. Indeed, except to students and to lovers of English literature, it is scarcely possible to understand what the attraction of a new collection of Defoe can be at all. We therefore write these lines and those which follow in the hope both of dissuading Messrs. Bickers from an incomplete and unedited, and of persuading them to a complete and properly edited, edition of this one of the most peculiar, if not one of the greatest, of English writers. Very likely they have such an edition in view, and have not fully stated their intention. In that case we shall be most happy to learn it.

There are at present, to the best of our knowledge, four collections of Defoe's work obtainable at the booksellers', though two of them only are kept in print. The one-volume edition of Messrs. Nimmo need not be further referred to, because, though its contents were selected with a great deal of judgment, and its double columns and large pages are roomy, still its limitation to a single volume prevents it from being more than a cleverly arranged sample. Then there is the edition already referred to attributed to Scott, but which was not fully brought out till after Scott's death, though it included and reproduced some work of his on the novels. This is the fullest, but it is anything but full. The best of all, as far as it goes, is that brought out in three large double-columned volumes, and part of a fourth by Mr. Hazlitt, some forty years ago. But it broke off in the middle, and its size, print, and arrangement are uninviting, not to mention that it is not easily obtainable. It contains, however, work missing in the others. Lastly, there is the well-known seven-volume collection in Bohn's Library which has all the novels except the third part of *Robinson Crusoe*, but not very much else, while it includes the dull, dirty, and certainly spurious, *Mother Ross*. But any one who should think that a complete collection of Defoe is to be secured even by the process of combining these four and excluding duplicates would be wofully deceived. Let no one even think that by getting together the separate printed books not included in them, but to be hunted out at the booksellers' by consulting Lowndes, Hazlitt, or Lee, he can do that trick. In the first place, it is believed that no complete copy of the *Review*, the forerunner of the Steele and Addison daily essay, and the ancestor of every newspaper in England, that is not a mere newsletter, exists except in the collection of the late Mr. James Crossley. This collection has not, we believe, been dispersed yet; but, unless Messrs. Bickers have secured the *Review*, or unless they are taking measures to do so, their book can be nothing like complete. Again, Mr. Crossley was credited with possessing the unique and unpublished *Complete Gentleman*. In an interview with him at Manchester, six years ago, he informed a visitor who had a special interest in the subject that he possessed other works of Defoe which no commentator had mentioned, or at least which were unique, but which he could not get at because his books were higgledy-piggledy in a house into which

he had lately moved. Then the various books edited rather than written by Defoe present very considerable interest, and would need careful editing. And, lastly, as has been said, no little judgment and a great deal of labour must be required to sift Mr. Lee's contribution of "Foeiana." The opinion entertained by many students of those contributions is not altogether favourable, and it was gathered from the above referred to conversation with Mr. Crossley that he (who was incomparably the best authority living on Defoe) thought as they do. But still the matter requires sorting and testing. Lastly, one at least of Defoe's unquestioned works will need a certain amount of hardihood on the part of the editor in ushering it even in the track of one of his predecessors to the notice of a modern and squeamish public. Yet it is one of the most characteristic of the whole. Altogether, the work is not a light work, and we are unable to understand any reason that Messrs. Bickers can have for keeping back the name of the editor, if they have selected a competent one.

We speak plainly on this subject, because damage, at least temporarily irreparable, may be done by silence. There is unfortunately but a scanty demand nowadays for library editions of any but a very few English classics. Books of the kind go heavily off, and one edition is nearly certain to make another hopeless as a commercial speculation for many years. We do not think we are betraying any confidence when we say that the reprint, unedited and uncorrected, which Messrs. Bickers themselves have just finished of Scott's *Swift*, prevented another publisher from entrusting to one of the most competent editors now living a completely recast and adequate presentation of the whole work of the author of *Gulliver*. Messrs. Bickers, as we have great pleasure in recognizing, bring out their books in a mechanical style which leaves little or nothing to desire, and it is all the more certain that even the most "amorphous" Defoe in twenty volumes that they may choose to issue will close the market to another in all probability for more years than most of us have to live. Therefore, it is but the plain duty of every one acquainted with the facts, and having a love for English literature, to request them to furnish some more explicit guarantee of the completeness and the adequacy of the new Defoe than they have yet done. There are authors in whose case insufficiency or eccentricity of editing matters very little. If people play tricks with Chaucer, we can fall back on Tyrwhitt; if they make foolish comments on Ben Jonson, we can make ourselves fairly happy with the familiar grumbles of Gifford; if the sacrilegious hand of the modernizer and abridger is laid on Burton, or Sidney, or Mallory, there are plenty of older editions venal at the stall. But to get together a complete original Defoe, if it is physically possible at all (and but for the probable sale of Mr. Crossley's books it would not be so), would take years of time, pockets full of money, and an infinity of trouble. Much —very much—of him is for the ordinary modern reader in want of comment, luminous if brief; much is doubtful, not a little that goes by his name is pretty certainly spurious. A fresh attempt, therefore, at a complete edition (for more than one of the existing collections meant to be complete, but could not) is a really serious matter. If it is to be understood that no arbitrary limits will be set to it; and that it will be entrusted to a competent editor, with carte blanche to edit the work of his predecessors as well as the text (the edition mentioned on the title-page is anything but a model of text-editing), it will be a great pleasure to all Englishmen who love literature to help it on in every way they can. But if one more botched bookseller's collection is to be added to the botches already existing, we are constrained to say that such Englishmen, without whose countenance it is hardly likely to be what it otherwise might easily be, satisfactory to its publishers as well as to its readers, will probably turn a cold shoulder to it, and will not be wrong in doing so.

TWICE-PAID BILLS.

THE London School Board are at present paying more than half a million a year to teachers; and, in addition to this sum, ten thousand a year is paid to various persons who instruct and inspect the teaching staff. We shall fully examine the conditions under which this amazing arrangement is worked. The London teachers are supposed to be very highly qualified indeed, and they certainly ought to know their trade if length of training and liberal salary count for anything. The average teacher serves an apprenticeship of five years, during which time he is under the supervision of a certificated master. He learns to manage classes of children with dexterity and effect, and he picks up a good deal of book-work. At the end of each year he must pass an examination; and, after he has got through five of such ordeals in succession, he competes for a scholarship, which takes him to a Normal College. While he is in college he is free from the drudgery of teaching, and all his time is devoted to study, excepting one fortnight per year, which he spends in a model school, under the eye of a comparatively skilful superintendent. At the end of the first year of training he is examined again; and at the end of the second year he is required to give a specimen of his ability as a teacher before a Government Inspector. If he is inept or stupid, his career ends then and there; if he comes through the test with credit, he is sent out to take his place in a school. But it must not be imagined that he blossoms into a certificated master immediately after his college time is over. The certificate is withheld for two years, and even the cost of the young teacher's maintenance at the training-school is kept back until he has shown that he is fit for the rough daily labour of an ordinary elementary school. Another Inspector requires him to give a series of lessons; and, if the performance is good, a parchment certificate is granted, and the sum of 100*l.* is sent to the college in which the successful man was trained. So, before any one can qualify as a teacher, he must pass through a probation of nine years, and he receives his testamur when he is about twenty-two years old.

Now, in addition to this rather long spell of practice, the London School Board require a master to serve at least three years in a subordinate position, for no head teachership is granted to candidates under twenty-five years of age. We may therefore take it that every one of the Board's schoolmasters has been employed in instructing children and in passing examinations for at least twelve years. After this severe drilling, the typical teacher becomes what scientific persons call a specialized product. All his faculties have been directed to one end. He may be coarse, or inartistic, or ignorant of the world and of books; but he is nearly always surpassingly clever in imparting whatever knowledge he happens to possess. If the best man from Cambridge or Oxford in any given year were set to work in an elementary school beside an ordinary assistant-master who had just come from college, the class taught by the University scholar would lag far behind the one taught by his half-educated neighbour. The University man knows much, but can teach little; the trained workman does not know much, but he can set forth all his knowledge with lucidity and tact.

A vast corps of these drilled specialists are in the service of the Board; and it might be thought that they should be able to manage the work of teaching children of the poorer class up to the limits marked by the Code. The salaries paid by the Board are sufficient to tempt the best men in the country; and at this date there are actually 544 teachers employed in Board Schools who have spent twelve years (over and above the nine years' probation) in elementary school work. If these teachers are not competent, they should be.

Now the Board, after offering good prices for head-masters, fancy prices for head-mistresses, and fair salaries for assistants, proceed to assume that the staff which they have gathered by outbidding all competitors is totally inefficient, and the public are saddled with the cost of a set of secondary tutors whose duty it is to teach the teachers. A man may have spent thirty years in acquiring skill, knowledge, and experience, yet as soon as he enters the service of the Board he finds himself under the supervision of a whole army of very highly-paid officials who never leave him at peace for more than a few months at a time. First of all there are eight School Inspectors employed by the Board. These gentlemen draw 450*l.* per annum apiece, with 50*l.* travelling expenses. Let us see the effects of their work. As soon as the Government Inspector has left a school the new year's labour begins. Each standard must pass over a certain amount of ground which is definitely stated in the Code, and a full twelve months is allowed in order that each new grade may be mastered. If Thomas Smith is examined in long division, compound addition, and compound subtraction in April 1884, he will be required to pass in compound multiplication, compound division, and "weights and measures" in April 1885. But six months before the highly-paid Government Inspector imposes his test, the highly-paid Board Inspector enters the school, and proceeds to set an examination precisely similar to that which is to be met at the end of the year. For three or four days—perhaps for a week—the school is kept at fever pitch. The Inspector makes an elaborate report on discipline, organization, registers, premises, books and material, Scripture, music, drawing, home lessons, object lessons, staff, reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, science subjects, tone, and all the rest, and he finishes up by composing a terse summary, on which the reputation of the teacher depends. His report is duly printed, and the teacher receives a smart rebuke if any shortcomings are manifest. Then the final six months of the school year are devoted to preparing for the advent of the great man from Whitehall. But the children are strenuously wound up to satisfy the Board Inspector; the best of them cover the year's work easily in six months, and the weaker of them are thrust forward with a vigour that is painful to witness. The consequence is that for six months the sharp youngsters go wearily over and over the same stale ground that is familiar to them as their own limbs; while the dull ones are ground and ground until they can get through the examination along with their more fortunate comrades. It follows that the ratepayers' money is fruitlessly expended during a great part of each year. We must treat knowledge which is bought by the public as we should treat any other commodity for which that public pays. Now, if more than half of the children attending the schools can cover the Government standard easily in six months, then for the other six months of the year we are paying for the instruction of children who are practically learning nothing whatever. If the children cannot cover the standard in six months, what earthly good is obtained by sending a Board Inspector to worry them before the time is ripe? The dilemma is an awkward one; and we should very much like to see which horn would be chosen by those who have created it. Either the children are cruelly hurried or inadequately taught. Either the Government require too little or the Board exact too much. We incline to the latter solution. It is most scandalously unfair that the people should first of all be required to pay through Imperial taxation the heavy salaries of Government Inspectors, and that then, in addition, they should pay through local taxation the

heavy salaries of a duplicate set of secondary Inspectors. If the Government Inspectors are inefficient, why are they suffered to retain office? If they are useful and efficient, why should their work be repeated by other men?

When we pursue our investigations further we find still more reason for surprise, and even alarm. Her Majesty's Inspector reports on the teaching of singing, and withholds a portion of the grant if the subject is not well taught; the Board Inspector also reports on the singing of each school. But this is not enough; and thus the Board bring in a third hand by appointing an Inspector of Music, whose duty it is to ignore the other two critics, and make a report for himself. Again, the Board has in its service two thousand teachers who are certificated to teach drawing, and each of these persons receives 5*l.* a year on account of the qualification which he has gained by examination. But, not content with handing out 10,000*l.* a year for the teaching of drawing, the Board appoint an Instructor to teach the certificated persons to whom the 10,000*l.* are paid. The Drawing Instructor very naturally writes the most harrowing accounts of the want of artistic merit which characterizes the drawings done in school. He exalts his office, and appears to think that there can be no salvation for us until the blight of bad freehand is removed. Very good. But if the teachers cannot teach, why pay them 10,000*l.* for teaching? If they can teach, why appoint an expensive official to supply an imaginary want? Again, the infant schoolmistresses engaged by the Board have all passed through at least twelve years' training, and they certainly ought to be excellent hands at their work, for their average salaries reach 132*l.* a year. Yet the Board appoint an Instructor to teach these very costly teachers their duty. When this Instructor enters a school, her proceedings must produce effects something like those of an earthquake. She writes, "I accept no excuse. The heaviest of tables and chairs encumbering the floor must be removed somehow. I require all the children to be out on the floor." This imperial mode of proceeding may have salutary effects on the authority and the imagination of the head teacher, whose domain is thus ruthlessly invaded; but an ordinary thinker finds it hard to see what the benefit of it is. If a lady is worth 132*l.* a year to the ratepayers, why should another receive 300*l.* a year for teaching such an expensive servant her business? If the lady teacher is not worth 132*l.* a year, why was she engaged to burden the public? It is the old dilemma. The same kind of inexplicable folly marks the movements of the Board in other directions. Two sets of Inspectors report on the needlework; nevertheless there are four Special Instructors and Inspectors, whose operations tend to reduce the badgered schoolmistresses to lunacy. The duplicate Inspectors report on the subject of drill, and a special grant is paid if the Government are satisfied with the teaching; but the Board engage a Drill Inspector at a high salary, and this gentleman teaches drill to men who are paid for knowing drill. The crowning absurdity appeared after one of the Board members had made a visit to Sweden. The travelled enthusiast returned, and at once proposed to import a muscular lady who should develop the thews of our female population. A female gymnast was engaged at 200*l.* a year; and all the girls in the London Board Schools are now being taught to jump and contort themselves in a scientific manner. Some of the teachers in the "starveling" schools declared that they were afraid to put their forlorn little damsels through the furthermost gymnastic refinements; the bones might cut through the skin, said these unambitious mistresses. But the starvelings are taught to hop and straddle all the same, and it is to be hoped that the exercise does them good.

It would be wearisome to run over the list of Inspectors and Instructors. Suffice it for the present to say that the Board has created a new official caste. Each of the specialists thinks his own subject supreme in importance; each of them "puts on the screw"; each of them writes his little sarcasms, picks out his favourites, and reproves those who fail to satisfy him. The result is that no sooner is one Inspector out of a school than another comes in; and Sir Edmund Currie, one of the most shrewd and kindly men who ever served the public, declares that "the teachers are worried and inspected out of their senses." With this fine idiomatic extract we leave the public to consider the situation.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE PRUSSIAN MINISTRY.

THE rumours that Prince Bismarck intends to withdraw from all connexion with the Prussian Ministry, while still remaining Imperial Chancellor, have gained such weight and consistency that it is difficult any longer to doubt that they are substantially correct. The Prince has returned to Berlin much stronger than he left it, and his speeches in the Reichstag have certainly shown no decline in intellectual vigour; yet in one of them he found it necessary to tell his hearers that the only condition on which his health could remain permanently good was that he should bid adieu to the duties he had hitherto performed, and the way in which the rumours have been treated by the semi-official press clearly shows that he himself is anxious to resign. Indeed, it seems probable that nothing but the Royal sanction is now wanting, and this may be given at any moment.

If it has become absolutely necessary to relieve him of a part of the burden he has hitherto borne with such unwearying courage and resolution, it is clear that it is better that he should withdraw from Prussian than from Imperial politics; and why he desires to do so altogether, instead of retaining his position in the Foreign Office as he did in 1873, when, in consequence of his ill health, Count Roon presided over the Ministry, is fully explained by an article in the *Berlin Political News*, which gains weight from the way in which it is cited by the *North German Gazette*. The latter paper, which is believed to enjoy more of the Chancellor's confidence than any other, declines responsibility for the article it is true, but in a dainty, bashful way that reminds one of the coyness of a young lady who very much wishes to be pressed to sing, and stands in strange contrast with its usually bold and defiant tone. If Prince Bismarck remains in the Ministry, it is argued, however strictly he may confine himself to the duties of his office, every important measure introduced by the Administration will be attributed to him. According to the whole system of government in Prussia the head of each office is practically independent, and responsible only to the King; and so, in the period above referred to, the Prince could, in fact, exercise only a small and indirect influence on the internal policy of the country, and yet he has always been considered the real author of the ecclesiastical legislation of the time. Every one must see the force of this reasoning. The great statesman has established such a reputation that, however conscientiously he might restrict himself to his own field, it would be impossible to persuade the outside world that he was not the ruling and directing spirit of every Government in which he held a place, and all who are acquainted with the effects of overwork know that worry and a sense of responsibility are far more injurious than the mere amount of mental labour done. It is therefore clear that, if Prince Bismarck requires rest, he is acting wisely in quitting the Prussian Ministry altogether.

Nor are we by any means sure that he is not furthering the true interests of his country in doing so. He will, of course, leave a great blank in the administration of the kingdom; his loss will be felt in every office that he resigns. Many measures will be delayed, and others will be submitted to Parliament in a less perfect form than if they had been fashioned by his hand. The King, too—and this will probably weigh more heavily than any other consideration with the man who has served him so long and so well—the King, too, may find it difficult to accustom himself to the new voice and manner in which the proposals of his Ministers are placed before him. But it has long been clear that a greater separation must be made between the administration of Prussia and that of the Empire. It was an incalculable advantage to Germany that during the period of transition so many of the most important offices in both could be left in the hands of a single statesman, and that thus all danger of friction between the Central Power and the most important of the States subject to it was evaded. But no nation can expect to be governed by a succession of men of genius, and even among men of true political genius there are few with Prince Bismarck's capacity for hard and continuous work. The mere routine business of the offices he has filled would have been enough to reduce even an intellect of more than ordinary strength to the condition of a mere machine, and to deprive it of all initiative power. The wonder is not that he now desires to be freed from the stress of work, but that he has borne it so long. Yet his splendid prestige and large experience enabled him to entrust much to subordinates that even the most gifted of his successors will be obliged to do himself.

A division of the two administrations has therefore become inevitable; and it will involve many modifications, if not in the form, at least in the practice, of the two Governments. Difficulties which no one can foresee are almost certain to arise; if there were no unquestioned authority at hand to decide them and to establish precedents, they might easily lead to irritation or even to a conflict. We are only quoting Prince Bismarck when we say that nowhere is the *esprit de corps* stronger than in Germany, where a member of one branch of the Civil Service thinks he is doing a good action if he secures a petty advantage for his own office, even though it may be to the detriment of the whole State. A serious contest between the Imperial and the Prussian Governments is therefore by no means impossible, and a greater danger to the Empire could hardly be conceived. At present, if the rumours we have spoken of prove to be correct, the appeal may be made to the Imperial Chancellor, whose opinion no one in the higher ranks of the Government service will think of disputing, however unofficially it may be given.

From the first establishment of the North German Confederation, all earnest students of contemporary history have been asking themselves how the Constitution whose foundations were then laid would work when the master mind that created it, and the hand in which it proved so powerful an instrument, were no longer there to direct it. Even in his opinion it was not the best of Constitutions, but only the best attainable at the time, and to them it appeared that it was only his genius that covered its defects. Hitherto they have had to comfort themselves with the hope that a nation which had once enjoyed the advantages of unity would not readily allow local prejudice or party rancour to tear it asunder again. To all who desire to see Germany remain what she is, a great, peaceful, and Conservative Power, it would on this account be a source of satisfaction to know that one important part of the changes which time cannot but bring would be carried out under the eyes of the greatest statesman

man of modern times. Deeply, therefore, as we should deplore the retirement of Prince Bismarck from the Prussian Ministry, if we looked upon it only as a sign of his failing health, we cannot, under existing circumstances, regard it with regret.

TWO PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

TWO important exhibitions of pictures were opened to the public on Monday. The Society of British Artists have gathered a large number of works—eight hundred in all—in their rooms in Suffolk Street; and Mr. Wallis has opened the French Gallery in Pall Mall, with a small number of oil paintings, all, or nearly all, by foreign artists. The one hundred and sixty-three works in Pall Mall are each and all worth looking at, though of course all are not equally pleasing. Of the far larger gathering in Suffolk Street, however unwilling we may be to acknowledge it, the strict critic would find it very hard to pick out one hundred and sixty-three pictures worth looking at twice. Of course the artist who considers the strict critic as a roaring lion, or words to that effect, and imagines that he seeks with pleasure for objects for abuse, will accuse us of partiality and all sorts of malignity; but the truth is that at Suffolk Street there are not one hundred and sixty good pictures, not one hundred, not sixty, nor anything like it. Indeed, if we say there are six, we must think a moment lest we exaggerate. At the same time, it cannot be said that the exhibition is deplorably bad, and, as we shall see, one picture rises to a very high level. The average character of the work is, on the whole, much higher than it used to be. There are fewer pictures like the scene (337), on the Terrace at Haddon, where the artist, desiring to depict a lady with a broken heart, has represented her with a broken neck. But there are numerous examples of trivial interest, of bad drawing, of tawdry taste, of inharmonious colour, of flatness, and hardness, and ignorance—in short, it is but too true that if a round half-dozen were taken out, there would be nothing left—nothing, that is, worth looking at twice.

If it is not invidious, let us select half a dozen from the whole exhibition. Among them there is one work difficult to class with anything else here. Mr. Arthur Hill's "The Shell" (491) entirely eclipses the other pictures, as well by its actual brilliancy as by its other remarkable qualities. Mr. Hill has long been known as an artist who strives after eminence in a department of high art but little cultivated in this country. His studies of the nude have generally taken the form of life-size pictures painted from models of dark complexion, only a shade or two lighter than those in which Mr. Long delights. We took occasion last autumn to give qualified praise to "A Dancer" exhibited in this Gallery. To "The Shell" it is possible to give unqualified praise. In fact it seems likely to prove one of the best pictures of the year in any gallery. It is small, not more than ten inches by twenty-four, so differing from former studies by Mr. Hill. Moreover, it represents a nymph of the most dazzlingly fair complexion. Further, and this is in itself a remarkable evidence of progress, the face, which in Mr. Hill's former works was generally commonplace, not to say plain, is here of exceeding loveliness. The nymph lies extended on the sea-shore, and listens to the sound in a shell which she holds close to her ear.

A long space, and almost as long an interval in merit, separates "The Shell" from the picture which seems to come next in order. This is Mr. Bernard Evans's water-colour, No. 634, to which some lines of poetry on April showers are appended. It is a fine, broad, well-gradated, forcible view, with a splendidly-lighted sky. Two other works by the same artist hang close by, but we turn again and again from them to the "April Shower." A very bad third, as racing men say, is perhaps to be found in Mr. R. J. Gordon's "Fair Florist" (246), a very pretty lady arranging flowers in a vase. Another study from the same head is in the first room, "Lauretta" (95), but is inferior, being very rough in execution. Next after the "Fair Florist" we may place "A Haymaker," by Mr. F. Brown, which is an English version of what various French artists have already done. The girl is homely, but not uncomely; and the execution of the painting may be considered superior to the design. Two more pictures will make up our half-dozen. They are one of Mr. A. de Bránski's three landscapes, "Shabod" (273), a fine effect of sunset colour; and one of Mr. Haynes King's four figure subjects, "A Stitch in Time" (50), which, in spite of a vulgar title, is a very sweet, harmonious, and pleasant little work. All this artist's pictures are more or less pleasing; but that on which evidently he has bestowed most thought and labour—a cottage interior, called "News from the Colonies" (326)—though harmonious in colour, is hopelessly stiff.

Not up to the mark, but decidedly showing some promise, we may mention a few of the other pictures in the order of the Catalogue. The portrait of "Miss Craik" (13), by Mr. Gadsby—a child with a variety of dolls—is spotty and rough, yet marked with a certain cleverness, which is more apparent in portraits of two other young ladies of the same family and name (208), where, however, the effect is marred by one child being better finished than the other. A nice little study, but too obviously a study, "Idleness" (44), by Mr. Morton, may be admired for the excellence of the drapery and the general high finish. "A Souvenir of Rembrandt" (107), by Mr. J. W. Wilson, is broad and powerful—the portrait of an elderly man in a big hat—but the title suggests comparisons fatal to the picture. "Azaleas" (122), by Mrs. Holliday, is a very highly finished flower-piece, hardly amounting in importance to a picture, but very decorative. Similarly good are "Apples" (218), by Mr. Livens, which deserve mention for sober colour and a look of reality. There are several other pieces depending on fruit and flowers for their effect, and some of "still life," such as Miss Hayllar's "School Hamper" (572), and Miss B. W. Spiers's—or is it "Mr." B. W. Spiers's?—"Curiosities of Literature," a heap of old books marvellously painted. "Coming Events" (153) is the silly title of Mr. Canty's girl feeding ducks, a picture with some depth and feeling. "Maiden Widowed" (158), by Miss Pulvermacher, is clever and solid, but from a model unpleasantly plain. Mr. Burr's "Politician" (199) is a man in red at a window, with nothing to relieve the redness. The picture, otherwise not uninteresting, is extremely inharmonious. A head in a wig, somewhat unnecessarily called "The Vicar of Bray" (230), by Miss Seymour Lucas, is cleverly painted and shows promise. "Returning Health" (241), by Mr. Maw Egley, defies criticism as a picture, but may be admired for a microscopic finish and smoothness which reminds us of Mieris. Several of the Royal Academy school studies of village inns which competed for the last prizes are here. Mr. Holyoake's "On the Road to the Meet" (445) is perhaps the best of them.

To do full justice to the French Gallery is manifestly impossible, as it would involve a mention of every picture exhibited. It must suffice to indicate the chief features of the exhibition. Most people will be inclined to place first the "Portrait" (136), understood to be that of the artist's wife, by F. A. Kaulbach, the well-known "nephew of his uncle." As this picture and three others (139, 170, and 171) in the Gallery attest, Herr Kaulbach is not so unworthy of his nepotism as the personage respecting whom the words were spoken originally. The lady, with an expression sweet and gracious, yet modest and self-possessed, is represented at full length, and has a magnificent Dalmatian hound by her side, represented much as Vandyke represented dogs on so many occasions. In fact, the whole picture recalls rather Vandyke than Reynolds, but it is perfectly original, and we only institute comparisons for the benefit of those who cannot see the picture. Of a very different character is the wonderful Servian peasant scene (64), by Herr Joanowitz, a pupil, it is reported, of Professor Karl Müller, of Vienna. An old soldier in a picturesque costume fences with a boy, while a younger soldier seated behind guides the boy's hand. Behind are several smiling spectators, including a charming group of women. The painting is at once solid and refined, and the colour so rich as to remind one insensibly of M. Meissonier's "La Rixe." This is believed to be only the second picture of Herr Joanowitz, his first having been purchased by the Servian Government. We have just mentioned M. Meissonier. A picture, very small as usual, by him is on the wall, "A Halberdier" (19), which does not call for further remark, except that it is in every way up to the standard he has always set himself for spirit, colour, and high finish. Two curious little pictures hang on either side of Herr Joanowitz's splendid work. They represent Roman carnival scenes (60, 68). The finish is high; but the most remarkable thing in them is the airiness and crispness of the treatment. Near them are two of the most interesting works in the Gallery, Herr Seiler's "A Wilful Youth" (61) and "Nach dem Diner" (69). A third picture by him is on the sofa, and bears the not very appropriate title of "Wearisome and Wearied" (163). It represents a number of bookworms of the last century enjoying themselves thoroughly in ransacking an old-fashioned library. Every face and every book has its own character; yet, though every detail is made out with the utmost fidelity, there is a breadth and absence of spottiness in the general effect truly marvellous. It would, perhaps, be unpatriotic or unkind to say that no English artist can excel this young painter in a style peculiarly suited, one might have thought, to the English capacity. Mr. Green, perhaps, comes nearest to it. M. de Blaas disappoints us in "The World and the Cloister" (54); a nun, a lady in fashionable clothes, and an odiously over-dressed French child; a mere picture of properties, but of course consummately painted. "Five Bars Rest" (56), by M. Andriotti, should be examined, as should "A Difficult Passage" (50), by Herr Poetzelberger, in which the violinist sits, bow in hand, examining the score. The finish is very high in both pictures. M. Laugée's "Pour la Soupe" (93) is of the usual type of his work, and a good example. The central feature of the wall opposite the door is "La Ruine d'une Famille" (102), by Herr Echtler, an artist who has already received medals and prizes for it on the Continent. The rough French village drinking-shop, the gamblers, the despairing wife and children, the conspirators behind the partition, the accessories of every kind, the cold light breaking in, all produce a powerful, if painful, effect. "The Dole" (109), by M. Aviat, represents two friars and a pretty girl, and is bright and charming. There is fine tone in Troyon's "Man is Born to Trouble" (141); and we must not overlook "African Camp Followers" (45), by the late Eugene Fromentin, an artist whose works are becoming very rare. The landscapes this year are not very numerous, but there are several by Herr Heffner, including one of amazing depth and colour, an after sunset scene (24). The cattle pieces of Herr van Marcke (17, 35) are of his usual high quality, but we prefer the smaller. The English eye does not readily accommodate itself to foreign cattle. Herr Wahlberg's "Near Beaulieu," will be admired for its fine hazy effect. In the upper room, though we have not nearly exhausted the lower one, there are three or four fine pictures. Besides the Kaulbachs already mentioned, there is Herr Leibl's curious "In Church" (166), a piece of highly-finished

work in the pre-Raphaelite style; it is difficult to enjoy, yet impossible not to admire, in the old sense of that verb, and seems literally an amazing example of conscientious, if uninteresting, toil. The folds of the very plain young woman's apron must have cost the artist weeks of labour. The whole picture is said to have occupied no less than four years. "An Egyptian Interior" (169) was left very nearly finished by the late C. Bargue, and is a fine specimen of the rare work of a lamented artist.

NEO-CHRISTIANITY.

IT is a curious irony of fate which has made the eldest son of the late Dr. Arnold, one of the most devout and in his way orthodox of Christian enthusiasts, the founder and apostle of "Neo-Christian" schemes, from which every trace of historical Christianity is carefully eliminated. No doubt Dr. Arnold was considered in his day a very "Liberal Churchman," and was looked on with suspicion—not without some reason—alike by High Churchmen and Evangelicals. But he differed *toto cœlo* from the Broad Churchmen of a later day who, as the *Times* phrased it, "only escaped by the skin of their teeth," when prosecuted in the ecclesiastical courts, and for whose theology in *Essays and Reviews* the term Neo-Christianity was first coined, if we remember rightly, by Mr. Frederic Harrison. And he would have had still less sympathy, had he dreamt of its existence, with the new phase of religionism invented by his son, to which the same name is more appropriately applied in a criticism, at once instructive and amusing, by Mr. Traill in the *Contemporary Review*. Those who knew him best have expressed their conviction that, were he living now, he would be an Evangelical; it may at all events be affirmed with tolerable confidence that he would not become "a Neo-Christian." The term, as we have already intimated, has a more direct application to *Literature and Dogma* than to the *Essays and Reviews*. The writers designated by a divine who has since become a bishop, the *Septem Contra Christum*, did not at all events profess to be propounding a new Gospel, but only to be clearing the old one of certain superstitious or superfluous accretions, which impeded its acceptance by educated scholars of the present age. What *residuum* would have remained when the "verifying faculty" they appealed to had had its perfect work, may indeed fairly be questioned, but some of them at all events—one especially who has long been known as a zealous and hard-working bishop—thought that a great deal would remain untouched, and the question of their consistency or their orthodoxy need not further detain us here. Mr. Matthew Arnold on the other hand does virtually claim, as his critic points out, to be "the founder of a new religion," and though the elements of his theological system—if the term may be misapplied to a theology which expressly excludes the idea of a personal God—are scattered through all his later works, the most complete and coherent summary of them is to be found in *Literature and Dogma*, which is evidently "designed to lay the foundations of a new creed," and has accordingly been recently issued in a cheaper form for popular use; much we presume as Strauss "turned to the Gentiles" in the revised edition of his *Leben Jesu fur das deutsche Volk bearbeitet*. At the same time if the new Evangel be in fact—as it clearly is—"another Gospel," it claims to be "not another," but rather "a legitimate development of popular Christianity"; a claim which Mr. Traill thinks might be sufficiently disposed of by submitting it to the arbitrament of Messrs. Moody and Sankey or Mr. Spurgeon. To be sure there are versions of Gospel teaching not unacceptable to very orthodox Christians, which we are afraid would not commend themselves to "the Rev. Esau Hittall," but in the present instance the test would hardly be an unfair one. However our chief concern is to examine not so much the pretensions of Neo-Christianity to be regarded as a form of Christian doctrine as its claim to be accounted, in any intelligible sense of the word, a religion at all. There is no need to approach the question from a dogmatic standpoint, and Mr. Traill, whatever may be his own religious opinions, has in fact approached it from a purely sceptical or external point of view. There is as little of "sectarian" bias in his criticism, as in the author he criticizes, and he appears indeed to have first consulted him in the hope of finding matter for agreement rather than for difference. He thinks "that Mr. Arnold's attempt to establish a *modus vivendi* between Christianity and modern thought must command the sympathy of every one who shares the very general inability"—which he apparently shares himself—"to see how Western communities are to live 'either with or without' it." The assumed difficulty may not seem to every one so insoluble, but at all events those who strongly feel it cannot be charged with an unfriendly animus towards a writer who has set himself with singular, if not very successful, ingenuity to solve it.

In the first place then it is important to ascertain what are the fundamental doctrines of this new religion, and in what respects it differs from the old one. Mr. Arnold, to do him justice, is never an obscure writer, and he leaves his readers in no doubt on these points. Neo-Christianity "contains two, and only two, essential and eternal truths—namely, its assertion of the claims of righteousness as the only way of peace for man, and its indication of Christ as the model of righteousness appointed for man's imitation." We should ourselves have inclined to say that the second doctrine was "a pious opinion" adopted by Mr. Arnold himself rather than an "essential" article of the new creed, and an opinion likely very soon to drop out of it, supposing *per impossibile* it ever attained the dimensions of a popular religion. However we will take Mr. Traill's statement as it stands, and give him the benefit of the doubt. As to what are the exploded articles of the old historical creed there is no room for any difference of opinion. They are "such as the belief in miracles, in prophecy, in a materialistic (?) future state, in the Trinity, and even in the personality of the Supreme Being." The word "materialistic" might have been left out, for all future life disappears from the system with a Personal God; and we do not know why Mr. Traill omits the Incarnation from the list of leading doctrines to be got rid of. It is expressly dismissed—in a phrase of polished but cynical irreverence we do not care to quote here—in *Literature and Dogma*, as a pretty but impossible *Aberglaube*, absolutely fatal to the reception of any creed of which it forms an integral portion. The "verifying faculty" by which these superstitious adjuncts are securely discriminated from the essential verities of the Christianity of the future is "culture," which "enables the reader to feel what the Bible writers are about, to read between the lines, to discern where he ought to press with his whole weight, and where he ought to press lightly." And the Bible thus verified and interpreted will become the one and sole adequate guide and inspirer of human life, the one rule of "conduct" whereby alone man may attain to his highest happiness. Now it is surely only natural to inquire in the first place whether those free-thinking mechanics, for whose special behoof Mr. Arnold has prepared his revised version of the Scriptures, will be likely to accept this remarkable scheme of hermeneutics. They have already *ex hypothesi* rejected the Bible as a record of divine revelation in the sense—apart from minor points in dispute among Christians—generally placed upon it by orthodox believers. Will they be ready to receive it back at Mr. Arnold's hands, as a volume not "of dogmatic metaphysics"—*i.e.* as not containing revealed doctrines—but of "poetry and eloquence thrown out at an object of consciousness not fully grasped, which inspired emotion"? Will they *e.g.* be ready to admit that when St. Paul speaks of "God manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory," he did not mean to make any dogmatic or "scientific" statement about the Incarnation or the Ascension, but merely to "throw out" language at "objects of consciousness not fully grasped"; or that the Scripture writers generally, "when they say most distinctly 'This is so,' merely mean, 'This is a matter about which we feel very strongly, and we therefore relieve our minds by formulating precise statements about it which, however, you are not to take literally'"? It would be easy to fill, not this article but the whole number of the *Saturday Review*, with extracts from both the Old Testament and the New exceedingly hard to reconcile by any method of "free handling" with such an hypothesis. But the question is really a vital one to Mr. Arnold's scheme, because—unlike Strauss, who said plainly, "We have a religion, but we are *not* Christians"—he is never tired of reminding us that he aims not simply at "the construction of *a* religion," but of a religion "founded and largely relying upon the same sacred writings as the older form, and insisting to the full as much upon their supreme spiritual efficacy and eternal value." It is even a natural or necessary inference from many things he has said that he would consider his new religion more than compatible with the continued use of the Anglican Prayer-book. This then is one serious difficulty about the Neo-Christian creed.

But this objection, serious as it is, does not go to the root of the matter. Before asking whether the proposed religion of the future has any claim to be regarded as a Christian or Scriptural one, there is a previous and still more fundamental question to be settled. Is it a religion at all? A religion, as Mr. Arnold himself fully admits, means more than a mere system of morality, and is indeed, as he implies, an essential condition for securing the observance of the moral law. It is a religion therefore, not simply a moral code, which he has undertaken to provide; and he holds the great distinction between the two to consist in its being not a mere moral code, but "morality touched with emotion." Now of course all religious morality is "touched with emotion," but Mr. Arnold is too good a logician to identify this statement—by what logic manuals call "the simple conversion of A"—with the very hazardous proposition that all morality touched with emotion is religious, which however his argument requires. It surely makes some difference what the "emotion" is. "No morality could be more profoundly touched with emotion than that of a child who strives to be 'good,' in order to earn the gold watch or the pony-ride which has been promised as the reward of its infantile virtue." We need not reopen the question as to the claim of this Neo-Christian scheme to be "a return to the faith once delivered to the Saints," nor will we stay to inquire whether the "emotion" it relies upon has anything in common with that "which touched the morality of the Fathers and the Saints, of St. Jerome and St. Augustine, of St. Francis and St. Teresa." That question indeed answers itself, for their "emotion" was avowedly "the love of God," which is excluded by the force of terms in a religion which repudiates a personal God altogether. It is hardly possible to love or to worship "the eternal something, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." And moreover one main purpose of introducing the new religion is to satisfy the minds of those who find the existence of a personal God "unverifiable" or untrue. Mr. Arnold is supposed by his critic—and the passage is in strict

though not verbal, accordance with his teaching—to address them thus:—

"I see," he says to them, "that your great difficulty relates to the very existence of a personal God. You do not deny the existence of such a Being, but you hold that it is not verifiable or verified; and I agree with you. It is so; and at present it cannot be verified; and that which cannot be verified is a form no sure and satisfying basis for a religion. To re-settle your religion on such a basis, you require some verifiable conception; and I will tell you where to find one. You will find it in our common human consciousness of an 'Eternal Power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness.' There you have your substitute—your verifiable substitute for the supposed personal God, who enjoins certain conduct upon you. And since your personal God rewards right conduct as well as enjoins it, and I have, therefore, also to meet this requirement of a religious faith, I refer you to the equally verifiable truth, that 'to righteousness belongs happiness.' For the name of God, then, wherever it occurs in your creed, substitute 'The Power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness,' and for 'heaven,' substitute 'The happiness which belongs to righteousness,' and there is your religion. What more can you want?"

Certainly the perplexed inquirer might well reply, "What less could I have?" He might fairly enough ask whether the two new dogmas are any more "verifiable" than those they are designed to replace. And he might further ask wherein consists the supreme importance of this "righteousness," and in what sense it is true to say that "happiness belongs" to it? Is the great doctrine, the *articulus stantis vel cadentis Ecclesiæ Neo-Christianæ*, to be interpreted in an egotistic or an "altruistic" sense? Mr. Arnold seems to oscillate between the two replies, but it may be questioned if either of them is "verifiable." He speaks sometimes as though the promised happiness consisted in "the consciousness that we are co-operating with and not resisting the great external forces which are directing the destinies of mankind," but that is only another version of the Gospel of Humanity so assiduously preached by Mr. Frederic Harrison and the priesthood of the Comtist Church generally, who however disclaim all profession of Christianity, old or new. We have often explained our reasons for thinking their enterprise a hopeless, though a perfectly honest one, and need not repeat them here. But if Mr. Arnold elects the other alternative, and interprets the happiness which belongs to righteousness to mean individual happiness—that godliness has the promise of this life, whatever becomes of the next—the verification, to say the least, is not made easier. We may well ask, with his critic, whether "any one can seriously believe that our sceptical workingman, finding a roll of 100*l.* notes after being six months out of work, with a wife and eight children dependent on him, half his furniture pawned, and a distress hanging over the remainder," will be restrained from theft by the new "emotion" suggested to him in place of his discarded belief in "popular Christianity"? He might not improbably object that "the only power not himself of which he has any experience he names 'misfortune,' that it has the air of being 'eternal,' and that what it seems to 'make for' is starvation." And if his Neo-Christian teacher still insists that "to righteousness belongs happiness," and that, if he will only try, he "will find it *is* so," he is but too likely to reply, "I have tried, and I find it is *not* so. I have been righteous for thirty years, and I never had a stroke of luck in my life until to-day." One cannot but fear that the "sweet reasonableness" of pocketing the roll of altruistic banknotes would triumph over the austerer "emotion" and "eternal power," which "make," but make in vain, "for" the righteous happiness of restoring it to its owner. The plain fact is that, even if we consent for argument's sake to swallow wholesale the difficulties, philosophical and theological, of Mr. Arnold's fundamental postulates—and they are a pretty good mouthful—a practical difficulty remains behind, which is likely to prove still more fatal to the success of his Neo-Christian scheme. As Mr. Traill puts the case, "it is essentially a religion for the cultivated and comfortable, . . an *article de luxe* suitable only for consumption by them and their like." In other words, if we may venture to throw the conclusion into a somewhat Hibernian formula, it is a religion admirably adapted for those, and those alone, who are so situated as to find that they do not want one.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY—MR. BRANDRAM'S RECITAL.

AT the Prince's Theatre the ill-fated *Breaking a Butterfly* has been succeeded by an adaptation, by Mr. C. H. Hawtrey, of Von Moser's *Der Bibliothekar*, called *The Private Secretary*, a farcical comedy of the most pronounced type. In plays of this kind, ingenious situations and surprises that cunningly lie in ambush are the chief and most necessary attractions, construction being quite a secondary matter; the all-important aim is to present a series of humorous and unsuspected incidents, which inevitably lead to complications, and which should possess a certain coherent relationship. Where the initial *motif* is ill-devised and weak, the whole tissue of imbroglio to which it gives birth becomes weakened and strained, and the result is a gradually accelerating degeneracy to the fall of the curtain. It cannot be said that the ludicrous scenes of the last three acts of *The Private Secretary* are naturally evolved from what precedes them; they have no stable base for development in the first act. They are highly diverting and skilfully contrived; but they are deficient in that air of consistency which in farce is the substitute for uncompromising adherence to nature and probability. Many of the drollest situations are clearly foreseen; they excite laughter, not because they surprise by their unexpected incongruity, but because they are so admirably realized by the actors. Deprived of the stimulus of such excellent impersonations as Mr. Beerbohm-Tree's Rev. Robert Spalding, Mr. Carton's Douglas Cattermole, and the Mr. Cattermole of Mr. W. J. Hill, the vital element of the piece would be found to be even weaker than it is now felt to be.

The original source of the confusion that turns a country house into a species of Bedlam for the enactment of the wildest extravagances lies in the difficulties of Harry Marsland, who, to escape their pressure, persuades his friend Douglas Cattermole to vacate his chambers in town and assume the character of the Rev. Robert Spalding at the seat of his uncle Marsland. In the meanwhile the real Simon Pure, who has accepted the post of private secretary to Mr. Marsland, is left by the two friends in possession of the chambers, in ignorance of the deception, so that Douglas Cattermole has to sustain the dual part of clergyman and private secretary. At the outset we learn that Douglas has a rich uncle who has just returned from India, and who will have nothing to do with him until, as he expresses it, he has "sown his wild oats," which operation Douglas assures his friend Harry he has no liking for. He does not object to taking the parson's place on his friend's suggestion that it might be a step towards satisfying his uncle's prejudice and might at the same time relieve his embarrassment. When, however, he is recognized in the last scene, his uncle is easily convinced as to his performances, though there is nothing but the escapade mentioned to justify his persuasion. This inconsistency, however, is slight in comparison with other instances. Nothing but perverse blindness and conscious ignoring on the part of all concerned of the obvious matter-of-fact state of affairs prevents the disclosure of the imposition. Every one plays the part of Mr. Wilful Won't-See, and Douglas Cattermole has an easy time of it. It is not so with the veritable secretary, the Rev. Robert Spalding, who suffers continual martyrdom from the moment when he is left in charge of young Cattermole's chambers to his appearance in the country. He suffers unspeakable indignity at the hands of old Cattermole, who takes him to be his nephew, and is disgusted by his blue ribbon, huge goloshes, pale famished face, and general asceticism. He has writs served on him, and is assaulted by one of Douglas Cattermole's creditors, and when the curtain falls on the first act Mr. Gibson, the creditor, is seen ejecting water from a syphon bottle on the unhappy parson, who, utterly crushed and limp from the unequal fight, has sunk under his open umbrella. The admirable get-up of Mr. Beerbohm-Tree, and the thorough harmony of his acting, result in what is not only a happy conception, but one that is realized with remarkable thoroughness. Mr. W. J. Hill is, in his own peculiar style, excessively droll, and in the interview with his supposed nephew—the most comic scene in the play—he was perfectly irresistible in the incongruous association of his irate tones and radiant *bonhomie*, the contrast of his sudden passion and the astonishment of the bewildered parson. From this point there is much stout romping round tables and chairs, scenes of intricacy when the different characters meet in many rooms, and make strange acquaintance; the parson is pushed under a table while Harry Marsland and young Cattermole make love to the young ladies of the house; he is then confined to a chest, from which he issues, exhausted by his sufferings, only to frighten the household, to be taken for a burglar, and to suffer in divers ways incredible affronts.

Mr. G. W. Anson endows the part of a Bond Street tailor with a little too much vigour, though with humorous distinction; the Harry Marsland of Mr. Reeves Smith, while naturally brisk and pleasant, is marred by occasional faulty articulation, owing to over-rapidity of speech. Mr. Carton's Douglas Cattermole is thoroughly well studied, and is interpreted with all the nature and consistency possible. There is not indeed in any of these parts much opportunity of displaying the actor's art; Mr. A. Beaumont, who impersonates an M. F. H., is not seen at his best, and the young ladies, who are excellently represented by Miss Lucy Buckstone and Miss Tilbury, are not very prominent. Mrs. Stephens plays with considerable humour the spiritualist, Miss Ashford, and Mrs. Leigh Murray represents the housekeeper, Mrs. Stead. *The Private Secretary* is preceded by a version of Ferrier's *Chez l'Avocat*, entitled "6*s.* 8*d.*," written by Mr. Beerbohm-Tree. The dialogue is very bright and animated, and is rendered with abundant spirit by the adapter and Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree.

The death, last Tuesday, of Miss Marie Litton (Mrs. W. Wybrow-Robertson) deprives the stage of an actress of individual power and peculiar charm, and whose success in the higher departments of dramatic art was as well demonstrated as her continual progression in excellence. At the Royal Aquarium Miss Litton's revivals of old comedies must be in every one's recollection, so completely were the spirit and flavour of the old drama transferred. In *As You Like It* the Rosalind of Miss Litton will long be remembered as peculiarly distinct, with a quality of fascination that admirably represented the Shakspearian character, and which must be considered among the most happy assumptions of this part that the modern stage has known. In the management of theatres Miss Litton's experience began at the Court in 1871, when her tenure was rendered memorable by the production of *The Happy Land* and *Brighton*; subsequently she appeared at the Haymarket in *The Wicked World*, and at the St. James's, the Princess's, and other houses in many and diverse parts, one of her last appearances being in *Moths* at the Olympic in 1882. Highly gifted by nature, with a rich and cultivated voice, and mobile, expressive features Miss Litton possessed the organization of an artist, combined with the developed fruits of

constant and conscientious study. The winning grace, the admirable humour, and urbane style of her *Rosalind*, its delicate insight and charming idyllism, are well-remembered qualities of an excellent impersonation.

In the notice of *Nita's First* last week the name of Mr. Perceval Clark was inadvertently printed Mr. Perceval Slark.

Mr. Brandram recited at Willis's Rooms on Tuesday, for the first time, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, this being his final appearance in London previous to his projected tour in America in the autumn. His rendering of the humour and pathos of Dickens's familiar story made this as excellent as any of the preceding recitals. The unfaltering fluency with which the many complex descriptive passages and animated dialogue were given, while affording a remarkable instance of Mr. Brandram's power of memory, was even less striking than his admirable discrimination and the rich and varied intonation of his voice. The characters were dramatized with much power; the carrier and his wife, Caleb Plummer and his blind daughter, in particular, were presented with happy and spontaneous art. Scarcely less notable was the realization of the melodramatic situations, where the carrier discovers Dot's apparent infidelity, and where he takes his gun and stalks to the door with the intention of killing his guest. In the opening scene the reciter showed with wonderful power how the voice may endow with fresh vitality language in itself eloquent with life, and become the soul of speech. The dead pieces of the carrier's interior, the fireside, the quaint old clock, and, indeed, every little touch in the elaborate description, were vivified by Mr. Brandram as with individual presence, and with but slight aid from gesture; the voice of the speaker being artistically regarded as the legitimate vehicle of expression, and gesticulation merely as an auxiliary. *The Cricket on the Hearth*, as rendered on this occasion, is an important addition to Mr. Brandram's repertory of readings.

MESMERISM AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

THE different methods of science and superstition, or of common-sense and mysticism, in making a so-called "research" have been well illustrated lately by two lectures given at the Royal and London Institutions respectively by prominent Cambridge teachers. It would, indeed, have been well if the audience which listened to the Professor of Moral Philosophy discoursing naively at the London Institution on the results of Psychical Research, had given itself a few weeks afterwards the wholesome corrective of hearing and digesting the remarks of Mr. Langley on "The Physiological Aspects of Mesmerism." It was insisted on not long ago in these columns that the modern apostle of the occult, or, as he is more widely known, the Spiritualist or Psychic, clings always to mesmerism as the stronghold of his belief when he feels all other points of defence to be weak and yielding. For among the many phenomena which he dubs mesmeric, without any mark of relationship between them except that impressed upon them by his own mind, there do exist some which are facts indeed and are not to be referred, with the most distinctive events of popular mesmerism, to wilful imposture and prearranged trickery. The Spiritualist is always eager to make friends with the Mammon of Materialism. It has been already amply shown that the substratum of fact in mesmerism is paralleled by well-known spontaneous occurrences in certain human subjects, quite apart from any method of making "passes" or so-called "electro-biology." Somnambulism, trance, catalepsy, and other abnormal states take place as examples of nervous disease, and what scientific men have denominated hypnotism covers everything called "mesmeric" which presents any case whatever for serious study. The somewhat morbid subjects of these hypnotic states, be their condition natural or induced, may of course be expected to fall into the hands of the charlatan and the mystery-monger more readily than into those of the physiologist or the doctor, and in these circumstances they furnish the only really plausible excuse for any importance that may be attached to the operations of the Psychical Researchers of the present day.

We should scarcely have reverted to this subject were it not for the fact that Professor Sidgwick's high reputation as a writer on moral philosophy lends a factitious importance to his utterances on subjects with which he is apparently far less competent to deal. The weight of personal names is great with the promoters and devotees of the psychical cultus, as is evidenced by the oft-repeated quotations we hear of certain well-known "authorities," and the constantly republished lists in the Spiritualistic organs of "Eminent persons who have satisfied themselves of the reality of some of the phenomena generally known as Psychical or Spiritualistic." Professor Sidgwick, in the strange statements and inferences contained in his lecture, has shown how easy it is when once the firm ground of fact is left behind to mount the most giddy heights of fancy with an apparently firm step; and it is not too much to say that he stands convicted of ignoring the very fundamental requirements of scientific research. It is enough for our present purpose to point these remarks by criticizing only his wondrous and really arrogant contention that the Psychical Research Society has definitely ascertained certain facts hitherto unrecognized or ignored by "science" through all time, and the monstrous conclusion that he calmly draws from these so-called facts, that there can be special and definite communications between mind and mind apart from all intervention of the senses. The Psychical Society, he says, has established, by a line of research strictly experimental, that such communication or "thought-transference" can take place both when the persons experimented on are in a normal condition and in the abnormal state called mesmeric or hypnotic. To the unprejudiced observer, aware of the undoubted trickery existing in connexion with mesmerism, these two branches of inquiry seem much the same; but, by ignoring this aspect of the question for the moment, and thus avoiding any possible confusion in the mind of those ignorant of mesmerism, we may meet Mr. Sidgwick on his own ground, and consider only the case of what he denominates thought-transference in the normal state, or, as it is often called, "thought-reading without bodily contact," which is indeed, as he says, the special work of the Society. It is at once obvious that, considering all that we know of the mind is its expression by means of the senses, it is binding on any one who contends that the senses can be dispensed with in mental communication to show without shadow of doubt that every possible avenue of sensory intervention is completely blocked. Demonstration of this must be made without leaving any gaps to be filled up by appeal to the good faith of an individual; and, if such demonstration were forthcoming, no body of scientific men would refuse to entertain or investigate the questions they now most justifiably ignore. All would allow that the evidence of the impossibility of fraudulent collusion between the Professor's subjects—one of whom is alleged to have drawn, without any sensory communication, a donkey's head whose chosen counterpart was among the expectant audience—must be quite irrefragable before any person of ordinary common-sense could infer that there was anything else in the performance than an obvious trick by means of prearranged signals. And, until it can be shown that such an event has taken place in conditions where the mysterious draughtsman can neither see, hear, nor feel by any possibility, so long must the scientific man be content and willing to be called muddle-headed by Professor Sidgwick for maintaining that an *alleged* fact, which is in apparent contradiction to the whole sum of human knowledge, and is, moreover, perfectly explicable by the well-known and confessedly effective agency of fraud, is not worthy of any serious consideration. It is Professor Sidgwick's very imperfect appreciation of the difference between a fact and an inference, and his ambiguous use of the former word, that gives the only colour to his startlingly absurd parallel between nature and a bag of white and black balls, and is the only excuse for his inability to understand those who maintain a difference between what contradicts and what merely adds to experience. The Professor innocently argued that, if he pulled 999 white balls out of a bag, there would be no contradiction to this experience if the thousandth ball was black; implying by his comparison of the white balls with the ordinary experience of nature, and the black ball with the result of Psychical Research, that a scientific man would necessarily have concluded that all the balls in the bag were white. Such a conclusion would, of course, have been come to by no scientific man; and in this argument, which if perfectly ingenuous is certainly pointless, Mr. Sidgwick fails entirely to see that the contention of the scientific man with regard to the "psychical" facts is that they are not facts, that the black ball is indeed white, and appears black to the Psychical Researcher only because of the element of fraud in its composition, which baffles his biassed and trustful methods of inquiry. To this attitude of common-sense or science on the matter, and the challenge to reproduce the alleged facts under conditions exclusive of possible fraud, the Spiritualist has nothing to reply but the plaintive admission that "attempts to repeat these facts may very easily fail, the phenomenon being of a delicate nature, and the capacity for exhibiting them rare, transient, fitful, and easily disturbed." Is it not quite clear, then, that, until conditions exclusive of all acknowledged agencies be established, these "phenomena" must not be regarded as facts at all?

No fact, of course, can be in contradiction to other facts; but, when an alleged fact upsets conclusions drawn by the inductive method from an unlimited array of established facts, it is more than likely that it exists only in the mind of a prejudiced or careless observer, and is really a faulty inference from unsound data.

Mere allegations, destitute of proof, cannot be entertained by scientific inquirers. It is manifestly disingenuous to urge, as some Psychics do, that their "facts" are disallowed by science because they are distasteful and out of accord with its conclusions. The Royal Society, for instance, would refuse, and often has refused, to entertain a disquisition consisting of inferences resting on mere allegations, even though the conclusions it contained were in no way startling or even apparently out of harmony with established knowledge; and, on the other hand, were the required demonstration forthcoming, no paper would be rejected on account of its conclusions alone. In the early days of the Royal Society Sir Kenelm Digby essayed to demonstrate the virtues of certain so-called "sympathetic" remedies before that body, and to show that a spider could not escape when placed within a circle formed by the powdered horn of a rhinoceros. But the imprisoned spider escaped at once, the conditions not being favourable for the magical effects of the horn; and the Royal Society knew Sir Kenelm no more. If the Psychical Researchers could prevail upon the agencies they invoke to so arrange their conditions as to permit an expert, be he anatomist or conjurer, to block up all the avenues to the senses of the subject to be experimented on as a thought-reader, then doubtless there would be no lack of observers to witness the performance. But the existence of "phenomena" must be at first demonstrated by other means, before "delicacy," "evanescence," and gratuitous necessity

for special conditions can even plausibly be urged in support of their existence.

It would, indeed, seem obvious that this line of criticism of the methods of the Psychics is unanswerable, and that, continuing as they do to confound fact and fiction, and to ignore the demonstrated conclusions of the past on the flimsy evidence of simple statements, their work should be considered vain and their doctrines worthy of no regard. It is only the doubtless well-meaning but, we must reluctantly say, ignorant advocacy of these ill-attested marvels by men of otherwise undisputed eminence that prevents the modern ghost-seers, and clairvoyants, and believers in haunted houses from dying a natural death, and makes it necessary that their otherwise inevitable fate of quietly stewing in their own juice should from time to time be disturbed. And, after all, these Psychics are not the only people who show this wonderful incapacity of appreciating the real nature of a fact. In a less grotesque form this fallacy meets us at every turn; and a salient example is at once furnished by some of the arguments used in the late famous altercation in the law courts regarding the existence of the sculptor's ghost. Learned judges undertook to lay down the important difference between a fact and an inference, and the "fact" of Brown, Jones, and Robinson having seen the sculptor at work on his statues was contrasted with the "inference" drawn by Royal Academicians, that certain work was not done by the sculptor in question. Now, quite independently of the practical issue of the matter, it is obvious that this statement of the case was *logically* misdirecting, whether the verdict be considered correct or not, and would have been equally so had the evidence of the experts been given in the plaintiff's favour. What was virtually put before the jury was, on the one hand, the inference that the artistic merit of the statues was due to Mr. Belt, because certain persons had seen him scraping a clay model; and, on the other, the inference of experts, from a variety of evidence, that certain artistic results were not attained by the work of Mr. Belt. The question here really turned on the comparative value of expert and non-expert inferences on a given subject; for it was not denied that at some stage or other the clay had been touched by the hand of the plaintiff. But the jury were in effect told that the evidence of witnesses to this latter performance was almost if not quite equivalent to the demonstration of the *fact* that the finished statue was the work of Mr. Belt alone.

It is the jealous and rigid investigation of facts which forms the most important characteristic of modern as opposed to ancient modes of thought; and when we remember that some of the greatest intellects of past ages, including the most learned judges, were imbued with the then universally prevailing belief in the possibility of witchcraft and sorcery, we may look more leniently on some of our prominent modern Psychics than we might otherwise be inclined to do. From this point of view, and regarding them as strangely preserved descendants from other times, we are not logically bound, as otherwise we should be, to take up a challenge thrown down by Professor Sidgwick in a lecture he gave at the inauguration of the now two-year-old Psychical Society; and "accuse the investigators of lying or cheating, or of a blindness and forgetfulness incompatible with any intellectual condition except absolute idiocy." We need call these gentlemen neither fools nor knaves; but, though they contend that in two years they have overthrown both physics and physiology by proving that tables can move themselves, and that men can hear and see without ears or eyes, we can regard them historically as interesting survivals from other mental systems. And though they move amongst us now, and talk in scientific dialect, they appear like intellectual mummies galvanized into a kind of pseudo-vitality by coming into chance contact with the electric currents of modern thought. Professor Sidgwick has himself amusingly said that "scientific credulity has been so long in growing, and has so many and so strong roots, that we shall only kill it, if we are able to kill it at all, as regards any of these questions, by burying it alive under a heap of facts. We must keep pegging away, and not wrangle too much with incredulous outsiders about the conclusiveness of any one experiment, but trust to the mass of evidence for conviction." Apart from Mr. Sidgwick's very obvious and self-condemning neglect here of the fact that the strength of a chain depends on its weakest link, as is shown by his preference of quantity to quality of evidence, and the implied admission of the flimsiness of his own arguments, can we not protest that the belief in witchcraft, which has had its day and ceased to be, was supported by a mass of evidence far greater than any that the modern Psychical Researcher can ever hope in this day to collect? Might not, as Sir Walter Scott says, in his *Letters on Demonology*, the believer in witchcraft say to the sceptic of those older days, "Will you dispute the existence of a crime against which our own statute-book and the code of all civilized countries have attested by laws upon which hundreds and thousands have been convicted, many or even most of whom have by their judicial confessions acknowledged their guilt and the justice of their punishment? It is a strange scepticism, they might add, which rejects the evidence of Scripture, of human legislation, and of the accused persons themselves." Do we not hear in these words, *mutatis mutandis*, the identical arguments of the Psychics of our own day?

It is refreshing to turn from the unconscious sophistries of men whose powers in other directions should encourage us to look for utterances more worthy of them, to the clear and instructive exposition of what is known as mesmerism, by Mr. Langley, in his lecture above referred to. He emphasized in an interesting manner the scientific contention that the basis of fact which has been so unfortunately mixed up with clairvoyance and other trickery can be experimentally illustrated and explained by our present knowledge of nerve-action. Parallel instances occur and can be induced in the lower animals; and the lecturer showed the results of hypnotism to his audience by experiments on a frog and an alligator. Although no great advance in the study of hypnotic phenomena has been made since the writings of Dr. Braid on this subject appeared in 1841, yet it was shown by Mr. Langley that the more profound study of the action of the nervous system, and especially of what is called pre-eminently *reflex action*, or action without consciousness, has thrown a considerable light on the subject, and has enabled physiologists to state its explanation in more intelligible and accurate terms than before. The conclusion is perfectly clear from all that is known on the subject of spontaneous and artificial somnambulism, or hypnotism, that there is no connecting bridge whatever between these phenomena and what is popularly known as the "clairvoyant" stage of so-called mesmerism. It is convenient, of course, for the believers in the occult to maintain such a connexion, and to regard the latter as a mere extension or development of the former, so as to bolster up their gratuitous theory of some special power in the person who is called the mesmerizer. But the bright light of accurate investigation shows this favourite alliance to be a myth; and the last shred of the covering garment of truth is torn from the unsightly figure of modern psychical research.

CONCERTS.

THE ballad concert at St. James's Hall on Wednesday was of that miscellaneous character which, even in these advanced days, is sometimes regarded as essential to popularity. The general public undoubtedly love ballads, particularly those that are contemporary, and that set forth with sickly and unheroic sentiment the ways of the bold British sailor, which must invariably prove to be strange to that popular hero as well as to the admirers of Dibdin. The reception given on this occasion to dull and commonplace songs, indifferently sung, clearly reveals the existence of a large class of people whose taste has been wholly uninfluenced by such concerts as the Monday Popular. An extremely friendly audience showed itself desirous of re-hearing every song, good, bad, or indifferent, and recalled all the executants with amiable impartiality and most uncritical unanimity. This would be but a venial matter if the general execution had presented a dead surface of mediocrity; but it was an ill recognition of the beautiful voice and artistic style of Mme. Antoinette Sterling, the admirable quality of Mr. Barrington Foote's singing, and that of one or two others, to confound them with much that was meretricious in one flood of noisy applause. The inconsistency of such a proceeding—not to speak of its humorous incongruity in such a concert-room—was only worthy of a susceptible people to whom for the first time the missionaries of music were addressing themselves, and of whom discernment was not to be expected. The musical foreigner, who is always with us, must have imagined himself in some *ultima Thule* of the provinces, instead of in a hall consecrated to music and enriched with innumerable and splendid associations. It is to be hoped he will charitably correct this natural view, and consider the phenomenon as a fresh eccentric phase of our inscrutable social existence.

The programme was sufficiently diversified to illustrate very forcibly the extreme range of modern songs. The higher quality of composition was represented by Blumenthal's "Far away, where angels dwell," expressively, but not faultlessly, sung by Mr. Iver McKay; Cowen's "I hear thee speak of a better land," and Odoardo Barri's "Patchwork," both rendered with touching pathos and admirable art by Mme. Sterling. "The Brave Light," given with dramatic power by Mr. Barrington Foote, occupied an intermediate position; and the same singer's fine and resonant voice was heard to great advantage in Molloy's "The Way of the World." Mme. Adelina Hirlemann sang "Voi che sapete," and was very successful in two other songs. In Wekerlin's pretty and characteristic song, "The Wood," Miss Alice Fripp sang in a style very superior to her interpretation of Gounod's "Ave Maria," which was lacking in expression and delicacy. Masini's pleasing and striking duet, "I Mulattieri," was sung with excellent effect by Mr. Trehernie and Mr. Ernest Cecil. In some violin solos by Papini and De Beriot, Miss Amy Hickling was a little uneven, her tone thin, and her execution characterized by an indecision which may be the result of nervousness, but had more the appearance of the inexperience of a young artist. The most successful of Mme. Zimeri's performances was her rendering of Dessauer's bolero, "Onvrez, ouvrez," which was executed with facile precision and considerable grace of expression. Signor Carlo Ducci's pianoforte-playing and Mr. Arthur Lawrence's recitals must be considered as not the least strange anomalies in the evening's entertainment. The chief accompanyists were Mr. Lindsay Sloper and Mme. Mina Gould.

On Saturday last at the Crystal Palace, Beethoven's Choral No. 9 was performed, and naturally the whole of the programme was subordinated to this great work. An excellent quartette had been secured—Miss Annie Marriott, Miss Marion Mackenzie, Mr. Harper Kearton, and Mr. Frederick King. Take it for all in all, the performance was thoroughly good. The Crystal Palace choir, to which was allotted the choral part of the symphony, has greatly improved since we last had an opportunity of

hearing it. Their attack is much better, and the general quality of tone of the various parts, and the intonation of the whole choir, are extremely good. It is evident that, with a few more public performances, and more frequent opportunities of singing together, this choir might well take rank among the first in this country. To the performance of the band we have nothing but praise to give, and Mr. Manns conducted the work throughout in thorough sympathy with the great composer. The programme began with the Overture to the *Nozze di Figaro*, of Mozart, and from the first moment it became evident that in the last week the band had made enormous progress where progress seemed almost impossible. Few orchestral works give such a delicate test of perfect attack, power, delicacy, and subordination of a band to its conductor; but in no one of these points could the most fastidious critic find anything to complain of. Between the Overture and the Choral Symphony were interposed a series of songs, the first of which, an aria from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, was sung by Miss Annie Marriott, who was not heard to such advantage as a solo singer as she was later on in the concerted music. Two songs of Rubinstein's—"A Morning Song" and "Reveries"—were sung by Mr Harper Kearton. The songs themselves, though by no means unpleasing, were of a character to make one understand how it was really Rubinstein who composed *Il Demonio*. Mr. Harper Kearton has a pleasing voice, unfortunately so produced as to give it that throaty tone too common amongst modern tenors; but he is a vocalist of no mean ability, and a sympathetic artist. A pretty but somewhat strained and sentimental song, "Farewell," by F. E. Bache, was sung excellently by Miss Marion Mackenzie. After the Symphony, and in very pleasing contrast with it, from the restful tone of its earlier parts, came the prelude to *Lohengrin*, most admirably played by the band, which was followed by the "Evening Star" song from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, sung by Mr. Frederick King, who thoroughly justified his position as one of our first young English vocalists. Then came the overture to the *Tannhäuser* of Wagner, and in spite of the fatigue which must have been produced by having gone through so heavy a work as the Choral Symphony, Mr. Manns and his band succeeded in giving one of the finest performances of this work that has ever been heard in this country, as full of fire and freshness as if conductor and band had had complete rest for hours before attacking this trying work. The performance of this work gives us an opportunity of referring to the marvellous excellence both in quality of tone and in executive ability of the wood-wind band of this orchestra, which was heard to very great advantage in the earlier part of the Overture; indeed the performance of this work was so remarkable, that it dulls all the praise we feel we ought to have bestowed on the other orchestral numbers of the programme, which, though all played in most excellent style, were as nothing compared with the remarkable ability of both conductor and orchestra shown in this Overture. Before the concert began the Dead March in *Saul* was performed as a mark of respect to the memory of the Duke of Albany.

THE RACING SEASON.

THE prospects of the racing season which has lately opened have been anything but bright. If one name was more honoured on the Turf than any other, it was that of Lord Falmouth, and few of its patrons have been more successful. The more credit is due to him in that he bred most of his own racehorses. Indeed, if he had never trained a horse in his life, he would have been well known among racing men for his skill and success as a breeder; but as it was, it would not be too much to say that he was the corner-stone of the Turf, and when the evil practices of certain owners of racehorses came to light, and scandal after scandal threatened to lower the Turf to the level of thimble-rigging or card-sharping, racing men always quoted Lord Falmouth, and argued that so long as such a paragon remained on it, the Turf could not be altogether corrupted. The racing season of 1883 had scarcely closed when it was announced that Lord Falmouth was going to sell all his racehorses and break up his breeding stud. No news of the kind had ever before caused such wailing and lamentations among racing men. Much about the same time one of the best known figures both on the English and on the French Turf left it for ever. Count Lagrange was an experienced judge of horses, racing, and men. His greatest triumphs were those gained by Gladiateur, who, however, turned out a complete failure at the stud. During a great part of his career on the Turf, Count Lagrange was the leading member of a confederacy, or private joint-stock racing and breeding company. For many years his name appeared as often as, if not oftener, than that of any other owner in the lists of nominations. But the losses to the English racecourse do not end with Count Lagrange. One of the most respected and successful racing families has been that of Grosvenor, and last season two generations of this great family were represented at the same time on our racecourses. The late Lord Grosvenor certainly inherited the family taste for racing, and when he died, he owned a filly which had ranked among the best two-year-olds of her year.

By the death of Count Lagrange the first favourite for the Derby was disqualified, and, from one cause or another, four of what were generally believed to be the best three-year-olds of the past season were excluded from the principal races. Some unpleasant racing scandals, and many disagreeable rumours about the proceedings of racing men in different positions of life, threw an additional gloom over the prospects of the approaching racing season. The very season itself began with disaster. The first important race of the year is the Lincolnshire Handicap. Mr. Naylor owned the first favourite. This was Fulmen, a four-year-old which he had purchased last year at the sale of the late Prince Batthyany's stud for 5,000 guineas. It was believed by those who had the management of the horse that he would now be able to scoop his purchase-money with ample interest; moreover, it is said that he was backed, by different people, to win between seventy and eighty thousand pounds. All went well until a couple of days before the race, when the horse was to have started for Lincoln by the midday train. In the morning he went out for his usual exercise, and on returning, he was groomed and left for a time to himself. When it became time to prepare him for starting for the railway-station, it was found that he was in a profuse sweat and so lame that he could scarcely move. Mr. Barrow, the well-known veterinary surgeon, was at once called in, and pronounced the horse to have been cast in his box. At first it was feared that his back was injured, but on further examination a severely bruised pelvis was found to be the cause of the lameness. Of course, all idea of his running in the Lincolnshire Handicap was out of the question. So much for the risks of horseflesh! After the failure of Fulmen, Tonans became a strong favourite. It will be remembered that this horse ran fourth for the last Cesarewitch. This appeared to give him a great chance for the Cambridgeshire, and for that race he was only beaten a neck by Bendigo. In the Liverpool Autumn Cup he again ran second. After this he was made an equal favourite with Corrie Roy for the Shrewsbury Cup, but both the first favourites were beaten. He had to face twenty-eight opponents for the Lincolnshire Handicap, and he had 8 st. 4 lbs. to carry, but Wood rode him with admirable judgment, and he won the race with something in hand.

At the opening of the present season Hermit still maintains his great superiority over all the other stallions at present at the stud. The earnings of his stock last season were almost double those of any other stallion. The average price realized by his yearlings, too, was nearly double that of the produce of any other sire. One of his yearlings alone was sold for 2,550 guineas, and a four-year-old son of his, who had not particularly distinguished himself, was bought for breeding purposes for more than 4,000 guineas. So long as his yearlings sell for nearly 1,000*l.* a-piece, it seems fair enough that his fee should be 200 guineas. Twenty-six of his stock won more than 30,000*l.* in stakes last year, the principal winners being Tristan, the Adelaide filly, and St. Blaise, the winner of the Derby. Next to Hermit, Galopin was the most successful sire of last season, his stock having won about half the amount credited to the children of Hermit. More than half of these winnings were earned by Galliard alone, and it is reasonable to suppose that, if Fulmen had not been disqualified by the death of Count Batthyany, the winnings of the stock of Galopin might have been even higher. After Galopin's 15,000*l.*, we come to three stallions whose earnings are all about 11,000*l.* These are Speculum, Sterling, and the French horse Salvator. Speculum had two more winners than Hermit. In fact, more horses by Speculum than by any other sire won races last year. When we look through the list of his winning children, we find an average useful class of stock, rather than a few horses of exceptional merit. Sterling had not half as many winners as Speculum, but among them there were a couple of remarkable two-year-olds. One of these was Superba, who won between six and seven thousand pounds worth of stakes, and the other was the fine but backward Harvester. His filly, Cherry, also showed good form in the Cheveley Stakes, the only race in which she ran. Nine of the eleven thousand pounds earned by the stock of Salvator were won by Ossian, the winner of the St. Leger, and thirteen hundred were won, in a single race, by Elzevir. See-Saw's progeny won over 9,000*l.* last year, which was a great advance upon the amount of the previous season, and he had seventeen winners, whereas in 1882 he had only had ten. The running of these horses last year seems to show that the See-Saws train on. Canser, aged, Cylinder, a six-year-old, and Despair, a four-year-old, were all useful horses, if not first class. Nor was See-Saw badly represented among the two-year-olds, Kincardine having won 1,489*l.*, and Monotony 1,334*l.* Hampton, who had an extraordinary season for a young sire in 1882, maintained his ground in 1883, in the matter of the amount won by his stock. He had now, however, ten winners instead of five. Among his two-year-olds, Belinda, Duke of Richmond, and Perdita II. were all large winners. Rosicrucian stood eighth on the list, and he had seventeen winners. As usual, his yearlings sold at very high prices. Their average was only below that of Hermit and Doncaster, and one of them brought in 2,000 guineas, a price only beaten by the 2,500 guineas given for a colt by Hermit. The winner of last year's Oaks was by Macaroni; by whom also was Vista, the winner of the Great Metropolitan Stakes and the Great Yorkshire Handicap. It was unlucky for Macaroni that Macheath, whose two-year-old career promised great things, should have been unavoidably thrown on one side as a three-year-old. Springfield had some fast two-year-olds in Primavera, Royal Fern, and Spring Morn. Albert Victor was stronger in quantity than quality with his sixteen winners. Petrarch, after boasting but one winner in 1882, had eleven last season, who won 7,000*l.* His two-year-old Busybody, the winner of the Middle Park Plate, earned more than half of this amount. Avignon and Woodpecker also won good stakes. All the winners

by Petrarch were two-year-olds. Wenlock, who, like Petrarch, is a son of Lord Clifden, had nine winners in 1883, against five in 1882. His stock won almost the same amount as that of Petrarch. His son Deceiver won the Epsom Grand Prize of 3,83[illegible]l. and his two-year-olds, Whitelock, Marianne, and Wrekin, showed some very fair form. The first-named won 1,200*l.*, but 400*l.* of this was for a walk over. Lowlander's name stands among the list of sires whose stock won just under 7,000*l.*; but it is not unlikely that he may do much better some day, as he has hitherto had the misfortune of being mated with a good many unfashionably-bred mares. His filly Wild Thyme won more than 4,000*l.*; but he was unlucky in his very able five-year-old son, Lowland Chief, whose running was inconsistent. Camballo had a handsome, though rather short, two-year-old colt in Camlet, who won nearly 2,000*l.* The two-year-olds Corneille and Scot-Free won large sums to the credit of Macgregor. Although Doncaster was eighteenth on the list of winning stallions, he was second in the sales, as regards the average prices of his yearlings; and he had a very smart two-year-old in Sandiway, who won little short of 4,000*l.* Queen's Messenger made a great advance last year in the amount of the winnings of his children, and his filly Reprieve was considered one of the best two-year-olds of the season. As a proof of her merit, she won over 5,000*l.* in stakes. Kisber promises yet to earn fame at the stud; for his two-year-old Eira won some 1,400*l.* last season, while Kinsky and Madrid also ran well, and won much the same amount between them. The winner of the Cesarewitch was by John Davies; and John Jones and Lizzie, by the same horse, won fair stakes. Wild Oats had as many as fifteen winners; but, with three or four exceptions, they were but platers. Beauclerc did not show a very large return of winnings; but his yearlings averaged 406*l.*, an average only beaten by the yearlings of Hermit, Doncaster, and Rosicrucian. One of his yearlings fetched 1,850 guineas. We may notice here that the average price realized by the thoroughbred yearlings sold last season was 237 guineas. In most cases this would be a remunerative price; but it must be remembered that the fee alone of three sires amounts to from 100 to 200 guineas, although it is but fair to say that the stock of these particular stallions repaid the outlay. Horses by several stallions that are dead won races last year. Among these defunct sires were Strathconan, Cremorne, Adventurer, Blair Athol, and Blue Gown. On the other hand, the stud has been strengthened by several young stallions of promise, such as Beau Brummel, Barcaldine, Petronel, Retreat, and Foxhall.

There was a slight increase in the number of horses that ran last year, but it has often been greatly exceeded. The Duke of Hamilton's Ossian, Lord Falmouth's Galliard, Mr. Lefevre's Tristran, Lord Alington's St. Blaise, Mr. Peck's Superba, and the late Lord Grosvenor's Reprieve were some of the largest winners. About two-fifths of the horses that ran won races, and their average winnings were something under 500*l.* The amount run for in stakes, equally divided amongst all the racehorses that took part in races during the season of 1883 would scarcely have produced 200*l.* a-piece, which, considering the cost of breeding, trainer's bills, forfeits, jockeys' fees, and travelling expenses, would be anything but a satisfactory return. This shows how hard it is to make racing pay without betting; yet if one bets, one will probably be ruined. Altogether, racing can scarcely be considered a remunerative enterprise.

THE REVENUE RETURNS.

THE Revenue Returns for the financial year ended with Monday last are not quite as satisfactory as they promised to be when we were last writing on the subject. The total receipts amount to 87,205,184*l.*, which is 656,000*l.* above Mr. Childers's estimate last April, allowing for the introduction of the Parcels Post, on the one hand, and for the non-introduction of sixpenny telegrams on the other. There has been a remarkable falling off in the rate of collection of the taxes during the month of March. During January and February the weekly receipts averaged 2,177,000*l.*; but during March they did not quite reach 1¾ million. There was thus in the last four weeks of the financial year, compared with the preceding nine weeks, a falling off in the average weekly receipts of about 427,000*l.* On the other hand, the expenditure has considerably increased. Up to the night of Saturday, March 22nd, the expenditure had been greatly behind the estimate; but during the last week of the year the outlay so greatly increased that the total for the year is about 87 millions. The return of expenditure is so framed as to present an accurate calculation of the outlay for the purpose of keeping up interest in the forthcoming Budget statement; but the margin of error is so small that we may roughly say there is a realized surplus of about 200,000*l.* It will be recollected that Mr. Childers lately took power to pay to the Indian Government half a million sterling which would not be due until the new year. In 1880 Parliament voted 5 millions to India in part payment of the costs of the Afghan War. Two millions had been previously lent by the Beaconsfield Government, and were then made a free gift, and 3 millions additional were to be paid in annual instalments of half a million. The instalment falling due in the year on which we have now entered was paid last week. Adding this payment, which did not properly belong to the year, to the above surplus of 200,000*l.*, we get a total surplus for the year of about 700,000*l.* The total expenditure, as estimated in the Budget, was 85,789,000*l.* There has thus been an increase of over 1,200,000*l.*, from which, of course, we have to deduct the half-million prepaid to India, leaving the actual increase over the Budget estimate about 700,000*l.*, due mainly to the Soudan expedition. Some of our daily contemporaries regard the falling off in the receipts during March as evidence that the condition of the country is deteriorating. We, however, are not prepared to look upon it in that light. The falling off occurs almost entirely in Income-tax, Stamps, Customs and Excise, and Miscellaneous Revenue. As the Income-tax was reduced by three-halfpence, the falling off under that head was fully expected. Indeed, for the year the tax proved far more productive than had been anticipated. Mr. Childers last April estimated that in consequence of the reduction there would be a falling off of 2,135,000*l.*; but the actual falling off has been only 1,182,000*l.*, or not much more than half the estimate. During the last quarter, indeed, the falling off amounted to over 2 millions; but in the last quarter all the arrears at a higher rate had been already got in, and the tax at fivepence was comparing with the tax at sixpence-halfpenny. The falling off in Stamps again amounts to 221,000*l.* for the year and 251,000*l.* for the last quarter. It is greater, therefore, for the last quarter than for the whole year. This is explained partly by the fact that the reduction of the Railway Passenger Duty did not come into operation until the second half of the year, and partly by the complete collapse of speculation. When speculation on the Stock Exchange is active, the duties paid upon transfers of stocks go to swell the stamp duties, and when, as at present, it is dormant, that revenue falls off. Lastly, the revenue, no doubt, has been adversely affected by the extraordinarily fine winter, which has reduced the death-rate amongst the exceptionally wealthy as amongst all other classes.

In Customs and Excise together there is an increase for the year of 66,000*l.*, but a falling off for the last quarter of 277,000*l.*; and as Customs and Excise are usually looked upon as the best indices to the condition of the great mass of the population, our contemporaries infer that the consuming power of the people has been diminished during the past three months. It is to be recollected, however, that for several years now there has been a marked decline in the productiveness of the drink duties; and the figures just quoted show that temperate habits are still on the increase amongst us. It is true, no doubt, that this does not account for the marked falling off in the last three months, since there is no reason to suppose that temperance has spread with exceptional rapidity during the quarter. But there is another and a special cause which would account for the diminution in the drink duties. The provisional convention entered into with Spain has led to a general expectation that in the coming Budget Mr. Childers will greatly modify the wine duties; and if he undertakes to deal with the wine duties, it is not improbable that he may also find himself compelled in some way or other to deal with the spirit duties. In any case, it is natural to suppose that those engaged in the trade would pay as little as possible of the existing high duty, either upon wine or spirits, when it may be that in the course of a few weeks those duties will be reduced. A falling off, therefore, in the revenue from both spirits and wine was to be expected, and has in it nothing to surprise. The falling off, too, has been going on all through the quarter. Indeed, it would seem as if the deliveries out of bond for consumption had been kept down too low, for the decrease in the Customs and Excise as compared with the previous year was larger when the last weekly return was issued than it appears to be from the final return for the whole year. During the last seven days of the year, therefore, there must have been exceptionally large payments of duties. The argument we are here putting forward is borne out by the large consumption of tea. Up to the end of February there was a slight falling off in the consumption of tea compared with the previous year; but since the beginning of March the consumption has increased. And there is but little decrease in the consumption of sugar and coffee. Taking all the facts into consideration, then—bearing in mind how large the volume of business done throughout the country is, how well wages have been maintained, and how considerable is the employment given—we see no reason to suppose that the consuming power of the people has declined; while we find in the expectation that the wine duties will be reduced, a sufficient explanation of the marked falling off in Customs and Excise during the past three months. And the large yield of the Income-tax, to which we have already referred, further bears out the contention. As we have seen, the falling off in that tax, notwithstanding the reduction of three-halfpence, is little more than half what Mr. Childers estimated it would be last April. It is true, indeed, that all competent persons were satisfied that Mr. Childers's estimate was excessive; but, at the same time, few were prepared to find that the yield of the fivepenny tax would be so large as it has proved to be. Considering the complaints one hears of the condition of trade in all parts of the United Kingdom, of the long-continued depression in agriculture and the collapse of speculation, we should not have been surprised if the decrease in the Income-tax had been much more considerable than it has. The actual yield proves that the prosperity of the country is well maintained; that not only is the trade done very large, but that the profits it yields, if moderate, are substantial. There are not, of course, the large profits that are yielded in times of active speculation; but it is clear that the tax would not have yielded nearly 10¾ millions if the incomes of property-owners were not increasing. Land-tax and House-duty show increases both for the quarter and for the year, and so does the Post Office. The increase in the Post

Office revenue for the year is as much as 430,000*l.*, and for the quarter actually 280,000*l.* The introduction of the Parcels Post thus would appear to be a financial success. The telegraph service for the year gives an increase of 35,000*l.*, though for the quarter there is a small decrease of 5,000*l.* But the most curious feature in the whole Return is the large diminution under the head of Miscellaneous Revenue. In his Budget statement Mr. Childers estimated that this revenue would decrease, compared with last year, 880,000*l.* The actual decrease is as much as 979,000*l.*, while for the quarter the decrease amounts to 586,000*l.* Mr. Childers failed to explain last April why he anticipated this large decrease, and it will be interesting to hear his statement in reference to it when he introduces the Budget. But what makes the falling off the more remarkable now is that the Indian Government has paid to the Home Government a million sterling on account of old army claims long outstanding. This million ought to be accounted for somewhere in the Return, and naturally one would expect to find it under the head of Miscellaneous Revenue; but it is clearly impossible that it can have been inserted there, as in that case the falling off in the Miscellaneous Revenue would amount to very nearly two millions. The Miscellaneous Revenue is made up of such a large number of items that its increase or decrease has no significance as regards the condition of the people; but a falling off of nearly a million of course seriously affects the Budget. If this revenue had proved moderately productive the result for the year would be much more satisfactory than it is. Indeed, the receipts from taxation proper are highly satisfactory and give a favourable view of the condition of the country. It is chiefly this Miscellaneous Revenue which has disappointed the promise given by the weekly returns issued up to a fortnight ago of a very large surplus.

As regards the coming Budget, it appears from the facts now stated that there is little room for fiscal reform. The arrears of Income-tax this year will be at the lower rate of fivepence in the pound, and, therefore, we must anticipate a falling off in the Income-tax compared with the past year of nearly half a million. Moreover, the sixpenny telegraph scheme will, we presume, be introduced, and last year that was estimated to cost about 170,000*l.*, while the Railway Passenger Duty applying to the whole year will likewise reduce the Stamp Duty. Altogether, therefore, the revenue on these grounds will lose from three-quarters to a million sterling. On the other hand, the growth of population and wealth are sure to make the remaining taxes more productive. Of late years the normal increase has amounted to about one per cent.; and, therefore, the falling off for the reasons stated above will be nearly, if not quite, balanced by the normal increase in the revenue. Still, as Mr. Childers last April under-estimated his income, he is likely to do so again; and probably, therefore, he will not look for much more than 86½ millions in the year we have now entered upon. On the other hand, the expenditure will be less, since the half-million due to India has been already prepaid. In the year just ended there were two instalments of the Indian subvention paid—the instalment due in the year and the instalment due this year. The year we have now entered upon is therefore exempt from any payment to India; and consequently the expenditure, which last year was 87 millions, will be cut down by a whole million. There has, it is true, been a slight increase in the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Estimates, but the increase is unimportant; and, if Mr. Childers does not undertake to deal with the wine duties, he may estimate a revenue of 86½ millions with reasonable certainty, assuring to himself a small surplus. The probability, indeed, is that the revenue will be larger. If it should be, and if there should be no increase of expenditure on account of the Soudan or in some other unexpected quarter, he may be able to pay off the last half-million due to India, which, however, need not be paid until next year. There are several problems waiting for solution: the financial condition of Egypt, for instance, the fortification of our harbours, and various other matters. But perhaps Mr. Childers will deal with none of these in his Budget statement. There is no evidence as yet that the Government has adopted a definite Egyptian policy, and until it has done so, it can hardly be prepared to deal with the financial situation in Egypt; while the protection of our harbours would probably be undertaken with borrowed money, and would throw little charge on the current year. The wine duties question appears a more pressing one, though perhaps Mr. Childers may choose to leave that for decision when some final arrangement is arrived at with Spain.

REVIEWS.

SEELEY'S EXPANSION OF ENGLAND.*

REPRINTED lectures are apt to make somewhat thin and unsatisfactory books. This perhaps is only another way of saying that a great many lectures are thin and unsatisfactory, and that their lack of substance becomes more manifest in print. But the two courses of lectures which Professor Seeley has reprinted under the title of *The Expansion of England* are certainly not open to this reproach. They are, in fact, unusually solid and weighty, and should be read by all who study history, not for the mere love of romance or of antiquarianism, but for its bearing on "practical politics." We will let Professor Seeley, who has long been understood to hold that history ought not to be made entertaining—any more than medicine ought to be made nice—speak for himself on the true meaning, as he conceives it, of the interest of history. The passage quoted below forms the concluding paragraph of his book, but it will serve equally well here for an introduction:—

> I am often told by those who, like myself, study the question how history should be taught, Oh, you must before all things make it interesting! I agree with them in a certain sense, but I give a different sense to the word interesting, a sense which after all is the original and proper one. By interesting they mean romantic, poetical, surprising; I do not try to make history interesting in this sense, because I have found that it cannot be done without adulterating history and mixing it with falsehood. But the word interesting does not properly mean romantic. That is interesting in the proper sense which affects our interests, which closely concerns us and is deeply important to us. I have tried to show you that the history of modern England from the beginning of the eighteenth century is interesting in this sense, because it is pregnant with great results which will affect the lives of ourselves and our children and the future greatness of our country. Make history interesting indeed! I cannot make history more interesting than it is, except by falsifying it. And therefore when I meet a person who does not find history interesting, it does not occur to me to alter history,—I try to alter *him*.

The least pleasant feature of the book is its author's appearance of contempt for all methods but his own. "Is it not evident," he asks, "that what we have hitherto called history is not history at all?" And as we turn over his pages, we come upon "the old school of historians, who, according to my view, lost themselves in mere narrative"; "our childish mode of arranging history"; "the slavish obsequiousness with which our historians follow the order of business fixed by Parliament"; "a foppish kind of history which aims only at literary display, which produces delightful books hovering between poetry and prose." He is peculiarly scornful of the school who "deny that history can establish any solid or important truths," who "can only see that it is exquisitely entertaining and delightful to call the past into life again, to see our ancestors in their costume as they lived, and to surprise them in the very act of doing their famous deeds." We feel some doubts as to whether there really is any historical school—for Thackeray, who is here quoted by Mr. Seeley, was hardly an historian—which denies that history has important truths to teach; though there may be one which holds that the true lesson of history is the knowledge of human nature which may be obtained by entering into the life and thought of past generations. The fact, as it seems to us, is that the lessons of history are many. From it one man may learn to understand the nature of human kind when acting together in masses—how they are swayed by religion, or by what they take to be religion, by patriotism, or by other motives; how far they make their government, or how far their government makes them. Another may search for light on the causes of social well or ill being; has not Mr. Lecky written, and with some truth, that the most momentous fact in the history of the eighteenth century is the sudden development of the passion for gin-drinking? Mr. Seeley has much to say upon eighteenth-century history, but he does not mention gin. He names "Wilkes and General Warrants" only with a sneer; yet, after all, general warrants have a practical bearing upon personal liberty, which is not a wholly unimportant thing; nor is it altogether unreasonable to study history with a view to the solution of the ever-recurring problem how best to reconcile order and authority with individual liberty. Some, following in the footsteps of the late Mr. Green, may look upon history as the biography of a people, and may think that Newton belongs to history just as much as Harley—an opinion which Professor Seeley expressly rejects. Yet another man may have no theories at all, and may read simply as the knights in the *Faerie Queene* read,

> Burning both with fervent fire
> Their countreys auncestry to understond;

and for our part we do not see that he is to blame. Mr. Seeley maintains that our object should be to "discover the laws of political growth and change," and, in the history of the eighteenth century, to contemplate what he calls "the foundation of Greater Britain." We have every respect for his view, but we plead for tolerance of other people's methods. Besides, there is always a suspicion of trade jealousy in the depreciation of one class of writers by another. One man has the knack of picturesque reproduction of the past; therefore he maintains that to be the historian's function. Another cannot be picturesque for the life of him, but he can extract from history what the Senior Wrangler could not extract from *Paradise Lost*—he can tell "what it proves." Consequently he is sure that this is the only function worthy of the historian. For ourselves, we are willing to listen to all in turn, and only request that each will refrain from abusing his neighbour's shop over the way. This touch of literary arrogance and a tendency to repetition, both of thought and phraseology—as when the author speaks in one sentence of certain wars as being "the great decisive duel between England and France for the possession of the New World," and in the next sentence of their being, "as it were, the decisive campaign in that great world-struggle"—are about the only faults we have to find in the book.

The author's main point throughout is that the most important

* *The Expansion of England.* Two Courses of Lectures. By J. R. Seeley, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, and Honorary Member of the Historical Society of Massachusetts. London: Macmillan & Co.

fact in the history of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is "the expansion of England," "the simple obvious fact of the extension of the English name into other countries of the globe, the foundation of Greater Britain." He admits that most people, if asked what is the general drift or goal of English history, would answer by pointing to the growth of what, for lack of a better name, we must call democracy. But he contends that this, though it excites more attention at the present moment, is in reality of minor importance:—

There is something very characteristic in the indifference which we show towards this mighty phenomenon of the diffusion of our race and the expansion of our state. We seem, as it were, to have conquered and peopled half the world in a fit of absence of mind. While we were doing it, that is in the eighteenth century, we did not allow it to affect our imaginations or in any degree to change our ways of thinking; nor have we even now ceased to think of ourselves as simply a race inhabiting an island off the northern coast of the Continent of Europe. We constantly betray by our modes of speech that we do not reckon our colonies as really belonging to us; thus if we are asked what the English population is, it does not occur to us to reckon in the population of Canada and Australia. This fixed way of thinking has influenced our historians. It causes them, I think, to miss the true point of view in describing the eighteenth century. They make too much of the mere parliamentary wrangle and the agitations about liberty, in all which matters the eighteenth century of England was but a pale reflexion of the seventeenth. They do not perceive that in that century the history of England is not in England but in America and Asia.

In the next chapter Mr. Seeley roughly sketches the history of the eighteenth century, or rather of its foreign wars, which, as he says, are the chief events of the period. Here his work ought to prove of great use in exposing the fallacies so frequently uttered on the subject of these wars. We know how Mr. Bright and his disciples speak of them as the mere madness of kings and statesmen, and how the ordinary run of writers moralize over the criminal absurdity of our mixing ourselves up with questions of the succession to the Spanish throne, or of the interests of Maria Theresa or Frederick the Great. On the war of the Spanish Succession, which by reason of its dynastic-sounding name is in peculiarly ill odour, Mr. Seeley makes some good remarks:—

That war has such a splendour in our annals, and the title we give it, "War of the Spanish Succession," has such a monarchical ring, that we think it a good sample of the fantastic, barbaric, wasteful wars of the olden time. It is of this war that "little Peterkin" desires to know "what good came of it at last." In reality it is the most business-like of all our wars, and it was waged in the interest of English and Dutch merchants whose trade and livelihood were at stake.

The subsequent "trilogy of wars," as he happily phrases it—the War of the Austrian Succession, the Seven Years' War, and the American War—he describes as "neither more nor less than the great decisive duel between England and France for the possession of the New World." His theory may perhaps be thought to be somewhat strained when he goes on to apply it to the wars which arose out of the French Revolution; and, indeed, he slurs over the pre-Napoleonic period, passing on at once to Napoleon and his designs upon Egypt and India:—

As in the American war France avenges on England her expulsion from the New World, so under Napoleon she makes Titanic efforts to recover her lost place there. This indeed is Napoleon's fixed view with regard to England. He sees in England never the island, the European State, but always the World-Empire, the network of dependencies and colonies and islands covering every sea, among which he was himself destined to find at last his prison and his grave.

It may be a question whether in dealing with the later Napoleonic war, that of 1803, he does not make too much of Napoleon's vague designs upon India. Napoleon undoubtedly "caressed," as the French phrase is, such projects; but he had so many countries to conquer by the way, that his ultimate designs remained little more than dreams. On the other hand, the author does not mention, what would have considerably strengthened his theory about the New World—Pitt's vision of a conquest of Spanish America, which produced, though not till after Pitt's death, definite action in the shape of Beresford's fleeting success, and Whitelocke's and Craufurd's failure, at Buenos Ayres. He speaks, however, of the destructive privateering war which the French kept up from the island of Mauritius long after their naval power had been destroyed at Trafalgar, and adds, "It was by the conquest of this island and its retention at the peace by England that the Hundred Years' War of England and France for the New World came to an end." All this is the more interesting in view of the present curious tentatives of France in the direction of foreign dominion.

It would take too long to go through the chapters dealing with colonial systems, ancient and modern, and we can only call attention to a passage here and there, especially to that in which the author treats of the value of colonies as "lands for the landless, prosperity and wealth for those in straitened circumstances." Finally, he discusses the practical question whether our present colonies must necessarily secede because those which now form the United States did so. It is usual to speak of the loss of the American colonies as not only inevitable, but as advantageous—an instance, he thinks, of "that curious kind of optimistic fatalism to which historians are liable."

From that Revolution we infer that all distant colonies, sooner or later, secede from the mother-country. We ought to infer only that they secede when they are held under the old colonial system.

Under what new system the present "Greater Britain" is to be held together Mr. Seeley does not undertake precisely to determine, though he throws out some hints of his ideas on the subject. His opinions on the probability and the desirability of the permanence of what, in default of a more accurate name, we call our Empire are, at any rate, worthy of the consideration of that school which somewhat ungraciously bids the colonies leave us, and the sooner the better.

The second part of the book is composed of a course of lectures upon India, which show the same robustness of thought and absence of commonplace that characterize their predecessors. There is some quiet satire at the expense of the rhetorical speakers and writers who represent our conquest of India as "a standing miracle in politics, only to be explained by the heroic qualities of the English race and their natural genius for government," Mr. Seeley undertaking to show that it is an event which, when the circumstances are fairly and fully looked at, is not so very difficult to account for, and which did not demand such prodigious heroism. But he contends that on scientific examination the Indian Empire will be found to gain in historic what it loses in romantic interest. As however we have no further space to quote or even to condense his opinions, we must refer our readers to the book itself. It is not one which will please those who incline either to what he calls "the bombastic school," or to the sentimental. He does not believe in "the blood of the Vikings," nor in the intrinsic glory of an Empire "upon which the sun never sets." But, on the other hand, he treats historic facts in a spirit which to sentimentalists may appear almost Machiavellian. His business as a historian, he contends, is to find out how things came about, not how they ought to have come about; he refuses to be troubled with subtle questions about the lawfulness of past conquests, and he scorns those readers of the past generation—are they so wholly of the past?—who held "that there is nothing good in politics but liberty," and nothing worth reading about in history but the progress of liberty. In short, from first to last there is a great deal of common sense in the book; and this is rather an uncommon merit.

FOUR NOVELS.*

OF the four books before us *Vestigia* is undoubtedly the best. It is a very pleasantly written book, one that it is impossible to read without feeling it to be the work of a lady—and we use the word not merely as a polite synonym for woman. There is absolutely nothing in the book from beginning to end that offends against good taste—unless a reader should be so fastidious as to object to the uncompromising English "Damn" by which the writer, somewhat frequently perhaps, seeks to represent the spirit of swearing where the Italian original would fail to convey to her readers more than the outward semblance of an expletive. For the scene is laid in Italy, and the people are Italians. But—and this is the fundamental weakness of the book—the characters might belong as well to any other nationality, and most of all to that of their literary parent. *Cælum non animum.* They live under an Italian sky, and are called by appropriate names; but there is nothing distinctively national about their characters or views of life. They are simply men and women; but that they are men and women, and not animated dummies, is, after all, a good deal for novel-readers to be thankful for. It requires something more, however, than Italian names and scenery and a liberal sprinkling of Italian words and phrases to make a *Romola*. The story is slender, and, in the first volume, it must be confessed, rather dull; but in the second we get along faster, and the interest is well sustained to the end. 'Dino, the hero, a lad in humble life, gets involved with some (very amateur) conspirators, who select him to attempt the King's life. Horrified as he is, there seems no sufficient reason why he should be unable to draw back; but he has imbibed or inherited some odd notions, and feels himself bound by a code of false honour, to which he adheres with misdirected quixotism. The struggles of his really fine and honest nature between this and the true call of duty, which lies in the direction of the lovable little daughter of his benefactor—a rough and hearty, extremely British old fisherman—are very skilfully portrayed. The scene in which he tells the old man he has other duties, which he cannot surrender even for the sake of marrying Italia, and the description of his feelings and doings just before the fatal day, contain elements of no inconsiderable power. And if the same cannot be said of the parting interview between the lovers on the eve of 'Dino's departure on his uncongenial mission, the situation may at least claim the merit of novelty—their accidental moonlight meeting being brought about on the surface of a "large red buoy" bobbing about in the harbour! The title seems singularly inappropriate, since in the last chapter, giving the key to its meaning in the heading *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*, the hero *is* turning his steps back to honest life and pretty little Italia; having at the last moment been saved from the commission of the dreaded act imposed upon him. How all this comes about, readers of novels will not regret finding out for themselves by reading these two unpretending little volumes.

Uncle George's Money is one of the numerous class of books of which it is difficult to know exactly what to say without criti-

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* *Vestigia.* By George Fleming. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

Uncle George's Money. By S. C. Bridgeman. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

For Love and Duty. By Elmond Garth-Thornton. 2 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1884.

Cherry. By Mrs. C. Reade. 3 vols. London: John and Robert Maxwell.

tizing it analytically, and it is scarcely worth that. It is neither very good, nor very bad, nor in any respect remarkable or original; a book of the regulation pattern, which makes one doubt whether all the novels really are written by different people, or are not, rather, being endlessly ground out by some huge machine, like carpets or cretonnes. The title tells us the kind of thing we may expect; and we have the same old familiar friends doing the same sort of things, as they have been doing them any time this quarter of a century. We have the wise and the unwise, the selfish and the unselfish people, the true-hearted and the cold-hearted, and the people with no hearts at all, and so on through all the virtues and some of the vices—though we are happily spared all the less reputable and presentable forms of vice. One apparently unconscious piece of humorous inconsequence we cannot refrain from quoting:—"The higher life," it is said, "was unknown to him; he had lived like his neighbours, *as far as his income allowed; nay, even further*"! For plot, the various sets of lovers are dancing, as it were, all through the book a kind of *cotillon* in real life, in which of course, after all the kaleidoscopic changes of partners are over, each couple comes out properly matched at the end. Meanwhile, those more immediately concerned are industriously playing "hunt the slipper" with "Uncle George's money," each eagerly insisting on passing it on to his neighbour in the circle, and determined himself to be rid of it, with such effect that, at the end of the game, they positively manage to lose half of it altogether in very earnest by the smashing of a bank! However, the individual who happens to be sitting on the slipper at the time seems so thoroughly pleased at the loss that it would be useless for us to regret it. Of the characters, the, here inevitable, rich old uncle is really almost too impossibly rude to his relations even for a "rich old uncle." Lady Keith, the representative of the ladylike, sensible (not to say, sententious) woman type of character, is well drawn; so is—but there are too many figures for individual mention. The book is by no means badly written; it has many negative and some positive good qualities; of the latter class is the important one—in a book—of being eminently readable; the story never flags. And for negative recommendations it can boast the complete absence of sensationalism, animalism, and vulgarity. It may, in fact, be "warranted sound and free from vice," as its own one-time slangy, horsey Maggie would have said. Maggie, by the way, nearly wrecks her happiness for ever by smoking a cigar on the box-seat of a drag. It would be interesting to know how many scores of fast young ladies have got into trouble, in novels, in the selfsame manner, since poor dear Kate Coventry's famous escapade.

A very different kind of book from either of the foregoing is *For Love and Duty*. It is not always easy to know to which sex a very young and inexperienced novelist belongs; nor in such cases is the question of any importance. So, without troubling to search too closely for clues from internal evidence (though "Is there no *vid media*?" (*sic*) looks feminine), we will give the epicene name of "Elmond" on the title-page the benefit of the doubt, and speak of the author in the masculine gender, using it in the comprehensive sense given to it by the interpretation clause of Acts of Parliament, as "including the feminine." This book is further described as "A Romance of the Peerage." To the experienced eye the addition suggests misgivings; and they do not prove unfounded. It is, indeed, "a romance" pure and simple so far as concerns "the peerage" and the manners and customs of the people connected therewith. Why will people write about the peerage without even so much outside knowledge of it as could be gleaned in five minutes from the most ordinary and accessible books of reference? Here is a young person, who must needs write "A Romance of the Peerage," calling "the only son and heir" of an earl "Lord Rupert Dracey." Nor is this a casual slip; he is so styled more than once, in the first few pages, before he comes to the earldom, interchangeably with what appears his proper designation of Viscount Dracey. And his father before him is referred to later on as "Lord Eustace Dracey" before coming into the peerage on the death of his father. Any one could have told the writer that the eldest son of an earl takes by courtesy his father's second title, and that by no possibility could any son of an earl be called Lord Rupert, or Lord Eustace, or Lord anything else Dracey. After this we need not be surprised that all the people "my lord" and "my lady" each other up and down the pages in the most familiar intercourse; nor that, when three or four of them are sitting together at a private luncheon-table, they speak of, or rather at, one another as "my lord bishop" and "the right honourable and learned lord." All this might have been passed over with a word of advice to the writer to leave alone the peerage. But there is a far more serious offence behind. The story being (as we shall see presently) sensational and unpleasant, the writer, nevertheless, not content with peopling his tale with imaginary lords and ladies, has had the shockingly bad taste to drag in among them, under the thinnest disguise, a well-known lady of rank. So much for the "romance" of the "peerage." And what of the romance of the story itself? If a supposed bigamy (on which the whole plot turns), another bigamy contemplated, one actual murder, one cruel and revolting attempt (believed by the perpetrator to have succeeded) on the part of a wife to murder her husband, to say nothing of forgeries, perjuries, and other such small fry among crimes—if such materials constitute a romance, then *Love and Duty* is romantic; otherwise not. Of a story so constructed our readers will hardly expect or desire us to give much account. However, the cardinal points may be explained in a few words. On the death of a certain Earl of Glenalan, leaving a wife and children, a strange woman appears on the scene, and claims to have been his wife from a time anterior to his avowed marriage. She was one of two sisters, to one of whom, it is shown beyond doubt by parish registers, Lord Glenalan had been married; that one had died shortly afterwards, and the husband married again. The other, to whom Lord Glenalan had always made an allowance, falsifies the register of her sister's burial by substituting her own name for that of her deceased sister; and, at the Earl's death, fortified by the marriage-register and the compromising fact of the annuity, personates his deceased wife. It does not seem to occur to any one that there is anything suspicious in her having thus awaited the death of the Earl. Nor do the legal gentlemen concerned, or the friends of the ousted family, among whom is an ex-Lord Chancellor (the "right honourable and learned lord" above referred to), for a moment question the identity of the claimant, though there are indications in the first few chapters that disclose at once to the most uninitiated of novel-readers the true state of the case. On the contrary, so plainly sustainable does the claim appear to these simple-minded folk, including the "eminent firm of solicitors" engaged and the ex-Chancellor, that the case is not fought, the young lord "chivalrously" preferring to give up everything without a struggle. Of course he comes to his own again in good time—that is to say, after occasion has been afforded for a sufficient number of murders, &c. It remains to add that in one at least of the scenes there is promise that the author is capable of better things. But if he would succeed in turning what promise there is to any good account, let the writer follow better models, eschew the peerage, and in other respects, too, be a little less ambitious. Above all, let him seek, by avoiding for ever any repetition of such an offence, to atone for the painful impropriety above alluded to.

The title of *Cherry* is an excellent one. So highly does the author evidently appreciate its excellence that she has made it do duty for two stories, for the second of which, beginning in the middle of the second of the three volumes, all called "Cherry" on the title-pages, she could find no better heading than "Dead Sorrow's Kin"; and, as the title of *Cherry* is the strongest recommendation of both stories, perhaps she has done wisely. The heroine of *Cherry* proper, albeit an innocent and loyal country-bred girl throughout, yet gets entangled with her soldier-cousin, and has a declaration of love made to her by her husband's groom within three months of her marriage. Her father, a clergyman, is described as "apt to do things with a burst"; and his "most forcible form of exhortation" is said to be "Come, jump!" which we should have thought forcible enough for any one. But he is not alone in the vigour and terseness of his expressions. Cherry's husband, who is not in the least intended to be ill bred, replies to a lady in his own house, in the course of a particularly serious conversation, with the emphatic monosyllable, "Rot!" The "Radical" groom's favourite address to his superiors and others is "Curse you!" (hissed between his teeth), while the Vicar's younger children (one of whom appears to have been christened Friswig) habitually call each other "greedy pigs!" at table, which youthful ebullitions their elders, conscious no doubt of their own peculiarities in the matter of language, are too consistent to rebuke. For plot the story is dependent on the mental activity of a preternaturally wicked Frenchwoman, who, coming no one knows whence, quarters herself, as a kind of unprofessional "companion" to Cherry, on these amiable people, and, with no sufficient motive, but presumably "just out of badness," first poisons Cherry's favourite dog, then her horse (whereby she is thrown and nearly killed), and finally, with a well-founded confidence in every one's stupidity, proceeds, in the most open possible way, to poison Cherry herself; but the inconceivably blind people about, doctors and others, are at last told what has been so long going on under their noses, in time to save her life. The Frenchwoman disappears, and the Radical groom drowns himself the same night—a sad warning to advanced politicians. The climax of the story is to be looked for in the subsequent discovery of the identity of a Frenchwoman convicted in Paris of poisoning her aunt with Cherry's agreeable but rather dangerous "companion." And that is the end of *Cherry* proper.

In "Dead Sorrow's Kin" we are introduced to a gelatinous, out-at-elbows "ecclesiastical agent," his wife, with a turn for writing stories and talking Atheism-and-water, and a nondescript "gentleman of no occupation," who falls in love with the wife, and she with him. All three go out in a boat together and get capsized. The lover saves the wife, but has the presence of mind to hit the husband over the head, so that he is drowned. It is not worth while pursuing the story. The point that struck us as most worthy of note is that the gentleman of no occupation on rising from dinner "laid his napkin on the table." The simple and touching incident here recorded, in addition to the intrinsic interest naturally attaching to it, derives especial importance at the present time from the circumstance that the gifted author of *Don't* says the napkin should be placed on the chair.

THE RIVER CONGO.*

WHETHER General Gordon has the fortune to survive and go to the Congo or not, it is certain that the Congo should not be left, like Yarrow, unvisited. Mr. Johnston has spied out

* *The River Congo.* By H. H. Johnston, F.Z.S., F.R.G.S. London: Sampson Low & Co, 1884.

the land, penetrating to Stanley Pool, and his report proves, at least, the extraordinary natural wealth of the country. On the Congo every one can find what interests him most. The river tastes like weak tea, which just suits Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Here be orchids beyond the dreams of affluence and of Mr. Chamberlain. Here are birds, beasts, and flowers enough to occupy the attention of the whole Geological Society, and game enough to console the Scottish deer-stalker for all the enterprise of Mr. Bryce. Here are fish as big as salmon and delicious to eat, fish which have never had a fly cast over them, and perish by a dishonourable death in wicker-traps. Here are odd savages for the anthropologist, savages almost too hospitable, and apt to insist on the tourist taking to his arms all their marriageable daughters at once. Then there are fetishes and fetish-men, mysteries, mummeries, queer gods, like the Lampsacene, strange burials, and odd religions enough to occupy "agriologists" for years.

Concerning all these matters Mr. Johnston writes with plenty of intelligence, though he sometimes yields to temptation, and is a little facetious. Probably the facetiousness of travellers is the result of a creditable effort "to be jolly," like Mark Tapley, under difficulties. There are difficulties on the Congo. The mosquitoes, of course, make life hideous. The sudden rains, coming down with tropical violence, swamp the explorer's tent, and reduce his French novels to "a mass of yellow pap." This is the harder because Mr. Johnston found fiction and light literature the best pick-me-up and stimulant for the African traveller. Europeans in general prefer brandy and various "pegs," with results which may readily be predicted. The food, too, at least in the lower stations near the coast, is a dreadful diet of tinned meats. At first Mr. Johnston seems to have thought tinned meats capital fare, and revelled in (tinned) mock-turtle soup, salmon cutlets, lobster, roast beef, boiled mutton, potatoes, game patty, asparagus, and plum-pudding. These luxuries palled on him, however, before he reached page 56 in his narrative, and he confesses to preferring "plain roast goat, however tough, to the insipid contents of a tin, notwithstanding the attractive name it might bear in the *menu*." Another drawback to travel on the Congo and elsewhere is the enterprise of your crocodile. Mr. Johnston mentions the case of a man who was sailing down the river in a canoe, amusing himself by watching a crocodile swimming beside him. Suddenly the animal "rose" at him, like a trout at a fly, and seized the European by the leg. The crocodile was beaten off, but retreated with the foot of its victim. Fever is also apt to assail the tourist on the Congo. At first it affects him like champagne, making him feel wonderfully brilliant and clever; but the results are deplorable when the first exhilaration has passed away. The best way of preserving the health in Africa is to shun much strong drink and to eat often, if the food at hand be wholesome. Some soup should be taken the first thing in the morning. There is an "idiotic idea," according to Mr. Johnston, that in Africa "it is more heroic to conduct yourself like a martyr, undergo long periods of fasting, and generally pay little attention to how much or how often you eat and drink." This absurd notion "standeth in a false following" of Mungo Park, who, of course, ate little and seldom, because he had next to nothing to eat, being entirely devoid of circulating medium except the brass buttons of his coat, which he soon traded away. The modern explorer does not go out thus poorly equipped, but has plenty of cloth and plenty of beads. He must be careful to have the right cloth and the right beads for each district, as blue alone is sought for in some regions, while red or yellow cloth is the currency elsewhere; and there are places where cowries are still a legal tender.

An important point in Mr. Johnston's book is his belief in Mr. Stanley and in Mr. Stanley's success. Again and again his conviction that Mr. Stanley goes to work in the right way with the natives finds expression. They need to see a show of force; and in an attack on one of their stations they did see it, and learned their powerlessness in war with Europeans. This is Mr. Johnston's opinion; and perhaps the race which has just made such a remarkable show of force near Suakim has no right to find fault with proceedings that, on Mr. Johnston's showing, were not unnecessarily high-handed. Mr. Johnston even looks forward to the day when civilization shall have covered the Congo, and hotels with French names and twenty acres of primeval forest attached shall be found on every eligible site. But he admits the "degradation and *banalité*" that our commercial civilization carries with it into Argyleshire as much as into Africa. Perhaps his prophecies will not speedily be fulfilled. A letter in the *Standard* of April 1—a letter, to be sure, by a jealous explorer—avers that Mr. Stanley is by no means so prosperous and firmly established as Mr. Johnston found him. The local missionaries, it is pleasant to learn, are not of the flogging sort, like the Rev. Legrees of Blantyre, but are almost too mild in their dealings with their black flocks.

The native races of the Congo, after all, are more interesting than the flowers which Mr. Johnston draws so well, more interesting even than the birds to the student of the natural history of mankind. Here is a curious account of blacks at church, and of the extent to which they are influenced by Christian doctrine:—

> When the missionary holds a Sunday service in King Kongo-Mpaka's house, some twenty or thirty idlers look in, in a genial way, to see what is going on, much as we might be present at any of their ceremonies. They behave very well, and imitate, with that exact mimicry which only the negro possesses, all our gestures and actions, so that a hasty observer would conclude they were really touched by the service. They kneel down with an abandon of devotion, clasp their hands, and say "Amen" with a deep ventral enthusiasm. The missionary, on the occasion that I accompanied him, gave a short sermon in Fiote, well expressed considering the little time he had been studying the language. The king constantly took up the end of some phrase, and repeated it with patronising interest after the missionary, just to show how he was attending, throwing meanwhile a furtive glance at his wives, who were pursuing their avocations outside with sufficient diligence. A short prayer concluded the service, and when the king rose from his knees, he promptly demanded the loan of a hand-screw to effect some alteration in his new canoe.

A missionary, however, is not without influence. In one instance a fetish-man or medicine-man had audaciously accused a stingy king of murder. This is deeply interesting. Early history, as in Vedic India, always shows us the chiefs at war with the sorcerers (when sorcerer and chief are not the same person), the Kshatriya striving against the Brahman, the State against the Church. Near Mayanga, the Church (that is, the fetish-man or spiritual power) had quite got the better of the secular arm. The wife of a sub-chief of the King of Dandanga fell ill and died. The people do not, of course, believe in natural death. As among other savages all natural deaths are thought unnatural. The fetish-man was called in, as the Biraark would have been in Australia, to discover the murderer. He fixed on the King Mlongo, who would have been compelled to undergo the ordeal of "poison water" had a missionary not arrived and rescued the monarch. Like the Cambridge cad who wanted money to "drink the health" of the undergraduate who had rescued his child from drowning, the King showed his gratitude by begging for cloth. Probably the fetish-man will be even with him yet, the black Becket will master the miserable black Henry. A fetish-house, the temple of native religion (as far as they have a religion) is rather esthetic. The walls are decorated with European plates, like a drawing-room in Kensington. Inside the house is a mound of clay, adorned with patterns in coloured pebbles. On each side of the mound are Priapean statues, as in the Admiralty Islands, executed with curious realism. Schweinfurth also remarked the realism of art among the Bongos, where it is carried to extraordinary lengths. When a man has been murdered, and the criminal is unknown, a friend will give a dinner to all the neighbours. After dinner he will introduce a coloured image of the deceased so exactly like him, that the conscience of the malefactor generally betrays him into a terrified confession. Mr. Johnston remarked, on the Congo, "the great resemblance these figures bear to native men and women, and the clever manner in which they were carved and painted."

The tribes of men in the Congo basin belong chiefly to the Bantu family, which spreads from the Ovahereroes in the south-west to the Victoria Nyanza, and is distinct from negroes, negroids, Hottentots, and Bushmen. On the Upper Congo there is also a dwarf race, who may possibly be degraded Bantus; they are hairy like the Bantus, and their language (about as much is known of it as of Pictish) resembles Bantu. The Bantu type becomes finer, almost Greek in physical perfection of form, as you penetrate further into the interior. The chief vice is the hideous cruelty of witch trials, in which the Ba Kongo almost rival the Puritan Fathers. Chastity is unknown, and jealousy by no means plays the part which Sir Henry Maine assigns to it in the development of the early human family. The rites with which Greece adored Dionysus, Hermes, and the Lampsacene, are most prevalent where morals are least licentious, and these rites are said to be "a solemn mystery to the Congo native." Connected with this are the initiatory ceremonies when boys enter on manhood. They are much the same as in Australia, America, and among savage races generally. Instead of warning people out of their way with the Bull-roarer, like the Australians, the Congo initiates make "a sort of drumming noise like dur-r-r-r." The initiates, as in Greece, are plastered over with white clay, a practice almost universal in mysteries. Had Lobeck known all that we know about the mysteries of savage peoples, he could greatly have strengthened his case as argued in *Aglaophamus*. Perhaps the Congo people throw light on another Greek problem. What was the language of the gods, so often mentioned by Homer, in which things have not the names given them in the speech of men? Can it have been a survival of a mystic, esoteric lingo which, on the Congo, as among the Eskimo and the early Irish, is employed by conjurers, priests, Angakuts, and Bretons? Mr. Johnston thus describes the spiritual speech on the Congo:—

> A curious part of these semi-religious rites is the acquiring of a sacred mysterious language, which is taught by the *nganga*, who presides over these ceremonies, to the disciples who are being circumcised and gathered into the confraternity. This language is never taught to females, and as yet no European has been able to examine its nature. I have heard men discoursing in it, as they do freely, and there were most of the Bantu prefixes and concords recognisable in their speech, though the actual words were unfamiliar. It might possibly be some older and more archaic form of Bantu language conserved for religious purposes—like the Sanskrit, the old Sclavonic, and the Latin—or it may be nothing more than an arbitrary transmogrification of words such as is found in the Mpongwe, or in such artificial dialects as the Ki-nyame of Zanzibar.

We may also compare the esoteric slang, once compulsory at Winchester, and the "secret speech" of little boys and girls in America. Children and boys naturally evolve the same queer freaks as savages. In addition to a "vague phallic worship," there is a good deal of moon-worship on the Congo, as among the Hottentots. There is a deity of small-pox, and, as in India, most diseases are supposed to be evil spirits. Among some tribes Mr. Johnston, like Dr. Schweinfurth, found scarcely any religion, but there was ancestor-worship, and to express their "shadowy idea of

a god they always employ a term that is identical with heaven or sky," like Zeus and Varuna. A future life is believed in, or slaves would not be slaughtered at the graves of chiefs. Plates and knives buried with the dead are broken too, that they may die, and their spirit be released to accompany the departed. Unlike the Bongos, but like the Romans, the people of the Congo think dog's flesh a luxury. The mechanical arts are tolerably advanced, and the pottery not ungraceful. The lyre has only five strings.

Such are the people of the Congo, hesitating between higher savagery and lower barbarism. Their future is in the hands of European trade, and we have little doubt that they have seen their happiest days.

Mr. Johnston's drawings on the wood are very adequately engraved and useful; his etchings, we fear, it is impossible to praise. Many of his studies of heads, of flowers, of landscape, and of articles like native utensils are very spirited, and greatly add to the value of his excellent book.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

THIS is a reissue in a more popular, but less portable, form of a book which is at once too popular in style to suit the taste of the learned, and too learned to be widely studied, though it may have, and probably will have, in its present shape an extensive sale. It appears now as a somewhat cumbrous quarto, just the book for a school prize, with more than three hundred illustrations, some of them rather remotely pertinent to the subject, and all of them more remarkable for vigorous effect than for careful or artistic engraving. The mixed aim of the Archdeacon's work has had its effect on its performance. His chief object, he says, was to give a clear impression of St. Paul's teaching—*i.e.* of the inner heart of the man himself, and of the circumstances amid which he taught and wrote; and no one will question that he has chosen the best means of giving life and reality to the Epistles by incorporating them with the biography. They are thus read, so to speak, where and when they were written, with their local colouring fresh on them, and with such advantage as may be gained from the Canon's translation—a translation which aims almost solely at being easily understood. This we regard as far the best part of his work, and as it is incomparably the hardest part, and is not only relatively but absolutely well done, he may congratulate himself on success. It is much easier for one who like the writer has seen something of the East, and is widely read in its literature, to imagine the material surroundings of the Court at Cæsarea and the theatre at Ephesus than to transplant himself into the thick of the metaphysical and theological controversies which suggested or have left their marks on more than one of the Epistles of St. Paul. But, though this is the best part of the book, we fear it will be the least read—ordinary readers of Canon Farrar will know where to look for the "purpurei panni," and will get what they want. It is painful to find a book of really vast learning and of labour, such as hardly any one but the author would have undertaken in such a busy life as his, disfigured, we must say, by such almost slang phrases as "justices' justice," "their worships," "their Proctorships," used of the Duumviri at Philippi. It is a relief to turn from such a passage to the narrative of the shipwreck, related not with passion like the other, but with feeling both for the geographical and nautical questions involved in it, and for the simple greatness of the hero of the scene. Conybeare's and Howson's volumes on the same subject seemed, when they were written, to be exhaustive; but Canon Farrar has the unquestioned merit of supplying a deficiency in the former work by his treatment of the Epistles. The book, however, is not a mere supplement, but has an individuality of its own, and that in its most valuable portion; it is to be regretted that in other parts it exhibits sometimes too much of the least admirable tendency of the writer's mind.

The title of Mr. Bardsley's volume might suggest that it was another contribution to a kind of religious writing of which we have had too much lately—we mean speculation about the character and conditions of the life to come. Readers who order it under that impression will find themselves mistaken. *The Veil* is the veil of nature which half-conceals and half-discloses God, and the writer seems to think that he has some qualifications for penetrating it, as he quotes of himself the saying of William of Bamberg, "Surely he who rained on Solomon hath also condescended to shed some few drops on me." His readers must decide this point for themselves, but his congregation appear to have made up their minds about it, for they have asked their Vicar to publish various courses of sermons. It is impossible for a reviewer to approve or condemn such sermons as these; they may not please learned readers, hard-headed congregations, nor practical preachers, but if they are the kind of discourses Mr. Bardsley's congregation like, and find acceptance in the still wider circle of those who read such literature, there is no more to be said. Granting their aim and style, they are not badly done. The author has equipped himself with much information about the departments of nature in which he finds some of his "types" as may be culled from Wyville Thompson, Gosse, Maury, *The Cruise of the Challenger*, and other sources, and he shows signs of a breadth of reading on modern subjects of religious controversy which might well be imitated by more preachers. But we think he has not been sufficiently cautious in observing his own rule (laid down in his preface) and *has* sometimes strained his "types beyond the bounds of just and reasonable comparison." For instance, in the sermon on "Deep-sea Soundings," after giving the results of sounding and dredging, he says, "the depths of the sea afford a striking illustration of certain experiences of Christian life"; and here are the practical applications. The deepest sea is not unfathomable, so there are no depths of Christian trial which are not sooner or later proved to be fathomable. The deepest ocean teems with living organisms, so spiritual depression is quite consistent with the existence of spiritual life. "A shark can bear without inconvenience the pressure of half a ton on the square inch," so "God is faithful who will not suffer you to be tempted above that we are able." As we said before, we pass no opinion on this kind of treatment of nature and Scripture; if it has its admirers, that is perhaps reason enough for publishing it; we have done our duty in giving our readers an idea of the character and contents of this volume.

Mr. Wylie defends himself for adding another to the many volumes already existing on the subject of the Holy Land, by the plea that he has read all the literature on the subject. His book, we are bound to say, justifies his implied misgiving. It is the work of a close observer, of a profound believer in the literal accuracy of every statement of the Bible, and of one who has, as he says, read a good deal about the country before he went to it. And it is more than this—for it is evidently the product of a mind which can infer, combine, and generalize from what it sees, and of a heart in the deepest sympathy with the sacred scenes that lay thick along the author's route. But we cannot say more; it falls under a book's last worst curse of not having been wanted, and of adding nothing fresh to what we know before. Even the writer's staunch belief in Holy Scripture seems to have led him astray in matters of style, as when, in describing the scene of the battle of Gilboa, he gives a whole page of extract from the Books of Samuel, and in his apparent assumption generally that his readers are not well acquainted with the Old Testament. But the substance of his work, as well as its style, seem to us to be vitiated by what we must call a want of intelligent appreciation of the Book which he evidently loves so well, and believes so firmly. One of his objects is to show that it is quite possible to renew in Palestine its ancient fertility, and to restore the Jews to their own land, and he quotes Ezekiel to justify his hope; in fact, he says plainly that such a restoration would be a fulfilment of the prophecy in question. Surely this is a strange way of showing respect for Scripture. Ezekiel was the prophet of the Captivity; he prophesied the return from it, and the people to whom he prophesied did return. What ground is there in the Bible, in the teeth of many passages to the contrary, and of the whole tendency of Jewish circumstances and manners in our day, for believing that Ezekiel's prophecy was not fulfilled in the return, or that it will be fulfilled again? In one passage only do we detect the shadow of a shade of doubt in the author's mind, and that is when, in answer to an American clergyman who asked, as they were riding together down the valley of Ajalon, "Do you really believe that the sun stood still in this valley?" He "simply replied, 'The Bible says it,'" and "left his clerical friend to argue the point with the Bible." If we had not guessed the writer's nationality from his name, this "pawky" answer (we believe that is the word) would have revealed it.

Mr. Arnold's *Isaiah of Jerusalem* is, we believe, a reprint, more or less exact, of his translation of the first thirty-nine chapters of the Prophet, published some years ago, and of a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*. The title of his book is sufficient indication as to the side he takes in the controversy about the deutero-Isaiah, and there is no need to go into the question further than to say that it is essential to the idea and plan of the present work to refer the last twenty-seven chapters, as well as certain passages mixed up with the first thirty-nine, to another hand. Mr. Arnold's theory has the merit of being complete and consistent. The book is divided into seven portions—namely, Prelude, Calamities for Judah, Vision, Immanuel, The Burdens, The Woe, Sennacherib; and the keynotes of the volume are the names Immanuel (God with us), Shearjashub (Remnant shall return, *i.e.* be converted to God), and Maher-shalal-hashbaz (Spoil speedeth, prey hasteth). The names, so translated, tell their own story. The corruption of nobles and clergy and the misery of the lower classes call aloud for punishment, and the great Northern power, Assyria, is speeding to the spoil and hasting to the prey; nevertheless, "God is with us," and a "Remnant" will remain faithful to Him or will return to His allegiance, and the foe shall not triumph nor the threatened ruin overwhelm. Isaiah's denunciation of woes had their partial fulfilment in the victory of Sargon,

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* *The Life and Work of St. Paul.* By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. London: Cassell & Co.

Glimpses through the Veil. By Rev. J. W. Bardsley. London: Nisbet & Co.

Over the Holy Land. By the Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D. London: Nisbet & Co.

Isaiah of Jerusalem. By Matthew Arnold. London: Macmillan & Co.

Lectures on Pastoral Work. By the Bishop of Bedford. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.

St. Paul's Use of the terms Flesh and Spirit. The Baird Lecture for 1883. By Rev. W. F. Dickson, D.D. Glasgow; Maclehose & Sons.

Short Chapters on Buddhism Past and Present. By the Right Rev. J. H. Titcomb, first Bishop of Rangoon. London: The Religious Tract Society.

and his assurance of final escape in the destruction of Sennacherib's army. This was the culmination of his prophecy, as the period of it was the culminating point in his career as a statesman and a teacher. Sennacherib's ruinous failure was in 701 B.C., and was the real close of Isaiah's public life, which had covered the last half of the eighth century, though the prophet lived some time into the reign of Manasseh, and is said to have been murdered by him.

But quite as interesting a portion of Mr. Arnold's introduction to his own translation of the thirty-nine chapters is his plea for a translation which shall (1) preserve the rhythm and poetry of the original, (2) make quite clear the historical situation which Isaiah had to deal with, (3) so arrange the prophecies that we may have them in their right order and connexion. He submits this book as an attempt to comply with all three requisites, the introduction fulfilling Nos. (2) and (3) and his own translation No. (1). Few books in the Bible can put in a better plea for a careful and loving revision of their text than the Prophecy of Isaiah, both from its intrinsic grandeur and beauty and from the number of errors which have made it in places unintelligible. Whether he agrees or not with Mr. Arnold's conclusions, the reader will find a new meaning, a new beauty, and a new reality in the Prophet as he studies this careful and polished little volume, and he can hardly fail to sympathize with the writer's enthusiasm for his subject.

The Bishop of Bedford's long and varied experience as a clergyman gives him a right to publish a volume on *Pastoral Work*; and he has other qualifications for the task—a nature exceptionally sympathetic, an eager zeal for the good of men, and an infinite capacity for work, have not only widened but have deepened his experience. These high gifts, however necessary for the pastoral office, have their drawbacks as well as their advantages in a writer on the subject. They lift him so far above the average clergyman that they tend sometimes to discourage by an unattainable standard, by representing duties and states of feeling as ordinary, inevitable, and matters of course which to the commonplace curate or incumbent are Utopian, impossible, and hopeless. A good clergyman like the Bishop of Bedford cannot of course help writing as he does, and to read such a man's conceptions of duty must, as a whole, do good to less worthy and less gifted pastors; but the danger alluded to does lurk below, however much it may be outweighed by the good. The volume contains some practical suggestions which have the merit of freshness, and some practical hints about preaching, and, as they are given with the homely simplicity which is part of the charm of the Bishop's character, they are likely to stick in the memory. We refrain from giving extracts, because the book is short and cheap and worth buying. Old clergymen as well as young, especially the young, will find in it some things worth remembering, though they may find some with which they cannot wholly agree, and older men will perhaps find more which they knew before.

Professor Dickson has published his Baird Lectures for 1883, and we venture to presume that publication, as is the case with the Bampton Lectures, was a condition of their delivery, or he would hardly have run the risk of issuing a book so little likely to be sold or read as a learned treatise on such an obscure and difficult subject as he has selected. One of his motives for publishing appears to have been to make his hearers and readers acquainted with the monograph of Dr Wendt, of Gottingen, on which his own work is largely based, because it seemed to him, "from its special character, little likely to be translated." We fear that we must draw a similar inference with regard to the fate of his own book. He will not lack readers for any want of exhaustiveness, erudition, argumentative skill, or clearness of statement. However little it may be possible to agree with him, it is satisfactory to find a writer laying down his line of argument so clearly at the outset as to say that in every instance of his use of the terms "Flesh" and "Spirit" St. Paul had only one meaning. Readers of Professor Jowett's thoughtful excursus on the same subject will readily understand how soon he comes into conflict with Dr. Dickson, and will be prepared for the difficulties of an exegesis which starts on such a rigid hypothesis. After revising the principal German theories, and selecting hints and passages enough to make his own work, as he calls it, a "mosaic," he lays down the canon of interpretation given above, and proceeds to consider the Old Testament use of the terms, and is then landed in the thick of his argument by comparing and contrasting the usages of the word πνεῦμα as applied to God and man. The discussion becomes more complex as it advances. Not only is the precise meaning of the word to be ascertained in each verse, but the relation to it of such other words as σαρξ, ψυχὴ and νοῦς, sometimes apparently used instead of it; and there is the ever-present difficulty of the genitive case, whether it means "of" or "from" or neither, but is objective, and in no sense progressive. The possibility of endless uncertainty about the meaning of such words is suggested by remembering our Lord's use of ψυχὴ in such a passage as St. Matt. x. 28, and St. Paul's use of ψυχικὸν as the antithesis of πνευματικὸν, 1 Cor. xv. 45. But a better notion of the variety of result attained by this treatise, and the number of threads to be unravelled and tracked in arriving at it, will be gained by studying the Conspectus, p. 425, which we advise the reader to master before and not after he reads this book. Though it is one which will not attract many readers, there is much in it which will repay study.

An account of a religion professed by 400 millions of the human race may well claim a place among books of divinity, and Bishop Titcomb's little manual on Buddhism supplies a want without aiming at the completeness of the longer treatises on the subject; it gives in a clear form the main points of likeness and contrast between the religions of the East and West, and while glancing through the volume it is impossible not to be struck by both. Closer inspection reveals that the similarities are, as a rule, superficial, the contrasts essential and deep-rooted. The monastic and sacrificial systems; the duty of fasting; the equality of men in religion; the elevation of women; celibacy; ritual; ordination, remind the reader of some of the elements and some of the excrescences of Christianity; while the impersonality of God, the reservation of Nirvana for the *elite* alone, the practical unbelief of Buddhists in prayer and in the eternity of sentient life, and their pessimism, are negations of the vital forces of the Western creed. On the other hand, Buddhism is honourably distinguished by a pure morality, a refined philosophic system, a catholic benevolence and toleration—that is, when seen at its best, for it has suffered more than Christianity from the process of "accommodation," and Guzerat, Thibet, Nepal, and China have associated or degraded it with metaphysics, or rationalism, or "praying-wheels" If Christianity has also assimilated itself to its surroundings, it has been more by the attempt to raise them to its own level than by deliberate adoption of a lower standard. If it has been able to keep abreast of the progress and civilization of the West, it is because of its differences, and not from its points of resemblance, to the great religion of the East. If it has maintained its ground as the creed of men who guide and rule and move the world, it is because it contains within itself the innate capacity for development which springs from a belief in a personal God, from hope for the human race, and from faith in an endless life—its crucial instances of antagonism to the older creed. All these harmonies and contrasts are clearly brought out by Bishop Titcomb, somewhat coloured, of course, by his faith and his office, but set down in no spirit of unfairness, nor with any want of sympathy with the religion of the millions of human beings by whom he is surrounded.

MODERN HORSEMANSHIP.*

IT must in the first place be freely granted that Mr. Anderson is a master of his subject, a practical and a very accomplished horseman. The fact is obvious from his book, and it has been otherwise demonstrated. A few months ago Mr. Anderson brought to London a very ill-shaped horse, which he exhibited, to a few gentlemen who are known to be interested in horsemanship, as an example of the system. The Duke of Beaufort, whose qualifications as a judge of the horse and his rider will not be doubted, was of the company. It happened that a representative of the *Times* and of an illustrated sporting journal were among the spectators, as was the present writer; and it must be admitted that, on a horse which was understood to have been purposely chosen for its lack of quality and apparent clumsiness—the absence in make and shape of what the school trainer usually regards as essential—a very remarkable exhibition was given. An account of the affair was published in the *Times* and in one or two other journals. Those who saw Mr. Anderson ride were astonished at the docility and apparent intelligence shown by the horse in the hands of his master; but when the accomplished rider publishes a book with the object of propagating his system, it is necessary to pause and consider whither he would lead us. It often happens that a man is mounted by a friend for a casual ride or for a day's hunting. "How did he carry you?" is the owner's question—except, of course, when the animal appears mud-stained, by himself, and the ex-rider arrives later. "Charmingly!" is the common reply. "He is a perfect hack," or hunter, as the case may be. The friend has known next to nothing of the horse; but, if he be a horseman, he has found that the animal was obedient to a light hand on the reins, ready to take a hint, bold but discreet, and that, happy in a perfect understanding of each other, he and his mount have got on admirably. The rider has never heard, or has barely heard, of the piaffer, the croupade, and other school movements, the horse has still less idea that any of his race are given to such extravagances, nothing of which comes within the scope of an ordinary horse's instruction. What, then, has Mr. Anderson to say on behalf of the laborious exercises which he so earnestly recommends, as, it may be added, so many riders and writers have advocated them before him for hundreds of years past? No doubt it is pleasant to see the perfect unanimity which exists between such a rider as Mr. Anderson and his horse, to notice how, with scarcely a motion of the reins, the animal is shown what to do, and to observe the readiness with which he does it. The reins, in fact, according to the author, only form one of the "aids" by which the horse is governed. These direct the forehand. The spurs—always "aids," and never to be regarded as instruments of punishment—direct the hind-quarters. "Each extremity of the horse must be prepared, by the aid that governs it, for every movement of the other; and the force of the forehand and of the hind-quarters must be so collected that they will act together." So says the author. But, all question of aids apart, supposing indeed that the rider

* *Modern Horsemanship: a New Method of Teaching, Riding, and Training by means of Pictures from Life.* By Edward L. Anderson, Author of "How to Ride," "A System of School Training for Horses," &c. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1884.

does not even wear the spurs here described as being only of secondary importance to the reins, will it not be found that, in the average hack, or in the hack that is something above the average, though he has not been "schooled" as men not connected with training will understand the schooling of horses, the hind-quarters do act with the forehand? This may not be the case to the extent demanded by school riding, but is it not so to all other intents and purposes? One might not be able to make the horse perform the "bolotade" by the reins alone, without the other aids; but is a knowledge of the "bolotade" or the "capriole" (the most vigorous of all school movements, being like a high "bolotade," with the kick from both hind legs delivered with full force) necessary to the man who holds his own in a fast forty minutes over the pastures of High Leicestershire, which is perhaps as good a test of horsemanship as can well be required?

It must by no means be understood that Mr. Anderson's book is being derided. Jumping exercises are part of his scheme; and the man who invites caprioles, and sits them critically, is not to be deterred by those fences which are abhorrent to men who, like many followers of foxhounds, hate jumping. There is much in this not very happily named book—for *Modern Horsemanship* describes an ancient system, with new features, which the author hopes to modernize—worthy of much approval, though at the same time there are some things which suggest a question; and a few rules are so obvious that they might well have been omitted altogether. Of the latter is the direction that, "When a horse rears, the rider should lean forward; but the body should be carried back when the horse kicks or stumbles. If these instructions are borne in mind," the author continues, "the rider will in time bend the body with the motion of the horse without being aware of any mental effort." Quite so. But when a horse stumbles there is rarely time for mental effort, and when he rears, if what may be called the instinct of horsemanship has not momentarily thrown the rider forward, reflection as to what, according to the best authorities, he should do under the circumstances is apt to come to him too late. It is more to the purpose of riding when Mr. Anderson reminds readers that "the rider's aim should be to see with what light touches upon the reins he can control the horse," and his remarks about bitting are also shrewd. The snaffle he describes as "an excellent bit for a bad rider, because with it he can do but little harm." The fact might here have been emphasized that sometimes the very easiest of bits will suffice to hold a horse which goes unkindly in a bit that is only moderately severe. In a famous South-country stable, a well-known racehorse, that is not to be held by any of the complex devices which have been invented with the object of stopping horses, can be comfortably ridden in a bit made simply of a piece of leather rolled round and sewn. On the vexed question of lifting horses at their jumps, the author, if we understand him aright, expresses an opinion which is open to argument. "To raise a horse at a jump is a delicate operation," he says, "and the beginner should not attempt it. If the horse be a willing jumper, the play of the bit made to collect its forces will be all that is required, and all that the beginner should attempt. But a horse can be raised to a leap just as it can be raised to perform a pesade or any of the high airs of the *manige*. By an unskilful horseman the animal may be pulled into the obstacle; but that does not prove that the bit has no lifting power." One must differ with caution from such an approved good horseman as the author, but that the bit has any real *lifting* power must be doubted. It gives the horse the hint to lift himself; that it does more than aid him to collect his forces when the rider steadies him as he approaches a fence we are not ready to believe. Nor is Mr. Anderson quite explicit enough in his rules for the treatment of a shying horse. He says, "The rider may induce the horse to pass a stationary object by turning its head away from that which causes it terror and 'traversing' by." This, however, depends upon circumstances. It may be judicious to convince the horse that there is nothing to alarm him in the object from which he has started, and this must be done, not by turning his head away, but by coaxing him to approach it.

But these are everyday affairs, and the principal object Mr. Anderson has in view is to popularize school riding. He maintains that great and unmistakable benefits are to be derived from it, and

> the advantage of a good method of training over a crude and improper one may be seen by comparing the carriage, action, and temper of a well-schooled horse with an animal that has been "broken" in the usual manner. The schooled horse, carrying itself in a light and graceful manner, at easy, regular, and controlled paces, will render immediate obedience to every command of its rider. The horse that has not been systematically schooled learns in time to carry its burden more or less awkwardly, depending upon its natural form and balance, in paces which hardly ever equal in grace and smoothness those in which it moved in liberty. If an animal consents to move along in a shambling walk, a disunited trot, and a lumbering gallop, hanging back from the bit or bearing upon the hand, it is as far advanced in its education as the majority of horses ever got.

We do not say that Mr. Anderson over-estimates the perfections of the schooled horse, but does he not somewhat underestimate the capacity of the horse that has been "broken in the usual manner"? Many horses that have never been schooled certainly move, nevertheless, with lightness and grace, and cannot be properly described as having a shambling walk, or a lumbering gallop; nor do they hang back from the bit or bear on the hand. At the same time, there can be no doubt that a horse's good qualities are likely to be very greatly enhanced by some schooling (the word is, it need hardly be said, used always in the sense signified by Mr. Anderson, and not as the trainer of steeplechasers would understand it). The author certainly makes a point, too, when he dwells on the fact that with the schooled horse compliance becomes a fixed habit, and the animal is "rendered ready and willing to give prompt obedience to every demand of its master." The author is of opinion—though, with the sterling honesty that is a pleasant feature in the book, he will advance nothing positively of which he has not strong reason to be convinced—that schooling, which has a tendency to strengthen and make pliant joints and muscles, would add to a horse's speed. What he means by schooling he proceeds in the second half of the book to describe in detail, illustrating his descriptions with instantaneous photographs. These are remarkably well done; indeed, considering the circumstances under which they must necessarily have been taken, most of them are wonderfully clear. We have here the "piaffer," the "Spanish trot," the "demi-volte in gallop," the "low pirouette," and other movements; but who wants to accomplish these equestrian feats? They do not come within the scope of amateur horsemanship, and for the ordinary rider we cannot but think that they are a waste of time, more especially as the ordinary rider would probably perform these "high airs" very badly. That a horse is made light in hand by the exercises here shown of suppling the neck and bending the head is readily comprehensible, and some schooling, to the extent, for instance, of making a horse change his lead in the gallop, is also a desirable grace of equestrianism. As for the more intricate matters, it was perhaps well that Mr. Anderson should show what can be done, but he is not sufficiently plain as to the extent to which he would have his pupils follow him. On the whole we are well inclined to go some way with our author as to the good which would arise from the higher schooling of horses; only he shows a disposition, we think, to demand too much. A little schooling is not, like a little learning, a dangerous thing; on the contrary, as is candidly confessed, "a horse may be so highly trained that no one but a rider of the firmest seat and lightest hand can manage it." A rider not thus gifted who suddenly and unwittingly gave the highly-trained horse the signal for the "capriole" would be in an awkward position.

BIBLIOGRAPHY AND PRETTY BOOKS.*

HERE are seven books together, and six of them are printed on hand-made paper and published with rough edges, while *The Home Library* is designed to point out the beauty and value of such trifles, and, without disparaging the insides of books, to make us think as much as possible of the outsides. There were book-fanciers before the Beckford Sale, nay, for that matter, before the Roxburghe Sale; but it cannot be said that until now it was likely to add to the popularity of a book that it should have qualifications calculated to attract the book-hunter. We are conscious of a growth of taste in such matters. For one person who twenty, or even ten, years ago cared for uncut leaves and old-faced type, there are now hundreds, perhaps thousands. The New World, too, with its wealth, is in the markets of the Old; and books made up to please the eye cannot easily be pirated. Mr. "Penn," as he calls himself, thus sets out the maxims on which American book-buyers act:—

> Never buy at auction unless you have had an opportunity previously to examine the goods, to see that they have no defects and are in every way in good condition. Remember that the highest priced books are not necessarily the best, or the lowest priced necessarily the cheapest. Choose good type, and good paper, and good ink, even if they cost a little more; it is false economy to spare the pocket and spoil the eyes. A book that is worth buying at all is worth buying in good condition and in a good edition.

With such principles, and an American purse, hundreds of fine libraries are being accumulated, and we of the Old World see the treasures of ages disappearing from our view. It is not, however, a matter for regret. The supply is practically inexhaustible. As fast as one class of books becomes unattainable, another is sought after. Few of us can hope for Mazarine Bibles, Tyndale Testaments, or Valdarfer Boccaccios; but there are many other objects to which we may turn. A few years ago Italian books with woodcuts began to "look up." Next came Early German art. There was a long run upon English Service-books and English Bibles. French vignettes were in the ascendent for a while. Now, perhaps, Bewick and his pupils are the objects of most interest here. In short, there is always something to be collected; and when the prices of one branch of literature have gone up, they somehow never come down again. A few years ago a very handsome Bewick volume might have been thought dear at double the subscription price of a guinea and a half. Now the same volume fetches perhaps twenty pounds. It would be but too easy to

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* *The Bibliographer: a Journal of Book Lore.* London: Stock.
The Home Library. By Arthur Penn. New York: Appleton.
The Marriage Ring. By Dr. Jeremy Taylor. London: Field & Tuer.
Jeremy Taylor's Marriage Ring. Edited by F. R. Money Coutts. Cambridge: Deighton.
Religio Medici. By Sir Thomas Browne. Facsimile of the First Edition. London: Stock.
Sonnets. By R. E. Egerton Warburton. London: Pickering.
The Battle Ground of the Eights. By Robert Farrer. Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes. 1884.

multiply examples of this kind; but at present we are occupied rather with new works than with old. One is tempted to inquire if any of these pretty books will live, and in its turn become scarce and valuable on that account. There are many examples in contemporary literature. A copy of the first edition of *John Inglesant* is already at a premium. Mr. Ruskin's early works and Mr. Hamerton's great book on etching are enormously costly. It would be rash to predict such a distinction for all the books before us; but, unless a very large edition has been printed, we might, with some security, prophesy it of Mr. Warburton's *Sonnets*. It is a small quarto, issued in whole calf binding, uncut, but with the top edge gilt. It is printed on hand-made paper. Opposite every leaf of letterpress is a woodcut view from a drawing by Mr. Boot, printed on smooth paper. The cuts represent all kinds of places, waterfalls, lakes, castles, the Bay of Naples, and the Simplon Pass; but the prettiest perhaps illustrates the sonnet called "Home":—

> Though mist and darkness wrap our northern grove,
> No nightingale to charm the listening ear,
> Nor vine clad hills, nor cloudless moons above,
> For such I sigh not; this dark atmosphere
> Home gilds and gladdens with the light of love;
> There brighter skies, but fonder hearts are here.

The picture represents a brook with a rustic bridge and tall elms on either hand; in the background, engraved with the utmost delicacy and minuteness, is a stately English mansion, with a tower and bay windows and Elizabethan gables. It would be but too easy to linger over this fascinating book. The poetry, though not of a very soaring character, is poetry, not merely verse. Here is a touching allusion to the blindness and bereavement of the venerable poet's later life:—

> No rising sunbeam cheers me with its ray,
> 'Tis as though light had never created been,
> As though this world and all that is therein,
> Still without form and void, in darkness lay.
> One from my side has passed unseen away,
> Snatched from this world of darkness and of sin;
> My prayer, my hope that I may likewise win
> And share with her the light of endless day.

Most of the sonnets have the same undercurrent of religious feeling, and all are equally simple and sweet.

Next in neatness and finish we must notice *The Marriage Ring*, edited by Dr. Kerr for Messrs Field & Tuer, as a beautiful example of this modern movement. It is bound in boards of delicate dove colour, on which the title appears in red and a gold ring below it. Nothing can be simpler or in better taste. The printing and paper are equally good, and the book is small and light. In these respects it is superior to Mr. Coutts's edition, which is much too large. He has, however, a different purpose in view, as is apparent when we find that, of the 104 pages of which the book consists, 42 are taken up with a dissertation by way of appendix on the "Ethics of Love," and 19 with an article on the "Song of Solomon," by Miss Ellice Hopkins, reprinted from the *Century Magazine*. Both these additions are very readable and interesting, and the notes at the end should prove useful. Strange to say, Mr. Coutts says nothing about Bishop Taylor's connexion with the family of the last Earl of Carbery. Dr. Kerr mentions it, and points out that the volume in which the sermon on marriage appeared was dedicated to the Earl, and was published at the special desire of Lady Carbery. Neither editor mentions a point of some interest—namely, that Francis, Lord Vaughan, the eldest son of Lord Carbery, was the husband of Lady Rachel Wriothesley, who after his death married the ill-fated William, Lord Russell, beheaded in 1683. This very sermon may well have been preached at her first wedding.

Mr. Elliot Stock's reprint of the *Religio Medici* is bound in oak boards very tastefully stamped with a design in relief. The printing is perhaps more rough than it need be, and we cannot help thinking that the art of the "facsimilist" may be carried too far. Still, it is interesting to see Sir Thomas Browne's immortal essay as it first appeared. "There were," says Dr. Greenhill, the editor, "several MS. copies of the work, one of which found its way into the hands of a bookseller, who printed and published it in 1642, without the consent or knowledge of the author,' who was compelled to issue a second or authorized edition. Mr. Stock has reprinted the pirated version, both because it is the real first, and because it has not been used for later editions, but also because it displays some "personal traits of character" which do not occur in the authorized edition. There were, in fact, two unauthorized editions, both printed by the same bookseller in the same year, which is strong testimony to the immediate popularity of the book. The preface points out some interesting variations between this edition and that authorized by Browne himself. Thus in one place he observes that "I shall injure Truth to say I have no taint or tincture" of heresies, schisms, and errors. In the authorized edition, which presumably, if the manuscript was written in 1635, represents his later and more matured opinion, he expressed himself somewhat differently, and "hoped he should not injure Truth in saying he had no longer any such taint or tincture on him." Dr. Greenhill gives a list of all the alterations, and shows how justly Sir Thomas Browne complained that the book was published not only without his knowledge and consent, but also in a "depraved" and "imperfect" form. The most curious of the "depravations" is at p. 55, where he is made to say that Ptolemy thought the "Alcoran" of the Turks "an ill-composed piece."

The fourth volume of the *Bibliographer* shows no sign of flagging. It contains articles of interest to a circle of readers far outside that of the bookworm. A series of epitaphs on printers and booksellers is full of curious notes. Unlike some collections of the kind, chapter and verse, or rather place and date, are given for each quotation. The following example may be selected. In the parish church of St. Mary, Bury St. Edmunds, lie the remains of Peter Gedge, the printer and proprietor of a local newspaper. He died in 1818, not a period very remarkable for well-expressed epitaphs. But Peter Gedge's ends thus:—"Like a worn-out type, he is returned to the founder, in the hope of being re-cast in a better and more perfect mould." A series of articles on the "Genevan Bible" is continued and concluded by Mr. Nicholas Pocock; a list of booksellers' signs in London is contributed by Mr. Goodwin, and there are articles on *Chambers's Journal*, on Sir Richard Phillips, on "Sham Titles for Books," on the Librarian's meeting at Liverpool, and the Beckford and other great sales. One of the most curious papers relates to an extraordinary American production, "The Rest of *Don Juan*." It seems that in 1825 Isaac Star Clason published at New York the "Seventeenth and Eighteenth Cantos of *Don Juan*," and that in 1846 "The Rest of *Don Juan*" appeared at New York. It was by Henry Morford, a poet almost unknown even in his own country. Even Allibone does not mention him. In another verse he prophesies his own early death, but Mr. Ashbee in the article before us seems unable to say what was Morford's real fate. On the whole, we may safely recommend the *Bibliographer* to unbibliographical readers as containing much amusing matter; while to the collector, fired with the new spirit of the age, it is simply indispensable.

A very pretty book is *The Battle-Ground of the Eights*, which contains a series of etchings of the Thames and Isis, drawn by Mr. Robert Farren, and issued just in time for the boat-race. Some of the pictures are very superior to the others; the best being, perhaps, that of a very familiar, not to say hackneyed, subject, Hiley Mill. In one and all Mr. Farren breaks down in the sky. In the view of Grassy the sky appears to be actually falling. It is raining iron railings, which is the more to be regretted as the landscape part of the work is among the most pleasing. Mr. Farren should study Rembrandt and Mr. Haden. As we look back in conclusion over the seven volumes here noticed, the general excellence of material, the neatness and correctness of the printing, and the good taste manifested in the production of popular books at the present day, is a hopeful sign. Even wood engraving, which for awhile seemed asleep or dead, appears to be reviving.

NATIVE LIFE IN TRAVANCORE.*

THOUGH not written with any such purpose, this work comes opportunely to remind us that "nationalities" in India are something very different from what political clubs and fluent English speakers represent them to be. In late acrimonious discussions we have heard of a certain marvellous ethnological unit, termed "the Indian people,' which is credited with all sorts of yearnings after independence and self-government, and has been somehow gradually fused and welded out of rather discordant elements into one compact mass. A glance at the chapters on caste in this volume shows that not only have the higher classes in Southern India no sort of intercourse or connexion with their corresponding divisions of society in the central and northern parts of the Empire; but that there are still numbers of inferior castes which, in the author's expressive language, form "a piecemeal and patchwork distribution of mankind of the most singularly complicated pattern." We hear of "degraded," "defective," "intermediate," and "accursed" castes. Some are "delighters in sin", others are slaves or hunters. None of them intermarry. Some speak a dialect neither Tamil nor Malayalim; and in many the only resembling features are repulsive filth, dense ignorance, and fear or hatred of those above them who wear the sacred cord or belong to the Lunar race. To form a correct idea of the barriers which still divide society both in our own territories and in native States, we ought to picture to ourselves a sort of England in which Saxon, Dane, and Norman had never intermarried or amalgamated in the smallest degree to this hour; in which aboriginal Britons still dwelt on Salisbury Plain and stealthily offered human sacrifices at Stonehenge, while Picts of pure origin were found on the moors of Sutherlandshire, and undiluted Norwegians in the Shetland Isles. We might then be able to judge whether it could be correct to talk of the "Indian people"; and, further, in order to be fair to the Mahommedan population in India in such a comparison, we should have to imagine that a large number of foreigners of the Latin or Celtic race had once conquered all England about the year 1500, had held sway for some few centuries, had then been deprived of their sovereignty, and were now living scattered about our various counties, ready, if occasion offered, to burn down parish churches, to fly at the throats of Norman and Dane, and to make one more throw for empire.

Of course Mr. Mateer never puts forward a moral or political axiom of the above kind. But he has compiled an interesting work out of ample materials collected in a quarter of a century of missionary labour. Gentlemen of his profession are somewhat apt

* *Native Life in Travancore.* By the Rev. Samuel Mateer, F.L.S., of the London Missionary Society, Author of "The Land of Charity" &c. London: Allen & Co.

to view the native world from the pulpit or from the preacher's standpoint, under the shade of the magnificent banyan-tree as it is absurdly called, and to consider the multitudes of a humming bazaar merely as likely or unlikely converts. But it is one merit of this book that it is not one long sermon on the evils of caste, the degrading effects of Brahmanical supremacy, or other stock subject. Here and there we have a chapter or two on the humanising effects of religious education, and in one in particular we have the results of mission work, with its gradual increase of converts and communicants; but, while there are some remarks which could only proceed from a missionary, there is much that an administrator or statesman may read with profit; and every page attests a knowledge of the native languages, a familiarity with agriculture, manufactures, native modes of thought, and an interest in the advancement of the population, such as we are accustomed to look for in those reports of district officers to whom Mr. Hunter stands indebted for much of his statistical volumes. For be it remembered that Travancore is still under the government of its own Raja, and internally independent. During the wars of Hyder and Tippoo the Raja was our faithful ally. His relations with the British Government were settled by a treaty in 1795, which has practically remained unaltered to our day. The country is believed to be nearly seven thousand square miles in extent, and the revenue to be about half a million of our money. Of the royal family and its peculiar succession according to the Nair custom, from the sovereign to his brothers and then to his sister's sons, Mr. Mateer has something to tell us; but the greater portion of his work is taken up with castes, and the habits and social peculiarities of the masses. The opening chapter is a good specimen of descriptive power. There is no cold season in Travancore. The tropical rains clothe the country with perpetual verdure; there are no hot winds; and in a small compass we have sea-coast and mountain ranges, rivers and lakes, rice-fields and groves of cocoa-nuts, primæval forests and spaces cut out of the jungle and converted into coffee estates. One very peculiar feature of the principality is the series of lagoons or backwaters which begin somewhere to the north of Cochin, and, passing by Alappura and Quilon, reaches as far south as Trevandrum, the capital. Generally a narrow strip of land, as in the case of the Chilka lake in Orissa, separates these natural waterways from the sea; and during the S.W. monsoon we should say that a journey in an unwieldy but comfortable boat is not unattended with danger. But in calm weather this sort of journey, though tedious, is pleasant enough. It is far superior to the palanquin or the bullock cart, as the traveller takes books, stores, and household servants with him, and arrives at his destination as little fatigued as is possible by any mode of travelling where the atmosphere resembles a conservatory. Here and there the lagoons are little inland seas; and the shoals of fish, the flocks of waders and parakeets, the diversities of native craft, the well-supplied bazaars, the ruined forts and the new public offices, make up a picture not exactly to be met with in any other part of India, not even in the central or eastern parts of the Bengal Province. Agriculture in the plains seems very much on a par with that of other localities. The great staples are rice, cocoanut, and the ordinary vegetables. Mr. Mateer talks about the exhaustion of the soil, but admits that in rice lands rotation of crops is impossible. Half a million of acres are devoted to this one crop, and we are glad to hear of an increase in the purchasing and consuming power of the lower castes, who now eat more rice, with fruit or vegetables and other grains. Cocoanut plantations are remunerative, and there is a flourishing export of dried kernels, oil, and coir. But the new industry is coffee. A beginning was made by the late General Cullen when Resident, in 1854, and in the last twenty years the enterprise has been promoted by Christian converts and Ceylon and Scotch planters. An elevation of some 3,000 feet seems best fitted for this experiment; and the returns in one or two places favoured by rich soil washed down into a basin from the surrounding hills, was almost incredible, being at the rate of a ton per acre. This was exceptional, other planters being very fortunate if they could secure three to five hundredweight on the same area; and very soon the leaf disease began to make its appearance. This visitation took the form of patches of fungus, brown or orange in colour; the berries were empty or light in weight; and these sources of failure and ruin were aggravated by the selection of wrong sites, bad management, and a tropical rainfall. The land was soon exhausted, and the cost of cultivation on the highest estates was estimated at more than one hundred rupees per acre. The roots of the plants were next attacked, and though enterprising men have attempted to make up for losses in coffee by introducing tea and the chinchona, there is quite enough to induce caution on the part of intending purchasers. The satisfactory feature in the case is, that Englishmen have been enabled to spend their money, without special legislation, in a native State. But it would be rash to conclude that many States in India can, in point of enlightened administration and equitable treatment of foreigners, compete with Travancore. Nor was the condition of the masses better here than elsewhere till the appearance of Sir Madhava Rao. In the eighteenth century the Raja of Travancore was a personage of but slightly more importance than some half a dozen others who cut up the state into little principalities. The Brahmans as priests, and the Nairs with their military tenures, had despotic sway over the agricultural castes. Practically the ruling races paid no taxes, like the French aristocracy before 1792. Mahommedan landholders had to pay a succession duty of twenty-five per cent. Bribery and peculation were the milder forms of misgovernment, the more flagrant being impalement and mutilation for such offences as cow-killing and simple theft. Disabilities in a country of exemptions, privileges, and "anomalous distinctions," press with very little weight on the mass of the community. But some of the degraded castes were not allowed to use the highways, and others could not come within a certain distance of a Nair without danger to his life. Such classes, for purposes of easy recognition, were compelled to go uncovered to the waist. Only kings and nobles might build mansions, and on certain public occasions none but Brahmans might carry umbrellas. Slavery, which had its origin in wars, reprisals, and famines, existed till within the last twenty years; and emancipation was at first successfully impeded by the slave-owners, who spread all kinds of absurd reports and prevented slaves from registering themselves as owners of small reclaimed plots. To this day many remain unaware of their own legal position; and we hear of whole bodies of men who are debarred the use of public ferry-boats and markets, who cannot enter a shop to make a purchase but have to shout outside for what they want, and who may not approach within a certain number of feet of a man of high caste. It is one of the happy results of sound missionary work that the new generation of Pulayars, Kuravars, and Vedars, who probably represent the aborigines, are growing up more cleanly in their habits, less influenced by silly rumours, less given to degrading vices, and more sensible of their duties and rights. Many of the questions arising out of this altered state of things are just touched upon by Mr. Mateer; higher education; the separation of Christians from others in schools; and what he truly designates as the obstructive power of uneducated women. We are glad to see that he does not countenance the notion that women are powerless. In the precincts of the Zenana they are in reality no more slaves than the British matron at the head of her household. True, a Brahmani waits on her husband at meals and eats what he has left; but the female character asserts itself in the East as in the West without open opposition, and we have heard natives of education and ability admit that for domestic tyranny there was no one to compare with the *Ma Thakurâni*, or aged mother of Brahmans and Rajas and others. They offer "an irresistible and passive opposition in the limits of their own domain" to anything which they do not approve.

One interesting chapter sums up all the arguments for the retention or abolition of the *kudumi* or topknot of hair, in the case of converts. Is it a badge of superstition and Hinduism, or is it a mere national custom and a pardonable prejudice? If the latter, it might be winked at. If the former, it is, says the preacher, *esse revidendum*, lest the *pars sincera* of conversion should be corrupted. Opinions seem to differ even amongst clerical authorities, and so high a personage as Bishop Caldwell regards it as "a national fashion and a mark of civilization, refinement, and adornment." The Church Missionary Society and that for the Propagation of the Gospel tolerate the *kudumi*. But there is rather a consensus of opinion amongst other missionaries against it as idolatrous. To cut it off is a test of sincerity and a proof of the earnestness of the convert.

It speaks well for pure native administration that in spite of reports and panics, which left old men and children to till the ground and reap the harvest, like Arretium in Macaulay's Lays, a census was taken of the population of Travancore in 1871, and again in 1881. Native Christians of various denominations, including Roman Catholics and Syrians, numbered nearly half a million. Advocates of progress can study the chapters which show the very raw material out of which converts have been made. Some of the Pulayars worship the sun, moon, and stars. The dress of the women is long grass and a few beads. Some eat beef and file their front teeth. Drinking and chewing tobacco are common customs. Polygamy here, as elsewhere, depends on the ability to feed more than one wife at a time, and a man may have four wives. A belief in demons and ghosts leads naturally to charms, incantations, and barbarous music. There is a curious sketch of an instrument called a *kokkara*, a kind of iron plate with serrated edges, out of which a pin or spike of the same metal produces a discord which must be truly diabolical, and sufficient to drive any hysterical or weak patient, possessed by a demon, into a confession of any number of sins and payment of fines, taken out at once by the relatives in drink. The Pulayars and Shanars occupy the plains. The hill tribes cultivate patches of forest by the wasteful and reckless process of burning down the timber and moving elsewhere after two or three years' cultivation of one plot. This process in other Presidencies is known as *joom*. One tribe, whom Mr. Mateer calls Mala Arayans, build huts in the forks of trees; but, we gather, more for the purpose of watching their crops and driving away wild beasts than for regular residences. The repulsive custom of polyandry prevails with some of the hillmen, with its usual consequence—a diminution of the population. But the diversities of these castes, with perplexing questions as to their origin and affinities, are too minute for detailed analysis. We have only to add that the narrative is enlivened by some very fair sketches of men and women and rustic scenes, and that, though there is no index, native terms in five or six different dialects are explained in a glossary, and any one musically inclined might find some amusement in attempting to sing or play some eleven Tamil tunes if he could only make out the notes, which, we must admit, is quite beyond our power.

PARROTS IN CAPTIVITY.*

IT is no new thing for human beings to train for their amusement the brilliant shrieking birds that form the family of the *Psittacidæ*. We all know the parrot that Horace has immortalized. Martial seems to have kept a bird of the same kind as a stimulus to his loyalty, or at least he pretends to have done so:—

> Psittacus, a vobis aliorum nomina discam;
> Hoc didici per me dicere: Cæsar, ave!

But it is from Apuleius that we learn the particulars of Roman parrot-taming. In his book of odds and ends, the *Florida*, he discourses at some length on the nature and habits of parrots. He accounts for their powers of speech by supposing that they have the larynx and the palate broader than other birds, and he says that they can easily be trained to speak so distinctly that it is difficult to believe that it is not a man that is talking. It would have been a treat to hear a Roman parrot say "Quid est?" or "Tolle calices!" These are, doubtless, among the joys reserved for Mrs. Blimber when she succeeds in obtaining that long-desired invitation to stay with Cicero in his Tusculan villa. The parrots of antiquity, however, seem to have been even more insolent than their modern descendants. Apuleius says that, if once a parrot is taught to say naughty words, *convicia*, it will repeat them night and day, and make a song of them, and string them together in a sort of verses. This seems to surpass in devilry anything recorded of the present races of *Psittacidæ*, and we cannot but hope that the learned writer exaggerated. He goes on to say that the only way for a decent person to act towards such a bird is to cut out its tongue, or else to banish it into its woods, *in silvas suas*. Of course, if once the latter practice became usual, we can understand that the language of captive Roman parrots would be studiously offensive.

We are, however, doing Mr. Greene an injustice in prefacing an account of his book with a repetition of what the ancients have ignorantly said about parrots. He is exclusively concerned with the actualities of latter-day birds, and inspired by the belief that he has a mission to mankind on their behalf. He thinks that parrots have been grossly misunderstood, and as he is a great lover of this class of winged people, he has come forward in their defence. What he says on this subject is well worthy of the attention of fanciers. His great attack is directed against the practice of depriving parrots of water altogether. It seems that even at the Zoological Gardens some of the poor birds are entirely denied water upon every occasion, and Mr. Greene attributes to this fact the rapid mortality among parrots at Regent's Park. As there is to our knowledge one reverend parrot there whose ticket bears the date 1831 as that of his introduction to the Gardens, we must say of the deprivation of water what the old gentleman said of the use of coffee, that it evidently is not fatal in every case. Mr. Greene, however, brings strong evidence forward to prove that milk is no sort of equivalent for water, and that quantities of soaked bread are no better. His theories are evidently formed upon experience, and they are well worthy of attention, even when the peculiar way in which they are put before us is not the most lucid possible. We must hasten to confess that Mr. Greene does not wield a very elegant pen. Such a sentence as the following leaves something to be desired on the score of perspicuity:—

> It stands to reason that a Parrot, especially a young one, taken suddenly away from the crowded cage in the dealer's shop, where the warmth and society of its companions, and often their friendly mouthfuls of food thrust generously into its own, will take cold and mope and pine when placed in a cage, and too often a draught, by itself.

The meaning here is perfectly plain and very praiseworthy, but the style, it will be admitted, is extraordinary.

Mr. Greene covers a certain amount of ground in a desultory way in this volume, but gives us no indication of a guiding plan. He seems to begin with a consideration of Goffin's Cockatoo (*Psittacus Goffini*), simply because he has a strong personal love and admiration for the Goffin. The portrait of this stately creature forms the frontispiece of the volume. He is a very plump bird, of mild expression, and bearing a singular resemblance to Samuel Taylor Coleridge in old age. He is perfectly white, with a touch of salmon-colour in the crest and of saffron in the tail. Mr. Greene speaks of him with great affection, and he flatters himself, he says, that every one who reads what he has to tell about him will sooner or later purchase a specimen. We are not quite sure about this as regards ourselves. His fondest admirer speaks of the Goffin as "an inveterate and earpiercing screamer," and we are afraid that this statement goes a long way to reduce the enthusiasm which we feel for his lovable and teachable qualities, and even for his marvellous power of reproducing "the whimpering of an infant." He is, moreover, so clamorous for potato, that if by any chance he has ever seen a human being eating one, he will yell for the tuber day and night, even though the bottom of his cage be kept strewn with it in its most floury and kidney varieties. We are afraid that if we possessed a Goffin that had ever tasted potato, we should hasten to consign him, as Apuleius suggests, *in silvas suas*.

It is a sad pity that these beautiful birds have so little self-control. What more lovely companion could be conceived than a Leadbeater's Cockatoo, if it would only learn to put a bridle on its tongue! But we know too well what it all means, that exquisite swan's-down plumage washed with the rose of sunset, that curved and bridling crest, with its bars of amber and crimson, that delicate blushing back and kindling tail. It means a worse noise than ten cats upon a housetop, it means the music of two young pigs being killed all day long in the same enclosure. We are afraid that Mr. Greene, who is probably a man of action, is inclined to underrate the anguish that his pets cause to delicate nerves. We find him saying that the Purple-capped Lory is "a bird to keep in one's study and make a pet of." We dare say! The Purple-Cap is a kind of fiend with a short body, all ablaze with ruby-red and warm amethystine-black, with a crimson beak and a purple top to an extremely saucy head. It is a remarkable mime and a splendid linguist; and, on the whole, if it grows used to you, and finds that you are in the habit of bringing it grapes, it will prove an affectionate companion. But, as a bird to keep in our study, defend us from a creature whose best friend says that "it cries *lory* and chatters incessantly, in a hollow voice something like that of a man who speaks from his chest." The average person of letters will think twice before he shares his learned retirement with a chattering ventriloquist of this kind.

The illustrations to Mr. Greene's book are very good, and do no more than justice to the splendour of colouring of these birds. If the Rosy Cockatoo, with its magnificent waistcoat of deep peach-blossom colour, were not so common, it would amaze us by its gorgeousness. The Blue Mountain Lory almost abuses its privilege of wearing all the colours of the rainbow, so bright are the ruby of its breast, the deep sapphire of its head, the emerald of its back, the soft gold of its tail. It seems to be a very delicate bird; and Mr. Gedney, a great authority on the *Psittacidæ*, says that those who attempt to keep it in confinement must be prepared to expend upon it as much personal attention as is required by a new-born child. The Splendid Parakeet is a bird laid out altogether in a lighter key of colour. Its cheeks and wings are azure, its breast pale rose colour, its under parts clear yellow, and its back grass green. These birds, seen under a sub-tropical sun, flitting in and out of the long coarse grass of the open plains of West Australia, must look like veritable jewels, pretty animated clusters of garnets, turquoise, and turmelines.

There are not very many good stories in Mr. Greene's book. He is too much in earnest to loiter by the way, and pander to our instinct for amusement. He quotes, however, on the authority of Mr. Gedney, a curious instance of enmity between a young Joque monkey, called Jacko, and a Ring-necked Parroquet, a lovely slim creature, of a grass-green colour, sometimes called an Alexandrine. These two companions shared a room in which there was a knotted rope suspended from the rafter, with a few cross pieces of wood put through the strands, so as to form perches:—

> The great fun was to watch her and Jacko in their contests for the upper perch. Polly, having taken her tiffin, was disposed for an afternoon nap, and she accordingly commenced to mount the rope-ladder; but Jacko immediately set up a chatter, savagely showing his teeth meanwhile, and shaking the rope violently to impede the movements of Poll. In spite of this, up she goes steadily, hand over hand, nearer and nearer to the coveted perch, on which sits the monkey in a boiling passion, and trembling with excitement. Holding on by his tail and hind legs, he now attempts to get hold of Poll, but she snaps at his hands right and left, with a rapidity that is perfectly astounding, and presently a shriek of pain announces that her beak has drawn blood, and down drops poor Jacko like a stone, whilst Poll takes quiet possession of the perch, when, after repeating a few self-congratulatory notes, she dozes off as if nothing had happened. Jacko meanwhile sits upon his haunches, examining his bite with a very rueful countenance; but a little petting from me sets him right, and a thorough examination of everything eatable and drinkable having been made, he goes regularly to work to "blow the steam off."
>
> Making the rope-ladder his centre, he performs a series of splendid jumps to it from all the articles of furniture in the room, much to the disgust of Polly, and then, after a headlong rush round the apartment, he bounds up the ladder like a flash of lightning, and makes a grab at Polly's tail, dropping at once to the ground, to escape the consequences of this daring act. The bird, however, was never injured by him in this way, for she watched his every movement; the only time that he ever stole a march upon her was once when she happened to be feeding in the sand-tray immediately beneath the rope-ladder, down which her stealthy enemy slipped like a serpent, and making a snatch, caught her by the base of her tail.
>
> At that moment a well-directed branch of bananas from me hit him in the chest, and down he came, whereupon Poll seized him by the fleshy part of the lower arm and bit it through.
>
> This was a lesson which he never forgot, and although his deviltment compelled him to annoy Poll as a source of fun, still he grew to respect, if he did not love her.

In reading the above anecdote our sympathies are all for Polly. The person who deserved to be sent off *in silvas suas* was the tiresome Jacko, who could not understand that an elderly lady requires a nap after her midday meal.

* *Parrots in Captivity.* By W. T. Greene. Vol. I. Illustrated with Coloured Plates. London: Bell & Sons.

AUSTRALASIA.*

THERE is no very great demand, we fancy, in the home market for books on Australia. The record of our colonies planted

> By the long wash of Australasian seas

is honourable and important; but, for some reason or other, perhaps for a variety of reasons, there would seem to be an insuperable difficulty in making it interesting. Macaulay's famous complaint of the indifference shown by his countrymen to the history

* *The High Alps of New Zealand.* By William Spotswood Green, M.A., Member of the English Alpine Club. London: Macmillan & Co.

Port Phillip Settlement. By James Bonwick, F.R.G.S., Author of "Last of the Tasmanians" &c. London: Sampson Low & Co.

of their great empire in the East might, with still more reason, be urged to-day in the case of their other empire in the South. It is not, indeed, now with Australia as it was in the days when Sydney Smith could wax eloquent over the natural resources and endowments of a land "that has been able to survive the system of neglect and oppression experienced from the mother-country, and the series of ignorant and absurd Governors that have been selected for the administration of its affairs." No such accusation could be brought against the mother-country now, nor could have been brought, with any show of reason, for many a long year past. But still, people who have travelled among the inhabitants of those parts, or talked much with visitors from them, or studied their Parliamentary and other utterances, must be conscious that even yet there has not wholly passed away from among them a feeling that they and their affairs are not indeed ignored, neglected, or in any way put aside by the authorities, but by the great bulk of their fellow-countrymen over seas are regarded, to say the least, with a good-natured sort of indifference. That it is an indifference more pardonable, or at any rate less culpable, than that other Macaulay deplored, we may fairly plead, for it is one for which the colonists are themselves in some measure responsible. The record of their progress, in its broad aspect, has been one of such uniform prosperity, their conduct has been so blameless.

> Along the cool sequestered vale of life
> They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

We, then, who inhabit this large, restless, quarrelsome old world—we, with so much on our hands to do, and to read, and to talk about, may perhaps be pardoned if, with the natural selfishness of humanity, we are apt a little, in the multiplicity of our own affairs, not to forget, but to put by, those of our countrymen at the antipodes. Again, it must be allowed that they have not always been fortunate in their historians. Those who know the country best from personal experience are not, as a rule, of the stuff out of which historians are made; and if they were, they are probably a great deal too busy making history to find much time to write it. The official handbooks of the various colonies—some of which are quite excellent of their kind, notably those of New Zealand and South Australia—useful as they are for purposes of reference, and ample in all knowledge that can be learned from such sources, are naturally neither of such romantic interest or of such literary charm as to engross the general attention of the public; while the native works, or such, at any rate, as we have ourselves come across, that have been written with these popular designs, have rarely succeeded in fulfilling them, besides being not always quite so trustworthy in points of detail as their more matter-of-fact fellows. On the other hand, the travellers in those parts who have undertaken to tell the results of their travel have also from various causes been less successful than in most others. Australia is a larger country than all people are apt to remember. Now that it has been received into the popular area of travel, it is becoming of course much better known than it was. It has been brought within the range of the tourist, and tourists, as we all know, are very quick to take a very small part of what they see as a sample of the whole—a habit which is nowhere, perhaps, so misleading as in Australia. A fortnight or so in each of the principal cities, a visit to some flourishing "run," a scamper across to Tasmania, and so home, perhaps, by New Zealand, which very possibly means no more than a sojourn of a few hours in harbour while passengers and cargo are shipped from one steamer to the other:—in many, probably in most, cases this forms the sole equipment, so far as personal experience is concerned, of the traveller in Australia for writing a book on the country. It is clear therefore that, however observant he may be, however conscientious, a very great part of his information must be gleaned at second hand. Now Australians, and one can hardly blame them for it, are a little suspicious of "chiels" who have come among them for the purpose of taking notes. In a new country, a country that is yet only making, it is inevitable that mistakes should be made, inevitable, too, that, even where seen and acknowledged, they cannot all be set right at once. It is only natural that the Australian should prefer that his visitor should not see these mistakes, or, at least, that he should see them with native, and not with alien eyes. No writer was ever more conscientious than Anthony Trollope, and few travellers have been more observant; yet he was not suffered to see everything with his own eyes, or to judge everything with his own judgment. He has written not only the most popular book on our Australian colonies, but the best that has as yet been written; but there is not everything in it that there might have been. Lastly, of a country moving forward so quickly, and on so many lines as Australia, may one not be excused for saying that the time has not quite yet arrived for its history to be seriously written? What the traveller of to-day sees is not what he of yesterday saw, will not be what he of to-morrow shall see. Ere the ink be fairly dry the tale must be re-told. So that our Australian brothers should bear with us if we seem occasionally, in the press of our own affairs, to evince something like an indifference to their literature, and rest assured that it does not spring from any indifference to themselves or their country. That dislike to reading a story "in numbers" which is shared by so many people, is one for which there is a good deal to be said.

The two books we have just been reading, and by which the preceding observations have been inspired, or rather re-awakened, have, in truth, only this in common, that they are both, as one may say, "on Australia." In all other respects, both in design and execution, they are as far as the poles asunder. Yet they are both interesting, though they will not perhaps both interest equally the same class of readers. Mr. Green's book is indeed as interesting as any record of difficulties overcome by courage and skill that Australian travel has yet produced. It tells how the writer, with two Swiss guides, made the ascent of Mount Cook, the highest peak of the great Southern Alps of New Zealand. Mr. Green, with rare modesty, owns that he did not "set foot on the actual summit," and will willingly, therefore, relinquish any such claims "to the man who passes the point where we turned." But those who read his book will own that he and his two brave Switzers, Boss and Kaufmann, dared all that may become men; and, inasmuch as they left unconquered but thirty out of the 12,349 feet for which the great mountain lifts its head to eternal winter, and turned only when night was closing round them in a blinding storm of wind and hail and snow and mist, the honour he will not claim may fairly be allowed him. The account of the night passed on a narrow ledge of rock 10,000 feet above the sea, and about 5,000 above the line of perpetual snow, where they could neither sit down nor shift from their first position, with a handful of Brand's meat lozenges and their empty pipes to suck at for sustenance, is more than enough to prove that those thirty feet were left unclimbed not from any lack of heart or endurance. Mr. Green tells his story precisely as such stories should be told, in a manly, straightforward way, not without passages of that simple eloquence which the recollection of such scenes will almost always inspire in the heart of every intelligent man. Like that other traveller whose marvellous history we have all been reading, like Arminius Vámbery, he neither makes light of his adventures nor unduly magnifies the toil and danger of surmounting them. Yet the book must necessarily be one of primary interest to the mountaineer. As a contribution to our knowledge of New Zealand as a home for the superfluous population of the Old World, its value is necessarily slight. The whole time he was able to spare himself was but six months, inclusive of the two voyages, and of this three precious weeks were passed in quarantine at Port Phillip, in consequence of the small-pox having broken out on his steamer off the Cape. All that he could see of the country he saw with clear and intelligent eyes, but it was inevitably little. In his last chapter, however, will be found many useful hints on the class of people for whom New Zealand offers the fairest chances, and how those chances may be turned to the best advantage. One of his suggestions is, we think, a new one, and seems a very sound one. Both from Switzerland and Norway now, as from most other countries of the Old World, the tide of emigration is setting strongly. It mostly sets, of course, towards America; but America, he says, does not suit them well. Why should it not set towards New Zealand? There is a real want there of men capable of herding sheep on the high ranges, and who could do such work better than the mountaineers of Switzerland and Norway? And he is careful to point out, with an eye to the ruling passion, how useful they would be found as guides to "ambitious young New Zealanders, imbued with a healthy admiration of mountain beauty and affected with the desire to explore the wonders of their own icy peaks."

Mr. Bonwick, on the other hand, is Australian to the finger-tips; but his Australia is of the past. In his industrious volume will be found collected all the widely-scattered records of that long-doubtful settlement of Port Phillip which has now grown into the large and flourishing colony of Victoria. To the future historian of that colony, or indeed to the future historian of Australasia, such a volume will be of inestimable value. It will not only save him an infinity of trouble, but has preserved for him much curious and useful information, gathered by the writer from his personal acquaintance with many of the chief actors in those early and stirring scenes, which might well have otherwise perished, or, at best, passed into the domain of tradition. Mr. Bonwick has been careful to verify all this information by authentic documents, many of which he prints, and by the official records, from which he gives copious extracts. His book is less a history, as he himself owns, or even a continuous and methodical narrative, than a collection of materials hereafter to be employed on such work. As such it deserves the highest praise, but, also as such, it can hardly be recommended to the reader for amusement, or even to any reader who has not some practical purpose in view. There is one sentence we could have wished away from his otherwise modest and sensible preface. It is perfectly true that "all those associated with Victoria, or who have laboured in any way for the advancement of its interests, must feel proud of the colony in its material and educational progression"; perfectly true, also, that "all the various settlements throughout Australia are now far better fitted for the comfortable homes of Englishmen than at any former period"; or, as he elsewhere puts it, "the Victoria of to-day is as much beyond the Port Phillip of 1835 as the England of our Queen exceeds the Britain of Boadicea." But when we read that "the Britain of the South is healthier, freer, and happier than the Britain of Europe," we are a little inclined to demur. So very broad an assertion savours a little of that practice of "blowing," to use their own vigorous language, to which our brothers of the antipodes, like most young societies, are still somewhat addicted, and through which their utterances on themselves and their affairs are apt to lose a little of their value in stranger ears. However, Mr. Bonwick, of all Australians who have written of their country, is

singularly little of a sinner in this respect; and he has, no doubt, every reason to speak with gratitude of a colony with which he has been so long acquainted, and whose early history he has laboured so hard to preserve.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE greater part of the papers at Chenonceaux were burnt at the Revolution by a too zealous Curé who feared to compromise Madame Dupin and her friends (1). But it seems that at least one portfolio escaped, and M. de Villeneuve-Guibert, a pious great-great-grandson, has published its contents. They were certainly worth publication, and if no one of the documents can be said to be of extraordinary interest, few books of recent appearance contain the work of more distinguished hands. There are letters of Voltaire and of Montesquieu, and of Mably, there are scraps and notes of Rousseau, and there are fragments of many only less interesting people. Perhaps M. de Villeneuve-Guibert might have dispensed himself from heading each section with a more or less elaborate notice of the person by whom its contents were written. For some of us have heard of Voltaire and Montesquieu before, or could at least ascertain the chief events of their lives with the aid of books of reference which are accessible without any very enormous difficulty. But it is an amiable weakness, and in the case of persons like Mairan and Le Cat almost excusable. Some of Mme. Dupin's own reflections are very interesting, and the portrait, after Nattier, which does duty as frontispiece, ought to make the moderately warm-blooded critic fall in love with the book and its subject out of hand. A typical eighteenth-century face, not regularly handsome, but delightfully pretty and amiable and intelligent, and full of readiness to be happy and make others happy, it looks out of the page "as if it would never be old."

We should suggest for M. Bastard's little volume of sketches in pen and pencil the sub-title of *Album de la haine* (2). The reproduced *croquis* from MM. de Neuville and Sergent are not uninteresting. But the letterpress has more than one fault. It is not drawn up with precision or skill of advocacy enough to make it the indictment against the Germans which its author seems to wish it to be; and, as a mere description, it lacks vigour and picturesqueness.

It is a pity that a man who, like M. Brunetière, unites strong common-sense with not a little acuteness and a great love of literature, should lack the catholicity and subtlety of appreciation which, with the qualities just mentioned, make up the five points of the critic. It is specially a pity, because of the five the two which he has not are by far the most valuable and the rarest. To appreciate what he does not like is, let it be said again and again, the one great note of every critic who can pretend to the first class, and, unluckily, M. Brunetière has it not. He opens the first piece of his present volume (3), an article on M. Lair's *Louise de la Vallière*, with what we can only call a silly fling at editors of early French literature. The fling has absolutely nothing to do with his subject, and simply shows his prejudices. Again, he remarks elsewhere, "On ne saurait presque rien dire de général à l'occasion de *l'ot-bouille* qui ne convienne aux *Fleurs du mal*"; a sentence which is in itself almost final as to his claims as a literary critic in the proper sense of the term. Of yet a third and different kind (though all three are traceable to the same defects) is his remark that Théophile, St.-Evremond, and the other *philosophes* of the seventeenth century are not really precursors of Voltaire, they are disciples of Montaigne; that their voice is an echo, not a harbinger. In fact, the gulf between Montaigne and St.-Evremond is far greater than between St.-Evremond and Voltaire; and after the double Renaissance-Protestant revolution the chain of scepticism is unbroken. But M. Brunetière's exaltation of the *grand siècle* made it necessary for him to ignore this, as it makes it necessary for him to sneer at once at *chansons de gestes* and at nineteenth-century poetry, to couple Corneille himself and Victor Hugo in a single sentence of disapproval. Work done from such a point of view can never be satisfactory, save in parts; though no man of M. Brunetière's ability and learning could write a book which should not be, as this is, in parts satisfactory.

M. Dupin de St.-André's book on "Mexico To-day" (4) records the experiences of a visit made in 1882 after a light, easy, and sufficiently lively fashion. The average French book of travels, of which this is a fair specimen, is shorter than its English analogue; but it is by no means the worse for that. M. Dupin de St.-André did not go very far afield or stay in the country very long. Such differentia as his book has is chiefly given to it by a philological excursus on the indigenous dialects of the country. Like all recent travellers, he urges Europeans to "open up" Mexico.

It is a pity that the accomplished author of *Dosia*, who has learnt many things not ill from English novelists, has also learnt from them one of their worst habits—that of incessant production. It is but a dozen years since no one, save her personal friends, had heard of "Henry Gréville"; now she has more than thirty novels, some of them of considerable length, standing against her name. Among these *Folle Avoine* (5) will scarcely hold a first place. The theme—the inability of a girl who marries with something more than the ordinary flaccid indifference of the French *ingénue*, wholly to forgive her husband for his post-nuptial escapades—is rather a dangerous one, and the indiscreet fashion in which fathers and mothers-in-law meddle with the pair rather destroys the sympathy which ought to be bestowed on Annie Romanet. We have never read a bad book by Mme. Alice Durand; but, for her, *Folle Avoine* can hardly be called a good one. *Mademoiselle Blaisot* (6) enters the world with such prestige as may belong in these latter days to a novel which has seen its way through the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*. It is a moral book enough, of a somewhat clap-trap kind of morality. The wicked aristocrat is confounded by a virtuous aristocrat-*desdichado*, who is his own son; the army is cried up, there is a little (not too much) *stupidité égalitaire*, a little (also not too much) satire on Legitimists and Clericals, and, in short, all the current cant in France is flattered and echoed in a not too pronounced fashion. It is a pity that M. Uchard, who is a writer of some talent, should condescend to this kind of *rabâchage*. Mme. de Witt's volume of short tales (7) needs no other introduction than the author's name, and is quite worthy of her.

(1) *Le portefeuille de Madame Dupin.* Par le comte Gaston de Villeneuve-Guibert. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *La défense de Bazeilles.* Par G. Bastard. Paris: Ollendorff.

(3) *Histoire et littérature.* Par F. Brunetière. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(4) *Le Mexique aujourd'hui.* Par A. Duplit de St.-André. Paris: [illegible]

(5) *Folle Avoine.* Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.

(6) *Mademoiselle Blaisot.* Par Mario Uchard. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(7) *Reine et maîtresse.* Par Mme. de Witt. Paris: Hachette.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE words "the Early Ancestors of the Prince of Wales" (1) on the title-page of a book leads the reader to expect a learned treatise on German history. It is a subject of which few Englishmen know much, and they would doubtless like to learn something, if it were only told them in an attractive manner. Something is no doubt to be learned from Dr. Taylor, but not nearly so much as his ambitious title would lead us to expect. What he has written is an account of a tour in Germany, intermingled with some rather disjointed notices of the Princes of the House of Wettin. Dr. Taylor says in his preface that he had long felt an interest in these worthies, and at last went on his travels to see the countries they had ruled and fought for. Dr. Taylor is rather inclined to underrate the labours of previous writers in the same field. He tells the story of the Prinzenraub, for instance, as if it were perfectly new; but it is only too obvious from his style that he has made a very careful study of Carlyle's account of that remarkable incident. Indeed Dr. Taylor is continually breaking into Carlylese as it is understood by the imitator. Now the greatest admirers of Carlyle will be the first to agree that nothing in literature is more offensive than imitations of his style. If, however, the reader is content to overlook these backslidings, and not to ask for much coherence in the historical sketches, he will find Dr. Taylor's book fairly readable. His tales of travel are not thrilling, but they are on the whole free from the tourist's worst sin—the perpetual attempt to be funny. The doings of Albert the Unnatural, Frederick the Warlike, Conrad the Great, Otho the Rich, and the other Wettins are a little confused in the telling, but they are highly interesting in themselves.

Mrs. Mary Boole has (2), as our American friends would say, seen Dr. Taylor's title, and gone several degrees better. His is only a little ambitious, but hers passes all understanding. Only the initiated can tell what is meant by "Symbolical Methods of Study." The explanation is certainly not given in the book, which is simply a collection of essays on things in general. We hear at times of "Mr. Bett's theory of counterpart forms," and how "In Boole's logical equation the $1-x$ (or *not* x, or *polar-opposite of* x) must belong to and be included in the same 'Universe of Thought' as the x itself," but the profane mind is left to find what it all leads to. Perhaps the lady students of Queen's College, London, to whom the book is dedicated, see how it all applies to the character of Portia and M. Renan's Life of Jesus. On these subjects Mrs. Boole is at least intelligible. We observe that she has by no means a high opinion of Portia. She thinks her virtues rather cheap, and that she had no right to talk about mercy in such a superior way after her shockingly callous behaviour to the Prince of Morocco and other unlucky gentlemen. Concerning M. Renan Mrs. Boole can only say through several pages that he is certainly wrong, but that it is very difficult to say why. Probably because he does not thoroughly understand the theory of counterpart forms and the logical equation. A good deal of the book consists of the dark sayings of Mrs. Boole's friends. Thus, under the attractive heading "A Lake of Fire," we get this quotation from Mr. Hinton:—"Throw potassium into water, and it makes a lake of fire for itself." No doubt; but what then?

Punch, that stern censor of morals, has a particular pleasure in reproving the degenerate youth who spends time, care, and money on his dress. "Mashers" get no mercy at his hands. In turning over *Punch* for the last few months one has noticed certain verses which bore an outward resemblance to the metre of *Childe Harold*.

(1) *An Historical Tour; or, the Early Ancestors of the Prince of Wales of the House of Wettin.* By S. W. Taylor, M.B. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Symbolical Methods of Study.* By Mary Boole. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 1884.

They are now collected in a species of pamphlet (3), and it appears that they contain the history of one Childe Chappie, who was an extravagant young fool, and ended badly. Mr. Milliken, the author, is very severe on the vices of our youth, and seems to labour under an impression that debauched imbeciles of tender years are a growth peculiar to this part of the nineteenth century.

Thanks are due to the translator who devotes himself to the prose and not the verse of Heinrich Heine. "I. B.," who has attacked "Buch le Grand" (4), is further entitled to praise for having done his work well. His object, as he modestly says, has been "*so give Heine* (as far as lay within the translator's power) *as he gives himself*." In this he has been so far successful that his translation reads easily, and is quite free from German idioms. That is much; but it can perhaps scarcely be called "giving Heine." The English reader who makes his first acquaintance with him in this book is likely to be severely puzzled. "I. B.'s" translation would have been improved if it had contained an introduction.

Our list of handbooks includes the *Victorian Year Book for* 1882-3 (5), a well-printed volume full of useful colonial information; *The Medical Register* (6) and *The Dentist's Register* (7), both useful for reference, and appropriately bound in a gruesome blood-red colour.

A second edition of Dr. Birkbeck Hill's *Colonel Gordon in Central Africa* (8) is appropriately published at the present moment when we are all waiting with anxiety to know what will be the end of the General's second and more perilous adventure in that region. We have also to notice second editions of Mr. Delbos's *Chapters on the Science of Language* (9) and of Mr. Wright's *Anglo-Saxon and Old English Vocabularies* (10), together with a timely new edition of Messrs. Treherne and Goldie's *Record of the University Boat Races* (11), carefully revised and completed to date.

(3) *Childe Chappie's Pilgrimage.* By E. J. Milliken. London: Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.

(4) *Ideas "Buch le Grand" of the Reisebilder of Heinrich Heine,* 1826. A translation. By I. B. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

(5) *Victorian Year Book for* 1882-3. Melbourne: John Ferrers. London: George Robertson.

(6) *The Medical Register,* 1884. London: Printed for the General Medical Council. Spottiswoode & Co.

(7) *The Dentist's Register,* 1884. London: Printed for the General Medical Council. Spottiswoode & Co.

(8) *Colonel Gordon in Central Africa,* 1874-1879. Edited by G. Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L. Second edition. London: Thos. De la Rue & Co. 1884.

(9) *Chapters on the Science of Language.* By Leon Delbos, M.A. Second edition. London: Williams & Norgate. 1884.

(10) *Anglo-Saxon and Old English Vocabularies.* By Thomas Wright, M.A. Edited and collated by R. P. Wulcker. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

(11) *Record of the University Boat Races,* 1829-1883. By E. G. T. Treherne and J. H. D. Goldie. London: Bickers & Son. 1884.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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immediately available assets for that purpose, she is. Egypt could be made solvent and put in the way of a financial existence not more encumbered than is the wont of civilized nations in a very short time. But it is suspected, if not known, that at least one European Power, and probably more than one, would gladly use this financial distress at once as a cause of complaint against English predominance, and as a means of preventing England from making that predominance more real. There is much reason for the view that Mr. GLADSTONE's extraordinary outburst of rage on a certain Thursday night was only in part affected, and that it was in part due to the difficulties in which the Government have found, or rather placed, themselves in regard to this question. These difficulties are undoubtedly serious, and the rumour that England has proposed to the Powers the reduction of General WOOD's mock army as a way out of them is absurd. That forlorn force is the creature of England, and England has no need to ask any one's leave to disband it. In itself the step would no doubt be a wise one, but as a stipendiary force of some sort, either English or Turkish, would become necessary, the gain to the Egyptian exchequer, though sensible, would not be absolute. The arrangement of the Civil Service on a more economical and reasonable footing, and the better administration of the public estates, would be much more effective. Most effective of all, no doubt, would be a more equitable distribution of taxation, and the removal of the inability of Egypt to deal with foreign creditors and foreign residents in a manner consulting at once equity and reason. But here's the rub, and here it is that the European Powers may make themselves obstructive.

This having been clear from the beginning, the fault of the English Government in mismanaging the administration proper as distinguished from the finances is all the more flagrant and intolerable. They might, after Tel-el-Kebir, have relieved the burdens of Egypt in many ways, and particularly in dismissing the useless European functionaries who get in each other's way and hinder reform. They did nothing of the sort; but, on the contrary, introduced a fresh swarm of foreign judges and so forth—very excellent persons, no doubt, but, as COWPER's farmer remarked of his rector's doctrine, "plaguy dear," and not always, it would seem, very effective. They have acquiesced in the saddling of the country with an enormous compensation debt to the losers by those Alexandrian disturbances which, if it had not been for the irresolution of Mr. GLADSTONE himself and his colleagues, would never have occurred. Their management of the Soudan business has brought upon Egypt the maximum of expense with the minimum of useful or profitable result. And they have followed the famous example of General HAYNAU in sending into the luckless country the bill for the expenses of its own punishment. This is how a faithful account of the stewardship of the English Government in Egypt for the last two years would run, and if any one thinks it an account creditable to the stewards, he is very welcome to his opinion, but can hardly hope to have it shared by honest men and impartial politicians. That the stewards themselves are conscious of the difficulty of passing their accounts is sufficiently evident from the passages touching on Egypt in Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's Derby speech. Not one of Sir WILLIAM's hearers or readers who is a man of sense really thought or thinks that, because Lord BEACONSFIELD took Cyprus and put it into a condition of order and good government, Mr. GLADSTONE was fatally obliged to take Egypt and put it into a condition of anarchy. Yet this, and this only, is what Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's defence of the past comes to, while he has nothing whatever to offer for the future. On the other side, Lord SALISBURY at Manchester has laid down, not too soon by any means, but clearly and, it may be hoped, finally the policy of the Opposition in the Egyptian matter. That policy can be briefly put; it comes to this—"Egypt is under our government, and we must govern it." That is exactly what Her Majesty's present advisers cannot make up their minds to do. They will do spasmodically things which are outrageous and unintelligible except as acts of government, such as the deposition of CHERIF, the episodic and now totally unintelligible freak of the Souakim expedition, the mission of General GORDON, and so forth. But they will do these apparently as a practical joker who had got possession of an office for a day might do them, without any definite plan, any intention of following them up, or any notion of a coherent policy to connect and justify them. Such a policy Lord SALISBURY announced in the brief demand that Egypt shall be "governed," and it is the business of Englishmen to insist that, if the present Ministry will not govern it, they shall make room for better men who will.

THE EDINBURGH TERCENTENARY.

EDINBURGH is celebrating the tercentenary of her University with stately and dignified high jinks. Never has the city been more festive since the memorable visit of GEORGE IV. The Scott centenary, another great holiday, occurred in the early autumn, when no one was at home, and tourists pervaded the streets in strange attire. But the University has wisely chosen a moment for its fête when the inhabitants have not yet deserted Edinburgh. In a month or so all the Edinburgh world will have moved into the country. All the windows will present a barren array of brown shutters, with placards announcing the proper address for letters. Grass will be growing in Moray Place, and the "gites" of the Edinburgh Academy will pitch wickets in Queen Street. But for the moment all Edinburgh people are in Edinburgh, and a capital time they are having. The town is not often visited by many illustrious strangers at the same moment, though a rhetorical celebrity from town occasionally appears and lectures at the Philosophical Institution. At other seasons Edinburgh has to depend on her own wit, jocular law-lords, and advocates who happen to sing. Now her streets are lively with Dutch professors, whose names may not be exactly familiar, but who are, doubtless, men of European reputation. By the way, if ever a person connected with science or letters is quite unheard of at home, he always has "a European reputation," or so his friends declare. Edinburgh is now basking (in spite of the east wind) in the presence of M. D'ABBADIE, who has written a work on the *géodésie* of Upper Ethiopia. The poet NICOLAAS BELTS is also there, the bright lyrist who wrote "Guy de "Vlaming," and in maturer years a Life of St. Paul. Mr. BROWNING's genial presence is seldom wanting at a feast, and he, too, is helping the Edinburgh people to make holiday. M. CARO is another of the celebrities; M. CARO, the lecturer most beloved of intellectual and emotional womanhood. Eclipsing poets and economists in fame comes M. DE LESSEPS, still eager to polish off Isthmuses in his eightieth year. Men of science and archæologists, as MM. PASTEUR and PERROT and VIRCHOW, and the Master of Balliol, are all accepting the hospitality of the University. No wonder that the *Scotsman* drops into poetry, though the Doric strain is not kept up with much consistency.—

> Our northern air is hard and snell,
> Our northern braes are bare;
> But the spirit of the Scot knows well
> The wondrous power of "lear."

"Lear" is "lore," no doubt, but why does the minstrel say "knows" when he means "kens"? He goes on, in a Republican spirit:—

> When the fair Halls of Holyrood
> Were changed for proud St. James,
> Our last King left a nobler good
> Than springs from Royal names.

"St. James" doubtless means "St. James's," but one cannot write about "Royal names's" (except in a Bab ballad), and the poet has chosen dignity at the risk of being obscure. We feel inclined to add a verse to this lay; a laurel from a Southern chaplet among the spikes of the Northern Thistle:—

> Ah, still historic shadows cling
> About the haunted place
> Where Blackie oft was asked to sing,
> Where Brodie stole the Mace.

To desert poetry, into which we have only been tempted by the siren strains of the *Scotsman*, it must be acknowledged that no University in Europe could have set before her guests a more splendid and varied entertainment than the old Town's College of Edinburgh. When University College celebrated her thousand years of fancied existence she did not collect nearly so distinguished a gathering, perhaps because people were shy of King ALFRED, in whose claims to be the founder even the *Times* has ceased to believe. The ancient town of Edinburgh is the very place for an historical solemnity. The affair opened with an impressive service in the grey old Cathedral of St. Giles's, a place crowded with memories of the feudal revenges and theological jars of Scotland. Here is an expiatory chapel to atone for the starving of ROTHSAY, here JENNY

Geddes threw the historical stool and expressed a Presbyterian contempt of Collects. The change that has come over the spirit of modern Scotland was attested by an amateur performance by students and lady amateurs in the Theatre. What would the Presbyterian fathers, not, perhaps, of Rollock's time, but of the dour later Puritanism, have said to this promiscuous play-acting? With patriotism and common sense, the undergraduates abstained from playing in a tongue only understood of Mr. Browning, the Master of Balliol, and a few Professors. They did not act Sophocles or Aristophanes, but the *King o' Scots*, by the late Andrew Halliday, an opportune adaptation, we presume, of *The Fortunes of Nigel*. From sport to sport the visitors were hurried, from King James to an admirable organ recital by Sir Herbert Oakley. Then came an Academic evening party in the Library, and, last, a students' ball. The students' torchlight procession, winding through the most picturesque sights in Europe, was a sight only to be rivalled by German Universities. Perhaps the chief practical result of the festival will be to increase the *esprit de corps* of the students, and to encourage that pride in their own University which the ordinary conditions of Scotch academic life are apt to leave dormant.

FRENCH POLITICS.

After a dull interval of attention to the practical business of administration French politicians are about to have another chance of recasting their national government. The Revision Bill is to be introduced at an early period, and then minor questions will be thrust aside while it is being decided how to make the Senate still more pliant, and how to get a Chamber of Deputies which can be kept in some sort of discipline. In the meantime those Frenchmen who are professionally bound to take an active interest in politics are mainly employed in watching the attempts made by the Radicals to bring about a useful disturbance. One such effort has been made at Avignon. The very ordinary trade dispute which has been dragging itself along in that district for some time was too tempting an opportunity to be missed by the anarchists. They have done their best to turn a strike for higher wages into a little social war. The humbler agents of the party have stirred up mischief on the spot, and M. Clémenceau has done his part by patronizing them from Paris and coming forward with an offer to save society if it is handed over to the Radicals. Society has got out of the difficulty with the more practical help of soldiers and gendarmes, and the strike will end as usual in the surrender of the workmen. Those of them who have not found their way into prison will return to their work poorer men than they left it. The Chambers have been engaged in the apparently hopeless task of supplying Paris with a municipality which will not devote itself mainly to worrying the Prefect of Police and insulting the priests. The plan proposed did not look very hopeful. The Chamber has no love of *scrutin de liste* for itself; but it was inclined to try whether that method of election might not result in filling the Town Council with members who had some manners and some sense of dignity. It seemed too dangerous to give every voter a vote for all the eighty Town Councilmen. There seemed a prospect that, if all Paris was allowed to act together in this way, the elections would become purely political. By way of compromise between a plan which threatened to establish a rival Parliament in Paris and the present system, which has certainly failed to supply a satisfactory governing body, the Chamber hit upon the scheme of dividing the capital into four districts, each to be represented by twenty Councilmen elected by *scrutin de liste*. The Senate had probably no great confidence in any plan for improving the quality of the Town Council, and it has a lively dislike of *scrutin de liste*. Accordingly, it amended the Bill, and with unheard-of firmness stuck to its amendments. The Senate wished to see Paris divided into twenty districts, each electing four members. To this the deputies refused to listen, and so the municipality remains where it was for the present. The voters are to have no immediate chance of showing whether the dignity of choosing a name from a list of twenty, instead of voting for one candidate, would have the happy effect of making them more careful as to the character of their representatives. The Parisian Radicals have another excuse for clamouring for the revision of a Constitution under which a Senate can have an opinion of its own, and the whole question is postponed till the great Bill comes on.

It does not as yet appear to have been thought necessary by any of the politicians who will have to do the work to make any statement as to what is to be revised or why. There is no doubt as to the wishes and very little as to the intentions of the Radicals. From their point of view any form of government which supplies the means of putting a check on the noisy part of the town population deserves instant destruction, and it is perfectly natural that they should try to upset it. The readiness of M. Ferry to keep them is less easy to understand, and he shows no disposition to give any explanation. An admirable opportunity has just been afforded him, and he has deliberately let it slip. The statue which is the recognized due of every Frenchman of mark has been erected to Gambetta at his native town. The unveiling of this work of art has been made the occasion for the usual speechifying. Celebrities both local and national have collected. They have sung the praises of the deceased statesman as sincerely as they could. It has been found necessary to impose silence on a fiery poet who could not be trusted to preserve a judicious silence on the one part of Gambetta's hopes and plans which was generally known or intelligible. Frenchmen may dream about the revenge, but they wisely consider that it is nearly as dangerous to talk about as to try. The muzzling of M. Deroulède is by far the most characteristic thing about the whole ceremony. When the various speakers dwelt on the blank Gambetta's death had left in French politics, they can scarcely have been conscious of the undesigned proof that was being given of its existence. He at least was never afraid of telling the world that he was working for the day when France should play Germany a return match for the war of 1870. His frankness on that subject atoned for the general vagueness of his ideas on questions of internal politics; and, however dangerous it might have proved to his country, it served his popularity well. The politician who has stepped into the place left vacant by Gambetta, chiefly because there was no one else at hand, finds it prudent to choose another stock subject for his eloquence. M. Ferry escapes from the difficulty of explaining what it is he means to do, or of proving that anything need be done, by periodical declamations against the anarchists. At Cahors and on his way home by Périgueux he has repeated the substance of his speech at Havre a year ago. Nothing can be more satisfactory than the spirited tone of M. Ferry's harangues on these occasions; but Frenchmen who do not want to hand themselves over to M. Clémenceau may reasonably be anxious to know how he proposes to conduct the war proclaimed with such strenuous blowing of the trumpet. The answer to that question would be awkward to give. M. Ferry must have reasoned very differently from other French Premiers if he has not arrived at the conclusion that some means must be provided for supplying him with an obedient majority. It seems to be generally agreed that *scrutin de liste* is the one way of supplying this desired instrument of government which every Frenchman condemns when he is in opposition, and schemes to get when he is in power. *Scrutin de liste* can only be obtained by means of a revision of the Constitution; and therefore M. Ferry, who opposed the experiment when it was likely to work for the benefit of another man, is determined to try it for himself. It is proved beyond all doubt that a Chamber very unlike the present must be obtained if a consistent policy is to be obtained; but a politician must have the confidence of Gambetta himself to speak plainly on the subject. It looks too like asking to be made Dictator. It was Gambetta's trump card that he had proved his capacity for the office, and he never scrupled to say so. M. Ferry can scarcely show the same confidence; and his only resource is to try whether he cannot get the power of electing two-thirds of the representatives of France by alternately making himself small and posing as the enemy of the Radicals.

The Premier's utterances on the subject of foreign policy do not differ essentially in character from his declarations on domestic affairs. He holds forth generally on the necessity of being wise and also firm; but he has nothing to say as to the exact measures which ought to be taken to show wisdom and firmness. With consistent discretion he avoids all reference to the dangerous question of Egypt. He leaves it to be covered by the harmless statement that French interests must be defended. The formula has the advantage of stating nothing which anybody can deny, and leaving

everybody to make his own interpretation. M. FERRY doubtless knows very well that the foreign policy of France must be regulated by the conduct of a Power on which no man can calculate. The Tonquin question has reached a point at which it becomes very doubtful whether it is going to end or to grow into something infinitely more serious. The French officials on the spot who have been the real inspirers of the policy all along are apparently persuaded that, if their country is to do something vigorous, it had better do it there. Whether it will have to be done depends on China, and what China will do remains as great a mystery as ever. It is about to be called upon to pay an indemnity for making mischief in Tonquin, if any confidence can be placed on the statements of the French Government. The position is not pleasant for China, and it is preparing to meet it with vigour after its fashion. Ministers are being deposed, generals are being dismissed, and there is much talk of cutting off heads. So much is certain, but there is room for doubt as to what it exactly means. The Chinese Government may be punishing all these unlucky officials because they have not done enough, and in order to make room for more energetic successors. It is, however, at least equally likely that it is preparing for a surrender by the sacrifice of servants who are associated with an unsuccessful policy. Nothing effectual has yet been done to prepare the Southern provinces to repel a French attack, and so far M. FERRY'S policy in that region has been justified. It may have been unwise to take Tonquin, but it has unquestionably been taken, and it is always there to show that, if France has to submit to unpleasant checks elsewhere, its interests are being well looked after by a wisely patriotic Minister.

LAW AND LYNCHING.

LAST summer an American citizen wrote to an English paper suggesting that an unpopular sportsman should be lynched. It was pointed out at the time that lynching was rather an emotional, and often an erroneous, method of securing justice. In our country we do not even lynch Irish-American *dynamitards*, whom Americans would certainly lynch if the dynamite game was attempted in the States. We regard our tame obedience to law as, on the whole, more civilized than the impulsive humours which led to the Cincinnati riots, and which have just caused the roasting of a buck negro in Texas. Our view of the case is taken by a writer in the *Century*, the New York periodical, who gives some very curious statistics tending to show that mob law has its disadvantages. It may sound noble to say that "every citizen has in his valise the rope of the exe-"cutioner," and the remark is more true than that which assigns the Marshal's bâton to every French recruit. But, admirable as the rule "every man his own hangman" may seem in theory, in practice its working leaves much to be desired.

The arguments adduced by the writer in the *Century* prove, apparently, that murders increase just as mob law (that gallant expression of the people's instincts) becomes more general. The States are the most murderous of civilized countries. Probably the reason is that murder is such a lottery. Even in our own country many murderers find some penny paper or other to get up an agitation in their favour, and to try them again by *plébiscite*. But in the States the odds are far more considerable against murder leading to the gallows. Last year fifteen hundred and seventeen murders were committed in the States. In 1882 there were twelve hundred and sixty-six. Out of the fifteen hundred and seventeen homicides, only ninety-seven were executed by legal process. Thus a criminal's chance of avoiding the capital penalty is about fourteen to one. He may, however, be lynched, and one hundred and eighteen lynchings occurred last year. Even so, the odds in favour of the murderer's getting off with his life are longer than they ought to be. The lynchings are caused by the popular belief that the criminal has been unfairly allowed to escape. But no number of lynchings seem to affect the hopes of murderers. We must remember that many murders, in the Southern and Western States especially, are scarcely regarded as crimes at all. Shooting at sight has taken the place, and secured the privileges, of duelling. Again, there are private injuries, particularly where the women of a family are concerned, which seem to be thought to justify murder. Revenge is recognized as a form of justice not much wilder than usual. Thus we must allow for a number of murderers whom no local jury would condemn. These men cannot be said to escape through the venality of jurors, or the venality of judges, or the devices of lawyers. They got off because their neighbours, like the Captain of the *Thunder Bomb*, "wery much applauded" when they heard what they had done. Again, as the writer in the *Century* observes, lynching does not much discourage murder, because "the mob is neither judicial nor chival-"rous; the weak and defenceless are far more likely to "suffer at its hands than the strong and prosperous, as is "shown by the fact that the victims of more than half the "lynchings reported last year were Southern negroes." Lynching is about as judicial in America as Jew-baiting and Jew-murdering in Russia. Other cases of lynching find a better excuse in the popular belief that murderers are allowed to escape the gallows unfairly. "The American Bar is distinguished for its fertility in the "invention of those vicious expedients by which trials are "endlessly protracted and the minds of jurors are hopelessly "confused." Bad as our own long trials are, the writer in the *Century* can talk of "the swift, sure, firm methods of "English and Continental courts in dealing with great "criminals." Certainly, at the very worst, our criminal courts are never disgraced by the systematic corruption of jurors, which has been said (though not by the authority we have been quoting) to prevail in the States.

"The machinery of justice is inefficient"—that sentence alone accounts for the amazing number of murders, of lynchings, and of escapes from the law. But why is justice so ricketty? In a country of practically universal suffrage, a country where justice is eagerly desired, why have the people to go into the streets and erect barricades and rob gunsmiths' shops to secure an article that in Europe can be had for the asking? What is the use of having votes if a people cannot even keep its criminal courts pure? This is one of the problems which may be recommended to people who believe in the panacea of universal voting.

SPANISH AFFAIRS.

SINCE the establishment in power of the present Ministry Spanish politics have been stagnant, at least on the surface. Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO is probably secure in his tenure of office till the general election is over; and, if he follows the example of his predecessors, he will take care to provide for himself a sufficient majority in the Cortes. The process by which Spanish Ministers control elections is scarcely intelligible to foreigners; but, notwithstanding the ostensible existence of a popular suffrage, it is proved by repeated experience to be effective and supreme. Sometimes the official agents have in their excessive zeal so far mistaken the interest of their employers as to return a Congress in which the minority was scarcely represented; but the present Minister has sufficient experience to know that the absence of a Parliamentary Opposition would expose him to the danger of palace intrigues, and possibly of popular or military conspiracies. Parliamentary strength forms but an insecure foundation of political power when it is liable to be destroyed or shifted to the other side after the next dissolution. Another element of uncertainty is to be found in the partial dependence of Spanish Cabinets on Royal favour. Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO was the chief founder of the revived BOURBON monarchy, and he was the early friend and instructor of the KING; but perhaps he may have taken too much on himself; or more probably his pupil, with natural impatience of control, wished to assert his personal independence. After some years of undisputed authority, CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO, though he still commanded a steady majority in the Cortes, was suddenly dismissed, for the avowed reason that the KING wished to give the Liberal party a term of office in its turn.

According to English precedents and notions, the change of Government was scarcely constitutional; but Continental copies of the most artificial of political systems never conform strictly to the original type. The Conservative party, of which Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO was the head, would have occupied a false position if it had condemned the free exercise of the Royal prerogative. The Liberals on their part were not disposed to reject an unexpected advantage; and, on the whole, ALFONSO XII. accomplished his main object by establishing his claim to exercise large political influence. It would appear that he bears no ill will to his early friend and

adviser, inasmuch as the present Cabinet was appointed by the KING himself, although the late Minister still retained a majority in the Cortes. Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO has apparently not succeeded in detaching any Liberal section from the masses of the party, and some Conservative wavereers still prefer the alliance of his principal rival. Señor SAGASTA has induced his followers to propose as one of the candidates for the representation of Madrid his late colleague at the Foreign Office, the Marquis DE LA VEGA DE ARMIJO, who was always regarded as a Conservative, even after he joined the late Coalition Ministry. Party politics in Spain are so complicated, and the mutual relations of different sections change so frequently, that it is difficult to judge whether any combination is likely to be permanent. The powerful organization of the Liberal union, of which Marshal SERRANO and General LOPES DOMINGUEZ are the most conspicuous members, has not publicly renounced its antagonism to Señor SAGASTA. Whether the leaders of the Union will prefer CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO to his most formidable Parliamentary competitor is not at present known. A year ago it seemed probable that Marshal SERRANO would force himself or his followers into office by his paradoxical alliance with the extreme Liberals and a section of the Republicans. Hitherto the Liberal Union have only succeeded in driving SAGASTA from office.

The most formidable danger which threatens the dynastic and Conservative cause in Spain arises not from constitutional opposition or from ordinary political intrigue, but from the doubtful loyalty of a portion of the army. The mutinies of last year were easily put down, but they proved that the era of military revolutions was not finally closed. The plots which were then baffled were, perhaps, directed on the part of their local ringleaders against an unpopular Minister of War; but, according to general belief, the movement was organized by the veteran politician who, during the reign of ISABELLA II., was constantly opposed to SAGASTA. Señor ZORRILLA has, during his exile, become a professed Republican; and he would not hesitate to avail himself of the aid of disaffected military chiefs to overthrow the present Government. It is perhaps fortunate that no Spanish general now occupies the prominent position which in former times enabled O'DONNELL, NARVAEZ, and PRIM to control in succession the destinies of the country. Thirty or forty years ago civilian Ministers only held office by the permission and support of the leader of the army. Marshal SERRANO, the only survivor among the generals who were his contemporaries, has probably during his long retirement from affairs lost his influence in the army. The present PRIME MINISTER, though he employed General MARTINEZ CAMPOS to effect the restoration of the KING, relies on his own ability in the management of affairs, and not on any military alliance. The leader of the Opposition also has long experience in Parliamentary conflict and in the management of parties. Señor CASTELAR and the other Republican leaders, with the exception of ZORRILLA, although they profess irreconcilable hostility to the dynasty and to all forms of monarchy, repudiate the purpose of effecting a revolution by force. As the greatest Parliamentary orator in the country, Señor CASTELAR would probably be opposed to military interference in political struggles, even if he had not himself been a victim of the operation which in Spain has received the name of a pronouncement. As the nominal head of a Republican Government, Señor CASTELAR had for some months exercised a dictatorship with creditable vigour, till he unluckily thought fit to vindicate his personal consistency by once more convoking the Assembly. The Cortes, according to Spanish custom, consisted almost exclusively of members of the dominant party. In a short time the mischievous folly and incapacity of the Republican Legislature became so flagrant as almost to justify the intervention of the only remaining authority in the State. General PAVIA, the Captain-General of Madrid, at the head of one or two regiments, turned the Cortes out of doors, amid almost universal satisfaction; and so the Republic came for the time to an end. None of its chiefs were regretted, except CASTELAR himself, who, if he had helped to establish a vicious form of government, partially redeemed his character as a patriot and a man of sense by converting the Republic into a temporary despotism, administered by himself. He has perhaps learned by experience that the world is not governed wholly by fine sentiments, even when they are expressed in mellifluous language. At the same time, he probably remembers, not without resentment, General PAVIA's vigorous proceeding.

The material prosperity of Spain has probably been little impaired by the contests for power which amuse or excite professional politicians. The serious agrarian and communistic disturbances in Andalusia seem to have been repressed; and some surprise has been caused by the late judgment of the Court of Appeal, which aggravated the sentences passed on the ringleaders. The only subject of Spanish legislation and policy which is directly important to English interests has not been advantageously affected by the last Ministerial change. The Commercial Treaty had unfortunately not been concluded by the late Government, though the terms were virtually arranged. Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO and his colleagues decline to be bound by the decision of their predecessors, and consequently England is still unfairly excluded from the privileges secured by treaties of commerce to more favoured nations. It is officially stated that no negotiations are at present proceeding; but Sir ROBERT MORIER would probably profit by any suitable opportunity of reopening the discussion. Mr. CHILDERS will perhaps, in opening his Budget, find occasion to explain and defend the refusal of the Government to modify the tariff on Spanish wines beyond the reduction which had been conceded. Two years ago Mr. GLADSTONE believed that an agreement with Spain was on the point of being concluded; and equally sanguine hopes were entertained as late as last autumn. The maintenance of the alcoholic test which was instituted in 1860 has ever since been regarded by Spanish winegrowers and by their Government as equivalent to a differential duty in favour of the light Spanish wines. Some English experts think that the contention of the Spaniards is just; but the contrary opinion is supported by the high authority of Mr. GLADSTONE.

Some uneasiness is felt in Spain as to the possible renewal of the chronic disturbances in Cuba which had after many unsuccessful attempts been repressed by MARTINEZ CAMPOS. An adventurer who calls himself General AGUERO, having succeeded in escaping the vigilance of the American officers at Key West, has landed with forty or fifty followers in Cuba, for the purpose of organizing an insurrection against the Government. The vessel which conveyed the expedition has since been seized by the American authorities; but AGUERO and his band have hitherto evaded capture. According to accounts published by the Government, the conspirators are actively pursued by the troops, and their enterprise will not become formidable unless they have an understanding with some considerable body of malcontents in the island; but the extreme tenacity of the former insurrection naturally suggests a feeling of anxiety. There are, probably, abuses enough in Cuba, but the remedy is not to be found in military rebellion. In one important respect the present Colonial Government is more fortunate than that of thirty years ago. Down to the time of the Civil War the American Government and the people of the Southern States made no secret of their desire to obtain possession of Cuba for the purpose of extending the area of slavery. Mr. BUCHANAN when he was Minister to the English Court ostentatiously held a meeting with some of his Continental colleagues for the purpose of considering the expediency of annexing Cuba. More than one President recommended in Messages to Congress the same lawless policy. AGUERO will assuredly receive neither support nor encouragement from the United States, which would since the abolition of slavery find the possession of Cuba a grave incumbrance.

LORD BRABAZON ON OPEN SPACES.

LORD BRABAZON has written to the papers to call attention to the provisions of a private Bill now before Parliament. It is not opposed by any one. No blocker has blocked it. In fact, it is received with the most perfect equanimity by the House and by the public. This means a strong probability that no more will be heard of it. Had Lord BRABAZON proposed that all the dwellers in London should be set by the ears; had he threatened to confiscate the vested interests of a great public body, or of a few private gentlemen; had he prepared an elaborate scheme for sending English trade into foreign vessels, and for handing over a monopoly of shipbuilding to the United States, he would at least have been sure of a hearing. But all he wants is that a piece of ground of some one hundred and sixty acres, now nearly all quasi-public property, should be retained for the use and benefit of the public, and

should not be built over. The money needed to carry out this scheme is about what every few weeks we have to pay for successive vacillations in the policy of the present Government. It is about half what the land will be worth in ten or a dozen years. Yet, though the Ministry are quite willing to entertain a scheme by which the only body hitherto able or willing on principle to support such a course as that recommended by Lord BRABAZON is to be abolished, it will not help the present Bill. Its promoter is obliged to take advantage of the Easter holidays to make an attempt to call public attention to the matter through the columns of the daily papers; and all who are acquainted with the region concerned and with the facts of the case will feel it nothing less than a duty to aid Lord BRABAZON'S benevolent efforts and do all that can be done towards the fulfilment of his object.

Visitors at the so-called "palace" at Fulham, the suburban manor-house of the bishops of London from time immemorial, and certainly from long before the Norman Conquest, will remember that the bridge over the moat which surrounds the house and gardens is approached by a private road known as "the Bishops' Avenue." Lord BRABAZON, by the way, miscalls it the "Bishops' Walk." But Bishops' Walk lies between Fulham and the Thames, and is, moreover, continued northward for some distance along the left bank of the river. Between it and the main road which connects Fulham and Hammersmith, bordered on the south by the Avenue of which we have spoken, is a grass meadow, the greater part of which is still in possession of the representatives of the Lord of the Manor, namely, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. It is a relic of the old endowments of the See of London, so large a proportion of which was alienated in the reigns of HENRY VIII. and EDWARD VI. The tide of buildings has lately overwhelmed all the country round. Most of us can remember when Fulham Road, as it was then called, ran through open fields. Only this one now remains, and unless it is rescued in time it will soon share the fate of its neighbours. One hundred and sixty acres is not a great space; nor, at the present day, and so near London, is 230,000*l.* a great price to pay for it. The charge on Fulham is calculated at about 4*d.* a year from every 20*l.* householder. For this he will have a piece of recreation-ground larger than the absurdly misnamed Finsbury Park at Hornsey, also a relic of the old episcopal estates; and will be able to secure for future years, not only the fresh air and healthfulness of an open space, not only the advantage of a playground for his children, but the preservation of a trace of that rural aspect which has but just abandoned Fulham, and which made the parish so long a resort of wealth and fashion, of royal and noble names and rents in proportion. Should this opportunity be neglected, it will not recur. What may be bought now for a moderate sum will perhaps have to be bought later for twice or thrice as much. Open spaces are becoming more and more rare in the suburbs of London. Buildings are extending in all directions. Already what the Corporation saved for us of Epping Forest is nearly surrounded by villages which are really suburban. Incredible as it may seem, a suburb is growing up at Burnham Beeches. A piece of open ground like this, miles within the so-called "metropolitan" boundaries, is seldom to be had; and Lord BRABAZON should not only be able to count on the success of his scheme, but should further be assured of the gratitude of the multitudes for whom he is endeavouring to obtain this boon. The Alexandra Park project hangs fire. The Paddington project has so far failed. It becomes more and more desirable every day that such proposals as this one should be strongly supported. When the Radicals have pulled down the Corporation of London, with its vast funds and its open-handed public spirit, no more chances will occur. We shall have no more gifts like Chaldon or Wanstead. Every remaining open space should be jealously guarded. In America, as Lord BRABAZON reminds us, the great towns systematically preserve certain areas. They set us an example which, at least under present influences, is not likely to be followed in London. The threats of confiscation which have of late been so freely aimed at public bodies owning land have naturally been followed by endeavours to get rid of such precarious property. Clement's Inn is gone, Clifford's Inn is going. The City Companies which still have gardens cannot be blamed if they think money would be a preferable form of estate. We can expect nothing else from the communistic views put forward so shamelessly by people who should, nay—in most cases who do—know better. It is without much hopefulness that we venture to call attention to Lord BRABAZON'S Bill; but it is the imperative duty of all who can aid him to do so, if only by showing the reasonableness of his proposals.

WRESTLING.

THE few authors who have attempted to write any account of wrestling mostly take great pains to assure us that this is the earliest art in which men engaged for hostile purposes. In that theory they are probably quite right, for boxing—the only other sort of combat for which no weapons are required—is comparatively speaking a very artificial affair. Boys attacking one another in primitive fashion by the light of nature soon get together, and decide the fortune of the day not by knock-down blows so often as by falls in which the weaker combatant is laid on his back. It requires an amount of skill which no novice can possess to prevent an adversary from "closing" if he has a mind to do so; and, accordingly, the man who is getting the worst of it at out-fighting will, if no law forbids him, or no straight-shoulder hit drives him back, soon rush in and convert the encounter from a boxing into a wrestling match. Moreover, in a fight for life and death, such as we may suppose most primitive combats to have been, a single fair back fall would do more to put the fallen man at the mercy of his opponent than a dozen severe blows with the fist. Besides this most men think that they can do themselves fair justice in a struggle body to body, whereas it requires obviously more art to stop a coming blow, as well as more pluck to face an ugly knock on the nose or eyes. Accordingly it is nowise surprising that in the earliest records we find less mention of fighting with bare fists than of the simpler art of wrestling.

It is, perhaps, a curious coincidence that in the Old World as well as the New wrestling should have developed itself into three different styles. In the Greek arena of the classic ages, common wrestling, in which the competitors took what hold they could, seems to have occupied a sort of middle place between out-wrestling—in which only the hands and wrists came into contact—and in-wrestling, which commenced with a close hold something like the Cornish "hug," and ended in a struggle on the ground. In the Homeric contest, long before these distinctions had grown up, the two kings who condescended to enter the lists faced one another rather after the manner of our North-country performers. The hands of each were stretched behind the back of the other; the feet were far apart, and the bodies arched forward. Although belts were worn, and indeed were put on specially for the encounter, it does not appear that any hold was taken of them. Nor is it quite clear whether the two hands of each man clasped one another, or caught at the skin of the other man, though the last seems the more likely view, as the poet so pointedly describes the discoloured wheals which rose on the flesh of the wrestlers. But in later times, when the wearing of even a simple belt was prohibited by law in Sparta and abandoned in all parts of Greece, the best hold would probably be that of the clasped hands; for the body of each man was abundantly covered with oil, and any attempt at catching hold of it would probably have ended in failure and defeat.

Wrestling in the Middle Ages was a pastime of the lower sort of people, and was seldom or never engaged in by the knights and barons, whose heavy armour would have sadly interfered with any attempt to make it useful to them in the field after a fall from their horses. In Lodge's *Rosalynde*, the original upon which *As You Like It* is founded, King Torismund of France appoints a day of tournament and wrestling, the former for men of gentle birth, and the latter for peasants and yeomen. And when Rosader—the Orlando of the Shakspearian drama—strips to engage in the latter sport, "the company grieved that so goodly a young man should venture in so base an action." This account, whatever its authority, gives a very remarkable and no doubt pretty faithful picture of the old manner of wrestling. The champion, who by command of the King stood up to face all comers, was a Norman of great stature and corpulence; and it is clear that the dread he inspired amongst the challengers was due chiefly to his habit of falling upon the vanquished opponent. He had, as the "novel" says, killed many by falling upon them; and on the day of the grand display he disposed of his first antagonist in this way. The elder son of the valiant Franklin, who had brought his children to contend, was crushed to death by the huge weight of the champion. The second, who appears to have been thrown over the big man's shoulder by the device known to Cornish wrestlers as the "flying horse," fell on his head and dislocated his neck. It was then that Rosader, promising to avenge the Franklin, stepped into the lists in spite of all efforts to dissuade him. The first bout resulted in a dog-fall, by the violence of which both were so much exhausted as to be forced to breathe a while. In the second the challenger threw the Norman, by what method we are not told, "falling upon his chest with so willing a weight that he yielded nature her due." There is an eloquence in this expression of "willingness" which will remind the profane reader of *Bell's Life* in bygone days of many a round in the prize ring, the description of which ended with the words "falling heavily upon him." But perhaps the most notable thing in the whole of the story in *Rosalynde* is the statement that Rosader before entering the lists pulled off his boots, showing that nothing at all in the shape of Devonshire wrestling was permitted.

Other centuries afford us some glimpses of wrestling practised as a popular amusement on the usual holidays. On St. James's Day and Lammas Day there used to be a match between London and Westminster at St. Giles-in-the-Fields. At the Feast of St. Bartholomew there was wrestling before the lord mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs, who were dressed for the occasion in their official costume. The most ancient prizes in England seem to have been either a cock or a ram: but it seems that in prosperous times white bulls, horses with saddle and bridle, gold rings, gloves, and even casks of wine, were offered for competition. But the sport was not well kept up, except in the West and North, for long after the Reformation. It was relegated to professional exhibitors at bear-gardens and fairs, and only saved from complete disuse amongst what we may call amateurs by the efforts of the few who continued to admire it as a beneficial exercise. Thus in 1730 we read of Oxford students being fined for not going to the wrestling matches held on summer evenings. At about the same time it was the custom for the squire in many parishes to give a beaver hat once every year to be wrestled for by the villagers. A little later Sir Thomas Parkyns, who seems to have counted among his pupils some persons of high distinction in the State, made a valiant attempt to revive the sport, which he recommended not only as a pastime, but as a convenient substitute for the mischievous practice of duelling. But even the exhortations of these well meaning persons who pleaded for the revival of wrestling were thwarted to some extent by an absurd theory, spread abroad by the doctors of the period, to the effect that it was a common cause of rheumatism and ague. Another writer declares that the sport did not for more than a century and a half recover from the blow dealt it by the restrictions put upon the amusements of the people during the rebellion. But about sixty years ago there was a grand revival, and from 1826 forwards wrestling has again commanded in this country some of the admiration and support it deserves.

The times at which our several distinct schools of wrestling became separated and acquired for themselves a local habitation and a name cannot be distinctly traced. But from the earliest the West-country wrestlers must have had a style of their own, and the North-countrymen one of a very different kind, while several others would be recognized in other parts of the country. In one of the most ancient drawings we have, dating back beyond the reign of Edward III., the two combatants have loose scarves passed round their necks, at which they clutch, holding one another at arm's length. In Henry VII.'s reign at a festival at Greenwich, several champions stood forth to contend with all comers at wrestling "in all manner of ways." There is, however, much reason to suppose that neither then nor for a long time after did any of those "manners" include the Devonshire style. For about two hundred and fifty years ago the West-country wrestlers, then accounted undeniably the best in England, entered the ring in their doublets and hose, and clearly wore no boots or shoes. The practice of kicking appears to have grown up gradually after this time in Devonshire out of the perfectly lawful habit of "striking" with the leg at the leg. Boys and men in Devonshire often settled a private quarrel by a bout at wrestling, and the impromptu umpires who supervised such contests would not be able to distinguish between a fair "strike" and a veritable kick. The spectators often rather liked the innovation, which made the struggle more sensational, and thus the use of the shoe had come to be recognized to some extent before the middle of the last century—as we know from a book which recommends that kicks should be met by standing low and parrying or stopping with the knee. In the meantime also the West-countrymen had more strictly defined several laws on disputed points. The rule as to a fall in this district was that one shoulder and the heel on the side opposite must touch the ground before the man could be called fairly thrown; if he was "endangered" only—that is, if he was thrown, but not in proper style—a "foil" was scored against him. In articles drawn up for a set match more than a century ago it is stipulated that "whichever man shall throw the other the first three falls, or give him nine foils, three foils to be accounted one fall, or give him falls and foils enough to amount together to three falls, shall have the two sums of *20l.* each" staked by the two parties. In some rules, dated about the same time for West-country wrestling, it is enacted that "he who first comes with two joints to the ground, as joints are counted in wrestling, shall be reputed to be thrown a fall." The prize at this time was a beaver hat worth 25*s.*; and any man who sold the hat after winning it was to be disqualified from competing the next year. In these contests, held apparently by the Devonshire and Cornwall men living in London, shoes might be worn, but no nails were allowed in the soles. Until the end of the last century, although kicking seems to have been uncommon, there was much roughness in the play. One of the authors recommends his pupils, if they have long hair, to soap it well, so that the adversary, if he clutches it, may not get a good hold. From another allusion made by the same writer, it appears that it was not an uncommon manœuvre for a man to get "his hands at your hair and his thumbs in your eyes." Possibly a more irregular style of wrestling was then allowed in the prize ring than in mere wrestling contests, for Sir T. Parkyns gives some special directions under the head of "boxing" which seem to be more barbarous than the rest. Here is one of them:—"The best holds are the Pinion, with your arms at his shoulders and your head in his face; or get your right arm under his chin and your left behind his neck, and let your arms close his neck strait by holding each elbow with the contrary hand, and crush his neck, your fingers in his eyes, and your fingers of your right hand under his chin, and your left hand under the hinder part of his head." This elaborate, but no doubt singularly effective system of attack, clearly needs some practical illustration to be correctly understood; but the next prescription is much simpler—"or twist his head round by putting your hand to the side of his face and the other behind his head."

These directions are contained in a book upon Cornish wrestling which claimed to be the first ever published. It explains in detail, and sometimes more distinctly than in the above quotations, the various holds and throws—the in-clamp and back-clamp, the hanging trip, the in-lock and back-lock, once well known to Ulysses, the son of Laertes—the flying horse, and others too numerous to mention. The men wore stout waistcoats and shirts, and caught hold by these or by the band of the breeches. They wrestled in a large ring, thirty yards in diameter, and one "sidesman" on each side was allowed in the ring. Kicking was at this time an established practice with the Devonshire men, though tabooed in Cornwall: and it was upon their expertness with the shoe that the former chiefly relied in their contests with the men of the neighbouring county. The most celebrated of these encounters took place in 1826, at Devonport, before 20,000 spectators, between Cann, a Devonian, and Polkinhorne, the Cornish champion, weighing nearly sixteen stone. Cann wore one shoe, with which he "occasionally dealt severe kicks at his opponent to weaken his legs." Polkinhorne, who wore no shoes, submitted to this punishment with what patience he could, and after some disputed falls was adjudged to take the prize. His victory was succeeded about two years after by another striking success in London, where, out of twenty-six competitors, half Cornish and half Devon, the Cornish men won first and second prize.

Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestling—now much more commonly seen in London than the other kind, is altogether different from it both in rules and in style. Before the actual struggle begins both men must have fair hold by clasping their hands behind one another's back. To loose this hold, once taken, is to lose the bout; and the same result follows if a man touches the ground with a knee or any other part except the feet. This kind of wrestling was introduced, rather than revived, in London in 1839, when there was a grand contest, at which no fewer than 200 entered, and ever since that, with but very few intermissions, the Northerners have continued their annual Easter meeting. The only other system which needs particular mention is the Lancashire, or "catch-as-catch-can" wrestling, which differs in little but in the mode of taking hold from the other North-country variety. There are thus, if the Devon and Cornwall styles are reckoned as one, three distinct kinds of wrestling in England, each having its merits and defects. The rules as to falling are, no doubt, simpler and better in the North-country codes; for the distinction between fair back-falls and other falls is difficult to draw and productive of disputes. Still more unpopular in this country is the French system, by which the use of the leg, either in striking or hanching, is prohibited altogether, and the men, after falling, continue the struggle on the ground till one is fairly on his back. On the other hand, the obligation to retain a hold as first caught is artificial, and deprives the art of much of its practical value; for in an actual scuffle no man could wait to begin until his adversary had a fair hold. The Devonshire style is of course condemned by every one except Devonshire men, for nothing can be more barbarous or more destructive of fairness than to degrade the encounter into a kicking match, in which each man's shins are gradually disabled by cuts and bruises. The golden mean would perhaps be arrived at by a rule allowing the men to take what hold they can, and throw their opponent as they like. Any wrestler who was good at out-play would then have a chance to finish the combat without coming to close quarters, while one who preferred in-play would endeavour to rush in, and, as the Cornishmen say, "go to the grips." Full scope would be then allowed for the out-wrestler's "chips," such as outside and inside striking, haming, hankering, and twining over, as well as for cross-buttocking, hanching, hipeing, and the devices in which in-players excel.

TWO IRISH BOOKS AND A MORAL.

WE have before us two books by Irish authors which, in externals and nominal contents, are sufficiently different. The one is the *Occasional Papers* which Messrs. Kegan Paul have just published for Lord O'Hagan; the other, a Birthday Book of extracts, signed "Melusine," and bearing the imprint of Messrs. Sampson Low. Lord O'Hagan is so much of an Irishman in the best sense of the term (if we may borrow the language of a celebrated testimonial) that he is not likely, although he is an ex-Lord Chancellor, and although his book is a serious book, to object to seeing it coupled with an anonymous lady's collection of scraps. On the other hand, "Melusine" (who seems to have taken her cognomen from emulation of the Speranzas and Thomasines of the *Nation*) is much too much of an Irishwoman, not perhaps quite in the best sense of the term, to object to her romantic pseudonym being yoked to the name of anybody beginning in O', provided he is not an Orangeman, which it need hardly be said Lord O'Hagan is not. Moreover there is a moral in the conjunction, which shall appear in due time.

Lord O'Hagan's papers, whereof there are some fifteen or sixteen, deal with a large variety of subjects, and represent (of course

by selection only) the leisure work of at least thirty years, if not more. The earliest dated paper, so far as we have noticed, is the interesting lecture on "The Hopes of Irish Progress," which was delivered in 1853. These hopes, let us remark, though the author will no doubt differ with us, have simply failed of realization for the most part because of the perverse misconduct of his own political party, which has fed the flame of Irish disorder by Disestablishments and Land Acts. Not a few of the articles are, like this, devoted to questions of social and political economy. Two or three are professional, on Criminal Law Reform, on International Law, on the comparison of different systems of jurisprudence. There are complimentary addresses, such as those headed "Cardinal Newman" and "Henry Grattan," sometimes addressed to living persons, sometimes written on the occasion of centenaries, statue unveilings, and the like. By far the most interesting of these is, as might be expected, that on O'Connell. Finally, there are purely literary papers, such as those on Coleridge and Moore. They are all scholarly and creditable pieces of work, worthy of their author's position, and justifying that position. There is not perhaps in them any marked originality of thought, or any very exceptional distinction of style; but the thought is rarely anything but clear, honest, and respectable, and the style is always finished according to the best models, and free alike from slovenliness and over-ornament. For any man, and especially for any man whose profession is not literature, but who, on the contrary, has had heavy professional employment of other kinds throughout the greater part of his life, this book is a book which he may look at with satisfaction on his shelves, and take down from them certainly not without satisfaction.

We should imagine, however, that of the two productions "Melusine's" is the one which will actually give most of this kind of delight to its author. "Melusine's" Birthday Book is, physically speaking, a very pretty little book indeed, and its characteristics remind us of a delightful ditty which we once heard from Irish lips, and quote with all reserves:—

Me father and mother were Oirish,
And Oi was Oirish tu,
And we bought a kettle for noinpence,
And that was Oirish tu.

The cover of the Irish Birthday Book is, "Melusine" tells us, made of Irish linen, and certainly there is no better. On that cover there is a sweet Irish cross, with a sun-burst behind it, and shamrocks wreathed about its foot in a mighty pretty manner. The book is dedicated, "without permission!" says the author, with a charmingly feminine and Irish note of interjection, to Irish people all over the world, and the first sentence of the preface puts the comether on us in the most illigant fashion by observing: "There is no prose in the Irish Birthday Book for May or June, because they are the months in which, with fresh leaves, pure bright flowers, and sunnier skies, all nature seems to breathe poetry." These were the sentiments, no doubt, which animated some recent Irish martyrs when they took a walk through the Phœnix Park two years ago on May the 6th. But this reflection is worthy only of a brutal Saxon.

Unluckily, on narrower inspection of the contents of this pretty little volume, compact of cool drab linen, gold crosses, and prefatory remarks about flowers and nature, it is found to be (what, indeed, the too experienced mind forebodes from the sun-burst and all the rest of it) simply an anthology of the kind of maudlin and mischievous rant and babble to which Irish people all over the world owe nearly all their misfortunes, as they are pleased to call them. On February 17 the mild and spring-like voice of Mr. Timothy Healy thus speaks from the page:—"England maintains in Ireland a very large garrison; some are uniformed as policemen, some as soldiers, some as militia, and some wear the ermine." On July 29 (it should surely have been May 6) Mr. Sullivan informs the readers of the Birthday Book that "We Irish are no race of assassins or glorifiers of murder." On October 12 Lady Wilde observes to the world that "The English, as a nation, have none of it [the gift of fascination], though capable of splendid acts of individual generosity"; which may be true enough, but seems oddly placed in a Birthday Book, unless the object is to excite hatred and contempt towards the unfascinating people. On January 6, severed from all context, having no meaning except as a general appeal to passion, is this cheerful passage from Mitchel. "For the next two weeks, awaiting the result of this trial, all things stood still in Ireland except the famine and the addresses of confidence from landlords, and the typhus fever, and the clearing of estates, and the wail of the Banshee." The 29th of January has for epigraph that sublime absurdity of Moore's, which in his works is pardonable enough, but by itself is a standing satire on Irish patriotism:—

On our side is virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt.

This couplet, it should be observed, even Irish patriots of advanced type have been known to characterize as a hasty generalization. Elsewhere "a ballad of '98," called "The Patriot Mother," contributes its loyal advice. The 4th of March, however, records such a delightful bull that we are obliged to Melusine for having given it us. John Mitchel, it seems, who, to do him justice, was not usually a dealer in that sort of cattle, remarked that "the aspiration for Irish nationhood will outlive the British Empire." Now men do not aspire for what they have got, and as it seems that after the British Empire has perished Ireland will still not be a nation, surely Irishmen, as reasonable beings, need not do anything to accelerate an event which is to do them no good. This, however, does not seem to have been the way in which Melusine reads Mitchel, for elsewhere she borrows the exhortation:—

And rend the cursed Union
And fling it to the wind,
And Ireland's laws in Ireland's cause
Alone our hearts should bind.

As a gloss whereon it suggests itself that, when the cursed Union is rent, there will be a good many heads, as well as hearts, which will require binding. On July 3 Speranza informs us that "America is the great teacher of the nations, and her lessons will eventually lead the world." Poor world! Then the same authority lays it down that "The English are grateful for benefits to self; the Irish are grateful for sympathy with their country;" and that, "Wherever the Greeks passed they left a trail of light, but England a trail of blood." An author named Donal Sullivan indignantly protests against the notion that Emmet was a traitor.

And now, if it be asked why we have coupled this collection of veiled sedition and not at all veiled petty spite of race with Lord O'Hagan's respectable work, animated certainly by a very different spirit, there is not much difficulty in giving an answer. The spirit of the late Lord Chancellor of Ireland is different, and yet it is in a way the same—a great deal too much the same—as "Melusine's." Of course Lord O'Hagan talks no folly about '98; does not vapour about the harp of Erin and the sun-burst and the shamrock and the rest of it; does not inform Englishmen that they are not only the greatest tyrants, but the most disagreeable and objectionable human beings of whom history tells (it surely, by the way, does not say much for Ireland that she let herself be conquered by such a crew), or anything of the kind. A gentleman, a scholar, a man of sense, a man of the world, a man of business, is not very likely to stoop to the follies of schoolgirls and shopboys, the commonplaces of political adventurers and lackalls on the look-out for endowment. But such a passage as the following is "for thoughts":—"Dynasties have been exalted and destroyed . . . during the centuries which have seen Ireland always distracted, always weak, always miserable. For her only there was no redemption; to her only hope came not that came to all. She had no place in the march of the nations, no profit from the revolutions of the world." Fudge! my lord, fudge! and, what is more, known fudge! To the ear there may be no actual historical falsity in the statement that Ireland was generally (not always) distracted, weak, and miserable; to the sense which Lord O'Hagan knows that thousands of his countrymen and countrywomen, like the simple lady who has compiled our Birthday Book will put on it, it is utterly false. The place in the march of nations has never been refused to Ireland, except in the sense that for the last thousand years, at any rate, it has been refused to Kent and Devonshire. If hope did not come to her it was because she chose and chooses to hope for nothing reasonable. She was not redeemed because there was nothing to redeem her from, except evils which time cured in her case as in the case of all the world, but which were aggravated and their cure retarded by her own fault. So long as men like Lord O'Hagan refuse to hold plain language of this kind to their countrymen, so long as, in however guarded a way and with whatever scholarly phrase and dress, they give countenance to the fable of Irish persecution, the delusion of Irish nationality, the baseless fabric of Irish grumbles, so long will there be an excuse for the rants of a Davis and a Speranza, the agitations of an O'Connell and a Parnell. A very famous admirer of Richardson's heroine has observed that "there is always something which Clarissa prefers to the truth." That is the curse of Erin no less than of Clarissa. Irishmen of one class won't speak truth, and Irishmen of another won't hear it. By far the greater part of the woes of Ireland were home-made, and by far the larger part of the rest were woes which most, if not all, other nations have gone through and got the better of. But these nations have not gone about puling or fuming about wrongs, or fiddling with sun-bursts and shamrocks, or pleading against their partners by manifest destiny for the portion of goods that falleth to them and a separate establishment. They have put their shoulders with those partners to the common work and rejoiced in the common weal. This is the simple truth, and this is what the Melusines cannot see, and, we are sorry to add, what even the Lord O'Hagans appear to be extremely careful not to speak.

CHARLES READE AND HENRY BYRON.

TWO leading figures have disappeared together from the literary scene. The first died in the fulness of time as years are counted, but older than his years from a sorrow which made the close of his life a weariness. The second was taken away in his prime, but after a long and wasting illness which had prepared his friends to welcome for him a release. Both were men who influenced and delighted many by their varied and continuous work, and both are a standing protest against the miserable spirit of unkindly depreciation of all cotemporary workers in the fields of fiction, which unceasingly animates a certain school of criticism. Their text is one on which they never fail to enlarge, and as they once worded it it is this—Novel-writing in England is "a lost art, and survives in France only." We remember the *Times* affirming this in connexion with the name of M. Victor Cherbuliez, who was described as better known to fame than

all the English novelists put together; this, by-the-bye, was while Trollope was still alive amongst others. Not long afterwards, travelling in Italy, we turned over the books at an outlying railway station. Of fifteen volumes of fiction, eleven were English, and of the four in French, three were translations from the English. So we took heart of grace. It is of course not only in the field of letters that the bad English fault of depreciation of everything English is so besetting, and we can scarcely wonder at foreign critics being so apt to take us at the estimate of our own. The truth about novel-writing is that in England its average never stood so high, and that the principles of the work were never so well understood. What its detractors mean, where they mean anything, is that Thackeray and Dickens are dead. So are the greater Dumas and George Sand. And the amount of knowledge required of those who are allowed to take this tone cannot be better measured than by a criticism which has just appeared in the *Times* on Mr. Crawford's novel *To Leeward*. To anybody acquainted in the most superficial way with the letters of the day, Mr. Crawford's name is now a household word. But the *Times* twice refers to him as "the authoress," apparently because his Christian name is Marion. And this is the sort of knowledge required of our instructors!

To those who really know their work, Charles Reade and Henry Byron, different as they were in all other ways, were among the many living answers to the charge of decadence. Now that they have followed the innumerable caravan, and belong, alas! no longer to those whom De Quincey, in this same connexion, once described as "the not inconsiderable class of men who have not the advantage of being dead,' there will be plenty of regrets heard where there was little but petty cavil before. They have passed beyond the susceptibility to pain which all sensitive spirits feel at the touch of the kind of defamation we have described; and, therefore, why waste time on them? "On il n'y a rien, la rancune perd ses droits." It must have been some such squire as this who invented the nonsensical "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" as a salve to his conscience for his aphorism of preference, "De vivis nil nisi malum."

Charles Reade was neither a Dickens nor a Thackeray. But he was for all that—and, in the interest of English letters, it cannot be too plainly or firmly said—a great and a fine novelist. For, first of all, he was a creator; and creation is the touchstone, if touchstone there be. His men and women, the last particularly, were true and breathing flesh and blood; and no writer in the language, Thackeray and Dickens not excepted, ever showed the bloom of English girlhood in a brighter and more sympathetic light. His young lovers, those stumbling-blocks of the novelist, of whom even Walter Scott could make but little, have a singular attraction for the kindred soul. Chiefly among them in our memory live the healthy and direct young couple whose simple, faithful passion runs like a golden thread through the painful madhouse story (too painfully true in all its detailed possibilities, we fear, cheap and easy as it is to dismiss them as "overdrawn") and makes all the pulses, of those who have any, thrill with theirs. Among our own favourite heroines of fiction that delicious Julia Dodd, with no particular characteristics which might not belong to any good English girl in the world, holds a foremost place. Contrast with her Reade's "Peg Woffington," the actress—the erring but womanly woman, who sometimes so supersedes the real Peg in our minds that we forget the "bad voice" which marred her effects, and the great artistic superiority of the real Kate Clive to the real Woffington; and, again, that perfect chrysolite of a girl of quite another type, the bonnie fishwife "Cirsty" Johnstone, and Charles Reade's gallery of feminine portraits will stand comparison with those of higher-rated men. Indeed, we suspect that his habit of rushing violently at every sort of windmill his imagination could raise may have prevented his being generally assigned a higher place than he can, perhaps, so far be said to have won. That he will rise higher now we believe. The chief critical objection to his work, so far as we understand it, has been that it is "too melodramatic," a charge especially levelled at what, in our judgment, remains on the whole his best and most characteristic work—*It is Never too Late to Mend*. As the story is a melodrama, the charge may be admitted; and in the name of common sense why not? The novel form embraces everything, which is, indeed, its special charm, from the still-life pictures of Miss Austen to the wild fervours of Ouida; and in some of its very highest flights fiction has been pure melodrama. Certainly Scott did not shrink from it when he wrote *The Bride of Lammermoor*; certainly Shakespeare did not when he conceived *Macbeth*. As it appears to us, no better groundwork for an interesting novel can be found.

Charles Reade has one rare title to be remembered. He was what few Englishmen have been, a novelist and dramatist who made high mark in both lines. As a dramatist, indeed, he was, in our opinion, of a great capacity, which he did not use as he might have used it, through the unfortunate conditions of our stage. Those very flesh-and-blood qualities in his people, his strong and terse English, his love of incident and action, are the things that make the great dramatist. *It is Never too Late to Mend*, in its stage shape, is the best of modern home-grown melodramas, and the most unvaryingly popular. It is admirably constructed in the only true sense, in that the interest leads one on progressively from scene to scene. That is the only construction for which the public cares. Unluckily the word has become a sort of shibboleth in the mouth of the modern theatrical manager and critic, and is applied to what is construction in no real sense at all, but means merely a kind of technical dominoes, destructive of life and reality, wherein everybody makes pat entrances and exits according to a feeble system of cues. The technical master of that craft is usually an inferior actor or acting-manager, who picks up his unconsidered trifles (if possible unacknowledged) in the way of story and thought, to dress them out in theatrical (not dramatic) frippery of his own. His English is of the stage conventional, not of the language human; and he is ever ready with his manuscripts at the stage-door, while the real dramatist shrugs his shoulders, and writes a novel or an essay. No matter how often the mere playmaker fails with the public, the managers are so thoroughly conventionalized that they still believe in him. If anybody brings them a play in English, they gaze in terror on the unknown tongue. And a man like Reade ends by writing plays but rarely, and when he does produce them, by producing them for himself. It is the experience of many authors who still believe in drama as a fine form of fiction, and in humanity and English as its essentials, but know that between them and their best critics and friends the public (as being humanity in the aggregate how could they be otherwise) there is a huge gulf of "expert" nonsense widening every day. The *Times*, proceeding on the usual lines, accuses Charles Reade of ignorance of construction. It is the mere tool of the art; and a great architect might as well be accused of knowing nothing about circles and straight lines.

Now Henry Byron, whom we have coupled in this article with Charles Reade, because theirs were among the best-known names of English stage-writers, knew and followed these foolish rules too well. So unfair and impossible are the critical judgments passed upon the unlucky playwright, that Byron was constantly reproached for using the very tricks with whose absence Reade was reproached. Holding of drama the views that we do hold, we sympathize more with the former reproach than with the latter. And if we hold it not ungenerous to say so now, it is because a better time could scarcely be found to point out the contrast between the dramatist and the playwright. Moreover it enables us to call direct attention to the high and delightful qualities to which, in Byron's case (probably because of his over-knowledge of what the French call *la ficelle*, as distinguished from true dramatic construction), full justice was never done. The world, in its growing greyness of tone and thought—if thought indeed it be, and not the merest affectation of it—cannot afford to ignore its few and restful humourists, especially those in whom, as in Byron, the humour was not more spontaneous than it was pure. In comedy after comedy, in scene after scene, it fell from him in an untiring succession of fun and good-nature, which to the work-tired soul was an unfailing delight. Only the old spirit of carping home-depreciation could so extol as it does indifferent foreign humour at the expense of our own Byrons and Burnands. As a punster (in his best shape a true wit) Byron had no superior, living or dead; and his best sayings, better and more untiring than his best writings, are a possession for ever to his friends. We do not care to quote any of them just now, while the sense of his loss is fresh upon us; but we hope that among his many allies some one qualified for the work will be found to collect and record them as far as it can be done. A nation's pleasure is poorer for the loss both of Byron and of Reade; and it is but a proper tribute to their memory, so sadly united, to say that no men ever gave truer proof of warm and kindly hearts than those two worthy inheritors of the undying traditions of English letters, or left warmer and more regretful friends behind them.

THE "UNIVERSAL PROVIDER."

MR. AUBERON HERBERT'S very clever letter to the *Times* on the Criminal Law Amendment Bill deserves more attention than it is likely to receive. For this comparative neglect Mr. Herbert has himself to thank. He is so often to be found crying "Wolf!" that, when the animal is really there, his natural exclamations pass unheeded. Mr. Herbert's general dissatisfaction with both political parties, and his habit of promiscuously imputing evil motives to all politicians, have almost destroyed the influence which he might otherwise have exercised. If a man ostentatiously pines for intellectual solitude, the world, which is good-natured and occupied with other things, will leave him in the enjoyment of his isolated position. It would be both useless and ill-bred to chase John the Baptist from his wilderness, or to assure him that, after all, his opinions are not peculiar to himself. But, apart from personal considerations, the important point is, not whether an acrid critic wishes for supporters, but whether what he says is true. People who do not agree with Mr. Herbert are not necessarily, as he seems to assume, idiots or hypocrites. It so happens, however, that he talks a good deal of sense in a paradoxical form, and that much of it is at this moment singularly opportune. The particular Bill which Mr. Herbert assails in his letter is no doubt exceedingly well meant. It is directed against juvenile prostitution, against brothels, against solicitation in the public streets. The objects are most excellent, and it is warmly advocated by bishops and other serious people. Nevertheless it is, as Mr. Herbert points out, based on no principle, or rather on a confusion of two principles. Much of it is directed against public nuisances, and open disorder, things which no one will deny that it is the business of Parliament to put down. Other portions of it can

only be defended on the supposition that the Legislature ought to suppress vice—a doctrine which leads by irresistible logic to the inference that right and wrong can be determined or distinguished by a Parliamentary majority. The Radical candidate who promised to vote for the abolition of the Decalogue if Her Majesty's Government brought in a well-considered measure for that purpose is generally supposed to have been imperfectly acquainted with the anglicized Greek word for the Ten Commandments. But, according to ideas, or shadowy simulacra of ideas, which are very popular just now with a section of the Radical party, morality is really a branch of municipal law. A Bill was once brought in to amend the law of evidence, and on the back of it was the name of a member of the present Government. It provided that a prisoner might give evidence on his trial, but that his omission to do so should not prejudice him with the jury. This touching tribute to the omnipotence of Parliament is scarcely a caricature of some notions which now prevail. A great many people talk and write as if a vote of the House of Commons could alter facts, and the law of gravitation could be repealed by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons in Parliament assembled. There are politicians quite capable of moving that ginger be no longer hot in the mouth as an amendment to the motion that the Speaker leave the Chair on going into Committee of Supply. If Dr. Johnson had been suddenly transplanted to Petersburg or Constantinople, he would probably have acknowledged that the difference between one form of Government and another was worth more than half a guinea. But there was truth in his exaggerated declaration. Men cannot be made sober or moral by Act of Parliament. They cannot be made comfortable by legislation, or taught prudence and self-control by Artisans' Dwellings Acts. These are truisms. But if Mr. Malthus still gazes upon this sublunary scene, he may well smile at the indignant denunciations of his famous formula, and at the cheap remedies which are gravely proposed for the miseries of mankind.

All the Georges in San Francisco cannot make the soil inexhaustible. The most impassioned rhetoric, the most fervent appeals to the intentions of Providence (which mean the writer's own) will not aid the increase of subsistence, or make men multiply more slowly. Brand-new houses, built at the expense of taxpayers very few of whom are rich, will not make their inhabitants sober and frugal, or prevent them from marrying when they cannot afford it. Mr. George may talk nonsense till Doomsday without putting an additional piece of bread into anybody's mouth. *E pur si muove.* The conditions of human existence will not be changed because a number of fashionable and philanthropic persons take an interest in the "dwellings of the poor." Yet the Radical optimist goes gaily on. To do him justice, he probably never faces the logical conclusions from his premisses. He does not think of looking beyond the moment when his favourite project shall have become law. Shut up public-houses and there will be no drunkenness. Make solicitation illegal, and there will be no prostitution. If a thing is unlawful, of course it cannot be done, and so there is an end of it. All this is very cheerful and consoling to some minds. It is a pity, however, not to carry the principle one step further. There is a certain document, styled rather tautologically the Queen's Proclamation against Vice and Immorality, which is read at the opening of all Assizes. Why not turn it into an Act of Parliament, and thus make everybody well behaved at once? The modern Radical of this particular type has, perhaps, forgotten that there were laws against usury, and that there was a man called Jeremy Bentham. It was supposed that, if high interest were prohibited, it would never be exacted. Bentham argued, and experience proved, that the nett result of this prohibitory law was to make interest with bad security rather higher than before. For, besides the risk of the borrower not having the cash, there was the chance of incurring penalties, and for that compensation had to be paid to the money-lender. The latest theory appears to be that, if the sale of strong drink is forbidden on Sundays, people will cease to consume it in excess between Saturday and Monday. There is something very seductive about Sunday closing. It has a religious sound. It makes for a decent observance of the day of rest. It looks philanthropic and respectable, and then it cannot be such a very great hardship to shut up public-houses one day out of seven. There are a great many otherwise sensible persons who resemble George Eliot's Mr. Brooke in shrinking from anything like a principle. Mr. Brooke opined that human reason might carry you too far—over the hedge, in fact. So he pulled up. These worthy persons also pull up. They belong to the same type as Cardinal Newman's Moderate Churchman, who believed in baptismal regeneration, but thought that babies were much the same after being christened as before. They would not for worlds lay down the proposition that the State ought to decide when people should drink, and how much, and whether they ought to drink at all on Sunday. On the other hand, they would recoil in horror from the principle that there is a province where the will of the individual ought to be supreme, where his choice should be quite unfettered, and where the law can only interfere ineffectually and at a serious cost to personal convenience and national independence. A Sunday Closing Bill just suits them. It is neither one thing nor the other. It only prevents people from doing what nice people would never want to do.

An intelligent American, on being asked what was the tendency of the New England liquor laws prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drink to all except *bond fide* travellers, replied that they "tended to a considerable deal of *bond fide* travelling." Outraged liberty has her revenges, not occasional, but constant; and if Parliament, as has been shrewdly remarked, were to decree that all men should be virtuous, the courts would soon declare the majority to be so "within the meaning of the Act." That is perhaps the principal consolation of humble believers in personal freedom, now so hopelessly outnumbered in Parliament and on the platform. A despotism tempered by physical and moral impossibilities is less formidable than it seems. The Irish magistrate's very indecorous advice to the accused publican is capable of indefinite expansion. We can all "defy the polis" in our own quiet way. Another source of consolation is the inbred dislike of Britishers to being driven. The political party which goes in for a programme of high-handed restriction and incessant interference all round gathers for itself a store of unpopularity which it will have to face in the long run. The present Opposition has already perceived this truth, and is beginning to make use of it, though "with timid and faltering steps," as Lord Randolph Churchill would say. Even in the ranks of their adversaries the old "Why the devil shouldn't he?" style of Liberal is destined to reappear; for he is a perennial type, which survives the "countless generations" of faddists, who "depart and leave no vestige where they trod." Nothing, indeed, can be more alien to the old school of secular Liberalism than this fashionable worship of the omniscient state. We should feel quite ashamed to repeat against it the unanswerable argument which exposed the fallacy of the analogy between the paternal and the Governmental relation. The pious and respectable Nonconformists who only call themselves Liberals because they hate the Church of England are doing a work which Conservatives may regard with perfect equanimity. Their narrow intolerance, their puritanical hatred of amusement, their love of vexatious and petty molestation, their total inability to see any reason why they should not make illegal anything which they think wrong, are causing an amount of public resentment of which they are little aware. The liberty which they claim for themselves they are the first to deny to others. They resent the superior position of the Church, and they are indignant at one small part of the restrictions imposed upon marriages within the degrees of affinity. If the Church were disestablished, and the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill passed, it is not easy to see what would remain of their Liberalism. But it is by no means difficult to estimate the amount of freedom which they would leave to the English people, if they had their way. The "coming slavery" which Mr. Herbert Spencer has graphically described would very soon be here. Taverns closed, probably also theatres, ginger-beer the only drink, drab the only wear, the liberty of individual choice limited to the selection of the particular Little Bethel it was least irksome to attend—the picture is indeed an attractive one. Perhaps before that ideal is realized there will be some one to say in behalf of the long-suffering inhabitants of these islands, "We like not the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Liberal attire, but let them be changed."

EMANUEL GEIBEL.

THE English newspapers which have commented on the death of Emanuel Geibel have scarcely understood the real nature of his literary position, and even German critics may readily mistake it. So great a chasm lies between the Germany of his youth and the Germany of his old age, so vast a change has come over the national ideals, that Geibel, who was much younger than Victor Hugo and younger than Lord Tennyson, seems to belong to a far more distant and unfamiliar generation than they. To comprehend his writings, we must recollect that he was the last and in some respects the most characteristic representative of the silver age of German poetry, the Shirley of the group that followed Goethe and Heine, as the Caroline dramatists followed Shakspeare. He has nothing to do with the political poets who, whatever we may think of their politics, certainly betrayed their purely poetical birthrights. About 1845 he was violently affected and disturbed by the wave of political discontent, with Herwegh and Freiligrath, his intimate friends, on the crest of it. But his nature, though excessively sensitive to superficial influences, swung back like a plant when the wind has passed over it; and in the midst of the political excitement Geibel unconsciously returned to the loves of his youth; his gentle humanism, his soft and thrilling melodies; and when he should have been addressing the intolerable verities, his clear voice was heard above the tumult:—

> O wie floss mir beglückt der Tag,
> Als ausrastend ich weilend
> Unter deinen Cypressen lag,
> Naxos, blühendes Eiland!

With all this, his heart remained German to the core, and his pure song was none the less powerful because he held it aloof from the crowd. The German nation, which was slow to take him into observation, gradually formed a passion for his poetry, and this passion was only fed and sustained by the few political actions he performed. His attitude towards Schleswig-Holstein at the beginning of his career, his refusal to remain at Munich when to be a Bavarian meant something less than being a German—these things were not forgotten; and during the last years of his life Geibel lived at Lübeck, in a sort of sacred retirement, regarded with something of the same deep personal respect with which Mr. Whittier is regarded in America.

To discuss the actual value of Geibel's verses it would be necessary to go into the very difficult question of the quality of German lyrical verse, when it is not quite of the first order. The native tendency to song, to vocal accompaniment of a tune, is of doubtful advantage to German poetry, as an art. It is so easy to secure a lilt, to be naive and touching with a lyrical simplicity, that the poet is tempted to remain satisfied with improvisation. The wonderful magic of Heine has tempted later and less gifted singers to think that they can emulate his inimitable cadences. Yet Geibel was a real artist. He was undoubtedly influenced by Heine upon one side; his notes were brought out and expanded by the melodies of the *Buch der Lieder*; but he bore upon the surface of his genius the marks of other masters. The grace of Chamisso, the tenderness of Uhland, the plastic and versatile force of Platen, all combined to make him what he was. Indeed, it may be that criticism will eventually determine that Geibel was less an individual voice than a combination into one sweet and pure nature of much that was fine and harmonious in the various singers of a whole school.

The earlier part of Geibel's career, while he still walked among the elder companions of his school, is by far the most interesting to the student of literature, and we are able to follow this with unusual exactness. In 1869 Herr Karl Goedecke published the first volume of a biography of the poet, which really was an autobiography. This brought us down to the year 1852, and was to have been promptly succeeded by a second volume extending to 1868. This second part of the Life of Geibel has never, however, appeared, and the interest of the volume which exists is scarcely sustained to the close; for the main charm of Geibel's career consists in his relations to his contemporaries before he entered his thirtieth year. No doubt Herr Goedecke will now issue his long-promised continuation, and we shall find much in it which is worthy of attention. Until, however, he proves to us the contrary, we shall persist in thinking that Geibel's career subsided into something like comfortable commonplace after the King of Prussia secured him his pension in 1843. We may, then, turn over Herr Goedecke's earlier pages somewhat leisurely in a brief survey of the poet's adventures.

Emanuel Geibel (not von Geibel) was born at Lübeck on the 18th of October, 1815. There is very little of a curious kind related about his childhood, except that he fancied that the sight of tall sea-going ships among the quaint red walls and blossoming trees of his picturesque birthplace gave him an early tendency towards travel. He began to write verses at eighteen; one of the earliest pieces of his which have been preserved celebrates the hope of German unity in just the same mild and confident note of patriotism which he preserved to the last. The poet who was to sing so tenderly and passionately of love began by the inspiration of boyish friendship. His earliest subjective pieces are addressed to schoolfellows and fellow-students—some, like Ernst Curtius, to be identified with him in later life. In 1833 the *Buch der Lieder* came into his hands, and was promptly and voluminously imitated. His earliest verses, moreover, bear marked reminiscences of Kugler and Uhland. He went to Bonn in 1835, with the intention of training for the Church. His father was a pastor; and neither he nor his mother had any sympathy at all for Geibel's literary work, regretting what they considered his idle ways, even when he had attained distinction and public reward. It was characteristic of his nature that, with great sweetness and apparent ductibility, he possessed a steady and persistent will. He did comparatively little at Bonn, except make up his mind. He dropped theology altogether as a profession, and prepared himself for concentrated study of the humanities; and, thus prepared, he went to Berlin in 1836.

At Berlin he began the literary life. Rumohr gave him a letter of introduction to Bettina von Arnim, who talked to him a little about Goethe and a great deal about herself. He began to find himself within the influence of Eichendorff, who was just then a romantic power in Berlin. Already, from Bonn, Geibel had sent verses to the *Musenalmanach*, which Chamisso was editing in a sort of afterglow; and the young poet's great desire was to meet this veteran of letters. Hitzig contrived to introduce him, and one dark November morning Geibel found himself received in the gloomy room where, surrounded by globes and charts and scientific instruments, the old poet was solemnly playing at being a wizard and a seer. Chamisso, who rarely accepted a new acquaintance in those days of his decline, gave his friendship to the enthusiastic and charming lad, who began to be more and more spoken of as a coming man. In 1837 Geibel received the singular honour of being the only student who had ever been received into the Literarische Gesellschaft, a club of distinguished men of letters which met every Monday evening Unter den Linden at the Café National. Hither Geibel was taken by Chamisso, and here he met Eichendorff, Freiligrath, Kugler, and others whose names are now less well remembered than these, but who then were lights in literature. He began to give his thoughts mainly to the study of Greek poetry, and drifted further and further from the bourgeois ideal which the sober family in Lübeck set before him. The parents pressed him to prepare for a career—to bend himself to a clerkship or to read for a profession. He gently declined, to the amusement of friends like Bettina and Chamisso, who began to look about them for some better way of bread-winning. If he had remained in Berlin, there would have been nothing for him but journalism, and for this, too, he professed a mild and firm objection. Happily Prince Katakazis applied in December 1837 to his German friends for a tutor for his boys, and Bettina von Arnim moved heaven and earth till she had secured the post for Emanuel Geibel.

To go to Greece under such auspices was an exquisite pleasure to the young poet, whose friend Ernst Curtius was already settled in Athens. He set out in April in the old-fashioned leisurely way, leaving a volume of his poems behind him for publication. No sooner had he started southward than the lyrical impulse came upon him; each stage of his journey was marked with a poem. Driving by moonlight along the road from Verona to Vicenza, he composed "Gute Nacht," one of the most exquisite of his early lyrics:—

Und wie nun alle Kerzen
Verloschen durch die Nacht,
Da schweigen auch die Schmerzen,
Die Sonn' und Tag gebracht;
Und säuseln die Cypressen,
Ein redlich Vergessen
Durchweht die Lüfte sacht.
Schlafet in Ruh, schlafet in Ruh!
Vorüber der Tag und sein Schall;
Die Liebe Gottes deckt euch zu
Allüberall.

His post lay not in Athens itself, but at a country village, Cephissia, where for three years he was privileged to teach the sufficiently idle and unruly sons of Prince Katakazis. His duties as a tutor were easy; he was very kindly treated, and when his charges had gone to bed, he was free to lean out over the fig-tree that bloomed at his window, and, inspired by the outlines of Pentelicus and by the cicalas chirping in the maize-fields, to relieve his feelings in reams of musical verse. Moreover, every fortnight he was allowed to ride off to spend a Sunday with his friends in Athens, where Curtius was, and Count Baudissin, who had been Tieck's partner in translating Shakespeare. Several things combined to make this the most fertile period in his career. The publication of the posthumous poems of Platen fired Geibel to new refinements of metrical form; the death of Chamisso made him realize that Freiligrath was the only living rival whom he had to fear. Suddenly came a letter breaking to him the news that the MS. of his poems, which he had left behind him, had been completely destroyed in the fire of a printing office at Magdeburg.

Far from deploring this accident, he rejoiced to think that so many of his crude early efforts were hopelessly lost. He would write other verses, and better ones. At last he fell sick of a fever, and was sent to the Piræus to be nursed. As soon as he was convalescent he started with Ernst Curtius for a voyage through the Cyclades, and this was perhaps the high-water mark of his intellectual activity. On their return, late in 1839, the two friends prepared for publication their first public essay, the *Klassische Studien* of 1840. Early in that year Geibel went home to Lübeck, and presently published the volume of *Gedichte*, dedicated to Clara Kugler, which is now reprinted under the sub-title of *Erste Periode*. Of this book of songs and elegies the ninety-third, but by no means the latest, edition now lies before us. The success of Lord Tennyson's most popular books, a success almost unequalled in the rest of poetical literature, is quite put in the shade by the astounding vogue of this volume of Geibel's—a vogue still sustained without any visible decline after more than forty years. The oddest thing is that the book was distinctly unsuccessful at first. The reviews overlooked it, or praised it faintly; for three years it scarcely sold at all; and then a second edition was timidly issued. It had existed five years before it began to be discovered by the general public, and ten years before it began to be the rage.

The whimsical public never attached itself with the like enthusiasm to any other book of Geibel's, though he wrote many, and to an ordinary ear sustained the same rather facile melody through them all. At Eschenberg, in 1842, he began his series of romantic dramas with *König Roderich*, and was never tired of repenting the experiment; but none of his plays, except perhaps *Brunhild*, enjoyed a definite success. Against the one hundred editions of his boyish poems he was glad to lay the four editions of his mature lyrics, his *Spätherbstblätter*, and among the volumes which divided the latter from the former each earlier one was more successful than its successor. The secret of the charm Geibel possessed lay without doubt, as we have hinted, in the purity, simplicity, and melody of his songs in an age when everything in German verse was tending to become turbid, involved, and harsh.

THE MILESTONES ON THE DOVER ROAD.

THE Dover Road occupies a proud position. It is no mere road to anywhere, to be mentioned with slighting, as when one says, "You turn up Goswell Street to go to Lincolnshire"; it may even deny, with flatness, that it either begins or ends at Dover; and as all roads led to Rome, so the roads of many travellers in all ages have led through Dover, as did that of one particular traveller—a foreigner of some distinction, as the phrase ran—with whom we are now concerned, and who embarked on board Captain Meriton's packet at Boulogne on Thursday, the 11th of April, 1765, on a trip to London. This skipper was employed the whole year round conveying to Dover, or even direct to London, cargoes of bottled wines which, on account of the

enormous duties then levied on the wines of France, were imported by the merchants only according as they were wanted for actual consumption. The Methuen Treaty with Portugal, too, which was not abrogated until 1834, was in full force.

> "Let him drink port!" the English statesman cried;
> He drank the poison, and his spirit died.

The number of sail on the Channel—they had long been windbound—was "prodigious," the water seemed covered with them. With a soldier's wind most of them, including our skipper, made Dover three hours too soon, and had to anchor for the tide, while the miserable passengers who had been waiting in great numbers from long before the equinox had a bad time. Three or four crowded French craft from Calais and Dunkirk went ashore, but our traveller retained his faculties sufficiently to fortify his mind to the point of resignation to death, and even to philosophize, verifying from himself and those around him the saying of a captain in the French navy, that dwellers inland are much hardier afloat than those of maritime places, who from always looking on the sea develop an instinctive, exaggerated, and perhaps inherited dread of it. This is the radical cause of seasickness, a malady mainly of the nerves. If there be anything in this French captain's theory, your sailor's genuine land-lubber is the dweller in ports with whom he oftenest rubs shoulders. It may even be doubted whether it is quite clear that land-lubber (which, oddly enough, is not mentioned in Skeat) is the original or only term. Howell, in his *Instructions for Forraine Travel*, talking of fantastic fellows "like Sir Thomas Moore's Traveller," says they "may bee termed land-lopers, as the Dutchman saith." Here we have the same Dutch word *looper*, a runner, which is in "interloper"; and this sea-term, like so many others, may come to us from the Hollanders, may even have a direct reference to the landsman's want of his sea-legs, and need not, *pace* the etymologists, be connected at all with the Welsh *llob*, a dolt.

The Custom-house officials were lenient, but a crown had to be paid for passing each traveller's baggage as "droit de vicomté," which was farmed by an innkeeper of the town. The sole inhabitants of Dover were sailors, ship-captains, and innkeepers, and there was not a church or chapel in the place. The disproportionate size of the vast signboards of the inns, the height of the triumphal arches on which they spanned the streets, and the ridiculous magnificence of the ornaments which loaded them were worthy of all wonder when compared with the little postboys, or rather children of twelve and thirteen years of age, who were starting every minute in sole charge of postchaises. All the inns were crammed with new French arrivals, the coaches and the posting being quite insufficient for the rush, and our traveller had to go into the kitchen and take off the coals, with his own distinguished hands, one of the many *tranches de bœuf* there grilling. It is evident that the term "bifteck" had not then been invented. Nearly forty years later, Grimod de la Reyniere, in the *Almanach des Gourmands* for 1802-3, said it was worth while crossing the Channel to make the acquaintance of what the English called *beef'steak*, and Beauvilliers, who published his *Art du Cuisinier* in 1814, even then treated it as a novelty, telling how to prepare a "véritable Bifteck comme il se fait en Angleterre," and explaining how the English choose to make their biftecks that piece of the beef "qu'ils nomment Romesteck." Here the famous restaurateur who, according to Brillat-Savarin, spoke all foreign languages "autant qu'il était nécessaire à son commerce," seems to have got a little mixed; confusing beef with poultry, and the pope's-nose with the Eternal City. Our traveller put himself to bed at six in the afternoon, as a wise precautionary measure, for all the inmates were constantly playing *Box and Cox* with the four-posters, and at three in the morning he was called upon to turn out in favour of a new arrival. He held firm however in spite of a vigorous siege until five. Dover was so crammed that the strict rule of no coaches on Sunday was broken through, and he managed at last to set out on that day—three days after leaving Boulogne—with seven others in two conveyances called "machines originales ou volantes"; perhaps The Flyer or The Original, which, drawn by six horses, did the twenty-eight leagues to London in a day for a guinea a head; passengers' servants being carried outside for half-fare.

The English coachmen, one and all, who were changed with each relay of horses, astonished our traveller by their coats and capes, and their kind ways with their horses; the whip serving merely to keep the driver in countenance, like a lady's fan in winter-time. This Sunday journey had its advantages; there were no excisemen anywhere on duty, so the foreigners escaped all questioning and searches, and the only highwaymen encountered hung in chains—in periwig and full costume—on the gibbets along the road. But then there were disadvantages too. Foreseeing the absence of the "guagers," the boots of the coaches had been crammed with brandy-kegs for the wayside inns, and this caused frequent stoppages, much to the exhilaration of the coachmen and postillions. And then, to crown the humours of the road, the natives somewhere between Canterbury and Rochester had chosen Sunday as a handy, clear, coachless day on which to move a windmill and perfect windmill, chiefly consisting of whitewashed wooden trellis-work, in quiet security along the king's highway. This monstrous lumber the coaches found in possession of a deep cutting, and their freight had a greatly more material contest with it than was ever begotten of the imagination of Cervantes. At length, by dint of long ropes and strong arms they managed to get the old butt of chivalry past a gap in the roadbank, through which the coaches were hoisted out of the road into the fields where, more phlegmatic than the Don, they turned the obstacle's flank, and proceeded. Nowadays we can only hear with bootless regrets of the forests—"bois de haute futaye"—along the route, which still, in 1765, looked as well managed as the reserves in the best-kept forests of France. All that has gone to feed the "forges" or ironworks of the Weald, which can be traced back into the first century at Maresfield, and still lingered as late as 1825 at Ashburnham. And more than that, if the recent infernal borings for coal under the chalk were to succeed, Brighton would find itself to-morrow in the midst of a "black country," for the iron-ore is there—all that is lacking is the fuel. But, like our traveller's coaches, we have gotten a little off the Dover road and must try back. Although writing in premacadamito times, he considered the road of broken flints good and well-kept in spite of exemption from forced labour, a privilege as old as Roman times; for Aurelius Victor, in recording Vespasian's vast roadworks, says, "tot tantaque brevi confecta, *intactis cultoribus*." The turnpikes at every village were the machinery that still kept the roads passable in the last century, and there was a footway of two or three feet in width, with a whitewashed paling that could be seen at night by the coachmen. Great numbers of waggons loaded with corn and hay were met going to the ports, and it may be noted in passing that the price of the quartern loaf was 7*d.* that year (1765: it was 12½*d.* thirty years later), so that the previous harvest must have been plentiful. The waggoners, dressed in good broadcloth, with stout overcoats to their backs, and their legs cased in comely boots, rode ponies; and so, with long whalebone whips, drove their splendid teams of well-groomed horses, harnessed to the ponderous wains by chain traces.

Our traveller was loud in his praises of the roadside inns, whether in village or in town. They were a little dear, to be sure; but the "lord Anglois," who took a pride in paying according to his rank, was as well served as he would have been at home, and with a cleanliness then much to be desired in the majority of the best private houses in France. The whole way from Paris to Boulogne there was but one *auberge* that could compare with the English inns—that at Montreuil; where, by the way, English travellers always made a point of stopping. The landlords of the English inns our somewhat distinguished foreigner supposed to be the depositories of all the election secrets and party tricks; but he never suspected the connexion of many of them with the "gentlemen of the road"; and one of them who piled his charges on a little too high had just then met with his deserts. His robber's-cave was at Canterbury; and when the Duc de Nivernois alighted there on his peace-making mission to London two years before—the Peace of Paris, which put an end to the Seven Years' War, gave us Canada, and enabled our traveller to make his journey—his host reckoned with him as with an enemy to be despoiled, and charged the Ambassador between forty and fifty guineas for his supper. Whereupon the gentlemen of Kent took the matter in hand, and removed the sessions and their own custom from the inn. The general run of travellers made it a point of honour to chime in; so Boniface was boycotted and sold up in six months. Rochester, with its one league-long street, occupied for the most part by sailors, ship-carpenters, and dockyard-men, was passed; and thence to London the banks of the Thames were marked out in the middle-distance by immense trees irregularly planted, whilst the masts and sails of the "flouques"—barges, no less—the coasters, and the ocean-going merchant-ships, showing amid the foliage, formed a picture charming nowadays only to the imagination of those who drop down with the tide between naked mud-banks.

Soon he found himself in the Old Kent Road, where poor Paul Bedford, in *The Green Bushes*, was always wishing himself safe back, and then turned off towards Westminster, through "Soutwarck," which he tells us—his English was limited to "Very good" and "Very wel"—was pronounced *Soudric*. This was a badly-built quarter, only two streets wide; inhabited almost entirely by dyers and tanners. Nearer Westminster Bridge all was country, with scattered taverns and pretty villas, which were increasing in number every day. Then he crossed the bridge itself, "a monument to which all Europe offered nothing comparable." It was towards evening; although the April sun was still on the horizon—it set at seven minutes to seven—the lamps on the bridge and in the roads near were all lit, and the wide and well-traced streets with their fine houses showed well in this best quarter of London. The river alive with boats of all sizes, the thoroughfares covered with carriages, and the wide footways filled with moving crowds, offered to the stranger's gaze a spectacle which he said Paris could show him, but in the best streets of the Quartier Saint-Germain, or the Place Vendôme, and there only, if those quarters were as well frequented by the people as by carriage-folk. It is worth remembering that Johnson, who went to Paris with the Thrales ten years later, speaking of the "Place de Vendôme, a fine square, about as big as Hanover Square," says "nobody but mean people walk in Paris"; and he further notes that "near Paris, whether on weekdays or Sundays, the roads are empty."

Chance led our traveller to lodgings in the house of a M. Mertyne, cook to the King, who came originally from Chaumont, in Champagne, his real name being Martin. He had left the French army for the kitchen of the Duke of Cumberland, whence he passed into the King's palace, and he now rented a house in a quarter near Westminster, where he let his scantily furnished first floor for a guinea and a half weekly, the second going for half

that sum. Is it necessary to add what the name of this "quarter" was?—it was "La place de Leicester Fields"—where, having safely housed our visitor, we take leave of him, at all events for the present.

CONCERTS.

THE last concert given at the Crystal Palace had a somewhat miscellaneous, but pleasing, programme. It opened with the Symphony (No. 2 in D, Beethoven), one of the most charming examples of the composer's early style, of which a most admirable performance was given. This was followed by the "Prayer" from *Rienzi* (Wagner), sung by Mr. W. J. Winch, whose first appearance at the Crystal Palace concerts we noticed some few weeks back. In this "Prayer" Mr. Winch not only showed all the merits which we have previously pointed out, but also a strong, yet delicate, dramatic feeling. He was also heard in two German ballads, the charming "Madchenlied" of Raff, and a very pretty song, "Murmelndes Lüftchen" of Jensen, both of which he sang with excellent taste and admirable vocalization. Miss Hilda Coward was the other vocalist, who sang "Bel Raggio" (*Semiramide*) with considerable fluency; and also sang the song from the incidental music to *The Merry Wives of Windsor* of Sullivan, with which the concert concluded. In this she showed herself to have the very rare power of singing words as distinctly as they can be spoken. With less nervousness, and a little more careful training, Miss Coward will no doubt prove an excellent singer. The orchestra were again heard in the Quartet Variations for Strings on the song "Death and the Maiden," by Schubert. There is always a certain doubt as to how far it is justifiable to expand a quartet for a large band, and the experiment should certainly never be tried except with an orchestra in perfect order. But this particular work is too short, and perhaps too slight, to attract quartet-players in general, and Mr. Manns may well be thanked for giving his audience an opportunity of hearing so beautiful a piece of true musical poetry. Perhaps in order to give it full effect a thought more care might have been bestowed on its rehearsal; for, in spite of the high point of perfection to which the band has now been brought, which enabled them to give an almost perfect performance of Beethoven's Symphony, in this particular work there was here and there a slight want of unanimity which tended slightly to destroy the effect of perfect unison which ought to exist in each of the parts of an expanded quartet. Miss Amina Goodwin made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace as a pianiste, and we believe that this is one of the earliest of her appearances in public. The first piece in which she was heard was the Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra (No. 2 in D), Mendelssohn. In this she at once made her mark. She seems to possess a perfect command over the instrument, admirable execution, and great fluency; and, in spite of the defects of the instrument upon which she played, it was easy to see that she had considerable power of producing a singing tone. The most remarkable point in her performance was a certain grip and power; indeed her playing bears the same relation to that of the general rank and file of pianoforte-players that the playing of an experienced *chef d'attaque* does to that of the rank and file of violin-players. Perhaps this very power may lay her open to the charge of occasional "thumping," but experience and the musical instinct with which she is obviously endowed will soon tone down this slight blemish on her playing. She chose for her solos the "Consolation" of Liszt, which thoroughly brought out her powers of manipulation, and the quaint "Danse des Cosaques" of Rubinstein, which enabled her to show her perfect feeling for rhythm. As we have before said, the concert concluded with the Prelude, Song, and Dances from the incidental music to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. All that could be done for this music by band and conductor was done. Sir Arthur Sullivan's work has been too often heard for it to be necessary to enter into any detailed criticism of it on this occasion; but the grace of the Prelude and Song, and the commonplace character of the Dances, were again fully impressed upon the hearers.

On Good Friday one of the monster concerts was given in the Handel Orchestra. With the band of the Scots Guards, the Crystal Palace orchestra and chorus, and the following strong team of vocalists, Mme. Marie Roze, Miss Clara Leighton, Mme. Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Barton McGuckin, and Mr. W. H. Burgon. The programme was entirely sacred music. Mr. Sims Reeves, for whom an apology was made, appeared, and, in spite of obvious indisposition, sang two numbers of the programme. There is but little to notice in the general performance at this concert except that all the vocalists, in spite of the enormous space they had to fill, succeeded in pleasing their audience. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the concert was the proof that Mme. Marie Roze gave of the enormous advance in her art which she has made of late years. This was chiefly shown in the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. Mme. Marie Roze succeeded in making her voice heard throughout the enormous area without any apparent effort and with full command over her powers, so that she was able to produce the most delicate effects even on this large scale. The only other point of real musical interest was the opportunity of observing how perfectly Mr. Manns can, by a complete change of his style of conducting, control a large mass of instrumentalists and voices as well as he can control his ordinary and familiar orchestra.

THE BEGGAR STUDENT.

THE Alhambra opened on Saturday with a version of Millöcker's comic opera *Der Bettel Student*, entitled *The Beggar Student*, written by Mr. W. Beatty-Kingston, with ballet music by M. Jacobi, the conductor. Until recently, when Mr. Carl Rosa contemplated adding this opera to his repertory, Herr Carl Millöcker was quite unknown here, although *The Beggar Student* has been repeatedly heard in America, and several other works of the composer have been successfully produced at Vienna. As now presented, the opera has undergone considerable transformation and amplification; but, with every allowance for all changes, and for the transposition of the principal vocal part—written for a tenor, and now undertaken by Miss Fannie Leslie—it cannot be said that the music surpasses the average of operetta compositions. It can only be accepted as a comic opera with the emphatic qualification which a distinguished critic applied to Klopstock when that poet was described as the German Milton—it is a very German comic opera. Beyond a certain tunefulness, it possesses none of the characteristics of this essentially French art; the comic element is of the slightest, and Herr Millöcker is very far from displaying the gaiety and charm of Lecocq or the unfailing freshness and vivacity of Planquette. His finales are not worked out with the elaborate art nor the skilled instrumentation which might be expected of a German composer, while his melodies, with one exception in the second act, are deficient in character and spontaneity. These defects, which might prove fatal to the opera if produced on any other stage, are minimized at the Alhambra by the pomp and circumstance of two admirable ballets and the pageantry and splendour of an imposing spectacle.

The plot of *The Beggar Student* is almost identical with that of *The Lady of Lyons*, with the advantage of a less despicable hero than Claude Melnotte in the person of the Student, Simon Romanovich. General Ollendorf, commander of the Saxon forces occupying Cracow, being affronted by Laura, the beautiful daughter of the Countess Palmatica, meditates revenge; knowing the pride of the latter will not permit her daughter's marriage with any one but a Polish nobleman, he resolves to humble her by entrapping her into forming a *mésalliance*. He accordingly liberates from prison a wild young Student, Romanovich, and one Conrad Malitzki, otherwise Count Opalinski, and supplies them with money to prosecute his fraudulent scheme. The Student, as Count Kibytski, and Conrad, as his secretary, easily ensnare the ladies; the marriage is about to be celebrated when the Student's supplies fail; and, overcome by love and impecuniosity, he confesses his shame in a letter to Laura, the contents of which Ollendorf dexterously prevents being divulged until after the wedding. The scene when the Student meets his bride, believing she knows his antecedents, and stupefied by her magnanimity, is the most striking in the opera; the final situation, when the *exposé* occurs, and the unhappy pair are surrounded by the mob of prisoners, and hear the gibes and taunts of Ollendorf and his friends, is realized with dramatic force, and forms a brilliant and highly effective ensemble. As a mere tableau, nothing could be better conceived than this powerful situation; the acting of all concerned is admirable, the grouping excellent in composition, and the realization is not less notable for the skill with which complex details are harmonized than the picturesque art with which they are individually presented. It is precisely in this animated finale that the composer fails to give full significance to the dramatic situation; a commonplace trio and noisy chorus of prisoners emphasize the confusion, but express nothing of the piquancy and humour of the scene. A short fourth act reveals the triumph of the Poles and the downfall of Ollendorf and the Saxons; the Student is ennobled for his services in the Polish cause, and the curtain falls on a magnificent military ballet.

Miss Fannie Leslie, as the hero, sang and acted with grace and vivacity, exhibiting sound judgment in moderating, on her assumption of the part of the Polish Count, the animal spirits which so well became the graceless Simon Romanovich. Miss Marion Hood's impersonation of Laura was characterized by finish and refinement, and she sang the most original number in the opera—the pretty and attractive air, "Joy and grief are close allies"—with much sweetness and dainty expression. Miss Irene Verona, as Stephania, sang with excellent effect in a love duet with Conrad, and Miss Madge Stavart sustained the part of the Countess with dignity. Mr. F. Mervin's rendering of the boastful General Ollendorf was a thoroughly consistent and humorous study; and Mr. Aynsley Cook, as the Jailor, and Mr. H. Hallam, as Conrad, were efficient in unexacting parts. Interest in the music of *The Beggar Student* is almost nullified by the splendour of the spectacular display and the graceful dancing of Mlles. Pertoldi and Palladino. The ballet of sleigh-drivers, with their bugles and bells, combined with pierrots, jugglers, and the motley throng of the Cracow market-place during a fair, is a scene of wonderful animation and ingenious arrangement. Excellence in this direction may—at the Alhambra—be allowed to atone for any artistic deficiencies in Herr Millöcker's music.

THE YACHTING SEASON.

THREE new cutters, belonging to what is commonly called the first class, are to come out during the season, which will begin a month hence, and we doubt not that they will have wonderful speed and weatherliness in light breezes. But, despite this considerable addition to the racing fleet, it can hardly be denied that the melancholy critics who maintain that the sport of yacht-racing is declining are right, and that very likely this year's matches will do nothing to arrest its decadence. It is dangerous to prophesy about untried vessels, but little is risked by saying that, not impossibly, the new ships may, after a time, banish from racing waters all competitors in their own class or all competitors but one, and that there may be, during the latter part of the season, a series of matches between a few yachts similar to those which in former seasons have been so much complained of as monotonous and uninteresting. The number of contending vessels can of course be increased and some variety given to matches by following the plan so widely adopted last year, and allowing the forties to contend with larger craft; but this proceeding gives the owners of the latter occasion for complaint, and moreover the second class, *i.e.* the so-called second class, is by no means so strong as it was last year. It is indeed a curious proof of the uncertainty which attends yacht-racing that, whereas in 1883 the racing of the *Tara*, *Annasona*, *Silver Star*, *May*, and *Sleuthhound*, was the great feature of the season, it has in 1884 been doubtful for a time whether there would be two forties to race, and that at present it seems not improbable that, at a good many regattas, sailing committees will have to do without the class which, more than any other, has been encouraged with a lavish hand. Only to a small extent, then, will it, in all likelihood, be possible to reinforce the first-class yachts by their very unwelcome sisters.

It seems strange that there should be such a marked change with regard to forty-ton cutters, inasmuch as last year it seemed likely that they would in the end altogether overpower the larger ones, and, considering the great number of prizes which were, with effusive liberality, thrown open to them, it would have been natural to expect that six or seven would contend this season, and their comparative disappearance, showing, as has just been said, the fitful condition of this great sport, is a painful symptom of decline. For that decline, which we fear can no longer be in any way disputed, various reasons have been assigned, the principal one being the enormous expense of building and of sailing a modern racing yacht. The necessity for huge expenditure goes far, no doubt, to debar many men from racing, and is one of the causes, therefore, of the constantly increasing weakness of the racing fleet; but it is not the only cause. As we have before said, when speaking on this subject, the diminution in the number of racing yachts is to a certain extent traceable to the preference now shown for steam yachts. Whether that preference and the change that it has caused are due, as is sometimes alleged, to want of energy and want of sailor-like feeling, we do not wish to consider. It is sufficient that the change has taken place, and there can be small doubt that it has both directly and indirectly affected yacht-racing. It may fairly be assumed that a good many men who, in former days, would have built and raced large sailing yachts now build steamers, and it seems clear that, owing to the increased use of steam, the market for sailing cruisers has been much diminished, and that it is not now nearly so easy as it formerly was to dispose of a yacht when her racing career has come to an end. The use of steam has then checked building, and must continue to check it, for though it so happens that three enterprising owners have had racers constructed this winter, it is not the least likely that many men will be able to disregard the risk of having on hand, at the end of a few seasons, an unsaleable vessel which has cost a large sum of money. The fact is a painful one to admirers of the famous sport, but it would be useless to lament over it, as nothing is the least likely to modify it or to retard the change which is due to steam. Whether, however, other causes which have tended to alter yacht-racing by diminishing the number of competitors might not be removed by judicious legislation is a very different question. That, owing to the cost of modern racers, the sport should be confined to a few, is very much to be regretted; but, unfortunately, it can hardly be hoped that any new code will altogether do away with the evil. Those who complain of matters as they now are sometimes seem to think that the Yacht-Racing Association or the Clubs can devise rules which will put the man who can spend a good deal and the man who can only spend a moderate sum on a par. All that can be said is that, if the Association or the Clubs can achieve this result, they will do more than any legislative body that has yet existed. If, however, no new rules are likely to be entirely successful and to work a complete and radical change, there is reason to hope that some good might be effected by judicious alterations, and that, by giving some chance to vessels which now have none whatever, and by preventing yachts of a certain type from having an absolute monopoly of success, more competitors might be attracted to racing waters, and matches might be made more varied and interesting. What now gives success, and has given it for some time past, is, to put the matter briefly, lead. Formerly when men were speaking of a fast craft they talked of her lines, of her bow, her run, and so forth; now what is usually heard of a yacht is that she has on her keel thirty or forty tons of lead, as the case may be. Each year the great mass of metal down below becomes more and more the essential feature of a racing vessel, and each year naval architects grow more skilful in plastering it on. Some time ago it was found possible to put twenty tons of lead on to a twenty-ton yacht; later on to achieve a very similar result with a forty-ton yacht; and now it appears that a cutter of eighty tons or thereabouts, with a lead keel weighing more than seventy tons, is to be set afloat. In speaking of this vessel we do not desire to censure in the smallest degree her owner, or her very able designer, who have followed the only possible course open to them if they desired success under the present system; but is not the construction of a vessel of this type rather a *reductio ad absurdum* of the present system? What is the object of this and the other huge lead keels now placed on vessels? To give stability and sail-carrying power; and of course they make enormous sail area possible. Now sails are, of course, to a sailing vessel what engine and screw are to a steamer—her propelling power. What, we may ask, would be thought of a proposal to rate a torpedo-boat, in a steamer's race, according to her tonnage merely, without any reference to her engines? The suggestion would be scouted as a bad joke. Yet this is practically what is done with yachts. The immense sails which drive the vessel so fast through the water are not taxed for time allowance, neither are the lead keels which enable long narrow craft to carry such a great spread of canvas. Save in the very rare matches under the alternative rule of the Y.R.A., only the length and beam of the vessel are taken in account, while the propelling power is ignored. It is true that for a long time the system which ignored it, indefensible as it was in theory, did not in practice produce any bad results. With ballast inside, or with a moderate lead keel, the racing yacht could not fairly be called a racing machine; but, judging from the rate of progress lately, yachts will very likely be afloat before long which cannot be properly described by any other expression. Since it has, within a comparatively short time, been found possible to place on a vessel's keel an amount of lead equal to her nominal tonnage, it may be found possible to do even more; and if a so-called forty-ton cutter, with fifty tons of outside lead, is launched, will not the absurdity of rating her for time allowance at only forty tons against good sea-going ships be so patent as to make yacht-racing seem nothing but an expensive and elaborate farce?

One obvious means of remedying the evil, which, trifling formerly, now threatens to be so serious, has been often proposed. It has been frequently suggested that outside lead should be taxed, but no attempt has ever been made to carry out the proposal, for the very good reason that to tax lead would be extremely difficult, would entail considerable expense, and would give rise to endless disputes. Taxing the sails—*i.e.* ascertaining the sail area and rating a yacht by it—is on the other hand perfectly easy, while it is difficult to see how any vessel can be unjustly affected by it. Of the desirability of adopting this system of rating we have spoken before, but now that lead keels of greater size than ever are being fitted to yachts, it is certainly not superfluous to speak of it again. It has the enormous advantage of leaving the naval architect free to model his hull as he pleases, and its adoption may therefore set able men to the congenial work of discovering what form will go through the water best, in place of having to concentrate their intelligence on bolts and ties. It would probably tend to diminish expense, and, without destroying the chance of the regular racers, it may give some chance to moderately canvassed and moderately ballasted vessels, and may in consequence have the effect of bringing more yachts to contend at races. Very great, then, seem to be the advantages of sail-area measurement, and very difficult is it to see what legitimate objection can be taken to it. Towards adopting it one step has indeed already been made, but it was not made in the right way. The alternative rule given by the Y.R.A. last year is faulty, as it mixes up length with sail area, and thereby continues one of the worst evils of the present system, that of taxing one dimension; and only with considerable qualifications can length be treated as giving speed in sailing yachts. In simple sail-area measurement, not hampered in this way, a solution of some of the difficulties which now beset yacht-racing will very possibly be found, and it seems abundantly clear that some new method radically different from the present one must be adopted unless the small fleet is to become still smaller, and unless yachtsmen are willing to wait for the time when it will be noticed, as a remarkable fact, that a yacht has raced through a whole season without being strained to pieces by her lead keel.

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT.

THE performance of Mr. Lawrence Barrett has a special interest of its own, apart from any interest that may attach to the play in which he is acting; for the American tragedian presents a remarkable example of the limits which keen intelligence, the most careful study, and some dramatic aptitude can reach without a touch of that magnetic power by which the great actor is distinguished. Mr. Barrett's features are expressive, his voice is full and agreeable, he is beyond all question a most earnest student of his art; what he lacks—and the want of it is very severely felt—is that little spark which illumines and gives life to an interpretation of character. We have seen the American tragedian—the title is not of our choosing—twice during his present visit, and to see him a second time is to note with greater

assurance how elaborately the whole performance is built up, and how devoid it is of sincerity. The detail is very clever in itself, often very striking; but it is always Mr. Barrett whom we see, never Yorick; and, when attention should be most deeply absorbed in Yorick, Mr. Barrett is always most prominent. The actor seems to be so deficient in passion that we fear to prophesy his success in other and more natural parts; for it must be confessed that *Yorick's Love*, which Mr. W. D. Howells has very freely adapted from the Spanish of Estabanez, is an extremely artificial play. There are many works in the Spanish drama far more suitable for treatment on the English stage than this one—a version of which has been going the round of the London managers for some years past, by the way, and was at one time to have been presented by Mr. Hermann Vezin, to whom Mr. Lawrence Barrett bears some resemblance, both in person and method. The date of the piece is 1613. The leading incident is the appearance on the stage of the Globe Theatre of a husband, wife, and lover who bear the same relations to each other in real life as in the tragedy they are supposed to be acting. As every one who has a knowledge of stage history is aware, the first women ever seen on the boards were members of a French company which came to London in the reign of Charles I. The players looked for the patronage of their countrywoman Queen Henrietta Maria, but audiences were deeply set against the innovation. Prynne denounced the outrage on decency, as he regarded it, and it is recorded that the actresses were "hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted from the stage." "Here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage," Pepys writes in 1661. Thus Mr. Howells sets chronology at defiance in the main feature of the story, though this might readily be excused if he had succeeded in turning it to real dramatic account. But in this he fails. When first the plot of the tragedy is discussed in Yorick's house by Master Heywood, the manager of the Globe, and when Yorick the comedian betrays his anxiety to play the part of the outraged husband, which belongs by stage custom to the tragedian, the shallowness of the artifice is made plain. The early betrayal of the whole plot, if it necessarily weakens the story in representation, enables an audience to concentrate attention more closely on the various studies of character revealed. In the present instance this is not fortunate, for the characters are tame and poor. Edmund, the adopted son of Yorick, and the lover of Alice, Yorick's wife, is a very ignoble youth; there is no intensity in his passion, nothing to palliate his treachery; and from the first he seems thoroughly ashamed of himself. The fault is in a great measure with the actor, Mr. Mark Quinton; and so far Mr. Howells is unlucky. Alice, again, is a feeble sketch; and here partly the author and partly the actress, Miss Marie Wainwright, must be blamed. She becomes almost hysterical at the first mention of the tragedy, in which she is to take the principal part, when she finds that it touches on the secret of her life. A woman, and still more an actress, should have more command of herself. Master Heywood, the manager of the Globe, is a very didactic personage. He is a survival of those well-meaning but tedious stage-moralists of whose utterances Joseph Surface's sentiments were in some degree a parody. Master Walton, the Iago of this play, is more to the purpose. There is a reason why the Iago should hate the Othello, as Yorick may be called, should seek to wound him in his tenderest point, and should sacrifice Cassio in his plan of vengeance. The analogy between the Shakspearian tragedy and the Spanish play is not close, for Walton is not jealous of Edmund, and the latter, who to some extent fills the place of Cassio, is not innocent, though what limit his guilt has reached is not shown. Estabanez has not adapted Shakspeare, therefore, or, if he has striven to do so, he has eliminated all the subtlety of the poet's scheme. Yorick's jealousy—too well founded—remains, and it is in the second act, where the Yorick shows

> what damned moments tells he o'er
> Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves,

that the actor is at his best. During his interview with Walton in the garden, which forms an extremely picturesque setting of the second act, Yorick's effort to be calm is well sustained. If there were more truth in the bursts of passion, when wrath can no longer be suppressed, by so much more would the scene be forcible in its quietude and fury alike; but his rage is never impressive. Reality in Yorick would, no doubt, have tended to conceal the unreality of the play. Mr. Barrett does not, however, take advantage of his opportunities. The penultimate scene is in the Green Room of the theatre. Alice has received a letter from Edmund and reads it, not knowing that Walton is watching her. He endeavours to obtain it from her, and while they are in dispute Yorick enters. Alice leaves, being called to the stage. The two men are left alone, Walton having snatched the letter from the girl's hand. Yorick demands the surrender of this paper, from which he can learn the truth. Here, it will be seen, is a plain and direct situation which an actor who had any tragic force could not fail to make effective; but Mr. Barrett has not this quality. Such a scene may be taken as a test of an actor's powers, and here the American player distinctly fails. Many actors who could not approach what Mr. Barrett does in the subsequent of the second act, would be striking here. Nothing but vigour is wanted, and that is just what this Yorick does not possess. "Be not too tame, neither," was Hamlet's caution to the players, and Mr. Barrett is far too tame. The last scene is the stage of the Globe Theatre. The delivery to Yorick of Edmund's letter by Walton, who should have handed his brother actor a blank paper, marks the point at which Yorick, in his assumed character of the Count Octavio, ceases to act Master Woodford's tragedy, and turns to denounce his betrayers, Edmund and Alice, no longer as Manfredo and Beatrice, but in their own persons. The break, where Yorick throws aside the assumption of Octavio, and, forgetting audience in the assurance of his wrongs, cries out upon the traitors, should of course be strongly marked. Unfortunately, Mr. Barrett again fails. He is cold and mechanical; there is no sign of the wrathful indignation which should consume him. Yorick has read the letter to his wife; has been shown the "living reason she's disloyal." Here should be the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion; but here it is not. The duel with Edmund is not a very striking specimen of stagecraft; nor is the manner in which Yorick stabs himself with Master Heywood's sword altogether well done. Disappointment is the feeling Mr. Lawrence Barrett chiefly awakens.

A word of acknowledgment must be given to the amusing representation of Master Woodford, the author of the tragedy, by Mr. Philip Ben Greet. He is a very amusing coxcomb. That so pert and self-satisfied a personage should have written a tragedy may be considered strange; but Goldsmith was not a wise conversationalist. Mr. Irish also exhibits humour in the performance of Yorick's old servant, Gregory.

OVERBUILDING IN SHIPS.

THE announcement that the Steamship Companies trading to New York have reduced to 4*l.* per head the fare for steerage passengers from this country to New York, and in proportion the fare from Germany to New York, affords fresh evidence of the depression in the shipping trade. That depression is by no means new. The Cunard Company, the oldest and greatest of those engaged in the American trade, is unable to pay any dividend for the past year. The Union and the Castle lines also are unable to pay dividends. At the meeting of the National Steamship Company's shareholders, about a month ago, it was stated that, from the middle of March to the end of December, the Company had had scarcely one remunerative voyage. And the accidents that have happened to one of its vessels have also disabled the Orient Company; while the Royal Exchange Shipping Company shows a loss on the working of about 20,000*l.* As a result, we find that the 10*l.* fully-paid shares of the Cunard Company are at present quoted at from 3*l.* to 4*l.*; the National Steamship's 10*l.* shares are selling at about 4*l.*; the Royal Exchange Company's 9*l.* shares are selling at about 3*l.*, and the Union 10*l.* shares are selling at about 5¾*l.* In the case of Companies which are not quoted in any Stock Exchange list there is understood to be in many cases even a greater depreciation in the value of their properties; while Companies which do not announce to the public the result of their working and private owners are believed also to have suffered very heavy losses. Partly this general depression is the result of the dulness in trade throughout the world; but chiefly it is caused by the too rapid building of new ships. For a quarter of a century the shipping trade has been passing through a series of revolutions. The application of steam to navigation led to the substitution of steam ships for sailing vessels. Then iron supplanted wood in naval construction; more recently steel is taking the place of iron. Again, the opening of the Suez Canal led to the construction of an entirely new type of vessels; and quite lately there has been an eagerness to build much larger and much quicker ships than owners were formerly content with. The shipowners of this country were the first to replace sailers by steam vessels, and they profited immensely thereby. They have acquired the greater part of the carrying trade of the world, and they have placed on a firm basis the naval supremacy of the country. As in this country we have greater wealth than anywhere else in the world, better appliances for turning out new vessels, greater skill and a more abundant supply of trained workmen, our shipowners have been able to add to the advantages they gained by their early adoption of steam, and each new improvement they have quickly adopted. Thus each year they have secured to the country a larger and still larger part of the carrying trade of the world. But, as in all movements of the kind, their eagerness to keep abreast with new inventions led them too far. During the past three years, the shipbuilding yards of this country alone have turned out about three million tons of new shipping, and at the same time there has been a very large construction of vessels abroad. The mere statement of the tonnage built, however, by no means fully represents the increase in the carrying power of the world. It is usually estimated that a steamer is three times as efficient as a sailing vessel; that is to say, it does three times as much work in a given time; but the various improvements that have been recently introduced in steam-vessels have made the newer types far more efficient than the older. The real increase of the carrying capacity of the merchant navies of the world is, therefore, much larger than is meant to be by the mere statement of the tonnage built. The trade of the world, no doubt, has also largely increased; but it has not increased as rapidly as the shipping; and thus shipowners find themselves in present with more vessels than they can profitably employ.

The wheat speculation in Chicago, of which we spoke last week, and the falling off in emigration from Europe, have also affected

affected the Atlantic carrying trade, while the extreme depression through which South Africa is now passing has aggravated the losses of the shipping engaged in the trade to that country. But these are minor causes which will pass away by and by; the more permanent and deeper cause is, as stated above, the too rapid building of ships of late years. It is to be borne in mind, too, that each improvement introduced has rendered obsolete the older vessels. Companies and firms that had a practical monopoly of a particular trade in many cases were unwilling to undergo the cost of adopting new improvements; they endeavoured to maintain their position in the trade with their old vessels. This invited competition from newer people; and the older Companies and firms after a while found themselves with ships which they could not sell, and which were incapable of efficiently competing with their more quick-sighted rivals. In some cases they possessed great resources, and they have been able to obtain new vessels, though at a greater cost, and with the loss of their former monopoly. In other cases, however, the losses they underwent were so serious that they find themselves now in grave embarrassments. The obsolete vessels, however, are kept afloat. It is cheaper to do so, provided they earn their working expenses, than to lay them up and to lose their total value. They are unable to obtain employment except by constantly reducing rates, and by thus underbidding the more efficient vessels they are bringing down freights in all the trades of the world and causing losses to their more enterprising and more solvent competitors. No doubt there are excuses for rapid construction. New improvements are being constantly made, and if our shipowners are to hold their own, they must be foremost in adopting these improvements; but in very many cases mere speculators have induced ignorant people to embark in shipping ventures, the risks of which they did not understand. In almost every town throughout the country small tradespeople, clergymen, professional men, widows, and maiden ladies have been induced to invest in Shipping Companies of all kinds, and as they do not understand the management of shipping business, they are obliged to give absolute discretion over their property to persons who in many cases are quite unworthy of the trust reposed in them. In other cases people who ought to know better have been likewise entrapped. Merchants have been induced to think that it was desirable to form Shipping Companies owned exclusively by mercantile men, and which would be managed, therefore, in the interest of trade alone. The shipbuilders have been increasing their yards and adding to their workpeople as the rage for new ships grew, and whenever they found any stoppage in the orders coming in they were anxious to obtain employment on almost any terms. They therefore readily aided the speculators, and in some cases banks were equally willing to finance undertakings where solvent persons were unwilling to withdraw capital from their own businesses, but yet desired to buy new ships. In these ways the growth of our merchant shipping has gone on too rapidly of late years, and at the same time there has been a proportionately rapid growth abroad. In Norway and Sweden particularly the growth of the mercantile marine has been extremely rapid. The German merchant navy has likewise grown steadily, and the new French law for encouraging the building of ships in France has increased the French mercantile marine.

It is a necessary consequence that over-production should result in over-competition. The owners, finding themselves with ships which they could not employ profitably, in too many cases have bid for cargoes by offering to carry them at rates entirely unremunerative. This "cutting" of rates has gone on to an extreme degree in some trades, and has inflicted very serious losses upon shipowners. In many cases those who ordered the ships find now when no income is coming in that they are unable to pay the calls made upon them; their credit is diminished by the depreciation of their property, and they have not savings upon which to fall back. Shipbuilders often, therefore, are unable to obtain payment for the ships they have built, and as they require ready money, they have added to the depreciation by selling new ships for almost anything they can get. Shipowners and shipbuilders alike have thus very seriously suffered, and the probability is that the depression will continue for some time yet. After a while, of course, the natural growth of trade will overtake the supply of shipping, and employment will become abundant. In the meantime, however, it is evident that many of those who have gone into the business will be ruined, while it is clear that the least efficient ships must be broken up. The ships that are obsolete in type and too costly to work are a mere drag upon their owners, and yet by their competition they force down freights, and, therefore, prevent owners of better vessels from making a reasonable profit. Those ships must be got rid of in some way; and when they are they will so diminish the carrying capacity of the world that it will not be too much for the cargoes to be carried. If there should be a rapid recovery in general trade, the revival in the shipping business would be the quicker. In the American trade, for example, if there were to be a large increase of emigration from Europe and a large export of grain and other produce from America, the demand for shipping would increase, and the profitableness of the business would grow with it. So likewise a recovery in South Africa would soon improve the prospects of the vessels trading thereto. But, if the shipping trade is to be placed upon a permanently sound basis, it is evident that there must be a pause in the building of new vessels. At present there is a compulsory stoppage; but, if trade were to revive, the speculation in ships would probably revive with it, and after a little while we should have a return of the present depression. This, however, is not likely if the existing depression is left to work out its own cure. If the reckless speculators are ruined, and if the old and obsolete ships have to be broken up, a lesson will be taught which will be likely to be remembered for some time to come. Of course, if new improvements are made, they must be adopted; for our shipowners must maintain their superiority if the position of this country on the ocean is to be upheld. But the building of ships as a speculative venture ought to be discouraged, and by none can it be so well discouraged as by the banks of the country. They give facilities—particularly in Scotland—for these kind of ventures, which are contrary to proper banking principles, and which, if continued very far, are not unlikely to lead to losses on the part of the banks themselves.

REVIEWS.

ANNALS OF THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY.*

IT is a pity that Mr. Brady's book should have been printed at Rome, for, like all English works published abroad—for instance, those of the late Mr. Charles Hemans—it is printed on wretched paper and disfigured by all sorts of clumsy misspellings and errata of various kinds. This is the more unfortunate as it is really a useful volume for purposes of reference. We say for purposes of reference, for it is too full of detailed statistics and reprints of official documents, epitaphs, and the like to be very pleasant reading. Its true value will be found in the record of the ecclesiastical arrangements of the Roman Catholic community in England from the Reformation to the present day. In the words of the preface:—

> This volume contains an account of the Archpriests, Prefects of Missions, Vicars Apostolic, and Bishops, who governed the Catholic Church in Great Britain from the time of the extinction of the ancient hierarchy in Queen Elizabeth's reign, down to the present day. The materials, with the exception of some documents from the Private Archives of the Vatican and from the *Archivio di Stato* in Rome, have been derived from the Archives of the Propaganda and of the English College in Rome, and from other authentic sources.

To preface such a work with a controversial chapter on the invalidity of Anglican Orders was obviously a mistake, even if the author had, as he has not, anything really new to adduce on a sufficiently well-worn theme. It was already notorious that "the Roman archives have uniformly ignored the State episcopate in the three kingdoms," and that the Holy See has always in practice treated Anglican Orders as invalid, while on the other hand "no formal or authoritative decision has ever been pronounced, much less has any definite declaration been ever made of the particular reasons upon which the rejection of Anglican Orders has been based," partly no doubt because of the very various and sometimes incompatible "reasons" urged by Roman controversialists—since it became impossible any longer to affect belief in the absurd Nag's Head fable—some specimens of which are reproduced here. One curious fact, not indeed new to those familiar with the history of the period, is mentioned by Mr. Brady, namely, that some of the Irish prelates in Elizabeth's reign had a habit of sending their candidates for ordination to the Roman Catholic bishops, instead of ordaining them themselves. But it does not at all follow that their conduct can only be explained, as he assumes, by a disbelief in their own capacity to confer valid orders. Considering the sort of men often appointed to Irish sees in those days, indolence or non-residence affords quite as plausible an explanation, the more so that, on his own showing, the descent of the Irish hierarchy appears to be unimpeachable. He tells us that "Hugh Curwen, Archbishop of Dublin, *who undoubtedly himself possessed valid orders*, and Adam Loftus were the founders of the modern Irish Protestant Episcopate," and that Loftus was consecrated by Curwen. To argue that because Loftus was consecrated two years before the canonical age of 30, he had probably never been ordained priest, and therefore could not receive valid consecration, is the purest and most gratuitous guesswork. After taking so much pains to secure the valid consecration of Parker, Elizabeth was not likely to go out of her way to perpetrate so strange and dangerous an anomaly in another branch of the Established Church. But on this controversy we cannot linger here.

In successive chapters Mr. Brady records the government of the English Roman Catholics under Cardinal Allen, under Archpriests, and under Vicars Apostolic, till the restoration of the hierarchy by Pius IX. in 1850, two supplementary chapters being devoted to Scotland. It was Dr. Allen who founded the famous Seminary of Douay, and organized the introduction into England of the missionary priests, chiefly Jesuits, on whose labours and sufferings in the reign of Elizabeth so much fresh light has been thrown by recent disclosures. He was a man of vigour and ability, and had certainly earned, by these as well as by other and more questionable services, the Cardinalate eventually bestowed upon him by Gregory XIV.; he died in 1594. The Holy See then appointed—under Jesuit instigation, though Mr. Brady does not tell us so—an Archpriest, instead of a bishop, who enjoyed quasi-

* *Annals of the Catholic Hierarchy in England and Scotland, A.D. 1585–1884.* With Dissertation on Anglican Orders. By W. Maziere Brady, Rome.

episcopal authority without having the episcopal character, but the experiment did not prove a success. These officials were unable to compose the quarrels between seculars and regulars, which the Jesuits then as afterwards always steadily fomented, and there was a bitter contention about "the unlawful oath" which the first Archpriest, Blackwell, took himself and recommended those under his jurisdiction to take, but which Bellarmine wrote a treatise against and Paul V. condemned in a Brief. Blackwell handed over both treatise and brief to that "perfidious Protestant" the Archbishop of Canterbury, who not unnaturally gave them to the King. It is unfortunate by-the-bye that, in a work intended to be documentary and historical rather than polemical, Mr. Brady should habitually indulge in so much vituperative language. As to the "unlawful oath," which repudiated the rights of subjects to murder or rebel against sovereigns deposed by the Popes, Dr. Döllinger points out in his *Lectures on Reunion* the cruelty and injustice of forbidding English Catholics to obtain toleration by this easy method, the more so as "no express declaration of the Roman Court, explaining in what the soul-destroying character of the oath consisted, could be obtained by any entreaties, and many priests suffered death rather than take it." Campion, who personally was quite ready to profess allegiance to Elizabeth, was one of them. Mr. Brady might also have reminded his readers that there really were several plots for the dethronement of the Queen, and some to assassinate her, in which Jesuit fathers were mixed up. From 1623 to 1658 the place of the Archpriest was taken by a single Vicar Apostolic, being a bishop *in partibus*, and of those prelates there were two, of whom the first lived only two years; the second, Richard Smith, held office for thirty years, but left England at the end of the first five years, owing to the opposition of the Jesuits, and never returned. From 1655 to 1685 the English vicariate remained vacant, in spite of frequent petitions from the secular clergy to the Holy See to appoint a bishop or bishops to govern them. In 1685 John Leyburne was named Vicar Apostolic of all England, and three years later, at the urgent request of James II., three additional Vicars Apostolic were appointed, the country being divided into four ecclesiastical "districts," the London, Midland, Northern, and Western. Had not Innocent XI. been a wiser man than the King, James would probably have attempted to thrust Roman Catholic prelates into some or all of the English sees; he was very anxious to make Father Petre, Provincial of the Jesuits, Archbishop of York, but the Pope firmly refused, and "every letter that went from the Vatican to Whitehall recommended patience, moderation, and respect for the prejudices of the English people." The administration of the four Vicars Apostolic lasted from 1688 to 1840, and Mr. Brady gives a brief chronicle of the successive bishops in each district. Among them barely half a dozen names can be said to have attained any permanent celebrity. There were nine bishops in all of the London district, two of whom, both converts, may claim a word of notice here. Bishop Challoner, the fourth in order, who ruled from 1758 to 1781, was the author of several controversial and devotional works still esteemed among his co-religionists. It is worth observing that when in his time the first Roman Catholic Relief Act was passed, it met with bitter and strenuous opposition from those zealous champions of civil and religious liberty, the Protestant Dissenters, which found an expression in the too famous Lord George Gordon Riots.

The protestant sectaries, however, were bitterly hostile to any measure which tended to emancipate Catholics. They formed a "Protestant Association," with the object of petitioning for a repeal of the Relief Act of 1778. This conduct of the dissenting sectaries was the more disgraceful, inasmuch as they had already obtained an Act of Toleration for themselves, and had always been loud proclaimers of the doctrines of civil and religious liberty. Filled with envy and jealousy at the smallest indulgence granted to Catholics, they held meetings in many parts of London, and spoke and wrote the most atrocious libels against the Catholic religion. Great numbers joined this "Protestant Association," which had for President Lord George Gordon, a nobleman of little discretion, urged on by ignorant fanaticism.

From 1827 to 1836 Dr. Bramston held the London vicariate, being recommended as well for his knowledge and piety as "by his singular acquaintance with public affairs in England, and his experience and skill in business and the excellent reputation he bore among all ranks of people." He had also, though we are not told so here, the reputation of a wit, and many *bons mots* of his are still current in Roman Catholic society, of which one specimen may be adduced. A lady of his flock was constantly pestering him for advice about the marriage of her daughter. "Madam," he at length observed, "I must beg you to remember that my name is Bramston, not brimstone, and I don't make matches."

A still more notable personage in his way was Bishop Milner, who governed the Midland district from 1803 to 1826, a list of whose published works fills three pages of this volume. He was an active and able man and a sharp controversialist, always in hot water both with his episcopal colleagues and the laity of his own communion, as well as with the English Government, "said to be learned and zealous, but of small prudence, impulsive, variable, and quick to give hard words." Two questions were keenly contested in his day among English and Irish Roman Catholics, the Oath and the Veto, and Milner took the lead of the irreconcilables on both points. The former was the most important:—

In 1783 a Catholic Committee, consisting of five laymen, with Charles Butler as Secretary, was formed, with the purpose of protecting Catholic interests in general, and in especial for procuring bishops in lieu of Vicars Apostolic. This first Committee expired, and was succeeded, in 1787, by another Committee of ten laymen, to whom were added, in 1788, three ecclesiastics, namely, bishop James Talbot, Vicar Apostolic of London, bishop Charles Berington, coadjutor to bishop Thomas Talbot, Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District, and the Rev. Joseph Wilks, O.S.B., *of Bath*. The Secretary was the Rev. Charles Butler. This Committee drew up a document called the "Protestation," which was signed at last, after much difficulty, by all the Vicars Apostolic. Bishop Walmesley withdrew his signature, while bishop Matthew Gibson permitted his name to be affixed, if absolutely necessary, by bishop James Talbot, *in sensu Catholico*. The Committee next framed an Oath of allegiance, in which they styled themselves by the absurd title of "Protesting Catholic Dissenters." This Oath was condemned by all the four Vicars Apostolic, namely, by bishops Walmesley, James and Thomas Talbot, and Matthew Gibson, at a meeting held at Hammersmith, October 19, 1789, in which meeting were also present the coadjutor bishops, Sharrock and Berington, the Rev. Robert Bannister and Rev. John Milner. The Vicars Apostolic then issued an Encyclical Letter, demanding abandonment of the condemned Oath, and requiring submission to their authority.

Charles Butler, the Secretary of the Committee, wrote an Appeal in defence of the Protestation and Oath; and bishop Charles Berington signed this Appeal, and thus gave his approval to the Protestation and Oath, in opposition to the Vicars Apostolic. This Appeal was bound in a blue cover, and was called the Blue Book.

The Vicars Apostolic, William Gibson, John Douglass, and Charles Walmesley met at Lulworth, Thomas Talbot being absent from illness, and published an Encyclical, dated January 19, 1791, in which they condemned the original Oath, and an altered form of it, and declared that some recent publications, alluding to those of the "Committee," were "schismatical, scandalous, and insulting to the Supreme Head of the Church, the Vicar of Jesus Christ."

The Committee now published the second Blue Book, containing some letters, an Appeal to the Holy See, and a Protest against the Encyclicals of the Vicars Apostolic. This Protest was signed by bishop Berington. The Committee pushed forward their proposed Bill for Catholic Relief, which contained the condemned form of Oath, and entrusted the carriage of the Bill to Mr afterwards Lord, Mitford. John Milner acted as agent for the Vicars Apostolic, Walmesley, Gibson and Douglass, in their opposition to the Bill, and visited Burke, Fox, Windham, Dundas, Pitt, Wilberforce, and other members of Parliament, to urge the objections taken by the Vicars Apostolic to the Oath advocated by the Catholic Committee.

In 1792 the "Catholic Committee" gave place to the Cisalpine Club, which pursued the same policy. The proposed Government Veto on episcopal appointments was another question which divided the Catholic body into two parties, and Bishop Milner acted as the agent and advocate of the Irish bishops, who obstinately resisted the desire of the Holy See to come to a compromise. It was his influence, we are told, which prevented the elevation of the learned and accomplished Dr. Lingard—far the greatest scholar among his English co-religionists since the Reformation—to the episcopate. Lingard had formerly been his pupil, but "had not fulfilled his hopes"; in learning indeed he had exceeded them, "but not in piety, and *his loose writing about Cranmer and the so-called Reformers* gave offence to Bishop Milner." What this really means is that his honest exposure of the silly Nag's Head story, which had been handed down as a sacred heirloom of polemical literature, was an unpardonable offence. Of less celebrity than Milner but not undistinguished in their day were two bishops of the Western Vicariate, Walmesley and Baines, the first of whom was a mathematician of note and was consulted by the English Government on the alteration of the Style. Bishop Baines was a popular preacher and writer, and was the first among his brethren to appreciate and welcome the Tractarian movement at Oxford. In 1840 the English Vicariates were divided into eight, and ten years later came the establishment of the diocesan hierarchy, which created so great a stir and led to the abortive measure since repealed. Mr. Brady records the main incidents, and gives a full translation of the Papal decree of September 29, 1850, constituting the new episcopate. It is intelligible enough that he should not attempt to dive into the secret history, but still it is a little amusing to read *e.g.* that "on the 2nd of July 1862 Archbishop Errington was *released from his connexion with the See of Westminster, and from the right of succession thereto*," the fact being that Cardinal Wiseman, who only seven years before had extorted his appointment as coadjutor with right of succession, had resolved to get rid of him, and that, on his very naturally declining to resign a position he had done nothing to forfeit, Pius IX. arbitrarily deprived him. It is less intelligible, in a work published in 1883 and professing to be carried "down to the present day," that Mr. Brady should close his chronicle of the various new dioceses and their bishops without recording the deaths of Bishop Amherst in 1880, Bishop Brown of Newport in 1881, Bishop Brown of Shrewsbury and Bishops Danell and Chadwick in 1882, all of whom are spoken of as if still alive, while no mention is made of their successors. Nor is any hint given that the extinct "diocese of Beverley" was divided five years ago into the new dioceses of Leeds and Middlesborough. A page or two would have sufficed to supply all these omissions, but we have vainly searched the fifty pages of "Additions and Corrections" at the end of the volume for any reference to them. In spite however of these and other defects which have been noticed, the volume is a serviceable one, and supplies a want, not perhaps in the most adequate manner, but sufficiently for its purpose. We trust however that, if it reaches a second edition, some improvement at least in paper and typography may be effected.

FIVE NOVELS.*

THE Way of the World appears to be a novel with a purpose, and that purpose the not very amiable one of holding up to contempt a type which has obviously, for some reason or other, inspired Mr. Christie Murray with feelings of dislike. So apparent, indeed, is the aim that the only interest which the book possesses lies in the chapters devoted to the career of the person representing this type; and his character alone, unpleasant though it is, has the mark of a study, however exaggerated, from life. The adventures of Mr. Amelia, unattractive in body and misshapen in mind, from the moment that he leaves his mother's shop to enter the office of a country newspaper till he ends by being the unscrupulous editor of a society journal, are given in detail. A doubt sometimes crosses the mind of the reader as to whether even journalism is quite so black as it is painted here, and whether Mr. Murray, like Mr. Amelia himself when he picked up anecdotes of high life by listening to the talk of a butlers' club, has not accepted a garbled version of the facts which he has presented to the world. Be this as it may, and granting that Mr. Murray's facts respecting newspapers and their writers are correct, there is no mistake at all as to his ignorance of the peerage. It would seem to be a very simple thing for a novelist to consult the pages of Debrett before plunging into wild statements about the titles borne by the daughters of earls; but even this slight trouble Mr. Murray has not chosen to take, as this passage shows:—

"It was generally supposed that the late proprietor of the estate would marry a daughter of Lord Windgall's."

"Lady Ella?" inquired Kimberley.

"Oh dear no, sir, her sister, the Honourable Alice Louisa Santerre, who is four years younger. Only fifteen, I believe."

This is no slip of the pen or printer's error, for the two young ladies keep their titles quite distinct throughout the book. The romance indispensable to a novel consists here in the attachment of Mr. Kimberley, a lawyer's clerk at thirty-five shillings a week, to Lady Ella. At the opening of the story he inherits over a million and a fine estate from his cousin, the "late proprietor," who a year before his death had been engaged to the Honourable Alice, aged fourteen. It was a great pity Mr. Kimberley did not inherit his cousin's clothes likewise, for he immediately rigs himself out in garments only suitable for a Christy Minstrel. He is, however, extremely good-hearted and generous, and finally relinquishes his promised bride, Lady Ella, to the man she loves, one Jack Clare, together with 90,000*l.* and the reversion of the rest of his property. This Jack Clare, also a member of the aristocracy, who is supposed to be a very good fellow, is about as unreal, and, may we add, as little like a gentleman, as any of the rest. During an election in which his rival Mr. Kimberley is the candidate, Jack throws himself with violence into the opposite camp and has a vulgar caricature made of the would-be member and Lady Ella's father, his chief supporter. It was not Jack's fault that a portrait of Lady Ella was added, but surely it is strange for a man to recommend himself to, or revenge himself on, a lady by holding her father up to ridicule. His vulgarity does not, however, stop here, for when Mr. Kimberley civilly offers to show him the way as he is going clandestinely to take farewell of Lady Ella, Jack first takes no notice of the little man, and then informs him that he is a "pestilential little cad" (vol. iii. p. 16). Another peculiarity of Mr. Jack Clare's, which, however, is shared by Lord Windgall, Mr. Kimberley, and the ladies, is an extraordinary propensity to tears. In vol. iii. p. 17, Jack sees "things all blurred in the sunshine through his tears;" in p. 44 Kimberley's face is "besmeared with tears"; in p. 133 Jack gazes on Ella's portrait with "tear-dimmed eyes"; in p. 136 Lord Windgall has "moisture in his eyes"; and in p. 140 he repeats the performance. Indeed the gentlemen are far more easily moved than the young ladies. There are many minor characters in *The Way of the World*, but all of them are burlesqued, and even the young man Maddox, the victim and foil of Mr. Amelia, is too thorough a snob to be very attractive. Mr. Murray's book is certainly clever, but it is no less certainly dull. No genuine interest can be taken in persons for the most part unreal, especially as their fortunes flow into the ordinary channels, nor in the "sad repeated tale" of the pauper earl, the self-sacrificing daughter, the untutored but true-hearted millionaire. No plot is more outworn than this, and stock characters have seldom been more clumsily drawn than in *The Way of the World*.

Loved contains almost every fault a book can have. It is written in very bad English; it is vulgar; it is impossible; it is exceedingly dull. The heroine, Laura Stacey, was the niece of an old City merchant, and was an heiress and a beauty. When she was seventeen her uncle sent her to Paris with her governess for a year's "finishing," and her proceedings there were most remarkable. "She was not a weak, foolish girl," so she "sought out" the best masters, and "engaged by the month a charming miniature brougham" to take her for long drives in the Bois de Boulogne. Although she "usually took her governess with her," she "often preferred to go alone," and would then dismount and wander about the "exquisite little tangled paths." The Bois de Boulogne is not generally reckoned a desirable place for young ladies to wander about in, and Miss Stacey did not escape the encounters inevitable to the situation; but "with a few polite words she cut the conversation short," and went home. The self-possession of this young lady was truly amazing; nothing put her out. She received notes from strangers appointing rendezvous, declarations of love, and even presents, without the smallest discomposure, and merely returned the latter "in registered envelopes" when she discovered the owner's address. She likewise "went the round of the theatres," this time in company with her governess, whose knowledge of French must have been considerably enlarged by the process. One night at a *première* at the Vaudeville Miss Stacey perceived a handsome young Englishman by the side of a "fair Phryne." The young Englishman perceived her, and the next day wrote to say that he had once met Laura at her aunt's, and would like to call. For the information of those who have not found it out already, the author observes that "Laura was no prude"; and she consented not only to see Mr. de Vere, the friend of the "fair Phryne," but soon afterwards to drive and walk with him. The most curious part of this is that it never once seems to cross the mind of the author or any of the characters that there is anything unusual in this conduct. Even Laura's beloved uncle in London, "from whom her thoughts never strayed for long together," merely observed, in answer to her request to be allowed to come home, that some rumour had reached him that Hubert de Vere has been her "constant companion for the last three months in Paris," and asked if her "wayward little heart had been caught." He was soon undeceived on this head, and Laura went back to Russell Square, which showed the absence of a woman by a thousand touches—the "little knicknacks put out of sight, the absence of flowers, the *blinds pulled up to the very top*." The italics are our own, but the remark is characteristic. We have not space to follow Miss Stacey's adventures. In the course of a week or two her uncle died, and she was left mistress of 8,000*l.* a year, only to be retained if she married before she was one-and-twenty. She at once went to Scotland, with her aunt and her cousin, a good-hearted youth, who, in the elegant language of the author, "swaggered no end." He was once fond of embracing Laura, who, having "an innate dislike to meaningless slobbers" (we are again quoting from the author), had taught him better manners. In Scotland, where her house was crowded with guests, in spite of her uncle's very recent death, she had some love-passages with the heir to a dukedom, which came to nothing. As her twenty-first birthday approached, she became very uneasy at not having found any one to marry. Finally, however, her cousin Jack became acquainted with a young man in a hospital and in the very last stage of consumption, whom he persuaded to go secretly through the marriage ceremony with Laura. Of course the young man recovered miraculously, but refused to claim his bride, and left England. Equally of course Laura was so much moved by his letter of renunciation, that passionate love at once sprang into being, and she roamed over the world until she found him. We think by this time we have said enough to justify our opening observations.

In her novel of *Zéro* Mrs. Praed has apparently been misled by the belief that, as long as the scene is laid at Monte Carlo, no amount of prodigious events can be out of place. "Anything might happen under the Plantagenets," says a character of Miss Braddon's. "Anything may happen under the rock of Turbia," thinks Mrs. Campbell Praed. The opening events occur in the concert-room of the Casino, where the hero, George Warrender—a remarkably shadowy, though fascinating, being—encounters one of those deep-eyed and mysterious persons so numerous in fiction, so scarce, happily, in real life. When we are introduced to these two characters the plot of the story is soon disclosed to us. It is of no use for Mrs. Praed to tell us that Warrender has come abroad to seek distraction from the pain of his rejected love for Helena Kilsyth, the deep-eyed lady's sister. It is equally useless for the lady in question, Mme. Fano, to talk of her absorbing passion for roulette; we know that, before many days are over, we shall find them falling in love with each other over the green table and the rakes. The catastrophe is, however, to all appearance, delayed by the story of George Warrender's past life, and the description of his introduction to Helena Kilsyth, then a child of ten. Here the dates get rather confused. Warrender leaves England, and returns, as far as we can gather, in about a year and a half; yet in this time Helena has become a grown-up and saint-like young lady. No doubt there is some explanation of this; but it is a pity these things are not made clear beyond the possibility of mistake. After Helena has from religious motives rejected Mr. Warrender, her uncle and guardian dies, and she goes to Cannes to live with her highly revered mother and adored sister, both unseen since the days of her childhood. The situation must have been uncomfortable for all parties, and not the least so for the mother, who is forced to descend from her pedestal, and declines into a flighty, superstitious, nervous person (though charming withal), never happy out of the gaming saloon. The position is further complicated by a certain Colonel Cazalette, who is in love with Mme. Fano and has a hold over her mother. This Colonel Cazalette is a regular stage villain, and, finding Mme. Fano is out of his reach, resolves to marry her sister. We will not spoil the story by relating the conclusion,

* *The Way of the World.* By David Christie Murray. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

Loved. By G. L. London: Remington & Co.

Zéro: a Story of Monte Carlo. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

A Friend in Ten Thousand. By Mrs. J. Harcourt. 2 vols. London: Remington & Co.

Omnia Vanitas: a Tale of Society. 1 vol. London: Hurst & Blackett.

which, however, we must say, though worthy of a place in the world's annals, is unknown to history. We cannot help entering, too, a protest against the enormously long orations in which everybody indulges—a speech of a page and a half is quite an ordinary length. Mr. Warrender is perhaps the chief sinner in this particular, and we cannot refrain from quoting one of his harangues:—

> There are living forces with which we daily come into contact. Even if humanity were composed of irresponsible atoms, there would be play for design in its grouping. Mose, Fano, are you one of those feverish persons who make doubts out of certainties, and certainties out of doubts? Isn't all life a great why? We never not whence we come or whither we go; and if we did, the knowledge would not affect our present condition. Of what use is it to question that restless, long probing inner *I* which laughs at itself and pities itself? It strains after pure heights that the body cannot reach, and beholds with eyes that we cannot blindfold the pitiful contrasts and incongruities, the grim horrors, the grotesque mockeries, the bitterness, the sweetness, and the pathos, that make life so tangled a skein. It will never give me a satisfying reply; yet the very realization that there is this part of one, as well as the other, the scent of a flower, which loves, joys, suffers, may even sins, lets one above the brute level; and the exquisite happiness at times consoles me also for the pain I endure because of it.

Mrs. Praed has gained by her other books the reputation of a clever novelist, and we hope that in her next story she will choose a less hackneyed and more simple theme than gambling at Monte Carlo.

A Friend in Ten Thousand is really two novels joined together by the slenderest of chains: the story of Maud Temple and Mr. Fortescue, and the story of Miss Amaryllis Lillie, Mr. Foster, and Captain Vincent. By the time we have read half through the first volume, Mr. Fortescue and Maud have met, become engaged, quarrelled, married "another," been widowed, met again, quarrelled again, and finally have consented to make each other happy. It may be as well to say at once, so as to avoid misunderstanding, that all the men who figure in the story, except Mr. Foster, the Friend in Ten Thousand and the connecting link, are singularly devoid of all the characteristics which we are accustomed to consider as necessary to a gentleman. Captain Rupert Vincent, however, easily carries off the palm in this respect. His story, as told by his adoring *fiancée*, Miss Lillie, to Mr. Foster, who is anxious to marry her, is worthy of note. Miss Lillie relates how four years previously a new arithmetic master, late a captain in the Lancers, had come to her school, and, in spite of her remarkable proficiency in algebra, refused even just praise to his pupil. One day when they were alone she told him so, and in a paroxysm of rage he struck her. From that moment she worshipped him. We do not know which is the most singular. A captain in the Lancers striking a woman, or a woman who loved him repeating such a thing to another man. Indeed, we can imagine few women who, even from the best motives (such as Miss Lillie had), would care to tell of every word of endearment and every caress given them by an accepted lover to one who had been refused. The Friend in Ten Thousand justifies his somewhat cumbersome title first by taking a two months' run over the Continent at Miss Lillie's request in search of the missing captain, and when the search has proved vain, and Miss Lillie has consented to reward her friend's constancy, by bringing back the all-conquering woman-beater to her feet. It seems probable that this is a first novel; but, if so, we hope that Mrs. Harcourt may gain a little more experience before she again goes into print.

Omnia Vanitas is a flat, stale, and unprofitable account of a certain section of modern society, in which every man makes love to his neighbour's wife. The interest, such as it is, lies in Lady Lester, a *femme incomprise*, who, after leading a dreary life for some years with an unprincipled husband, falls violently in love with a *roué*. She is arrested on the verge of ruin, by learning some unpleasing facts about the *roué's* past and present life, and, unable to bear the shock, she dies of consumption or a broken heart. Perhaps this kind of book may entertain people who live like the characters, but assuredly it will be welcome to no one else.

COLLECTORS' MARKS.*

In the modern revival of an interest in art, collecting, and especially print collecting, has become not a fashion only, but almost a passion. There is this to be said for prints, that their variety, from the collector's point of view, is infinite. There are and have been some who took, or tried to take, an equal interest in every kind of art. But to most mortal collectors one branch only is possible, or at best one at a time. The same man may, at different epochs of a long life, learn all about such distinct artists as Dürer, Rembrandt, and Eisen, or Vandyke, Morghen, and Bewick. But this is uncommon, because both years and money fail. The many millionaires mentioned by Mr. Fagan who have accumulated great and universal collections have done it by deputy. Stringa collected for the Duke of Mantua. Flinck's gallery of drawings was bought whole by the Duke of Devonshire. The pictures at Dulwich were collected by Desenfans for Stanislas of Poland. But here the collectors had all the sport, so to speak, and the ultimate owners, though they may have had some pleasure in spending their money, must have otherwise had but little enjoyment. For them there was none of the excitement of the auction; no prowling about among print-shops; no turning over dusty portfolios in search of treasure. A recent collector, happening to be delayed by business in Paris, amused himself for three successive days in examining the stock of a dealer. On the third day he found and bought for a franc a print which, if he had chosen to sell it in the proper quarter, would have paid the expenses of more than three times three days in Paris. Of course such delightful experiences are rare. We who do not collect listen to them as the exceptions by which we should be warned, not encouraged. Yet the finder of a prize unquestionably obtains a wonderful amount of enjoyment for his expenditure; and even if no prize be forthcoming, there is pleasure and profit, in the way of experience, in the mere pursuit. It needs rather a good memory and a sharp eye than a long purse to make a collection. In fact, the great typical collections have been formed by men who were far from wealthy, except in knowledge. Tiffin and Benoni White and Young Ottley were never rich men; but their prints fetched large sums after their death. They had collected with prudence and care, well aware that sooner or later good things must become valuable. People who can trust their memories, who can keep cool as they bid, who can recognize a "state" at a glance, and, above all, who know where to stop, can hardly lose by forming a collection, however limited. But there are many collectors who have few or none of these qualifications; and it is not surprising to find that very often they discover, when it is too late, that what they have bought is worth, at the most, no more than they have given for it.

This is the commercial view of the matter; and, though it is a low one, no collector, however enthusiastic and æsthetic, should neglect it. There is, of course, a higher view. In order to know what a great artist intended it is most necessary to see his work, so to speak, in undress. The drawings of Raphael or Michael Angelo would, of course, if we had not their pictures, tell us but little of their genius. But without the drawings we should only be able to guess at the means by which they attained their unapproachable excellence. When we see that Raphael, or Raffaello, as Mr. Fagan, no doubt rightly, calls him, when he was going to paint such a commonplace subject as a "Madonna and Child," took infinite pains with his preliminary studies, we obtain a higher idea of his greatness. If an ordinary modern artist "made a bit," as we say, by painting a particular group in a particular way, he would certainly after a time, if not after the first time, condescend to sketch no more, and would turn out slight variations of his first pictures as long as dealers would buy them. This is not true of all artists, nor of any great artist. The late sculptor Foley had occasion, at one time or another, to make twenty life-size or colossal statues of one subject. Yet no two are alike. There is a change of position, or dress, or expression, or all three in them all. The drawings of great masters, like Foley's plaster studies of Prince Albert, are therefore not only beautiful and interesting in themselves, but are in the highest degree instructive. In prints similar points may be observed. "States" should be the student's chief occupation. The states of one of Rembrandt's etchings or of one of Turner's mezzotints are most useful. They show what the great artist aimed at, and what means he took to attain his end; and they show the modern artist, who thinks he can "knock off" a plate in a few days and never touch it again, that the greatest men were seldom or never satisfied with the first proof, but went on improving and altering and changing till they got what they wanted at last. It is a remarkable fact that we do not find Dürer's engravings in states. He finished his print, and there was no more to be done. But we find by his innumerable drawings and paintings in body colour and in "grisaille," that he too studied his subject, and altered it, and rubbed it out, and began again, until he had got it as nearly right as he could get it, before he finally and unalterably committed it to the copper. His pupils, especially the Behnms, went differently to work, and we have states of nearly all their prints, and the last state is often, not better, but worse, than the first; while real proof states—unfinished impressions, that is—are of great rarity. It is the same with too many of our modern etchers. They invent states. They purposely stop short of completeness, take a number of so-called "proofs," which prove nothing except remunerative, and then put in a little more work, and prove again. Of course, if half the etchings now poured forth by the thousand are thought valuable by the collector of the future, all these "proofs" will be gathered and collated with care; but we may well think that very few of the artists on copper of the present day will be the object of any great solicitude on the part of our descendants of the twentieth century. "Knocking off" is the bane of nine-tenths of English work at present. We see it among pictures as well as among engravings. No doubt we have reached a high degree of culture, and the average excellence of the work annually turned out is wonderful; but, with two or three remarkable exceptions, and not more than two or three, our artists are content with the most elementary studies of form, composition, and harmony. When some Mr. Fagan of a hundred years hence comes to record the collectors' marks of the time succeeding our own, he will find few prints and fewer drawings marked as worthy of a place in the same portfolios with the Italians and Germans of the fifteenth century, the Flemings of the seventeenth, the French of the eighteenth, or even with the modest Bewicks of the nineteenth.

Mr. Fagan's book is small and compact, and suited to the pocket of the collector. It consists first of an arrangement of all the chief names, not exactly alphabetical, but in such a form that the

* *Collectors' Marks.* By Louis Fagan. London: Field & Tuer.

searcher will most readily find what he wants. Appended to this dictionary is a series of engravings, 668 in number, of the marks which various collectors and museums have used or still use to record their ownership of a print or a drawing as the case may be. There are a good many marks whose origin is unknown, and in some cases the same is variously attributed to different people. It seems, for instance, that the letter C stamped on some old prints is usually presumed to have belonged to the celebrated Queen Christina of Sweden; but it is also claimed for Richard Cosway, the portrait-painter. A set of five stars, which are often found stamped on fine drawings by the old masters, has been usually assigned to Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel; but Mr. Fagan gives reasons for supposing it to belong to the brothers Lanière, who in the reign of Charles I. took their collections to England, and were employed by the King to obtain works of art for him. A lion rampant within an oval border is supposed to be the mark of Prince Rupert, a great amateur, often—but erroneously—said to have invented mezzotint. Where a mark cannot be identified with certainty Mr. Fagan has left a blank space, on which the reader, if he is fortunate enough to find out about it, may record his discovery. There are interesting particulars as to celebrated sales, both English and foreign. In most instances the sum-total of the amount of the sale is added, and either the auctioneer's name or the place. Here and there also, especially with regard to the sales of prints and pictures at a period more or less remote from the present time, an extract from some contemporary record makes the book more complete and useful to the collector. Some of these entries are curious. We have, for instance, accounts of the three famous Mariette collections. It is very common to find, especially on prints of remarkable excellence, the name "P. Mariette" generally written across the face of the impression. This was the earliest of the family, Pierre. Pierre Jean was another of them, and he attained to great celebrity in the last century; and in the years 1775 and 1776 his prints were sold for 357,000 francs, a considerable sum for such objects at that period. His father, Jean Mariette, was a professional engraver, printer, and seller, and was remarkable for his intimate acquaintance with different schools of art. The late eminent Egyptologist was a descendant of these worthies, and is said to have begun life as a draughtsman. Some of his French admirers went considerably out of their way lately to disprove the assertion that he had at one time taught drawing and Latin at a school at Calais, but the attempt was not considered successful; and it is difficult to see exactly in what respect such a story reflected any discredit upon Alphonse Mariette Pasha. There are many curious anecdotes interspersed throughout Mr. Fagan's beautifully got up little volume, and he must have exercised great self-restraint not to have made it twice as large by adding to their number. He gives many quotations from foreign catalogues and notices of sales, from which we may take a single note. It is from a summary of the history of the French national collections: "Des familles de collectionneurs émigrent; le gouvernement confisque leurs portefeuilles et les envoie au Louvre. Nos armées d'Italie et d'Allemagne ramènent de leurs conquêtes, des toiles, des dessins. Les commissaires alliés de 1815 décimaient hélas! ce glorieux butin de nos victoires, et enlevaient le meilleur." This very characteristic, if somewhat unprincipled note, is supplemented by another on a different page. Speaking of the great collection of drawings accumulated by Francis II. of Mantua, Mr. Fagan adds that about 1797 it was seized by the French and conveyed wholesale to the Louvre, one drawing only being returned, "hélas!" in 1815.

LETTER-BOOK OF GABRIEL HARVEY.*

GABRIEL HARVEY'S "Letter-book," which Mr. Scott has edited with great care, shows us glimpses of the writer's life before his celebrated controversy with Nash. The letters and other scraps cover the years between 1573 and 1580, while Harvey was for the most part residing at Cambridge. Though excessively long-winded, pedantic, and filled with conceits wholly destitute of humour, Harvey's letters are not without interest. They give us a few peeps at English existence as it was just three hundred years ago; they reveal to us college Fellows intriguing, squabbling, criticizing each other, and dabbling in verse composition; in short, living as Fellows of colleges always have done. It is some comfort to notice the absurd puerility of the affairs which seemed of importance to Harvey; the smallness of the squabbles, the pettiness of the gossip. Men, or at least University men, have surely grown somewhat more manly since Harvey was kept waiting for his Master's degree. They may unite into sets and cliques, and have their Academic loves and hatreds. But few or no modern students would think it worth while, or find it necessary, to inflict on their Master such epistles as Harvey's letters to the Head of Pembroke Hall. Strife between the Dons and the Master of a college is still nothing unusual; but, undignified as it always must be, it was more undignified in Harvey's time than in ours. He complains that students were anxious to learn to be men of the world. The lesson is always a hard one for the student, who sees but a little corner of the universe through a microscope, and thinks that everybody is listening to his quarrel with another learned person about irregular verbs or the name Achilles bore among women. But a little worldliness has gradually leavened collegiate life; the old mediæval rules have died out, and though Oxford especially remains fond of a tempest in a college teapot, the quarrels are no longer so portentously childish as they were three hundred years ago.

The first letters in Mr. Scott's edition are concerned with the opposition to Harvey's obtaining his Master's degree. Harvey's style, as his editor remarks, is very curious, and his letters are useful to the student of the English of his period. Though full of learning and learned allusions, he is also rich in slang, and a perfect Sancho Panza for proverbs. He begins by complaining to Young, Master of Pembroke Hall, of the "furtherance which injuriously and spitefully hath bene offrid unto him." It was his year "to commens master in," and, as a rule, every one was permitted to take his degree, "unles there be some wonderful great let to the contrari." Yet when Harvey's "grace" was put up, Mr. Osborne denied it, and Mr. Nevil and "Sir Lauhern," Harvey's opponents, kept making delays, and saying "there was no time to talk" about the reasons of their opposition. It appears that Harvey was not "what thai call sociable," though he was "suer he never avoidid compani." Now Mr. Nevil had been unsociable, and indeed rude. "I passing bi him, and moving mi cap, and speking unto him, he hath looked awri another wai, nether afording me a word, nor a cap." Nevil's second reason for refusing Harvey his degree was "that I could hardly find in mi hart to commend of ani man." If this fault is so grievous, but few young dons would ever become Masters of Art, for the Junior Fellow is of his nature captious and critical. Nevil urged the inconsistent plea that Harvey was "always in his extremities," either praising too highly or dispraising too much. This is characteristic of Mr. Swinburne's published criticisms, and perhaps accounts for that scholar's delay to clothe himself either with a bachelor's or a master's gown. Next the foes of Harvey maintained that he had preferred "Mr. Lewin before Mr. Becon" as an extempore speaker. What an extraordinary set of reasons these are for refusing to give a man his Master's degree! An example of contemporary slang comes out in this queer controversy. Harvey had been praising some man's scholarship, when "strait was Mr. Nevil on mi top, and said he plaid the very *mudy* then, that had so much learning and shoud so little." Again, Harvey was accused of "making but small and light account of his fellowship." Once more (and this is comparatively interesting, as it illustrates the studies of the time) Harvey was called "a great and continual patron of paradoxis, and a maiu defender of straung opinions, and that commonly against Aristotle too." The old orthodox repute of Aristotle had not yet waned away. Harvey's defence was that his ideas were derived "out of Melanchthon, Ramus, Valerius, and Foxius." As to Aristotle, he was only so far sceptical "that I cannot strait wai take it for scripture what soever he hath given his wurd for." Yet another charge was Harvey's habit of wearing a cap or hat in very cold weather "at problem"—that is, we presume, at lecture. His defence has some characteristic examples of his style:—

> Indeed not long after mi first cumming I must needs, and do willingly confes, I having bene veri sore sick, and at the self same time waring a charcher, feeling mi hed sumwhat could (for it was in the deadist time of winter), and, faring lest I shuld take could and kast mi self in to farther sicknes, did presume so mutch of other mens patiens as to put on mi hat; and no man did one seem to note it, or to think ani thing in it, that I could heer of. And a while afterward I, having thus bi reason of sicknes usid mi self to a hat and a karcher, culd not abide ani while to be barched, without sum prasent hed ache: and therefore twise or thrise that winter and not above, uppon the cruellist cuuld nihts, did after the same manner. No man al this while for ouht that I culd lern did one sai black was mine i for it. The next winter, uppon a sharp frosti niht or two, being not greatly wel nethir, I was so hardi as to do as mutch; and so was M. Nevil him self too one, by his leav, being then but batchelar as wel as I. The secund time M. Nuce veri freudly, I thank him, gave me this caveat in mine are, that it was not the custum that bateelurs shuld be coverid, and that it was offensive unto certain of the cumpani.

As an example of his unsociability, his opponents declared "that I wuld needs in al hast be a studdiing in Christmass when others were a plaiing, and was then whottist at my book, when the rest were hardist at their cards." It is a notorious fact in human nature that we resent no crime more than the refusal of others to play with us. People once engaged in a round game are of a persecuting spirit, and intolerant of schismatics who decline to take a hand. But even the "whottist" common-room gamblers at loo would scarcely refuse the hard-reading man his degree. The quarrel after the first letter loses itself in the sands of time; it is enough to know that the Master took Harvey's side, and got him his degree. Though not a very sympathetic character, he certainly seems to have been hardly treated by the "iolli fellows" of Pembroke Hall. Harvey is very fond, by the way, of this word "jolly," which he uses in an ironical sense. In a letter to his father he gives an account of his victory, how he first got his "grace *ad visitandum*," as we call it:—

> That is, to visitt all ye Masters in the towne of five yeares, whereunto we ar inioined by statute, which is all that can be dun at ye secund meeting. That afternoon and ye next day wholy, and uppon Weddensday in ye morning, I trudgid upp and down ye towne a visiting, as gossups in sum plâces do a gaddinge.

But Harvey's troubles were not yet over. He was giving a Greek lecture when "Mr. Proctor, being calid down out of his chamber bi Mr. Osburn, as I lerned sins, commith swelling in, like sum greater man than the Junior Proctor, and commaundith ye schollars from the table, saiing in his Proctor's vois that I should

* *Letter-Book of Gabriel Harvey*, A.D. 1573–1580. Edited by Edward John Long Scott, M.A., Assistant-Keeper of MSS., British Museum. Camden Society. 1884.

read no lecture there." At that time the duty of the Proctor's bulldog seems to have been to carry a great chained-book with the statutes of the University. "If he would but take the chaindl book in his hand, whitch his man carrith after him, and take the pains to run over the title concerning the Proctor's office and charge, I beleev he should find his authoriti wil scars stretch so far as to order, or rather disorder matters at his pleasure, and to others shame, at private collegis."

After his complaints of ill treatment by his college and the Junior Proctor, we have Harvey's letters to Edmund Spenser. The poet had published, without permission, a copy of Harvey's "Verlayes" (*virelais*), his first attempts at English verse. Nefarious attempts they are, though Harvey's indignation and sarcasms are probably the expression of mock modesty. "Whether these letters ever passed between the friends," says Mr. Scott, "or whether they are the mere creatures of Harvey's imagination, it is now quite impossible to decide." We incline to believe that Harvey acted like Mr. Toots when he indited letters to distinguished persons and answered them himself. The great idea on which Harvey harps in these epistles is that Spenser, having published his poems, should lend him his beard to conceal his blushes. He professes that English composition is unworthy of his status at Cambridge.

> What greater and more odious infamye for on of my standinge in the Universitye and profession abroade then to be reckond in the Beaderoule of Inglish Rimers, esspecially beinge occupied in so base an obiecte and bandelinge a theame of so slender and small importance?

He thus enforces his demand for Spenser's beard:—

> And herein onlye to save trothe and to be playne, thou maist make me sum litle peece of amendes if so be your good mastershippes worshipp woulde deigne the vouchesafynge me by the next carrier that cummith downe to Sterbridge fayr ether so reasonable quantity of your valorous and invincible currage or at the leste the clippings of your thrishonorable mustachyoes and subboscoes to overshadow and to coover my blushinge against that tyme.

Perhaps the most important part of this volume to a student of University history is Harvey's account of the books men were reading, "Aristotle's Organon is nigh hand as little redd as Dunse's Quodlibet." There was a taste for Philbert's "Philosophy of the Courte," and for Castiglione's "Il Cortegiano," in Hobbs's translations. Plutarch in French and the stratagems of Polyænus and Philippe de Comines were popular, "and I know not how many outlandish braveries of the same stamp." There was also much interest in political philosophy, which was studied in the best authors. Aristotle's *Economics* and *Politics* "every one hath by rote. You cannot stepp into a scholler's study but, ten to one, you shall likely find open either Bodin De Republica, or Le Royes Exposition uppon Aristoteles Politiques, or sum other like Frenshe or Italian Politique Discourses." The *Prince* of Macchiavelli was a great favourite, and his Discourses on the first ten books of Livy.

Harvey's verses are a proverb for badness. He amused himself with writing English verses which may be more readily scanned perhaps than Mr. Matthew Arnold's fragments of, or translations, of Homer. This is the only praise that can be given to the essays of Harvey, whereof we offer a specimen:—

> See Venus, archegoddess, howe trimly she masterith owld Mars.
> See litle Cupide, howe he bewitcheth lernid Apollo.
> Bravery in apparell, and maiesty in hawty behaviour,
> Hath conquerd manhood, and gotten a victory in Inglande.
> Forse Bellona, she lyes enclosd at Westminster in leade
> Dowtines is dulnes; currage mistermid is outrage.
> Manlines is madnes; beshrowe Lady Curtisy therefore.
> Most valorous enforced to be vassals to Lady Pleasure.
> And Lady Nicity rules like a soveran emperes of all.
> O tymes, O manners, O French, O Italish Inglande.
> Where be ye mindes and men that woont to terrify strangers?
> Where that constant zeale to thy cuntry glory, to vertu?
> Where labor and prowes very founders of quiet and peace,
> Champions of warr, trompetours of fame, treasurers of welth?
> Where owld Inglande? Where owld Inglish fortitude and might?

Ould Mars and Ould Ingland sound rather Irish.

People who like "scandal about Queen Elizabeth" or her period will find it in Harvey's amazing account of how a young married nobleman wooed his own sister. The lady, though cautious, seems to have been in a coming-on humour at times, and the particulars of the courtship must be read in the plain-spoken text of Harvey. The nobleman is always called Milord, and writes the "maide" loving letters, which she (though she would fain be honest) cannot help answering. "'Tis not rite and proper, your man tells me, that can content Milord." And Miss Harvey ends with this curious posy, all out of her own head:—

> Yours as she may,
> And not as you say,
> Though it greeve ye.
> Yours as she can,
> And not as you scan,
> You may beleeve me.
>
> And thus I pray you stay.
>
> Youre M.

How "mi young lord fell to swaring" (and no wonder) may be read in the original, and how he presented Miss Harvey with "13*s.* in testers and shillings." Finally, a letter of Milord's fell into Harvey's hands, and it may be hoped that he stopped a flirtation which was more than perilous. Miss Harvey was clearly in danger, more through vanity than anything else. Here the interest of Harvey's Letter-book ends; there are no more grains of historical gold in the mass of pedantry.

SOME BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

We believe we may say that we have read Mr. Little's book conscientiously. We have no quarrel whatever with his political views, which he expresses freely, and we believe him to be a very well-meaning person, and even in a certain sense not ill informed. But he has apparently practised the very worst kind of penny-a-lining English till he can write no other; his judgment appears to be a non-existent quantity, and his egotism and maladroitness are something phenomenal. He cannot tell the best known story (for instance, that about '47 and '48 in connexion with port) without spoiling it hopelessly. He informs his readers that he gave some gentleman who traduced the State a "sound thrashing," and the disgusted reader discovers that it was a sound thrashing "in the columns of the *Natal Mercury*." But the most unbelievable and pyramidal passage in the book is perhaps the following:—

> Some portions of the foregoing chapters have appeared in the Journal of which I have spoken in the preface to this work, and they have received the most flattering and favourable notice from the leading Cape Journals—the *Cape Argus*, *Natal Mercury*, and *Times of Natal*, &c. I was heartily amused, however, to read an article occupying over two columns of space in a certain Natal journal upon my remarks concerning young Natal. The writer has unconsciously by his style of treatment given powerful testimony to my statements concerning the selfishness and want of breeding observable in too many typical Natalians. For, while he has not refuted a single assertion of mine, he has descended to the grossest personalities conveyed in the poorest jokes concerning my patronymic. Some score of times he alludes to me as "Little Mr. Little," and upon my adjectival appellation he has rung the changes by using all the synonyms at his command—"wee," "diminutive," and so on. Perhaps this undue anger, and this obliviousness of all the canons of gentlemanly behaviour, may be owing to the fact that "Little Mr. Little" was considered sufficient'y "big" to write the leaders for a Natal paper, the latchet of whose shoes the journal in question is not worthy to fasten. I will be charitable, however, as even the aforesaid organ accords me the place of honour in its leading columns, and thus gives the lie to its own contentions concerning my unimportance.

This, it will be admitted, is something out of the common, and, after it, it is vain to quote anything else, although Mr. Little is rather exhibited by it in his character of egotist than in his character of bad writer. In the latter, however, he poses impartially throughout almost all his pages, from the very earliest, in which he speaks of eating a sandwich slowly as "languidly patronizing your sumptuous repast." There is valuable information to be got out of his book, but it is information mingled with twice its quantity of trivial and irrelevant matter, and conveyed in a most excruciating style.

Miss Smith has written a very good book of its kind respecting a pleasant journey through Greece which she, her sister, and a friend took last year. The three ladies got on excellently, and have little but good to report of the Hellenes, always excepting the condition of their *stromata*, which appears to have remained unchanged since the days of Aristophanes. They did not go into any very out-of-the-way places, which the reader is rather sorry for. But still the regular Greek grand tour, though apparently more stereotyped than that of any other country, is also more interesting and certainly in proportion much less hackneyed. Miss Smith and her companions, who had prepared themselves systematically for their journey by learning ancient Greek according to the modern pronunciation (a thing likely to interfere with appreciation of the literature, but very useful for practical purposes), spent some considerable time at Athens, and then took the round by Corinth, Argos, Tripolitza, Sparta, Leuctra, Ithome, and Olympia to the convent of Megaspelion, the gorge of the Styx, and the coast at Vostitza. Then they crossed the Gulf, visited Parnassus, and returned to Athens by Chæronea and Thebes. Also while in Attica they "did" Marathon and Cape Colonna. Miss Smith's sister distributed tracts and copies of the Gospels, like George Borrow, and Miss Smith had arguments with the polite heads of convents on such light subjects as the worship of the Panagia, the doctrine of eternal punishment (on which she wishes that they could have heard that great preacher, Canon Farrar), and so forth. Also she indulged in much patriotic comparison of Aristomenes and Wallace at Ithome—a comparison which is rather hard on one of the pair; we shall not say which. Her sister, it seems, is, or was, going to be married to a gentleman whose initials seem not to be unknown to us, and we do not know whether he will thank Miss Smith for printing some of his verse-epistles to his betrothed. Finally, we are plunged into the extremest depths of hopeless difficulty by two remarks of Miss Smith's. She comments on the "strange fancy of the Greeks for giving their children heathen names," and she says that she thought Greek scenery the most beautiful in the world till she went through the St. Gothard Tunnel. These statements, we say, plunge us into what Dickens's Henerietta, who is, we

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* *South Africa*. By J. S. Little. 2 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein.

Glimpses of Greek Life and Scenery. By Agnes Smith. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1884.

Between Two Oceans. By Iza Duffus Hardy. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1884.

Life on the Lagoons. By Horatio F. Brown. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

A Jaunt in a Junk: a Ten Days' Cruise in Indian Seas. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

A Lady's Life in a Farm in Manitoba. By Mrs. Cecil Hall. London: Allen & Co. 1884.

Tracks in Norway. London: Sampson Low & Co.

regret to see, printed in modern editions Henrietta, calls an "unfarmable abyss" of speculation. But with some little eccentricities Miss Smith is an excellent travel-writer, and clearly also an excellent traveller. She sees with her eyes and with her understanding; she appears to be plucky without being foolhardy; and she can describe what she sees and does without, indeed, any very extraordinary elegance, but with a graphic pen which avoids alike slovenliness and fine writing. We wish she had gone into the less familiar parts of the country, such as the extremities of the Peloponnesus, Eubœa, Ætolia, and the border between Greece proper and Thessaly; but perhaps these are not places for ladies. On the route actually pursued the three travellers appear (insects excepted) to have met with no more annoyance than if they had gone on a tour through Scotland, and, except that they had to ride instead of driving, with little more difficulty of any kind. No doubt their linguistic accomplishments helped them on their way, and by giving them some other interest in the country than that derived from Murray or Baedeker increased their enjoyment. But this may be said of all countries possible to the traveller.

Miss Duffus Hardy writes with much more pretension than Miss Smith, and with much finer language, but (we frankly confess) in a manner much less to our taste. Her subject is also much less interesting; being merely the now beaten route of globe-trotters across America and back again, with a visit to Florida as a kind of *bonne bouche* at the end. We must also add that the author appears to our doubtless Philistine and old-fogeyish views to have done things that it were much better she had not done. We cannot think that an English lady is in her proper place when she visits the *maisons de tolérance* of the Chinese quarter in San Francisco, and if this is thought to be a harsh judgment it would be surely harsher to adopt the only possible alternative, and say that she is in her proper place. Neither do we like to hear of one of our countrywomen repeatedly trying to introduce the subject of polygamy in Mormon society, and being politely foiled. These objections are of course very antiquated, but they happen to express our sentiments, by which we mean to stick. Other people are quite at liberty to accompany Miss Hardy among Chinese daughters of marble, and to speculate with her on the particular causes which attract women to Mormonism if they like. She has done her best to attract and satisfy the general reader, not only by the above-mentioned fine writing, but by taking up such tricks as narration in the present tense and the like. Doubtless she will have her reward; and here also, if she likes it and her readers like it, we have nothing to say. But as there are readers, as in the other case, who may not like it, it is just as well to mention the fact.

Mr. Horatio Brown's series of Venetian sketches, most of which have appeared, it seems, in periodicals, is readable enough, and even readable not without pleasure. The wise will skip his "Proem: a Rhapsody on Venice." There are so many rhapsodies on Venice, and any one who wants them can find them so much better done than by Mr. Horatio Brown. But when Mr. Brown leaves off rhapsodizing, and comes to give the results of long and careful exploration into the life and ways of Venice itself, he becomes much more important. Many volumes, or the equivalent of many volumes, have been written about "The Gondola." But Mr. Brown writes about it in quite a new way. Instead of telling us for the thousandth time about Tasso, or doing a little bit of love and murder business, he tells us how and where they build gondolas, and how much they cost, and what they are made of, and how long they last, and so forth. Under "Home Life" there is little or nothing about stilettoes. But there is a great deal about the proper component parts of a Venetian wedding-feast, and an inventory of the furniture considered necessary by decent Venetians of the working class, and a comparative discussion of the merits of Venetian wines, and so on, and so on. Now all this is small beer, doubtless; but it is by no means unamusing small beer; and we could spare half a dozen of the ordinary books of travel for it.

The anonymous author or authors of *A Jaunt in a Junk* (by their own confession it was not a junk, and by their own description it was not in the very least like one) are pretty evidently novices in composition, and so deserve the mercy that all novices who are not bumptious and who do not write in very bad taste are entitled to. Also their proceeding, which was to voyage by themselves with a small native crew in a Bombay harbour-boat down the west coast of India, was somewhat original and not unpraiseworthy. But the record of that proceeding is much too long for any interest that it has, and it is made long by means of all sorts of digressions, from a dissertation on eating to a criticism (and not a very knowledgeable one) on Sir Garnet Wolseley's strategy at Tel-el-Kebir. Now this sort of *Voyage en Zigzag* may be a very charming thing if it is written so as to be very charming, but if not, not. This oracular, but absolutely justifiable and justified, statement may dispense us from any further criticism of *A Jaunt in a Junk*. With judicious skipping it is not unreadable.

None of the faults of taste already noticed mar Mrs. Cecil Hall's small and unpretending, but by no means valueless, book. We might have said of faults of taste at all; but perhaps there is a solitary one, the use of the absurd modern Gallicism *serviette* for the good old English word napkin. Otherwise the book is as free from nonsense as it can be. It tells briefly, and in the most unvarnished fashion, the experiences of two ladies who went out to Winnipeg to visit and comfort for a time certain male relatives of theirs; who stayed with them for months, playing the good housewife in the most practical fashion; then indulged themselves in a fishing tour in Colorado; and, finally, came home very much the better in all ways (except, perhaps, in complexion, we should say) for their journey. There is something extremely invigorating in the history of Mrs. Hall's and her companion's immediate accommodation of themselves to cooking and cleaning and clothes-mending, and the like. The reader conceives an immense respect for them and a comfortable conviction that the term "lady" is not here conventional merely. As for the total impression of this sketch of Manitoban life, it certainly shows that anybody who goes out with a moderate capital and chooses to work like a horse will get on. But, like all narratives of the kind, it suggests the inevitable reflection that, if not any one, a very large number of "ones" might live very fairly in similar circumstances at home. That gentleman farming in these days, when the gentleman farmer thinks he ought to live as if he were receiving the rent he pays, too often means bankruptcy every one knows. That professional farming with insufficient capital, and with a standard of living not indeed quite so high, but unduly high, means the same is equally clear. But why has not some one the pluck to try Manitoban living on English soil? This is an old enough reflection, and we could probably ourselves give the answer just as well as any one else could. But no one who takes an interest in politics as well as in agriculture can help thinking what a different farming community we might have in such a case from the agitating imitators of Mr. James Howard and Mr. Albert Bath, who are always scheming to "cabbage" the rights of the landlord and the parson, and from the speculators and incapables who ruin by turns themselves and the lands they unluckily find no difficulty in obtaining.

Tracks in Norway is but a little one, and its littleness pleads with the reviewer to spare it. But an unquotably coarse proverb of one of the Elizabethan or Cromwellian exterminators of Ireland is here in place. The nuisance of books of travel of the garrulous-extravagant kind is becoming nearly intolerable, and *Tracks in Norway*, which seems to show that the authors have read *Three in Norway* only too faithfully, is one of the worst of its kind. The Official, the Philosopher, the Judge, and the Savage, as the four persons guilty of this folly absurdly and tiresomely designate themselves, in imitation of an absurd and tiresome fashion, do not, so far as we can see, utter one good joke, give one memorable description, or visit one place that has not been often visited and described before. In private letters, or as a diary for personal reading in future days, their stuff would be not much worse than what most men have written in one or other of these two ways at some time of their lives—generally the undergraduate time. But when printed it becomes what it has been called above—nearly intolerable. The one and only excuse for the authors is that they have taken not quite one hundred pages to write themselves down, which at twenty-five each is not an exorbitant allowance. We have known authors who have managed to make the *signalement* of an individual personality of this kind fill twenty times as much.

HUMOUR, WIT, AND SATIRE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.*

It may be safely predicted of this volume that it will prove popular, but not so popular as its predecessor by the same author on the social state of England under Queen Anne. In some respects it is a most useful book; it affords a glimpse here and there of the English country life concerning which Mr. Ashton's former book was, for the most part, silent; it contains a quantity of verse which is both instructive and suggestive; from its pages might be compiled a very fair picture of manners in the early part of the century; and, by the aid of the excellent Bibliographical Appendix the reader is guided in the direction of fuller research. This appendix contains a pretty complete list of all the collections of sports, riddles, drolleries, and "wits' recreations" published during the period treated of, from the pleasant conceits of Hobson, the merry Londoner, the "conceited jests" of Peele, the jests of Tarlton and Scogin, to Tom D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, which appeared in the penultimate year of the seventeenth century. It is pleasing to find on looking through the list that even under the Commonwealth when, we are apt to believe, the country was plunged in the gloom of a fanatic religion, there was still some demand for the materials of mirth. "Jovial Poems," "Wit Restored," and "Pasquil's Jests, with the Merriments of Mother Bunch," all appeared between 1750 and 1760. There were, in fact, young people even then, and though the theatres might be closed, there was still telling of stories and singing of songs beside the fire. Let us, before we go any further, give Mr. Ashton the credit due to him of admirable patience and conscientious industry. Henceforth, those who wish to know what were the songs that pleased and the jokes which amused our grandfathers of the seventeenth century may, without any trouble of original research, consult the book, and so satisfy a laudable curiosity. Those who go farther and hunt through the original collections for themselves will assuredly fare worse, for they will have to wade through an astonishing mass of mud. To use Mr. Ashton's words:—"We do not wish to cast any slur either on the modesty or the morality of our ancestors, but their ways

* *Humour, Wit, and Satire of the Seventeenth Century.* Collected and Illustrated by John Ashton, Author of "Chap-Books of the Eighteenth Century," "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne," &c. London: Chatto & Windus.

were not quite as our ways." In fact, it will be found that in the matter of coarseness the English live in a house with a great many glass windows.

Mr. Ashton states that he has found great pleasure in his task. For ourselves we must own that the only pleasure we have ever derived from reading the old jests lies in the surprise of finding that all the jokes are ancient. Jokes, like stories, are limited in number; they have to be dressed up afresh for every generation; therefore they never grow old; it is not their age which causes mankind to yawn over an old collection of jokes, but the clumsiness of their antiquated garb. Take, for instance, the drinking stories, of which a nation of topers must needs possess a great quantity. Most of them are in this book. Every one of them has been told over and over again; there is the fellow who gets caught by a trailing briar, and thinks it is a friend dragging him back for a parting glass; this story, without much alteration, may be found wherever the humorous side of drunkenness is presented: Dean Ramsay is full of such stories; the man who catches hold of a post in the street and solemnly walks round it under the belief that he is walking straight down Fleet Street—the latest form of this tale is that of the one-legged man who sticks his wooden leg into a fire-plug and walks round it all night; the man who lies down in the fields in the moonlight and thinks he is in bed, and begs his companion to lay another blanket over his feet and to put out the candle this story is narrated among undergraduates to the present day; the man who was fined sixpence for swearing while drunk and threw down half-a-crown, taking out the change in good round oaths—these are all among the old friends whom we are pleased to meet in seventeenth-century dress; they will continue to reappear so long as men continue to drink—that is to say, for a great many generations yet to come.

It is a great pity that Mr. Ashton did not take an opportunity, which he will never perhaps get again, of classifying the jests and drolleries which he has republished. It would have been one step towards creating a Science of Laughter, as there is already a Science of everything else. For instance, it is curious to remark how the story of the dumb woman getting cured of her dumbness was thought funny enough to be told three times, at least, in the century, because it is given three times in this volume. If all the stories and songs about drinking had been placed together, and these again subjected to some kind of arrangement, some conclusions as to vinous enthusiasm and its nature might be profitably drawn. Thus there is first of all the simple drinking song, of which several are given by Mr. Ashton, the best of them being one called "A health to all good fellowes," beginning

Be merry my hearts and call for your quarts,
And let no liquor be lacking,
We have gold in store, we purpose to roar,
Until we set care a packing.
Then Hostess make haste, and let no time waste,
Let every man have his due,
To save shoes and trouble, bring in the pots double.
For he that made one made two.

This should be followed by the "John Barleycorn" verses, of which there are two sets; our loved old friends the "Leather Bottell," the "Bonny Black Jack," and a few others of the same kind; the drunken jests would come last. So with the songs and stories concerning women and the sorrows of matrimony, of which the seventeenth century was peculiarly rich; all these should have been placed together. Some of them are very good, especially that of the "Woman to the Plough and the Man to the Hen Roost," in which the farmer and his wife, after continually finding fault with each other, change their work, with results which are vigorously and humorously narrated. Then there is a dialogue between Thomas and John on women and wine, "to a gallant and delightful Tune well known among Musitioners." Thomas and John maintain opposite opinions. Saith Thomas:—

Women have hooks, and women have crooks,
So hath the wine, so hath the wine;
Which draws great lawyers from their books
More than the wine, more than the wine.
But if you'll believe me,
I'll tell you true
What good women are like unto.
Wine, wine, women and wine,
Thus may you compare them too.

John rejoins:—

Women have beauty and fair looks,
So hath the wine, so hath the wine;
Far surpassing the lawyer's books,
More than the wine, more than the wine.
But if you'll, &c.

There is, of course, the jealous wife. "Give me," says the husband,

Give me my yellow Hose again,
Give me my yellow hose;
For now my wife she watcheth me;
See yonder where she goes.

Were yellow hose worn by all apprentices? The singer clearly shows that by his yellow hose he means his 'prentice days. There is the story of the "seldom cleanly" housewife—which goes, perhaps, too much into detail. There is the song of "The Patient Man's Woe," which is, as might be expected, his unquiet wife:—

As soon as she is out of bed
Her looking-glass she takes;
So vainly is she daily led,
Her morning's worke she makes
In putting on her brave attire,
That fine and costly be,
Whilst I work hard in dirt and mire.
Alacke! what remedy?

The sorry figure cut by the wife is probably due to the fact that all the songs on matrimony were written by the men. One trembles to think what might be said should the women, now that they have the power, show a spirit of revenge. Another important class of "comic" stories is found in the numerous tricks, *fourberies*, and dodges of thieves and indigent wits. Our literature is rich in these stories, though they are not without resemblance to the corresponding French stories; one book alone, which might perhaps have been consulted oftener, *The English Rogue*, is a treasure-house of rogues' ways. Mr. Ashton has a few of such stories, but not many; and those not very striking for originality. There is, for instance, the story how Scogin defrauded the Alderman whom he had promised to pay the first time he met him, by taking care never to meet him. The story of the man who pretended to buy the load of hay and sold it as his own to the innkeeper has been told over and over again with variations; another old story is that of the cobbler who answers the questions meant for the chaplain; and the story of the Cunicatcher and the priest is also borrowed. Next, there are the epigrams, which need not be considered, because they are nearly all translations or imitations of Martial. The stories in which the devil plays a part belong to the early part of the century, and are survivals, together with those concerning friars and priests, of old Roman Catholic days. During the last half of the century, and for the whole of the following hundred years, Calvinism obliged people to treat the devil with respect; he was no longer to be laughed at as in the old days when there was a Purgatory for honest folk and priests to pull them out of that; after the Commonwealth there are no more stories about the devil among the folk. There are a few political songs in the collection, but not many; it would have been easy to fill this volume with the Roundhead and Cavalier poetry, but the field has been already pretty well worked. It is interesting, however, to be reminded of the deep impression made on the popular imagination by Prince Rupert, with his favourite dog and his monkey. There are two or three good lusty beggar's songs; it is curious how the picturesque side of the beggar's life, its lawlessness and its freedom, have always struck the mind of the people. There are three admirable beggar's songs in the book. The following is a verse from one of them:—

We beg for our bread,
But sometimes it happens
We feast with Pigg, Pullet, Conny, and Capons.
For Churche's affairs
We are no Man Slayers;
We have no religion, yet live by our Prayers;
But if, when we beg, Men will not draw their purses,
We charge and give fire, with a volley of curses;
The Devil confound you: good Worship we cry,
And such a bold brazen-faced beggar am I.

There are, next, the stories in which one man succeeds in insulting another, bringing him to shame, leaving him vainly seeking for a retort; this is a very large class of story; in fact, there are endless methods of calling a man Fool, Ass, Liar, Coward, Thief; anybody can do it who has the courage or the impudence. There is one in which it is a woman who is left wondering what she ought to have said:—

Two Sparks standing together in the Cloysters, seeing a pretty Lady pass by, says one of them, *There goes the handsomest Lady that I ever saw in my Life*; She hearing him, turned back, and seeing him very ugly, said, *Sir I would I could in way of Requital say as much of you. Faith*, says he, *so you may, and Lye as I did.*

Then there are the stories of liars and braggarts, of which we moderns produce little, not because liars are less plentiful, but because there is more knowledge, and therefore less scope for the imagination. The story showing the longevity of the raven will be remembered by all who were schoolboys, and read in a certain book of Greek Selections twenty or thirty years ago:—

Another fellow said that he had heard all their stories, and did think at first that some of them had been untruths, but now, says he, I am better satisfied; and I will tell you what I know upon my own knowledge. I was once in some company where I heard one of them say that to his knowledge a Raven would live a hundred years: so the next day I went and bought me one purposely to make a Tryal, and put him into a Cage and taught him to sing; and I think in my Conscience no Bird but a Raven could sing like him. Well, says he, I kept this Bird above a hundred years; nay, if I should say two hundred, I should not lie, and fed him all the time myself.

There are the University stories, in one of which occurs an Oxford version of the Limousin scholar; there are the jests of Tarlton, Peele, and Scogin, who smoke tobacco, go "a-domineering," try conjuring, are themselves taken in, and prove that "money is better than learning." There are the political songs, of which there were so many, but in this collection there are very few; and there are the songs in which Poverty finds consolation in Complaint, such as the "Poet's Dream," or "The Cause that the Mind Complains," and "The Poor Man Pays for All." As for those which cannot be classified, there are one or two in praise of the happy past, such as "When this Old Cap was New"; the country maid reckons her chickens before they are hatched; the sailor goes a-hunting just like Commodore Trunnion; there is the everlasting marriage market; there is the Curtain Lecture; there is the pig-faced lady;

there is the complaint of the ragged soldier; and there is the old Land of Cocaigne, here called Lubberland, where

> The rivers run with claret fine,
> The brooks with rich Canary,
> The ponds with other sorts of wine
> To make your hearts full merry.
> Nay, more than this, you may behold
> The fountains flow with brandy,
> The rocks are like refined gold,
> The hills are sugar-candy.

But the distinctive feature in the popular literature of the century is certainly its richness in political and religious satire; and this element is most inadequately represented in Mr. Ashton's volume; so far, therefore, the book is not a complete picture of the century; next, it is a mistake to present a collection of extracts without any kind of classification or chronological order as a picture of the century; there is so wide a difference between the mind of the nation at the end and that at the beginning of the century that the jests of Tarlton and Scogin seem absolutely out of place beside a ballad by Tom D'Urfey, and the conceits of Peele can in no sense be considered as belonging to a generation which loved the wit of Tom Brown, who was born in 1663, and died in 1704, so that he belongs almost entirely to the seventeenth century, and that of Ned Ward, who was only a year or two younger, and whose *London Spy* came out, unless we are mistaken, about the year 1698. But Mr. Ashton has already made so copious a use of these two masters of refined and dainty humour in his previous work, that he seems afraid to consider them as belonging to the seventeenth century. Strange it is that humanity will not conform, in matters of change, with chronology. In short, the seventeenth century demands three such volumes as the one before us; the first, to which the jests and conceits of Tarlton, Scogin, and Peele belong, together with the borrowed epigrams and the laborious riddles, ends about the year 1630. Then would follow a volume almost wholly occupied with political and religious satire; and the third volume would include the last forty years of the century when the materials for mirth must be sought partly in the comedies of the Restoration, and in such writers as Brown and Ward, but especially in Tom D'Urfey's unrivalled collection of songs, out of which about one in fifty permits itself to be quoted in full. The third volume, therefore, would be considerably thinner than the other two.

A TEA-PLANTER'S LIFE IN ASSAM.*

AT some schools one of the masters discharges the useful functions of a tutor in composition. He has no form of his own but he overlooks the Greek and Latin prose and verse of a number of lads, who afterwards show their amended exercises to the particular master to whom they are "up." In this way false quantities and concords are detected, crudities are suppressed, and time is saved. We could wish that young aspirants to literary fame had a similar candid and judicious friend to revise their essays. A censor would at once have perceived that Mr. Barker, unlike the hero of Canning's ode, had a story to tell about tea-planting in a jungly province, but that the earlier chapters might be profitably excised. The overland journey, the occupations by which the tedium of the voyage down the Red Sea is lightened, and first impressions of Calcutta, have been put into print scores of times. Pictures of ayahs, adjutant birds, barbers and water-carriers, with a palanquin and the façade of the Great Eastern Hotel, so long known as D. Wilson's, have been long stripped of any novelty or attractiveness. Few of the seventy-five illustrations have any special merit, with exception perhaps to the sketches of the tea-garden, the coolies' hospital, and the planter's own bungalow. And too much is made of domestic plagues and nuisances. Every one knows pretty well that mosquitoes suck blood, centipedes and ants sting, and jackals howl and frogs croak at night. Griffs have to put up with these torments as their predecessors did before them; but it is not necessary that they should take the public into their confidence and tell us that if prickly heat is annoying, it is thought by the medical profession to be a sign of rude health.

And yet there is something to be learnt from *Life in Assam*, especially at this juncture. The book is not equal to Colonel Money's *Cultivation and Manufacture of Tea*, which gained the prize awarded by the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India in 1872. But it throws further light on the tedious Ilbert Bill. In one of the most weighty official warnings delivered against that wanton and foolish measure, it was pertinently remarked that Englishmen in Assam, Cachar, and similar wild districts had by their own efforts obtained a very peculiar position. In other provinces English interests were doubtless important, but native interests were larger and more important still. In Bengal and Behar, for instance, Englishmen had done a good deal to manufacture indigo, to encourage the cultivation of silk, to build bungalows, to make roads, and to establish factories. But these gratifying results could hardly be weighed against the agricultural interests of millions of tenant-proprietors, the inland traffic on canal and river carried on almost wholly by native merchants, and the rights and privileges of the class of Zemindars. Hindus in Bengal had taken the lead in clearing the jungle, in extending the cultivation of the date-palm and the sugar-cane, and in making jute one of the chief staples of export. Not so in Assam. There, hardly anything had been done from the first Burmese War of 1824 after which we annexed the valley of the Brahmaputra, to the rise of tea cultivation in the last year of Lord Canning's administration. Then, when indigo collapsed, tea was taken up. Merchants and planters were invited to bid for grants of waste land and to cultivate the tea-plant, without overriding an ancient tenantry and without the necessity of taking leases of more villages than they really wanted from avaricious Zemindars. Calcutta responded to the call, and in the space of twenty years public Companies flourished, sunk, and flourished again. Individuals made a competence out of gardens of their own. Roads were cut through reeds and forests. Labourers were attracted by good pay from the over-peopled districts of Central and Western Bengal, and "Protectors" were appointed to see fair play between the employer and the servant. All this was done by British energy and intelligence, and the results fully justified the Chief Commissioner of Assam in remarking that, whereas in other provinces the native claims on Government were equal or far superior to the English, in Assam it was just the reverse. Natives had done nothing for material progress. Englishmen had been invited to do everything, and they had done a great deal. "Look well," said De Vaux in the famous scene in *The Talisman* where Saladin and Richard compete with each other in athletic feats of strength or skill; "Look well, it will be long ere your long jackanape's fingers do such a feat with your fine gilded reaping-hook there." Lord Ripon's abortive legislation is a queer corollary to Lord Canning's action. Already we have been warned that it will be difficult to expect co-operation in making roads and bridges, in discharging judicial functions, and in looking after schools and sanitation, from men who have created an industry, improved a province, and rushed in where native capitalists feared to tread. Mr. Bright might fairly apply his favourite epithets of stupid and foolish to any one who wished to deprive these pioneers of civilization of their very reasonable privilege, exemption, or anomaly of being tried on criminal charges by one of their own colour and race.

It is very true that, after all, the actual area covered by tea cultivation may not be very extensive. The clearance of the land from timber and brushwood entails a heavy expense. The plant does not become productive till the fourth year. It cannot spread with the rapidity of rice, jute, or indigo. A plantation of only 400 or 500 acres in full bearing is more valuable than three or six times that amount of Zemindary land. But Government can now rely on a number of energetic Englishmen dotting certain spots in each district with their bungalows, ready to denounce abuses, to repress crime, to forward local works, and to serve as centres of loyal action in times of famine, discontent, or aggression on the part of savage border tribes. The Anglo-Saxon may be high-handed and imperious, and may require to be warned, checked, and coerced at times; but it is idle to preach the doctrine of pure equality to men of his stamp and character, or to tell them that, as a reward for special enterprise and vigour, they ought to be sacrificed to a purely legislative crotchet.

When Mr. Barker explains the various processes of clearing, planting, hoeing, plucking the leaf, weighing, rolling, tea-firing, and packing, he is really worth our attention. If you cannot purchase a profitable ready-made garden, your only plan is to get a grant of waste land from Government and clear the ground yourself. The author is very indignant with the Indian Government for not creating freehold tenures. Leases are usually given for long periods at low and gradually increasing rents. The rules for such grants have been often altered since their first promulgation by Lord Canning, and the object of Government has uniformly been to prevent land jobbing, and not recklessly to give away the future increment of the State. Every planter knows perfectly well that at the expiration of his lease, long or short, renewal on equitable terms is an absolute certainty if he has only fulfilled some very reasonable conditions. And, if some over-zealous speculators make bad shots at sites, disregard facilities of transport, expect to make large fortunes all at once, or commit other errors, it is hardly for Government, as the Frenchman said of Providence, *de réparer leurs sottises*. On most sites there is some valuable original forest, which, when cut down, serves for the planter's bungalow, the coolies' huts, and the tea-house; or it may be used up for charcoal. Mr. Barker approves of iron houses for the manufacture, because, though trying to the human constitution, they are good for the tea. When the heavy timber is felled and the difficulty of labour has been met, much still remains to be done in the way of hoeing the land and making a nursery of young plants. The deeper the hoe goes, the stronger and better is the plant. The seedlings are put in the first available space, and are then transplanted as fresh ground is cleared. Rain is anxiously looked for when the seedlings are planted out. In their second year the trees are pruned. In the third a small crop of leaves may be gathered. In the fourth the garden will be in full bearing, and the yield increases till the eighth or ninth year. We are not told how many flushes of leaf may be expected in the twelvemonth. But from Colonel Money's and other works we learn that a succession of heat and moisture is favourable to growth. Cold checks the flushes, and Cachar and Assam, unfavourable to the planter, are more favourable to the plant than Kumaon and Kangra. Proprietors and managers should not be in too great a hurry to make a harvest of the first shoots. The plants will yield larger returns later on if gently handled at first. Plucking is an art; the leaves

* *A Tea-Planter's Life in Assam.* By George M. Barker. With Seventy-five illustrations by the Author. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co. Bombay: Thacker & Co. London: W. Thacker & Co. 1884.

should be neatly nipped off by the thumb and forefinger, and the native women are probably as efficient as the men at this particular duty. The leaves are next weighed, and are then spread on bamboo frames covered with wire-netting, to be withered. This is the critical time, when much attention must be paid to evaporation and temperature. The leaf must get rid of its moisture and retain its suppleness. Rolling follows and is now generally effected by machinery instead of by hand. Then comes fermentation, under which the leaf changes from green to yellow, and from yellow to brown. Some planters pass the leaves through a revolving sieve, of which an intelligible sketch is given, but generally they are placed over a series of primitive ovens. This operation is trying to Englishmen and natives. The thermometer rises to 110° or higher, and the Assamese stands it better than the imported Bengali. Care must be taken not to burn or smoke the leaf, for a large out-turn may be ruined by a mixture of burnt material, just as a whole vat of indigo may be spoilt by the introduction of a few bundles that have been delayed and withered in transit from the field to the factory. The last stage is the packing of the tea in boxes lined with sheet-lead. Mr. Barker maintains that the tea must be again "fired" over the ovens and shaken down, not pressed, into the chests while still hot. We should have thought that heat might generate or retain moisture, but the author ought to know his own business. To send the produce to Calcutta steamers are available on the main stream; but the distance between the garden and the river must be got over in country boats or bullock-carts. It is quite clear that to make a new tea-garden productive a good deal of capital has to be sunk without return for at least three years. Nor must planters expect the ample harvest reaped by some predecessors twenty years ago. Blight is not unusual. Each imported coolie is said to cost ninety or one hundred rupees when landed in Sibsagur or Nowgong, as the English soldier costs one hundred pounds by the time he reaches an Indian Presidency or large military station. Now and then there is a glut in the market and prices fall. Mr. Barker complains of the charges of Calcutta brokers, but he will only raise a smile by saying that there are "few business men in Calcutta in the true acceptation of the term." It is creditable to Mr. Barker that he keeps most of his censure for big Calcutta houses, or for the centipedes, the moisture, and the heat. Beyond stating that coolies must be closely watched and moderately chastised if they shirk or scamp their work, there is nothing of the slave-driver in his phrases. We think that he took some time to adapt himself to his place, and that he lacked the expedients and resources familiar to Anglo-Indian residents, whether they live in a three-storied house or a thatched bungalow. It does not seem to have occurred to him that there are such things as night-punkahs which ensure refreshing sleep. His attainments in the vernacular are slender. He thinks he is talking what he calls "Assamese" when he is really mangling Persian. And perhaps by this time he may have remembered that Pigou is usually a firm that manufactures gunpowder and not the Burmese province annexed in 1852. *Necessaries vitæ* as the Latin for provisions is hardly to be found in Livy or Cicero, and we should like to know where he discovered that all Assamese were good Brahmans. We apprehend he meant to say that Assamese, like other Hindus, had the prejudices of caste. It is not surprising that he was rather discomposed at hearing that pious Hindus hasten the decease of aged relatives by taking them to the bank of the sacred river when in the last stage of fever or dysentery. The nearest official or fellow-planter of three years' standing might have explained to him something of that well-known custom. It was at one time doubted whether it might not just come within the category of those evil practices which, cloaked by religious sanction like female infanticide or suttee, ought yet to be put down with a strong hand. But after some discussion it was thought better to let the "anomaly" remain. For one or two Hindus who might possibly have recovered if they had not been exposed to the damp and heat of the river, a good many pass away in contentment and peace. It was not the author's intention to discuss caste and legislation but to show how tea is made; and this he has done, though his book will hardly lead others to select Assam as an enjoyable residence.

RECENT MUSIC.

THE attention of all choral societies should be directed to the two small books of *Twelve Songs and Romances, for Chorus of Women's Voices*, by Herr Johannes Brahms, which are published by Messrs. Stanley Lucas & Weber. Now that the complaint has become general that it is hard to get tenors and basses to attend the afternoon practices of amateur choral societies, these charming part songs for female voices will well repay the study which they deserve. With the slightest material to his hand, the composer has with his accustomed skill produced a series of masterpieces which fully sustain the great reputation which he has already gained, and has added another success to his name. It is hard where all is so good to indicate the best, but we may say that the delicious "Minnelied," which commences the series, the quaint "Barcarolle" and "Fragen" in the first book, and "Nun stehen die Rosen in Blüthe," "Am Wildbach die Weiden," and the fugal piece "Märznacht" are amongst the most interesting; but, in saying this, we find we have named six out of the twelve songs, and we are by no means prepared to affirm that the remaining six are in any way inferior to those already named. Indeed, each in its way is a gem indicating the master hand that has wrought it.

Songs of the Pyrenees, from the same publishers, is a very interesting collection of traditional Pyrenean melodies gathered together by Mrs. S. G. C. Middlemore, who has added to them very skilful accompaniments. Of the nine melodies, all of which are strongly marked with a character of their own and unlike any other national music, there are some which for simple pathos equal anything of their kind—notably the charming little lullaby "Dodo" and the serenade "Teresita Mia," while "La Boca di Pepita," the "Bolero," and the two spinning-wheel songs, "Le Beau Vaisseau" and "Rose de Provence," are songs which deserve to be better known. The English words, which are very happily chosen, are supplied by Mr. W. P. Blake. All lovers of national music will thank Mrs. Middlemore for her care in the selection and her judicious arrangement of accompaniments.

Mr. Wilfred Bendall's cantata, "Parizadeh" (Stanley Lucas & Weber) has for its subject a tale from the Persian of the Bahári Dánish, on the well-known subject of the fairy forced to marry a mortal who has possessed himself of her feathered disguise. Upon slight material, and to words which are not always the most poetical, Mr. Bendall has produced a work which gives evidence of much musical knowledge; and is, as far as we can tell from a pianoforte score, very pleasing and effective. Of the sixteen numbers into which he has divided the cantata, the first chorus, "The sun sinks low"; "The Descent of the Doves," in which what may be called the dove motive is introduced; the baritone song, "Not with base heart," a very telling song; the trio, "Adieu, my own sweet wife"; and the duet, "O weep not, my darling," will perhaps be the favourites when they are heard at Mr. Willing's concert on the 22nd of this month; while the "Dance of the Bayaderes" and the "Wedding Chorus" will doubtless become popular. In the soprano song, "He leaves me, we are parted," Parizadeh is made to exclaim—

> O! husband think what do you,
> My soul flies out unto you.

And the composer has accentuated the second syllable of the word "unto" by supplying it with a minim, which gives the phrase even a more grotesque effect than the librettist could have desired. The cantata will be welcome to the many choral societies who want new works not too difficult of performance. The same publishers send us also "Gondoliera," a very pretty and graceful setting of Emmanuel Geibel's words, "O komm zu mir wenn durch die Nacht," by Miss Mary Carmichael, which is certainly above the average, and deserves to become a favourite; "Tommy and Barbara," by Carl Th. Kuhne, cleverly arranged for one or two voices; the "Harvest Hymn" from *Claudian*, due to the ever-ready pen of Sir Julius Benedict, and already so well known that it hardly requires recommendation from us; and "Inclusions," by Miss Annette Leigh Hunt, a song of considerable merit, to words by Mrs. Browning. The "Two Sketches" for pianoforte by Miss Dora E. Bright are good specimens of musician-like work, the *andantino* being, perhaps, the more interesting of the two; while the "Mazurka" by M. A. D. Duvivier is an effective concert piece, which, in the hands of M. Vladimir de Pachmann, to whom it is dedicated, would doubtless command success.

Messrs. J. B. Cramer & Co. have sent us seven songs by Mr. James J. Monk, of which the following are the titles:—"What Care I for the Weather?" "The Evening Rest," "Love is a Wicked Boy," "Primrose Lane," "Snowflakes," "There is a Maiden," and "Home Recollections." They are all very pleasant drawing-room songs, and show that the composer is capable of writing melodious and effective music without overtaxing the efforts of the performers. Mr. Percy G. Mocatta's two songs, "My Maiden Messenger" and "Sweetheart Mine," published by Messrs. W. Morley & Co., are, like all his work, well written and pleasantly original without any undue straining for effect, but we hardly think he should have allowed the alternative of gender in the words of the second song, for the sentiment can scarcely be said to apply to a lad and maid equally. A very pretty set of waltzes, called the "Esther Waltzes," by Mr. W. R. J. McLean, also reach us from the City Music Publishing Company.

THE SILVERADO SQUATTERS.*

IT was with a couple of sets of impressions of travel—the bright and charming *Inland Voyage*, and, what is to our thinking an even better book, the delightful *Travels with a Donkey*—that Mr. Stevenson laid the foundation of his literary reputation. Since then he has broken ground in other directions, and appealed to the world in other characters. In this new book of his he resumes his first manner, and reappears as a picturesque and sentimental traveller, or rather (lest equivocation undo us) as a picturesque and sentimental squatter. Mr. Stevenson's touch is not, it may be, so light as of old; his manner is a thought less jaunty; his matter is scarce so personal and unexpected. But all this means no more than that he is an older man now than when he launched his *Arethusa* on the sleepy waters of the Scheldt, an older man than when he went donkey-driving in the track of Jean Cavalier. He has not altogether ceased from being the Fastidious Brisk of morals and travel. But he is

* *The Silverado Squatters.* By Robert Louis Stevenson. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

only Fastidious Brisk at odd moments, and when he has nothing else to do; and in this way he contrives to make his performance more engagingly effective than ever.

Silverado is a deserted mining camp on the shoulder of Mount St. Helena, "the Mont Blanc of one section of the Californian Coast Range." Hither, in search of health, did Mr. Stevenson convey himself and his family—his wife, his stepson, and Chuchu, his dog. He came to Mount St. Helena on squatting bent; for the neighbourhood is a place of broken ventures and ruined enterprises, and teems with vestiges of the departed miner. To Mr. Stevenson (in the character of Fastidious Brisk) "there is something enticing in the idea of going, rent free, into a ready-made house"; and it was with an eye on the possibilities of Pine Flat, one of the innumerable Palmyras of plank-houses and log-huts in those parts, that he left San Francisco and came to Calistoga. At Calistoga, however, he fell into the hands of the local usurer and general merchant, an admirable Russian Jew, whom he calls Kelmar. "That was not what he called himself," says Mr. Stevenson, his mind full of Skelt and *The Miller and his Men;* "but as soon as I set eyes on him I knew it was, or ought to be, his name. I am sure it will be his name among the angels." Now of Pine Flat, on the Geysers' Road, Kelmar refused to hear. He laid hands upon Mr. Stevenson, dominated him as he dominated the country-side, and murmured to him of the superior enchantments of Silverado, in Lake County; and one fine morning the intending squatter and his wife, in company with four Hebrews (three of them of the female sex), and a "cluster of ship's coffee-kettles," were transported in Kelmar's waggon, among pines and oaks and madronas, a roaring gale in their teeth, and the road a wilderness of dust and leaves and broken boughs, up the flanks of Mount St. Helena to the Toll-House Hotel, and so to Silverado. There was but one house to be had. It was some way up a canyon, "walled across by a dump of rolling stones, dangerously steep, and from twenty to thirty feet in height," and so "entirely blocked, as if by some rude guerilla fortification," that the squatter and his party "could only mount by lengths of wooden ladder fixed in the hillside." Beyond these was a space of rubble and poison-oak; and beyond this "a triangular platform, filling up the whole glen, and shut in on either hand by bold projections of the mountains." The place was a solitude of abandonment and ruin: "a line of iron rails with a bifurcation; a truck in working order; a world of lumber, old wood, old iron; a blacksmith's forge half buried in the leaves of dwarf madronas." But in front it was "opened like the proscenium of a theatre, and we looked forth into a great realm of air, and down upon tree-tops and hill-tops, and far and near on wild and varied country"; and, what was more, on one side, opposite the forge, there was "an old brown wooden house." A bay flourished in the window; a poison-oak grew through a chink in the floor; it had but three rooms, and each of these was entered from a different level; the door was smashed, and there was not a window-sash in the place; it was a pell-mell of sticks and straws and rubbish, of sand and gravel, of ancient newspapers and red dust and "home-made boot-jacks"; in one room were two triple tiers of beds; in another, nought but rubbish and the uprights for a dormitory of the same type. The mine was hard by—a confusion of windlasses and shafts and "crazy stagings"; the mountain "was here wedged up, and there poured forth its bowels in a spout of broken mineral"; up the canyon the view "was a glimpse of desolation"; everything was "rusty and down-falling." Mr. Stevenson had imagined something vastly more civilized and entertaining—"a clique of neighbourly houses on a village green, all empty, to be sure, but swept and garnished; a trout-stream brawling by; great elms or chestnuts, humming with bees, or nested in by song-birds; and the mountains standing round about, as at Jerusalem." What he found was this "world of wreck and rust, splinter and rolling gravel, where for so many years no fire had smoked." But he had come to squat; and he squatted—camping, "like Layard, amid ruins" and the vestiges of prehistoric times. And he and his abode in this quarter of solitude for some time; and of what he saw and how he felt and whom he knew, this book is the record.

The greater part of *The Silverado Squatters* appeared in a popular American magazine. The book, however, is an improvement on the articles; the last state is much richer and better than the first. Among the additions, which are neither few nor inconsiderable, are some of Mr. Stevenson's brightest thoughts and happiest fancies and most delicate effects of language. Such, for instance, is the chapter called "Napa Wine." Another novelty, and a pleasant one, is the chapter which tells how the author of *Will o' the Mill* and the *Apology for Idlers* was moved to become a person in a novel of Mr. Bret Harte, and actually to "jump a claim." For this and other pleasant experiences we must refer our readers to the volume itself. It is not the best of Mr. Stevenson's works; but only Mr. Stevenson would have written it.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

WE have ceased to expect any end to the literature of Shakespearian commentary, and are bound to admit that its profusion is in a degree justified by the substantial value of a considerable portion of it. Shakespeare, as was anciently said of Menander, is the synonym of life; and, though "much is taken," yet "much remains" a subject of legitimate research to the earnest student. Dr. Hense (1) proves how many coigns of vantage yet remain about the eaves and cornices of the Shakspearian temple where the essayist may yet establish "a pendent bed and a procreant cradle." It is the general character of Dr. Hense's comments to occupy such outlying corners. They are rather illustrative than critical. The first discusses a point of no vital importance to Shakspeare, but yet of considerable literary interest—the degree in which he may have been influenced by Lyly, both in his treatment of the antique and the occasionally euphuistic character of his diction. The extent of Lyly's direct influence upon Shakspeare may be considerably overrated; we cannot think that so many points of resemblance would have existed if Lyly's euphuism had not become the language of the Court, which gave Shakspeare his most appreciative admirers, and whose circles he at one time frequented. After the days of his intimacy with Pembroke and Southampton we find few vestiges of euphuism in his dramas. The second essay contains a number of interesting parallels with the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, explaining numerous allusions in the play, and pointing out its influence upon its imitators, especially Drayton, Tieck, and Wieland. The subject of German indebtedness to Shakspeare receives more copious illustration in the third essay, where it is shown how much even the most independent and influential of German poets owe him. Wilhelm Meister is a bourgeois Hamlet without a tragic mission; Franz Moor in Schiller's *Robbers* is a compound of Edmund and Richard III.; Tieck's *Octavian* is an adaptation of the Shakspearian romantic drama, and so on. The other essays deal with subjects less capable of demonstrative elucidation—Shakspeare's feeling for nature, his faith in her sanity and morality, his treatment of madness, his theory of fate and supreme reverence for conscience, with some minor points. The author's criticism may sometimes seem over-ingenious; but he alleges little which is not fairly deducible from Shakspeare's text, though Shakspeare may not have had it consciously present to his mind. His view is always a thoroughly healthy one, and there is nothing on which he lays such stress as Shakspeare's essential sobriety and constant growth in morality and humanity, even more than in dramatic power.

The Christmas Carols of Austria and the Tyrol (2) have well repaid the editor's pains in collecting them. They are, as a rule, exceedingly beautiful, simple, naïve, melodious, everything which popular poetry of their class ought to be. Their tenderness and their fearless yet perfectly reverent familiarity are equally touching and amusing. It is impossible not to sympathize with Herr Pailler's regret at the disappearance of these beautiful carols and of the state of feeling which gave them birth. They are mostly collected from MSS. or fly-sheets, and are preceded by a very interesting preface. The first volume is exclusively devoted to the Carols of Upper Austria.

The execution of the various volumes treating of the nationalities of Austro-Hungary has varied considerably, according to the idiosyncrasies of the respective writers. M. Vilovsky's monograph on the Austrian Serbs (3), including the inhabitants of Dalmatia, Bosnia, and the Herzegovina, is one of the best of the series. Rather dry and methodical, it is very exact and full of information; describing successively the physical geography and geology of the districts where the Serb element preponderates, very dissimilar in natural features; their history, the national character and peculiar customs and traditions of the people, and the remarkable literary movement which has given the Servian a place among cultivated European literatures. As in the case of the companion volume on Roumania, M. Vilovsky's work suffers from the necessary exclusion of the most important section of the race, and the only one in the enjoyment of political independence; nor, for obvious reasons, do we hear much of the tendencies to political union which notoriously exist, and must one day be gratified. With these inevitable drawbacks, his book is very good, and gives a satisfactory view both of the present and the future of the interesting race of which it treats. An appendix, by Geza Czirbunz, describes the Bulgarian immigrants into the Banat, the only members of that race under Austrian dominion.

Dr. Rudolf Schubert's (4) monograph on the history of ancient Lydia as an independent kingdom is a careful and judicious performance. The historians—Herodotus, Xanthus, Nicolaus Damascenus—are carefully sifted, with an evident bias towards recognizing their substantial accuracy as far as possible, and rejecting mythical interpretations. Full use is made of Xenophon, Strabo, and other casual authorities; the possible historical foundation for such romantic stories as the murder of Candaules and Cyrus's treatment of Crœsus is carefully investigated, and, on the whole, we seem to have received as trustworthy an outline of Lydian history as we are likely to possess.

The "New Pitaval" (5) has reached the eighteenth volume of the new series under the direction of Dr. Vollert. Its reports of

(1) *Shakespeare: Untersuchungen und Studien.* Von Dr. C. C. Hense. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Nutt.

(2) *Weinachtslieder und Krippenspiele aus Oberösterreich und Tirol.* Gesammelt und herausgegeben von W. Pailler. Bd. 1. Innsbruck: Wagner. London: Nutt.

(3) *Die Serben im südlichen Ungarn, in Dalmatien, Bosnien und in der Herzegovina.* Von Theodor Stefanovic Vilovsky Wien: Prochaska. London: Nutt.

(4) *Geschichte der Könige von Lydien.* Von Dr. Rudolf Schubert. Breslau: Koebner. London: Nutt.

(5) *Der Neue Pitaval.* Neue Serie, Bd. 18. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

causes célèbres scarcely appear to us to be distinguished by the same precision and acumen that rendered them so celebrated in the days of Hitzig and Häring. The selection in the present volume is nevertheless interesting, including the case of the James band of highway robbers in Missouri, of Baron Nicotera's action for defamation against the *Gazzetta del Popolo*, and the remarkable matricide perpetrated by Marie Köster at Bremen.

Ernst von Plener is well known in Germany as the disinterested friend of the working-man, and the advocate of that special legislation for his protection which has been matured in England while the Continent has been discussing impracticable theories. He is, therefore, a very fit man to write the life of Ferdinand Lassalle (6), being at an equal distance from those who idolize and those who disparage this remarkable personage, the Alcibiades or the Bolingbroke of modern democracy. If his concise and impartial memoir has a fault, it is that he exaggerates the permanent value of Lassalle's contributions to economical science, and his influence on an agitation which would have taken nearly the same course without him.

Kant's "Metaphysical Principia of Natural Science" (7) have been left alone by most of his commentators, and disparaged by the rest, who have even pronounced them to abound with cardinal errors of dialectic and mere beggings of the question. Herr Stadler, however, thinks something may be made of them; on his success no one but a metaphysician, doubled with a physicist, could undertake to pronounce.

The last published volume of the Manual of Theological Science, edited by Dr. Otto Zöckler (8), includes homiletics and pastoral theology. The subjects are historically as well as didactically treated, and a great amount of valuable information is conveyed.

Herr Bestmann (9), under the form of an investigation of the initial stages of Catholicism and Mohammedanism, has written an interesting monograph on the question why Christianity has in general failed to attract the Semitic races. He attributes this in great measure to the inflexibility of the Christendom of the East and its divorce from the more plastic Latin Christianity, which would have found a way to gratify the monotheistic instincts of the Semites as it conciliated Hellenic polytheism. The essay contains many interesting particulars of the influence of Christianity upon Arabia in the age immediately preceding the advent of Mohammed.

A defence of idealism against materialism, with an exposition of the ethics and metaphysics of Kant, by E. Last (10), is the work of a lady, and, if we may judge by the photographic portrait prefixed, of quite a young lady. It does the authoress much credit, being terse, elegant, perspicuous, and free from every trace of polemical acerbity.

The results of Dr. Biese's investigation of the development of a feeling for the beauties of nature among the Greeks and Romans (11) do not materially differ from those of his predecessors in this interesting inquiry; but he has brought together an unprecedented number of passages indicating continual progress in the power of recognizing the minuter features of nature, and a continual approximation to the modern idea of sympathetic communion with inanimate things. To the very last, however, description and reverie remain the background of human action; antiquity never produced a Wordsworth. Some of Dr. Biese's citations do not seem quite to the purpose, and he has omitted three Greek writers in whom he might have found pertinent illustrations—Oppian, Philostratus, and Synesius.

"Spanish Nights" (12) is one of those sentimental rhapsodies about Spanish ladies and Spanish guitars which have been nearly extinct in English literature since Thackeray depicted Major Gahagan at the headquarters of General Cabrera. The author sits out by moonlight with Spanish señoras and señoritas, flirts desperately, excites their curiosity by tales of the blonde beauties of the North, and, by the help of cloaks, sombreros, fans, and balconies, makes out something bearing much the same relation to a story as the properties of a theatre do to a tragedy.

The exploit of Sir George Sitwell and Mr. Von Buch in London has been emulated by no less illustrious imitators than the Crown Prince Rudolph and the Archduke John of Austria (13), who have captured a ghost and established his identity with the eminent medium Mr. Harry Bastian. The folding-doors of the back room from which the spirit had emerged were suddenly closed by an ingenious manœuvre of the Archduke's, and, after the full verification of his identity, Mr. Bastian withdrew hurriedly from the *séance* without his boots, of which he had divested himself to render his movements more thoroughly spiritualistic. The Archduke now tells the history in an entertaining pamphlet, and rashly conceives that he has dealt a mortal blow at Spiritualism. We fear he will only have contributed to accredit the hypothesis of transmutation which, as Baron Hellenbach, Bastian's patron, told a reporter, "is very generally received in the United States of America."

The most recent parts of Trewendt's "Encyclopædia of Natural Science" (14) comprise the continuations of the special dictionaries of zoology and chemistry, both of which seem fully up to the usual standard. That of chemistry embraces several articles which might have been looked for in other divisions of the series, such as those on blood, lead, and agricultural soils.

Herr Ludwig Fritze apologizes for attempting a new translation of the Pantschatantra (15), after the standard version of Benfey, on the ground that Benfey's is part of a more extensive publication, and from his having been occasionally enabled to follow a preferable text. No particular apology seems needed for so really delightful a little volume as he has given us, conveying a clear, nervous, and thoroughly readable version of a book which he correctly characterizes as one of the most ingenious and full of thought as well as one of the most celebrated in the world. The garb in which the Indian sage's lessons of practical wisdom are clothed may indeed appear fantastic, but the object of relieving the dryness of didactic morality is better attained than it would have been by any other method. The snatches of verse interspersed contribute to the same object, and Herr Fritze's renderings of them are very terse and felicitous.

The historian of German literature is compelled to spend much time over its merely archaic phases. The fifth part of Herr Hirsch's (16) history, which cannot be accused of prolixity, only comes down to the Nibelungen Lied.

English literature is interesting from the beginning, but the German historian does not feel bound to investigate it so exhaustively as that of his own country. Herr Eduard Engel's (17) sketch of it is by comparison light and entertaining; he is genuinely interested in his subject, and his critical estimates are in general very sound. The third part of his history brings him as far as Ben Jonson, whom he judges much too severely. His essay on Shakespeare, on the other hand, is full of judicious remarks.

The fourth and concluding volume (18) of Lotheissen's "History of French Literature in the Seventeenth Century" is chiefly devoted to the great dramatists Molière and Racine, and to the eminent writers of the last days of Louis XIV., La Bruyère, Fénelon, and Saint-Simon.

A. W. Schlegel's courses of lectures on æsthetics (19), delivered at Berlin from 1801 to 1804, have for a long time been preserved in the library at Dresden, and it is surprising that they should not have been edited until now. They deserve publication; for, although containing little that can be regarded as positively novel, they form a compendium of the teaching of the romantic school, and tend to illustrate the position assumed by its leaders. The first part, now published, is entirely devoted to the theory of art. A portion is consecutive and complete; another exists merely in the form of notes.

The Slavonic nations are rapidly developing a school of fiction in many respects resembling the French, but so far devoid of that deplorable tendency to repulsive naturalism which has of late infected the latter. In lightness, dexterity of touch, graphic conciseness, and power of delineating persons and things, the five chapters of Ossip Schubin's "Between Ourselves" in the *Rundschau* (20) are equal to most French novels, save that the dialogue is less pointed and vivacious. On the other hand, the comfortless Bohemian château and its dilapidated master are such pieces of solid conscientious painting as one expects from the English school of novel-writing. Gustav zu Putlitz and Salvatore Farina contribute other stories of fair merit; but more interesting than any fiction is Otto Brahm's biographical sketch of the intellectual effort which, although partly baffled, resulted in the production of Heinrich von Kleist's noble dramatic fragment of Robert Guiscard. H. Brugsch has condensed the information at present available respecting the Mahdi into a good popular article. Professor Jolly, in imitation of Professor Haeckel, has started on a trip to India. Bombay is the first stage of his journey, and his experiences are pleasant, if not very novel as yet.

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(6) *Ferdinand Lassalle.* Von E. von Plener. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Nutt.

(7) *Kant's Theorie der Materie.* Von August Stadler. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Handbuch der theologischen Wissenschaften in encyklopädischer Darstellung.* Herausgegeben von Dr. Otto Zöckler. Bd. iii. Hlbbd. 5. Nördlingen: Beck. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Die Anfänge des katholischen Christenthums und des Islams.* Von H. J. Bestmann. Nördlingen: Beck. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Die realistische und die idealistische Weltanschauung entwickelt aus Kant's Idealität von Zeit und Raum.* Von E. Last. Leipzig: Fernau. London: Nutt.

(11) *Die Entwicklung des Naturgefühls bei den Griechen und Römern.* Von Alfred Biese. Kiel: Lipsius & Tischer. London: Nutt.

(12) *Spanische Nächte: Skizzen.* Von Hans Parlow. Wien: Hartleben. London: Nutt.

(13) *Einblicke in den Spiritismus.* Von Erzherzog Johann. Linz: Ebenbruch. London: Kolckmann.

(14) *Encyklopädie der Naturwissenschaften.* Herausgegeben von Prof. W. Förster, &c. Abth. 1, Lief. 36. Abth. 2, Lief. 19, 20. Breslau: Trewendt. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Pantschatantra: ein altes indisches Lehrbuch der Lebensklugheit in Erzählungen und Sprüchen.* Aus dem Sanskrit neu übersetzt von Ludwig Fritze. Leipzig: Schulze. London: Nutt.

(16) *Geschichte der deutschen Literatur.* Von Franz Hirsch. Lief. 4, 5. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Nutt.

(17) *Geschichte der englischen Literatur.* Von Eduard Engel. Lief. 1–3. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Williams & Norgate.

(18) *Geschichte der französischen Literatur im XVII. Jahrhundert.* Von Ferdinand Lotheissen. Bd. 4. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

(19) *A. W. Schlegel's Vorlesungen über schöne Literatur und Kunst.* Theil 1. Heilbronn: Henninger. London: Williams & Norgate.

(20) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 10, Hft. 7. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. DE LAVELEYE'S *Nouvelles lettres d'Italie* (1) are of a miscellaneous but decidedly interesting character. Dating as they do from last September only, the most Cobdenish contemner of the works of Thucydides can hardly regard them as ancient history. For the lover of personal details and for that order of politician who is not able to recognize political wisdom unless it is authenticated by the name of a person whom he has been taught to regard as politically wise there are numerous conversations with Italian statesmen of mark, notably Signors Luzzatti and Minghetti. For the general reader there are comments on the country, on its people, its manners, its mode of life, &c. Indeed, M. de Laveleye does not confine himself to Italy in his anecdotage. One of his best stories is of a friend of his in England who spoke enthusiastically of American competition. The Americans would drive England out of the field of manufactures, he said. Let them; England would then return to the state of things in Tudor times, and be a happy land with no Black Countries and no superfluous population. This is a very agreeable piece of optimism, and the political economist must feel himself a coward and a curmudgeon for entertaining and suggesting doubts whether the process of "shrinkage" necessary to get a population of five-and-thirty millions into a size suitable to Tudor conditions might not be long and painful. As to Italy itself, M. de Laveleye is rather less of an optimist than, if we remember rightly, he used to be some years ago, and he seems to be passing through the phase of discouragement which all Liberals, as distinguished from Radicals, are now undergoing. "Fish," he says, in melancholy mood, "cannot be got in the places where it is caught, and is not eaten in good condition in the places where it is to be had." It is true; it is pity; and it is a pitiful truth which is symptomatic of much in the political and economical world.

The *Causeries* (2) of M. Garreaud on early French and Franco-Latin literature were apparently delivered at a Viennese High School for Girls where the author was professor. A bad man (or, from the most charitable point of view, a good man in a bad temper) once remarked that a strong and invincible argument against lectures to ladies was the fact that the lecturers always published them. That is, we say, ill-tempered; but it is certain that the ordinary *Concio ad Puellas* is not strong meat, and that M. Garreaud in particular has not produced a book of very great value. Such value as it has it derives from the fact that it is less specialized than some more exact books on the same or kindred subjects. By separating French literature proper from the Franco-Latin literature which preceded it, and from such subsequent developments as Scholastic Philosophy, which continued to use Latin as a medium, precision and close connexion of subject are obtained at the cost of the loss of many valuable side-lights and of perhaps still more valuable *vues d'ensemble* on the thought and spirit which lie behind literature. M. Garreaud has aimed at avoiding this loss, and has to some extent succeeded in avoiding it. But, on the other hand, his book is far too much of a compilation and, what is worse, of a compilation from authorities who are by no means always well selected. He frankly owns that his first volume is very nearly abstracted from Ampère. Now Ampère is a very fair authority, but he is neither abstruse nor inaccessible in himself. On the other hand, Henri Martin and Michelet, who are constantly quoted in the second volume, are for the particular subject (literary history) hardly authorities at all. Moreover, constant quotation of and reference to a mere manual like that of M. Demogeot (excellent manual though it is) is certainly not the thing. If M. Garreaud has read his originals, he need not quote M. Demogeot; if he has not, he should not have written the book.

M. Fasnacht is a very well known authority in the theory and practice of French teaching, and there is no need to do much more than mention the second part of his *Progressive French Course* (3). To our own thinking, however, there is over-much detail in it. The best way to teach a language seems to us to be to make the pupil learn absolutely and by heart a grammar rigidly kept down in point of minutiæ, and then to set him to abundant and careful reading of original authors. However, this is doubtless a matter of opinion.

We have not here to gauge the theatrical merits of M. Aicard's *Smilis* (4), which indeed have been pretty well settled in general Parisian estimation some time ago. As a play to read, not a few of its speeches strike us as too long (a specially bad fault in a prose drama), and the dialogue too often falls into stilted and stereotyped phrase. M. Carcassonne's *Nouvelles pièces à dire* (5) contain a choice to suit various tastes. The serious pieces seem to us a little too much inclined to be "emphatic" in the French rather than the English sense; while the comic pieces aim, not always successfully, at the arch. But archness and emphasis probably please the amateurs of the monologue. In *Ad memoriam* (6) there is a fair command of verse, especially of that most stately of French measures, the Alexandrine quatrain, with alternate rhymes. But the phrase is a little commonplace; and it is surely rash of any one to go so closely in the steps of the *Comédie de la mort* as M. Chantavoine has done in at least one passage of his *Rêverie*.

A short, but interesting, preface by M. Jules Claretie introduces some of the tales of the late Paul Parfait (7), a journalist who died young, but left some work of merit in this kind.

(1) *Nouvelles lettres d'Italie.* Par Emile de Laveleye. Bruxelles: Muquardt. London: Hachette.

(2) *Causeries sur les origines et sur le moyen-âge littéraires de la France.* Par L. Garreaud. 2 vols. Paris: Vieweg.

(3) *Progressive French Course.* Second Year. By G. Eugène Fasnacht. London: Macmillan & Co.

(4) *Smilis: drame.* Par J. Aicard. Paris: Ollendorff.

(5) *Nouvelles pièces à dire.* Par A. Carcassonne. Paris: Ollendorff.

(6) *Ad memoriam.* Par H. Chantavoine. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(7) *Petit Pierre, etc.* Par Paul Parfait. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

EVERY physician who has attained to distinction in his profession is entitled to think that his autobiography will be interesting (1). No class of men see more of life; and, without the least breach of their rigid professional code of honour, they can tell a great deal that is worth knowing. They are, or at least ought to be, the best witnesses to the facts of contemporary social life. Therefore the recording angel will not register the writing of these *Memoirs of Life and Work* in the doubtless brief list of Dr. Williams's moral delinquencies. Nevertheless, it is as disappointing a book as need be. The author has plenty to write, but unhappily he has no notion of how to set about it. His family circumstances, the dates of his entrances and exits from the schools of medicine at Edinburgh or Paris, are given in the *jejune* style of a biographical dictionary. The heavy octavo is padded out by the help of long scientific essays, often reprints, *précis* of articles contributed to encyclopædias, and records of the author's spiritual experiences narrated in the unctuous style dear to the religious world.

Dr. Browne's *History of Roman Classical Literature* (2) is in every sense of the word a very solid piece of work. It is one of those heavy octavos, bound in thick boards bevelled at the edges, which it is a penance for any child of this flaccid century to hold in his hands. As to its literary qualities, they also are solid in a good old-fashioned style. The facts have been carefully compiled and are stated with a brevity for which the student, if he is at all capable of gratitude, will thank Dr. Browne. The criticism, though doubtless orthodox, smacks at times of a manner now a little antiquated. There is something quaint about the author's solemnity when he says that in the *Hecyra* Terence has "endeavoured to rescue the relation of mother-in-law from the prejudice which too often deservedly attaches to it."

It is always pleasant to come across a book of travels (3) which is not wholly devoted to small jokes, vermin, and the author's dinner. We cannot say that Mr. Crawford has wholly neglected these stock subjects, but he does at least contrive to keep them in a properly subordinate place. Probably he was helped to follow the path of virtue by the fact that he had a most interesting subject. Mr. Crawford was commissioned to survey the proposed route of the railway across the Pampas and the Andes. He completed his task at no small risk, and in spite of many vexations; for the Argentine official seems as fond of putting everything off till to-morrow as the Spaniards of Old Spain. In the discharge of his labours he had some good sport, and saw much of the Pampa Indians, and the Argentine and Chilian troops of the frontiers. The book is well illustrated. One plate in particular is admirable. It shows the author being coursed by two wild bulls.

Here are two gentlemen who believe they know, and are prepared to demonstrate, "was die Welt im Innersten zusammenhält." The first is Mr. Edmund Lawrence (4), a somewhat patronizing imitator of Mr. Herbert Spencer. Like his master, he is sure "that human society is in its structure organic, and not mechanical." He is also persuaded that this proposition is quite new; and, after the manner of the school, he proceeds to prove it by pouring out scraps of information about things in general. The precision of his historical knowledge may be estimated by the assertion that the Empire of Charlemagne was a revolt against the political supremacy of the clergy. His accuracy in the use of adjectives appears in the statement that Jeroboam "borrowed from the Guelphic armoury" some weapon or other. Guelph and Ghibelline haunt Mr. Lawrence from title-page to colophon. Our second philosopher (5) is an American apparently of tender years. The "Disciple of Buckle" (the race still flourishes in the kindred literary atmospheres of Russia and the United States) has been inspired by the great Dr. Draper, who has stood on the "pinnacle of European Culture and Civilization," and seen floods of proper names flowing in every direction. He shows how Dr. Draper in some world of spirits took the poor benighted European Lessing in hand, and instructed him about Confucius, Brahmanism, and what not, out of Dr. Rhys Davids, magazine articles, and such recondite sources of learning. There is a deal of fustian about the dull politics, and a great parade of gabbling second-hand scholarship in the book.

(1) *Memoirs of Life and Work.* By C. J. B. Williams, M.D., F.R.S. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1884.

(2) *A History of Roman Classical Literature.* By R. W. Browne, M.A., Ph.D. London: Bentley & Sons. 1884.

(3) *Across the Pampas and the Andes.* By R. Crawford, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.

(4) *Principles of the Commonwealth.* A Treatise. By E. Lawrence. London: W. Ridgway. 1884.

(5) *The New Atlantis; or, Ideals Old and New.* A Dialogue. By a Disciple of Buckle. London: Williams & Norgate. 1884.

Mr. Pope (6) writes as the spokesman of traders or agriculturists who have to send goods for short distances, and who think that they are overcharged by the Railway Companies as an offset to the favourable terms offered to more distant customers. To a mere outsider it looks as if the system must cut both ways, but there are doubtless individual cases of hardship. Mr. Pope is likely to prove an indifferent advocate of this cause at least, for in his indignation he grows incoherent in argument and style, besides wandering from his brief in pursuit of all sorts of fallacies.

A translation of Dr. Ebstein's *Corpulence, and its Treatment* (7) will be welcome to stout people who want to grow thin by some more pleasant process than "banting."

We can recommend Dr. Wise's Handbook for Wiesen (8) as full of practical details, and bristling with statistics, for the accuracy of which we must leave Dr. Wise responsible.

It is enough to mention the fact that Messrs. Griffith & Farran publish, under the title of *You Should* (9), yet another of their useless or superfluous little books of manners. The firm had a happier idea when it decided to issue a selection from Lord Chesterfield's Letters on the subject of Manners and Speech (10). He was entitled to talk about it; and, little as we like snippets, we think this book deserves encouragement as compared to its companions.

In oblong form and on livid blue paper Messrs. Field & Tuer publish two more or less funny little books. The first, *Journalistic Jumbles*, by Mr. F. C. Williams (11), contains some really laughable examples of the misprints and other absurdities to be found in newspapers. The second, *Decently and In Order* (12), shows young clergymen how not to blunder over the Church Service.

We have to notice a pretty *Beaconsfield Birthday Book* (13), and a very amusing and handsome volume (14) of the same kind, the materials of which have been taken from Mr. Lewis Carroll's *Aliciad*.

Our reprints include Mr. Verteuil's *Trinidad* (15), Sir H. Thompson's *Food and Feeding* (16), a third edition; and a fourth edition—"revised, and partly re-written"—of Mr. Streeter's *Precious Stones and Gems* (17).

The Desk Hong List for 1884 (18) has been published.

Mr. Forbes is always at his best when he has to compress a narrative of fact into a limited space, and has no room for fine writing. It is under these conditions that he has written his "Succinct Record" of the Life of General Gordon (19). The book makes no pretence to originality, or to be anything but a compilation from the works of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Hake, and Dr. Birkbeck Hill. Mr. Forbes has sifted his authorities well, and sketches the history of the General's campaigns with the lucidity to be expected in a writer who understands war. He continues the story down to General Gordon's arrival at Khartoum. We are glad to see that Mr. Forbes does not think himself bound to renounce the right of criticizing his heroical times.

(6) *Railway Rates and Radical Rule.* By J. Buckingham Pope. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

(7) *Corpulence, and its Treatment.* By Dr. Wilhelm Ebstein. London: H. Grevel. 1884.

(8) *Wiesen as a Health Resort in Early Phthisis.* By A. T. Tucker Wise, M.D. London: Baillière, Tindall, & Cox.

(9) *You Should.* By "Nob." London: Griffith & Farran. 1884.

(10) *Manners and Speech; being a Selection from Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son.* London: Griffith & Farran. 1884.

(11) *Journalistic Jumbles.* By F. C. Williams. London: Field & Tuer.

(12) *Decently and In Order.* By a Clergyman. London: Field & Tuer.

(13) *The Beaconsfield Birthday Book.* London: Longmans & Co.

(14) *Alice's Wonderland Birthday Book.* Compiled by E. S. Leathes. London: Griffith & Farran. 1884.

(15) *Trinidad.* By L. A. A. de Verteuil, M.D.P. Second edition. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell & Co. 1884.

(16) *Food and Feeding.* By Sir Henry Thompson. London: Warne & Co

(17) *Precious Stones and Gems.* By E. W. Streeter. London: Bell & Sons. 1884.

(18) *The Desk Hong List,* 1884. Shanghai. 1834.

(19) *Chinese Gordon: a Succinct Record of his Life.* By Archibald Forbes. London: Routledge & Sons. 1884.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, *including postage to any part of the United States, is* £1 10*s.* 4*d., or* $7 39, *and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher,* Mr. DAVID JONES, *at the Office,* 38 *Southampton Street, Strand, or to* Mr. B. F. STEVENS, *American Agency,* 4 *Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.*

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3. LORD LYNDHURST.
4. REPRESENTATION AND MISREPRESENTATION.
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EGYPT.

MR. GLADSTONE'S promised and much-talked-of statement of Thursday having turned out to be no statement at all, the present comfort of Englishmen in reference to matters Egyptian is pretty nearly reduced to that of an old proverb, if not of an old song. With the PRIME MINISTER defining as a position of "no danger, military or "other," a position which the UNDER-SECRETARY for FOREIGN AFFAIRS had ten minutes before defined as a position of "very great peril," it is impossible to look to official persons for any trustworthy or intelligible statement of facts. With Mr. GLADSTONE giving accounts of the intentions of the Government in the style of Captain JOHN BUNSBY, and, on being invited to explain these explanations, excusing himself in the style of Mr. SILAS WEGG, it is impossible to look to official persons for any trustworthy or intelligible statement of opinion. What Mr. GLADSTONE actually did say has already been interpreted in diametrically opposite senses by his commentators; and perhaps the wisest commentator is he who recognizes and accepts the fact that Mr. GLADSTONE really said nothing in any way binding or definite. Therefore it is necessary to fall back on the proverb. When things are at the worst they are supposed to mend—a supposition which is a compliment to the good nature, if not to the equity, of Providence. That things are as nearly as possible at the worst with Egypt is past denying. The very newspapers, which in their leading articles tell us that everything is at the best and for the best in Khartoum and Berber, print, with laudable impartiality, on the same page, and with the same advantages of type and "lead," statements from their authorised Correspondents in Egypt that "the situation is "truly desperate." After this, argument, which has long been useless, becomes absurd. No Government, unless it were put to the utmost straits, could consent to use or to countenance the lamentable subterfuges and prevarications which have characterised the answers of Mr. GLADSTONE in the House of Commons during the present week; and no Government, whatever its nominal majority in the House, can long bear up against the damning consensus of testimony, Conservative and Liberal, English and foreign, on the spot and away from it, which the Government of Mr. GLADSTONE has massed against itself in this matter of its monstrous Egyptian regiment. The summoning of Sir EVELYN BARING home is of itself a confession of failure; and no possible facing it out in the Houses of Parliament can void that confession. Indeed, the process of facing, as has been noted of the elders in similar cases, simply makes things worse. When a Prime Minister of England is driven to draw a distinction between being "hemmed in" and being "surrounded," and when defenders of Ministerial policy in the House of Lords have to plead that it is too late to take measures which they have been pressed to take for months, the game is over. It is not over, no doubt, for the unfortunate persons who have trusted to the rotten reed of Ministerial pledges, or for the interests of England, which are suffering, and must suffer, from the blind obstinacy and the selfish folly of a crew of party politicians. But it is over as regards argument between intelligent persons as to the state of the facts. The *rei* are practically *confitentes*; it only remains to see whether they can be prevented from escaping the punishment of their guilt.

As to the actual situation, the description of the Cairo Correspondent quoted above may be accepted without any hesitation. It is "truly desperate." One of the best men in the service of the Egyptian Government, HUSSEIN PASHA, is evidently wavering in consequence of the obstinate refusal of the Cairo authorities (that is to say, of the English Government) to listen to his appeals for succour. Agents of rebellion are at Berber, at Korosko, probably at Assouan. The reported Shendy massacre (which to Mr. GLADSTONE seems to be a matter of such small importance that when asked about the condition of Shendy he says nothing of it because his interrogator did not specially mention it) shows the complete command which the insurgents have of the river. At Khartoum General GORDON is divided between thoughts of sending his companions, if possible, across the Equator, and thoughts of enlisting Turkish or English mercenaries or volunteers to do the work which the craven Government of England will not, and the helpless Government of Egypt may not, afford him means to do. The reckless waste of blood in a corner of the Eastern Soudan has produced as little effect as if it had been literally and formally poured into the sand. It is said (and it is also contradicted) that as first-fruits and a somewhat cheerful first-fruits of Sir EVELYN BARING'S absence, his *locum tenens* Mr. EGERTON, NUBAR PASHA, and Sir EVELYN WOOD, have resolved on an expedition to Berber. It will probably come too late, and it will probably be useless if it does not include English troops, but it is at least the resolution of men. There is absolutely no reason why it should not have been taken, and carried out with efficient troops, not merely a month ago, when it would have enforced and improved General GRAHAM'S costly and now totally useless victories, not merely two or three months ago, when it would have saved Sinkat and Tokar as well as Berber and Khartoum, and would have made the Souakim expedition unnecessary, but five months ago, when it would have saved all the Soudan that was worth saving and have prevented massacre and disgrace without end. Or rather, to speak more precisely, there was one reason, the reason which in a dozen different ways brings mischief on England, and that reason lies in the obstinacy, the selfwill, the refusal to recognize facts and to discard his own crotchets, which are more and more becoming the chief intellectual and moral characteristics of Mr. GLADSTONE.

But Mr. GLADSTONE, it is said, and he says himself, has come to an important resolution about Egypt. No one out of the Cabinet knows exactly what that resolution is, and it is only known as a quasi-certainty that the time-dishonoured instrument of a Conference is to be resorted to for settling that limited portion of the present distress of Egypt, which depends upon purely financial difficulties. From this Conference no good is to be expected; and, save by accident, none can possibly result. Held in face of the recent declarations of the Government as to their Egyptian policy or no-policy, it can only encourage those Powers which have designs on Egypt to put forward claims consonant to those designs, and those Powers which have no designs on Egypt to extort more or less damnifying conditions as a price of abstaining from countenancing the designs of others. No country can come before a European Conference on Egyptian affairs in a more pitiful plight than England comes in at this moment. She has had for very nearly two years the undisputed control of Egyptian affairs. There have been unofficial grumbles against that control; but grumblers and silent folk alike have abstained from the very smallest overt act calculated to tie English hands. We have not annexed

Egypt that we have in more than one sense not protected it; but we have done acts than which no annexing Power could possibly have done more decisive acts as far as sovereignty goes, and which no ordinary protecting Power would think of doing at all. We have occupied the country; we have turned its domestic administration topsy-turvy; we have issued orders as to its foreign policy and its management of its dependencies; we have motioned Prime Ministers into office and out of office; we have sent military expeditions to this part of its territory, and extraordinary Governors-General to that; and Europe, if it has not exactly adopted the full Homeric formula of "praising us and bidding us go "on" (it would have been a very odd Europe if it had done the former), has refrained most scrupulously from interfering with us. Suddenly we throw ourselves on Europe to help us out of the financial difficulty which is partly of our own direct creation, and which in the lapse of time since our virtual control began, the men of business of the first country of business in the world, with the wealth and credit of the richest country in the world at their backs, ought to have been able easily to stave off, if not to cure. Why should we expect Europe to show us indulgence after this confession of flagrant incapacity? How can we expect that part at least of Europe will not make the most of the occasion so rashly given? France, it is certain, had no rights in Egypt other than vaguely prescriptive, and, it is demonstrable, has forfeited and terminated the prescription by her refusal to share in the suppression of ARABI's revolt. We have her resignation; it is recorded and recognized, if not in form, yet in fact, by every Chancellerie in Europe. Yet, partly in lightness of heart, partly from the sheer blundering of our rulers, we offer her an opportunity of re-entry, a chance of getting the resignation cancelled, a certainty of being able to make some kind of stipulation where at present she is estopped by her own act from any claim. But, it is said, the Conference is to be strictly confined to financial matters and the law of liquidation. *Chansons que tout cela!* If England had appeared before Europe with a clean balance-sheet for Egypt, and a "state" of the country showing that it was well administered, free from domestic trouble and foreign enemies, on the way, at least, to steady and self-acting government, she might, no doubt, have dealt with Europe as one having the cards in her own hands. She could have said, "Take my terms, or I shall convert "and redeem the debt as I please, and you may make the "most of losing a good milch cow." But at present England is simply begging Europe to come and help her out of the result of her own bad management, to take part of his money responsibilities off a steward so incapable that the estate under his care has become wholly bankrupt and half-ruined in his hands. That is the attitude into which celebrated men of business like Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. CHILDERS, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, experienced diplomatists like Lord GRANVILLE and Sir CHARLES DILKE, men of weight and sense and practice in affairs like Lord HARTINGTON and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, have brought England in the spring of this year of grace 1884, two years after fortune had thrown into England's lap the greatest windfall ever known since CLIVE shook the pagoda tree into a lap more grateful and more capable nearly a hundred and fifty years ago.

THE LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.

THE LORD MAYOR can scarcely hope to defeat the Government on the second reading of the London Government Bill; but he is perfectly right in taking the first opportunity of challenging the principle of the measure. The Committee appointed by the Corporation confined its Report to a sweeping and all but unanimous condemnation of the Bill. Although many of its special provisions are in a high degree objectionable, the strongest reasons for rejecting it lie on the surface. The scheme is politically dangerous, and it has no tendency to promote municipal efficiency. Since the details of the Bill have been published it has obtained no additional support, nor has Sir W. HARCOURT's skilful and pleasant speech conciliated opposition. Mr. FIRTH is perhaps not well advised in continuing a chuckle over his success in obtaining the support of the Government to the doctrines shared by himself with Mr. BEAL. The silence of all the other metropolitan members, with the exception of his colleague who is a Cabinet Minister, ought to suggest a doubt whether the municipal revolution is popular. No public body, and, it might almost be said, no person interested in local administration, has up to the present time expressed approval of the change. Mr. LLOYD, who describes himself as Honorary Secretary of the Municipal Reform League, represents a wholly political organization, having himself first taken part in the movement as secretary to a number of Radical Clubs or parochial Caucuses. According to his own account, one meeting in support of Mr. FIRTH and Mr. BEAL was attended by 5,000 inhabitants of London. It would be strange if a much larger number of Radicals could not be found to denounce any established institution. It is not stated whether any Vestrymen were found to join in the agitation, or even any considerable ratepayer. It is highly improbable that any member of the Metropolitan Board of Works was present; and only one Common Councilman shares the opinions of which Mr. LLOYD professes to be the official exponent.

No equally extravagant project of administrative centralization has been hitherto proposed. It is true that the term is ambiguous, as it may be applied to the combination of larger or smaller units; but municipal and parochial functions are ordinarily entrusted to communities less vast than great provinces or petty kingdoms. The Common Council is to have exclusive authority over four or five millions of inhabitants of the metropolis. The district Councils are expressly excluded from all independent share in municipal administration. The Common Council has absolute discretion to apportion the duties and rights of the subordinate bodies; and it might, if it thought fit, reduce their employment to a sinecure. No such extreme consequence of the Bill is likely to occur in practice; but the central Government of the Metropolis may probably engross all powers which could induce moderately ambitious candidates to offer themselves for seats in the District Councils. Probably the Common Council itself, finding the due performance of its functions impracticable, may devolve the management of municipal affairs on its paid officers; and indeed such an arrangement would perhaps be the least mischievous result of the Bill. The comparative success of the great provincial Corporations may be largely attributed to the ability of their town clerks, their surveyors, and their other permanent officers. It would be far more difficult to provide a competent staff to govern the metropolis in the name of the Common Council; but clever solicitors and engineers would be in all respects preferable to active demagogues. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT contended that the municipal government of London would not be more complicated than the administration of the London and North-Western Railway. The Directors and their officers have to organize and govern a few thousand railway servants, and to provide engineers and workmen, who, according to a fixed routine, keep the lines and the rolling-stock in a proper condition. The Directors themselves, though they are supposed to be chosen by the shareholders, are really self-elected, and, as a rule, they hold office for life. All their officers, without exception, hold permanent appointments, subject to the condition of good behaviour. The analogy with a Council chosen by household suffrage in every third year is remote and imperfect.

The letter of Mr. OAKEY HALL, formerly Mayor of New York, on unwieldy municipalities, fully deserves the attention which it has received. He records the failure of an attempt to amalgamate the City of New York with the great adjacent town of Brooklyn, and he states that in Boston and its neighbourhood several independent municipalities conduct the local administration to the public advantage and satisfaction. Mr. HALL, having been connected for five-and-twenty years with the municipal affairs of New York, would have no difficulty in furnishing ample illustration of the justice of his opinion. At this moment Brooklyn is engaged in a large measure of municipal reform which could scarcely have been attempted if the city had been united with New York. The object of the movement and the evils which it is intended to correct are not uninstructive. The exercise of patronage by the Aldermen has been so inefficient or corrupt, that the reformers now propose to give the Mayor the absolute disposal of all paid municipal offices. The City of New York itself is the centre of corruption and of all kinds of maladministration. Mr. OAKEY HALL well remembers the gigantic frauds of TWEED and his gang, and he has known judges exercising criminal jurisdiction who were the patrons, if not the accomplices, of thieves. The rates in New York are probably three or four times as large as in

London; and the public convenience and safety are scandalously neglected.

When the London Government Bill has passed the second reading, the boast of its supporters that it is moderately and judiciously framed will be tested by close examination. An instructive example of the reckless policy of present and future change which finds favour with the Government may be found in the Forty-ninth Clause of the Bill. Almost unlimited powers are given to the Common Council in conjunction with the Local Government Board of altering in vital points the municipal constitution which is to be in the first instance established. The numbers of the governing body and the area of the Municipality are but provisionally fixed by Sir W. HARCOURT'S elaborate and ambitious measure. The Common Council is empowered by the Forty-ninth clause to frame a scheme for all or any of the purposes enumerated in the clause. The scheme, when framed, is to be submitted to the Local Government Board, which, after complying with certain forms, may approve the scheme, which is ultimately to be sanctioned by an Order in Council. "The scheme shall thereupon have "full effect, as if it were enacted by Parliament." In other words, Parliament is to be ousted of its legislative power over the most important parts of the organization which it is invited to create. Among the purposes for which the Common Council and one or two Government departments are to legislate at their joint discretion are the union and alteration of municipal districts and wards, and the alteration of the number of Common Councillors and District Councillors. If, therefore, the operation of the Act is not satisfactory to a Radical majority in the Council, acting in concert with Sir CHARLES DILKE or a successor of the same opinions, districts may be readjusted at their pleasure, so as to secure the necessary majorities in all the municipal districts, if only the Minister is not opposed by his colleagues in the Privy Council. The Americans, who invented the theory, the practice, and the name of "gerrymandering," have not yet ventured to give it legislative sanction.

Not only are special facilities offered for internal jobbery in the interest of political parties, but the framers of the Bill have with unparalleled audacity provided for the exclusion of contumacious bodies of citizens, and for the addition to the municipal area of outlying districts which may be recommended either by their taxable value or perhaps by their political conformity. A scheme may be framed, subject to the same nominal and illusory conditions, "for "including in London any neighbouring parish, sanitary "district, &c., and for excluding from London any parish "or detached part of a parish or place." The victims of metropolitan faction or cupidity may, if they think it worth while, petition the Privy Council against the scheme; but the Common Council and the Local Government Board will have no fear of being overruled. If Mr. FIRTH and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had been charged with the municipal organization of other great cities at home and abroad, they would, if they were consistent, have combined all adjacent towns, or have allowed the large and central communities to admit or exclude neighbouring districts at pleasure. Manchester and Salford, Newcastle and Gateshead, Liverpool and Birkenhead; and in America New York and Brooklyn, Boston and the suburban towns, would have been deprived of their present independence in pursuance of a fantastic love of local centralization. The Corporation, the Board of Works, the Vestries, and the better class of ratepayers may possibly protest in vain against a wanton revolution; yet even the most compact of Ministerial majorities may perhaps resent the proposed devolution of the legislative powers of Parliament.

TWO DISASTERS.

If we are to believe the irrepressible scientific persons who write letters to the papers, we have to thank the Island of Java for another benefaction. It lately sent a series of sunsets—or so the scientific persons said—which were made an excuse for inflicting insufferable boredom on a great many innocent people. They were, it seems, all because of the big earthquake of last year. Now that tiresome Dutch possession has sent us an earthquake into the bargain. Whether the earth quaked on Tuesday morning because it had done the same on the other side of the world some months ago, or only because the soul of England foresaw the defeat which was to befall a Heaven-sent Minister in the afternoon at the hands of the children of darkness, it is absolutely certain that there was an earthquake. Various persons, many of whom seem to have been in bed at half-past nine, have written to the papers to describe their sensations; and the traces of the commotion are visible in Essex. Happily it was on a small scale. No considerable loss of life followed, and it does not appear that any building in a sound state has suffered. An ancient church at Langenhoe has been reduced to a state which leaves it at the mercy of the restorer; and the stone steeple of a Congregational church at Colchester has been brought down, which may perhaps be accepted as a proof that this steeple, which was once before nearly brought down by lightning, is singularly unfortunate. The worst consequence of the disaster has been the loss inflicted on a number of poor people, who have become very proper objects of charitable assistance, which we may reasonably hope will not be withheld. Slight shocks of earthquake are by no means uncommon in England. People whose years are still comparatively green can remember three or four of them, and they have all been so gentle that they have produced no effect beyond a little mild excitement and a trifle of damage to the handiwork of the jerry builder. This last has been more severe; but, compared to the awful convulsions which have ruined towns in Italy and desolated whole districts round Sunda Strait, it is in all seriousness barely worth mentioning.

Whether they happen on a great scale or on a small, earthquakes are things which are beyond our control. There is nothing for it but to bear them with as much courage and as little talk as possible, and set to work to make good the damage they do. The other misfortune of the week is a far more profitable subject of speculation. In the first place, it cost the lives of three people under circumstances of great horror, and that is a much more terrible thing than the upsetting of iron steeples and brick chimney-stacks, or even of Norman church towers. In the second place, it could have been prevented; and, if people are wise enough to learn the proper lessons from it, they may diminish the risks of such things in the future. The disaster in the "Old Bell" Tavern tells, unhappily, no new story. The people in the house seem, as far as can be known, to have done all they could to make a fire certain at some time. It is supposed, with great probability, that the housekeeper laid the fire for next morning over a hearth covered with glowing ashes and in a grate hot enough to reduce the materials to the state of tinder. Then, with the kitchen and the house at large full of inflammable matter, the household went to bed over the trap they had laid for themselves. As every Report of the Fire Brigade shows, this very action is the cause of several conflagrations every year in London; and it might seem that a tavern-keeper, who knows that his house is full of spirits, would have the common prudence to see that it was not committed on his premises. But no advice or example will teach some people prudence. When the fire had once broken out, the master of the house did his best to save his servants. He warned them, and it was not his fault if they delayed to take his warning. The three women, who knew that they stood over a furnace, waited to dress; and before they were ready the fire had covered the lower part of the house. It does not appear that anything which could be done to save them in the circumstances was neglected. A good deal has been said about a ladder chained to a wall in the neighbourhood of the window at which they stood. It is supposed that this ladder might have been of some use, but as it was only fourteen feet long, and as the window-sill was twenty feet above the nearest rest, it might as well have been non-existent. Moreover, the window was right over the built-out kitchen where the fire began, and the flames made any approach to that side impossible. When a thing of this sort happens, which is five or six times a year, it is always said that it shows the necessity of providing houses with better means of escape for the inhabitants. Nobody will deny that a house cannot be too well or too sensibly built, but when the circumstances come to be inquired into, it is uniformly found that the fault lies with the folly of the people, and not with the structural defects of the house. Houses after all are meant to live in, and not to run out of. Besides, London already contains several hundreds of thousands of houses which could never, or would never, be fitted with special means of escape from fire, and what is wanted is something which will serve the dwellers in them. What that is it requires no ghost to tell. It is that they

should realize the truth of the old adage that fire is a good servant, but a bad master. In the long run nothing will avail any human being but his or her own prudence and common sense. It is perfectly possible to feel the sincerest pity for the sufferers by the disaster at the "Old Bell" Tavern, and yet to see that they in all probability are to blame for their own misfortune. There is more profit in realizing the whole meaning of that than in throwing the blame on the ladders and the fire-escape and the staircase.

THE AMENDMENTS TO THE FRANCHISE BILL.

THOSE who are fond of somewhat abstract political speculations may be excused at the present moment for wondering whether it is wise of a Government to scheme for a great Parliamentary victory just before Parliament rises for the holidays. It is certain that the majority on the second reading of the Franchise Bill, which, according to Government advocates, was to crush all resistance and transform the Conservatives into a dispirited and paralysed mob, does not appear to have had any effect of the kind. At the only election since the Ministry have not indeed lost a seat, but have failed to gain one by an increased majority, in a borough notorious for see-sawing between parties. A heavy defeat has been inflicted on them in the House of Commons itself. During the extra-Parliamentary speechifying of the holidays the solitary song of triumph which the HOME SECRETARY tried to uplift at Derby fell somehow flatly on the ear, and the enemy raised a loud and cheerful counter-note in many different places. In fact, nobody in the political world seems one penny the worse or better for that tremendous majority; just as no one was converted to a worse or better opinion of the Government policy in Egypt by Mr. GLADSTONE'S furious onslaught shortly before the rising of the House. Perhaps that rising itself may have had something to do with this result, and the old caution about striking while the iron is hot may apply. Or perhaps (and a strictly impartial politician must give his readers or hearers the opportunity of an unbiassed choice) the great majority of the other day has failed of significance precisely because it was, and was known to be, insignificant; because a majority of the House of Commons in its be-Caucussed and be-Gladstoned condition has ceased, to the knowledge of the nation, to represent anything like the actual national will; and because the profound indifference to the subject which, rightly or wrongly, characterizes the mass of Englishmen extends to all manifestations of party discipline in reference to that subject. If this latter is the case, it would assuredly not be an occasion for unmixed rejoicing. It might, indeed, offer a better chance of getting rid of a mischievous and dishonest Bill, but it would show that the nation has an estimate of its present representatives which may or may not be in itself a true one, but which certainly does not indicate that all things are as they should be either in Parliament or in people.

The amendments already proposed are wanting neither in number nor in importance, though the device by which the Government has limited the Bill to unusually few and simple clauses necessarily restricts them in the first respect. As a matter of fact, however, every student of matters Parliamentary knows that the apparently interminable lists of proposals to leave out from the word "that" to the word "this," and to insert between the word "this" and the word "that," are more or less delusive. In practice many are quietly dropped, some are ruled out of order, others follow, undebated and unvoted upon, in the track of those already discussed and decided. In the case of the Franchise Bill there is no fear of there not being plenty of matter for discussion in Committee, on Report, and on the third reading, so as to give opportunity for those repeated divisions on which Mr. FAWCETT laid so much stress in his speech of Wednesday. For a prudent and practised man as Mr. FAWCETT is, that speech was perhaps a not wholly wise one. Mr. FAWCETT enlarges on the importance of increased majorities in presenting to the House of Lords a Bill which the House of Lords does not like, and is quite certain that if that House rejects a Bill so presented, the majorities will increase still further. It is not very easy to see the ground of Mr. FAWCETT'S confidence, and it is easy to see that by his argument and by his illustration of it taken from the Compensation for Disturbance Bill he has put, in a not improbable case, a weapon of strength and sharpness into his adversaries' hands. For there is no doubt that the Government will have to do all they know to maintain the majority of which they are so proud, and it is impossible to see how, unless some strange paralysis comes upon the Opposition, they are to increase it. The Conservative minority on that occasion included but a single Liberal vote, and the Government majority, besides the untrustworthy contingent of the Irish Nationalists, included many Liberals whose allegiance must have been pretty severely strained as it was, and who will be put to a still stronger test by such amendments as Mr. ALBERT GREY'S and by proposals for proportional representation. These latter proposals in their turn will estrange the Irish members if accepted. And it might very possibly happen that, if Mr. GLADSTONE adopted the course which his unwise advisers urged on him, and tried to drive the Bill through the Upper House by the machinery of an Autumn Session, the majority, instead of "reaching a hundred and fifty," might shrink to a hundred or to less—a result which, on Mr. FAWCETT'S own showing, would be nothing less than disastrous to the Ministry and their party.

Whatever amendments the Opposition and the Moderate Liberals may finally elect to fight seriously must turn directly or indirectly on three points—that is to say, on the delaying of the effect of the measure till redistribution is planned or till a fresh Parliament has been elected, on the exclusion of Ireland, and on the adoption of some of the proportional representation devices. Of the last-named it is not necessary to speak again at present. With regard to the other two, they are not so much independent as complementary. No Reform Bill which throws the franchise open to the lowest of the Irish people can be satisfactory, and no Reform Bill can be satisfactory which maintains the present unduly large representation of Ireland. The difficulty then presents itself that the present Bill is specially framed to do both these things. It can only be made tolerable, therefore, by practically turning it inside out, and converting it from a pure Enfranchisement Bill into a nearly pure Redistribution Bill, or else by suspending its operation till a period when possibly better influences may preside over the destinies of the country. No Government which had faced the question of reform from the point of view of national as distinguished from party interests could have had any difficulty in framing a measure as acceptable as any measure disturbing an existing state of things can be. The points which the framers of such a measure would have had before them are obvious enough. They are the positive reduction of the representation of Ireland, the maintenance of the present, if not a higher, electoral qualification, and the redistribution of the proportion of members left so as to give more weight to the numbers, intelligence, loyalty, and property of the North. As regards Scotland, they are the raising to a small extent of the total representation, and the allotment of more members to the large towns and populous counties. As regards Wales, the reduction of the representation by free grouping of counties and by the transference of some borough seats. As regards England, the grouping of many small boroughs, the disfranchisement of a few, the formation of numerous constituencies on the plan of East Retford and the Rape of Bramber, and the enfranchisement of some large towns. A measure directed to these points would have been a measure consistent with precedent, suited to the wants (if there are any wants) of the country, capable of being in similar fashion remodelled at any future time—in short, a measure of practical politics, which might be opposed by those who do not see the necessity of any reform at all, but which could not be treated as a reckless bid for the restoration of waning popularity by flooding the constituencies with ignorant voters, and facilitating redistribution in the interests of one party merely. But no ingenuity of amendment short of complete transformation can make the one Bill into the other. The postponement of the effect of the measure, however, and the exclusion of Ireland, would have the same practical effect, because they would necessitate the discussion of the whole matter again in connexion with the Redistribution Bill and the Irish Reform Bill, which would have to be separately carried in the next Parliament. Even the mischievous extension of household franchise to the country districts might be to a great extent parried by judicious arrangement of those districts after the fashion above referred to. The most convenient points to fight, however, will probably present themselves more clearly as the fight itself goes on. As the measure stands, it is, as regards Ireland, madness and as

regards England a party trick; and it is difficult to imagine any alteration in it, except extension on its own lines, which would not be in fact, as well as in form, an amendment.

SHOT, OF COURSE.

THERE is little use in protesting against popular practices, but sometimes it is difficult to resist the empty pleasure of a grumble. The popular practice which at present vexes some minds comes from the natural instinct of the natural man to destroy all that makes life worth living. That is all. Among the things which sensibly add to the pleasure of life are the enjoyments derived from nature. Nothing can, unluckily, be more maddening, to the ordinary civilized Englishman, than the pleasures of nature. Solitude, unspoiled loneliness, trees and plants growing in their untutored way, birds and beasts living their own lives in their own fastnesses, all these are abomination. Thus we read in the papers that the country near Burnham Beeches is being polished into a civic ideal. Drives are cut, posts are erected, staring white placards marked "Lord Mayor's Drive," and so forth, direct 'ARRY where he should go. The place, it appears, is being converted into a semblance of Battersea Park. This reform may shock the "remnant" dear to Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, but is sure to meet the wishes of the public. The change is made precisely in the spirit of the fellows who lately trapped and killed an otter on the Thames. To see a real live otter on the Thames would have been a pleasant excitement for oarsmen of sense and taste. They would have felt that, after all, England near London was less thoroughly denaturalized than they had supposed. They would have been happily reminded of days when wild on Thames the worthy beaver swam, and of all the sylvan past of over-cultivated England. But the local sportsmen soon "arrested that agency," as Mrs. HOMINY says. "None of that ere maudlin "sentiment," said they, and trapped the otter, and knocked him on the head. Doubtless they felt as happy as the Queensland planter will do when he shoots the last black fellow.

A still more pleasing example of British taste and humanity has just been revealed by a correspondent of the *Standard*. On April 20 he wrote from Chequers Court, near Tring, to beseech the public to hold their hands if they met two white storks. Mr. ASTLEY, who wrote to the *Standard*, had in his possession a pair of these beautiful, and in Germany sacred, animals. Most of us know the storks which make the quaint homely roofs of Strasburg more homely and more quaint. They are not shot in Strasburg, where the Alsatians show a lamentable lack of our famous sporting instinct. But Mr. ASTLEY'S storks escaped from his boundaries. He did not think they meant to migrate, and he had left them full liberty, in the hope that they would remain in England to rear their young. Vain hope! Mr. ASTLEY thought that the stork had a chance of being spared. He reckoned without his 'ARRY. On the very day of writing, April 20, Mr. ASTLEY was obliged to send another letter (from Oxford) to the *Standard*. The second epistle is worth giving in full; what Mr. ASTLEY has to say is so characteristic of our civilization:—

> SIR,—Since writing you a letter, asking you to kindly publish it, about a pair of White Storks, I have heard that one has been shot, and the other wounded, so there is now no good in its appearing in print. Apologizing for giving you this unnecessary trouble,
>
> I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
>
> H. D. ASTLEY.
>
> Etonian Club, Oxford, April 20.

The fate of the storks is only the last example of the meaningless desire of destruction which possesses uneducated people, and even people who should know better. What do they mean to do with the rare birds and beasts which are killed whenever they show themselves in England? A paragraph in the local journal, and perhaps a dirty, mouldy, ill-stuffed wild swan, or white stork, or eagle graces some dark corner of the slayer's house till it becomes an eyesore and is thrust into a lumber-room. No more pleasure than that is gained by depriving naturalists of a harmless pleasure and making the country more commonplace. Even if rabbits and hares do not go where their friends fear that they will, it is certain that other beasts are becoming wofully rare. In a yearly widening radius round London songbirds are trapped, strangled, and carried to town to sell by a ne'er-do-well set of "tradesmen," the birdcatchers. Even flowers are being exterminated. A rare fern is a red rag to the tourist in the Lake country; he cannot rest till he has uprooted and destroyed it. Even primroses are being extirpated, partly to be worn by omnibus drivers on "Primrose day." The primrose is not "a plant very hard to catch," like the mandrake as described by JOSEPHUS, nor can it protect itself by uttering awful yells when dragged out of the ground. Were it not for the game laws and private ownership, England would be deprived of wild flowers, and of every animal less tame than a costermonger's donkey.

FRANCE AND AUSTRALIA.

M. FERRY'S curt and peremptory answer to the representations of the English Government on the transportation of French criminals to the South Sea Islands closes the discussion for the present. It has been justly remarked that such a negotiation ought to have been kept as an official secret, but the disclosure of the request and the refusal was probably a calculated indiscretion. The unanimous approval of the Paris newspapers has probably satisfied the Minister of the accuracy with which he has estimated public opinion. His Government has probably no desire to provoke a serious quarrel with England, but it has found by repeated experiments that ostentatious disregard of English susceptibilities is always popular. The fault is perhaps not wholly on one side, for the tone in which French projects of colonial aggrandizement have been criticized on this side the Channel must be the more irritating, because it often represents a well-founded judgment. The display of French unfriendliness in Madagascar, in Tonquin, and now in the South Pacific, takes a more practical form. The animosity of centuries appears not to have been permanently abated during an unbroken peace of seventy years which has from time to time ripened into an apparently cordial alliance. In the days of LOUIS-PHILIPPE and under the Second Empire attacks on English policy were for the most part made only for purposes of domestic opposition; and they were answered by the organs of the Government. The existing Republic seems to have united all parties in chronic antagonism to England. The *Journal des Débats* is almost as systematically bitter as the Opportunist and Radical journals.

The late abortive negotiation was of a delicate nature, because a strong moral claim was not supported by any strictly legal right. As M. FERRY says in his note, with more truth than courtesy, the disposal of French criminals within French colonies is a matter of domestic policy with which no foreign Power is entitled to interfere. Nevertheless, the evil which is apprehended is undeniably serious, and among States, as among private persons, good neighbourhood requires the performance of many positive and negative duties which are not enforced by law. If the criminals who are to be sent to New Caledonia were afterwards strictly confined to French territory, there would be no ground for complaint of any penal system which the French Legislature might think fit to adopt. As M. FERRY well knows, the Australian colonists object to nothing in French domestic or colonial policy until it directly affects the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries. The English Government may well be excused for making diplomatic representations when it has itself yielded to precisely similar demands on the part of its own dependencies. New South Wales and Victoria were in the first instance told, after the manner of M. FERRY, that, as long as West Australia was willing to receive transported convicts, the other settlements had no right to interfere with the relations between the Imperial Government and one of its colonies. They replied that, although such adventures would be rare, if not impossible, fugitives might conceivably find their way by sea or land to Melbourne and Sydney. Their real objection, though it might be called sentimental, was still more earnest and unanswerable. They knew that Australia was commonly regarded by the world as a geographical unit; and that the reproach of being a depository of crime would not be removed as long as convicts were sent to any part of the continent or of the adjacent islands. If their remonstrances had not ultimately prevailed, there is no doubt that the Colonies would have seceded from the Empire. They have no similar menace to address to France, but they will not submit tamely to a grievous wrong.

The colonists may, perhaps, as occurs in most controversies, have injured their cause by exaggeration of their

just demands. They had been warned by friendly advisers, and they are now reminded by angry French journalists, that some of them proposed virtually to establish a new MONROE doctrine in a region extending over fifty degrees of longitude, and from the Equator to the Pole. Neither the Imperial Government nor any official representative of the Colonies has preferred so extreme a claim. The French were asked, not to abstain from hoisting their flag on islands in the South Pacific, but to renounce the project of deluging that quarter of the globe with rapine, violence, and all the characteristics of that worst barbarism which belongs to the dregs of civilization. It would, in fact, be unnecessary, if it were allowable, to protest against genuine French colonization in a part of the world which will inevitably become English, or rather Australian. Convict settlements and military posts may be established and defended; but there will be little French emigration. In more promising colonies, such as Cochin China, the proportion of civil and military functionaries to resident traders resembles the following of the Highland chieftain who marched with four-and-twenty men and five-and-thirty pipers. The original MONROE doctrine, which was propounded when the United States were not much more populous than Australia at the present day, has constantly expanded as the power of the Union has increased, and it is now virtually operative from the Canadian frontier to the Gulf of Mexico. MONROE doctrines and similar claims depend not on international law, but on material strength. The American Government had no legal right to interfere with the form of government which NAPOLEON III. had established in Mexico; but as soon as the victors in the Civil War were at liberty to attend to matters of external policy, the mere intimation of American disapproval caused the retirement of the French troops and the fall of the Mexican Empire. Australia, though far less powerful than the United States, is also more inaccessible to a European force, and with its present and future territorial adjuncts, the inhabitants may hereafter be not less able and willing to exclude unwelcome neighbours.

If the French Government persists in exercising their responsible powers which are asserted in M. FERRY'S Note, the Australian Colonies may reasonably expect the sanction of the Crown to the measures of precaution which they may think it necessary to adopt. The proposed annexation of New Guinea, or of the part of the island which borders on Torres Straits, will become indispensable. It would be intolerable that foreign desperadoes should establish themselves, either under the French flag or as independent adventurers, in the immediate vicinity of the coast of Queensland. The local Government was too hasty in taking ostensible possession of the territory without Imperial authority; but all the other colonies have since approved of the same policy, and the Colonial Office, though it has hitherto withheld its assent, has intimated only a provisional objection to the scheme. Lord DERBY'S suggestion of some kind of federal organization as a condition precedent of the extension of colonial dominion, produced an immediate practical result. At the Conference held during the autumn at Sydney, both the Continental and the insular Governments were represented for the most part by their respective Prime Ministers. The scheme of qualified federation which was framed by the delegates has not yet been ratified by the Legislatures, and consequently it has not been formally submitted for the approval of the Crown; but there can be little doubt that the Colonies will agree to some arrangement of the kind. The Imperial Government is almost pledged to give favourable consideration to the project, and also to approve of the annexation or protectorate which will be the first demand of the federated or allied Colonies. In anticipation of the intended union, the several Governments will probably proceed without delay to make legislative provision against the apprehended risk of criminal immigration. M. FERRY cannot in common consistency object to their absolute control of their own domestic legislation.

It is possible that perseverance in an unfriendly policy may produce results which are certainly not contemplated by anti English politicians. The consolidation of the connexion between the Australian Colonies and the mother-country would be an almost certain consequence of a common fear of foreign encroachment. The North-American provinces remained loyal as long as France and England contended for supremacy on the Northern Continent. They rebelled within thirteen years after the peace of 1763 had confirmed the expulsion of French authority from Canada. There is happily no reason to apprehend any quarrel which would alienate the Australian Colonies from their allegiance; but such a misfortune would be impossible if they required the aid of England to defend them against French aggression. If M. FERRY or his successors wish to try the experiment of colonization in the South Pacific islands, they will best get rid of an obvious impediment by cultivating amicable relations with their predecessors in the enterprise and their future neighbours. Up to the present time they have done their utmost to alarm and irritate the great and growing communities which occupy the Australian continent and the islands. The evil and risk of hostile relations are not compensated by any prospect of political or social advantage. Transportation is the worst of all methods of disposing of criminals, except when, as in the early days of Australian colonization, they can be absorbed into a free population. The failure of the penal system in New Caledonia is notorious; and it is impossible to believe that the French Legislature would deliberately contemplate the alternative of allowing convicts to disperse themselves as freebooting adventurers over the neighbouring regions. The infliction of a rebuff on Lord LYONS and Lord GRANVILLE may perhaps satisfy French patriotism without the practical execution of unjustifiable threats.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON CHURCH.

OUR readers will remember that last summer the proposal was made, with the sanction of the Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, to unearth the remains of SHAKSPEARE which lie in the parish church of that town. No motive could be assigned for what was generally felt to be a desecration except mere idle curiosity, and public protests against the proposed disinterment were energetically made in many quarters. The Vicar, strange to say, defended the proposal, and the Town Council, with laudable good sense, as vigorously denounced it. Eventually it was abandoned, and what, as was commonly thought, would have proved a public scandal was thus averted. It is, indeed, but seemly that a spot which not only all England, but the whole cultivated world, looks on with an especial piety should not be lightly or needlessly played tricks with. Mankind has, fortunately, not yet outgrown the instincts which lead it to guard with reverence and jealousy the graves of the poets and teachers to whom it owes much of its purest happiness; nor, so long as the writers themselves and their works are held in honour, is this ever likely to be the case. But it seems that the meddlesome spirit which prompted the unearthing of SHAKSPEARE'S bones is by no means extinct. In the *Times* of Tuesday last Dr. JUSSERAND, a Vice-President of the New Shakspere Society, writes to say that a proposal has been now made, and is not unlikely to be carried into effect, to enlarge the old parish church at Stratford. The ground on which, according to the correspondent, the "restoration" or enlargement is called for is in order that the religious services may "s'y développer avec magnificence." We are far from wishing hastily to prejudge a question on which it is possible that the public may hear a good deal said on both sides; but the levity with which it was last year proposed to tamper with the remains of our greatest poet does not at first sight predispose one to look with much favour at a proposal emanating from the same quarter to rebuild the church in which they lie.

It is not pretended, taking the facts as M. JUSSERAND states them, that the church is in any such state of dilapidation as to make extensive changes or repairs necessary. On the contrary, except for some vegetation which has accumulated on the roof, and which can be easily removed, all seems to be in good order. We are ourselves far from joining in the indiscriminate cry against all restorations which from time to time finds vent in the columns of the daily papers. Restorations are often necessary, even though much that is beautiful or picturesque is lost in the process. Old associations count for much; but in cases of clear necessity or evident expediency they must be sacrificed. The point is whether, in the present case, such necessity or expediency can be said to exist. So far as the information laid before the public goes, there appears to be none whatever. The church, as most of our readers are aware, is a handsome building, with a unity and harmony of design which structural changes would probably ruin. It is not pretended that the church is falling to pieces, though, even if that should ever be the

case, the wisest plan would certainly be to reconstruct it on the old lines. It is at all times risky, even in the hands of the greatest architects, to alter the proportions of a building when they are already satisfactory. In all such cases to leave well alone is the best course. In the attempt to make a good building better the chances are not small that it will be spoiled. The pleasing impression of the parish church at Stratford-on-Avon does not lie in any decorative details, but in the harmonious effect of the whole; and such effects, as everybody knows, are easily marred by even slight changes of structure. Among other alterations, it is proposed, according to Dr. JUSSERAND, to enlarge the nave. It is obvious that this will change the whole character of the building, though in what way it will enable the Vicar to perform the service with more "magnificence" we are quite unable to imagine. It seems plain enough that a religious service can admit of any reasonable amount of magnificence without expanding the nave of a church to an abnormal width. What sort of service does the Vicar want to establish? Does he wish the choristers to walk six or eight abreast down the central aisle? And are the people of Stratford so enamoured of magnificent services that they are willing, for the sake of them, to sacrifice, as they would almost certainly have to sacrifice, the beauty of their historic church? We greatly doubt it. Next to Westminster Abbey, there is no ecclesiastical building in these islands that has greater claims to reverent treatment than the church at Stratford. Last year, when it was proposed to disinter the body of SHAKSPEARE, the public feeling of the town pronounced strongly against the proposal. Is it too much to hope that this will again be the case on this occasion? We grant that the proposed outrage was greater in the one case than in the other. But to have frustrated a greater act of Vandalism is no reason for not hindering a smaller. As Dr. JUSSERAND remarks:—"Il est "à peine besoin de rappeler ce que tout le monde "sait—que l'édifice, outre sa valeur comme souvenir, a une "réelle importance artistique. C'est un très-bon spécimen "d'église de petite ville aux XIVme et XVme siècles; or "on a déjà détruit ou restauré un si grand nombre de ces "églises que sans doute on devrait traiter avec plus de "respect les survivantes." We can hardly believe that the people of Stratford will suffer their church to be transformed without a protest, or that, in face of their protest, the work would be undertaken at all.

There may be other country churches of about the same date as that of Stratford-on-Avon which have been improved, and not injured by restoration. Where the building itself is dilapidated, or is tending towards dilapidation, then there is nothing to be done but to restore it. Restoration of the interior, too, may often mean the removal of hideous pews or organs foreign to the whole character of the edifice and the substitution of something more in keeping with it. But to alter the structure of a building of great architectural merit, and consecrated by memories dear to every Englishman, merely to allow a more ornate service to be performed in it, can hardly proceed from any other motive than the mere mania for restoration on its own account. It is against this that persons of taste and judgment will protest. If Dr. JUSSERAND's account is accurate (and we have not seen it called in question), the proposed reconstruction of the church is utterly unjustifiable. It is an act of vandalism against which public opinion in Stratford and throughout the country should protest, and which it can and ought to render impossible. Nothing but the structural weakness of the building can justify such a step; and even then, as we have said before, the old proportions should be preserved. Even if the church has become too small for the number of worshippers, the proper course to take would be to build a new church and not to enlarge the old. The Vicar should recollect that, besides the relation in which he stands to his parish, he is also, in a peculiar sense, a trustee for the nation. That he is not sufficiently aware of this fact is shown by the readiness with which he last year consented to, and publicly defended, a project which would have served no useful purpose of any kind, and which was in the highest degree offensive to the feelings of the great mass of Englishmen. The strong expression of opinion which that proposal called forth had the result that it was abandoned; and we trust that a similar expression of opinion on the present occasion will be attended by an equally satisfactory result.

THE CATTLE BILL.

MINISTERS have put their fortune to the test in the matter of the Cattle Bill; and, as was generally foreseen, the result has been to set them reconsidering their position for the fourth time or so in the course of their present official career. The majority of one hundred and thirty sung by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has failed them at the pinch, the Flowers of the Forest were a'wede away on Tuesday, and it is now proved to demonstration that the House of Commons is precisely of the same mind as it was when Mr. CHAPLIN's motion was carried last Session. In a somewhat different way the history of Lord CARLINGFORD's Bill will serve as a pendant to the history of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's measure. They have both shown how ill the Ministry can manage. The PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE has made his bungles all out of his own head while the Cattle Bill has been forced on the Ministry, but both have been as badly conducted as need be. After turning a deaf ear to the House of Commons, as it would seem, in the hope that the whole matter would be forgotten, the Ministry was compelled to do something at the beginning of the Session. It framed a Bill which was to do just as little as possible, and when the House of Lords put the important word "not" in its right place in the first clause, Mr. DODSON was allowed or directed to ask the House of Commons to set it down four lines again. Meanwhile, there was much running to and fro to get up an agitation. The agitation would not come, and the Lower House remained of the same opinion as before. At the end of all their wriggling between the wish to do nothing, and the fear of the consequences if they took that course, the members of the Cabinet have contrived to bring the worst upon themselves by irritating some of their supporters without disarming their opponents, or hoodwinking the more independent part of their followers.

The economic arguments for or against the Bill have been so thoroughly discussed that it had become useless to repeat them, even in the House of Commons, where repetitions are more and more becoming the substance of every debate. On Tuesday night the question was openly argued as what it is, one of confidence. The Bill as amended in the House of Lords would make it incumbent on the Privy Council to obtain undoubted evidence that foot-and-mouth disease did not exist in any country before they permitted the importation of its cattle into Great Britain. As Lord CARLINGFORD drafted the Bill the Privy Council might admit cattle from any country as long as they were not sure that the disease did exist. It is to this form that Mr. DODSON asked the House of Commons to restore the Bill. This is not, as Ministers very well know, a mere distinction between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, as some very superior persons have discovered. It is much more like the difference between "you may" and "you must"; which, as every fourth-form boy knows, if he knows nothing else, are quite separate things. Still, if the House of Commons had full confidence in the Privy Council, it would not be very particular as to whether the "not" was in the thirteenth or the seventeenth line of the first clause. But that confidence is exactly what the majority of both Houses do not feel. They do not trust the Privy Council, and therefore they insist on tying it down to a well-marked duty. When Mr. DODSON got up to ask the House of Commons to amend the Lords' amendments, on the ground that they limited the discretion of the Privy Council with unpleasant severity, he was in fact advancing the very worst argument he could have chosen. His mistake was promptly pointed out to him by Mr. CHAPLIN, and he must have begun to realise its magnitude when Mr. J. HOWARD, who had thought the difference of little importance, declared that he meant to vote against the Ministry, because it showed such a very suspicious longing to have its hands free. The fact that a few Conservative members voted for them can have been a very poor consolation for Ministers, for it only served to emphasize the extent of the defection in their own ranks. It might be a hopeful sign if they had time before them. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and the other Conservatives who voted in the minority have their reasons for not risking their popularity with the workmen in the towns. Their support perhaps shows that, under favourable circumstances, the long wished for agitation might be set going; but it cannot be waited for now, and even if it came it might prove extremely awkward. The Ministry was set on Tuesday afternoon between the devil and the deep sea. Mr. GLADSTONE grew very warm after the debate in his anxiety to prove that he

was not disregarding the majority when he decided to wait and cast about for a compromise; but to anybody less gifted with the power of making subtle distinctions the fact appears obvious. Parliament has now said clearly enough in two successive Sessions what it wants, and Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet has to choose whether to yield or not. Whatever may be the exact form of the compromise offered, it can only be one of two things. Either it will be a surrender, which will be the wiser course, or it will be another attempt to shirk complying with the wish of the majority of the House. In the former case the majority may be trusted to be satisfied with having obtained the essential in any disguise, in the latter the Ministry will have turned a temporary check into a defeat which will have enduring consequences. Considering their astonishing management of the matter all along, it is at least possible that they may choose the least wise of the two methods of managing it now.

ENGLISH AS SHE WILL BE SPOKE.

WHEN the enterprising FONSECA published his celebrated *Anglo-Portuguese Grammar*, he intended to confer a real benefit on studious youth, at whom he dedicated her. Genius does not know its own ample powers. The distinguished Portuguese was really achieving immortality, and his grammatical examples were full of burning words more deathless than those which the poet is privileged to utter. In England people who knew not the intelligent Baboo thought, of course, that no one would ever write seriously in the Anglo-Portuguese style. But the native press of India, the press which speaks of "unveiling Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL's *cui bono* "in all its naked hideousness," proves that many thousands of HER MAJESTY'S subjects do actually speak "English as she is spoke." From Mauritius, too, from a Mauritian newspaper, we cull some flowers (of speech) that should not be allowed to blush unseen. Who knows but that, as our race expands itself through the Soudan, Borneo, New Guinea, and other fields over whose walls we are looking, English, as she is spoke by the educated aboriginal tribes, may not become the language of the future? The speech of MILTON, of GRAY, and of BYRON (to whom an American critic greatly prefers EMERSON) may become the speech of FONSECA. This new tongue, with such a future before it, deserves the gravest attention. Fortunately the latest example, that from Mauritius, includes both poetry and prose. As EMERSON is to MILTON, and his speech to MILTON'S, so is "M. M." (the writer of the following verses) to EMERSON, and Fonsecan to American.

The Mauritian poet M. M. (who, of course, is not Mr. MAX MÜLLER, though a very original linguist) starts quietly enough with a mere letter to the Editor:—

> DEAR MR. EDITOR [he says],—Previous to dropping my pen on this paper, I am glad to say that it is a work of paramount importance to occasionally look back on the past, and give an account of the profits and losses sustained in our constant undertakings. The question relative to the preservation of our health ought to be, I believe, a primary derivation in our incoherent minds.

Let us pause to consider the characteristics of the Late English thus revealed. New English, or Fonsecan, is obviously based on newspaper English. "A work of para- "mount importance" is one of the *clichés* that the writer of political "leaders" can seldom deny himself. "Primary "derivation" again seems to be derived from popular science. FLAUBERT would have revelled in it, FLAUBERT who said, wittily and wisely, that "we live in a time when art "is expected to be moral, vice to be decent, metaphysics to "be intelligible, and science to be popular." The Mauritian goes on to speak of the value of health. "We, the "thinking communities of this island, must, we allow "the term, consider health, through thick and thin, "*sine qua non* for the welfare of the Colony." He has got "thinking communities" from the *Spectator*, which thus "moulds the whisper" of peoples still to be. The "New Writer" goes on to say that he had seen a woman bathing where no such woman should be, and, "finding "no one at hand to put a dead-lock to this abominable "practice, I at once sent a boy" (the New Writer seems to be a schoolmaster) "to apprize her of her delinquency." Here a bit of eighteenth-century English appears, acquired, doubtless, in the New Writer's study of Dr. JOHNSON. Thus we have newspaper English, popular scientific English, and the English of the books in which our native friends are educated, all blending in Fonsecan. After some practical remarks, our friend drops into poetry; and here, we think, is the most instructive part of his toil. What question is more interesting than the English poetry of the future? The well of pure Fonsecan undefiled bubbles up and sings, *καταβόμενον κελαρύζει*, in the following fashion:—

HEALTH.

Health, a spring of good virtue,
Prolongs the lives of mankind;
When every thoughts we eschew
Off the often troubled mind.

Cure it cannot the victim,
Though he shall moan for the pain,
Unless the mankind to trim
Be in its dotal domain.

Can we not say, sir, to them,
Who are sitting on the Board,
To give a glance on the main,
Of the question we now hoard?

Yes. Let them judge the complaint
And send their men to put stop
To this delinquency unfaint
Of which here we are a crop.

In this lay we recognize the practical purpose of the educated native, conveyed in something of the obscurity admired in Mr. BROWNING, and with that wavering balanced hesitation between anapæstic and iambic verse which so pathetically marks some recent verse of "art that "is moral." Such, doubtless, will be the English poetry of the future; such the songs of the dark races blended beneath the Anglo-Saxon sceptre.

PROCURATORS FISCAL.

ON Monday night Dr. CAMERON did his best, with the help of Sir G. CAMPBELL and Mr. MACFARLANE, to destroy one of our few remaining illusions. He attacked the Procurator Fiscal. We have been long accustomed and even reconciled to the shortcomings of the Public Prosecutor south of the Tweed, but it had been an article of faith that in Scotland he was above reproach. Dr. CAMERON is of another opinion. He finds that there is much in the position and methods of proceeding of the Procurator which requires amendment; and thirty-five members of the House voted that Dr. CAMERON was right. Not that the member for Glasgow appeared in his favourite character of root-and-branch man. On the contrary, he expressed a sound Scotch admiration for the institution, and confined himself to complaining of the position of the officials who have to work it. In one respect Dr. CAMERON may feel sure of the support of the most Conservative lawyers. He insisted that the Procurators Fiscal are not, as a rule, sufficiently paid, and the reform he asks for is an increase of salary. There is certainly no actual or possible Fiscal in Scotland who is not prepared to approve of Dr. CAMERON'S argument so far. When it comes to accepting all his deductions the support will be less hearty, for, when stripped of the polite formulas which Dr. CAMERON felt constrained to use, his statement amounted to this, that the Procurators are compelled to hold a dependent position, and cannot be trusted to do their duty honestly. Out of the whole body only eight can confine themselves to their official duties. The remaining forty-four are compelled to act as solicitors, or to take to other business. In some cases the other business (and here we get to the source and origin of the evil) is that of factor or estate agent to a landlord. Now in Dr. CAMERON'S opinion, and still more in Mr. MACFARLANE'S, it is impossible that a Procurator Fiscal, who is also a solicitor or factor, can discharge his public duties in a satisfactory fashion. They were both prepared to assert that there is great discontent on the subject in Scotland, and to ask for the outlay of a little money to put things right. There is so much plausibility in the contention that a public official should confine himself to his office, that the support given to the motion is perfectly intelligible. The ADVOCATE-GENERAL himself, although he opposed the member for Glasgow, did not deny that what he asked for was reasonable. He only objected to the expense, and insisted that the present system works fairly well. He also made much of the very sound and very Scotch argument that the more a man has to do the more he does. If you wish, said the ADVOCATE-GENERAL, to get the best out of a man, keep his nose to the grindstone. A Procurator Fiscal who has only his office to attend to may have intervals of leisure, and so get lazy; whereas, if he is always at work for himself, he is kept in training, and his faculties are always sharp. On these excellent moral grounds, and also because

reform means an outlay of money without any adequate return in the shape of a seat in the Cabinet for Lord ROSEBERY or a good, big, imposing Local Government Board, he asked the House to reject Dr. CAMERON's motion, and it did so by a majority of seventeen.

It is the nature of Scotch questions to interest nobody but Scotchmen; and so the question of the Procurator Fiscal's salary may be left to be settled by the members from the north of the Tweed and Mr. MACFARLANE. There were, however, one or two features in the debate which are worth looking at for their own sake. There was, for one thing, the appearance of that tremendous popular agitation which seems to spring up everywhere at the touch of the Radical member. Dr. CAMERON asserted that Scotland was burning to reform the national system of criminal prosecutions; and Mr. MACFARLANE, with the emphasis of an orator whose education has been finished in Ireland, spoke of "atrocious "oppression" and the sufferings of the poor man. It is very strange that we should hear of all this for the first time. When Scotchmen are intent on reforming something, they are not wont to be so quiet about it. To judge by what has been heard of late years, and even from what was said in the debate, Scotland has very good reason to be satisfied with the administration of the law. It is carried out rapidly and quietly. The punishment of criminals is not left at the mercy of accident or to a species of regulated private revenge. It is perhaps better that public officials should serve the State alone; but, without accepting the Spartan theories of the ADVOCATE-GENERAL, it is possible to find a good deal to admire in the Scotch system. There is probably not one of the Continental nations possessing essentially the same legal machinery as the Scotch which could rely on finding so many men to do, in addition to professional labours, the arduous work of a Public Prosecutor who is not a mere ornamental figure, and do it so well. Even the members who supported Dr. CAMERON protested against his sweeping general accusations, and voted for him because they thought the Procurators deserve better treatment, and because their actual position might lead to abuse. Except the member for Glasgow and Mr. MACFARLANE, nobody seemed to believe in the existence of any serious cause of complaint against the conduct of prosecutions. There is, however, no sort of difficulty in discovering what has aroused the zeal of these gentlemen. Some of the Procurators are agents to landlords, and of late certain crofters have found them unpleasantly active. Hence all this talk about atrocious oppression and the entrapping of innocent boys. In these times, when the whole administration of Government is undergoing a process of conversion into a big Radical machine, it probably appears a good thing to Dr. CAMERON to make the Procurators Fiscal wholly dependent on the State. There is a vague but natural conviction that in that case they might be trusted to stand by, under proper pressure, while the Highland crofters agitated for their rights in the way which proved so effectual to carry the Irish Land Act.

There is one other part of the debate which ought to possess an interest out of Scotland. Every now and then there is a call for Public Prosecutors in England, and there is at all times a steady grumble against the existing officer who bears that title, apparently as an ornament, and under restrictions which confine him to the harmless position of dummy. Englishmen who think that a Procurator Fiscal would be a useful officer here should carefully read Monday night's debate, and then ask themselves whether they want him as he is in Scotland, or whether, if he is not taken with all his powers, he is worth taking at all. The secret inquiries which the Procurator Fiscal conducts, and the wide discretion entrusted to him, might not be found to prove acceptable on nearer acquaintance. Here Dr. CAMERON has the advantage of expressing the common English view. It has become our habit, alone among the peoples of Europe, to take it for granted that the presumption is always in favour of the criminal. He is given every chance and every safeguard. The very detective police can scarcely be kept from announcing their movements from the housetops. It is a system which prevents occasional injustice at the expense of allowing the guilty to escape far too often, but it also saves us from a great deal of inquisitorial control. Scotch law has always gone on very different principles. It has pressed hardly on the accused, and has always supposed that the duty of legal authorities was to prove his guilt, and not to establish his innocence. The influence of English example has modified the working of the Scotch system very considerably, but a great deal of the old Adam remains. The whole control of criminal prosecutions is still in the hands of the State, and its agent the Procurator Fiscal considers himself as a species of authorized huntsman whose business it is to keep down the human wolves and foxes which prey on society, and also to keep poachers in the form of private prosecutors from trespassing on his preserves. Scotchmen are well content with this state of things. They find that it works smoothly, and are quite satisfied to see the Procurator Fiscal well armed. It is possible that even in Scotland the success of the system is largely due to the fact that the Procurators are not mere Government officials, but generally men of business who have ample means of knowing how much will be tolerated. These modifications which have been produced by time and compromise are, however, just the part of the Procurator Fiscal's office which it would be most difficult to reproduce in England.

HYDE PARK CORNER.

ON Monday evening Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE announced to the House of Commons the decision of the Government with regard to the DUKE's statue. It is to go to Aldershot, and a foreign artist is to be commissioned to make another for the arch. This decision will not be universally popular. We had got accustomed to the ugliness of WYATT's statue. The Duke of WELLINGTON sat for it, according to the Duke of RUTLAND, who, indeed, seemed to have proved the fact, though the Committee appointed by the PRINCE OF WALES denies it. Furthermore, the Duke of WELLINGTON liked it, and was proud of it; and we confess to preferring it on that account in spite of its want of artistic merit Another unpleasant feature of Monday night's proceedings was the evident anxiety of the CHIEF COMMISSIONER to shelter himself behind the PRINCE OF WALES. His ROYAL HIGHNESS, of course, is not a Sovereign with responsible Ministers, and in strict law there was nothing actually unconstitutional in Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE's constant references. Still it is impossible not to observe the attempt to make use of the well-deserved and undoubted popularity of the PRINCE to ward off unpopularity from the FIRST COMMISSIONER of WORKS and his more exalted colleagues. Another curious point in the debate was the anxiety of several speakers to disclaim any objection to Mr. BOEHM as sculptor of the new statue on the ground of his being a foreigner. It is difficult to see why the fact should not be mentioned, and it would be impossible to object to Mr. BOEHM on any other ground. That he is a first-rate sculptor no one will deny. True, we have some artists as good as he is, and some whom critics look on as better; but in a national work of this character it is absurd to ignore the sculptor's nationality. When MAROCHETTI was commissioned to make the statue of Prince ALBERT for the Memorial, there was a similar disclaimer of prejudice against a foreigner; while a few outspoken people said plainly that it was immaterial, as the PRINCE was himself a foreigner. MAROCHETTI's failure, and the subsequent employment of FOLEY, gave, nevertheless, universal satisfaction. We have no FOLEY now; but we have good sculptors of our own race and country. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE's reason for employing Mr. BOEHM was very curious. After another reference to the PRINCE OF WALES, he said that three distinguished (English) sculptors had refused to enter into a competition for the honour of making the new statue. Did Mr. LEFEVRE seriously think three distinguished sculptors would entertain such a proposal for a moment? The excuse, the only one made for the appointment of Mr. BOEHM, amounts simply to this—three English sculptors of eminence refused to behave as if their reputation had not been already formed; and Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, finding competition impossible among native artists, appoints a foreigner without any competition. Our one source of comfort lies in the probability that Mr. BOEHM will produce a fine work, and one worthy of the DUKE's memory.

Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, who apparently takes some interest in artistic questions, and who may perhaps be looked upon as a suitable person to rule at some future time in the Office of Works, made the best speech of the short debate. The question of the removal of the statue, he observed, was not merely an artistic one. It was rather one of historical association. He went on to criticise the new arrangements at Hyde Park Corner; and in answer to him Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE's

peculiar logic comes again into use. He is going to decorate the arch as its architect intended. The original drawings will be in the approaching exhibition of architectural drawings at the Burlington Club. To judge by them, BURTON intended at first to put a frieze round the plinth, and to add eight statues, four on each front. Subsequently a chariot was proposed for the top, and so in the engraved views of the time is always represented there. Which of these intentions is to be carried out does not very clearly appear, or whether they are both to be fulfilled. The arch was originally designed to make an entrance to the Royal Gardens; but the device of turning the roadway of Constitution Hill through was ingenious and successful. The whole operation has now been carried out, so far as the public is informed, without the superintendence of any architect or sculptor, certainly without the help of any artist of eminence. The narrowness of the majority in favour of the vote, and Sir ROBERT PEEL'S promise to bring the matter up again on the Report, leave a hope that Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE'S wild career may receive a check. A characteristic excuse was put forward for not replacing the DUKE—namely, the cost of the operation; but, as Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE made no reference to the similar cost of putting any other piece of sculpture on the arch, we may suppose that he reasoned, if it can be called reasoning, as he had done in the matter of choosing a sculptor.

THE BUDGET.

THE Budget was introduced by Mr. CHILDERS on Thursday evening in a speech shorter, on the whole, than such speeches usually are. Mr. CHILDERS has neither Mr. GLADSTONE'S power of lucid explanation, nor its opposite, in which unfortunately the PREMIER excels even more. The statement of Thursday excited little curiosity beforehand. But the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, by two proposals which he made towards the conclusion of his speech, contrived to impart to it considerable interest. The subject of light gold is in itself of importance, if in many cases, no doubt, of very little importance, to everybody. The subject of the rate of interest on the National Debt affects a large and increasing number of people. Mr. CHILDERS'S speech, then, may be divided into two distinct parts; and, without pronouncing any opinion upon them as yet, we may briefly indicate their drift, both as regards the account of the revenue and the new proposals.

The revenue for the past year has amounted to a total of 87,205,000*l.*, or 656,000*l.* more than the estimate. For the coming year the estimate is 85,555,000*l.* The expenditure for the past year has been 86,999,000*l.*, leaving a surplus of 206,000*l.* The surplus anticipated for next year is 263,000*l.* Mr. CHILDERS proposes to apply this modest sum in the reduction of the licence-duty on four-wheeled vehicles plying for hire, or, in other words, on cabs, and we may possibly in the remote future be able to find some kind of conveyance fit to drive in besides hansoms. This reduction is, however, specially intended for the relief of hackney-carriage owners at watering-places where the season is short. The Excise has produced 46,653,000*l.*, being 138,000*l.* above the estimate, though still showing a fall on spirits, the very open weather of the months of November, December, January, and February having, as the CHANCELLOR observed, had a direct effect on the reduction of the amount. On the other hand, the beer revenue has greatly improved. In 1881–2 it was 8,531,000*l.* In 1882–3 it fell to 8,400,000*l.* It has now risen to 8,488,000*l.*, or within 50,000*l.* of what it was two years ago. This is not unsatisfactory, even from the teetotal point of view. People have drunk more beer and less gin. As Mr. CHILDERS remarked, with a complacency all the greater because it was unexpected, pauperism has decreased. Artisans and labourers are doing very well. Bread is cheap; and although there is "much complaint among persons in easy circum-"stances," or, rather, among persons who were formerly in easy circumstances, "there is a steady increase in the "accumulations of the country which is best evidenced "by the growth of the Income-tax and the House-duty." No wonder that Mr. CHILDERS has, as he says, to deal with very conflicting circumstances. Railway receipts are low. Trade is depressed. Incomes derived from land, whether by landlords or farmers, are still in an unsatisfactory state. These are Mr. CHILDERS'S own words, but it does not seem to occur to him that it is his duty to face these circumstances. The Post Office has proved a disappointment, and the CHANCELLOR is disposed to put off cheap telegrams for nine months. The Parcels Post has not fulfilled expectations. Instead of bringing in, as was estimated, 340,000*l.*, it has only produced 155,000*l.* Such are the chief items relating to the past with which Mr. CHILDERS dealt, and they do not seem to present any features of exceptional importance.

With regard to the future, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had two principal proposals to make which, it may be anticipated, will both encounter considerable criticism. The first relates to the reduction of the National Debt. The funded debt amounted this time last year to 712,699,000*l.* It now stands at 640,631,000*l.*, being a lower figure than it has ever touched since 1811. The interest is lower than it has ever been since 1805. This satisfactory state of things, coupled with the fact that, while Two-and-a-half per Cent. stock is at 91, and the old Three per Cent. Consols are at 102 and upwards, or, in other words, that the Two-and-a-half per Cent. stock is nearly at par, and the Three per Cent. considerably above par, Mr. CHILDERS sees his way to a grand reduction of the whole debt by a conversion of the Three per Cent. stock into two and a half. How this is to be done he explained not very clearly; but, no doubt, by the Treasury using its undoubted right of giving notice, the arrangement will be largely carried out while money remains so cheap and trade so depressed. The second proposal to which we have referred is for the improvement of the gold coinage. It appears that, since the redemption of specie payments in 1817, more than 300,000,000*l.* worth of gold coins have been put into circulation, and not more than 50,000,000*l.* formally withdrawn. Of the 90,000,000 sovereigns and 20,000,000 half sovereigns now in circulation in this country fully a half are light. Various proposals have been made and plans tried by which this state of things is to be remedied. Mr. CHILDERS reviewed them one by one, but rejected them all for various reasons, except one. The difficulty of course is obvious. Somebody must pay for the depreciation. The proposal that has hitherto been most favourably entertained is that the loss should be divided between the Treasury and the actual holder. But Mr. CHILDERS suggests taking the half-sovereign, converting it into a coin containing more alloy, and only representing half a sovereign as a crownpiece represents quarter of a sovereign, so as to make a saving by which the whole gold coinage may eventually be called in, and reissued in full without loss. The proposal is a debatable one, but it is only bad men who will see in it a sign that the Government, having already suggested the debasement of the franchise, now suggests the debasement of the currency.

FOOTBALL IN THE FIELD.

IT might be a nice question for the curious to decide whether the position that the game of football has within recent times taken among our national sports is due to an increase in the manliness or in the frivolity of our age. Popular in one shape or other the game has been in these islands from an almost immemorial time; indeed, it has a history to which the history of cricket is but of yesterday. The Greeks played it, and so did the Romans; the latter, in Rugbeian fashion, using their hands as well as their feet. It is supposed to have come into Britain with Cæsar, but the first mention of it in our chronicles is in the latter part of the twelfth century, when William Fitzstephen, in his *History of London*, writes of the young men of the city going on certain festivals into the fields to play the game after dinner. For some reason, shrouded in the mists of antiquity, Shrove Tuesday seems to have been held peculiarly sacred to the sport, and many who have still a fair share of their span of years to run can remember how on that day, in certain odd nooks and corners of England, a ball was kicked fortuitously about village streets to the great detriment of windows and the dismay of the more timorous inhabitants. In its early days the game was followed in very primitive fashion, and in a desperately rough one, without any of the intricacy and manœuvring of modern play; so that probably it was not only James's known aversion to hard blows that made him forbid his luckless son from joining in a sport which he has styled in his *Basilikon Doron* as "meeter for laming than making able the users thereof." Gradually these Shrove Tuesday diversions died out, and the game became relegated mainly to the playing-grounds of our schools and village greens, became to be regarded by universal, if unwritten, consent as the peculiar joy and privilege of youth—a game to be put aside, with other childish things, by those whose cheeks, as the late Mr. Calverley has sung, had become "partially obscured by whisker."

According to a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, it was the Volunteer movement of 1860, and the impetus thereby given to open-air exercise and amusement, that have caused the revival of football. But, whatever the cause may have been, of the revival itself there is no question. Thirty years or so ago, for example, the game was hardly known at the Universities, was at best pursued by some exuberant Freshmen, Etonians mostly, who had not yet outgrown their salad days. Now our "young barbarians" of Oxford and Cambridge kick away at each other's shins as keenly as they hit each other's bowling about at Lord's, or tug away at each other year by year from Putney to Mortlake. The county Elevens who compete for the challenge cup of the Football Association are chosen with almost as much care as for cricket; nay, it is whispered that professional players for the former are almost as much in demand as for the latter game, and get pretty nearly as well paid—which rumour, we may observe, if it be true, is a direct infraction of that rule of the Association which enacts that "Any member of a Club receiving remuneration or consideration of any sort, above his actual expenses and any wages actually lost by any such player taking part in either Cup, Inter-Association, or International contests, and any Club employing such player, shall be excluded from this Association." Nor is age now considered any bar to the active enjoyment of the game. Among the ranks of the "Old Etonians," and of other Clubs similarly constituted, may be seen players who get over the ground with an agility, and charge their opponents with a hardihood, perfectly astounding for their years. To watch some of these veterans limping out of a furious "maul," or rolling on the muddy turf, would give a stranger, no doubt, a high opinion of the vivacity and pluck of our countrymen; but to one of philosophical bent—such a one, for example, as Mr. Max O'Rell (who has indeed branded the game as "fit only for savages")—the spectacle might also have a ludicrous side. He might feel inclined to exclaim with the poet,

Ah! tell them they are men!

A man does, we venture to think, seem a little out of place in a football field.

The Encyclopædic writer, to whose learned dissertation on the game we have already owned our debt, does indeed make one statement to which we must venture to demur. Winchester and Harrow, he says, are "the chief exponents of the game wherein kicking alone is allowed as a means of propulsion." Eton "plays a hybrid game in two different ways, 'at the Wall' and 'in the Field,' the latter being a sort of mixture of both kinds of play." Mother Eton has been a good deal harried and mocked in these latter times, poor thing! But surely so baseless an imputation as this has never yet been cast upon her. We had always thought the game as played "in the Field" at Eton was the purest form of football known, the most essentially *foot*-ball of any. On no excuse whatever may the hands be employed, except to touch the ball, when it passes behind the goal lines, to save or get "a rouge." Even the rules of the Association game, which may be described as a sort of compromise between all rules, are more lenient; for by them the goal-keeper may in defence of his post make use of his hands in any way save in carrying the ball; he may stop it with them, or hit it away, or throw it away. But in the Eton field even that last resource is denied; even in the sorest straits, by the feet, and by the feet alone, must the goal be saved. In their broad principles the Eton and Association games have no very material difference. But whereas in the latter the game is begun by a free "kick-off," and the ball, when it passes out of play, except behind the goal lines, is thrown in at will by a player of the side opposing him who kicked it out, in the former the game begins by a "bully" formed in the middle of the ground, and, when the ball is kicked out, is continued by a bully formed opposite the point where it passed out of play. It was the contemplation of this bully, we may suppose, that led the writer in the *Encyclopædia* to discover an analogy between the wall and the field games. On either side are a "post" and two "sides," with others to back them up. These form down opposite each other, alternately under and over as at "the wall," and the ball is placed between their feet. This bully is mostly but a momentary affair, and the ball, if not carried through by superior weight, is turned out almost at once to one of the two "corners." Behind the bully stand the "flying-man," the "long-behind," and the "goals," and sometimes a player is taken from the bully to act as "short-behind." The game is a terribly fast one, as, except by the "behinds," no "cool kicking" is allowed; no player "up," that is to say, may kick the ball hard; he must "run it down," or "dribble it," as the phrase goes elsewhere than at Eton, keeping it as much between his feet as possible. To see a skilled player do this at top speed, winding in and out among his opponents, with the ball never more than a foot or two away from him, is a pretty sight, and it is prettier still to watch him "running it down the line" with all the players crowding round him on the watch for a "rouge"; as one enthusiastic Etonian has been heard to observe, "it is the very poetry of football!" A "rouge" is won when the ball passes behind the goal lines, but not through the posts, and is touched first by one of the side which has forced it over. But the player who forces it over must at the moment be in immediate contact with one of his opponents; otherwise the ball is "cool," and is quietly kicked off into the middle of the ground by one of the side over whose lines it has passed, and the same thing happens when one of that side is the first to touch it behind the line. When a rouge has been claimed and allowed, an adjournment is made to the goal of that side against whom it has been given. A yard—the longest yard that youthful legs can stride—from the goal the stoutest player of that side takes his stand with the ball between his feet, the rest backing him up in various positions so as to form a solid wedge-shaped front to the foe. Ranged in similar fashion the foe charges down on the ball, and then commences a struggle "grim and great" as that which avenged the slaughter of Hypatia, till the ball is either forced through the goal posts by one side, or carried by the other away from that dangerous vicinity back into the enemy's country. This is the roughest part of the Eton game, and is sometimes, no doubt, where the match is a keen one, as for the House Cup, very rough. While the game is confined to boys, however, no very great harm is likely to ensue, and, as a rule, the Eton game may, we think, be said to be less prolific of serious accidents than any other; certainly far less so than the Rugbeian indiscriminate pulling and hauling and kicking, which have, indeed, been of late considerably modified by the rules of the Rugby Union. A goal outweighs any number of rouges, but where the proportion of goals is equal, victory remains with that side which claims the greatest number of rouges.

In any game of football shins, of course, will suffer, and here and there a collar-bone perchance will snap. But the very spirit of the Eton game lends itself less to hard kicking than do others. Skill more than brute force is required to run a ball down neatly from one end of the field to the other; the enemy has rather to be dexterously avoided (not "funked") than encountered and overthrown. Still it would be idle to pretend that football is a delicate game, or one to be enjoyed without a fair share of hard blows, given and received. Given and received they were, in that consulship of Plancus which every man loves to talk of, with great equanimity and no complaint. It seems now, however, that this too, with so many other things, has been changed at Eton. Walking through the town the other day an old Etonian, who had known Plancus, observed in a shop-window certain leg-guards ("shin-pads," is, we believe, the technical term), not unlike those worn by cricketers, but lighter and less hampering to the limbs. As was the case with Nell Cook on a certain memorable occasion, "fury filled his eye," and he walked into the shop to ask if it were possible that Eton boys wore such things. "Well, sir," was the answer, "I think they don't like it known, but as a matter of fact they do!" Shins, no doubt, grow tenderer with advancing years, and in the Association matches pads now are common things; which is one reason, perhaps, among many, why with advancing years the game should be put aside. But that our boys should descend to such a depth of effeminacy is terrible indeed! One feels inclined to say with Cowley,

In all the bonds we ever bore,
We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept; we never blush'd before.

THE MODEL LANDLORD AND THE MODEL PHILANTHROPIST.

SATURDAY and Monday last afforded two pleasing and indeed not easily surpassable studies for that reprehensible person, the modern cynic. The modern cynic might have seen both with his own eyes at no greater trouble than a leisurely journey between Dublin and London, during which he might have stopped on the way and admired the beauties of nature, and thought what a very funny animal the chief animated ornament of nature is. The scene on Saturday was the Four Courts, Dublin; the scene on Monday was the Palace of Westminster and that division of it called the Commons House of Parliament. Two very eminent persons figured in the two scenes. The hero of the Dublin commonty was Mr. Parnell, the friend of the oppressed Irish tenant, the sworn enemy of exterminators, the author, or at least the adapter, of the doctrine of prairie value, the originator of some very well-known directions for the practical reformation of wicked men who oppress their fellows for rent or take holdings on which others have refused rent, &c. &c. &c. The hero of the other was Mr. Gladstone, the flower and crown of modern philanthropists, the avenger of the massacred Bulgarian, the man to whom making light of the reported slaughter of women and children was not so very long ago a thing only to be atoned for by the prompt dismissal of the guilty person from office and the substitution of him, Mr. Gladstone, in the guilty person's place. These things, however, it may be fairly granted, are ancient history. Much water has flowed under the bridge since Mr. Gladstone thundered about Batak, and some since Mr. Parnell delivered lectures on the art and mystery of holding the harvest. And it is gratifying to those who believe in a *cis-mortem* distribution of rewards and punishments to observe that the good deeds of these two good men have had their reward. Mr. Gladstone has been Prime Minister for four years, and in the natural course of things the cancelled cheque for forty thousand pounds has long since been duly returned by Mr. Parnell's bankers to the drawers, and the amount snugly put to that patriot's credit. Both of them, in fact, to adopt the touching phraseology of the celebrated Mr. Brocklehurst, have "got two nuts for their infant piety." But it

is an observed fact that the rewarding, especially the lavish rewarding, of piety, infant and other, is not seldom followed by a certain weariness in well-doing on the part of the infants.

However this may be, Mr. Parnell's appearance before a jury of his countrymen (perhaps including some subscribers to the Nation's Tribute, though, if we mistake not, most of that came from Yankeeland) might have been staggering to those who do not know how unsafe it is to judge from appearances. The rash and hasty judger would certainly not have conjectured from it that Mr. Parnell was the most illustrious of tenants' friends or that he had recently conducted a Land League agitation, or indeed anything at all like these things. Far, very far, from us be it to find fault with Mr. Parnell's proceedings in themselves. We, being in the gall of bitterness as to this land matter, do firmly hold that it is a tenant's business to pay rent, and a landlord's right, if the tenant does not pay it, to recover it in whatsoever way the law allows. True, some queer circumstances were alleged in this particular case. It was said that there was a cross-transaction in the money-lending way between Mr. Parnell and his tenant, and that, if the tenant was slack with his rent, Mr. Parnell was not extremely prompt with his interest (it is pleasant, by the way, to reflect that the Nation's Tribute will prevent such awkwardnesses in future if Mr. Parnell is fairly careful of it). It was even insinuated that Mr. Parnell had unaccountably delayed to proceed with an action in the tenant's life, when the tenant could have come forward to give evidence about a verbal agreement (very important to the matter) which was made in Kilmainham. Kilmainham seems, according to this story, to have seen more treaties than one, and bad luck would appear to have presided over them all. With all this, however, we have very little to do. The agreeable thing is to find the great champion of the Land League binding tenants down by leases containing agreements not to claim compensation for improvements or disturbance and bringing actions against widows for arrears of rent. This is great fun; and except Mrs. West, who has to pay the arrears and the law expenses, everybody ought to be pleased. Mr. Parnell gets his money, the British public has the height of diversion entirely in observing Mr. Parnell's proceedings, the cyouncillors of Ireland—a deserving body—have honourable employment, and it is to be hoped fees. Some weak-minded folk have suggested that the Irish public will not like the fun. But here we are inclined to think that they are wrong. Irishmen fully understand the spirit of the axiom laid down by a Scotch authority to the effect that "The Lord's lambs mun play," and they are quite accustomed to the spectacle which has been scandalously likened to that of one Irishman roasting and another turning the spit. The idea that Mr. Parnell will be much damaged by this transaction arises from the same Saxon stupidity which saw "queerness" in that memorable refusal of Sir Rufford Bufford to pay the bill for the horse he had himself sold at a profit "when it came jus" which is recorded in the *Irish Sketch Book*. Mr. Parnell may cease to be an uncrowned king—Irish uncrowned kings have nearly as short a term of royalty as, according to a rather misty history, their crowned predecessors usually had a thousand years ago or thereabouts. But it will hardly be owing to this little nibble at Mrs. Widow West's house. This, however, does not in the least diminish the fun of the thing to the stupid British mind. And generous Irishmen need not grudge us this fun. They have so much of their own, what with leaving cards with rifle-cartridges tied to them (a mode of menace terrific, no doubt, but somewhat inscrutable), with bags of dynamite, with surgeons' knives, and so forth, that it is only fair they should give the enemy a turn now and then. And in a quiet sort of way it must be admitted that this little play of "The Uncrowned King and the Widow; or, How I Taught my Tenant to Hold the Harvest," is very fair entertainment indeed.

The fun of Mr. Gladstone's contribution to this week's amusements is of a less unmixed kind. There were no bones broken in the Mount Avon matter, and, as apparently the deceased Mr. West was a man of some substance, his widow has perhaps bought her lesson not to have business transactions with patriots at no very terrible price. The signing of the lease with a strict covenant against claiming compensation for disturbance just about the time, August 1880, of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, and the interview in Kilmainham, that favourite place of counsel, and all the rest of it, may be laughed at without any nasty afterthought. The Westminster farce is much nearer to the tragedy, and the spectator has to keep his eye very steady on the object to avoid straying into quite other passions than laughter. On Monday night Mr. Bourke, as all men know, asked Mr. Gladstone (as usual in vain) for information about Egypt, and included in his question a special request for any information about "the state of affairs at Khartoum, Shendy, and Berber." Now every one was aware of a rumour that part of the garrison of Shendy, with a number of non-combatants, had been intercepted and massacred in an attempt to escape. In his reply Mr. Gladstone made no reference to this, but simply said, "Shendy is surrounded by hostile tribes." Mr. Bourke naturally called his attention to the omission of any notice of the reported massacre. To this Mr. Gladstone replied, in the decorous report of the *Times* next morning, "It was not in your notice." On the evening itself the words were elsewhere reported as having been bluntly "You didn't ask me." But the discrepancy is entirely unimportant. However, being yet further pressed, Mr. Gladstone observed, "My hon. friend the Under-Secretary has got a telegram and will give information." This airy style may have reminded some hearers of the agreeable manner in which the elder Mr. Osborne used to tell his son George that "Mr. Chopper has got something for you." The something, however, which Mr. Chopper had was usually a cheerful cheque. What Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice had was a confirmation of the massacre which Mr. Gladstone thought so unimportant that his attention not being specially or literally called to it, he said nothing about it. The state of affairs at Shendy does not appear to Mr. Gladstone to comprehend such trifling details as the massacre of a few hundred of the garrison and inhabitants of Shendy, and when by great effort his attention is attracted to this small matter, he has to turn to an Under-Secretary to give the answer. Even thus might a stately butler depute some very trifling office to the Buttons of the establishment, reserving himself for weightier matters.

There is really need of some new pamphlets from Mr. Gladstone. "Lessons in Massacre" are quite out of date, and what we want now is "Lessons in How to Make Light of Massacre." It is a great pity, too, that Mr. Gladstone's present constituency is so far off that he cannot reasonably be expected to deliver Blackheath speeches or an equivalent for them. It would be very agreeable to hear him crying, in one of his customary flights, "Oh, gentlemen, let me implore you to desist from this habit of considering rather the lives of miserable Egyptians than the necessities and convenience of a God-granted Government," and pointing out how idle and factious is the task of objecting to the slaughter of Arabs on the Nile by hundreds and Arabs on the Red Sea by thousands, when the real question is how to keep the Liberal party in office. And round him other voices ought to gather;—"Perish Gordon! perish our influence in Egypt! perish Egypt itself, and all the men and things thereof, rather than that Mr. Gladstone should be obliged to accept a responsibility which is disagreeable to him, or to make a damning admission in a Parliamentary answer." But we live in flat and prosaic times, far different, alas, from those of but a short while since. Still the actual appearance of the Prime Minister on this and on other occasions has been (always putting the more serious view aside) a pleasant spectacle enough. It has enabled any one with brains in his head to estimate the exact amount of sincerity that there was in the cries and denunciations of seven years ago, the exact amount of philanthropy and sympathy for man as man which Mr. Gladstone feels. Not one word of sorrow for the reported massacre drops from the lips that gushed and roared over the massacre of Batak, not so much as the stereotyped "I am sorry to say" or "There is too much reason to believe" decks the fate of these inconvenient persons who had dared to get massacred in a manner troublesome to Mr. Gladstone's Government. Their fate is first passed over as not worthy even of mention, then handed to an Under-Secretary to talk about. A scandal to human nature this? Oh dear no! It is not worth while to get into the heroics (Mr. Gladstone himself is our warrant for that) about a reported massacre of a few hundred men and women, still less about a politician leaving his humanity to be called for when he next goes out of office. But it is an excellent joke, and quite fit to run in a curricle with the joke of the hero of the Land League invoking the tyrannic Courts established by an alien Power to extract rent from the widows of his tenants.

These be your gods, oh England and oh Ireland!

ANTONY AT THE ODÉON.

THE complaint of a dearth of new writers and new plays is not confined to our side of the Channel. With the exception of *Severo Torelli*—a fine play brought out by François Coppée at the Odéon—and M. Jean Aicart's unfortunate drama, *Smilis*, at the Théâtre Français, we are not aware that any new piece worth mentioning has appeared during the past winter on the Parisian stage; for the drama at the Théâtre de Gymnase, *Le Maître de Forges*, is, after all, only a clever adaptation of a well-known novel. In consequence the theatres have fallen back upon revivals. The Théâtre Français is giving M. Dumas's *L'Étrangère*, with Mlle. Barthet as the Duchesse de Sept Monts, and Mlle. Blanche Pierson as Mrs. Clarkson. The former replaces Mlle. Croizette, and is allowed to be in all respects far superior to her; but Mlle. Pierson, who has been for some years the leading actress at the Théâtre du Vaudeville, would, we venture to think, have done well to remain there. Neither in appearance nor in dramatic method is she suited to the larger stage on which she now appears; and should Mme. Sarah Bernhardt-Damala revisit as a spectator the scene of her former triumphs, she would be more than human if she did not find a malicious pleasure in noticing how completely her successor has succeeded in divesting the character of all mystery and poetry, without which Mrs. Clarkson becomes nothing better than an ordinary adventuress. Another, and more interesting, revival here is Scribe's *Bertrand et Raton; ou, l'Art de Conspirer*. As this once famous play has not been performed for many years, we will just remind our readers that the scene is laid in Denmark in 1772; and that the conspiracy, which begins in the first act and ends in the last, is an attempt to overthrow Struensee, the Court physician, whose sudden accession to power and place by favour of the Queen is one of the unsolved

problems of history. The play—like most of M. Scribe's productions—is extremely ingenious, but lacks reality, and the dialogue is stilted and old-fashioned. Struensee, like Queen Elizabeth in *The Critic*, is perpetually talked about, but never brought on to the stage; and the persons who are plotting his overthrow are, with one exception, no better than puppets, in whose fortunes it is impossible to feel the faintest interest. That one exception is Bertrand de Rantzau, who was understood, when the play was originally produced, to be intended to represent M. de Talleyrand. He is a real person, with all the finesse and readiness of resource with which his eminent prototype has been credited. The part was "created," as the phrase is, by M. Samson; but, great as he is said to have been, we are convinced that he could not have been superior to M. Thiron. Even his talent, however, fails to make the revival a success, and the play will shortly be withdrawn, or given only at rare intervals. Another interesting experiment at this theatre is the *début* of a pupil of M. Delaunay, Mlle. Marsy, who has lately won a *premier prix de comédie* at the Conservatoire. She has appeared as yet in only two parts—Célimène in the *Misanthrope*, and Suzanne in *Le Mariage de Figaro*. Both of these characters are difficult, and both are associated with the recollection of celebrated actresses; but Mlle. Marsy has been so distinctly successful in them, and gives such promise of future excellence, that confident hopes are entertained that a star of the first magnitude has risen on the dramatic horizon.

The enterprising managers of the Théâtre de l'Odéon, not having any new piece ready to succeed *Severo Torelli*, or perhaps thinking that it would be a waste of good material to produce one so late in the season, have followed in the steps of the Maison de Molière; but with this difference, that, whereas M. Perrin has been careful to revive only those plays which are tolerably sure to be successful, MM. de la Rounat and Porel have ventured on the boldest of bold experiments, and have revived the powerful, but gloomy, and, it must be admitted, repulsive play by M. Alexandre Dumas, *Antony*. It no doubt offers all but irresistible attractions to a manager in distress; for it not only possesses great literary merit, but at its production took the town by storm, and has since come to be regarded as a sort of standard and type of the Romantic school. It is by no means certain, however, that the success of 1831 will be repeated in 1884. A drama dashed off at fever heat, in which the passionate enthusiasm of a time of great political excitement is reflected, or a comedy in which some passing folly of the day is satirized, must pass through several stages before it can obtain a permanent place among the immortals. At first it achieves a triumphant success; then it is laid aside, or, if revived, is listened to with languid interest by scanty audiences; and it is only after a long delay that it can hope to become part of the literature which is independent of time or place. *Antony* has passed through the two first stages; but we doubt whether it possesses sufficient vitality to enable it to enter upon the third.

It was one of the principles of the Romantic school that human passions are essentially the same in all ages and in all countries; and that therefore a tragedy of our own time might be made as impressive as a classical one. M. Dumas cleverly introduces an episodic personage into the fourth act of *Antony*, who explains these theories in the interval between two quadrilles; and the whole play is evidently intended to be an illustration of them. The hero is an orphan, the child of unknown parents, compelled by their sin to live a life of isolation, homeless and friendless. The stigma of his birth cannot be shaken off. The lady of his love is taken away from him and married to another. After an absence of three years he suddenly returns to Paris, more sombre and disdainful than ever, with a bitter rage against mankind in his heart. An accident throws him into the society of his former love, now become Mme. Adèle d'Hervey, and, impelled by an irresistible passion, he determines to possess her, though by so doing his own ruin and hers are sooner or later inevitable. Those who have even elementary ideas of right and wrong will recognize that a man who sins as Antony sinned is weakest at the very moment when he ought to be strongest; but the notion of facing a guilty passion and overcoming it was one which few of the Romantic school of 1830 could admit for a moment; and it must be confessed that Dumas has succeeded in throwing round his principal personage an air of destiny and fatality which goes far to palliate his crimes. Even the terrible third act, in which Antony pursues his victim, and compels her to become his mistress by a device which reduces him to the level of a common felon, though a piece of brutal realism which even M. Zola's most fervent disciples would shrink from exhibiting, is so cleverly managed that Antony still continues to fascinate us, though we may cease to sympathize with him. Dumas has declared that his piece is not immoral; and, so far as the exhibition of vice triumphant is followed by that of swift and sudden retribution, it must be allowed that he has proved his point. We are shown, in the first place, Mme. d'Hervey shunned by her former friends, and at last imploring death at the hand of her lover rather than meet her husband, who, when he bursts open the door of the room in which the guilty pair have awaited his arrival, finds Adèle dead, while Antony, to save her reputation, exclaims, "Elle me résistait, je l'ai assassinée!" From a dramatic point of view this catastrophe is one of the most effective ever imagined by a dramatist; and certainly, as the author carefully points out, it does something to raise the piece above the level of an ordinary tale of adultery and murder.

In this gloomy drama of illicit love the twelve supplementary personages whose names appear in the list of characters are merely introduced to serve as a background to Mme. d'Hervey and her lover. Yet such is the art with which M. Dumas has developed his story that there is not a dull moment in any one of the five short acts; while the nervous, passionate dialogue goes straight to the hearts of the spectators, and makes them pity where they ought undoubtedly to condemn.

The play was written in 1829, the principal character having been suggested, as the author confesses, by the Didier of M. Victor Hugo in *Marion de Lorme*. The idea of the catastrophe, he tells us, came suddenly into his mind one day as he was walking along the Boulevard, and the story was framed to lead up to it; but the real secret of its dramatic success is revealed by another admission which he makes. M. Dumas could never hold his tongue about what concerned himself, and he informs us that there were circumstances in his own life which bore a close resemblance to those of his fictitious personages, and that he found a relief from a great sorrow in expressing his own feelings through the mouth of Antony. The piece was accepted as soon as completed by the Comédie Française, and the two principal parts were entrusted to M. Firmin and Mlle. Mars, both of whom undertook them very unwillingly, but immediately afterwards the censure intervened, and the play was forbidden. Then came the Revolution of 1830, the censure was abolished, and the Comédie agreed to put the piece into rehearsal. If M. Dumas is to be believed, the two principal actors had never any serious intention of performing it; but they nevertheless learnt their parts, and even the day of the first representation was fixed. Then Mlle. Mars gravely informed the author that she could not think of performing her part on that day; that she had spent a large sum on her dresses; and that she had made up her mind to wait till there was a new chandelier, in order that they might be properly seen and appreciated by the public. "Thereupon," says M. Dumas, "I said 'Adieu, Madame,' took up my manuscript, and walked out of the theatre." He probably would not have acted with such decision had he not known that he would be welcomed on the stage of the Théâtre de la Porte St.-Martin, then the chosen home of the new dramatic school. He was careful, however, to secure his interpreters before he entered into business relations with the manager, and carried the play straight to Mme. Dorval. Their interview, which is described at length in a very curious and characteristic chapter of *Mes Mémoires*, was in every way satisfactory; and indeed, if M. Dumas has not sacrificed truth to effect in his narrative, the reading of the play must have been nearly as dramatic as the acting of it. Next day M. Bocage was secured for Antony, and lastly the manager, M. Crosnier, made no difficulty about the immediate performance of the work. The first representation, on May 3, 1831, was one of those extraordinary scenes of tumultuous enthusiasm which are almost incredible nowadays, but which were not rare at that period of excitement. The audience became more and more frantic as each act carried them step by step towards the catastrophe, which was received, says Dumas, with "such cries of terror, astonishment, and grief, that probably not one-third of the spectators could catch the last words"; and when the curtain had fallen the author was seized upon by his friends, who cut off the tails of his coat that they might carry them away as relics. If that was the temper of the spectators in a theatre on the Boulevards, no wonder that it was preferred by emotional writers to the frigid propriety which dominated the atmosphere in the Rue de Richelieu. *Antony* ran for a hundred nights—a most unusual length of time at that period—with undiminished popularity, and not long afterwards was transferred to the Odéon, where it was performed for thirty more.

On the first night of the revival the theatre was crammed to suffocation, and though the spectators did not attempt to imitate the behaviour of those who received the piece at its first production, they were evidently intensely interested. It was, however, the interest of curiosity, not of passion. They had come to see what manner of play had moved the Parisians fifty-three years ago, not to be carried away themselves. The critical element was of course largely represented; and possibly on future performances, especially at those given at popular prices, the public may be more demonstrative. The play was produced exactly as it may have been produced originally; the furniture and the dresses being careful reproductions of those in fashion in 1831. M. Paul Mounet looked as gloomy and fatal as an ideal Antony ought to look, and acted with much power and individuality. We are sorry that we cannot say as much in favour of Mlle. Tessandier, who was at best but a prosaic Adèle. She may possibly improve when she gets over the nervousness of representing a difficult character in a play which the actors probably regarded as a dangerous experiment; but she seemed to us to be sadly wanting in pathos, and phrases the rendering of which by Mme. Dorval has become historical, fell unnoticed from her lips. Even the famous "Mais je suis perdue, moi!" when she learns her husband's return, failed to make any impression on the audience. The rest of the characters, none of which, as we said above, are of any great importance, were all acted with propriety; and the young poet, Eugène d'Hervilly, was especially worthy of commendation.

POINT-BLANK RANGE.

AMONG the lessons of the short campaign in the Soudan, not the least important is that, however sudden and determined the rush, the difficulty of charging home through breech-loading fire to actual hand-to-hand combat is, if the riflemen are steady and resolute, almost insuperable. So far as the infantry were concerned, General Graham's battles of El Teb and Tamanieb afford good examples of the practical effect of modern rifle-fire at what is commonly called "point-blank range." Perhaps it may be well to determine as nearly as we can what this term means.

Into the origin of the combination of the two words point and blank we do not now mean to enter. We beg to commend the double term to the care of the compilers of the New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. If that useful work fulfils its promise, "Point-blank" is sure to be well treated in its proper place. Perhaps a connexion may be traced between the point-blank of curt refusal and the point-blank of a firearm. Anyhow, an English philologist may be trusted to do ample justice to a term which smacks so strongly of James's *Naval History* and Napier's *Peninsular War*. Perhaps we may be allowed to bring to the compiler's notice the story of the veteran Irish Fusilier who, being asked with reference to the battle of Barrosa what the meaning was of fighting at "point-blank range," replied, "Faith! it just manes that we never fired a shot till we could see the whites of the Frenchman's eyes." The story is an old one, but not altogether without point. Some years ago, General (then Colonel) Lefroy, of the Royal Artillery, proposed, apparently unsuccessfully, that the term "point-blank" should be discontinued. He contended that it was of no use, and without any practical meaning. Since that date it seems to have been a good deal misused, and to have fallen into partial disuse. In all probability men who wished to be exact avoided its use. Still in its own sphere it has held its own. It is one of those words that refuse, so to speak, to fall out. There is a sound of sharpness about it which makes it expressive in spite of its vagueness; at the same time it is vague enough to be used in a manner which is slipshod without being absolutely incorrect. When a word is down at heel, it is difficult to say whether it is a fitting one or not. The term is not, of course, a common one in the sense that it is in everybody's mouth; but by a certain set of persons it is used not uncommonly both in writing and conversation. We see it in the reports (lately, for the most part, exceedingly good ones) sent from the battle-field by the war correspondents. It is precisely defined in the Manual for the use of the Royal Artillery, 1881. It is quoted in the specifications of an "Express" rifle, and so on. But let a score or two of men—naval, military, big-game shooters, gunmakers, and others—who have used the term, or heard it used, from their youth up, be asked to write down what they conceive to be its meaning as generally understood. A few might declare there was no such thing; the minds of others would, if one may say so, be blank upon the point; of the remainder, one-half might be in practical agreement, while the answers of the rest would, we suspect, differ considerably. The reason of this is that the expression cannot be brought to book. Nowhere, so far as we know, can a good definition be found of "point-blank range" when used with reference to a small arm. Nor will the rifleman find much comfort if he hunts up the gunnery definition. He will not even have the satisfaction underlying disappointment when a covert has been drawn properly but blank. He will find certainly, but the thing found will be of the wrong sort, and not straightgoing. The sooner we run it to ground the better.

At page 129 of the Royal Artillery Manual, 1881, we find the following definition:—"Point-blank—A gun is laid point-blank when the line of sight is parallel to the axis. Point-blank range is due to the jump of the gun." This "jump," we may explain for the general reader, is caused by the recoil, and is in fact the lifting of the muzzle, relatively to the breech, at the instant that the shot leaves the bore. The result of the "jump" is a slightly increased elevation, and a corresponding increase in the range. The method of obtaining the point-blank range of a gun is as follows:—Let the axis of the bore be directed horizontally on a mark placed at a short distance from the muzzle, and at the same height as the axis from the ground. When the gun is fired, the shot, owing to the "jump," will strike above the point on which the axis is directed, whereas, if there were no "jump," the shot, owing to the force of gravity, would strike below the point. Then, if the point be taken back in the direction of the axis until the shot will exactly strike it, that distance—namely, from the muzzle to the point struck—is (in Royal Artillery parlance) the point-blank range of that particular gun. Now a rifle, unless it be held firmly in a fixed rest, jumps in a somewhat similar manner at the moment of explosion. It is also pretty certain that, in addition to the jump, a rifle-barrel "buckles," as it is called, when the bullet quits the bore, thus causing the muzzle to droop. The effect of the jumping of the whole arm tends to send the bullet high, and of the "buckling" of the barrel to send it low. But, since the amount of "jumping" and "buckling" varies a good deal with the way in which the rifle is held and rested at the moment of firing, it is evident that the point-blank range in the Artillery sense cannot reasonably be applied to the shooting of a small-arm. Nor, in fact, is it so applied. What a gunmaker or any one used to guns means by the point-blank range of a rifle will be presently considered. He certainly does not mean to refer to the measure of the effect, or of the mean joint effect, of the buckling and the jumping just mentioned. Here it may be noticed that several superior officers in our service who some years ago wrote with authority on gunnery matters are all silent about the jump of the gun. Their definitions, while agreeing with one another, do not correspond with the Artillery definition of to-day. The books we particularly allude to are Owen's *Modern Artillery*, 1871; General Sir Howard Douglas's *Naval Gunnery*, 1855, and the "Aide-Mémoire to the Military Sciences," written by the officers of the Royal Engineers (1847–1852). Colonel Owen's definition may stand fairly for the rest; it runs thus:—"The point-blank range of a gun is the range obtained by the first graze of the shot, when the piece placed on its carriage is fired with the service charge on a horizontal plane with no elevation: that is to say, when the gun is parallel to the plane." Point-blank range in this sense sounds rather vague, inasmuch as it depends on the height of the gun-carriage, which of course may vary; but no doubt the term represented roughly the relative power of a gun; there is nothing, however, to lead one to suppose that the expression referred in any way to the range due to the "jump" of the gun. For Colonel Owen's definition there is no French equivalent. The "portée de but en blanc" of the French service meant, and probably still means, much the same as our gunnery "line of metal range." In the "Manual of Naval Gunnery for Her Majesty's Fleet" there is, we believe, no mention of the terms "point-blank" and "point-blank range"; and in all probability most Royal Artillery officers would say that the terms, however precisely defined, are definitions merely, and of no practical use. We think that it would have been rather a good thing if Colonel Lefroy's advice to abolish the expression as a gunnery term had been definitely adopted. We have thought it better to try to clear the front of artillery before getting to point-blank range with the rifle.

If it is necessary in rifle-shooting to have a term at all to express what we believe the usual meaning of point-blank range to be, then that term is convenient enough and as good as any other. It is already recognized, and to a certain extent understood, in the gunmaking trade and in the forest, and to a less extent in the navy and army and among the Volunteers. If it were only definitely explained and more generally understood, it would have a much closer application and a much wider use. A somewhat rusty term would, in fact, become more useful with the using. Mr. Greener, in his excellent book, *The Gun and its Development*, 1881, mentions the point-blank range of a rifle as if everybody knew what it meant. It is certain that a great many of his readers, who are for the most part learners, could not say what it meant. Some expressions, like muzzle-velocity, explain themselves; but a conventional term (if that can be called conventional about which the agreement is both tacit and partial) should, if possible, be defined in a book which is full of special information. A definition, or an explanation amounting to definition, would have come very well in Mr. Greener's instructive chapter on sporting rifles. From time to time we have had the opportunity of talking to rifle-makers and deer-stalkers who were masters of their craft, and we believe that most of such would agree with the following explanation of point-blank range. The point-blank range of a rifle is the distance in yards measured from the muzzle to the mark throughout, and up to, which the bullet will strike the said mark when aim is taken straight at it with the lowest sight, called sometimes the fixed sight, and, not uncommonly, the "point-blank" sight. This, in as many words, is, we believe, the meaning as generally understood. Briefly—as to a boy who is a beginner—it might be said point-blank range is the distance, not only at which, but up to which, you will be well served by your lowest back-sight, if there is no fault behind the trigger. Point-blank range may be made more of by aiming a little higher or lower, thus humouring the curve, so to speak, according as the object is at the far limit of, or well within, the point-blank range. The longer the point-blank range, the less dependent is the firer on knowing the correct distance. The length of point-blank range depends chiefly on the flatness of the first part of the trajectory, and also on the size of the mark intended to be hit. A bullet, it need hardly be said, does not move in a straight line for any part of its flight; nor, beyond a few yards from the muzzle, will any rifle, however accurate, put shot after shot literally one on the top of the other. Some margin of mark, however small, must be presented to the trajectory, however slightly curved. The mark (in big-game shooting) is that vulnerable patch which, and which only, it is desired so earnestly to hit. This mark being a fixed quantity, the great endeavour must be to get a trajectory as flat as possible. Flatness of trajectory is the result of very high velocity, or, what is the same thing, of a very short "time of flight." The shorter the time of flight the less exposure is there of the bullet to the action of the force of gravity, which, as every one knows, acts in proportion to the squares of the times, and is the sole cause of the downward curve of the bullet. In order to get a very high velocity at short ranges (as with an "Express" rifle), a comparatively heavy powder charge is used with a comparatively light—generally a hollow—bullet. The effect is that the bullet is whipped up, so to speak, from the muzzle to the mark in the shortest possible time. On the other hand, a light "Express" bullet has, comparatively speaking, very little ranging power. This is easily shown by a few figures. Let a ·450-inch "Express" bullet and a ·450-inch Martini-Henry service bullet be started at the same instant from their respective rifles. We will assume that the "Express" bullet, weighing 270 grains, and fired with a powder charge of 130 grains, has, as is not unusual, a muzzle velocity of

1,764 feet per second, and that the service bullet, weighing 480 grains, and fired with the service charge of powder—viz. 85 grains—has a muzzle velocity of 1,315 feet per second. (The superiority in muzzle velocity is due to the comparatively heavy powder charge and comparatively light bullet.) But a light weight in this sort of race cannot stay. Weight tells from the first. The difference in velocity of about 450 feet per second at the muzzle is, at 100 yards from it, reduced to a difference of 200 feet per second. At 200 yards the difference is only 50 feet per second. At about 300 yards the "Express" bullet begins, in Turf talk, to come back to the Martini-Henry bullet, and just about 500 yards from the muzzles—and in as nearly as possible one and two-fifth seconds from the start—the comparatively heavy Martini bullet comes up to and passes the light one, the race being all over but shouting. From a game-killing point of view, a military rifle cannot be compared to an "Express" sporting rifle in the matter of flatness of trajectory at short ranges; but, in respect of fighting, the greater curve of the military rifle is to a certain extent compensated for by the larger mark afforded by the stature of an enemy standing or running at distances within 250 or 260 yards of the firer.

We notice that the term "point-blank" sight (but not point-blank range) is now introduced into the Musketry Regulations, 1884, just issued to the army. At p. 112 the soldier is instructed, when firing at the "figure" target at distances under 250 yards, to use the lowest, or "point-blank," sight, which, though nominally for 100 yards, does actually give elevation for 140 yards. Then the "figure"—aim being taken at its breast—is under the power of the rifle for 250 yards; in other words, it ought to be hit somewhere, either higher or lower, throughout the whole of that distance. This "figure" practice illustrates very well the meaning of the "point-blank range" of a military rifle. Conversely, the term is a convenient expression for the hitting power of a rifle under certain conditions within a limited distance. Though, as we have seen, the conditions vary as between a sporting and a military rifle, particularly in the height of the object, the principle is the same for both.

To try to explain a term that has a shifting and indefinite meaning is not, we have found, an altogether easy task. To define the term and procure its general recognition would in all probability be much more difficult. Still such an attempt, if the term is to be used at all, might at all events be made. A mixed jury of gunmakers, big-game shooters, and soldiers could possibly be got together (say at a Sportsman's Exhibition) to define—in a rifle-shooting sense—the meaning of the term point-blank range. If the jury were of the right sort, their definition would be sure to bear the stamp of authority.

BARNUM'S.

THERE are things so mighty, so awful, so truly gigantic that the mind of man shrinks before them and shrivels, and man himself must needs confess his utter nothingness. One of these things is Barnum's Own and Only Greatest Show on Earth. Before this marvellous aggregation of wonders man stands aghast, and he begins to comprehend the unspeakable feelings of Coleridge before Mont Blanc and of the traveller silent upon a peak in Darien. As Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains, and as the Pacific is the vastest of oceans, so is Barnum's alone in its glory, supreme in its majesty, unapproachable in its might. For Barnum's Own and Only Greatest Show on Earth is not one show only; it is now nine shows combined. It is the result of a union, a fusion, an amalgamation—perhaps, after all, an alliance is the better word—between Barnum's original show and another second only to it, and known in America as the Great London Circus and Sanger's Royal British Menagerie. The combination bears the exalted title of the Grand International Allied Shows. Having once swallowed the Great London Circus and Sanger's Royal British Menagerie, Barnum's Own and Only Greatest Show on Earth developed a faculty of growth on its own account. Last year the huge entertainment it offered was said to be the result of a combination of Seven Shows. This spring the pointed advertisements and flamboyant posters declare that it now offers Nine United Monster Shows; thus following the precept and the practice of Mr. Barnum's famous French predecessor M. Nicolet, whose motto was always *de plus fort en plus fort*. It is to be noted, with proper awe and due respect for so great a mystery, that the performances of the Nine United Monster Shows do not last any longer this year than the performances of the simple Seven Shows last year. Next year there will probably be Eleven Shows in One, and the year after we may look for Thirteen Original Shows—E Pluribus Unum—with an apt allusion to the Thirteen Original States. But we venture to express a belief that, however many shows may finally get themselves together on Mr. Barnum's programme, the performance which begins at eight will be over by ten o'clock.

There can be no denying that Barnum's Own and Only Greatest Show on Earth is emphatically a Big Thing, after the most approved manner of American Big Things. It is the largest of nomadic exhibitions; and we incline to believe that the announcement setting the daily expense of the Show at nearly 1,400*l.* is not quite as exaggerated as the picture which represents the lordly and lofty Jumbo holding up the telegraph-wires and with his elevated trunk taking the eleemosynary bun from the charitable fourth-story window. In New York the exhibitions of Barnum's Own and Only Greatest Show on Earth are given in an enormous building which served formerly as the terminus of one of Mr. Vanderbilt's railways. A part of this building is screened off to contain the menageries and the living curiosities of all kinds. Two-thirds of it are given up to the circus, with seats arranged as in the Hippodrome in Paris, which Barnum's Own and Only Show on Earth resembles in size. Outside of New York there are two or three large tents for the animals, and savages and dwarfs and giants, and one enormous tent for the circus performances—a canvas tent as large as the iron building of the Hippodrome in Paris. In the centre of a building or a tent as vast as this, and capable of containing between five and ten thousand people, a single circus ring would make a mean and miserable appearance; therefore are there here side by side four circus rings, or rather three tan-bark rings and a wooden platform for bicycle riding, roller-skating, and so forth. In these three rings and on this stage sometimes as many as eight different performances are given simultaneously. Instead of a single *manège* or bareback act, there are three at once. Instead of a single trick-mule or trained horse, there are half-a-dozen comic donkeys in one ring, half-a-dozen educated ponies in another, and half-a-dozen Trained Ukraine Stallions in a third, all at the same time. This multiplication of blessings is indeed an *embarras de richesses*. It is impossible to see all that is set before you, and no matter how diligently you may have looked over the whole arena, or how much you may have been pleased with what you saw, you cannot help having an uncomfortable certainty that what you missed altogether was probably to the full as interesting, if not more so. This is most annoying, and makes a man feel that he has not had the worth of his money. And, moreover, it gives an unfair advantage to the man who squints, for he can benefit by his obliquity of vision, and take in at least two simultaneous sights, while the owner of normal eyes is confined to a single object. A Cyclops, could he be resuscitated long enough to sit through the two hours of Barnum's Own and Only Greatest Show on Earth, would go mad with disgust and despair before the performance was half over; while Argus, if he were also recalled to life, would revel in his visual advantages. When the herd of eight huge elephants are giving proof of their quick intelligence and elaborate training in the ring on the extreme right, and a herd of eight small elephants are going through exercises very similar in the ring on the extreme left, it is altogether tolerable and not to be endured that the clown elephant, Tom Thumb, should be exhibited on the platform in the centre of the arena. To see all three things is absolutely hopeless, and to miss any one of the three is unspeakably annoying to any one with the old Roman and new American liking for *Barnum et circenses*.

It is thus that Mr. Barnum makes up his full tale of Nine United Monster Shows. There are Three Circuses in Three Rings; there are Two Menageries in Two Tents; there is One Museum of Living Curiosities; there is One Hippodrome with a half-mile track (this refers to the broad path surrounding the circus rings and used for chariot racing); there is One Elevated Stage (this is the platform slightly raised above the level of the circus rings); and there is One Ethnological Congress of Savage Tribes (this is Barnumese for two dozen or so of Sioux Indians, Zulus, Botocudos, and Nautch girls). The performance always begins with a procession around the outer track of the elephants (of which there are twenty or thirty), camels, giraffes, buffaloes, elks, and other animals, gaily caparisoned, while Cavaliers and Dames in flashing costumes are going through the intricate convolutions of the Grand Entrée in two or three of the inner circus rings. This Triumphal Pageant is really a very showy spectacle; it is truly a sight worth seeing. It is followed by a sight worth crossing the Atlantic to see, so delightful an instance is it of the great showman's knowledge of effect. After the Triumphal Pageant and Grand Entrée have taken their departure, the Star Elephants come forth. The Star Elephants are the two Baby Elephants and the great Jumbo. The only elephants ever born in captivity are in Barnum's Own and Only Greatest Show on Earth, and they are most amusing little cusses, as A. Ward would say. Here is the great effect. Jumbo is not allowed to appear in the Triumphal Pageant with the vulgar herd of educated elephants; he is too great a creature. So when the track is empty, the younger Baby Elephant comes forth, a tiny beast; after him comes a Baby Elephant, a little older; after him comes the mother of one of the Baby Elephants, a beast of moderate size; and last of all comes the towering Jumbo, who looms up twice as large as life when seen in immediate contrast with the petty and pretty Baby Elephants. The same keen knowledge of effect has been shown in the exhibition of the more or less Sacred White Elephant. In the first place, the advertisements declare that the beast is exhibited to dispel for ever the illusion that the Sacred White Elephant was ever really white. In the second place, to accentuate the lightness of the beast, which, if not holy, has been at least holystoned, all the other elephants in Barnum's Own and Only Greatest Show on Earth, from the innocent and frisky Baby Elephants to the high and mighty Jumbo, have been darkened; they have been washed with some sombre mixture, apparently of lamp-black. Thus it happens that, although the White Elephant may not be as white as he is painted, Jumbo and the other elephants are not as black as they are painted.

It is a thousand little artistic touches like this which makes Barnum's Own and Only Greatest Show on Earth a pure joy and a well-spring of pleasure to the man of receptive mind and

humorous capacity. The American appetite for humour is enormous, and Mr. Barnum is part of what Mr. Howells, speaking of Mark Twain, has happily called the "great American joke." Barnum's Own and Only Greatest Show on Earth is one of the best possible specimens in the concrete of the American humour which is much talked about and little understood. Mr. Barnum himself is the greatest Living Curiosity of his own Ethnological Congress. He does not expect to be taken seriously, and he is not taken seriously; but he gives a good show, and in America a man who gives a good show makes money.

CHARLES BADHAM.

THE news of the death at Sydney, New South Wales, of Dr. Charles Badham, will be read with regret by all lovers of classical scholarship, and with something more than regret by his old pupils and personal friends in this country. Well known as he was in certain circles, there were nevertheless reasons which prevented him from taking that high public position to which his many gifts entitled him. He was debarred from promotion in the Church of England by the fact of his holding opinions which were at any rate thirty years ago a very serious hindrance to preferment. Though he never, so far as we know, gave printed utterance to these opinions—having declined, in fact, to collaborate in the once famous *Essays and Reviews*—his habitual frankness and fearlessness of speech left no doubt in the minds of those who knew him as to what they were. And, though a great scholar, he cannot, notwithstanding years of experience, be said ever to have become a good schoolmaster. One faculty, indeed, of a great schoolmaster, and this the highest of all, he possessed to perfection. He was able to impart to his pupils the same zeal and enthusiasm for intellectual things which he himself felt. But he lacked the methodical and businesslike habits which the successful management of a large school requires. And, though the most warm-hearted and placable of men, he suffered from passing infirmities of temper which could not fail to some extent to impair his influence. He was still, at the age of fifty-four, master of a second-rate provincial school, when he was appointed to the Headship of Sydney University, a post with which were associated the Professorships of the Classical Languages and of Logic. This position he held for the last seventeen years of his life. Dr. Badham was the son of Mr. Charles Badham, once Professor of Physics at the University of Glasgow, and author of a book entitled *Fish Tattle*, which is still known to the curious. On his mother's side he was connected with the poet Campbell and with the present Professor Campbell whose services to Greek literature are well known. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, whence he afterwards migrated to Cambridge. After passing some years abroad, he became successively Head-Master of King Edward's School, Southampton, of the Grammar School at Louth, and of the Birmingham and Edgbaston Proprietary School. The latter post he held for about twelve years before his departure for Australia. We have indicated above two of the reasons which help to explain, though they do not justify, the fact that a man of his eminent gifts and learning should have been suffered to go into what he and his friends both felt to be exile.

At a time when his name was a passport into learned society in most European countries, he was able, in acknowledging the degree conferred upon him by the Senate of the University of Leyden, to write, with equal irony and pathos, as follows:—"Quantum enim numerum esse eorum oportet qui cum aliqua laude literas aut philosophiam coluerunt, si quidem in hac terra quæ tot et tam splendida præmia studiosis afferre dicitur, in qua Reginæ consiliarii, nobiles, episcopi, Academiæ, civitates, municipia suffragiis suis de virorum doctorum sorte decernunt, his tam diversis Mæcenatibus nihil indignum videtur me in ludo municipali elementa docentem consenescere. Nimirum omnia illa munera, in quibus aliquid otii ad has literas colendas habuissem, a dignioribus occupata sunt. Quod si vobis minus verum videtur, ne tamen mea causa indignemini. . . . Mea autem incommoda jamdiu patienter ferre didici, et eorum placita et decreta, quibus huc detrusus sum, non sine aliqua hilaritate contemnere." It is not a fact to be proud of, that genius and learning should have found a welcome in the centre of the hardware industry which was denied to them in what Dr. Badham speaks of as the "antiquis scientiæ sedibus, ut vocantur." It may be hoped that, had he been born a generation later, he would have met with worthier treatment.

The pressure of school work, acting on a constitution by no means strong, left him comparatively little time for the work nearest his heart. He is known as a writer principally by his editions of several Greek dramas, of which one in particular, the *Ion* of Euripides, is intended as the student's "first Greek play," a purpose which it admirably serves; by his editions of the *Philebus* of Plato, and by his editions of the *Euthydemus*, *Laches*, and *Symposium*. The latter are prefaced by lengthy discussions on various questions of scholarship. Dr. Badham, in common with his eminent friend Professor Cobet of Leyden, treated the received text of Greek authors with less respect than is usual in this country or in Germany. A wide and close study of Greek manuscripts, large numbers of which he photographed, led him to the conclusion that corruptions in the text were much more largely due to the mere ignorance or carelessness or stupidity of the scribe than is commonly thought to be the case; and that an emendation which at once restores to the passage the required sense and explains the transcriber's blunder is more than an "ingenious conjecture," and is, in fact, a scientific certainty. He always repudiated the charge that there was anything arbitrary or fanciful in his method. The only difference, in fact, between him and his critics in this respect was that he applied the method much more freely than they, and was not easily tempted, as in his opinion they often were, to justify one corrupt passage by another. His memory was marvellous. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that he knew all Greek poetry by heart. He constantly taught his pupils with no book before him; and, if they misread a single word, would correct them. He had an almost equal mastery over Latin, English, French, and Italian literature, and was well read in German; and, through his habit of constantly illustrating one author by another, and one literature by another, he taught his pupils to look on letters as a whole. In Sydney, notwithstanding his inevitable sense of expatriation, and notwithstanding the comparatively unprepared state in which students come to the University, he probably found the most favourable sphere of work which fell to his lot throughout his life. His influence there was wide and strong in favour of intellectual culture. A few years ago he succeeded in raising ten thousand pounds in the colony to be devoted to founding exhibitions at the University. One of his earliest enterprises after his arrival in New South Wales was, in order to meet the desire for knowledge of persons living in the outlying parts of the colony, to establish a system of teaching by correspondence. He was an admirable talker, and, unlike many good talkers, knew also how to listen to others; and many of his friends will agree that he was the best companion they have ever known. By the colony at large, as well as by those who knew him personally in Europe and Australia, his loss will be long and deeply felt.

PROGRAMMES AND CONCERTS.

THE Richter Concerts have become an institution. They date from but four or five years back, and without them the musical season would already seem quite other than itself. This is as it should be. Herr Richter is an extraordinarily strong conductor; and while it is a standing cause for regret that we cannot see him in command of that permanent orchestra which the richest city in the world should possess, still, as half a loaf is better than no bread, Herr Richter for eight or nine weeks in the year is very much better than no Herr Richter at all. There are many, it is true, who prefer to him both M. Lamoureux and M. Colonne. But MM. Colonne and Lamoureux choose to stay where they are. To hear them, the one in Berlioz and the other in Beethoven, one must needs go to Paris; and in London the supremacy of the Viennese artist remains unchallenged. Herr Richter has tact, energy, decision, the instinct and the habit of command; and he has, what is rarest of all, the capacity of imposing his own volition on a multitude of executants, and of so informing them with his own vigorous personality as to make them practically one with himself, the creatures of his will, and the instrument of his expression. This is the true conductor, under whom, as has been said, an orchestra moves and works "with the unity of purpose and sentiment of a single perfect organism." And that this is Herr Richter none, we take it, who has heard him at his best—in the third *Leonora* overture, for instance, or in certain passages of Wagner—will hesitate one moment to agree.

Against all this it has to be admitted that, in the matter of his programmes, Herr Richter labours under certain limitations. His announcements for the coming season are characteristic. Beethoven, to whom he has hitherto been admirably loyal, is represented by five or six works only; the Third, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Ninth Symphonies, and the *Egmont* overture. Mozart appears as the author of a single symphony and an overture—that to the *Zauberflöte*, to wit. Of the five-score symphonies which Haydn left we are promised a solitary one; Weber stands out as the musician of a couple of overtures—that to *Oberon* and that to *The Ruler of the Spirits*; Mendelssohn is down for a symphony—the *Italian*; while Bach, Gluck, and Handel are simply ignored, as also are Glinka and Schubert, are Spontini and Cherubini, are Reyer and Stanford and Saint-Saens. Of Liszt, however, we are to hear the third *Hungarian Rhapsody* and the *Mephisto Walzer*; of Raff, the *Roméo et Juliette* overture; of Brahms, the *Schicksalslied*, the *Gesang der Parzen*, and the Third Symphony—the last an absolute novelty. Then we are promised the ballet music from Mr. Mackenzie's *Colomba*; Marschner contributes his *Hans Heiling* overture, Volkmann his overture to *Richard III.*, Méhul (the representative of ancient music) his overture to *Le Jeune Henri*, and Schumann his Third Symphony; while Berlioz, hitherto as good as ignored at these concerts, but in England, for all that, in some ways the most popular of modern musicians, is brought forward as the author of the *Fantastique* and of a selection from the *Roméo et Juliette*. Of Wagner there is, of course, an abundance. In the programme at present under consideration there is more of him than of anybody else. He is represented by the *Faust* overture; by excerpts, vocal and orchestral, from the *Parsifal*; by a couple of numbers from the *Götterdämmerung*; by the "Liebesduett" from the *Walküre*; and by the "Trauermarsch," the "Siegfried's Tod," as well. If we add that, in addition to all these, the *Huldigungsmarsch* was given at the first concert of the series, and that in the

same way we may be favoured with numbers also unannounced and unexpected, we shall have said enough.

A programme of this quality leaves much to be desired. An agreeable and instructive contrast is afforded by the announcements made, and fulfilled, by Mr. Manns for his last series of concerts with the Glasgow Choral Union. Glasgow is Glasgow, and London is London; but the advantage remains with Glasgow. From Mr. Manns's programmes, as from Herr Richter's, Bach is conspicuously absent; Haydn is only represented in them by a single movement —the Adagio in B flat, for strings—and Mozart by a single symphony, the "Emperor"; while of Beethoven Mr. Manns only produced the first and fourth concertos for piano and orchestra, the Violin Concerto in D, the *Coriolanus* overture, and the Third and Sixth Symphonies. From Gluck, however, he conducted a portion of the ballet music of *Orfeo*; from Mendelssohn the *First Walpurgis Night*, the Italian Symphony, and the Violin Concerto in E minor; from Handel the *Acis and Galatea* and the *Messiah*: from Berlioz the *Messe des Morts*, the *Fantastique*, the *Carnival Romain* and *King Lear* overtures, and the *Queen Mab* scherzo. He produced Gounod's *Redemption*, Félicien David's half-forgotten "Ode symphonique," *Le Désert*, and Mr. Mackenzie's orchestral ballade, *La Belle Dame sans Merci*. He threw in symphonies by Schubert, Schumann, and Sterndale Bennett; overtures by Wagner, Rossini, Brahms, Weber, and Cherubini; concertos by Chopin and Piatti. He presented his public with serenades by Mr. Villiers Stanford and Mr. Allan Macbeth; with orchestral numbers by Ponchielli, Sullivan, Raff, and Cherubini; with Mr. Cowen's suite, *In the Olden Time*, with the ballet music from Délibes's *Coppélia*, with one of Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsodies*, and with three of Wagner's preludes. It will be seen that in the matter of Brahms and Beethoven Herr Richter has the advantage of Mr. Manns. It will be generally admitted, we think, that in every other respect Mr. Manns, working for a provincial audience, has the advantage of Herr Richter, working for musical and fashionable London.

The first concert of the season (principally composed of Wagner and Liszt, but rounded off with a symphony of Beethoven's) was played to an audience comparatively thin and small. The first three numbers were all Wagnerian. Herr Richter began with the *Huldigungsmarsch*, the motives of which are a little trivial, but the craftsmanship of which is very brilliant and taking. It was admirably played and realized, and after it the *Faust* overture of the master produced an effect of anti-climax. This curious work was composed in Paris in 1840, and rewritten at Zurich in 1855; it is prefaced by a passage from Goethe's *Faust* to the effect that, for certain reasons, existence is burdensome, "and death desirable, and life detested"; it has nothing whatever to do with Mephistopheles and Gretchen, but is merely, says the analytical programme, "a *Stimmungsbild*—i.e. a musical portrayal of feeling"; in a word, it is Wagner's commentary on what he suffered in France as a failure and in Switzerland as an exile. It consists of two movements. The first—described as "sehr gehalten"—is finely scored, and is in itself romantic and impressive enough; the second—"sehr bewegt"—is mannered, pretentious, and—to the uninitiate, at least—dull. It was followed by the "Vorspiel" to *Parsifal*, of which we gave a full account some time ago. It is of course less effective in the concert-room than on the stage.

The first part of the first concert was concluded by a magnificent performance of Liszt's third "Hungarian Rhapsody," a little masterpiece of orchestration and arrangement. The second part consisted of the Third Symphony of Beethoven, the immortal "Eroica." In the first movement, on some points of which, as it seemed to us, Herr Richter has adopted a new reading, the *tempi* were at times a little dragged. The second movement, however, the tremendous "Marcia Funebre," was better and more impressive than we ever remember to have heard it; while the two last, save for a little weakness in the horns on their entry in the Trio, were, to say the least, quite admirably done. Coming last in the programme, the symphony appeared to absolute advantage. Certainly there is no such foil for the music of the present as is afforded by the music of the future.

The fourth and last concert this season of Mr. Willing's Choir was given at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, when Mr. Cellier's interpretation of Gray's *Elegy* and Mr. Wilfred Bendall's *Parizadeh* were performed, the latter for the first time. In the rendering of Mr. Cellier's cantata the Choir showed a decided advance, compared with last season, towards the attainment of those higher qualities of execution which can only be evolved by assiduous rehearsal and the utmost vigilance of the conductor. Mr. Willing's Choir is yet in its infancy, and has much to master before it can compete with older choral associations; its excellent performance, however, on Tuesday merits recognition; the admirable attack, effect, and general precision with which the choruses of both cantatas were given being clearly the result of frequent rehearsal and sound conductorship. If any fault may be found in the distribution of the Choir, it could be traced to an occasional want of power and unity among the tenors. Mr. Cellier's clever and effective setting of Gray's *Elegy* was much criticised on its production at Leeds last October, on the ground of its undramatic treatment, an objection that would have more weight if there were any inflexible canon which ordains that the cantata must be a dramatic composition. Cantatas that profess to illustrate dramatic subjects and fail to present them dramatically justly incur censure; but Gray's poem is not only undramatic in character, but unlyrical in form, and the strongest objection to Mr. Cellier's composition lies in his choice of theme. A series of moral reflections among the tombs, varied only by a few rustic pictures coloured by the meditative strain of poetry, certainly offer little to the composer; there are neither persons to be represented by the vocal parts nor incidents to be depicted. There is, however, a wide range of treatment in modern cantatas, extending from the more dramatic examples which approach the oratorio to works like Mr. Cellier's, where dialogue is dispensed with, and the composer supplies the lack of dramatic characters by an arbitrary division of the poem among the various singers. The propriety of assigning to a chorus any portion of a monologue which is so peculiarly unisonal in expression as Gray's *Elegy* is very doubtful; our chief concern, however, is not whether Mr. Cellier has achieved the almost impossible task of giving a dramatic setting to a subject essentially undramatic, but to consider how far his music reflects the beauty and truth of the poem. The opening chorus, "The curfew tolls," presents the visual scene with most literal fidelity; but it has the effect of a painted landscape denuded of poetic inspiration; it possesses the semblance, but not the significance, of the original. A similar failure of inspiration is felt in the recitative and air, "Can storied urn?" and in the quartet, "For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey," which, though skilfully scored, possess merely a superficial beauty. With these exceptions, Mr. Cellier's music illustrates the text successfully, and sometimes with distinct felicity. His spiritual insight and grasp of subject are very impressive in the exquisite soprano solo and chorus "Full many a gem," in the tenor solo "Some village Hampden," and in the quartet and chorus "The boast of Heraldry." The solo parts were most efficiently sustained by Miss Marian McKenzie, Miss Mary Beare, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Frederic King.

The performance of Gray's *Elegy* was followed by Mr. Bendall's *Parizadeh*, the pianoforte score of which we noticed last week. The metrical version of Mr. Bendall's cantata is a little bald and prosaic, but it has not proved an obstacle to the composition of music which is not only full of promise for the future, but contains several numbers instinct with expressive fancy and delicate melody. Among the most attractive of these are the chorus "The sun sinks low," the song "Not with loose or evil heart," the effective chorus of Peris "We sink with the dew," and the dance of Bayadères; the first duet is somewhat deficient in the fervour and piquancy that the situation demands, and Mr. Bendall's instrumentation is too uniformly unsubstantial, even when the ethereal nature of his theme is considered. In this fresh essay in dramatic composition the composer has exercised great discretion in avoiding an exacting subject and choosing one which his present experience, as well as his undoubted talent, justified him in undertaking. The solos, entrusted to Miss Mary Davies, Miss Marian McKenzie, and Mr. Frederic King, were excellently rendered.

The programme of Mme. Liebhart's concert at St. James's Hall last Tuesday was too long and comprehensive for possible fulfilment. Even with the inevitable curtailment the most experienced concert-goer must have felt it trying to have the sweet continuity of song interrupted by a musical sketch and a recital, though given by Mr. Grossmith and Miss Minnie Bell. Nothing more varied than the programme could well be conceived; almost every species of ballad and aria being represented, besides the addition of instrumental performances by M. Vladimir de Pachmann, Signor Erba, the violinist, and Mr. Ganz. A new ballad, by Mr. G. B. Allen, afforded Mme. Liebhart the opportunity of displaying her executive skill with much of her old charm and facility. M. Vladimir de Pachmann's playing of Liszt's arrangement of "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges" and Weber's "Rondeau brillant" was distinguished by all the excellence of his style, his charm of touch, and finished execution. In his rendering of the G minor Nocturne of Chopin—the most profound and subtle of the series—his expression scarcely sounded the depths of that most pathetic composition, though otherwise his playing was faultless. Mme. Marie Roze was recalled for her brilliant singing of an uninteresting aria by Poniatowski, and sang "Coming thro' the rye" with a humour and vivacity that lent additional charm to the old ballad.

RACING AT NEWMARKET AND EPSOM.

THE opening of the Newmarket racing season was far from brilliant, but the Crawfurd Plate gave it a fresh interest. Twenty-one horses came out to compete for this new race. The victory of The Prince was very unexpected, and he started at the long odds of 20 to 1. Much had been expected of this horse on many occasions, but he had so often disappointed the larger proportion of his backers that they had long since discarded him, yet now he galloped in an easy winner with many pounds in hand. His victory was such a surprise that it may be worth while to take a glance at his past history. As a two-year-old he was unplaced three times, and he ran second once. He won one race, and that happened to be a very valuable one; but the horses which he then defeated were but a moderate lot. In the early spring of the following year he won the Newmarket Biennial at the Craven Meeting; but he only beat Grandmaster by a head. In this race Ossian, the subsequent winner of the St. Leger, was unplaced. A few weeks later he was only beaten a neck by Galliard, and a head by Goldfield, for the Two Thousand. Here appeared to be public form sufficient to give him a chance for the Derby, if, as was believed by certain good judges, he could

be made a few pounds better by the Epsom Meeting. A gentleman who apparently held this opinion gave 10,000*l.* for him, and he started for last year's Derby at 5 to 1, but he was unplaced in that race. For the St. Leger he started at 10 to 1, and again he failed to get a place. In his next race he was a bad third to Ossian. As much as 200 to 1 was laid against him at the start for the Cambridgeshire, and again he ran nowhere. This spring his first appearance was in the race for the Lincolnshire Handicap, in which he received a most ignominious beating. In the Crawfurd Plate he was giving weight to eighteen of his opponents, but he was receiving 15 lbs. more than weight for age from Geheimniss, and 4 lbs. from Energy. In spite of the weight she had to carry, Geheimniss was the first favourite, and, with The Prince out of the way, she would have won easily, as she finished nearly five lengths in front of everything else, but she was fully that distance behind The Prince. Looking back on the racing career of The Prince, one may be inclined to consider it unsatisfactory and unfortunate, yet the horse has won nearly 3,000*l.* in stakes, and if 100*l.* had been put upon him for every race for which he started, there would be a balance in his favour of more than 2,000*l.*, although he lost ten races and won only three. The victory of Mr. Houldsworth's Royal Fern in the Biennial Stakes, and that of Mr. Foy's Scot Free in the Craven Stakes, are matters which will come in for their share of attention in our notice of the Two Thousand, as they may be said to form part of the story of that race; but we may make some reference here to the success of Lucy Ashton II. in the Two-Year-Old Plate. This filly is very much inbred to Bay Middleton and Touchstone, having three separate strains of the blood of the last-named horse in her veins and two of the former, and she is by the little-known stallion Lammermoor. She is a mere thoroughbred pony, standing about fourteen hands and two inches only. Her first race was for the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln, in which she defeated nineteen opponents, and her second was for the Two-Year-Old Plate at the Craven Meeting. In the latter race she met a field of eight, and again she was successful. Both races were hardly earned, and perhaps it can scarcely be expected that she should continue her victorious career; but it is wonderful that such an undersized filly should have won more than 1,000*l.* in stakes for her owner by the middle of April, and she affords another instance of the success which occasionally attends inbreeding.

At the Epsom Spring Meeting backers met with a serious disappointment in the race for the Great Metropolitan Stakes. The Duke of Hamilton's Loch Ranza, a three-year-old that had won the Northamptonshire Stakes, was backed as if he could not lose; but he never appeared to run kindly over the twisting and awkward Metropolitan Course; and, although he came with a wonderful rush at the end, he made his effort too late, and was beaten by three-quarters of a length. The race lay between two other three-year-olds, Zadig and See See, neither of whom had won a race before, and the former won by a head.

For some time before the race for the City and Suburban Handicap the chief interest lay in the question whether the winner of last year's Derby would be able to win under the weight allotted to him. He was handicapped at 8 st. 12 lbs.; but that was 2 lbs. less than the weight carried by Bend Or when he won the City and Suburban the year after he had won the Derby. It is natural enough that a horse which likes the Derby course should run well for the City and Suburban; but it does not follow that, because one winner of the Derby has won the City and Suburban, another will. Opinions varied about St. Blaise's Derby; but it was very commonly believed that it had been to some extent a fluky one. Good excuses could be made for his two subsequent defeats, on the ground of his sea voyages; but his previous failure in the Two Thousand remained to be accounted for. His backers comforted themselves with the reflection that Sefton, as well as Bend Or, had proved that a Derby horse should win a City and Suburban, although in his case the latter race had preceded the former, and he had won under an exceptionally light weight. But they overlooked the fact that their arguments told far more in favour of another horse that had shown a liking for the Derby course. Lord Bradford's Quicklime had run within three-quarters of a length of Shotover for the Derby, and he had won the Epsom Grand Prize over the same course. Now St. Blaise was to give this horse a stone and a half, or, at weight for age, an advantage of 25 lbs. Until he was within a quarter of a mile of the winning-post, St. Blaise ran very well, and Archer followed the example set by Wood, when he rode the horse in the Derby, of "hugging the rails"; but when the real struggle began, St. Blaise gave way to a number of his opponents, and the race was won by Quicklime, against whom as much as 20 to 1 had been laid at the start. This horse deserves every credit for his victory, but the real honours of the race were earned by Thebais, who gave Quicklime two stone with the exception of one pound, and ran within half a length of him. As Thebais had won the Oaks, she afforded another instance of the wisdom of selecting Epsom winners for Epsom races.

THEATRICAL MATTERS.

GOOD taste should have forbidden the introduction of so nauseous a play as *The Ironmaster*, which, thanks to a use of the French dictionary that seems to have been rather industrious than discriminating, Mr. Pinero has been enabled to adapt for the St. James's Theatre from M. Ohnet's *Le Maître de Forges*. A story worse flavoured and more completely unsympathetic has rarely been put forward. We are in no way straitlaced, and by no means demand that the tragedy and comedy of human passion, as set forth on the stage, should be limited by a stern observance of the moral law; but there is to us something in the highest degree offensive about these intimate details of the terms on which a man lives with his wife. The St. James's Theatre is one of the last in London at which such a play was to have been expected. In a recent number of the *National Review* Mr. Alfred Austin revealed to the world the principles on which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal conducted their dramatic enterprise. They thought, Mr. Austin told us, that only husband and wife should play lovers. To prevent the entrance of an unlicensed thought into the mind of the Romeo he must be married—by a bishop if possible—to the Juliet; and if the marriage certificate were kept framed and glazed in the box-office, it seems to have been felt that a comfortable assurance would be experienced by ladies and gentlemen who went to book their seats for the performance. Mr. Austin did not quite say that, but it was, if we are not mistaken, the general tenor of his article; yet it is at the St. James's Theatre that *The Ironmaster* is produced. What class of spectators it is sought to attract by the story of this unwomanly woman and unmanly man it would be difficult to say. The play is very much too dull for the class that finds delight in the intrigues and innuendo of Palais-Royal farces, and it is certainly a play to which many men would rather not take the ladies of their family, especially as the men themselves would have a very tedious evening. In order to justify these strictures, it may be briefly said for the information—assuredly not for the edification—of those who do not know M. Ohnet's work that the principal personage in the plot is a young lady named Claire de Beaupré, who has been jilted by the Duc de Bligny. She is beloved by a wealthy Ironmaster, one Derblay, whose chances of success are infinitesimal until the engagement of the Duc, from mercenary motives, to Athénaïs, the daughter of a rich chocolate-maker named Moulinet. For purely theatrical reasons the Duc appears in the Château de Beaupré, the last place where one would have thought to find him, and introduces Athénaïs as his intended wife; to which Claire, who has given Derblay a hint that he will be accepted, responds by introducing the Ironmaster as her intended husband. For no comprehensible reason, except that it adds to the suggestiveness of the scene which is to follow, Claire insists upon being married at midnight. The marriage takes place, the guests depart, bride and bridegroom are left alone. We may have missed the reason why all this takes place at dead of night; if it be other than the unworthy one hinted at, we can only apologize for our denseness. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, who play Derblay and Claire, are, it will be seen, strictly within the canons of morality in so far as that they, having been lovers in the story and being now married, are married in their own proper persons. This gratifying reflection apart, there is little to gratify in the proceedings of M. and Mme. Derblay. To many persons it will seem that there is, on the contrary, much to disgust in these revelations of the secrets of the nuptial chamber. Derblay goes to embrace his wife. She shrinks from and repulses him; and it seems that she has been to the altar, with a man who is devoted to her, simply because she was disinclined to appear what Mr. Pinero, by the aid of the dictionary aforesaid, has made out to be an "abandoned woman." Is it possible for any section of a decent audience to sympathize with such a vilely selfish woman as this? Derblay is given to understand that he has been cheated. His wife is no wife. She has married him to soothe her despicable vanity. He is alternately tearful and furious—in a somewhat hysterical manner, which suggests that Mr. Kendal may have been to Paris and studied the "business" of M. Damala at the Gymnase. One gesture, that of rushing forward with upraised hands as if to strike the woman who has so basely deceived him, is peculiarly French in conception and execution. The character being a Frenchman, it might be urged that this is appropriate enough; only it looks awkward when done by a Frenchman who is speaking English, and otherwise, for the most part, comporting himself like an Englishman. There is no dignity in Derblay's grief, nor any reality in his passion. The Claire looks cold and statuesque, with a hard-set, pale face, and all this is well enough, if anything about such a scene at an English theatre can be called well. In Mr. Austin's article he dwelt, with a courage we dare not imitate, upon the very delicate question of Mrs. Kendal's suitability for the parts of youthful heroines. It is, however, impossible not to note that the Claire of the St. James's Theatre scarcely suggests the girl who has only been away from school for a few months. This will particularly strike those who have seen Mme. Hading in Paris; but it is a matter which must be lightly passed over here. We are inclined, indeed, to pass as lightly as possible, and as speedily, over the rest of this repulsive drama. Derblay informs the wife who rejects him that the day will come when she will plead to him for love and he will reject her. It does come, after some perilous flirtations between these ill-assorted couples; for De Bligny pays marked attention to Mme. Derblay, and the Ironmaster flirts with the Duchess—or, to be more accurate, she flirts with him. It is an odd regulation in that code of morality which Mr. Austin so considerately made plain that, whereas lovers must only be played by husbands and wives, flirtations with dangerous intentions may be represented by actors and actresses who, away from the theatre, have not the sanction of the Church for their intimacy. It seems to us—but perhaps we, in our grosser nature, do not rightly understand the code—that it would be better for the unmarried actor and actress to play at being honest

lovers than dishonest ones. A duel between the husbands, in which the lady who has been engaged to both is wounded as she rushes between them, is an incident which it takes the last two acts to bring about. For the rest, Mr. J. F. Young shows some humour, marred by exaggeration, as Moulinet; Mr. Alexander plays with much freshness and sincerity as Claire's brother; Mr. Hawley acts adroitly as the Duc; Miss Vane, a newcomer, gives point and emphasis to the part of Athénaïs; and useful assistance is afforded by Miss Linda Dietz, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Miss Webster, Mr. Maclean, and Mr. Waring. We can only regret that their ability should be wasted on a play which can give no wholesome gratification to any spectator.

Mr. Bancroft's advertisement with reference to the coming production of *The Rivals* is amusingly impertinent. There is often a naïveté about his confidential announcements to his audiences. It was he, we believe, who invented the idea of printing on the programmes of his theatre requests that visitors would be seated by a certain hour, as also that they would keep their seats till the fall of the curtain, "as the interest was sustained to the end of the play." There is something deliciously funny about the latter statement; which omits all consideration of the circumstance that the audience may not have felt interest at any period of the play's development. With regard to the managerial instruction to arrive at a certain hour, again, there would be right and reason on the manager's side if he gave away his seats and made punctuality a condition of the gift. But the ceremony of going to the theatre or to a library, and paying half a sovereign for the lease of a seat during the evening, puts the visitor on a somewhat different footing. A gentleman will naturally endeavour to avoid the necessity of passing down a crowded row of stalls, and so inconveniencing and distracting the attention of their occupants; but he will do this because he is a gentleman, and not in obedience to managerial direction. We have lost sight, however, of the advertisement of *The Rivals*, which states that, in submitting a performance of Sheridan's comedy for public approval, the management is actuated by "a desire to heighten the effect of the author's play without encumbering its action." This is suggestive of that great dramatist Ravenscroft's description of his own relations to Shakspeare:—

> So far was he from robbing him of's treasure,
> That he did add His own to make full measure.

But Mr. Bancroft's desire is more ambitious than praiseworthy. No sensible person wants to see the effect of Sheridan's plays "heightened." If Mr. Bancroft can succeed in preserving the effect, he will have done exceedingly well. The effect of *The Rivals*, adequately interpreted, is ample without any heightening. "While strictly preserving the text," the advertisement continues, "it has been found possible, by means of a few transpositions in the dialogue and some variation in locality, to avoid shifting the scenes in view of the audience. For this arrangement of the comedy Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero are jointly responsible." It is very good of Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero thus to exploit the possibilities of Sheridan's play. One can only regret that Sheridan is unable to acknowledge their endeavour to heighten his effects, and show him what he might have done with the piece if he had only understood his business as a dramatist. What overwhelming objections there are to "shifting the scenes in view of the audience," Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero omit to state. Why should not scenes be so shifted? Poor Sheridan, with that lack of knowledge which, in the opinion of the Haymarket management, prevented him from seeing how to write comedy, found the shifting of scenes necessary to the development of his story. Is it not just possible that he was as sound a judge of how *The Rivals* might be made effective as Mr. Bancroft or Mr. Pinero? We are perhaps old-fashioned, but we are well content with Sheridan's *Rivals*, and do not want a new version by Messrs. Sheridan, Bancroft, and Pinero.

It is not often that it falls to our lot to be able, both from opportunity and from opinion, to speak in terms of high praise of a provincial performance. The company, however, which is taking *Fedora* round the country under the management of Miss Laura Villiers affords a striking proof that, in spite of the abolition of stock companies and the introduction of what the Americans call combinations, the supply of dramatic talent in England is just now very far from being at a low ebb. The piece is capitally played all round, and in the case of the two principal parts, Fedora and Ipanoff, and especially, it may be said, of Ipanoff, which is possibly the stronger part, it is given with singular passion and truth. No actor who has undertaken the part in England has approached Mr. Arthur Dacre in fervour and in control, and the great scene in the last act between Miss Villiers and him, in which both players are at their best, is as moving a thing as we have seen for a long time. It is gratifying to find that among our younger actresses there is one so thoroughly qualified as is Miss Villiers to take a leading place in London. As has been hinted, the play is well given all round; but, among the smaller parts, very special praise is due to Mr. Gilbert Farquhar's admirably studied and executed performance of Dr. Loreck, and to Mr. Denison's natural and pleasing Siriex. Mr. Girardot, a clever actor, whom we have before now had occasion to praise, would do well to leave out the senseless gag which he introduces in the part of Lasinski, especially as it is a gross blunder for him alone among a party of French people to speak in French.

The death of Mrs. Alfred Wigan, who for so long a time held a leading position on the stage, must not be passed without notice. Forty years since Mrs. Wigan was a favourite actress at the Lyceum Theatre, when the house over which tragedy in the person of Mr. Henry Irving now rules was given over to low comedy and the Keeleys. Mrs. Wigan made successes in many quarters, and from 1853 did a vast deal to establish the popularity of the Olympic, of which her husband had become manager. Those were the days of Adelphi guests who wore Berlin gloves, and, as they entered their host's apartment, were overwhelmed by its magnificence. Theatrical representations were marked by an amount of crudeness which offended Mrs. Wigan's sense of the fitness of things; and she strove with excellent results, which still endure, to make the detail of performances more true and life-like. She filled many parts, and in none that she made her own has she since been approached in the mixture of power and *finesse* which was displayed by what it is certainly not too much to call her genius. There will rise to the recollection of playgoers, amongst other parts, her Mrs. Sternhold, in *Still Waters Run Deep*, her Suzanne, in the second adaptation of *Les Pattes de Mouches* that found its way to England—the first was the work of Mr. Charles Mathews—her fine performance in *The House and the Home*, and her exquisitely comic creation of Miss Yellowleaf, in *A Bengal Tiger*.

Following hard on the death of Mrs. Alfred Wigan came that of the Comtesse de Voisins, better known to the world at large as Taglioni, probably the most beautiful dancer of modern times, the principal figure in the celebrated Pas de Quatre of the days when ballet, in the true sense of the word, still existed at the Italian Opera. In the case of Taglioni, even more than of Mrs. Wigan, no kind of successor has been found, for the public has taken too much to delighting in the mere gymnastics of the dance; and when a poetical dancer does appear among us (two such have appeared within the last ten years or so), it is from the few comparatively that she meets with due recognition.

THE COMING RUSSIAN LOAN.

THE financial embarrassments of the Russian Government have obliged it to make such concessions to Germany as have secured Prince Bismarck's good will; and it has been rewarded by promptly obtaining a loan of fifteen millions sterling. Since the close of the Russo-Turkish War, successive Russian Ministers of Finance have endeavoured in vain up till now to negotiate a large foreign loan. When their agents failed, they have themselves on more than one occasion visited Western Europe, and proposed terms to the great financial houses, but without success. At last the difficulties of the Treasury became so great that M. de Giers a few months ago visited Berlin, and made his peace with Prince Bismarck so completely that the Prince has allowed the Seehandlung Society, which is practically a department of the Ministry of Finance, to undertake the issue of the coming loan for Russia. The Russian Government, it is said, will not have to wait for the success of the issue, Herr Bleichröder having advanced the amount already. But, of course, the fact that the Seehandlung Society issues the loan is greatly in its favour. This Society has never before openly participated in the issue of a foreign loan, and that it has now been permitted to do so marks in a demonstrative form the desire of the German Government that the loan should be a success. In Germany and Holland the fact will have great weight. Already, indeed, Russia has reaped substantial benefit from her reconciliation with Germany. Her old Five per Cent. Loans have risen about ten per cent. on the Stock Exchanges of Europe, and the purchasing power of the rouble has also been considerably raised. What Russia has paid in return remains to be seen. Of course she must have given full assurance that the money, when obtained, will not be used against Germany or German interests; and doubtless Prince Bismarck has obtained other political advantages. Nor is it improbable that he may also get some economic advantages. The high Customs duties which Russia maintains, and has been raising again and again of late years, have seriously injured the foreign commerce of Germany; and it is earnestly desired by German merchants that some kind of commercial treaty should be concluded between the two Empires. Not impossibly M. de Giers may have consented to make to Germany some concessions on this point in return for the countenance of Prince Bismarck in raising a foreign loan. But intending subscribers would do well to recollect that nothing is known of the nature or permanence of the new understanding between Germany and Russia. Germany is allied to Austria as well as to Russia; and, as far as one can judge, the alliance of Austria is much more valuable to her than that of Russia; but the aims of Austria and Russia in the Balkan Peninsula are antagonistic, and at any moment a situation may arise in which Germany may be forced to side with one against the other. Even if the strong will of Prince Bismarck postpones the danger, it is not to be forgotten that the German Emperor is very old, and that his successor may not inherit his friendly feeling towards the Imperial house of Russia, and may not have as strong a desire to support a brother sovereign against revolution. In any case, though the reconciliation between Germany and Russia for the present removes the danger of a war between the two, and so far improves the financial position of Russia, the internal condition of Russia itself remains as desperate as it was before. The Nihilists are still active, and though they appear unable to raise a formidable revolt, they succeed in keeping the public mind in perpetual alarm, and if they can win a considerable portion of the army, there is no knowing what may happen.

Certainly the prospect in Russia to-day is at least as dark as was that of France a hundred years ago on the eve of the Great Revolution. In any event, however long peace may be maintained in Europe, and however successful the Russian Government may be in keeping down the Nihilists, Englishmen ought not to assist in supplying Russia with funds which, in all human probability, will be used against English interests. If Russia ceases to be aggressive in Europe, she will probably for that reason push forward her boundaries with greater eagerness in Asia, and thus will threaten more seriously every day our own position in India.

Between the close of the Crimean War and the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish War there was apparently a great improvement in the economic condition of Russia. This was due, in the first place, to the emancipation of the serfs. The emancipation was carried out on an unsound principle, and the terms on which the serfs were compelled to redeem their lands have proved to be entirely too onerous. But the first result of the emancipation was to stimulate the industry of the peasantry throughout the Empire, and therefore to increase prosperity. Unfortunately, the peasants have fallen of late more and more into distress. A combination of circumstances has checked the growth of well-being in Russia, and has added to the burdens on the peasantry to such an extent that they are unable to pay the annuities due from them for the redemption of their lands. The purchase-money of the lands was advanced by the Government to the peasantry, the peasantry being bound to repay the advances by annual instalments. How great their financial embarrassments are is proved by the last Report of the Comptroller of the Empire, which shows that the peasantry have been falling more and more into arrear every year with the payment of these annuities. Although the Government has forgiven a portion of the arrears and has reduced the amount of the annuities, it appears from that Report that the arrears were only 40 per cent. of the annuities in 1879; in 1880 they rose to 45¾ per cent.; in 1881 they were as much as 52½ per cent.; and in 1882, the last year for which we have the figures, they had risen to 62·1 per cent. In other words, in 1882 the peasants were able to pay little more than one-third of the annuities to which they were legally bound. It would be difficult to find figures that more conclusively prove how bad is the present economic condition of Russia. The difficulties of the peasants originated, as we have said, first in the fact that the terms of purchase were too onerous; but they have been aggravated partly by a succession of bad harvests, partly by the enormous sacrifices imposed upon them by the Russo-Turkish War, and partly by the increasing competition of other countries in the wheat markets of the world. The Russo-Turkish War, by alarming the public opinion of Europe and by seriously lessening the credit of Russia, disabled that country, as we have already observed, from borrowing abroad. In consequence the Government had to raise practically the whole cost of the war at home. In so doing it drained the Empire of its accumulated capital; it competed too fiercely with merchants and manufacturers for the money needed by them to carry on their commercial operations, and it added so enormously to the debt that it had to increase the burden of taxation beyond the capacity of the taxpayers. Moreover, the war obliged the Government to withdraw vast masses of men from productive employment and to send them abroad. The peasants, already embarrassed, thus withdrawn from their fields, found on their return that their affairs had fallen into hopeless confusion, and instead of recovering, as already shown, they have been falling more and more hopelessly into distress. Another circumstance that has told most adversely against Russia is the competition of the United States, India, and Australia in the wheat markets of Western Europe. Formerly Russia supplied Western Europe with the greater part of the wheat it bought from other countries. For some time past, however, the United States have taken the place of Russia, and now the competition of India and Australia is becoming so severe that the price of wheat is forced down so low as scarcely to pay the Russian grower. Russia thus is deprived of a great amount of the wealth she used to receive for her crops, and at the same time the Russian seaports have lost the large outlay attendant upon numbers of ships lying in the harbours. Another circumstance that has been potent in augmenting the distress of Russia is the refusal of Western Europe to lend. Before the Russo-Turkish war, Russia was constantly raising immense loans which she spent to some extent, no doubt, in augmenting her armaments and extending her frontiers; but largely in constructing railways, founding manufactures and establishing banks. While Western Europe was pouring all this wealth into the country enterprise of every kind was stimulated, wages were raised, and a deceptive prosperity was produced. As soon, however, as the influx of borrowed capital ceased, the false prosperity died out, and then Russia had, somehow or other, to raise out of her own resources the money for paying the interest upon the loans.

The result of all this is the anarchy which is known under the name of Nihilism, general distress amongst the peasantry, and collapse in manufactures and trade. Politically and economically the condition of the Empire is as bad as it can be. Year after year the expenditure is growing, but the revenue does not grow in proportion, and in consequence every year ends with an enormous deficit. In 1873 the total expenditure of Russia but slightly exceeded 539 million roubles; in 1882 it exceeded 701¼ million roubles, an increase of 162¼ million roubles, or about 30 per cent. But the increase is almost entirely in the non-productive branches. In the administration of justice, in the maintenance of roads, in the outlay upon public instruction, and in the Home Ministry, the growth of the outlay is quite trifling—it is in the debt, the army and the navy, that almost the entire increase is. In 1873 the annual charge of the debt but slightly exceeded 100¼ million roubles; in 1882 it exceeded 200½ million roubles. In the ten years, therefore, the charge for the debt had nearly doubled, and it is growing at an alarming rate. Every year there are internal loans and external loans, while the floating debt is believed to be of unmanageable magnitude. Now there is to be another loan of fifteen millions sterling, involving an additional charge of about three-quarters of a million, and probably before the end of the year there will be more borrowing. The growth of the debt to some small extent is due to the construction of railways; but it is mainly a consequence of the Russo-Turkish war and of the reorganization of the army, which has resulted from the desire to pursue an aggressive policy in all directions, and present a front equal to both Germany and Austria. The increase in the charge of the debt, indeed, was quite trifling up to 1877. In that year the charge barely exceeded 115 million roubles; between then and 1882 85½ million roubles were added to the charge by the Russo-Turkish war, and, as we have said, the charge is rapidly growing. In addition to the enormous military expenditure shown in the growth of the debt, the ordinary outlay on the army grew in the ten years about 20 per cent., and the outlay on the navy about as much more. The Russian Government thus is pauperizing its peasantry, checking all enterprise, and cutting off nearly all commercial communication with the rest of the world, for the sake of keeping up enormous armaments; and at the same time it is starving the entire internal administration of the country, and leaving a people who are but little above barbarism in the depths of ignorance. The whole of the Imperial outlay upon public instruction of every kind in 1882 barely amounted to 1,800,000*l.* As a natural consequence of this extravagance and maladministration the revenue is practically stationary. In 1874 the personal and land taxes yielded somewhat over 120 million roubles; in 1882 they yielded less than 113 million roubles, being a falling off of more than 7 million roubles, and there is no important growth in any branch of revenue except in the drink duties and customs. The drink duties increased from somewhat under 179½ million roubles to somewhat over 201¾ million roubles. The Customs duties also increased from somewhat over 55½ million roubles to somewhat under 94½ million roubles. It is to be recollected, however, that in 1877 the Customs duties previously payable in paper and silver were ordered to be paid in gold, being practically an increase of about 15 per cent. at a stroke, while there was also a surtax imposed of 10 per cent. In 1880, again, there was a considerable increase made to the Customs duties. The growth of these duties, therefore, is not the result of the growth of the trade of Russia, but of an enormous addition to the rate of taxation. Hence it appears that the duties have practically remained stationary for some years. They exceeded 93 million roubles in 1870, and in 1882, notwithstanding the additions made, they yielded less than 94½ million roubles. Again, the drink duties have been raised in the ten years about 40 per cent., with the result that, whereas in 1872 duty was paid upon 83,875,000 gallons of spirits, in 1882 it was paid upon only 76,313,000 gallons. The consumption, therefore, has fallen off very greatly, and the revenue is kept up solely by the heaviness of the tax. It would seem, therefore, that Russia has now reached her utmost limit of taxation; and yet, while there is no hope of increasing her revenue, her expenditure is annually increasing at a very rapid rate, while every year ends with a large deficit which is swelling the already unmanageable floating debt.

MR. CARL ROSA'S OPERA.

THE opera at Drury Lane under the direction of Mr. Carl Rosa merits the support which it receives. Nothing slipshod or careless is to be found in any detail of the performances. There is a solid foundation for success in a really excellent orchestra, directed and always governed by either M. Randegger or M. Goossens, and a chorus as good as any that has been heard at a London opera-house for many years past. Mr. Rosa's choice of operas is singularly catholic, and he casts them well. *The Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana* have been heard with Mr. Maas as Thaddeus and Don Cæsar. He sings the familiar melodies purely and sweetly, and is capitally qualified for such work as this; indeed in this way Mr. Maas—always as vocalist, for as actor he is crude and heavy—has no superior. He has been heard to great advantage also as Edgardo in *Lucia*, and in each case Madame Georgina Burns shared the tenor's success. Why an English lady should be called "Madame" because she is a vocalist, when she would of course be merely "Mrs." if she were not a vocalist, is a mystery into which we need not penetrate. We quote the published casts of operas given. *Carmen* and *Mignon* have also been performed. The picturesqueness, power, and beauty of Bizet's work have taken a strong hold of audiences. Mme. Marie Rose throughout gives vitality and distinction to the part of Carmen, and sometimes, notably in the third and fourth acts, rises to remarkable passion. Mr. Barton McGuckin as Don José showed that he is making decided progress as an actor. The same part has been creditably filled by Mr. Davies. Mr. Leslie Crotty has been known for some time as an excellent actor and singer. On a later occasion Mr. Ludwig gave the part of Escamillo very well

in all respects. The new arrangement of the stage in the last is striking and imaginative; Mr. Harris's stage management is beyond all praise; and, take it all round, the performance of *Carmen* by the Carl Rosa Company is the best that has been seen in London. Novelty is added to the last act of *Carmen* at Drury Lane by the very truthful introduction of the preliminaries of a bull-fight. In this opera Mr. Barton McGuckin showed, as Don José, that his education as an actor is making progress. He is a singer and has a voice, and the same may be said of the baritone, Mr. Leslie Crotty, who, however, is the more experienced actor. In the representation of *Mignon* Miss Clara Perry sang correctly, and indicated the lines of the character with some address. The two English operas which Mr. Rosa produced last year, the *Colomba* of Mr. Mackenzie and the *Esmeralda* of Mr. Goring Thomas, have both been given. The former was found to be heavy and scholastic when first produced in London, and the provinces have returned the same verdict. *Esmeralda*, on the other hand, has been received throughout Mr. Rosa's tour with the admiration which it excited at Drury Lane. Both works have been played in Germany, where audiences at large have unanimously welcomed Mr. Goring Thomas's opera, and a section of audiences have accepted Mr. Mackenzie as a disciple of the German school. In Italy, the house of Ricordi, the musical publishers who do much to make or mar operas, and would naturally rather make them for the profit which successes bring, have purchased *Esmeralda*, but declined to print *Colomba*. These things being so, it is passing strange that Mr. Gye should have chosen *Colomba* for production during the Italian season. If he desired to play an opera by an English composer, why not a popular one instead of an unpopular one, both being equally available? *Esmeralda* was heard on Tuesday with keen attention and genuine pleasure by an audience evidently familiar with Mr. Goring Thomas's work. The composer has been sparing of airs or ballads which do not aid the progress and development of the story. The "Swallow Song," given with sensibility by Miss Burns, the Esmeralda of the evening, is worthy to be named with the beautiful "Swallow Duet" of *Mignon*. Mr. Barton McGuckin, as Phœbus, was induced to repeat the tenor song, "O vision entrancing," which nevertheless he did not sing with his accustomed fluency. The music which falls to Phœbus is notably expressive throughout its varied sentiments, of carelessness and affected sincerity to Fleur de Lys, and of growing earnestness in his relations with Esmeralda, till a depth of fervour is reached in his final duet with the girl in the third act. The uncontrollable fierceness of Claude Frollo's passion as signified in his music is forcibly brought out by Mr. Ludwig, a fine singer with true dramatic instincts. For the sake of contrast to the Frollo, in all probability, Mr. Goring Thomas has made his Quasimodo rather tame, but some of the most melodious music in the opera falls to Quasimodo, who is represented as admirably as on former occasions by Mr. Leslie Crotty, and this music could scarcely have been better given. Mr. B. Davies is an excellent Gringoire and Mr. Snazelle a capital Clopin. The cast, it will be seen, is in no way altered from the original so far; but Miss Bensberg replaces Miss Perry as Fleur de Lys. Her duet with Chevreuse, in place of the song first given, is not remarkable; but the new ballet movement is charming, and the new finale to the last act has great merit. It is to be regretted that Mr. Rosa's short season should clash with the season at the Royal Italian Opera.

REVIEWS.

THE LIFE OF FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.*

"I FEEL that I am to be a man of war against all parties, that I may be a peacemaker between all men." In these words, written to Miss Hare in 1849, shortly before her marriage to him, Maurice describes the character of his own life. It was devoted to a noble struggle to reach an unattainable end by inappropriate means. Like every man possessed as he was "with the strong sense of a vocation to be a Church reformer," he stirred up strife against himself, yet never was there a reformer with less definite aims, or a "man of war" with more loving heart or humbler spirit. In the volumes before us Colonel Maurice may be said to have compiled an autobiography of his father, for they mainly consist of a collection of his letters. As both Maurice and his friends often, and indeed not without cause, complained that he was misrepresented, it is satisfactory to have his own account of himself and of his work. At the same time the use of letters to express the progress of events becomes somewhat tedious, unless they are the work of a master-hand, and Maurice had no great skill in this respect. His letters savour of the pulpit in style as well as, in many cases, in matter, and however deeply the reader may be interested in their subjects, he will sometimes long for a little more brightness. Nearly all of them are written in the same strain; for, wide as Maurice's experience of life was, his mind was one-sided. He looked at all things as a theologian. Writing to a favourite pupil, he bids him never to read Burke without steadying his mind by the study of the Epistles and the Apocalypse. Theology was to him "the *scientia scientiarum*, whose business it was to assign to all other sciences their proper place." It moulded his political ideas. Starting from an acknowledgment of the sovereignty of God, he held kingship to be a divine institution, and "the sovereignty of the people in any sense or form the silliest and most blasphemous of all contradictions." This intensely theological mind was to no small extent the fruit of his bringing-up. He was the son of a Unitarian minister, and, as his mother and sisters left the father's religion, theological questions were brought before his mind in early life. The members of the Maurice family were in the habit of writing letters to one another while living under the same roof, and the reserve they maintained on religious subjects probably led him to ponder them more than if he had heard them freely discussed. He must have been a strangely precocious child; for we are told that he took delight in Neal's *History of the Puritans*, and that when ten years old he wrote a report of a British School Society's meeting to one of his sisters, full of such sentences as, "He then lamented that, while Bristol held such a distinguished rank in its benevolence and extensive usefulness, it should be disgraced by such bigotry that a Churchman would not unite with a Dissenter." After this, it is not surprising to find that before he was fifteen, he and another boy of the same age signed a pledge of their own composition that in after life they would "promote the good of mankind." A boyhood of this sort naturally produced a man unable to attach himself to any party, and conscious of a mission as a reformer. Although he never was a Unitarian, he did not choose when at Cambridge to declare himself a member of the Church of England, and therefore left the University without taking a degree. For a short time he devoted himself to journalism, and became editor of the *Athenæum*. The circulation of the paper declined under his management; and, after a time of mental depression, he decided on joining the Church, and began to contemplate taking orders. He chose to complete his University career at Oxford rather than Cambridge, believing that a dose of "barren orthodoxy" would check his tendency to incoherent speculations. He took his degree in 1832, and was ordained two years afterwards.

Although the Oxford High Church movement had small attractions for Maurice, he lent his aid to the leaders of the party in resisting the Bill to abolish the subscription to the Articles required at the Universities. In his pamphlet *Subscription no Bondage* he argued that the subscription on matriculation at Oxford was "not a test, but a declaration" of the terms of the University's teaching, a characteristic theory of which he repented in after days. A curious illustration of the Oxford of fifty years ago is presented by the attempt to elect Maurice to the Professorship of Political Economy in order to secure his polemical services, and by his readiness to accept the office, while at the same time he wrote:—"I shall of course endeavour to master the details of the subject—with its principles, alas! I am not acquainted, for I cannot call the notions which I find in the books about it by that august name." His temporary co-operation with the High Church party was brought to an end by the publication of his Letters to a Quaker, in one of which he combated the views set forth in Dr. Pusey's Tract on Baptism. His appointment to the chaplaincy of Guy's Hospital, in 1836, gave him leisure for literary work, and he now definitely took a position apart from all the various Church parties. Holding strongly the catholicity of the Church, he made Baptism the sign and assurance of each man's place in the family of God. While he considered the Church of England as "merely one branch of the true Church," he rejoiced in her Articles and formularies as safeguards against the tyranny of opinion. He claimed for the Church—in this case, as it seems, using the term as equivalent to the clergy—the right to educate the nation, but differed from Mr. (Archdeacon) Denison in accepting the compromise of 1840. He detested whatever was distinctive in religious parties. Protestantism and Popery he declared to be alike un-Catholic, allowing Protestantism to be predicable of the nation, not of the Church of England. High Churchmen seemed to him to narrow the bounds of the Church. He disliked the artificial and feeble theology of the Evangelicals, and considered that they made a fundamental error in basing their system on man's sinfulness. Nor, resting as he did all his hopes for human culture and for the reconciliation of opposing schools on theology, had he any sympathy with the anti-theological spirit of the party since called Broad Church. Standing thus aloof, he was made the object of attack by the religious press and, above all, by the *Record*. Few parts of this book are more important as regards the Church history of our time than those describing the influence once exercised by the *Record* in the religious world, and the collapse of its "tyranny," which Colonel Maurice dates from the defeat it sustained in the institution of his father to the chaplaincy of St. Peter's, Vere Street, in 1860.

If Maurice made enemies by the expression of his opinions, no one ever exercised a deeper influence on those who knew him personally. His sympathy with his fellow-men, his passionate scorn of intolerance and wrong, his earnest faith and his exalted spirit, which now and again burst through the natural nervousness of his disposition with a torrent of eloquent words, endeared him not merely to his private friends, but to all who were brought into close connexion with him. And the number of these was large; for, as a professor at King's College and as chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, he never spared himself when he thought he might help others. Nor was he content with the opportunities for usefulness

* *The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice, chiefly told in his own letters.* Edited by his Son, Frederick Maurice. With 2 Portraits. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

afforded by these offices. Queen's College in part, and the Working Men's College wholly, owe their foundation to his unselfish labours. In the same spirit he strove to guide the discontent prevailing among the London workmen in 1848-50 to a desire for religious brotherhood. Arriving, by a confusion of ideas not unusual with him, at the conclusion that "the Church is communistic in principle," he joined C. Kingsley, T. Hughes, and Ludlow in "the Christian Socialist" movement, and took an active part in showing the need for a change in the laws respecting co-operative trading and in the promotion of Trade-Unions, as well as in fostering some abortive attempts to carry into practice schemes of associated labour. His connexion with men far more violent than himself, and his lack of caution both in writing and speaking, caused a considerable outcry against him, and brought him into some trouble with the Council of King's College. His dismissal from the College, however, was caused by the publication of his Theological Essays. Adopting in this work the divine definition of eternal life as the knowledge of God, he argued that the assertion that eternal death was a state of endless torment rather than of ignorance of God, from which the sinner might hereafter be delivered on repentance, was not grounded on Scripture. The whole story of the angry clamour of the religious newspapers, of the fears of the Council and the Principal lest the interests of the College should suffer, and of the manly bearing of the Professor, is told in a series of unusually interesting letters, and what is wanting in them is supplied by Colonel Maurice in a singularly temperate spirit. Maurice's next great conflict was with Professor Mansel, and is connected with a question of to-day. Believing eternal life to be nothing else than the knowledge of God, he found his whole theology attacked by the famous Bampton Lectures, and in spite of the advice of some of his friends, wrote boldly against the assertions they maintained. It is not long since almost every orthodox clergyman was zealous, not indeed always according to knowledge, in praise of Mansel. Now, as Colonel Maurice points out, the step further than Mansel has been taken, and the advocates of Agnosticism exhibit what they declare to be the logical conclusion from the doctrines preached by the former champion of orthodoxy. There was little in common between the two opponents. Maurice failed to recognize that the wit of the Oxford common-rooms was a man of no less earnestness than himself, while the logical mind of Mansel was impatient of the vagueness of his adversary's ideas, and the dispute began with some bitterness on both sides. At last after so much obloquy and so many labours, the hard measure dealt to Maurice at King's College was made up to him by his election to the chair of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, and the last years of his life were spent happily in the discharge of the duties of a Professorship at the University which he had been constrained to leave without a degree. While pointing out how constantly his father's ideas were misrepresented by his opponents, Colonel Maurice allows that there were causes which made him hard to be understood, and has described them with the fairness and good taste conspicuous throughout his work. No more satisfactory comment on Maurice's writings and no clearer picture of his mind can be imagined than this biography in letters, and whatever opinion may be formed of his wisdom, and in whatever light his theological speculations may be regarded, it is impossible to read these volumes without recognizing that they contain the record of an unselfish life, the life of "a man that is dear to God."

FIVE NOVELS.*

THE Dailys of Sodden Fen have nothing to do with newspapers. They are a family which has had losses, and has come down from possessing much landed estate got by draining in the seventeenth century to the status of tilers in the nineteenth. The Daily of the period is, however, by no means a sagacious tiler; on the contrary, he is rather more than half mad. His ancestor, the draining Daily, perished, it seems, in a somewhat unintelligible popular riot, and bequeathed his interest to the community who had rabbled him. But the community did not get it; on the contrary, it passed into the hands of a farmer of the uncommon name of Smith. How it was restored to the original intention is the theme of the story which the clever author of *Four Crotchets to a Bar* has here told. We say the clever author, and we mean it, but unluckily cleverness is not everything in novel-writing—as, for the matter of that, it is not everything in other matters. You must have cleverness *plus* common sense, and it is a too notorious and too lamentable fact, that one of the hardest things in nature is to get these married. There appears to have been some doubtless just cause or impediment to that marriage in the case of the author of *Four Crotchets to a Bar*. However, these are reflections which should perhaps be left to the reader to draw. He will, at least, in the case of *The Dailys of Sodden Fen*, not have that initial difficulty in the way of drawing them which ensues from the fact of the book being unreadable. It is quite readable; and, generally speaking, it is readable with much pleasure and amusement, despite a certain flavour of *excentricité voulue*. The hallucinations of Daily *père* and the heroism of Daily *fils* would be more interesting if they were not apparently connected with some extremely hazy politico-economical views of the author's; and the consummation which makes the author quite happy will probably not so much please the too-experienced reader. Sodden Fen having been restored to the commune of Slumsby, the results, according to history, are quite clear, and not at all cheerful or encouraging. But that may pass. Neither does the reader (speaking representatively) feel much interest in Miss Jessie Apers or Mrs. Jessie Smith, who brings this result about by marrying a ne'er-do-weel and divesting herself of his inheritance. But that part of the book's underplot which treats of the successive loves of Aurea Chapel with one Leopold Stuckley; then with George Apers, the parson; and, lastly, with an agreeable baronet, Sir Crowsby Welland, is very cleverly done, and, though still somewhat unnecessarily eccentric, generally commendable. But why does the author describe Stuckley as "a vulgar name" in Devonshire, of all places in the world? It is true that the Stukeleys usually spelt themselves in this latter fashion till they took up with Stucley. But the name itself is about as vulgar in Devonshire as Kemp or Berney is in East Anglia, with which district the author is probably better acquainted than he or she is with the West-country.

Miss James is a bold person. She is not bold in that she has made her novel turn on very much the same general story as that which ends "And you shall still be Lady Clare"; but in the details which precede the catastrophe. A sister—a wicked, if not cruel, sister she—attempts to pass her sister off as male heir of entail, the fraud being facilitated by the fact that the epicene Claud Aylmer has been brought up abroad, and does not return to England till the eve of his or her coming of age. Now, to speak moderately and delicately, there are considerable difficulties in the way of this kind of personation. A great philosopher now dead did indeed once speak of "the merely accidental difference of sex"; but the majority of human kind who are not philosophers think otherwise, and it must be owned that in this special case the precedents of Achilles, Pope Joan, and various other personages of repute are on the side of the majority. No awkward accident, however, betrays Claud Aylmer, but only her own good feeling and determination not to be a party to fraud. She is rewarded in the fashion at which we have not obscurely hinted, but only after proper revolutions and discoveries. The fact is that, notwithstanding the decidedly risky character of the earlier part of its plot, *The Heir of Aylmer's Court* is very far from being a bad novel. There is some unnecessary line writing in it, for which the patient and much-tried reader becomes prepared when it is evident that the greater part of the second and third volumes are to be passed in Italy. "Italia, oh Italia, would thou wert" anywhere else, is the too-frequent prayer of the said patient person. But the book has redeeming points. The tragic and fraudulent Judith who devises the extremely perilous scheme already indicated is not good for much; but there are some very nice minor characters, especially an old lady who speculates on the probability of somebody being a Roman Catholic or an Agnostic, "or both! How terrible if he were both!" The comic heroine, Sally Brand, is also not at all bad. Even Claud is rather agreeable, though we cannot believe that she really "lay prone on the terrace with the bats wheeling and flitting round her fallen head and the lizards venturing to scurry lightly over her motionless body.' A lizard, unless of the dimensions of an iguana, is not likely to "scurry over" an obstacle of the size of a full-grown young woman's body, and the bats would have probably brushed her cheeks with those remarkably sharp claws of theirs, and would certainly have hissed in her ears after a fashion which would make the most passion-strung young woman wake up.

It is said that there are some wicked men and women who always look at the end of the third volume of a novel before beginning properly at the beginning of the first. It is to be hoped that nobody will do this with *The Pity of It*, for it is but too probable that on that day and of this book they will read no more. Mrs. Smith, on the three hundred and fifth page of the third volume, speaks of "that meretricious *ipsi dixit* 'noblesse oblige,'" and the phrase, however the reader may come across it, carries him off into a boundless field of contemplation and reflection. First of all, an *ipsi dixit* is in itself a thing to dream of, a thing for which to shed a thousand lives, as some one observes somewhere in a work of fiction. And then, if cold reason suggests that pure ignorance or the carelessness of the printer may be responsible for this lovely false concord, imagination falls back on a "meretricious *ipsi dixit*." How can an *ipsi dixit*, supposing that such a thing existed, be meretricious? Shall we hear next of a meretricious *nisi prius*, or a meretricious *ex cathedra*? And then, supposing that by great good nature a meaning is found for a meretricious *ipsi dixit*, the example of this singular phenomenon which Mrs. Smith vouchsafes launches the reader once more forth into a sea of delightful doubt. A person who writes *ipsi dixit* may possibly think that *noblesse oblige* means "nobility is obliging," "you ought to be obliged to the nobility," or, in short, anything else. But, even so, it is not easy to bring anything meretricious into it. To tell the truth, this chance phrase, for we came upon it quite by chance, does not altogether mislead the reader as to the book. It has some liveliness, and the adventures of a certain Margaret Elmore,

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* *The Dailys of Sodden Fen.* By the Author of "Four Crotchets to a Bar." 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1884.

The Heir of Aylmer's Court. By M. E. James. 3 vols. London: Elliot Stock. 1884.

The Pity of It. By Mrs. M. E. Smith. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1884.

Julian Trevor. By W. Outram Tristram. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1884.

The Hidden Picture. By Carrick F. Brodie. 2 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1884.

who calls herself and is called "Wiggles," may amuse some people. There are also crimes and mysteries, and plenty of that sort of ware. If the writer had not attempted (probably from feelings to which, in the case of a reader who can see very far into a millstone, the above extraordinary compound of false Latin and false English may give some clue) a great deal of satire on Society, it might have been a book of some merit. But, like most satirists of Society nowadays, it is pretty clear that Mrs. Smith knows nothing, or at any rate has observed nothing, of the Society she satirizes, and is content with the backstairs gossip of certain notorious periodicals for gospel. She also labours (as the meretricious *ipse dixit* may sufficiently have shown) under the disadvantage of not being able to write English. That is "the pity of it," though perhaps Mrs. Smith did not intend that particular construction to be put on her title. Her heroine, with many drawbacks, has some points about her which show that, if Mrs. Smith could write and would write about what she knows, the result might not be bad.

We remarked of the author of *The Heir of Aylmer's Court* that she is a bold woman; it may certainly be said, though for a rather different reason, of the author of *Julian Trevor* that he is a bold man. Indeed, novelists nowadays are not wont to require the admonition which Britomart saw writ everywhere, but rather that which she saw writ only once—that is to say, "Be not too bold." Mr. Tristram's audacity stands in the following of Lord Beaconsfield, a not easily imitable novelist. Not only is he introduced personally, under the name of the Earl of Slitherington, but the whole of the first volume, which tells the fortunes of the hero's father, President of the Local Government Board and conscientious politician, is studied very closely after Lord Beaconsfield's overtures, especially that to *Endymion*. Perhaps the highest praise that can be given to Mr. Tristram is that, though no one can possibly mistake his model, his imitation of it is in parts by no means an unhappy one. The scene between Lady Trevor and Lord Slitherington, wherein she endeavours, partly by diplomacy and partly by a kind of mild flirtation, to get the placable Minister to reconsider her husband's resignation, is not at all ill done. Neither is the whole conception of Sir George Trevor, a weak man who tries to pose as a strong one, unhappy. But to work out this conception would require a man of greater age and experience than from his book we suppose Mr. Tristram to be. *Julian Trevor* has the further drawback that, beginning as a rather ambitious and more than rather political novel, it slides during the second volume into an ordinary story of private and not very remarkable life. Mr. Tristram's Oxford sketches are not without liveliness, but there is something in them which suggests that he might not have written them if Mr. Sturgis had not been beforehand with him. A third fault is that he has succumbed to the temptation of introducing some very conventional and second-hand types in the personages of the critic Copperville, the poets Fassett and Paris, and some others. It is a temptation, no doubt—indeed very few but the very elect escape it—but it has to be resisted. Except in a purely imaginative romance or in a historical novel, both belonging to lotteries in which there is one prize to ten thousand blanks, no character ought to be inserted that is not, in French literary slang, *vu*. Thus, for instance, a really agreeable person in Mr. Tristram's book, one Mark Turner, who is a straightforward young Englishman and nothing more, is *vu*. He might be better, no doubt, but it is quite clear that Mr. Tristram has seen him, or the traits of which he is made up, and has noted them and inwardly digested them. His Fassetts and his Parises are not much more like the actual fact than Mr. Du Maurier's Maudles and Postlethwaites, and he has less excuse, because Mr. Du Maurier, from the circumstances of the case, was bound to look chiefly at the outside, and entitled to exaggerate it a little. Still there is some merit even here, and the book, taken as a first and a rather ambitious attempt, might very easily have been much worse. The dialogue is often decidedly good, and that is a great thing, while one character, Trevor's tutor, Sidney, is much better than the rest. In any future effort Mr. Tristram should get himself a more definite story (the story of *Julian Trevor* is, vernacularly speaking, "all over the place"), and stick to characters that he has thoroughly grasped. Then his faculty of conversation-writing ought to stand him in good stead.

The author of *The Hidden Picture* has, in a sense which the courteous reader will please to believe is quite honourable, bribed us. It is not by putting on his or her title-page (for Carrick is a district of Ayrshire, and also in the French language a kind of garment, and in neither sense can it have any exclusive gender as applied to a human being) the words, "There are more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy dreams of." That is a misquotation, and we do not like misquotations at all. Nor is it by informing us that a face "can only be described as *wonderfully beautiful*," for we love not italics. Nor is it by writing sentences which by no means infrequently extend to the length of half a page, for that is not according to knowledge. But to have at this time of day a novel which contains galleries with secret openings behind the pictures, and white monkish figures with cowls thrown back and glittering daggers in their hands, and dungeons with trapdoors and coils of rope and underground passages, and all sorts of delightful things of the same kind, is too agreeable to leave the critic in the full possession of his ordinary bloodthirstiness. The particular curse (it is needless to say that there is a curse, or the book would not be complete) seems to us, however, rather unreasonable. No daughter of the Castellano family, it seems, can dare, without terrible things happening, to read a letter between sunset and dawn. This might have been all very well in the days when regular post-offices were not; but it clearly will not stand the altered conditions of an advanced civilization. Why, in London at any rate, the last post at night is usually more interesting than any, save the first in the day! However, the scene of *The Hidden Picture* is not London, but Naples, and the times are the times of Napoleon I., not of Mr. Fawcett. Allowance must be made for this, and also for the exigencies of cloak-and-dagger romances, of which, with the little drawbacks gently hinted at above, *The Hidden Picture* is a fair enough specimen. It would be altogether contrary to the rules of the game to protest against bloodshed in such a book; but surely it is not necessary to kill your heroine? The heroines used to get through all the daggers and dungeons and curses and unwholesome vaults in the most surprising but satisfactory manner. Now Mr. Carrick Brodie's heroine does not, and as she is really a very nice heroine in other ways than being "*wonderfully beautiful*" in italics, we weep for her, and refuse to be comforted or to forgive Mr. Carrick Brodie.

THE NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY.*

(Second Notice.)

WE promised to give some specimens in detail of the New Dictionary's method. The difficulty is to know where to begin. Not at the beginning; for the various duties done in modern English by the monosyllable *a*—letter, symbol, numeral, pronoun, or particle—cover four pages so full of matter that if we began to discuss them we should have no room for anything else. Let us pause on *Abate*, a verb of many senses. A chain of instances, from Maundevile to a modern Act of Parliament, shows how the transitive sense "to beat down" has become obsolete except in law. Then the legal meaning of "abating" a nuisance (which, by the way, is ignored in Richardson) is separately worked out. (If we mention Richardson now and again by way of a foil, it is not that we ignore the intermediate steps of improvement in this and that direction; least of all such excellent clearing of the way in etymology as has been done by Professor Skeat and others. But Richardson, with all its faults, is the only serious attempt since Johnson at a literary as distinguished from a purely grammatical or etymological dictionary.) Then the more general literary uses, current or obsolete, are carefully discriminated; then, passing over obscure technical uses of the word in falconry and horsemanship, we come to the other legal "abate," which is the Old French *enbatre* or *embatre*, not *abatre*, meaning to intrude. But for the conclusive evidence of Britton's French text, it would be easy to go astray over this by thinking it had to do with abating, in the sense of injuriously affecting, the estate of the rightful owner intruded upon.

Before we light on another considerable title, here is a grotesque word that has had its day of a couple of centuries and passed out of use as the thing signified passed out of knowledge in England:—"Abbey-lubber: a lazy monk; a reproachful name in regular use after the Reformation." Under *Abbot* we see that the variant form *Abbat* (a twelfth-century Latinism) is treated as obsolete. Our impression, though we have no proof at hand, is that sundry modern ecclesiastical writers have revived it in the last thirty or forty years. In this region two words come pretty close together which are good examples of false etymology affecting the orthography of a word, in one case for a considerable time, in the other permanently, and in both cases affecting the meaning and usage. These are "abnormal" and "abominable." Probably most of us who think at all on such matters would think "abnormal" to represent the Latin *abnormis*. But it does not; we have already the regular form "abnormous" (like "enormous" from *enormis*) which, though not common, is used by Hallam and Grote. And "abnormal" is really a distorted "doublet" of "anomalous"; the mediæval Latin *anomalus* (Gr. ἀνώμαλος) was corrupted into *anormalus*, whence a French and English *anormal*: later the *b* was interpolated in English through a mistaken reference to *abnormis*, and is fixed in the modern spelling. Again, we now write "abominable," but our forefathers down to the seventeenth century wrote "abhominable," misled by a fanciful derivation, as if it meant something *ab homine*, foreign or repugnant to man, inhuman. In Shakspeare's time the dropping of the *h* was just beginning to attract notice as a pedantic innovation. Not far off is "ache," with a still odder history. Properly the verb is "ake," the noun "ache," with soft *ch*; similar pairs are bake, batch, make, match, speak, speech. Dr. Johnson perversely declared "ache" the grammatical spelling of both, connecting them with Gr. ἄχος. Hence we have lost the distinction, and encumbered ourselves with an idle discrepance between the written and spoken word, writing "ache" while we say "ake" in verb and substantive alike.

The word "act" and its derivatives will be found very good reading. It is curious to learn that the forensic sense of "action" is the earliest that occurs in English; the same holds logically of "answer," which in its original meaning is "a solemn affirmation made to rebut a charge" (Dict. s. v.); but historically the common usage (= the later "reply," which is supplanting it, more's the pity, in middle-class language) is as old as Beowulf. Under "act" we think there is one deficiency. The phrase of two or three

* *A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles; founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society.* Edited by James A. H. Murray, LL.D. &c. Part I. A—Ant. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1884.

writers of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, "God is a pure act," is left obscure by explaining the term as "activity, active principle"; what is meant is the *actus* of the scholastic philosophy (*ἐνέργεια*) as opposed to *potentia* (*δύναμις*). And under another special sense, that of an instrument in writing, the common form "I deliver this as my act and deed" has escaped notice. While we are on law terms we may pass to "agreement" and note that the definition, "a contract duly executed and legally binding on the parties making it," is too narrow. There are plenty of agreements not duly executed, or though duly executed not legally binding, as being, for example, without consideration, or for an unlawful purpose. An agreement is no more necessarily enforceable in English law than *pactum* in Roman law. We constantly have occasion to speak of an agreement being bad or void. The Indian Contract Act has defined "contract" as an agreement which is enforceable (Lat. *contractus*, or *legitima conventio*); but only one or two English writers have adopted this usage. Something like this would have come nearer the current legal sense:—"A promise or set of promises intended to be legally binding; a document embodying such promises." But it may be doubted whether it is really possible to mark any definite line between the legal and the popular meanings of the word. We should have liked a quotation to bring in the old conceit about *aggregatio mentium*; but no doubt the proper business of a dictionary is with real etymologies.

Compound adjectives of the type Anglo-French, Anglo-Catholic, and so forth, afford an interesting study. In all the examples of this formation before the last decade of the eighteenth century the first element qualifies and limits the second. Thus "Anglo-Saxon," as the Dictionary fully explains, does not mean "Angle *and* Saxon," but Saxon of England as distinguished from Saxon of the German mainland. The proper corresponding Latin is *Angli Saxones*; though the compound *Angul-Saxones*, presumably a transcription from the English *Angelsaexan*, is found in charters. The later misapprehension of "Anglo-Saxon" as if it were "Angle and Saxon" led to the framing, by a practice apparently not more than a generation old, though now common enough, of such phrases as Anglo-Turkish convention, Anglo-French alliance, Anglo-American law, where the two elements of the compound adjective are on an equal footing, and the whole imports reciprocity or community. "Anglo-French," however, is capable of use in the older sense, as "French of England"—namely, the dialect of French "retained and separately developed in England"; and thereby hangs a tale, which may be read in a note (all too short) to the General Explanations prefixed to this part. We have been accustomed to laugh at the patriotism of our Elizabethan lawyers who maintained that the law-French of the Year Books and Abridgments had a claim to exist as a language of itself. But the lawyers were not so far out. In their time the dialect was a decrepit jargon, eked out with wholesale interpolation of Latin and English words; it had been a true dialect nevertheless. Cut off from its native stock, and "distinct not only from Parisian, but from all dialects of Continental French," it underwent in England "a distinct and independent development" in both speaking and writing. The importance of this fact for modern English philology is that down to the fifteenth century the Romance words adopted in English were taken for the most part not from the French of France but from the French of England—Chaucer's "scole of Stratford at-te Bowe," which thus is seen in its true light. The Prioress did not speak *bad* French, as a modern Englishwoman might; "frensh of Paris was to hire *unknowe*," not in the sense that she tried to imitate Parisian speech and failed, but that what she spoke was something different. At the same time the passage shows that by Chaucer's time the French of Stratford-at-Bow was felt to be artificial, and was beginning to be ludicrous to men of learning and travel. It had already ceased to be spoken in the law courts. However, modern English spelling constantly preserves "the actual Anglo-French forms, as distinct from those of Continental Old and Modern French." There is evidently much more to be learnt and told about this (we believe the ground is almost new); and we hope that Dr. Murray or some of his chief fellow-workers may one day give us a monograph on it. The Year Books of Edward I. lately printed in the Record Office Series acquire, in this point of view, a fresh interest; the material afforded by them ought to be useful.

The conventional "one word more" is not a happy formula for taking leave or preparing to take leave of a dictionary—for one word necessarily implies a good many words. But, at all events, we may pause on one more word of special interest, "allow." The Old French *alouer*, later *allouer*, is really two words rolled into one. It represents the wholly distinct Latin verbs *allaudare*, "to praise, commend," and *allocare*, "to bestow, assign." The uses of the double word in these two meanings run so near one another, and have had so much mutual influence, that often it is difficult in a particular case to say whether *allouer* or "allow," as it may be, stands for *allaudare* or *allocare* or a mixture of both. In a well-known line from *The Merchant of Venice* we read, "The law allows it, and the court awards it." Is this with the meaning *allaudat*, approves or sanctions, or *allocat*, assigns as due to you? Dr. Murray gives it as an illustration of the latter sense, we cannot say wrongly. But our own inclination would be to take the former, sacrificing strict grammatical uniformity to avoid a tautology:—"The law allows (sanctions) it (your course of proceeding, or the right claimed by you), and (therefore) the Court awards it (the right of taking the pound of flesh)." This is one of the points which, however the commentators may labour for an impossible certainty, must remain open for every man's private judgment. And the general treatment of the word is a good example of the orderly method which Dr. Murray and his staff are substituting for the chaos of previous dictionary-makers. A few other such examples may be indicated; for clear understanding of what has been done the Dictionary itself must be consulted. For the patient historical and logical discrimination of meanings, take "account," either the substantive or the verb. An Englishman fairly well accustomed to the careful use of language, if asked offhand how many distinct meanings the substantive "account" is capable of, might say perhaps half a dozen. The Dictionary gives five principal heads, comprising sixteen minor ones, and some of these are subdivided again; nor can any of the divisions be fairly called superfluous. For the disentangling of etymology and orthography in the various stages of a word's life, and the careful separation of similar but unconnected words, see "afear," "affray," and "afraid"; a pretty simple instance, but comparison with other dictionaries will show at once how much more thorough the work is here. Or look at "afford," the derivation of which Richardson gives up, clutching however in the air (after Horne Tooke, it seems) at "affeer," a wholly unrelated Romance word. Dr. Murray gives us a complete chain of evidences from the earliest form "gefordian" through the mediæval "aforth," or "avorth," to "aford," and thence to the present "afford," which dates from the Latinizing period of the sixteenth century, by a kind of corrupt following of the Latin prefix in such words as "afflict."

If we must grumble at something, we should say that the literary selection of authorities is capable of improvement. In a great national monument—for such this Dictionary will be—we feel entitled not only to sufficient illustration and authority, but to the best. Under the first sense of "account" (the noun) we miss the clerk of Chatham who "can write and read and cast accompt" (*K. Hen. VI.* Part II., Act iv., Sc. 2). Better than newspaper warrant could easily be produced for "actuarial value"—a phrase familiar enough in the old Court of Chancery and in its reported judgments, delivered sometimes by judges who were no mean masters of English—and generally we find the quotations from newspapers rather out of due proportion. We can quite understand that gaps have to be filled up by the editorial staff at short notice. But Dr. Murray ought to have (we mean that the Clarendon Press, or the nation, ought to provide him with) a competent reader told off for the special purpose of getting him really good authority for the common words that have been neglected. Of course the rare ones are safe enough. It is the fairly common ones, but short of being so common that Shakspeare, or Addison, or Macaulay will afford them in a few minutes' turning over, that are in peril of this kind. Thus under "agonizing," Gray's "shrieks of an agonizing king" would surely have been better than a poor line from Thomson's "Spring," where, moreover, the sense of the word is less clear. But it is easier to find points for minute criticism in a work like this than to be thankful for it as one ought.

GUN AND ROD IN AMERICA.*

IF life at American centres of business be lived at a higher pressure than in the Old World, if the pursuit of gain be more absorbing, and the nerves be kept thereby at a higher state of tension, the very size of the country, the vast extent of its forests and prairies, afford a ready and never-failing mode of relief. It is yearly becoming more and more the custom for Americans to spend their summer holiday in camping out—*i.e.* in reverting for a while to the primitive employment of savage man; and, in the self-imposed toils and fatigues of the chase, finding a welcome contrast to the artificial pleasures of civilization. Forty-eight hours' travel from New York or Boston will suffice to land one in the forests of the Adirondacks or among the wild lakes and rivers of Maine, away out beyond the precincts of permanent habitation; and if these resorts become appropriated or too much frequented, a few days' journey will always enable the sportsman to reach the solitudes of the "Rockies" or the still wilder hunting-grounds of the Yellowstone, or of the Sierras of the Pacific Slope. Although of course game-laws, properly so called, have, as a relic of feudalism, never been allowed to exist in America, the good sense of the people has taught them the necessity of enforcing a close time. Most of the States have passed laws for this purpose; while some have even made enactments against trapping birds and animals in winter, when the snow makes it easy to capture them in such numbers as would soon lead to their extinction. The love of sport has of late years developed very rapidly among Americans; clubs have been formed for keeping up shooting and fishing quarters in favourable localities, and the wholesome rivalry of these associations assists materially in enforcing the execution of the laws relating to close time. Americans have had one great advantage in learning the science of woodcraft; they have been able to call to their aid the services of the native Indians, a race whose necessities have developed an instinct for the tracking of animals which amounts almost to a sixth sense. From the time of Fenimore Cooper downwards the interest of any book relating to life in the prairies or backwoods has always centred in the matchless skill of the Indian scouts, trappers, or guides. It is some comfort to reflect that the extirpation of the red man may be

* *Sport with Gun and Rod in American Woods and Waters.* Edited by Alfred M. Mayer. 2 vols. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1884.

arrested by the necessity which his white brothers lie under for these services, owing to the impossibility of a highly civilized race acquiring for itself these inherited instincts and capabilities. Any one wishing either to learn in his own armchair the haunts and habits of all sorts of American game—fur, fin, and feather—or even to know where to go and look for it himself, cannot do better than consult the two sumptuous volumes before us. They are got up with the highest technical skill as regards paper, printing, and illustrations. The latter especially are deserving of praise. Eleven proofs on tinted Japanese paper, loosely gummed in only at the edges, are each of them worthy of a place in a portfolio as specimens of the engraver's art; two are engraved direct from nature. Any one who doubts the superior excellence of a proof may satisfy himself by comparing the vignette "Head of Mule Deer" on the title-page of vol. i. with the same subject as an ordinary engraving on p. 259. In addition to these proofs and about thirty full-page engravings, the volumes are thickly interspersed with illustrations by various artists in a style with which we are now becoming familiar in American books and periodicals, and in which they were certainly far ahead of us. The contents of the two volumes are, for the most part, not original; neither are they by one hand. The compiler, Mr. Alfred M. Mayer, Professor in the Stevens Institute of Technology at New York, suggested to the editor of the *Century Magazine* that the various articles on hunting and angling which had appeared in that periodical should be collected into a book. The editor, in adopting the suggestion, happily placed its execution in Mr. Mayer's hands, and the latter has made the subject complete by embodying Lord Dunraven's paper on Moose-Hunting, originally published in the *Nineteenth Century*, as well as half a dozen articles which had previously appeared in various American periodicals.

Mr. Mayer opens his subject by an account of the Prehistoric Hunter, with illustrations of the weapons made from flint, bone, and bronze, with which they did not hesitate to attack the fiercest animals. With the exception of the crossbow, which they do not appear to have used, Mr. Mayer is of opinion that their arms were as effective as any which preceded the use of gunpowder. The work falls naturally into three divisions:—Large Game, Fish, and Feathered Game. Among large game the first place is assigned to the Black Bear of the Eastern States, the much more dangerous "Grizzly" of the Rocky Mountains and Pacific slope being, somewhat unaccountably, left unnoticed. The principal resorts of the Black Bear at the present day are the great forests of Maine and New Brunswick, and the cane-brakes of the Lower Mississippi. Two interesting chapters by Mr. Charles C. Ward and Mr. James Gordon, each illustrated by sketches made by respective authors, describe the very different country and circumstances in which the bear is found in the extreme north and south of the Union; while towards the end of the book Mr. Dudley Warner contributes a humorous account entitled "How I Killed a Bear." Englishmen will not complain that a prominent position is assigned to fox-hunting. In Virginia the fox is still sometimes pursued in the orthodox English fashion with horse and hound, though even there the nature of the country has kept the sport more like what it was in England a hundred years ago. A slow hunting hound, such as was fashionable in the days of Squire Western, is of more use in America to-day than would be the choicest draft from the fast-racing Quorn or Pytchley, which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to follow over the thickly-timbered country and high rail-fences of Virginia. Very different is the pursuit of the fox in New England; there, even when not covered with snow, the country is rock and forest, impracticable for horses; the hunter goes on foot alone or with one companion, and only two or three hounds; armed with a gun loaded with heavy shot, he tramps perhaps many miles before he finds a fox, and then, when his hounds run out of sight, stations himself at some point where his knowledge of the country leads him to suppose that the fox is likely to pass. Many are the alternations of hope and disappointment, as the baying of the hounds, now faint and far off, now swelling nearer and louder, shows him that they are following Reynard through all his wiles and artifices, till at last they bring him within range of the gun. Even should they fail in this, the day is not counted as a blank:—

> The truest sportsman is not a mere skilful butcher, who is quite unsatisfied if he returns from the chase without blood upon his garments, but he who bears home from field and forest something better than game and peltry and the triumph of a slayer, and who counts the day not lost or ill-spent though he can show no trophy of his skill. The beautiful things seen, the ways of birds and beasts noted, are what he treasures far longer than the number of successful shots.

Dr. Grinnell contributes a chapter on the North American Cervidæ, in which he says that the one hope of preserving the grandest of them—the moose—from extinction, lies in the enforcement of proper regulations in the Yellowstone National Park. In Mr. Charles Ward's paper on "Moose-hunting" he gives a curious sketch of a moose "riding down a tree" by getting astride of it and bearing it down by his weight until he can reach the branches. A similar device is well known to be practised by elephants in India. An instructive instance of the way in which organs become specialized for certain functions may be seen in the hoof of the caribou, figured on p. 210. Their construction is different to that of all others of the deer tribe, and enables the animal to travel over deep snow and icy crusts, when moose and other deer are at the mercy of their enemies. Another instance of adaptation is to be found in the feet of the "Big-horn," or mountain sheep of the Sierra. The wide posterior portion of the bottom of the foot, instead of wearing down and becoming flat and hard, bulges out into a soft pad, which grips tight on the smallest protuberances or cavities. Mr. Muir discusses their alleged habit of diving down precipices and alighting on their horns, and comes to the conclusion that such a boulder-like mode of progression is impossible. The most frightful descents are safely accomplished by hugging close to the rock and controlling their velocity by striking at short intervals, and holding back upon small ledges and roughened inclines. The pronghorn or antelope of the central plains and the musk-ox of the Arctic regions complete the list of big game. By the way, why does not the latter animal conform to the rule, nearly universal in those latitudes, of changing his coat to white in winter? Perhaps because from his size and strength he does not require to do so as a means of protection; while, not being carnivorous, he does not, like the polar bear, depend for food on being able to approach unseen.

The part of the book relating to fishing opens with a chapter on the primitive fish-hook, by Mr. Barnett Philippe, secretary of the American Fish Culture Association. The evolution of the fish-hook is traced, with the aid of illustrations, from the almost straight stone fish-gorge of the Neolithic period, similar in principle to the double-ended needle, slung by the middle, which is used in France at the present day for catching eels. The early bronze-worker copied this in metal, with an open curve in the centre to which the line was fastened. At a later period the wire was twisted into a loop in the centre; then the ends were turned upwards, and, barbs being subsequently added, we get the double fish-hook. The salmon, as the king of fishes, has a chapter to himself. The region where, at the present day, they can be taken with a fly is a circumscribed one; it is restricted to the northern shore of the embouchure of the St. Lawrence below Quebec, the coast of Labrador, New Brunswick, and a few streams in Nova Scotia. The salmon in the rivers running into the North Pacific, like those of rivers discharging into the Baltic, refuse to take a fly. Several chapters are devoted to trout-fishing, which is more easily within the reach of most people. Mr. Edward Seymour describes sport on the Rangeley Lakes in Maine, where speckled trout up to 10 lbs. in weight are to be caught, and where several angling associations have their head-quarters. Sea-trout-fishing is to be had by camping out on the affluents of the St. Lawrence, while higher up, among the Thousand Islands, you may stay at a comfortable hotel, and indulge yourself by catching black bass, pickerel, or the monster muskallonge. The grayling has a very limited range within the United States, being only found in Michigan and perhaps in one or two of the remote North-Western States. The American species is much more slender than the European, and has a larger dorsal fin; hence the Esquimaux name for it, which denotes wing-like fin. It must be very different, however, from its European congener, if, as is stated in the work before us, its play is as vigorous as that of the trout. Our grayling gives one or two good kicks or plunges, and then allows itself to be dragged in as tamely as a red herring. A singular kind of fishing is that of casting a baited hook with a rod into heavy surf for striped bass. This is chiefly practised on the rocks and islands of the New England coast. The fisherman, attended by a "chummer" who throws out bait to attract the bass, takes his stand at the end of a plank built out over the waves, which not unfrequently drench him from head to foot. The fish attain a large size—50 lbs. or 60 lbs.—and show great sport. The best resorts are in the hands of different clubs; and the title of "High-hook," with a diamond-mounted badge in the shape of a bass-hook, is conferred on the member taking the largest fish of the season. The details of construction of the split-bamboo rod are well worth perusal. It appears to have been invented in England, but perfected in America. Its lightness, combined with extraordinary elasticity, have brought it into general favour, both for salmon and trout rods.

Little space remains for noticing the part of the book devoted to feathered game. The different American grouse are well known, as also the "Bob-White," or Virginian quail. This latter has been introduced, but with indifferent success, into England. There is a good description of wild-fowl shooting, including geese and cranes, in Minnesota; and a chapter on the famous canvas-back, and the way to cook and eat him. Smaller birds, such as the American woodcock and snipe, and the Carolina rail, each in their proper locality and season, are shown as contributing to the varied "bag" that may be made in the States. At the close of the work will be found a chapter on bow-shooting by Mr. Maurice Thompson, in which he relates how he made himself an expert game shot with the old English long-bow. The terms of sport may be somewhat different in America; they talk of a fox being "holed," instead of gone to ground; of "still-hunting," instead of stalking; of "still-fishing," instead of bottom-fishing. But the whole tone of these volumes proves that our American kinsfolk thoroughly understand the essential qualifications of a true sportsman; while the contents of the work show how keenly they practise them.

MORELLI'S ITALIAN MASTERS IN GERMAN GALLERIES.*

FEW books in the literature of a special subject have created so great a stir on their first appearance as that of which the present volume is a translation. Its accomplished author,

* *Italian Masters in German Galleries.* By Giovanni Morelli. Translated from the German by Mrs. Louise M. Richter. London: George Bell & Sons.

the Senator Morelli, holds among his countrymen a somewhat paradoxical position. He is one of the most conservative of politicians, and at the same time one of the most revolutionary of critics. A member of the Right of the Italian Senate, and staunch upholder of tradition in the sphere of society and the State, he devotes his leisure to the subversion of traditions in the sphere of art-criticism, and history. He has long been well known among the practical connoisseurs of Europe, not only as the possessor of one of the choicest private collections of pictures and drawings in Italy, but as one of the first living authorities on Italian art. But his public and literary reputation in connection with these matters is of comparatively recent growth. It dates in the first instance from the publication, some dozen years ago, in the pages of a German special periodical, the *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst*, of a series of essays on the pictures in the Borghese gallery at Rome. This was followed after a considerable interval by the issue of the volume of which an English version is now before us. In it, under the guise of a series of technical studies on the Italian pictures in the galleries of Munich, Dresden, and Berlin, Signor Morelli put forth in a concentrated shape the results of his close and life-long study of the works and the characteristics of Italian masters both great and small. By special students, in spite of its unpretending form and title, the book was quickly recognized as a contribution of the first importance to their study; while the peculiar originality and piquancy of its literary flavour commended it before long to a wider circle of readers. By a kind of irony characteristic of his temperament, Signor Morelli chose to treat it as an acknowledged fact that of all persons an Italian must needs be the last to deserve a hearing on questions of Italian art. He at the same time frankly recognized, without any irony at all, the truth that the only country where there exists a considerable public interested in the critical study of these questions is Germany. Possessing among his other accomplishments a complete mastery of German, he accordingly addressed himself to that public in its own language. Under the feigned name of "Ivan Lermolieff" he represented himself as a student and inquirer from the wilds of Russia, whose claim to a hearing, modest at the best, might at least be admitted on account of his Hyperborean origin. The disguise, of course, was not intended to deceive; but it accommodated itself excellently to the vein of half-ironic diffidence, blended with something of conscious authority and much of genuine courtesy, of the author's manner.

The purport of Signor Morelli's book was, from the nature of the case, to a large extent controversial. One of his objects was to expound and illustrate general methods of study which, without being altogether new, had not in his judgment been strictly enough practised among the critics and connoisseurs of art, and whereby their empiric judgments might attain something of scientific certainty and precision. His other main object was to correct the traditional attributions, and in some cases the traditional estimates also, of a number of particular pictures of various degrees of celebrity and value. In so doing he had naturally to point out errors and omissions in the official catalogues of the galleries under discussion, as well as in the works of previous historians of art, and especially, as the most comprehensive and industrious of such historians, of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle. To the merits of those laborious authors, as having by their researches been the first to lay the foundations of a modern and critical general history of Italian art, Signor Morelli does abundant justice. On the worst of their faults, their inconceivable literary formlessness, and their frequent and teasing inaccuracy in technical and descriptive details, he is almost uniformly silent. Some of the German objects of his criticism, and especially the compilers of the (now disused) official catalogues of the Munich and Dresden galleries, fared a little more roughly at his hands. But, as a rule, Signor Morelli's manner in controversy is one of imperturbable urbanity and good breeding. Temper, however, is proverbially easy to arouse in most questions of connoisseurship and critical judgment, in which demonstration is rarely possible, and the ultimate decision depends upon the informal agreement of a miscellaneous international jury of students and experts, each of whom is apt to resent as a personal attack on his knowledge and discrimination any opinion differing from his own. Signor Morelli's book, as was natural, excited eager criticism, both friendly and hostile. His admirers proved the stronger party, and a whole school of the younger critics and historians of art have put themselves avowedly under his lead. But by others he has been fiercely assailed, especially in connexion with his views on the early life and work of Raphael. The most serious opposition came from Berlin. Among the experts of that city, learned and justly distinguished as several of them are, there exists a perhaps slightly dictatorial disposition to assume a monopoly of knowledge and acumen in these matters; and, in connexion with Raphael especially, a tendency to accord a dogmatic and quite unwarranted degree of authority to the writings and opinions of a veteran of their own number, Hermann Grimm. Signor Morelli, although, as he avows in the preface to his English edition, "to bickering and strife a declared enemy," has addressed to one or two of his chief censors in Germany replies which, both in temper and substance, are among the masterpieces of controversial criticism. The total result of his literary work during the last four years is that, among living experts in that fascinating study which he has made his own, Signor Morelli, *alias* Lermolieff, stands to-day easily the first. It is needless to mention that the terms in which his work has been once or twice lately spoken of in England, by critics upon whom both his knowledge and his good breeding have been thrown away, are such as among instructed students can only excite a smile.

From the present translation the peculiar literary form and flavour of Signor Morelli's work are wanting. He comes before the English public, no longer under his Russian pseudonym, but in his own name, and with a preface from which the agreeable irony of the original German version of his work has been withdrawn. The translation of the text by Mrs. L. M. Richter is correct and adequate, failing only in very rare cases from an imperfect acquaintance with English idiom: but as the book is thus presented to English readers, it will be read rather for the sake of its matter than of its form. To read it, if possible in the galleries themselves and before the actual pictures which it discusses, must henceforth be an indispensable part of the education of every lover and student of Italian art. One great merit of Signor Morelli's work is that he expressly disclaims all dogmatic authority for his judgments, and at every turn invites his "young friends" to observe his methods, follow his reasons, and test his conclusions for themselves. In the matter of method there are two points on which Signor Morelli especially insists. One is the paramount importance of an exact comparative study of the drawings and sketches of the Old Masters as an aid to the knowledge of their styles and the discrimination of their handiwork. This is a doctrine which no one would in terms contest; but the fact remains that the study and knowledge of drawings, even among professional connoisseurs and historians of painting, has hitherto been of a very elementary kind. This has been due partly to the reckless system of traditional misattribution, and confusion of genuine drawings with false, and originals with copies, which prevails in the majority both of public galleries and private cabinets; and partly also to the difficulty of comparing the authentic drawings of this or that master when they are scattered in various places. The latter difficulty has now been in great part removed by the publication by Messrs. Braun, of Dornach, and others, of many excellent series of reproductions after the contents of the principal known collections, so that the dispersed examples of any master can in this form be brought together for study. Few parts of Signor Morelli's work are more useful than those in which he directs the student how to take as his standard for the style and idiosyncrasy of this or that master a certain specified selection of his demonstrably authentic drawings, and to test by them all other work attributed to him. It is cordially to be hoped that our author will follow out these indications, as he seems to express an intention of doing, by a detailed and fully illustrated student's guide or introduction, which no one living is so competent to write, to the study of Italian drawings in general.

The second main point on which Signor Morelli dwells, in regard to the method to be followed in these studies, is on the necessity of a deliberate analysis, in order to discriminate between the work of different nearly allied masters, of certain purely formal elements in their styles. The number of signs by which a practised critic in any given case forms his judgment on the authorship or the genuineness of a work of art is very great: nor is he, in the act of judgment, apt to analyse or take account of the value of such signs singly. He decides by the total impression he receives from the work before him. To that impression his sense of its spiritual and intellectual stamp and aim, his perception of its tricks of composition, choice of types, gestures, expressions, forms, colours, fashions of drapery, of its mode of handling, and mastery or infirmity of execution, all contribute. Signor Morelli's contention is that among these elements are some which can be with justice and advantage systematically analysed and formulated for the guidance of the student. The points of style on which he especially dwells, as being fixed and constant in the work of any given master, at least during given periods of his career, are, in addition to those of a more general kind, the shapes and characters which he habitually affects for particular portions of the human body, and in especial the hands and feet and their attachments, the eye, and the ear. Certain it is that every artist with a style of his own does show a predilection for certain constant and special forms, apparently without regard to the individual model before him, in these particulars. It is upon the observation and analysis of such points—in other words, upon the discipline which the Germans call *stylistik*—taken together with the scanty critical indications furnished by the texts of ancient authors, that the scientific study of ancient classical art has been almost entirely founded. For the study of mediæval and Renaissance art a similar discipline is doubtless also serviceable; but, like other methods, it is principally of use in skilled hands. It will hardly make a connoisseur of the man who does not by nature and practice possess the power of spontaneous artistic appreciation, of judging aright, that is, empirically and without analysis. On the other hand, as is abundantly illustrated in the course of the book before us, even to the best of connoisseurs such an analytic method may be of much use in enabling him both to show to others the reasons of his decisions, and to decide for himself in ambiguous cases between masters of nearly-allied tendencies.

We have left ourselves hardly space to speak of the criticisms of particular painters and pictures which occupy the bulk of Signor Morelli's volume. Not a few of these have been accepted with acclamation by all competent students; as for instance the identification of the neglected "Venus" at Dresden as the true original by Giorgione, formerly in the house of Jeronimo Marcello at Venice; the attribution to the same master of the "Madonna and Saints," ascribed to Pordenone, at Madrid; and even the rejection from among the authentic works of Correggio of the famous "Reading

Magdalene" at Dresden. This daring and at the same time convincing piece of negative criticism is conveyed in a humorous dialogue of much spirit between the imaginary Russian investigator and a young German lady of æsthetic propensities, Fräulein Elise von Blasewitz. Our author is doubtless right when he classes this seductive work among others of a generation long posterior to Correggio, and defines the class in general as representing "nothing but the Venus of the Venetians translated into the language of the Jesuits." But we incline to think both that he over-states his case against the probability of any painter of Correggio's age having painted on copper at all, as this Magdalene is painted, and that he goes too far afield when he seeks for the authorship of that picture in, or not far from, the workshop of Adrian Van der Werff. When it comes to the delicate matters of discrimination between individual Italian workers of the same school, as, for instance, between the several Milanese followers of Leonardo, or between the elder Palma, the first Bonifazio, and Titian at a certain period of his life, Signor Morelli's strict methods of analysis come in aid of his fine taste and long experience, to render his judgments almost unimpeachable. The same qualities stand him in still better stead in his criticism of the Umbrian school. Perugino and several of his assistants and pupils in that school worked, as is well known, in styles so closely similar as to render their discrimination often excessively difficult. One of these pupils and assistants was the young Raphael; and the power of Raphael's name has led posterity to attribute to his hand work of this school and period both greater in quantity and other in quality than any which in strictness, and according to the standard of his known and authentic performances, has any right to be ascribed to him. It is Signor Morelli's merit to have brought to bear an accurate and masterly analysis on this mass of material, and to have shown how several of the pictures and many of the drawings given in carelessness or fondness to Raphael have to be redistributed among his associates, of whom the neglected and decried Pinturicchio receives the chief share. This is the most contested, but also, in our judgment, the most valuable, portion of Signor Morelli's work. It is unfortunate that writers of the reputation of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle should since its appearance have published a volume on the Early Life of Raphael, in which they not only ignore the labours of this distinguished Italian critic, but bring confusion worse confounded upon the whole subject, exhibiting in particular a scarcely even rudimentary power of critical insight as to that on which its treatment chiefly depends—the character and authenticity of drawings. Against the laborious and ingenious untrustworthiness of the work of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, as we pointed out at the time of its publication, it is right that the student should be emphatically warned. It is needless to say that in so doing we do not recommend him to follow the lead of Signor Morelli or of any other teacher blindfold. But the reader who, on the other hand, follows this writer with his eyes open, testing his methods and examining his conclusions as he goes, will assuredly not fail, whether where he dissents and where he is convinced, to experience at every page the scholar's truest pleasure—the pleasure of recognizing a master.

AIRS FROM ARCADY AND ELSEWHERE.*

STUDENTS of American magazines must often have read with pleasure the gay and amusing verses of Mr. H. C. Bunner. In the field of Mr. Dobson and Mr. Frederick Locker, Mr. Bunner is not the chief American poet. He comes distinctly after the author of "Elsie Venner" and the author of "The Heathen Chinee." Mr. Bret Harte and Dr. Holmes are *di majorum gentium*; but Mr. Bunner, to our mind, of all the tuneful Transatlantic choir, is nearest to these famous writers. In *Airs from Arcady* we miss a certain "Chant Royal," written, we believe, by Mr. Bunner, and with a refrain "Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones." This was a truly American "Chant Royal"; and contained a most humorous sketch, rather rough in handling, of life in the class of clerks and dwellers in cheap boarding-houses. This poem we have vainly sought in *Airs from Arcady*. Perhaps Mr. Bunner thinks it too rude and reckless a companion for verses in a daintier style. His prettily-printed volume is divided into sections headed "Arcadia," "Philistia," "Bohemia," "Elsewhere," and "Ultima Thule." These names will give a general idea of the character of the verses under each heading. For Arcadia and all its ways we feel as Villon felt about Franc Gontier. Mr. Bunner scarcely seems to us a rural or a classical poet; not even the Dresden china district of Arcadia is quite the native country of his soul. His refrains "Across the World to Arcady" and the like suggest a refrain of Mr. George Simcox's, in a poem which Mr. Bunner very probably never read, but which lingers in the ears of him who has once heard it. The following example of Mr. Bunner's Arcadian lay is pretty, at all events, and tuneful:—

> Ah, woe is me, through all my days
> Wisdom and wealth I both have got,
> And fame and name, and great men's praise;
> But Love, ah, Love! I have it not.
> There was a time, when life was new—
> But far away, and half forgot—
> I only know her eyes were blue;
> But Love—I fear I knew it not.
> We did not wed, for lack of gold,
> And she is dead, and I am old.
> All things have come since then to me,
> Save Love, ah, Love! and Arcady.

Indeed, on second, or rather third, thoughts, and after a third reading, we think better than we did of Mr. Bunner's opening piece; he, too, may say, *et ego in Arcadia*. But no number of readings reconcile us to some jarring consonants in a rondel, "O! Honey of Hymettus Hill."

In "Philistia" the first piece, "Da Capo," is conventional, like its subject, and its metre, a favourite with Mr. Bunner, the metre of "Dolores" applied to light topics:—

> 'Tis a commonplace, stale situation,
> Now the curtain comes down from above
> On the end of our little flirtation—
> A travesty romance; for Love,
> If he climbed in disguise to your lattice,
> Fell dead of the first kisses' pain:
> But one thing is left us now; that is—
> Begin it again.

How are we to scan the fourth line? In a later stanza we cannot away with "my hand" rhyming to "sigh, and"—a very unusual liberty for an American citizen to take with the aspirate. "Just a Love Letter" might have been written by Mr. Dobson, if Mr. Dobson had been a child of New York; it is fluent and smart, with a touch of regret. On the other hand, "Candor" is American through and through, and a complete success in its vein. Unluckily all of it must be quoted if justice is to be done to "Candor," so he who would enjoy it must secure a copy of *Airs from Arcady*, or induce some publisher to bring out the volume in England. The same remarks apply to "Accepted," a truly frank and native account of an American wooing in Philistia.

In "Bohemia" Mr. Bunner begins with a triolet, wherein he breaks the rules, serving two faults, so to speak. It is a pity, for, if formally faultless, this triolet would have been a pretty specimen. In triolets, ballades, and the like we must have the rigour of the game, so justly insisted on by Sarah Battle. "Betrothed" contains an extremely powerful situation, not very clearly presented. To tell the honest truth, we cannot make out whether the speaker in the poem is in thoroughly bad company or not. He speaks of "Nancy Lee o' Nights," whose case should certainly be "Jenny's case," but other passages do not give quite the same impression. In "Elsewhere," the best thing is a "School Romance," throwing rather a lurid light on the premature passions of American school-children. "Home, Sweet Home, with variations," contains parodies of Mr. Swinburne, of Mr. Whitman, Mr. Bret Harte, and of Mr. Dobson's way of turning a Horatian ode into a rondeau. The ideas in the Swinburnian ode are very comic; Bret Harte is too like himself in this mirror, so is Mr. Whitman; but Horace, we are sure, never could have had a friend called "Nomades"—"At home, alone, O Nomades"—and yet Mr. Bunner does not seem to be addressing a multitude of wanderers, nor speaking in Greek to several gentlemen named Numa.

Some of the verses in "Ultima Thule" are melancholy variations on "Once you have come to forty year." It is a terrible period for a lonely person whose digestion does not permit his "dipping his nose in the Gascon wine." Mr. Bunner also salutes the old flag on Evacuation Day as a loyal American should, the old flag being, of course, the new flag, not the "sanguinary banner of Albion," as the Irish leader-writer said, before the editor changed it to "The bloody British flag." Yes, we scuttled out, and our heart cannot beat as one with Mr. Bunner's on Evacuation Day. Unluckily we have nothing corresponding to Evacuation Day, no famous final victory over our late colonists. When the revenge *does* come, poets will not be wanting to answer Mr. Bunner as Alfred de Musset answered the German lyrist. We must fall back on the chorus:—

> Brave Brooke, he waved his sword,
> Crying, "Now, my lads, aboard!
> And we'll stop their playing Yankee
> Doodle Dandy, oh!"

But his readers will not at all desire to stop Mr. Bunner's graceful variations on the national air. He is best when he is most American. His sonnet to Salvini, by the way, should not be allowed to pass without its meed of praise.

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* *Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere.* By H. C. Bunner. New York: Scribner's Sons. 1884.

COURT CUSTOMS.*

MR. WILLIAM JONES has assumed the mantle of the late John Timbs. This is the third of his compilations which has been published, and in several ways it is the best. The book on finger-rings was very careless in many respects, and the book on credulity was only a shade better. The present volume is superior to its predecessors. It is more accurate, more carefully pieced together, and has better references—one point in which Mr. Jones's work is superior to Mr. Timbs's. Mrs. Armytage's book is not inferior in the other particulars, but she gives very few references. As illustrations, there are two views of palaces from old prints, but the engravers' names do not appear. There are also views of a Court ball, "on Her Majesty's birth-night," we are told; but it is evidently a hundred years old at least. The

* *Crowns and Coronations: a History of Regalia.* By William Jones. London: Chatto & Windus.

Old Court Customs and Modern Court Rule. By the Hon. Mrs. Armytage. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

view of Windsor is Buck's, made in the reign of George II. Mr. Jones has a number of small woodcuts in his text, and, though they are not very well done, they illustrate his meaning sufficiently. Both authors begin with Egypt, of course; and here Mrs. Armytage has the advantage of Mr. Jones, for she confines herself to saying, "What pomp and state surrounded the ancient monarchs of Egypt we know, and how strict the etiquette of their royal households; where each servant had his appointed office—the cupbearer, the chief server, the bodyguard of the king—may all be traced, even in reading the Old Testament history." It is clear that Mrs. Armytage's knowledge of the Court customs of ancient Egypt goes no further than what can be learned from the Bible, and she proceeds in the same paragraph to speak of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. It would have been well for Mr. Jones if he had been as reticent where he was as ignorant. But he gives us a long note on the authority of Diodorus, of which it can only be said that it is absolutely without value, historically or archæologically. Further on we have another quotation from Diodorus, this time to tell us that "the Egyptian Pharaohs decorated their crowns with figures of lions, bulls, and serpents, branches of trees, and representations of flames of fire, to inspire fear in the beholders." That any one sitting down seriously to compose or compile a chapter on crowns should choose such rubbish as this, while hundreds of common modern books exist in which the costumes of Egyptian kings are described, is simply amazing, the more so that, not perceiving the incompatibility of the two accounts, he makes a long quotation from Sir Gardner Wilkinson a few pages further on relating to the double crown or *pshent*. The white crown was "more commonly called the *atef* crown," we are informed. What is the force of "more commonly" in this sentence? Apparently Mr. Jones wishes to imply that though the Egyptians sometimes spoke in English, they "more commonly' spoke in their native tongue.

If we want to find faults, however, we need not be at much trouble with either book. There are fewer errors in Mrs. Armytage's volume than in Mr. Jones's, for one reason because the lady has restricted herself to 266 pages of large type, while Mr. Jones uses small type and runs to upwards of 500 pages. It is more pleasant, however, to go through both compilations, and see what they have to tell us—if they have anything—and not to expect either strict accuracy or too much caution in the selection of authorities. Mrs. Armytage overflows with loyalty. "If," she modestly observes in the preface, "in recalling the old services rendered so heartily by our ancestors, a fresh spark of enthusiasm for old customs and ceremonies surrounding the English Court is rekindled, a small work will have a great reward." With this object in view, Mrs. Armytage of course avoids any carping at sinecures, and confines herself as much as possible to what is pleasing and picturesque. Thus, in the second chapter we have all about the royal offering of gold and frankincense and myrrh still made annually on the Feast of the Epiphany in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. While the offertory sentences are being read, two of the Chamberlain's officers bring up three purses and lay them in the alms-dish. "Up to within a few years these purses contained gold in the leaf, frankincense, and myrrh; they were placed inside a round box covered with crimson silk." The offerings are now made only in purses, and for the gold leaf thirty gold sovereigns are substituted. There are three chapters on coronations, one on baptisms, one on marriages, and one on funerals. After these, and others on progresses, receptions, and balls, we have an account of the ceremonial of the present Court, with a list of the most important posts in the household, and an enumeration of the duties of each official. Thus we learn that the Equerries are included in the department of the Master of the Horse, and that the first, or "Crown Equerry," is the really active agent of the Master—the permanent official, we must suppose, since he lives at the gate of the royal stables at Buckingham Palace, and holds his office for life. Mrs. Armytage does not give any details about a "harbinger." Among the Court officials his name is omitted. Perhaps there is no harbinger now. But if so, we should have been told when and why he was abolished. It cannot have been very long ago, for in one of the Royal Chapels there is a window to the memory of a harbinger who served Queen Victoria. The remainder of the book gives us the etiquette of drawing-rooms, levées, and State balls, and a skeleton account of the orders of knighthood, followed by a history of the royal palaces which is of no use or value, being merely an outline. On the whole, it may safely be said of Mrs. Armytage's book, that it fulfils its not very ambitious aim, and will serve for a book of reference to many matters of no great importance, truly, but which many people want to know.

Mr. Jones's book is more comprehensive. There is very little left untouched in the History of Regalia. First there is a chapter on ancient crowns, to which we have already made some reference. Next we have treatises on the crowns of England, the regalia, the coronation chair and the Kingston stone, the Court of Claims, the coronation processions and the coronations, the oath, the anointing, omens and incidents, and two or three miscellaneous chapters on various subjects relating to royalty, including an account of the escape of Louis Philippe in 1848, when Mr. Jones, who happened to be then English Vice-Consul at Havre, was largely concerned with the Consul, Mr. Featherstonhaugh, in managing to get "Mr. William Smith" and "Mme. Lebrun" on board a steam-packet. One of the most interesting passages is the account of the Championship. It seems to be extinct, at least the Dymokes are extinct. But the owner of Scrivelsby will probably be held entitled to the office should he claim it. In 1877 a suit of armour which had belonged to the last champion was sold at Christie's, and was bought, it was understood, for the Queen; at whose coronation, however, "owing to the economy of the Whigs, the champion was not called upon to perform any official duty." Mr. Jones's notes on foreign crowns and coronations are often very interesting, especially as he can never resist the temptation to repeat an anecdote, however remotely connected with his subject. The late Sir Salar Jung's visit to Notre Dame in 1867 comes in because he saw the coronation robes of Napoleon I. But if the date is correctly given, the Indian statesman's reflection loses its meaning. He was much struck, says Mr. Jones, with the remark made by the official who showed him the robe, to the effect that this was the robe "which the Emperor Napoleon IV., *at present in England*, will wear when he comes over to his coronation." On this the Indian observed, "One must never say this or that will occur, nor call any one king who cannot dwell in his own country"; and Mr. Jones goes on to describe the remark as "an almost prophetic saying in connexion with the fate of the unfortunate young Prince Imperial." The whole story is extremely puzzling. In August 1867, Napoleon III. was on his throne, the Prince Imperial was a boy of eleven, and no Napoleon that we can recall was in England, though some Bonaparte prince may have been paying us a visit. It is evident that we must not place too much reliance on Mr. Jones's facts and dates; and that, if we have occasion to quote him at all, it will be necessary to verify his statements. The present King of Burmah, we are told, for example, succeeded to the throne thirty years ago. The latest "coronation of French monarchs took place in 1825," says Mr. Jones. He tells the long and curious legend of the stone of Scone, and the true history which can be traced as far as the reign of King Kenneth, who removed it to Scone in 834. The Kingston stone is almost as old, for Athelstan was crowned on it in 924, and it is likely that, since other and older kings were crowned at Kingston, the same stone was used. Of the iron crown of Lombardy we have also a full account. It consists of a broad circle composed of six equal plates of beaten gold, joined together by close hinges of the same metal. Each plate is jewelled and enamelled. Within is the iron band which gives it a name. It is about three-eighths of an inch broad and a tenth of an inch thick, "and is said to have been made out of the nails used at the Crucifixion, and given to Constantine by his mother, the Empress Helena, to protect him in battle." Mr. Jones quotes Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities* at some length to give the true as well as the legendary history of the relic, from which it appears that the iron ring is not mentioned before 1175. The whole crown, which is very Byzantine in appearance, is only six inches wide, and was probably intended at first as a votive offering to be hung over the altar. Mr. Jones's pages, on the whole, may be recommended as a pleasant compilation from all sources, good and bad, and very fit for the reading of people who do not care for historical accuracy or original research.

PETER THE GREAT.*

MR. SCHUYLER begins his history of Peter the Great, or, as he modestly styles it, his "Study of Historical Biography," with an excellent account of Russia as it was during the reign of Peter's father, the Tsar Alexis Mikhailovitch. From it some notion may be derived of the immense difficulties with which the future Transformer of Russia was destined to contend. As a general rule, much may be conceded to those opponents of hero-worship who depreciate individual influence, referring all great changes to the gradual growth of ideas, and reducing men who have been credited with swaying the world's destinies to the rank of mere representatives of the spirit of their age. But Peter the Great, in his civilizing capacity, represented no sentiment, no desire or aspiration, prevalent either in the narrow circle in which he was brought up, or in the Russian world outside the precincts of the Court. In the course of time, no doubt, the influence of Western Europe must have affected Russia, even if Peter had been as incapable of initiating a sweeping reform as his royal half-brothers, the valetudinarian Theodore and the physically and mentally feeble Ivan. But the gigantic changes which Peter brought about were distinctly due to his own untiring energy and invincible will. Had it not been for his arrival, Russia might have long slumbered on, lapped in that Oriental indolence which is so dear to the Russian mind. It was his quickening spirit that first inspired the new life by which the country has been animated since his accession to the throne. It is true that a Russian adage asserts that Peter only created a body; it was Catherine II. who breathed into it a soul. But this is merely an exaggerated way of saying that what one monarch of genius conceived, another developed and matured.

The leading facts of Peter's life have long been made familiar to all the world. Even Mr. Schuyler's exceptional acquaintance with what has been of late years written upon the subject in Russia has not enabled him to throw much new light upon the Russian monarch's travels and campaigns. Those important episodes in Peter's career are described at great length, and the accounts given of them are well worthy of being attentively studied. But the portions of the present work which are certain

* *Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia: a Study of Historical Biography.* By Eugene Schuyler, Ph.D., LL.D., Author of "Turkestan." 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

to be most novel to English readers are those which deal with Peter's internal policy, with the reforms which he inaugurated, the methods whereby he overcame the resistance with which they met, and the results to which they gave rise. In describing these Mr. Schuyler has had the great advantage of being able to refer to the rich stores of material which have been of late years collected and examined by Russian compilers and historians, but which are unfortunately of no use to students unfamiliar with the Russian language. Except through the medium of occasional translations, Western readers have few opportunities of benefiting by the immense mass of information contained in such Russian periodicals as the "Russian Archives" and the "Russian Antiquities," not to speak of the numerous valuable articles contributed by Russian scholars to magazines less exclusively devoted to the past. The existence of the historical periodicals we have mentioned shows how great a desire exists among the cultured classes of Russia to investigate the history of their country, and, if they are debarred from criticizing the policy of their present Government, to discuss that of the rulers of olden days. To them the changes introduced by Peter offer much more than a merely antiquarian interest. The fight which Peter fought was, to a great extent, the same as that which is now being carried on in Russia by the advocates of progress against the partisans of the retrograde party. The reforming Tsar was in many respects the typical *Zapadnik*, or "Westerner," against whom the reactionists of the present day are most embittered. The stubborn resistance offered by those well-meaning obstructives to the introduction of such institutions as flourish in the whole of Western Europe, if it serves no other good purpose, at least enables us to form an idea of the opposing forces against which Peter contended, and which he in most instances overcame.

Mr. Schuyler draws a gloomy picture of the effect of Peter's successes on the great mass of his subjects. On them many and bitter hardships were inflicted by the measures which conduced to the Tsar's glory and the extension of his Empire, but the tale of their woes has seldom been considered worthy the attention of historians. One of Peter's decrees, issued in 1713, begins with the words:—"The Tsar, pitying the people of his realm, zealous to root out unjust, disastrous, general burdens, and crafty thefts from the State Treasury, having ascertained that great falsifications and thefts are increasing the public burdens and injuring the interests of the State, and that by this many people of every station, but most of all the peasants, are becoming impoverished and ruined," &c. But, as Mr. Schuyler says, the Tsar really knew very little of the sufferings of his people. No mouthpiece then existed by means of which their cry could be uttered loud enough to reach his ears. The amount of money extracted from the Russian nation by the Government was, in 1725, more than three times as large as it had been in 1709. At the end of Peter's reign the regular army, which could scarcely be said to exist at its beginning, numbered 210,000 men, and the fleet, entirely his creation, consisted of as many as 48 ships of the line and 800 smaller vessels, manned by 28,000 men. In order to defray the expenditure rendered necessary by Peter's enlarged views, the existing taxes were greatly increased, and fresh impositions were laid upon everything susceptible of taxation. Not only upon battle-fields, but on every spot which the restless energy of Peter improved, the lives of the common people were recklessly sacrificed. To die fighting against heretics and infidels may not have seemed a needless hardship to men inspired by the loyalty and devotion which characterize the Russian peasant; but even the most stolid villager must have objected to being torn from his home, and compelled to labour like a convict till his strength failed, and there was nothing left for him but to lie down and die. The building of St. Petersburg, says Mr. Schuyler, the construction of the fortresses, the digging of canals, and the opening of harbours, "cost the lives of hundreds of thousands of men." In order to escape from the oppression of the tax-gatherers, whole village communities ran away to the frontiers, or hid in the woods. But this only made matters worse for those who remained, on whom a poll-tax was levied, amounting to 114 kopecks on the Crown and Church peasants, the small peasant proprietors, and the inhabitants of the Ukraine—an impoition which led to the strengthening of the bonds of serfage. Up till 1719 there had always existed a legal distinction between household slaves and serfs or peasants attached to the soil; but in that year a census was decreed, the result of which was that all the peasants were inscribed indiscriminately on the census lists as serfs, and they thenceforth became the absolute property of the landed proprietors, who were made responsible for the payment of the poll-tax and the furnishing of recruits. It is true that a decree was issued in 1721 by which the sale of serfs apart from land was forbidden, except in case of absolute necessity; but the effect of a prohibition thus qualified was scarcely perceptible. As Mr. Schuyler says, "The real history of the Russian people at this time is only to be found in the archives of the Secret Tribunal of Preobrashénsky and in the memoirs or traditions of the Dissenters in the North and East." The patience of the oppressed people was accepted as a matter of course by most of the Russians of the day, but it aroused the wonder of foreigners, one of whom wrote, in a ciphered despatch, to the Elector of Hanover, "Everything in this realm will have a fearful end, because the sighs of so many million souls against the Tsar rise to heaven, and the glowing sparks of rage concealed in every man lack nothing but a fair wind and a conductor."

In some instances the conservative spirit of the peasantry proved too strong for the ardent reformer. His attempt to civilize his subjects by forcing them to sacrifice their beards and to change their manner of dress resulted in an utter failure, so far as the masses were concerned. Peter regarded the beard as a symbol of barbarism, so he decreed that all Russians should either shave or pay a yearly tax, amounting in the case of persons of means to a considerable amount. The aristocratic and official classes were obliged to submit, and Mr. Schuyler tells us that until the accession of Alexander II. shaving was compulsory in the public service. After that time the rule became practically relaxed, but "it was only in the year 1875 that a decree was issued permitting the officers and soldiers of the army, except the Imperial Guard, to wear their beards when on service." The innovation introduced by Peter was no trivial matter in a country in which an edict had been issued by the Patriarch, only a few years before, against all who were so unholy and heretical as to shave their beards, "an ornament given by God, and which had been worn by all the holy prophets and apostles, and by the Saviour himself." The Dissenters objected quite as forcibly as the Patriarch to the use of the razor, and the attempt to introduce it was one of the causes which led to their rapid increase. Peter was not of an intolerant disposition in religious matters, and in some instances he treated the "Old Believers" with judicious mildness. A number of refugees had formed a Dissenting community on the Vyga, where they erected a monastery defended by earthworks and cannon. Hearing that the Tsar on his way from Archangel to the Gulf of Finland would pass their way, they were greatly alarmed. But "when the Tsar was told that Dissenters were living on the Vyga, all he said was, 'Let them live as they like.'" At another time, when he was organizing ironworks in the Olonetz forests, he asked whether there were any good smiths among the neighbouring Dissenters, adding, "If there are, then let them believe what they will; for if reason cannot turn them from their superstition, neither fire nor sword can do it. It is foolish to make them martyrs. They are unworthy of the honour, and would not in this way be of use to the State." Unfortunately, the Old Believers were generally regarded in a very different spirit, and under the influence of harsh measures their fanaticism became intensified. "Books, pictures, relics, loaves of holy bread were sent from one community to the other, with an organization which was almost as perfect as that of the Government itself. From thousands the Dissenters became hundreds of thousands, if not millions." As a specimen of the views entertained by these fanatics with regard to the Tsar and his reforms, Mr. Schuyler quotes part of an old manuscript from the Solovetsky Monastery, preserved at Kazan. After alluding to "the falling away from the holy faith by the Tsar Alexis in the year 666 [1666]," the writer proceeds to identify Peter with Antichrist, declaring that "he was consecrated to the throne of all the Russias by the Jewish laws from head to foot, showing that he is the false Messiah and the false Christ"; that in the year 1700 "he called together a heathenish Court and erected a temple to the heathen god Janus"; and that "in the year 1721 he took upon himself the Patriarchal title, calling himself Father of the country, Head of the Russian Church, and Autocrat, having no one on an equality with himself, taking craftily to himself not only the power of the Tsar, but also the authority of God, and claiming to be an autocratic pastor, a headless head over all opponents of Christ, Anti-Christ." How widely similar feelings of dissatisfaction were spread may be seen by the extracts Mr. Schuyler has made from the records of the secret tribunal of Preobrazhénsky, which tell how one peasant was punished for having exclaimed while speaking of Peter, "Since God has sent him to be Tsar we have no happy days. The village is weighed down with furnishing rubles and half-rubles, and horses and carts, and there is no rest for us peasants"; and another for saying, "If he lives long he will ruin all of us. I am astonished that people have not put him out of the way before now"; and how many other unfortunate expressers of "unseemly" ideas with regard to the reforming monarch were tortured and executed. The anxiety naturally produced by the existence of this widely spread mass of dangerous discontent explains, though it by no means fully excuses, Peter's harsh treatment of his unfortunate son, the Tsarevitch Alexis, whose sad story furnishes the theme for some of the most interesting chapters of Mr. Schuyler's excellent work.

THE POEMS OF GOETHE.*

IT is very much easier to point out the inadequacy of even a good rendering of a foreign poet, than to translate any one of his poems in a tolerable manner; and yet the critic is almost instinctively inclined to dwell upon the faults rather than the merits of such a volume as the one at present before us. It is not the malignity which is the badge of all our tribe that prompts this unkindness. If a dozen landscape-painters were to make a study of the same piece of wood or moorland, all their pictures would be different; the features of the scene, which were most prominent in the one might be entirely wanting in the others. In the same way every reader takes an especial delight in certain peculiarities of his favourite author. He thinks these characteristic; in

* *The Poems of Goethe; consisting of his Ballads and Songs and Miscellaneous Selections.* Done into English Verse by William Gibson, Commander U.S. Navy, Author of "A Vision of Fairy Land, and other Poems," and "Poems of Many Years and Many Places." London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

translating he himself would endeavour to preserve them at whatever cost of other beauties, and he naturally applies the same test to any translation that falls into his hands. Besides this, he misses all that is inevitably wanting; he under-estimates what is done, since it brings him nothing new, and so he is inclined to judge harshly. We must confess that we have been subject to this temptation while reading Mr. Gibson's book, and though we have resisted the devil, he has not entirely fled from us. Still, even the most severe critic, with "the spirit that denies" at his elbow, must allow that a task of great difficulty has here been executed with a considerable amount of success.

The volume, it is true, cannot be classed with D. G. Rossetti's *Dante and his Circle*, which is indispensable even to Italian students, and in which many passages are commentaries as well as translations. But it makes no claim to such a position. It is intended for lovers of poetry who are ignorant of German, and by such it ought to be warmly welcomed. Many of the pieces deserve what Mr. Gibson tells us he considers the highest praise; "they do not read like translations," and it is long since a collection of poems, either original or translated, has appeared which is so full of deep thought and poetical feeling as this. Yet in some respects it is not quite satisfactory.

Heine thought that Goethe's claim to be numbered among the great poets of the world must rest rather on his shorter lyrics than his more ambitious work, and there is much truth, as well as exaggeration, in the remark. The Germans are a nation of song-writers; but we must go back to the time of Walter von der Vogelweide if we wish to find any one who can be compared to Goethe in his mastery over lyrical verse. Other poets succeed occasionally or in a single manner; he constantly and in all. But he is greatest when he seems bent only on giving expression to the thought and feeling of the moment. He then employs the simplest of language and metrical forms; he avoids brilliant imagery; he refrains from everything that can startle the imagination or surprise attention; and yet it is then that his treatment becomes most subtle and his charm perfect. Such pieces present almost insurmountable difficulties to the translator, and it is in rendering them that Mr. Gibson seems to us to be least happy. We will not dwell on mistranslations such as that on page 49, where

> Trägt er eine goldene Kett' am Hals,
> Trägt er einen strohernen Hut

appears as

> He wears a golden chain at his neck,
> And a straw hat he doth wear;

whereas both text and context clearly show the meaning to be "whether he wear a golden chain on his neck or [only] a hat of straw." Such slips are very rare; but the charm has vanished from many verses which are rendered with scrupulous accuracy. We are at a loss to understand why Mr. Gibson attempted the "Modern Amadis" (p. 78), since he has omitted poems that are both easier and more important; and this is perhaps the most untranslatable piece in the German language. Its effect in the original depends entirely on its highly artificial form of verse and on tricks of diction. The former is only imperfectly followed; the latter could not be reproduced. Goethe here glances back upon the dreams of his childhood with a half-mournful smile. It is a mood we all know. It was very foolish, but at the same time very pleasant, to imagine oneself a Fairy Prince, the Beast with whom Beauty was in love, or even Jack the Giant-Killer. We feel the unreality of the dream, and yet we almost wish we could dream it over again. The German poet reproduces this double feeling by making use of a number of words which, though stilted and un-German, were common enough in the fairy tales with which his youth was fed, such as *obligeant*, *galant*, *emaillirt*, and by introducing such childlike expressions as "Ach! ich liebte fast mich todt"; while, on the other hand, he breaks into single passages of perfectly natural and sincere emotion. The poem is a masterpiece in its own little way; but no one would guess this from the English version. It is the least satisfactory piece in the volume; but there are others from which a great part of the poetry seems to have escaped, though some still remains. The lines "To the Moon" (p. 143) are fine even in their English dress; but when we remember how much pains Goethe expended upon them from the day when he sent the first rough draft to Frau von Stein, we cannot help wishing that some passages had been more adequately rendered.

Still even in this line Mr. Gibson can do excellent work. The following song, for instance, is nobly, though not faultlessly, translated:—

> At midnight, when I crept, not very willing,
> A small, small boy, through churchyard calm and cool,
> To father's house, the curate's; light was thrilling
> In star on star till all was beautiful;
> At noon of night.
>
> When, further, as life widened out before me,
> Drawn to the one beloved, the war I viewed
> Of Northern lights and constellations o'er me,
> I, coming, going, breathed beatitude;
> At noon of night.
>
> And now, as beams of the full moon, with lustre,
> Lucid and lovely, throng the dark profound,
> My thoughts spontaneous coruscate and cluster,
> Around the past, around the future, wound;
> At noon of night.

There are many other songs in the volume which are fully equal to this. If space permitted, we would willingly quote the lines "To Christel" (p. 82) and "To Belinda" (p. 123), not only on account of their beauty, but as examples of the poet's different manners. Still, while by no means undervaluing what the translator has done for the songs, we think he is happier in treating the reflective poems. Here the thought is more tangible, and the measures, though apparently more involved, are in fact more easy to catch. It is, however, in the narrative pieces that Mr. Gibson's skill is exhibited to the greatest advantage, and here his success is almost complete. It is vain to hope that either "The Bride of Corinth" or "The God and the Bayadere" will ever be placed before English readers in a more adequate way.

The poems which are cast in an antique mould present almost insuperable difficulties to the English translator. If, in spite of the conversation which Goethe had with Eckermann on the 25th of February, 1824, he were to render them into any but the original form of verse, he would certainly show more courage than discretion, and yet that form of verse cannot be reproduced in English. Even German elegiacs are by no means satisfactory to ears that have been trained by a study of the ancients; and Goethe never attained to such a mastery, at least over the hexameter, as Count Platen possessed and Wolff once displayed in a passage translated from Homer. Still in German the measure can be followed even by those who have not received a classical education, and it has obvious advantages. The very fact that it is not in strict accordance with the genius of the language lends it a foreign freedom and antique dignity. It possesses much of the virtue of marble, which, as Wilhelm von Humboldt said, "is in itself a dress"; and so the poet who uses it may freely treat of matters which would seem trivial, or even offensive, if they were brought before us in a more familiar guise. But in order to secure this advantage only the simplest words and forms of expression must be used. As soon as an elevated diction is employed the charm is broken. The stranger is only allowed to speak so plainly because he gives himself no airs, and never even tries to make a point. Now in English all simple and familiar language is apt to fall into monosyllables, and with these it is impossible to mark the march of hexameter and pentameter clearly enough to make it obvious to the untrained ear. Mr. Gibson in his rendering of the idyls has therefore attempted a task in which complete success was unattainable, but he has approached it very closely at times; and it is certainly better that the English reader should make the acquaintance of such a poem as "Alexis and Dora" in a somewhat imperfect form than that he should remain ignorant of it altogether. This, indeed, is true of the whole volume. When compared with the originals, many of the songs may seem rather wanting in grace and charm, and the critic who estimated Goethe only by means of this rendering would assign him a place among the lyrical poets considerably lower than that which he really occupies; but, when compared with other translations, even the least satisfactory of Mr. Gibson's work is worthy of considerable praise.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.*

In preparing the life of her father for publication in 1821 it was inevitable that Miss Edgeworth should unconsciously interweave with her narrative a considerable thread of autobiography, for few lives are so indissolubly connected as were those of Richard Lovell Edgeworth and his daughter. Again, the literary chronicles of the time reveal to us at recurrent intervals vivid glimpses of one who, as Byron said, was "the exhibition of 1813, as I had been the lion of 1812." But Maria Edgeworth survived her father for more than thirty years, preserving her intellectual vitality to the very confines of a long and active life. Of this second period of her career she left no autobiographic account, and until about a year ago, when an American lady produced a biography of some merit, there was nothing that could be called a Life of her. Miss Helen Zimmern, though her book is somewhat briefer than Mrs. Oliver's, has by no means merely "followed her leader," and has been able to justify herself as a biographical cook by collecting a mass of material so copious and varied as to make her task easy and her work original. She has had access to an unpublished memoir of Maria Edgeworth by her latest step-mother, once Miss Beaufort, who was her junior, and in whose arms she died. Miss Zimmern has also been allowed to examine and make extracts from a large number of Miss Edgeworth's private letters, so that she has been enabled to put forth at last what is really an authentic biography of the author of *Castle Rackrent*. We must commend the modest limits within which she has confined what she had to say. A little duodecimo of 219 pages is quite large enough to contain the outlines of so uneventful a life.

The passages which Miss Zimmern quotes from the unpublished letters of Maria Edgeworth are very interesting, as proving that her peculiar felicity of style, her little sparkling way of saying things, was not adopted for the sake of attracting the public, but was so native to her that she could not speak or write in any other way. Indeed, we are inclined to think that the letters are brighter and more genuine than the books, or than most of them. Miss Zimmern reveals the fact that the burden which her energetic and exacting father laid upon her intellect was even heavier than we had been led to suspect. He started her upon her literary way, and he thought himself justified to the last in patching up her sentences, expanding her ideas, and meddling in all her intellectual concerns. As early as 1780, when Maria was thirteen, her

* *Maria Edgeworth.* By Helen Zimmern. London: Allen & Co.

father seems to have laid his commands upon her to compose a story. He wrote to her at school:—"I beg that you will send me a tale, about the length of a *Spectator*, upon the subject of GENEROSITY." Dutiful as she always was, his daughter forthwith set about writing her story, which was submitted to Mr. Sneyd, the disciple of Rousseau and friend of the author of *Sandford and Merton*. Under these auspices the talent of Maria Edgeworth was very properly nurtured; and there is no doubt that "Generosity" contained the germ of all the didactic and realistic novels of the Edgeworthstown school. Mr. Sneyd was favourably, indeed enthusiastically, impressed. "An excellent story," he said, "and extremely well written; but where is the Generosity?" This first tale has not been preserved; and Miss Zimmern tells us that all the account Maria Edgeworth could afterwards give of it was that there was a sentence in it in which a saddle, a man, and his horse were inextricably confused.

It is very interesting, by the help of this new biography, to observe how completely Maria Edgeworth was shackled by her respect and admiration for her father during all the early part of her life. The critic, in fact, is almost disposed to abandon any attempt of separating the daughter from the father; for, when she was at length divided from him by death, his habits of mind and his imaginative standards remained hers. There was, however, a much more baleful influence shed over her youth than that of her father. He desired her to write and to publish, although always on his lines; but that singular character Thomas Day, whose *Sandford and Merton* had been placed before her as an impeccable model, held strong views in prejudice of female authorship, and retarded the development of Maria Edgeworth's ambitions by reiterated warnings addressed to her father, with whom he had great influence. Miss Zimmern thinks that she would never have published as long as he was alive; and it certainly is a significant fact that, although various projects were set on foot, it was not until after Mr. Day's tragical death in 1789 that she set about preparing *The Parent's Assistant* and *Early Lessons* for the press. Her first publication, however, was *Letters to Literary Ladies*, in 1795, issued when she was in her twenty-ninth year. In these, knowing what we now know about Mr. Day's arguments and denunciations, we may see the conscientious mind of Maria Edgeworth clearing away with the besom of her staid intelligence the cobwebs of Mr. Day's impracticable prejudice. It is indeed stated that great part of the *Letters to Literary Ladies* is neither more nor less than a jotting down of the arguments which her father and his friend were accustomed to bring forward on the subject of female education. Her next book, *The Parent's Assistant*, in 1796, had even less of her untrammelled self in it. Miss Zimmern tells us that it was all written on a slate in the first instance, and subjected to criticism and ruthless alteration from her father. He, indeed, gave it its name, not the curiously infelicitous one which it now bears, which was due to the unaided genius of her publisher, but the slightly less offensive one of *The Parent's Friend*. Mr. Edgeworth, however, was not content with criticism; he was eager to enjoy the pleasures of joint authorship, and the next book which issued from Edgeworthstown bore the names of Richard Lovell and Maria Edgeworth upon its title-page. From this time forth, although in her dutiful affection she never suspected it, her father became an old man of the sea to her genius. *Practical Education*, which we have just referred to, appeared in 1798, and was a text-book of that rigid and humanitarian system of training which Mr. Edgeworth had imbibed from the writings of Rousseau, and from which Maria, by a happy combination of accidents, was the only one of his children who had the happiness to escape.

We are not, however, left to guess how Maria Edgeworth would have written if she had been left in her early years to her own devices, nor what her share really was in what Sydney Smith called "the firm of Edgeworth & Co." There is one of her books to which we can point as being unalloyed by the views or the style of her father. This is *Castle Rackrent*, which we have Mrs. Barbauld's authority for saying was written and published without any interference from Richard Lovell Edgeworth. It is a strange instance of parental egotism that so clever a man as Mr. Edgeworth should not have perceived, in the face of such a sparkling masterpiece as *Castle Rackrent*, in which there literally is not a dull page from the beginning to the end, that this was not a talent with which he and his pedantries could interfere with advantage, and that his only decorous position was that of an admirer and encourager. No such suspicion ever crossed his mind, and two years afterwards he blandly mingled his base metal with her fine silver in the *Essay on Irish Bulls*.

We have dwelt on this feature because we are anxious to point out that in the charming passages here printed from Miss Edgeworth's letters this rare and unalloyed style, the style of *Castle Rackrent*, is always present. They appear to us to be some of the most picturesque, the most easy and graceful, the most witty letters which we have read for a long time. When Maria Edgeworth visited France in 1802, making a preliminary tour through England on the way, she sent home a series of letters which seem, from Miss Zimmern's extracts, to be a string of pearls. As an instance chosen from many, we quote an account of a visit to a *précieuse ridicule* at Leicester, a Miss Watts, who had presented a volume of her poems to the Edgeworth family, and to whom they were so kind as to offer to pay their respects.

> When we had dined [Maria Edgeworth says] we set out with our enthusiastic bookseller. We were shown by the light of a lanthorn along a very narrow passage, between high walls, to the door of a decent-looking house; a maid-servant, candle in hand, received us. "Be pleased, ladies, to walk upstairs." A neatish room, nothing extraordinary in it except the inhabitants—Mrs. Watts, a tall, black-eyed, prim, dragon-looking woman in the background; Miss Watts, a tall young lady in white, fresh colour, fair, thin, oval face, rather pretty. The moment Mrs. Edgeworth entered, Miss Watts, taking her for the authoress, darted forward with arms, long thin arms, outstretched to their utmost swing. "Oh, what an honour this is!" each word and syllable rising in tone till the last reached a scream. Instead of embracing my mother, as her first action threatened, she started back to the further end of the room, which was not light enough to show her attitude distinctly, but it seemed to be intended to express the receding of awe-struck admiration—stopped by the wall. Charlotte and I passed by unnoticed, and seated ourselves by the old lady's desire. . . . Miss Watts was all ecstasy and lifting up of hands and eyes, speaking always in that loud shrill theatrical tone with which a puppet-master supplies his puppets. I all the time sat like a mouse. My father asked, "Which of these ladies, madam, do you think is your sister-authoress?" "I am no physiognomist"—in a screech—"but I do imagine that to be the lady," bowing as she sat almost to the ground, and pointing to Mrs. Edgeworth. "No, guess again." "Then that must be she," bowing to Charlotte. "No." "Then this lady," looking forward to see what sort of an animal I was, for she had never seen me till this instant. To make me some amends, she now drew her chair close to me, and began to pour forth praises; "Lady Delacour, oh! *Letters for Literary Ladies*, oh!"

When the party arrived in Paris they were at once received into the best society, their relationship with the Abbé Edgeworth being close enough to be piquant to what remained of the *noblesse*, and yet distant enough not seriously to endanger their safety. It is true that they suddenly received notice to quit France in January 1803, but Mr. Edgeworth went at once to Passy with Maria, and clearly explained to Bonaparte that he was not, as had been stated, the brother of the friend of Louis XVI. Meanwhile, Maria sent back to Ireland sketches of all the interesting people they met, extracts from which, all too brief for our curiosity, are here given. A vignette of a meeting between La Harpe, Mme. Recamier, and Miss Edgeworth is too charming not to be quoted here. It would make a capital subject for Mr. Marcus Stone to paint:—

> La Harpe lives in a wretched house, and we went up dirty stairs through dirty passages, where I wondered how fine ladies' trains and noses could go; and were received in a dark, small den by the philosopher, or rather *Dévot*, for he spurns the name of philosopher. He was in a dirty reddish night-gown, and very dirty night-cap bound round the forehead with a superlatively dirty chocolate-coloured ribbon. Mme. Recamier, the beautiful, the elegant, robed in white satin, trimmed with white fur, seated herself on the elbow of his armchair, and besought him to repeat his verses.

But of all these interiors the most curious and picturesque is that which paints Mme. de Genlis in her den at the Arsenal, grim, spiteful, neglected, yet brilliant and fascinating still. This is far too long to quote; it occupies six pages of small print in Miss Zimmern's memoir, but we have no hesitation in saying that it is the gem of the volume, and a genuine addition to our literature. This is the real Miss Edgeworth, the Miss Edgeworth of *Castle Rackrent*, at her best.

At Paris, it seems, Miss Maria went through the one little romantic episode of her life. She had a prim, tremulous love affair with a splendid Swedish baron. Miss Zimmern, who tells the story very prettily, does not seem to have attempted to find out who this M. Edelcrantz was who fell in love with her heroine. It was without doubt Baron Abraham Niklas Edelcrantz, the private secretary to the King of Sweden, a man of influence who combined a remarkable faculty for scientific research, particularly in the direction of chemistry, with a busy life at Court. His name before he was ennobled was Clevberg, and he died, long before the lady whom he wished to marry, in 1821. There can be no doubt that Miss Edgeworth consulted her true happiness in refusing to leave her family and follow this glittering stranger to Sweden. The only sacrifice he would not make for her was that of leaving the Court of Stockholm, where, he told her, his duty lay; and so at last they parted. Maria Edgeworth hurried home and wrote *Leonora*, as she confessed, "in the hope of pleasing the Chevalier Edelcrantz"; but she never even heard that he read it. The reaction after this excitement told upon her health, and it was many months before she was herself again.

We must say a few words before closing on Miss Zimmern's part of this work. As in her previous biographies of Schopenhauer and of Lessing, we find that she possesses a just sense of proportion and great skill in the arrangement and treatment of materials. Her knowledge is seldom defective, and her critical judgments are temperate and sound. But she still disappoints us a little in her style. It is more correct than it was; but it still lacks animation, character, sparkle. Her vocabulary seems to us limited for an author so experienced. It is because we look upon her as one of the most careful and promising of the young women who write in England that we venture to suggest a fault which care and study may remove.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. JOUAUST has often been less well advised than in admitting to the company of his "Petits chefs-d'œuvre" the pleasant comedy which La Fontaine and the husband of Mlle. Champmeslé (1) wrote together, and which terminates with a moral that one of the writers certainly, and according to scandal both, must have greatly consulted his own peace of mind in following. A captious critic might object that masterpiece is rather a strong word for *La coupe enchantée*. La Fontaine certainly could produce masterpieces in plenty, but they were not dramatic, and

(1) *La coupe enchantée*. Par La Fontaine et Champmeslé. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

Champmeslé was scarcely a heaven-born genius. But this kind of censorship is unnecessarily severe. The play is quite worthy of its pretty dress, and of M. Georges d'Heylli's pains in giving it an introduction and an appendix.

We have before us two examples of one of the numerous ingenious and valuable forms in which the late M. Joanne and his collaborators and successors have utilized the abundant materials of their well-known Guides (2, 3). Each of the books is a little volume in 12mo, very strongly bound in boards, and containing a brief but sufficient description of the district with which it deals, physically, politically, and economically arranged, an alphabetical gazetteer of *communes*, numerous engravings, and an admirable map. That they are appreciated in France is shown by the fact that the Loire volume has reached its fourth edition. If some English publisher would give us something of the kind for the English counties, a very great want would be supplied; for at present, except Guides specially designed for tourists (which are not the same thing), there is nothing of the sort.

The handsome volumes which M. Rothschild has published on the horse (4) and the dog (5), and which are now respectively in their third and their second editions, are avowedly founded upon "Stonehenge," but with considerable additions (as M. de Lagondie, the compiler of "The Horse and his Rider," tells us) from other writers, both French and English. In both cases English readers have something to learn from Frenchmen—for instance, as to dog-breaking, in which the peculiar character of French sport introduces some differences. The volume on the horse is, as might perhaps be expected, much the larger, and as its print is also smaller, it must contain three or four times as much matter as its companion. M. de Lagondie has included a large collection of pedigrees to guide breeders, as well as some matter, such as a section on training men as well as horses, which, though not exactly irrelevant, might not be expected.

The latest volume of the edition of Alfred de Vigny's (6) works which M. Lemerre is now publishing does not contain by any means the most interesting work of the author. *Servitude et grandeur militaires* has the distinction of its author's style, and some of its short tales and episodes would not be out of place in a book of "beauties." But, as a whole, it has the fatal fault of dulness, and of making the reader continually ask, and not least at the end of the book, what the author is driving at. Vigny had been a soldier, without experience of active service, and had disliked his profession. Perhaps this was not quite sufficient reason for writing a book about it. Still, nothing that he wrote could be valueless.

It has pleased fate and M. Lemerre that the "modern" volumes of his Petite Bibliothèque shall have tinted, hot-pressed paper, and the "ancient volumes" unglazed Dutch paper. We think that antiquity is the best *lotie*; but others may think differently. However, it is observable that the ancient division gets very rapidly out of print, and therefore those who wish for it had better note the appearance of a fifth and last volume of M. Dillaye's edition of Le Maçon's sixteenth-century version of the *Decameron* (7).

The fine Atlas which MM. Schrader and Vivien de St.-Martin are now producing has reached its fourth livraison (8). This contains maps of the Antarctic Circle and adjoining seas, of Roumania and Western Russia, and of Mexico. They are all admirably executed, and their great size (the sheets, when open, are twenty-six inches by twenty-one) admits of wide range and extended scale. Thus the map of the South Pole takes in the southern extremities of America, Africa, and Australia, and so shows much better than could be done otherwise the vast predominance of water in the Southern Hemisphere. But we rather wish that the sheets had been, heraldically speaking, "displayed." A fold in a map is not only a nuisance in consultation, but, unless it is linen-mounted, which adds greatly to the bulk of a large atlas, makes tearing not so much likely as certain.

It is not always that we can spare space to notice periodicals; but the chief article in the April *Livre* is so amusing and so well done that it must not be passed (9). It is the completion of M. Grand-Carteret's study of German caricature. It occupies some thirty of the large pages of the magazine, and it is crammed with illustrations. Add to this that, as a paper, it is very well done, and nothing more need be said to recommend it. Except persons who have given special attention to the matter, few Englishmen know much of recent German caricature, and most Englishmen have a rather low (as far as the average German periodical goes, it cannot be said an unjustly low) opinion of it. This article may improve their estimate; but it is noteworthy that the best things in it—those of Moritz von Schwind—are some half-century old.

Feu Robert Bey (10) is a crime-novel, and may be called a member of the further subdivision of mystery-crime-novel. There are some readers who never seem to tire of these things. The same or other readers have decided that, as the late M. Tourgenieff was a great novelist, all Russian novels are great. They can apply this general principle to those of "Salow" (11), and see if it holds.

(2) *Géographie de la Loire.* Par Adolphe Joanne. Paris: Hachette.
(3) *Géographie de la Corse.* Par Adolphe Joanne. Paris: Hachette.
(4) *Le cheval et son cavalier.* Troisième édition. Paris: Rothschild.
(5) *Le chien.* Deuxième édition. Paris: Rothschild.
(6) *Servitude et grandeur militaires.* Par Alfred de Vigny. Paris: Lemerre.
(7) *Le décameron de Jean Bocace.* Traduit par Antoine le Maçon. Par F. Dillaye. Paris: Lemerre.
(8) *Atlas universel de géographie.* Par Vivien de St.-Martin et F. Schrader. Livraison 4. Paris: Hachette.
(9) *Le Livre*, April 1884. Paris: Quantin. London: Fisher Unwin.
(10) *Feu Robert Bey.* Par Armand Lapointe. Paris: Plon.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

FOR the student of English politics there can scarcely be any more fascinating subject than the life of Bolingbroke (1). It has all the qualities that can attract a biographer. He was one of the most brilliant of men even by the confession of enemies who deny him the possession of solid ability and common honesty. In politics he held and advocated an interpretation of the Constitution which with different modifications has had an abiding attraction for some politicians in every generation. His literary influence has been very great. Then, too, the history of his time has been so thoroughly sifted that a biographer should find the way cleared. These are good reasons why Mr. Harrop should have chosen Bolingbroke as the subject of his "Political Study and Criticism," but they also made it incumbent on him to write a much better book. He has, indeed, treated his theme in a fashion which shows that he has none of the biographer's faculty. It is a literary sin to take a false view of a character, but it is a worse offence to take several inconsistent views of the same person. Now that is precisely what Mr. Harrop does. He defends Swift in one page from the charge of having ratted from the Whigs for ignoble motives on the sufficient ground that the Dean was a loyal churchman, and then on the next page calls him an adventurer who used politics as a means of pushing his fortunes. He deals with Bolingbroke in the same way. After quoting the famous parallel between the English Minister and the English pilot, and acknowledging that it fairly describes Bolingbroke's own course, he describes him also as an adventurer. Both these views cannot be true. Bolingbroke, indeed, plays a very subordinate part in Mr. Harrop's book, which is mainly taken up with disquisitions on English political parties, the Treaty of Utrecht, the meanness of the Church of England and the character of Voltaire—all very barren of facts and written in the now familiar style known as Macaulay and water. A certain unity is given in Mr. Harrop's book by his steady assertion of the great political truth that the country gentry and the Church are the natural enemies of mankind, and that all means taken to defeat them, including Walpole's bribery, are good.

Mr. Bond's *History and Description of Corfe Castle* (2) is a work of mainly local interest. He tells what little history the fortress has and gives a full description of it. The book is amply supplied with illustrations; among them is a facsimile of a bird's-eye-view drawn in 1586.

The festivities lately raging in Edinburgh (3) have inspired Mr. Douglas with the idea of republishing Principal Lee's outline of the University's history. The sketch was first printed as long ago as 1840. It will serve its turn, which is to instruct the reader who is too indolent to tackle Sir A. Grant's two volumes. Principal Lee is very flattering to the University, and profusely polite to the Town Council, dwelling much on their enlightened administration, and making no reference to the unlucky little affair of the mace. He insists much on the liberality of various citizens of Edinburgh towards the college, and comments on the comparative meanness of the Scotch aristocracy. His criticism is just enough; but he should not have forgotten Drummond of Hawthornden in his list of benefactors.

If Dr. Campbell's record of his thirty years' experience in the convict service (4) contains nothing very new, it is still fairly interesting. The author began in the days when convicts were sent to Botany Bay and Norfolk Island was peopled by them. Later he served at Dartmoor and elsewhere. His experience supplies him with many stories of the ingenuity shown by criminals in malingering, and of the proper way of treating them—by patience and the galvanic battery.

All sorts of curious old things turn up in unexpected places. Here is a Mr. Brasher, who, having decided to write a play, has gone for his plot to Scarron. *Sophia; or, the Viceroy of Valencia* (5), is the episode of the old novel in all its beauty. There are gallant Spaniards and Moorish pirates and lovely damsels who, on occasion, can put on men's dress, and fight like the most savage lambs. Old friends are always welcome, but we cannot say as much for Mr. Brasher's new face.

Mr. Hodge's "American Story" (6) is an agreeable exception to a rule. He does not deal in subtle analysis of characters which nobody need care about, and it does really contain a story. Putting aside the somewhat tiresome dialect of Sol Peters, who

(11) *Nouvelles.* Par Salow. Paris: Hachette.

(1) *Bolingbroke: a Political Study and Criticism.* By Robert Harrop. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.
(2) *History and Description of Corfe Castle.* By Thomas Bond, B.A. London: Edward Stanford.
(3) *The University of Edinburgh: a Historical Sketch.* By the late John Lee, D.D., LL.D. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1884.
(4) *Thirty Years' Experience of a Medical Officer in the English Convict Service.* By John Campbell, M.D. London: Nelson & Son. 1884.
(5) *Sophia; or, the Viceroy of Valencia.* A Comedy in Five Acts. By Alfred Brasher. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.
(6) *A Legend of Polecat Hollow.* An American Story. By Tobe Hodge. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

tells the tale, it is a fairly interesting legend of Indian superstition and backwood life.

To judge from the specimen before us, the series of *Colonists' Handbooks* (7) is a credit to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It gives the intending emigrant a great deal of useful information, and it does not tell him that New Zealand is a land of Cockayne; on the contrary, it insists that, unless the emigrant is a good workman, stout, sober, and long-suffering, he had far better stay at home.

Major-General Mesny (8) of the Chinese army has published a brief history of Tonquin at Hong Kong. It bristles with the most enticingly barbarous names, and is full of battle, murder, and sudden death. At the end General Mesny has, in a moment of weakness, inserted a prophecy or two, which have been falsified while his book was coming to England.

In the course of time every writer who ever writ will have his Birthday Book. Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. have brought out a *Wordsworth Birthday Book* (9).

When the spring does come it will find the Guide-books tired of waiting to be used. We have received a copy of the eighth edition of Black's *Touraine, Normandy, and Brittany* (10).

(7) *Colonists' Handbooks.* No. 6. *New Zealand.* London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1884.

(8) *Tung King.* By William Mesny, Major-General in the Imperial Chinese Army. Hong Kong. 1884.

(9) *The Wordsworth Birthday Book.* Edited by Adelaide and Violet Wordsworth. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

(10) *Touraine; with Normandy and Brittany.* Eighth edition. By C. B. Black. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Guy's Hospital, London, S.E., March 1884.

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Life Premiums	£81,500
Interest	£[illegible]
Accumulated Funds	£2,749,400

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THE

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EGYPT.

IN the reign of CHARLES II. a captain in the navy who had done his duty to his own loss and damage was told by the KING, according to Lord MACAULAY, "with ignoble "levity," that he was a great fool for his pains. The historian must bear the burden of the qualification; but the sentiments of the merry monarch seem in themselves to bear considerable resemblance to those of the defenders of the Egyptian policy of the Government. Very late in the day, when it appeared that the notion of a Berber expedition (rashly entertained last week by persons who do not understand Mr. GLADSTONE's peculiar dialect) was definitely abandoned, something like a general theory of that policy was put forward. General GORDON, it seems, has tried to get the Soudan pacified and the garrisons rescued at his own personal risk. He is a great fool for his pains. TEWFIK BEY fought it out at Sinkat to the last gasp. He was a great fool for his pains. The Government have from the beginning undertaken two things—the rescue of the garrisons and the safety of General GORDON. If they attempted to carry out that pledge, they would be great fools for their pains. But the Governor of Tokkar, who capitulated and contributed gunners to OSMAN DIGMA's force, was a very sensible fellow; and, if it be true that the Governor of Berber has made terms with the MAHDI, the Governor of Berber is a very sensible fellow too. Everything is comfortably explicable on this theory of the advantages of promise-breaking and poltroonery except the unlucky Souakim expedition. But that can be got over in a different way. There happened to be an expedition somewhere about Souakim; some troops happened, quite casually, to be coming home from India; some others, with equal casualty, happened to drop down the Red Sea from Cairo, or up it from Aden. General GRAHAM and a staff happened in the most convenient way in the world to start from Charing Cross and travel day and night to Egypt. And everything having happened in this fashion, Mr. GLADSTONE and his Government "agreed to have a "battle" like two famous heroes of legend, or like a later character of fiction observed "Hullo! here's an expedition; "let it go and kill something." It went and killed many somethings, and then it came away. Such, after much reflection, is the clear and certainly ingenious explanation of the Government conduct in the past which has been laid before the English people by their defenders in the press.

There is at least this advantage about such a defence, that it can be accepted by all sides. That the Government have acted, as they have acted towards the Nile districts out of immeasurable poltroonery or ignoble levity; that they have acted as they have acted towards the Red Sea district with no coherent purpose whatever, are propositions which here, at any rate, there is no need to dispute. If any one likes the theory and chooses to adopt it, he is welcome to it. It is scarcely necessary before at least some audacious of Englishmen to discuss or to examine it. That the KHEDIVE's servants ought to have delivered up the [illegible] places in their guardianship to the KHEDIVE's [illegible] that General GORDON ought to have relinquished [illegible] that the real object of it (the parrying of the [illegible] of popular indignation at the first news of the [illegible] of Sinkat) was achieved; that the Souakim expedition was a mere casual excursion undertaken in lightness of heart and excessive good-nature, are propositions the enunciation of which is quite sufficient to condemn them with any one who either knows the facts or has a spark of manly and patriotic spirit. The important thing is to recognize the utter hopelessness of a case which can only find such defenders and such defences. For almost any blunder or crime something like a plausible excuse can be made by a capable advocate—an excuse which at least needs some examination, some marshalling of counter argument and evidence to expose its insufficiency. Here the speech of the prisoner's counsel is sufficient for the jury, the very statement of the pleas is enough to decide the verdict. The whole of Europe and more than half England cry shame upon the Government for abandoning the faithful servants of the English and Egyptian Governments, and want to know what was the meaning of the Souakim campaign. The answer is that the servants of the English and Egyptian Governments ought to have looked after themselves, and that the Souakim campaign had no meaning at all. The despatches and documents recently issued, and not here to be discussed in detail, bring out more clearly than ever the hopelessly indefensible character at once of the policy of the Government and of the explanations or non-explanations of that policy in Parliament. It is now evident that even Sir EVELYN BARING, whose antecedents have caused him to be not unjustly suspected of lukewarmness in carrying out a bold policy, and who certainly is guilty of advocating "scuttling" from the Soudan, is found on the other side as regards the abandonment of General GORDON. He distinctly urged compliance with GORDON's suggestion that the Souakim victories should be utilized and not thrown away. The Government rejected his and GORDON's advice. He expressed serious alarm about Berber; Mr. GLADSTONE is as serenely indifferent about Berber as about Khartoum. Finally, not indeed Sir EVELYN's *locum tenens* Mr. EGERTON, but Generals STEPHENSON and WOOD recommended the seizing of the last chance a week ago; the usual refusal was once more forwarded from England. Against all light and knowledge therefore has the Government acted, and it is left by Mr. GLADSTONE's account waiting till General GORDON (who is absolutely cut off from communication) communicates once more views which he has set before Mr. GLADSTONE again and again, and which have been constantly and calmly set aside. With regard to General GORDON himself, it is obvious that his sanguine expressions as to Khartoum and its safety were wholly conditioned by his belief in the approach of English troops, and ceased when he was disabused of that belief. His "indig-"nation at being abandoned" is a decisive fact. And one not less decisive and hitherto unknown is that he not only offered Colonel STEWART and Mr. POWER the choice of retreat by the Equator, but offered them the choice of retreating "with him." This must have meant complete discouragement, and of itself cancels all expressions of confidence before it. It is General GORDON's last word. On the other side, Lord GRANVILLE's utterances close with an obliging expression of "respect and gratitude" for General GORDON's "gallant conduct." That is what the Government can do for their officer who is in peril of his life.

Considering, however, the attitude of Ministers themselves in Parliament, it would be unreasonable to find fault with their too faithful followers out of it, who, following the example they themselves condemn, prefer illogical and perhaps thankless fidelity to deserting their colours. Mr. GLADSTONE, after his memorable display of verbiage last week, has turned sulky, has "fallen back on the "privilege of declining to give an answer," and has thus

admitted that no answer can be given. Lord HARTINGTON is conciliatory and apparently not quite comfortable. Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE is engaged in a careful comparison of the telegrams of the *Standard* and the *Daily News* in order to arrive at a knowledge of the facts in Egypt. He knows nothing about Khartoum—except of course that it is, according to his own and the PRIME MINISTER'S statements of last week, at once in "very great peril" and in "no danger military or other." He knows nothing about Berber; he knows nothing about the date of the last telegram from General GORDON; he knows nothing as to the relations of war or peace between England and the MAHDI. There was once a traveller who lost his way, and met a very small child. He asked the child what the name of the place was, and the child said "I don't "know." He asked where the road led, and the child said "I don't know." He asked where the child lived, and the child said "I don't know." Being then very tired and very hungry, and rather cross, the traveller said, "Do you know anything?" And the child burst into a flood of tears, and said "I don't know." It would be painful if the UNDER-SECRETARY imitated the child completely; but it might almost be worth while to try the effect of the question "whether he knows anything" respecting the fate of the garrisons for the rescue of which England's honour is pledged, of the officer who was sent out to save Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government from defeat, of the vast regions which England, after forbidding Egypt to stir a finger for their help or defence, refuses now to help and defend herself.

The Government, however, is apparently too busy about its last important determination to pay attention to details. It is characteristic of incompetent practitioners in politics as in medicine to put their faith in panaceas. Mr. GLADSTONE'S first heal-all for Egypt was the paper Constitution; his second was General GORDON'S mission; his third is the now notorious Conference. This Conference ought not to have been necessary at all, and, if necessary, ought to have been prepared for by a demonstration of ability to govern Egypt, and not by a demonstration of mingled reluctance and incapacity for that task. But these considerations are immaterial compared with that which has been already insisted on—the advantage, namely, which the Conference gives to the ill-will and the cupidity of France. The cheerful announcement that all the Powers have accepted except France simply means that all the Powers whose acceptance is unimportant have accepted, and that the Power whose acceptance is important has not. Mr. GLADSTONE, it is true, puts the matter in a different form. France will come in, but after preliminary communications. It is exactly as to the nature of these preliminary communications that doubt is felt. That France on the granting of conditions would come in is undoubted. But, as the granting of those conditions might be equivalent to the surrender of all the advantages gained by England during the last two years, it is permissible to look with not a little disquiet on the progress of negotiations on such a subject under the control of a Minister so incapable in matters of foreign policy, so obviously disgusted with Egyptian matters, and so prone to prefer worthless and faithless "friendships" to valuable and solid alliances as Mr. GLADSTONE.

THE REPORT OF THE CROFTERS' COMMISSION.

WHEN the names of the Commissioners for inquiring into the condition of the crofters and cottars in the Highlands and islands of Scotland became known rather more than a year ago, it was clear that, whatever the ultimate form which their report might take, at least all shades of opinion would be represented. At the head of the list stood Lord NAPIER and ETTRICK, a Whig peer and a Lowland laird, whose diplomatic career is too well known to require comment. Next to him we read the names of two gentlemen who stand prominently among the representatives of those old Highland families which, amid changing times, have retained their landed estates. Of these two, one, Sir KENNETH MACKENZIE, is a Liberal in politics, and recently contested the county of Invernessshire unsuccessfully with the other, Mr. CAMERON, of Lochiel. The fourth, Mr. FRASER MACKINTOSH, is a Radical member of Parliament, and was for a considerable time factor on the MACKINTOSH estates, where it has been said that he did not put in practice the principles which he has since advocated. Mr. NICOLSON is a lawyer, and is, over the border, a celebrity in his own line. Mr. MACKINNON fills the recently created chair of Celtic languages in the University of Edinburgh, and is a native of the Island of Colonsay. It was, no doubt, a well-appointed Commission, and one certainly likely to have the interests of the crofters at heart.

The Report commences with certain remarks on the prejudices existing amongst those on whose evidence many of the conclusions had to be based. One of the causes of this bigoted state of mind was the previous influence of agitators. These men were in the habit of going before the Commission to the various places which they visited, and of creating grievances for the crofters to complain of. On one occasion, for instance, a crofter in Tiree complained that he was not allowed to cut peats in the island. At the time no cross-examination revealed the truth. But it afterwards appeared that, although the complaint was true, it was true on the ground that there were no peats in the island to cut. The words had simply been put into the man's mouth by an agitator who was not quite up to his work. Another fertile source of prejudice is stated to be the glamour thrown over the past by the traditions of former days. The documentary evidence which exists on this subject goes to prove that, bad as the crofter's condition is in many places now, it was far worse a hundred and fifty years ago, and that the improvements have been due to the usually judicious action of the landlords. The crofters were then sub-tenants of the tacksmen, or larger farmers, and were described as being ground down and impoverished by the exactions to which they were exposed. Poor as they may be, such remarks as this would be at present entirely inapplicable to their case.

The Report deals with six distinct subjects—land tenure, the fish trade, education, the administration of justice, deer forests, and emigration. The grievances complained of with respect to education and the administration of justice are slight and easily remedied. They are of purely local importance, and do not raise questions of far reaching principles. The encouragement of emigration is advocated, and even State aid for this purpose, if very judiciously applied, is thought desirable. Under this head some very interesting statistics are given as to the various arrangements that should be made for emigrating families, and the cost in different cases. The treatment of the much-vexed question of deer forests is clear and impartial, and will, it is to be hoped, settle the matter until agitators can venture again to ignore the established facts. On all these points the Commission is practically agreed, as well as on the measures advocated to improve the fish-trade. Here, however, Mr. CAMERON of Lochiel is rightly timid about recommending the large expenditure which these would entail. The fish-trade is of very great importance, since the crofters of the West Coast and Islands derive a larger income from fishing than from the cultivation of their crofts. It is stated also by experts that this industry is capable of enormous development, especially in the West and North—in the districts, in fact, in which poverty is most extreme. The difficulties with which the fishermen have to contend are of several kinds. In many parts of the coast it is impossible to find shelter for the boats. Small boats can be beached; but those of a size really suitable for their work require harbours to be made. In their present condition, also, the crofters are in most cases too poor to be able to afford these large boats, even when several combine together for the purpose. In order to help them to purchase these, it is proposed that the Government shall advance money on favourable terms, the boats being of course insured. But these methods of help would be but of slight service if communications were not also improved. It is not only necessary that a quicker and easier access to the various markets should be obtained, but also that telegraphic communication should be more extensively opened. Herring are most erratic in their behaviour. Fishermen may go out day after day meeting with but moderate success. But unexpectedly they may have an enormous haul, which, could they only sell it, would go far to provide them with comfort for the coming winter. But there is too often no means whatever of sending the fish away, and they have not sufficient salt to cure them. It is clear that, if they had first of all the power of sending rapidly for a steamer to take what they have caught, or to bring them a large store of salt, they would be able to take advantage of those periodic strokes of luck. As matters stand now, it is an uncommon thing for these stores of splendid food to lie in stinking heaps by the roadside, to be ultimately used as manure. But the expense of all these improvements would be great, and the Western Highlander has not always shown himself worthy of such sacrifices of money. It is to be hoped,

therefore, that if these recommendations are carried out, it will be done with great caution. The money should be tentatively expended in the most favourable cases first, and the experience so gained should be applied to modify the schemes as they expand; and, above all, nothing should be done which might, even indirectly, foster the spirit of dependence on external assistance.

By far the most important recommendations in the Report are those which refer to the land tenure. And fortunately here two members of the Commission, Sir KENNETH MACKENZIE and Mr. CAMERON of Lochiel, have recorded their protests against the proposals. We say fortunately; for a more unpractical, and at the same time more revolutionary, scheme has seldom been advanced by any politician of a serious turn of mind and an experience of the actual working of the relations between landlord and tenant. To all the mass of complaints which formed a large portion of the evidence laid before the Commission there was a common basis—poverty; and one of the chief causes of this poverty is the smallness of the crofts farmed by each family. Every remedy, then, to the present discontent, likely to prove of any permanent value, must depend upon giving to the crofters either larger pieces of land or some other means of supporting themselves apart from the land, and also upon ensuring that the population of each district does not increase beyond the power of that district to support it in average years. We have space only for a rough outline of the scheme proposed in the Report. "Townships" or "communes" are to be legally established, which are defined as "farms, or parts of farms, occupied in common or in "division by several tenants." Each of these townships is to consist partly of arable and partly of grazing land, and is to be governed by a council composed of the heads of families, who are to elect a constable to transact their business. Here we have to start with the elements of very pretty quarrels. But the height of absurdity to any one who knows the habits of the Western Highlanders is reached, when it is gravely proposed that this constable shall "co-operate with "the sanitary inspector of the parish in matters regarding "the improvement of dwellings and public health." These townships having been constituted, they are to have the right to make their landlord pay half the expense of erecting and maintaining the following improvements—fences or walls between the whole of each township and neighbouring lands or townships, and between the arable and grazing land of each township, in addition to this such roads and bridges as may be required. Nor is this all; if a township is overcrowded, it is to have a right to an increase of land at a valuation, or to throw off a new township on the same terms; and for all this the landlord is to pay as before. It is perhaps needless to expose the absurdity of this scheme, as it will clearly lead directly to most of the evils against which it is a supposed remedy. The oldest pig in a farmyard is just as likely to co-operate satisfactorily with a sanitary officer as the constable of a township; the internal quarrels will be endless, but all will unite against the landlord, who will be put to great expense, and will have the pleasure of seeing all control of his estates pass out of his hands. But, worst of all, it is a deliberate encouragement to local increase of population. The two dissentient Commissioners have stated their objections at considerable length and with great clearness, and two of their observations should suffice to settle the question. Sir KENNETH MACKENZIE points out that all the worst evils in the Highlands are found chiefly, if not solely, side by side with common pastures; and Mr. CAMERON of Lochiel remarks with great justice that the scheme will affect the landlords injuriously by the exact measure of their having acted in past times in accordance with the wishes of the people. That is to say, that where evictions have been carried out already, the landlord will not suffer; but that when, in the past, he has sacrificed his own interests to the supposed welfare of the people in order to please them, he is to be repaid by loss of money, property, and influence.

The Report over and over again asserts that the condition of the crofter in the present is an improvement on what it has been in the past. Why is this? The cause is not far to seek, and is due simply to the fact that landlords have, on the whole, judiciously improved their estates year by year and little by little. Labour has been employed in buildings and roads to an enormous extent, and one by one cottages have been improved, crofts fenced, and, above all, opportunities have been tried of amalgamating small pieces of land, where death or emigration has enabled this to be done without hardship, while at the same time all subdivision has been absolutely forbidden. It is in no revolutionary legislation, but in such gentle remedies as these, prudently applied, that the cure for what evils still exist must be found.

INCOME-TAX REFORM.

MR. HUBBARD'S periodical motion in favour of an unequal Income-tax might perhaps have excited a stronger interest if it had been new, or if it had been likely to succeed. The majority of members had heard the same arguments from the same speaker year by year since their first entrance into the House of Commons; and although some of them, having no special knowledge on the subject, may possibly have been convinced, they have found that economists and practical financiers invariably differ from Mr. HUBBARD. A sufficient number of members rose to support the motion for the adjournment of the House, partly out of deference to the mover, and also as a protest against discourteous attempts to prevent discussion. It was not surprising that on the following day the benches on both sides of the House were thinly occupied, inasmuch as Mr. GLADSTONE'S intervention in the debate was wholly unexpected. He had perhaps regretted the change in official arrangements which had devolved on a colleague the introduction of the Budget. Mr. HUBBARD had given him a welcome opportunity of delivering a fluent disquisition on finance; but, in his pleasure at returning to his favourite subject, he forgot the gratitude which he owed to his involuntary benefactor. Like the horse in HOMER, which has broken his headstall, Mr. GLADSTONE exulted over the field of finance, indulging in triumphant ridicule of Mr. HUBBARD'S hackneyed remarks, and especially of his scanty audience. He was willing to acknowledge and even to exaggerate the anomalies of the Income-tax, that he might taunt his adversaries and the general community with their error in refusing the offer of repeal which he made as a bribe to the constituencies on the eve of the election of 1874. It seems that for some unexplained reason the offer can never be renewed.

In his many eloquent speeches on the Income-tax Mr. GLADSTONE has, probably of set purpose, confined his defence of equal and uniform duties to elaborate statements of the difficulty or impossibility of differential assessment. He has no difficulty in quoting high authority for a system which he might, if he thought fit, show to be demonstrably just. It seems that Mr. GLADSTONE himself, when he was young in office, proposed some change in the practice to Sir ROBERT PEEL, who summarily dismissed the request as absurd. Prudent statesmen are generally disposed to reserve some of their motives and reasons when they have given a sufficient explanation of their conduct. Sir ROBERT PEEL would not have been daunted by detailed impediments if he had satisfied himself that incomes ought to be taxed according to a graduated scale representing their respective sources or the supposed merits of their owners; but he had no disposition to engage in academic controversies when he had persuaded Parliament that the practical objections to inequality were numerous and grave. Mr. GLADSTONE, who often invents far-fetched reasons for foregone conclusions, has in this instance followed the example of his former chief. He has been always consistent in his apology for the alleged grievances of which Mr. HUBBARD complains. Mr. GLADSTONE'S great Budget speech of 1853 was addressed to a House of Commons which had largely shared in the popular delusion of a differential Income-tax. If he had fully exposed the prevailing fallacy, he would have convinced only his more intelligent listeners. His exposition of practical difficulties was more generally intelligible; and perhaps it was more readily accepted because he undertook that the tax should be gradually reduced during a few years, and that at the end of the time it should be abolished. It has now become perpetual; but an experience of more than forty years has made the burden less obnoxious. It must also be remembered that the contributors to the tax once governed the country, that their power was greatly impaired by the establishment of household suffrage in boroughs, and that, when the Franchise Bill is passed, only a small fraction of the constituency will pay a shilling of Income-tax.

Mr. HUBBARD'S annual protests are survivals from a time when almost all those who were assessed to the Income-tax believed that they bore more than their due share of the burden. Mr. GLADSTONE quoted with a feeling of

amusement, and at the same time with literal accuracy, a speech in which Sir FITZROY KELLY proved to his own satisfaction that every class of contributors was overtaxed in comparison with every other. The loudest in complaint have always been the taxpayers under Schedule D. Sometimes they dwelt on the meritorious nature of incomes earned by their own labour and risk; but their favourite argument was derived from the precarious or temporary nature of their receipts. Mr. HUBBARD is in the habit of combining both the supposed anomalies; and in his late speech he proposed that the rate of payment or schedule should be roughly estimated by a reduction of fifty per cent. on the percentage on realized property. It is not clear whether he would demand a further abatement in consideration of the origin of professional or trading incomes. The proposal, though it may at first sight appear plausible, bristles with injustice. Those who share Mr. HUBBARD'S opinions would only relieve individual traders, while they would impose the full rate of duty on shareholders in industrial or mercantile companies; yet there is not the smallest reason why the profits of associated capital should be unfavourably distinguished from the earnings of private traders. Professional incomes may not involve a similar complication, but their partial exemption would operate as a gratuitous boon to be provided at the expense of other taxpayers. It is true that the income of a lawyer or a doctor is only worth a few years' purchase calculated according to his age, his health, and his prospects. An equal income derived from the Funds would be capitalized at a far lower rate of interest, representing three or four times, or perhaps in some cases ten times, the value of the professional income; but projectors forget that the duration of the tax is in both cases exactly the same with that of the income. A law officer at the head of the Bar may earn vast sums only for three or four years; but when he retires he leaves a successor to inherit the burden as well as the revenue. The collective income of a profession generally tends to increase, and if it remains stationary, it is practically equivalent in duration to an ownership in fee simple. In other words, Schedule D is as permanent as Schedule A, though it includes a larger number of successive taxpayers.

The only injustice which has been inflicted on taxpayers under Schedule D has arisen from occasional changes in the rate of duty. It was hard on those who were earning precarious incomes during the latter part of the Crimean War to pay fifteenpence in the pound, with little expectation of profiting by the reduction of the percentage some years afterwards to a third of the amount. If the rate of taxation had been unaltered, all inequalities would have corrected themselves in the course of two-and-forty years since the first institution of the duty. The allowances which are made to owners of small incomes up to 400*l.* a year compensate not unfairly for the larger proportionate contributions of householders with narrow means to indirect taxation. For the reasons which have been given, no reduction ought to be made in consideration of the short or uncertain term of enjoyment. Even if such an adjustment were theoretically equitable, it would, as Mr. GLADSTONE suggests, be wholly impracticable to graduate the tax in accordance with innumerable varieties of tenure. Mr. HUBBARD would tax a trade which may be really hereditary at a lower rate than landed or funded property; yet it is notorious that a bank, a brewery, or a great publishing house frequently descends from father to son for two or three generations. It is only when such a business falls into the hands of a limited Company that Mr. HUBBARD would deprive shareholders, who may perhaps be needy, of the privilege which he demands for wealthy capitalists.

One test of fair taxation is the relative maintenance of the pecuniary position of the taxpayer after the introduction of a new impost. Probably no other part of the fiscal system complies with the condition so nearly as the Income-tax. A fundholder with an annual receipt of 1,000*l.* may be considered three times as rich as his neighbour who derives an equal income from a profession assumed to be worth ten years' purchase. A tax of ten per cent. on both incomes would still leave the proportion of three to one between their respective possessions. It is not the business of financiers to redress the inequalities of fortune. The allowance which is made under the existing law for premiums on life insurance is an anomaly, though it does little harm, except in supplying a precedent for dangerous irregularity. With all its faults, the Income-tax is probably the fairest impost which is paid, as long as the rate is not suddenly and frequently varied. A natural curiosity as to the substitute which was to be proposed by Mr. GLADSTONE in 1874 will probably never be gratified. If he intended to supply the deficiency which would have occurred by an increase of the Succession Duties, the owners of property would have felt little gratitude for his benevolent remission of a more obnoxious tax. The uncertainty of [illegible] introduces into duties on succession a gambling element; and it is possible that the occurrence of two or three deaths at short intervals might reduce a family to ruin. Mr. GLADSTONE appears now to have returned to a more orthodox doctrine.

THE FRANCHISE BILL.

IT is quite intelligible that the smallness of the Government majorities on Monday night should have frightened and disgusted the thorough-going supporters of Mr. GLADSTONE. Had any Leprechaun whispered in the ear of Mr. PARNELL that here was a fine opportunity of shuffling the cards, the greatest, wisest, strongest Government of modern times (as it is known to be on the infallible authority of its own members) would have found itself in a position from which even Mr. GLADSTONE'S eel-like faculty of evasion could hardly have devised an escape. So soon, too, after Mr. FAWCETT'S glowing prophecies of majorities of a hundred and fifty, the thing was specially annoying. But it may be asked in all good faith and good temper whether the apologists of these awkward accidents have not somewhat abused the principle of the saying "Heads I win, tails you lose"? They say that the smallness of the majorities was due to the traitorous conduct of the Conservative whips in forcing a division; but they say also that the Government determination to prevent their followers from taking part in the debate was notorious and avowed. It is not easy to see how these two things can by any possibility agree together. If Ministers refused to take part, and to allow their followers to take part, in the debate, they must have wished to hasten the division, and in that case it is impossible that they should have been unfairly treated or taken by surprise by the division being hastened. They cannot possibly claim credit for their noble conduct in deprecating delay, and credit for being caught napping by being taken at their word. They must declare to win with one horse or the other, and they clearly cannot change colours or saddles to suit the exigencies of the situation. On the other hand, it is impossible to approve the conduct of Mr. CHAPLIN in making a formal attack on the inclusion of Ireland, and declining to put the question to the test of a division. That the majority would, as is confidently (and safely) asserted, have exceeded that for the second reading is pretty certainly a mistaken assertion. But it would, no doubt, have been large. Under the crack of the whip, the present Liberal party rarely fails to answer, though it is only under the crack of the whip. But this might have been a reason for not interposing a formal trial of strength between the regular combats on second reading and in Committee; it could have been none for proposing such a trial of strength and then evading it. The proceeding is one of those numerous tactical blunders which have distinguished the conduct of the present Conservative Opposition to a degree not recently paralleled in Parliamentary history. The matter is the more unfortunate as it resulted in the handling of the most important part of the whole subject—the inclusion of Ireland in the Bill—after the desultory, incomplete, and unreal fashion which is inevitable when the author of a motion admits that it is only a motion *pour rire*. Battles, it has been remarked, are never so much won as they are lost; it is to be rather hoped than expected that HER MAJESTY'S Opposition will be contented with the proof they have already given of this sententious, but true, saying.

Nevertheless, the incidents both of Monday and Thursday prove, though in different ways, that it is only by the old device of locking the voters up in the coach-house that the imposing majorities which rejoice Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S soul can be got together. The alleged desire to shorten debate is, of course, not necessarily connected with any inability on the part of the Government to find defenders of their measure who have anything to say. But it happens, by one of the fortunate coincidences of politics, to cover such inability if it exists. The self-denying ordinance which the majority (who could not put

themselves to the further self-denial of coming down to vote) passed, it is said, on Monday night does not seem to have deprived the House of any remarkable displays of argument or eloquence, to judge from the speeches actually pronounced. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, took the opportunity of descanting on the precious qualities of the Tory party before he (Mr. GLADSTONE) left it. In the abstract, the spectacle of Mr. GLADSTONE asking "Where is that party "now?" and deciding that it is nowhere, or in a very bad place, is interesting. The political student has the advantage of being able to come to the conclusion that, if Mr. BRIGHT's account of the Liberal party some forty years ago or thereabouts, and Mr. GLADSTONE's account of the Tory party of the same time, be taken without any grains of salt, the general political character of our fathers must, on the whole, have exceeded in moral and intellectual excellence that of the politicians of any age recorded in history. Unfortunately, our fathers themselves did not think so. The purity and high-mindedness of the Tory party of WELLINGTON and PEEL was far from being such an article of faith with the Liberal of the day as it is with Mr. GLADSTONE, and the stern and unbending Tories of the same time were by no means filled with that burning admiration for Mr. BRIGHT and his friends which Mr. BRIGHT now frequently expresses. This is unfortunate, but it is the way of the world. It may be doubted, moreover, whether Mr. GLADSTONE's affidavit that all parties to which he (Mr. GLADSTONE) has ever belonged have been pure and high-minded parties, advances the logical argument for the Franchise Bill very far or in a very irresistible manner. It is, however, somewhat unreasonable to quarrel with a tacit confession on the part of the Radical party that there is nothing to be said for themselves except that they have a great majority. There is more legitimate ground for objection in the attempt made in some quarters to convict of obstructive tautology any fresh attempt to include redistribution, if not also any fresh attempt to exclude Ireland. The childlike plea of Mr. GLADSTONE that the Government has brought in a very simple Bill, and that it is a shame to debate it as if it were a complex one, is not likely to deceive any one who has not made up his mind to be deceived. The simplicity of the Bill is notoriously a malicious simplicity—a simplicity designed to evade and to limit discussion. On the other hand, it is the undoubted privilege of Parliament to discuss without limit other than that imposed by positive rule. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, in getting Sir R. CROSS's motion as to registration silenced, struck an awkward stroke at his own side. For the decision showed how large is the range of subjects introducible and there arguable.

In fact, however, and the fact is sufficiently obvious, the cavils made at the full discussion of this momentous measure merely illustrate the reckless intolerance of opposition which is more and more characterizing the Radical party. It is practically asserted that a majority on the second reading ought to decide the whole matter, and, as was seen before the second reading was voted, it is further asserted that any proceeding other than a direct negative to the second reading moved and debated with the utmost speed is obstruction and factious delay. It is not easy to meet with argument a party which has avowedly dispensed with argument; but there is certainly no difficulty in showing the absurdity of the attempts to limit discussion of such a measure as that now before Parliament. As for its simplicity, it would be perfectly possible to repeal the whole Statute Book in a Bill of one clause, and every institution of the realm that does not depend upon statute might with a little ingenuity in draughtsmanship be abolished by another Bill of a single clause or by a second clause in the same. The measure now before the House, simple as it stands, is in effect a larger measure, and one involving more complicated issues than any that has been before Parliament within living memory. The effects for good or for evil which it must produce are vaster, the indirect consequences in the way of opportunity given to party manœuvring which it involves are more numerous and intricate than those of many a Bill whose clauses and sections and subsections have been numbered by scores and hundreds. The pretended duty of dealing with it as merely a little Bill of half a dozen simple provisions may pair off with the pretended right of "tacking" itself—a right very similar in nature to others actually claimed by modern Radicalism. In such a case craft must be met by craft, and the trick of dissembling complex issues in a simple Bill by the expedient of disentangling those issues, and considering them separately, in the form of amendments. Nor, if Ministerial partisans were wise, would they make such a pother over the matter. For this desperate impatience can only suggest what has been already hinted at—a profound sense of insecurity as to the temper of Parliament and the possibility of keeping the majority together.

GHOSTS AGAIN.

As the *Nineteenth Century* does not publish an illustrated Christmas number, Messrs. GURNEY and MYERS present their tale of "Apparitions" in the flowery month of May. The name "Apparitions," which the champions of Psychical Research have given to their article, is a little misleading, as appearances often are. But seemingly an editor who invented "Brain Waves," and who says he does not think the term a metaphor (still less a mixed metaphor), will allow the article to be the first of a series. Beginning, as in the present number, with mere anecdotes about psychical discomfort, the authors will finally lead up, we trust, to a genuine apparition, very old and curious. There is a great deal of argument and reasoning in this paper, reasoning and argument which we fear the public will skip, especially as the beginning of the season is a period somewhat frivolous and flippant.

The advocates of the old-fashioned ghost maintain that a question which has been agitated since the days of cavemen may now be settled at last by statistics. They appeal, like Mr. GALTON, to the public for statistics, and their appeal may be listened to in an age when "vice is expected to be "decent, art to be moral, and science to be popular." Ghost stories, indeed, were popular before they were scientific. "The public are for the first time being made partakers "in *scientific* work," cry our authors, just as it might have been observed, "The public are for the first time "being made partakers in artistic criticism," on a recent occasion. Unluckily, just as experts in art would have none of the public verdict on sculpture, so experts in science as a rule deny the name of "scientific" to the methods of Psychical Research. This may be mere professional jealousy and prejudice; still, perhaps the scientific world knows as well as other people what deserves the name of "scientific," and what not. But we are prepared to admit that, if shots at the meaning of Amalekite cylinders are a branch of "science," so is the collection of ghost stories.

A serious philosopher (in whose works we do not remember to have seen the statement) is said to remark that "The number of well-attested coincidences between the appa- "rition of a person and his death does not exceed the "limits that the laws of chance allow." If there are as many as three well-attested instances of a moribund person being in several places at once, we incline to think that the coincidence does exceed the limits that the laws of chance allow. The coincidence is the miracle, you cannot explain the miracle by the coincidence. Messrs. MYERS and GURNEY have attempted to collect instances of both sorts. They want people to tell them tales of strange experiences, but they also wish to find out what proportions of people are without strange experiences (subjective chiefly) altogether. If the whole of humanity could be polled, an average, and a conclusion, might be got by this process. Say that thirty billions of people never saw or felt anything out of the way, that thirty thousand people had seen absent friends at the moment of their death, and that nine or ten millions of men and women had enjoyed presentiments which came to nothing, and had beheld absent people without rhyme or reason or coincidence. Then you might say, as ten millions are to thirty thousand, such are the odds that an apparition of a moribund person is only a coincidence and a fluke. Mr. PROCTOR has published a good many cases of these extraordinary coincidences that seem almost incredible, but had nothing extra-natural or psychical about them. The statistical method would give the odds in favour of, or against, any coincidence being what the laws of chance allow.

Unfortunately, no body of instances can be collected large enough to found a conclusion upon—that, at least, is how the matter strikes us. You need not a few hundred cases, or even a few thousand, but millions. The specimens secured by the Society of Psychical Research will be too poor to argue upon. Let us give an example.

In the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. MYERS publishes personal reminiscences of the late Duke of ALBANY. It appears that the Prince was a good deal interested in ghost stories and

strange experiences of a supposed extra-natural character. Mr. MYERS adds, in a foot-note, an anecdote which has already, we believe, blossomed in the London letters of some correspondents of country newspapers. Two days before his death ("writes a friend from Cannes") the DUKE "would talk about death." The lady to whom he spoke on this topic asked him why he chose it, and he informed another lady that "for two nights now the Princess ALICE "has appeared to me in my dreams, and says she is quite "happy, and wants me to come and join her."

This anecdote might, to some minds, suggest the opinion that an extra-natural warning was permitted to the Prince. But, in an earlier page, Mr. MYERS has told another story, in which he avers that Prince LEOPOLD was not without experience of hallucinations even when awake. "It was at "Cannes, when suddenly the beach at Cannes became the "beach at Osborne, and every well-known detail was re-"produced with exactness." A man who had one experience of this kind when wide awake might probably dream often enough of the dead with considerable vividness, and it is only reasonable to regard the tale of the warning dream (if authentic, and the evidence is very second hand) as a case of coincidence.

We might go through the tales in Messrs. GURNEY and MYERS's article, and give an authentic "presentiment," or "warning," or sensation of discomfort, where nothing followed, for every example of theirs which was rendered interesting by a coincidence. The best tale is told by the Head-Master of Clifton, Mr. WILSON. When an undergraduate at Cambridge, he felt as if he were going to expire, and "thought he'd better name it," like the Brethren in *Princess Ida*. He did name it to a friend. "He pulled "out a whisky bottle and a backgammon-board; but I "could not face it." Which? Could not Mr. WILSON face the backgammon-board, or was he daunted by the whisky? The coincident death of a twin brother may by some minds be regarded as the cause of Mr. WILSON's discomfort. Similar incidents are well known to the stage, and all have heard of the two BLANCS and the *Corsican Brothers*. Of course some sympathy of unusual force may exist between twins. In the meantime, we are well acquainted with the case of a man of letters who experienced sensations exactly like those described by Mr. WILSON, and whose very face assumed the air of a dead man's; but—nothing came of it. Then we have a Scotchman's account of how he felt a mysterious call to go home; and, on arriving there, found that his wife had suffered from an accident. Against this we set the instance of a lady who, after her daughters had started on a water-party, felt an intimate and irrepressible certainty that they would be drowned. Something called her to hurry off to Paddington and stop them before they could take the train to Henley. She did not; and the young ladies enjoyed themselves very much. Indeed we have an apparition of a son—a clergyman distinguished no less in golf and cricket than in learning—who appeared to his mother when his body was at a distance. The anxious lady wrote off at once to her child, who assured her that nothing particular of any description had occurred to him when his wraith went wandering. Now, if his clerical throat had been cut "at that very moment," what a delightful, creepy coincidence, what an excellent apparition at the point of death, would have been afforded! But, as nothing coincided anywhere, the tale rather injures the coincidences. There is not so much in a coincidence. We have backed Zero at one table, merely because it had that instant come up at another. The speculation was successful, though the odds were thirty-six to one against it; but surely no psychical influence was at work on the wheel of fortune's roulette. That Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN should waken and feel as if she had received a blow on the lip when Mr. ARTHUR SEVERN, at a considerable distance, was really the sufferer appears curious. But is it more curious than that one sister should dream she was pursued by a black monster, and at breakfast-time should discover that another sister had in a dream seen her thus pursued? In the innumerable multitude of dreams some must occasionally take a track where facts or other visions are encountered. Even the story of Mr. BROWNING's sleeve-links, which had been taken from a murdered man, and which made an Italian clairvoyant say "something here cries out "murder," may be explained in more than one way as obvious and natural as any psychical and extra-natural hypothesis. Indeed, to entertain such a hypothesis is to fall back on the pseudo-scientific explanation of *matière meurtrière* destroyed by MALEBRANCHE in the case of the Divining Rod. "We are obviously as yet only on the "threshold of Apparitions," say Messrs. MYERS and GURNEY, and we do not expect, in this life, to be more than dwellers on the threshold, or to see through the wall "that severs "ghosts from shadow-casting men." After all, our immediate interests are in life. Psychical Research will never be an antidote to Communism and Atheism. Belief needs faith, and cannot, any more than science, be based on ghost stories.

THE BUDGET.

THE three provisions of the Budget are, in the inverse order of their respective importance, reduction of the duty on four-wheel cabs, degradation of half-sovereigns to the rank of tokens, and conversion of Three per Cent. Stocks. Mr. CHILDERS gives notice that a much graver fiscal change is looming in the not distant future. He has borrowed from Mr. GLADSTONE, who can seldom be charged with bad taste in the use of language, the wantonly offensive title of Death Duties for the taxes which are properly called the Legacy and Succession Duties. The representatives of the landed interest have been often warned of their imprudence in meddling with the present adjustment of taxation. They have, it is true, obtained one of two instalments of a subvention in aid of local rates; and a further change in the same direction may possibly be made under the proposed County Government Bill; but Mr. CHILDERS plainly tells landowners that the Succession Duties are to be increased; and, if his words are correctly reported, he must be understood to mean that real property will be taxed more highly than personalty. The announcement had in former years been anticipated by Mr. GLADSTONE; but Liberal financiers have apparently doubted the readiness of the present House of Commons to add largely to the burdens on land. The opportunity for readjustment for which Mr. CHILDERS ostensibly waits will probably not occur till landlords and farmers are alike disarmed and disfranchised by the impending changes in the representative system. Some theorists hold that Succession Duties on real or personal property are more legitimate than other taxes, because transmission by inheritance or will may be regarded as a creation of positive law. It is much more certain that the incidence of such duties is in a high degree vexatious; and that they are especially burdensome when they fall upon the successor to land, who may be often compelled to procure the money by sale or mortgage. There seems to be no sound objection to a corresponding tax on property held in mortmain or in trust for public purposes. Corporations, though immortal, might, for purposes of fiscal symmetry, be supposed to die once in every thirty or forty years.

The remission of a fraction of the Carriage Duty is hardly worth discussing, though experience shows that the benefit will accrue to the trade and not to the consumer. Since Mr. LOWE repealed the exorbitant duty on horses and carriages let for hire, the number and the quality of flies, especially at roadside railway stations, have not been perceptibly improved. The present reduction is too small to produce any change in the amount of accommodation or in prices. The proposed debasement of a portion of the currency has produced so much adverse criticism that it may possibly be withdrawn. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER wanted three-quarters of a million for the purpose of restoring the coinage to its full weight, and he was naturally unwilling to impose a new tax. The simplest plan, when the Government has to make a small capital outlay, is to borrow the money and pay it off in a limited time. Mr. CHILDERS prefers the alternative of substituting coins with an alloy of one-tenth for that part of the gold currency which is seldom sent out of the country. Whatever may be the merits of the plan, it ought to be recognized as an expenditure of the public capital, though it will cost nothing except as far as it diminishes an existing reserve. There seems to be no reason why the policy of debasement should not be extended or repeated. Tokens which are up to five pounds a legal tender would still be current at their nominal value if they were intrinsically worth only eight or seven shillings. Few persons, except bankers and money-changers, could state offhand the real value of a sixpence or half-crown; but all are willing to take a shilling in payment, because they know that it will always procure a shilling's worth of commodities. The apprehension that sovereigns might be discredited abroad by the proposed change in the value of half-sovereigns can, perhaps, only be tested by

experience. Mr. CHILDERS's proposal involves the satisfactory admission that the loss on light gold ought to be borne by the State, and not by private holders or bankers. It would assuredly be much better to alloy half-sovereigns than to compel shopkeepers and their customers to return to the primæval method of dealing with coins as according to their actual weight as bullion. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has written a clever and spirited letter in condemnation of Mr. CHILDERS's proposal; but he entirely fails to understand the question. It is true that the Bank of England, if it receives half a million in ten-shilling tokens and pays out the same nominal amount in sovereigns, will have lost ten per cent. of the amount in gold. The drain of bullion would be ten times as great if the Bank exchanged gold for its own notes. If the ten-shilling pieces maintain, as tokens, their nominal value, the supposed transaction will involve no loss of value. There can scarcely be a doubt that ten-shilling pieces will be as secure as half-crowns against actual depreciation.

The conversion of a large part of the debt into a stock bearing a lower rate of interest had been foreseen since last year's issue of a large amount of Terminable Annuities in the place of Consols. The expectation that a reduction in the amount of Three per Cent. stock would raise its price in the market has been fully justified by the result. In any case, the stagnation of trade, the cheapness of money, and the comparative scarcity of first-class securities would probably have brought Consols to par. They are now at a premium of about two per cent.; but the price is still not high enough to secure the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER against risk if he were to give the necessary year's notice of compulsory conversion. Accordingly, he now offers 108*l.* in Two and a Half per Cent. stock, or 102*l.* in Two and Three-quarter per Cent. stock, for each 100*l.* of Three per Cent. Consols. As an inducement to accept the terms, the new stocks are guaranteed against reduction of interest or compulsory redemption for a period of twenty years. Fund-holders who prefer the retention of their present rights are exposed to the risk of compulsory payment at par whenever the Government may think it safe to undertake the operation. No holder will know beforehand the decision of other public creditors, though it will largely affect the expediency of voluntary conversion. If the owners of one-half of 400,000,000*l.* Three per Cent. stock were to accept Mr. CHILDERS's offer, the remaining half of the stock would be so considerably appreciated that he might perhaps be able at once to give notice of compulsory redemption. Some competent critics doubt the expediency of the creation of an intermediate stock at 2¾; but probably Mr. CHILDERS and his advisers have sufficient reason for trying the experiment.

The reduction of the annual charge of the debt, if it is effected, will furnish the best justification for the modern policy of paying off the whole or a large part of the principal. It is perhaps to be regretted that the proposed operation will increase the nominal amount of the debt. Some financiers will probably hold that it would have been better to wait till the price of the Three per Cents. rendered a compulsory conversion safely practicable; but in such cases a certain confidence may reasonably be reposed in the official judgment of those who are responsible for the choice between alternative measures. As long as Consols were below par, reductions of the debt were most conveniently effected by purchases in the market. Payment of the nominal amount would now be more advantageous to the State. The present high price partially strengthens the contention of those who formerly doubted whether it was worth while to improve or maintain taxation for the purpose of investing the proceeds in the discharge of debt, with a return of three and a quarter per cent. Fifty years ago the proposition that it was expedient to leave the money to fructify in the pockets of the people was generally accepted; but at that time Finance Ministers had ample employment for surplus revenue in the abolition of taxes which were injurious to trade and industry. It was undoubtedly more desirable to liberate the manufacture of bricks, of glass, and of paper, than to pay off portions of the debt. The present Excise Duties are comparatively unobjectionable; but, on the other hand, money applied to the payment of debt is invested at a lower rate of interest. There are, perhaps, political and social reasons for reducing the national liabilities; but, as it has already been said, the best economical argument in favour of such operations is that they facilitate the reduction of the interest.

It may be hoped that Mr. GLADSTONE's economical experiments may not, as in 1853, be interrupted by the burdensome consequences of a rash and timid foreign policy. The existing Two and a Half per Cent. stock was then created by a conversion of the South Sea and of some other minor stocks. It was Mr. GLADSTONE's avowed object to establish a market for stock of the lower rate of interest, in the hope that it might tend to accelerate a general reduction of the annual charge. About ten years before, Mr. GOULBURN, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, had succeeded in a compulsory conversion of the great mass of Three and a Half per Cent. funds. It was impossible at that time to repeat the operation; but probably the measure of 1853 might have gradually effected its object, if the Russian war had not shortly afterwards begun. Mr. GLADSTONE, though he was then not in the front rank of the Ministry, contributed to the disastrous policy of his colleagues the absurd device of taking a vote for the expense not only of sending the Guards to Malta, but of bringing them home. A series of invitations to encroachment was readily accepted by the Emperor NICHOLAS; and one result was that the reduction of the interest on the debt was postponed for thirty years. Mr. CHILDERS shares, at least nominally, the responsibility of summoning the Conference on the affairs of Egypt which seems to almost all politicians outside the Cabinet pregnant with danger, if not with war. The success of the proposals embodied in the Budget is contingent on good fortune, which, however welcome, will be undeserved.

FOREIGN OPINION ON EGYPT.

IT is as easy for those who manage the affairs of this great Empire to make too little, as it is to make too much, of foreign judgments respecting it. Yet to ignore it altogether is infatuation. Men engaged in the actual conflicts of political life have undoubtedly a touch of certain facts of the situation which a mere spectator cannot have. Nevertheless, in many cases the spectator's judgment is more trustworthy. The actors in great political events cannot, do what they will, view them impartially. They are—in this country at least—tied by Parliamentary tradition; by party ties, which men long engaged in public life find it hard, and often impossible, to break; and by the bonds which their past words and actions put upon them. An intelligent observer of public affairs who has never sat in Parliament will for this reason often give a much sounder opinion respecting them than one who has. In the first place, he feels free to speak just as he thinks; and, in the next, his thoughts are shaped by the evidence which comes before him, and not by forces which have nothing at all to do with evidence. For this reason, in all important affairs, a wise man, before committing himself to any line of action, will take pains to gather, not only the views both of his friends and of his opponents, but also and particularly of those who are presumably impartial. He will not seek the opinion of others because he has not an opinion or purpose of his own, but simply because no one can act effectively who ignores the opinion, and consequent action or inaction, of others. Those who are in favour of a policy directed to national and imperial, not to cosmopolitan or humanitarian, ends will be on these grounds not inclined to let the movements of foreign opinion escape their notice. It is not that an English Government should follow the advice of foreign Governments or the tendencies of public opinion in any country abroad. On the contrary, our policy should be simply national and imperial; but a just estimate of the nature and strength of foreign feeling is a factor in the estimate of how and why the policy which we have at heart is feasible.

Now the present Government has contrived to treat foreign opinion with ideal stupidity. On the one hand, it has attached a morbid importance to it; and, on the other, has not looked it in the face to see whether or not there was anything in it to be feared. In the words, in the acts, and, it may be safely said, in the thoughts of the Cabinet, the one thing only that can be construed into something like a resolute purpose has been to look to somebody else to make up their minds for them. And, like most people who do not know their own minds, they have earned nothing but the contempt of those to whom they now helplessly look for guidance. The one thing which in the course of Mr. GLADSTONE's present administration has won the respect of foreign opinion—and we can safely appeal both to the action of foreign Governments and to the whole tone of the foreign press for the accuracy of this

assertion—was the first intervention in Egypt. It is true that wiser counsels might and ought to have made it unnecessary. But when the emergency came, the Ministry for once acted with vigour and intelligence. And at that particular moment their vigour and intelligence stood out in striking contrast with the vacillating and unintelligible policy of the other Powers most nearly interested in the Egyptian question. Public opinion in France was unwilling that that country should co-operate with England in Egypt for fear of the wider complications which French action might involve. Public opinion in Italy was in favour of co-operation with England. Italy was also materially ready for co-operation, for at the moment of our intervention the annual manœuvres of the Italian army had placed a more than sufficient body of troops on a war footing. But the Italian Cabinet, with the infirmity of policy which the state of parties in the Chamber has long encouraged, ignored both the plain interests of Italy and the plain feeling of the country. The opportunity was let slip, and England was suffered to do the work alone. For the first time since the fall of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Administration, it seemed that something intelligible, purposeful, and manful inspired HER MAJESTY'S Ministers. We agree with both Conservative and Radical critics that the war—or, as Mr. GLADSTONE prefers to call it, the military operations—in Egypt ought not, with the reasonable management which all sensible men use in their private affairs, to have ever happened at all. Nevertheless, granting the errors which led up to anarchy in Egypt, it cannot be denied that our intervention became at last imperative; and that intervention restored to this country much of the credit and authority which a couple of years of Gladstonian rule had caused it to forfeit.

If only that intervention had been the result of a settled policy, and not of a spasm! If only it had been the action of serious statesmen, dealing with weighty affairs in a far-sighted spirit, and not the chance effort of a divided Cabinet! But such as it was, it placed England in the position which she must always maintain as the preponderating Power on the Nile; and all that has happened since—the blunders, the vacillations, the alternate fits of temerity and cowardice, the mixture of "bloodguiltiness" and of turning one's cheek to the smiter, the evasions and the equivocations, the reckless confidence in a single man, and the scandalous indifference to his safety—all have not undone the effect of our intervention. We are still there; it depends only on ourselves whether we stay there or not; and, if we go, another Power, or other Powers, will be there in our place. We are there, too, it must be remembered, far more by the force of opinion than of arms. It is the intrinsic reasonableness of our claim to preponderate in Egypt which alone can permanently enable us to do so. If France were now to attempt in Egypt the same *coup de main* which she carried out three years ago in Tunis, the first successes would be on her side. And, if England is to maintain her place possibly, but not necessarily, as the protecting Power, though assuredly as the Power which must exclude the protectorate of others, we shall do so by (next to our own resolution and intelligence) the common agreement of the world that our interests there are more permanent and more substantial than those of other countries. There is little that is sentimental in our relations with Egypt. Much, though perhaps not all, of the interest which the French people take in that country is an affair of mere windy feeling. NAPOLEON, in telling his troops at the battle of the Pyramids that forty centuries were looking down upon them, gave them to understand, with archæological inaccuracy but with much practical knowledge of the French character, what the main interest of France in Egypt amounts to. It is, for the most part, a sentiment without historical, political, or geographical foundation. NAPOLEON appeared as a conqueror in Cairo and Alexandria, as he did in most European capitals, except the one in which we write; but the French expedition to Egypt, which ended in defeat at our hands, gives France no more prescriptive right to speak with authority on Egyptian affairs than the still more disastrous campaign of 1812 would justify her in taking a similar tone with regard to Russia. Our own interests in Egypt are real, vital, imperial.

We have followed with some care the course of foreign opinion on the Egyptian question, as reflected in the newspapers; and the agreement of opinion among those who are friendly, unfriendly, and indifferent to this country in condemning the action of our Government is so strong as to leave no doubt in any mind open to reason as to how others see us. Whether Mr. GLADSTONE is infallible, and the rest of the world under a strong delusion, may be an interesting question for speculation. CARLYLE somewhere tells the story of the man who stood on his head in public, and then declared that all the bystanders were topsy-turvy. It may be said in reply to what we are now observing that the French papers are naturally embittered against us. Nevertheless, when we do anything sensible and consecutive, they speak of us, not indeed kindly, but with respect. If the tone of the German press has been, ever since Mr. GLADSTONE'S accession to office, often unfriendly and generally contemptuous, is the cause to be sought in German lack of intelligence, or in the mistakes of our own Government? Are we, as a nation, at the present moment prospering in the world? Do we find any of the outward and visible tokens that other nations think well of us? If there is a foreign country where Mr. GLADSTONE enjoys an especial personal prestige it is Italy. Yet we believe that we are accurate in saying that no single journal which speaks with the least authority has failed to condemn his recent policy. Indeed, outside the columns of the merely party organs in England we should be glad to know what paper in any part of the world with a reputation to gain or to lose maintains that the present course of our Government is wise or creditable. CAVOUR, not a less sagacious statesman than Mr. GLADSTONE, made it a cardinal point of his policy to win over the public opinion of Europe to his side before making his astonishing strokes of policy; and Prince BISMARCK, who cannot be said to be even inferior in sagacity to CAVOUR, has repeatedly shown, in opposition to his personal tastes and inclinations, how truly he deems it a power which cannot be safely ignored by the strongest and most autocratic Minister.

CREMATION AT WESTMINSTER.

IT would perhaps have been better for the reputation of the House of Commons if, according to the new Radical theory of its duties, Dr. CAMERON'S Cremation Bill had been voted upon without being debated. There is doubtless a good deal to be said for the decision and against it; but the speakers for and against contrived, with remarkable ingenuity and unanimity, either not to say it or to say it as badly as possible. Neither Dr. CAMERON nor any of his supporters grappled manfully with the obvious difficulty that the practice they champion adds to the danger of insufficiently certified deaths, and that the measure which they advocate made no attempt to improve or strengthen the present means of certification. None of them really faced the strong, though perhaps exaggerated, sentimental dislike to the practice, and several of them exaggerated the supposed religious dislike. On the other hand, none of the opponents of the Bill attempted to tackle seriously the very awkward fact that, according to high and unchallenged judicial opinion, there is absolutely nothing to prevent all of us from cremating each other in our back gardens except the possible objection of the neighbours. Cremation, since Mr. Justice STEPHEN'S decision in the matter of Dr. PRICE, stands in precisely the same position as organ-grinding. If anybody with a *locus standi* objects to the organ-player, he must not grind in a certain place; and if anybody with a *locus standi* objects to the cremator, he must not cremate in a certain place; but otherwise there is no more possibility of stopping cremation than there is of putting an end to the murdering of "Là ci darem" or "Che farò?"

If Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had announced any intention of taking steps to put this anomalous condition of things out of its condition of anomaly, if Sir RICHARD CROSS had urged his successor to take any such steps, both would have been in relatively strong positions. But at present they seem to be of opinion that, if they cannot stop indecent cremation, at least they can take care not to organize cremation into something like decency. The impartial inadequacy of the general argument on both sides was faithfully sustained in points of detail. When Dr. CAMERON talks about prohibiting cremation being a reactionary step, he talks language which is good enough for a local Caucus, but which really ought not to be talked before the House of Commons. A man who starts back from a dead cat or an open drain takes a reactionary step—and a very sensible one. The cursed word "reactionary" has not in itself any more virtue or vice than the blessed word "Mesopotamia." On the other hand, the remarkable collection of miscellaneous and

inaccurate learning which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT brought together was not much more relevant than it was accurate. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and that great authority WACHSMUTH think that the Greeks did not burn their dead as a general practice. LUCIAN, who perhaps knew the Greeks as well as WACHSMUTH, and who was nearly as clever a man as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, says exactly the contrary. Moreover, Sir WILLIAM ought surely to have remembered what is perhaps the finest passage in all Greek poetry, that which tells how the balance-holder ARES, the changer of bodies for gold, sends to the loving ones at home, instead of their heroes, the shapely urns filled with scanty dust fresh from the pyre. But perhaps ÆSCHYLUS, as a wicked Tory, has been excluded from Sir WILLIAM'S recent reading. As for the disuse of burning when the Roman Empire became Christianized, it is by no means certain that this had much to do with either Christian principle or Christian prejudice. Therefore the whole parallel from ancient times is practically as valueless, on the one side, as Dr. CAMERON'S bugbear of "reactionary" is on the other. Considering, indeed, the calibre of some of the arguments used, it is rather surprising that nobody pointed out how greatly the revived use of what upholsterers are pleased to call "overmantels" would assist the convenient and seemly disposition of urns, or brought in Mr. WATHERSTON'S favourite subject of the silver duties, and argued that, with remission and the introduction of cremation, CELLINIS in shoals could not fail to be developed, and the art of the goldsmith would rise from its low estate in Britain. This would have been as amusing, and certainly as reasonable, as Mr. LABOUCHERE'S remarkable statement that opposition to cremation is opposition to the laws of nature, or Sir RICHARD CROSS'S equally remarkable, though more accurate assertion, that practical politics are not governed by philosophy. Apparently Mr. LABOUCHERE is under the impression that spontaneous combustion is the natural end of a body left to itself; otherwise it is not easy to see how those who oppose cremation oppose the laws of nature. And if practical politics are not governed by philosophy (which, considering the Government which has now been in power for four years, is quite true) so much the worse for practical politics.

It is unfortunate that no one in the House took the trouble to clear away all this rubbish on both sides, with other rubbish (such as the plaintive remark of a right reverend prelate not long ago, that the dead were shouldering the living out of the country), and to discuss the matter reasonably. There is a very great deal to be said on both sides. But the first thing to be said is, that obviously things cannot go on as they are. It is disgraceful to public decency that such a proceeding as that recently carried out in Wales should be permitted, and yet not in some way or other regulated. It is not only disgraceful, but it is extremely dangerous. Had the man LAMSON, instead of committing the clumsy crime for which he justly suffered, taken a house in some unfrequented district, poisoned his brother in-law, furnished the district registrar with a proper certificate, and cremated the body, *à la* Dr. PRICE, on a neighbouring moor or hill, it would appear that there would have been not only no means of detecting his crime, but none of interfering with his proceedings. There is thus in the present state of things at once a public scandal and a public danger. If it be thought that the extreme difficulty of guarding against foul play with cremation, the undoubted feeling against it which exists in the minds of a large number of people, and the difficulty of arranging for it either on a large or small scale, be decisive, then let some means be taken to prevent such performances as those of Pontypridd. If, on the other hand, the arguments of the innovators find favour (among which arguments Dr. CAMERON'S talk about reaction is certainly not to be counted), then let some Bill with better and stronger safeguards than those of Dr. CAMERON'S very unskilfully-drawn measure be devised and presented to Parliament. Between these two courses there is, as the law has now been declared to stand, no middle course. When Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT tried to meet the case against him by saying that, "as far "as he knew, the law was silent about cannibalism," he used one of those arguments which continually surprise his friends and enemies alike. It is difficult to understand how such a very clever man can say such very silly things. Perhaps in his capacity as Home Secretary Sir WILLIAM has heard of several cases of cannibalism in England recently, of an active if not considerable section of the population who are anxious to become cannibals, of restaurants arranged for their gratification, and applications to the City Markets Commissioners for stalls in Farringdon Street. Other people have not heard of these things, but they have heard of parallels to all of them in the case of cremation. On the other hand, the scientific advocates of cremation will be ill advised if they continue to urge their cause by drawing ghastly and loathsome pictures of the state of matters among the cold *Hic jacets* of the dead. That sort of thing is far more likely to create a possibly illogical, but certainly not unnatural, resentment against the wanton profanation of thoughts and memories sacred to all who think and feel. There are those no doubt to whom the idea of "two handfuls of white dust "shut in an urn of brass" is less melancholy, just as there are those to whom it is more melancholy than the idea of OPHELIA'S transformation; and it is quite impossible to balance or to decide between two moods of feeling. But in, at least, the preliminary stage the question is not one of feeling at all, or rather of a feeling which ought to be common to both sides. Irregular cremation is both a nuisance, a danger, and a scandal; it can only be stopped as a nuisance, and doubtfully as that. This is a state of things which calls for some action—whether action by way of prohibition, or action by way of regulation, is a question which might well have been discussed in Parliament, but unluckily was not.

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY.

THE grotesque names of the new explosives continue to be as familiar in our mouths as ever. Three or four times every week we hear that some villany has been done, or attempted, or threatened with them. Even when they are not mentioned, the class of person who uses them is found to be busy somewhere. It has got to such a pitch that every disaster is at once attributed, if not to dynamite, at least to the dynamiter. When a railway-bridge in Spain gives way, and kills more than a hundred passengers, it is instantly concluded that an Advanced Republican has been at work. Happily inquiry generally shows that misfortunes of this kind can be more plausibly attributed to the good old forces of folly and bad workmanship. The bridge in Spain probably came down, like the bridge over the Tay, because of the dishonesty of the contractor—a conspirator whose success in killing ought to turn the dynamiter green with envy. We are gradually learning more about the real nature of this latter pest. The preliminary inquiries into the charges against EGAN and DALY, otherwise DENMAN, now being conducted at Birmingham and Liverpool are in the highest degree instructive. Whether or not it is ultimately proved that the prisoners are guilty, there can be no doubt that a knot of equally silly and malicious intriguers have been very busy preparing mischief in this country for some years past.

The contents of the tin pot found under the elder-tree in EGAN'S garden are both funny and instructive; but much the most remarkable thing about them is their existence. The tin pot contained an elaborate constitution of something called the Irish Republic, and a variety of other documents of a highly compromising character. From these papers it appears that there are a number of conspirators in the Northern counties, and probably elsewhere, who cannot persuade themselves that they really are conspiring until they have written it all down on a big piece of paper. Then they shut the precious document safely up in a can, and hide it just where even a Scotland Yard detective would have sense enough to go and look for it. One of their intelligent chiefs carefully adds a number of other proofs of guilt, so as to make the discovery of their *caché* as dangerous as it was certain. If some cowardly crime did not come every now and then to show that they are in earnest after their mean fashion, it would seem that we had to deal here with a set of boys whose heads had been turned by reading penny-dreadfuls. The constitution is a piece of literature such as has been common enough from Servia to Peru for many a day. According to CARLYLE the disease of description-making came in just when JENNER had succeeded in nearly exterminating small-pox. The disease of constitution-making broke out about the same time, and has raged with equal fury ever since. The Irish have suffered from it as acutely as anybody, though, owing to the vigilance of the brutal Saxon physician, not quite so publicly. The last

constitution—the last, that is, for the present—is, as far as can be judged by extracts, quite as good as many others, European and American, for which innumerable heroes have sworn to die. All the "whereases" and "thereofs" are in their right places. It proceeds duly from things to persons, and is illustrated by "another lengthy Fenian document" intended to show how the constitution is to work under the existing peculiar circumstances. The lengthy document sets forth the duty of every B. to his A., and is very explicit on the important questions of subscriptions. It is the first duty of a good Irish conspiracy to provide for A. and B. There are many nice little places in it for secretaries, civil and military, who are to recruit "boys" and collect pennies, which they also have the charming privilege of spending. How the pennies were spent is, naturally, not always plain. With a delightfully Irish ingenuity and prudence, the various officers of this conspiracy kept all their really dangerous receipts and accounts. From these it appears that, with appropriate gratitude, they have done something to encourage the trade of friendly Birmingham by buying arms. A few hundred rifles and revolvers were bought and stowed away till the happy day came for upsetting the British Empire; but a considerable margin must, however, have been left which was disposed of in ways easy to guess at.

The State Papers of the Irish Republic deal very largely with the personal concerns of its statesmen. In style they adhere to good old models. If it were not rash to suspect their authors of so much literature, it might be supposed that they had gone to the notes of MACAULAY'S History and copied some interesting Jacobite letter. All the simple-minded old disguises are found in them as good as new. The egregious authors talk about the "firm" and "long "cloths and short" just as if this jargon were not perfectly familiar to every police in Europe. Perhaps the most Irish feature of all this scribbling is the rule laying down the law as to what is "to be done with the black list of "traitors, spies, swindlers, and other criminals in the "I.R.B." If it was to work at all it obviously had need to look after this very large section of its members. Accordingly, it is not surprising to find a JAMES BARRETT writing to "Dear EGAN" to tell him how "KILMARTIN and "three friends came from Birmingham on Sunday night," and called "G." an "informer and rotten member." This pained "G." particularly, as it was said in the presence of sixteen fellow-members of the "I.R.B.," and BARRETT wants his dear EGAN to say what is to be done under these distressing circumstances. Again, a JOHN MORAN writes to say that "a centre from Bury, a very energetic fellow," had been putting nasty questions about the disposal of the subscriptions. The centre from Bury thought the money was going in a suspicious way, and he "as good as commanded" MORAN to be more careful. This appeared to "J. F. EGAN" to "be enough to make a saint swear." It was certainly enough to irritate an Irish conspirator. Accordingly, JOHN MORAN was wigged for listening to the "poor arguments" of the stranger. A person in authority in London was called upon to punish that meddlesome centre from Bury who wanted to know how the money went. "J. D.," the person in authority, was prompt to censure and point out that this sort of thing would bring about a "visit from "Scotland Yard, as there are a great many strolling about at "the present time." "J. D." was ungrammatical, but sagacious, and there has been a visit from Scotland Yard, to be followed by many others, let us hope. The light which this bundle of nonsense throws on the character of the conspirators goes to support a suggestion already made that the use of the cat should be extended for the benefit of the dynamiters. These venomous rascals have obviously got a love of theatricals of the sham heroic kind which would make them feel the moral unpleasantness of that punishment as keenly as the physical. Flogging makes it quite impossible for the sufferer to pose as a martyr.

THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

ON Thursday there was another debate as to the CHIEF COMMISSIONER'S scheme for Hyde Park Corner. On the report of Supply Sir ROBERT PEEL fulfilled his promise to bring the matter forward again. Unfortunately his speech was somewhat blustering in tone, like that of a man who has a bad case, and knows it, which was far from the truth. Several of his assertions were loudly contradicted, and the whole debate assumed an unpleasantly ill-tempered form. Sir ROBERT attacked the Royal Academy for their evidence in the BELT and LAWES trial, and for a petition they had put into circulation that morning. This was in itself a blunder. But Sir ROBERT PEEL went further and defended the statue. Here his audience were clearly against him. The Royal Academy may, as he asserted, be a "degenerate and meretri-"cious body," whatever that may mean, but calling them so will not make WYATT'S statue a good one. The line to take was that which Sir ROBERT adopted at first. The statue was placed on the arch in the DUKE'S time, with his approval, and with that of the nation and the army. But when he went into other matters the House was not with him, and, except for the singular speech of Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE, the subject might have been considered settled when Sir ROBERT sat down. Mr. LABOUCHERE followed with a characteristic speech, and Mr. LOWTHER'S short plea, bringing back the House to a position which may be defended—namely, to the great DUKE'S own opinion—was wholly disregarded. The vote was carried by a large majority.

The speech of the CHIEF COMMISSIONER was well worthy of the speeches he made last week. He contradicted himself again and again in exactly the same odd fashion. He denied that he had sheltered himself behind the PRINCE OF WALES, and then proceeded to perform that strategical movement once more. He had only named the PRINCE "for the purpose of praising the public spirit "with which he had come forward." The PRINCE OF WALES will, no doubt, be highly flattered by this extraordinary excuse. Having patronized the PRINCE OF WALES, Mr. LEFEVRE proceeded to assert that Mr. BOEHM is an Englishman. As we observed last week, the one redeeming feature of the business consists in the undoubted power of Mr. BOEHM to give us a good work of art. Had Mr. LEFEVRE taken that line every one would have been with him. But when he says that Mr. BOEHM is an Englishman he challenges contradiction on all sides. He went on to repeat that three of the leading sculptors of the day refused to compete, but did not either give their names or explain why he had asked them to follow such a course. Neither did he say why, if he had wished English sculptors to compete, he appointed Mr. BOEHM without competition. In short, a lamer apology has seldom been put before the House; and Mr. LEFEVRE had much better have held his tongue, the more so as Mr. RYLANDS denied, on the part of two eminent sculptors, that they had been asked to compete. The result of the whole affair is that for months, perhaps for years, to come Hyde Park Corner will be in an incomplete state; and eventually we may have a fine foreign statue to add to the other foreign statues which testify to the countrymen of GIBSON and FOLEY that they cannot practise the art of sculpture.

COASTING AND TOBOGANNING.

THE severity of the American winter, with its continuous ice and its lasting snows, is made a source of pleasure by the ingenious and hardy people. Their winter sports are numerous and healthful. Skating is popular with all classes, and the number of experts is very large. Sleighing is also a common amusement; and, after a good fall of snow, the Seventh Avenue Boulevard at New York is one of the most animated places that one could wish to see. Curling is played by the Scotch residents, and an occasional game of baseball on ice is seen. Ice-yachting, of which we propose hereafter to give some account, is a unique and exciting sport. Nothing, however, is more popular in localities adapted to its enjoyment than coasting, which is simply sliding downhill on a small sledge. In Canada the people have almost given up the ordinary style of coasting for a variation of the sport known as tobogganning.

All that is necessary for the full enjoyment of coasting is a hill, with a good open bit of roadway at its bottom, a moderate amount of well-packed snow, and the sledge—or, as it is commonly called, sled. These sleds are simple contrivances, admirably adapted to the purpose for which they are used. The favourite kind is made of three pieces of board, one for the seat and one for each runner. The seat is sawed out in front in concave form, and at the rear has a convex overhang, like the stern of a cutter. The object of the concavity in front is to allow the rider, who sits well forward, free play for his feet in guiding the sled. The runners begin at the extremities of the concave front, and terminate at the point where the convexity of the overhang begins. They are made of solid pieces of wood, from six to eight inches high, and

are shod with iron runners having convex faces. A sled made in this manner is very solid and durable, and has the quality, much desired by the American boy, of sitting close to the ground. It rides over uneven places in the course with great ease, and is guided with facility. There is another kind of sled, known as a jumper from the tendency it has to jump when passing over a slight unevenness in the ground. Its runners are made like those of a sleigh, with stanchions, and are shod with flat irons.

The favourite places for coasting in cities are unfrequented streets on hillsides. The pastime naturally wears the surface of the snow very smooth, and makes it unsafe for pedestrians or horses. Hence city ordinances usually forbid coasting within certain limits. Within the boundaries of every American city, however, can be found streets laid out, but with no houses in them. Here the small boy revels in his sport. He goes to the top of the hill with his sled, and, if he has room for a companion, takes the forward seat, with his friend behind. The force of gravity starts the sled down the slippery inclined plane. Every moment increases its speed, and before the bottom of the hill is reached it is going at a pace that quite takes away one's breath. The rider who sits in front guides the sled by occasionally striking the heel of his shoe into the snow, thus drawing the head of the sled the way he wishes it to go. This is the decorous method of coasting. It must be said, however, that the American boy, with his usual delight in being unbeautiful, is fonder of coasting in a much less dignified style. He likes, to borrow an expression from the game of euchre, to "go it alone." He seizes the sled in his arms and clasps it to his breast, with a mingled air of affection and delightful anticipation. Then he launches himself forward. The sled lights upon its runners, and the boy face downward upon the sled, the principal point of contact being in the region of the waistband of the boy's trousers. A momentary expression of surprise and regret may overspread the countenance of the boy at the shock of contact, but it soon fades away as the exhilaration of plunging downhill head foremost makes itself felt throughout his being, and he delivers many more lunges out behind with his stoutly-shod feet than are necessary for the skilful direction of his vehicle. Coasting may be enjoyed by a large party on one sled. The American boys are very fond of large sleds, and the principal kind is known as the "double-ripper." It is made by placing a long and narrow platform upon two sleds, one at each end. The front sled is attached to the platform by a pivotal contrivance, which permits of the sleds being turned to one side or the other in steering. The rear sled is fastened firmly. A party of ten or a dozen persons may mount such a sled, and, guided by some experienced coaster, go skimming down the hillside and along the level ground at the bottom for a surprising distance. The greatest coasting place in the United States is probably Boston Common. In this public park, situated in the heart of the city of Boston, there is one long walk which runs diagonally across the entire common. There is no steep incline, but a gentle descent, which makes coasting there a very safe and exhilarating, though not thrilling, sport. But the number and variety of sleds which are to be seen there, and the enthusiasm with which the Boston boy goes into the fun, make the scene enjoyable to the spectators, of whom there is always a goodly number. The best coasting on the American continent is undoubtedly at the falls of the Montmorenci, near Quebec. Away through the highlands to the north-east of the city the river forces its way until its waters are suddenly crowded into a narrow gorge, whence they fall a sheer two hundred feet into the St. Lawrence. A ceaseless cloud of dense mist arises from these falls, and when the pool below is frozen over, as it always is in winter to within a few feet of the foot of the falls, the mist collects as it descends, and is gradually frozen into two immense cones. One of these, known as the gentlemen's cone, is shaped like a sugar-loaf, and rises to the height of 150 ft.; the other is less lofty, reaching to an altitude of about 75 ft., and is flatter on the top. This is the ladies' cone. Steps are cut in the sides, and by dint of hard climbing the ardent coasters reach the top. Boys with iron-shod *traineaux*, or sleds, are always ready for employment. The coaster seats himself on the sled, with the boy in front to guide, and away they go down the steep and glassy side of the cone, at a pace that is appalling to the inexperienced, and always thrilling to the oldest lovers of the sport. The impetus gained is so great that the sleds sometimes run a mile over the smooth surface of the frozen river.

But in Canada, where winter sports are, perforce, cultivated to the highest point, the great pastime of the people, from the Governor-General down, is Tobogganing. This is coasting, as we have before hinted, in a different form. The tobogan is made of a piece of thin, tough wood, usually birch bark, though any wood that is fibrous and pliable will answer the purpose. The wood should be about $\frac{1}{4}$ths of an inch in thickness, and the tobogan is from 15 to 24 inches wide, and from 4 to 8 ft. long. This piece of wood is curved upward in front, and the forward end is held in place by a brace on each side. The tobogan is further strengthened by a light rod, about an inch thick, running along each side, and by several cross pieces of similar size. The tobogan is nothing more or less than an Indian sledge, and the name is a corruption of an Indian word. When the Indian goes to the woods in the winter to cut wood, or to shoot game, he always takes his tobogan with him to use in drawing home his load. Its broad, flat surface makes it ride lightly over the snow. This is its normal use, but the Canadians have found a way to make it an instrument of fun; and like all things that are adopted by pleasure-loving people of means, it has developed from a rather rough contrivance into something elaborate and often costly. The sport of tobogganning has grown immensely in popular favour within the past twenty years. The method of operation is apparently simple, but all who have tried it are quite ready to acknowledge that it requires coolness and skill. The present way is this:—a soft cushion is laid on the tobogan, and on this ladies and gentlemen—not more than three—seat themselves, with their legs tucked up in front of them, much in the manner of a tailor. The steersman mounts behind on the left knee, the right leg being used as a rudder. Having seen his passengers comfortably seated, he gives the tobogan a start, and away they go down the hill at a constantly increasing pace. Ten, twenty miles an hour are slow; the tobogan often goes at the rate of thirty. Formerly the steersman sat in front and guided the tobogan by the use of a bit of stick in each hand. If the head of the tobogan went too much to the right, he plunged the right hand piece of stick into the snow, thus drawing the tobogan in that direction. This had to be done very gently, as a too forcible dig would pull the vehicle round too far, and over it would go. It had, and has still, a provoking way of righting itself and going off down the hill at a tremendous pace before the scattered riders could regain their feet. The tobogan must be treated with gentleness and forbearance. It is a restive steed, and will not brook rough treatment, as many a tiro has found to his discomfiture. In the old days, when the tobogan slide was *au naturel*, the glacis of the citadel was the favourite spot at Quebec and Kingston, while at Montreal it was the mountain. Now, however, tobogganing is a cultivated plant and the slides are built for the purpose. An inclined plane 50 ft. high and about 150 ft. long is built of heavy timbers. On one side is a walk by which the tobogganing parties return to the top after having slid down. The central part of the plane is divided into two or three slides with ridges of snow between them. The slide itself is well sluiced with water in good freezing weather, and soon presents a glassy surface. The tobogans fly down these perfectly smooth sides at an astounding rate, and run far along the level ground at the bottom. Montreal has five clubs for the cultivation of this sport, and each has its own slide. The Montreal Club, founded in 1879, until recently was the only one. It has a fine ground on the mountain-side above Sherbrooke Street, near Côte St.-Antoine. It has four slides, one 800 ft. long, the others 500 ft., and a club-house. The Tuque Bleue Club, founded November 26, 1883, has now more than 500 members. It has an artificial slide, 40 ft. high, at the Montreal Lacrosse grounds. The slide is 32 ft. wide, has four four-foot shoots and two stairways, and is 450 yards long. The Park Club, which was formed about the end of November, 1883, has now over 600 members. The club has a wooden shoot, or slide, 20 ft. high and 140 ft. long. The entire course, however, is about 1,400 ft. long, and has a descent of 84 ft. The Lansdowne Tobogganing Club, named after the Governor-General, was formed on December 22. The Governor-General and Lady Lansdowne have become its patrons. It already has over 350 members. The slide is on Fletcher's Field, a wide public space below the mountain. It begins with a wooden shoot, 12 ft. high and 50 ft. long, and the entire course is 600 ft. in extent. The Beaver Club was organized on January 14, 1884, and already numbers more than 100 members. The wooden shoot at Marlborough and St. Mary Streets is 12 ft. high and 112 ft. long, with a course of 600 ft. extending upon the river. On ordinary nights these courses are illuminated with torches and large lamps. Chinese lanterns and decorative illuminations are employed on special occasions.

Of course, during the great ice carnival at Montreal, tobogganing is at its height. The costumes of the various clubs are picturesque, and the dresses of the ladies are arranged with a special view to producing a pretty effect. One would think that the position of a lady upon a tobogan must necessarily be awkward; but the Canadian women, who are straight, strong, healthy, and comely beings, are adepts at the management of their costumes. The Governor-General took the first ride down the slide of the club bearing his name at the recent carnival, thus formally opening it. The town lived on tobogans, skates, and snow-shoes; and visitors from the United States went home to dream that they were tobogganing down hills 1,000 feet high with no tobogan.

LEO XIII. ON THE FREEMASONS.

THE Encyclical against the Freemasons issued by Leo XIII. on April 20 can have taken nobody by surprise. The fact that his predecessors, as the document words it, "recognized this deadly enemy for what it was, and what it aimed at, the moment it left the obscurity of a secret conspiracy to step into the light of day"—to say nothing of the present tension of the relations of Church and State in Italy—would alone sufficiently explain such a procedure. And in fact his Holiness began by referring to the censures of some previous Popes, dating from Clement XII., who issued the first Constitution on the subject in 1738, and including the illustrious names of Benedict XIV. and Pius VII. And in its present form the Society cannot be considered older than the beginning of the eighteenth century, though it already includes more than 10,000 lodges and 100,000 members, and its own

traditions claim for it no less remote an origin than the reign of Solomon, or even the Creation or the Flood, and thus Moses is alleged to have been grand master, and Aholiab and Bezaleel grand wardens. Others have variously connected it with the Templars, or the Rosicrucians, or the Assassins, and in later days with the Illuminati and the Carbonari. Certainly, as Hallam observes, it would be interesting to know more of the antecedents of the Society at a period when Masons were literally architects, and when it is remarkable that "they were never *legally* incorporated like other trades, their bond of union being stronger than any charter"; indeed their chapters are prohibited in an Act of Parliament of 3 Henry VI., because they fixed the price of labour contrary to the Statute of Labourers. But unfortunately, as Hallam adds, "the subject has been treated only by panegyrists and calumniators, both equally mendacious," and accordingly little is really known about it. Into the earlier history of the Order, if it had one, the Encyclical does not enter; we may have a word to say about it by-and-bye. Meanwhile the sweeping assertion of a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, that "no one now believes the stupid slander that Freemasons are engaged in any definite conspiracy against the State, religion, or social order," can hardly be accepted as it stands. There is at all events a very widespread impression that in this respect Freemasonry on the Continent differs greatly from its English form, and the same writer indeed himself adds that there is something in their fundamental principles, their indifference to theological beliefs, and their recent movements, which perhaps justifies the suspicion and even hatred with which they are regarded by Ultramontanes; and moreover "the German, Dutch, Belgian, and French magazines of the craft occasionally exhibit a temper which is not favourable to Christianity." It is hardly wonderful that an Association avowedly based on an ideal of unity, which at least ignores all distinctions of creed, and pays *e.g.* equal honour to the Bible in a Christian and the Koran in a Mahometan country, should be looked on with suspicion by many Christian believers who are not Ultramontanes, or even Roman Catholics. It cannot anyhow be denied that the Pope has a plausible case for his denunciation, and he is no doubt correct in saying that some even among the Masons have confessed that, assuming the principles of the Catholic Church, this action of her pontiff was amply justified. What strikes one indeed on the surface of the Encyclical, as compared with former papal utterances on the subject, is the moderation of its tone. It seems to be the ambition of Leo XIII. to restate from an historical standpoint, or what at all events he regards as such, the leading principles on burning questions of the day affirmed by his predecessors in a more uncompromising and arbitrary fashion. He does not condemn the Freemasons without explaining in detail the errors with which he holds them to be chargeable, and is careful to add that many excellent persons belong to the Society in ignorance of its true character. But a brief analysis of the Encyclical will best convey to our readers a knowledge of its general purport.

After referring to the warnings of former Popes, which however have failed adequately to arrest the growth of the movement, he notices the immense strides it has made during a century and a half, and the dangers thence ensuing to all authority both in Church and State, especially the latter, for the foundations of the Church are too secure to be shaken by any human power. Hence he resolved, from the moment of his accession, to do what he could to meet this serious danger, and he has already dealt with the question in previous Encyclicals directed against Socialism and Communism. For the Masonic must be viewed as one of many secret Societies, differing in origin, name, and form, but all alike bound by secret oaths imposed as a condition of membership, and having in the main a common policy and a common end. In this secresy and "sliness" they resemble the old Manicheans. There is also an oath of implicit obedience imposed, and those who neglect it, or betray the secrets of the craft, are threatened, and sometimes visited, with "extreme punishment," so dexterously inflicted that the police are unable to detect the criminals. This refers of course to the current reports of the assassination of persons deserting the Society and betraying its secrets. All this however must be understood of the sect "viewed as a genus," and having affiliated and cognate societies, not of the individual members, many of whom, though not free from blame in joining it at all, are ignorant of its real aims, and take no part in carrying them out. It has also different branches, and those who belong to one may know nothing of the more extreme theories professed in others. This is more or less true probably of the different "degrees" of Masonry, those who are initiated into the lower only not being acquainted with the special teaching imparted to members who pass into a higher grade. There are however, according to the Encyclical, certain leading principles common to all alike, and first that of "Naturalism," which denies divine revelation and therefore repudiates all dogmatic religion; hence its special enmity is directed against the Catholic Church, the authoritative guardian and exponent of that revelation. And from this follows a policy not merely of absolute separation of Church and State, and the entire exclusion of religion from public and national life, but of actual persecution of the Church, her clergy, her religious orders, and her primate, as exhibited in his deprivation of all civil power and the consequences which have flowed from it. Even on the principle of theism—which the Naturalists as such profess to maintain, while rejecting revelation—they are not agreed, and many among them repudiate religious belief altogether, and thus the very foundation not only of supernatural and Christian but of natural virtue is undermined, since the distinction of right and wrong and the law of justice and morality depend on the acknowledgment of a Divine Creator and Moral Ruler of the world; and this acknowledgment is weakened or imperilled, if not actually withheld. Moreover their denial of original sin and the consequent weakness and imperfection of human nature is fatal to the due practice of self-restraint and the cultivation of virtuous habits. Then again their treatment of marriage as a purely civil contract is no less fatal to the highest interests of domestic society, while their doctrine of human equality strikes at the stability of all civil government. On this disintegration of all authority, ecclesiastical, civil, or domestic, the Encyclical dwells at some length, noting that the Masons have meanwhile cunningly and hypocritically managed to ingratiate themselves with civil rulers in order the more readily by their aid to oppress the Church. On the other hand there can be no real conflict of interests between Church and State, which should mutually respect and support the rights belonging respectively to each in the Providence of God. In conclusion the Pope urges on the bishops and clergy the duty of employing all available means for the extirpation of "this impure plague, which is creeping through all the veins of the State." In the first place, the Masonic conspiracy should be unmasked and exhibited in its true colours; in the next place, the clergy are bound by assiduous preaching to impress on their flocks the sacred duties of religion, and in this great work laymen may effectually co-operate, whence the importance of fostering and propagating the Third Order of St. Francis, as well as other pious guilds and associations, such as that of St. Vincent of Paul; and above all the greatest care should be given to the formation and education of youth, as "the hope of human society," and this is an obligation which concerns both teachers and parents. Finally it is necessary to be instant in prayer, for no human efforts can avail to cast out these poisonous seeds from the Lord's field, unless the Master of the vineyard graciously deigns to accord His help to our endeavours.

There is little that can fairly be condemned as unreasonable in the substance of this Encyclical, especially in the practical advice which forms the conclusion. How far the Pope is justified in ascribing to the Masonic body the "Naturalistic" and other objectionable views with which he credits them, is a question not easy to determine in a case where the sources of authentic information, as Hallam complains, are so far to seek. It will be observed that he throughout treats the Society — as does the *Encyclopædia Britannica* — as only dating from the beginning of the last century, and takes no account of the venerable antiquity to which it lays claim, or its alleged connexion with Pythagorean, Eleusinian, and other mysterious systems in the course of its transition from the ancient to the modern world, or of the supposed relation between the old Roman *collegia* and the mediæval societies. It is said that such communities certainly existed in Gaul and Britain, and that there is evidence of invitations being sent from the West to the building corporations of Byzantium. Somewhat later the *cæmentarii* and *liberi muratores* seem to have grouped themselves round the Benedictine abbeys, and the abbots were often themselves architects. There was always a suspicion of dangerous liberalism about these societies, and they were condemned by some mediæval Councils. The charges against the Templars—which however were grossly exaggerated, if not wholly false—and their suppression at the Council of Vienne in 1311 are matter of history. But Freemasonry in its present form cannot be traced beyond the beginning of the eighteenth century. In England the first four lodges were established June 24, 1717, the leading spirits being Desaguliers, a French Huguenot, and James Anderson, a Scotch Presbyterian, who compiled the *Book of Constitutions*. There are now 60 provincial grand lodges and 1,200 lodges in England, besides a grand Chapter for the royal arch degree, a grand Lodge for the mark masters, a grand Conclave of Knights Templars, and a supreme Grand Council of the ancient and accepted rite of the 33 degrees. In Ireland the first lodge was founded in 1730 at Dublin, and there are now 350 of them; in Scotland the first grand lodge was opened in 1736, and there are now 400. We cannot stay to trace the history of the craft on the Continent, where it is very generally credited with a political and revolutionary character. In America there was a strong anti-Masonic agitation in 1826, caused by the kidnapping and supposed murder of a man called Morgan of Batavia by the Masons. There are several negro lodges in the United States. It is probably true, as has been asserted, that "Masonry takes its colouring in each country from the state of thought and feeling by which it is surrounded," and this may help to account for the alleged diversity of English and foreign Masonry; but it seems to be also true that its general tendency is in a democratic and non-Christian direction, though very many of its members may be both loyal subjects and orthodox Christians. The name of Free Mason has been derived from the Norman-French *Frère Maçon*, but various derivations are suggested for the word Mason. Between the fierceness of its Jesuit assailants, who found an eloquent spokesman in the author of *The Jew of Verona*, and the enthusiasm of attached panegyrists, it is difficult for outsiders, who are neither Jesuits nor Freemasons, to attain to any exact knowledge of the true state of the case. And until some further information is forthcoming they may be pardoned if they incline to the alternative suggested by Balaam, and neither bless altogether

nor curse altogether a sect which comes before them in so questionable a shape that it absolutely refuses to be questioned. But the presumption must always lie against any secret association that its secrets are either too trivial or too criminal for exposure.

THE NEW YORK THEATRES.

As the season waxes in London it wanes in New York. In a few weeks now the assembled singers and songstresses of the world who have been divided between the rival Italian operas of New York will soon cross the raging main for the Italian opera of London. And with the departure of the Italian opera and the arrival of Barnum's Circus—his Own and Only Greatest Show on Earth—the New Yorker begins to discover that winter is past and gone, that the sudden and brief spring has arrived for a short visit, and that the torrid and tiring summer will be upon him in the twinkling of an eye. And when the New Yorker has made this discovery, the theatres find that their audiences fade and dwindle into nothingness, and that the eyes of the theatre-goer turn longingly to Coney Island, where nature provides grand effects of sea and sky and wind and wave altogether beyond the capacity of the most deft and ingenious of scenic artists.

The theatrical season which is now drawing to a close in New York began with a blare of trumpets, and bid fair to be one of the most notable in the annals of the American stage. And such indeed it has been, although it has not altogether fulfilled its promise. At the Academy of Music, the opera company consisted substantially of Mme. Adelina Patti, Mme. Etelka Gerster, and Signor Galassi—*tres voces et præterea nihil*—for the performances as a whole were unspeakably shabby. At the New Metropolitan Opera-house, the newness and rawness of the building itself, and the inexperience of the manager, united to deprive the performances of the perfection which had been promised. But the operas were handsomely mounted with all the glory of new scenery, rich costumes, and ample and appropriate accessories. Now and again Signor Stagno and Signor Campanini, Mme. Nillsson and Mme. Sembrich, Mme. Scalchi and Mme. Trebelli, took part in performances which quite came up to the high expectations excited at the beginning of the season. Herr Scaria, Herr Winckelmann, and Frau Materna are soon to give a series of Wagnerian concerts at the Metropolitan Opera-house, every seat for which was sold long before they arrived in America. At the beautiful Casino Theatre, with its rich Moorish architecture, Herr Millöcker's *Beggar Student* has been succeeded by a revival of Herr Strauss's *Merry War*, which has already had two long runs in New York, once in German at the Thalia Theater, and again in English at the Germania Theater, now the Star. The company at the Casino is one of the best ever formed anywhere for comic opera, and the performance of the *Merry War* approaches close to absolute perfection. The cast includes Mr. Frederick Leslie, Mr. W. J. Carleton, Mr. Perugini, Miss Lilly Post—a charming vocalist—and Mme. Cottrelly.

At the Star Theatre, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Henry Irving, and the Lyceum company appeared in the autumn for a month, and then set out on a tour of the chief towns of the United States. They were succeeded by Mr. Edwin Booth, by Mr. John McCullough, by Mme. Modjeska, and by histrionic artists of less importance. Neither Mr. Booth nor Mr. McCullough was seen at his best; and neither seemed to be in good spirits or in good health. The company which supported Mr. Booth was wholly unworthy of him—excepting only Mr. Eben Plympton, who acted in New York the same parts he played with Mr. Booth in London—and the performances were in marked contrast to the careful and elaborate productions which marked the early days of Mr. Booth's management of his own theatre. Mme. Modjeska's engagement was made memorable by the production of *Nadjesda*, an original drama by Mr. Maurice Barrymore, which proved to be a feast of horrors as to its incidents. It was, however, a strong and well-knit play, with a chief part affording most extraordinary opportunities to the actress. The primary situation of the prologue is not unlike a situation in M. Coppée's admirable drama *Severo Torelli*, which was produced at the Odéon in Paris about the same time that Mr. Barrymore's *Nadjesda* was done at the Star Theatre in New York. This situation is to be found substantially in the last act of Victor Hugo's *Marion Delorme*. No doubt it exists also in other plays. We note the coincidence without intending any reflection on the originality of Mr. Barrymore's play, which in other respects bears no resemblance either to *Severo Torelli* or to *Marion Delorme*.

Wallack's Theatre continues to live on the leavings of the London stage, and the only two plays which have there proved even slightly attractive and remunerative are *Moths* and *Lady Clare*. Of these the latter has been the more successful. It is well mounted, and the acting is not bad; it is machine-made acting, indeed, good enough in its way, but conventional in the worst sense of a word much misused and abused, and it is acting wholly devoid of dramatic vitality. The thick and ragged utterance of Miss Rose Coghlan and of Mr. Osmond Tearle in the chief parts lends credibility to the prevalent American belief in the existence of an alleged "English accent." The two young people are brightly and lightly played by Miss Measor and Mr. Buckstone; and Miss Helen Russell gives point and force to the impossible female villain Melissa Smale, who is from Yorkshire in the play as it is done in New York, and not from America, as in the play as it was done in London. To see *Lady Clare*, this blurred and heavy copy of the *Maître de Forges*, is to be moved to protest again against the English mania for dramatic decanting. The *Maître de Forges* is a highly ingenious novel, though plainly not of the first order of merit. In colour and feeling it is French, and this national quality is inherent in the situations, and not to be extracted by any process of "adaptation." It is a pity that we cannot have in place of this vulgarized, not to say brutalized hybrid, a simple translation or close adaptation of the original French play, retaining the essentially French characters, scenes, and flavour. At the Madison Square Theatre, where only American plays are acted, Mr. H. H. Boyesen's *Alpine Roses* has met with success. Mr. Boyesen is a Scandinavian by birth, but he went to America as a youth, and he writes English like an American. He is one of the new school of American novelists, and it was because of his success as a novelist that the management of the Madison Square asked him to write a play. *Alpine Roses* is a pretty and unpretentious idyl, founded on Mr. Boyesen's own short story *Ilka on the Hilltop*. At the Union Square Theatre, *Separation*, another American play by Mr. Bartley Campbell, has met with equal success. Although written before M. Sardou's *Odette*, Mr. Campbell's *Separation* is very like it; but the American play lacks the strength of motive which holds the French play together. Only the fine acting of Mr. Charles Coghlan keeps the part of the husband from being contemptible. Inadequate as the motive is, individual scenes are handled with strength, and there are lines of genuine beauty closely bordering on poetry, and the lighter scenes are in the true vein of comedy.

Altogether the most successful theatre in New York this season has been Mr. Daly's; and the latest play is perhaps the most successful. Mr. Daly was the first discoverer of the contemporary German drama. More than twenty years ago he made the first adaptation of Mosenthal's *Deborah* for Miss Bateman, who acted *Leah* throughout Great Britain and the United States. Ten years ago Mr. Daly turned his attention to German comedy, which had been singularly neglected by English dramatists. To this day *The Gu'nor* and *Where's the Cat?* and *Our Regiment* are the few recent plays of German origin known to the London stage. It is astonishing that no English manager has brought out the *Big Bonanza*, Mr. Daly's very comic adaptation of Herr von Moser's very comic *Ultimo*, or *Lemons*, Mr. Daly's version of Herr Roseu's *Citronen*. From Herr von Moser Mr. Daly also took the *Passing Regiment*, and from Herr Rosen another comic play, which he called *Needles and Pins*. From Herr d'Arronge he has adapted *Dollars and Sense*, and from Herr Schonthan *Seven-Twenty-Eight*. Mr. Daly's latest adaptation is called *Red-Letter Nights*, and it is from the German of Jacobson. It is an amusing trifle, admirably acted by Mr. Daly's admirable company. Like the other plays, it is produced in the United States by special arrangement with the German author, who receives a percentage of the gross receipts of the theatre. By several years' hard work Mr. Daly has succeeded in establishing in New York a theatre devoted to farcical comedy akin to that seen at the Criterion in London or the Palais Royal in Paris, except that Mr. Daly's plays are free from the slightest trace of the taint which clings to the deodorized drama of Gallic origin. By arrangement with Mr. Terriss of the Lyceum Theatre, Mr. Daly will bring his whole company to London in July to act for six weeks at Toole's Theatre in *Seven-Twenty-Eight* and *Dollars and Sense*, and perhaps in other of Mr. Daly's adaptations, as well as in Garrick's *Country Girl* and Cibber's *She Would and She Would Not*, two old comedy revivals in which Mr. Daly's excellent company has been very successful last season and this.

The latest addition to the many places of amusement in New York is the Eden Musée, an attempt to provide Americans with a rival to Mme. Tussaud's or the Musée Grévin. A handsome granite building, in the modern French Renaissance style, has been erected by a French company in Twenty-Third Street, near where Booth's Theatre used to be. Hitherto a really good collection of waxworks has not been seen in the United States; and the very word has a comic sound, recalling the late lamented Artemus Ward and the perennial Mrs. Jarley. It cannot be said that the present exhibition is altogether successful. The portraits are not as good as Mme. Tussaud's, and the various scenes and groups are not as well arranged as at the Musée Grévin. The models of Gambetta and of Bismarck are excellent, and those of Mr. Gladstone and President Arthur are appalling. A Napoleonic trilogy showed the neatness of the French dramatic faculty; one scene set in scenery set forth the death of the Prince Imperial in Zululand, and another set forth the death of Napoleon III. at Chislehurst, while between the two was a reproduction of Veli's statue of the "Dying Napoleon." The nationality of the artists is amusingly betrayed in most of the figures. Mr. Edison was born in Montmartre, and Washington is crossing the Delaware amid the ice in a boat propelled by Breton sailors. Even the wild roughs of the Far West who are hanging a murderer, by order of Judge Lynch, in the chamber of horrors below, passed the days and nights of their youth in the *barrières de Paris*. There is a story told—first by Mr. Locker, we believe, and then set forth in *Punch* by Mr. Du Maurier, if we mistake not—about an American Minister to England who said he had been to Mme. Tussaud's, and, when asked how he liked our waxwork, answered that it seemed to him much like any other English party. So the Musée Grévin seems much like any other

French party—though it is hard to give vivacity to a wax figure. And so the Eden Musée seems like any other American party, in which there might be a strong admixture of foreigners, and especially of Frenchmen.

SCHOOL BOARD GRIEVANCES, REAL AND FALSE.

UP to this present not one of our statements regarding the School Board has been contradicted or explained away, for the very simple reason that we set down nothing but plain facts which did not admit of denial. The Chairman and other sensible members have replied to our criticisms with perfect tone and temper, and an effort has already been made to remove the faults and abuses which we pointed out. But unhappily the Picturesque Journalist has chosen to build a superstructure of legends upon the basis of our statements, and thus the good effect of our criticisms may be decreased unless we go a little out of our way to show how much of credit the Picturesque Journalist really deserves.

Take an astounding production called "At War with the Three R's," which appears in the *Telegraph* of April 21st. An excited School Board Visitor rushes up to the parish doctor and the Correspondent, and inquires whether the medical man "regards Mrs. Barlifter as a person in possession of her senses." The convenient doctor testifies to Mrs. B.'s sanity; whereupon the official explains that the woman had just attacked him with a half-gallon saucepan, because, as she remarked, he was "one of the gang of child-killers who worked the scholars to death by means of witchcraft for the sake of the blood-money the Government allowed for the job." Like a true son of science, the doctor at once rushes off to see the fond mother and study witchcraft at the fountain-head. Mrs. Barlifter then begins an oration which is couched in a dialect hitherto left unprinted on the phonetic system. The words "thrue" and "marciful" and "murther" are used frequently; but they occur in sentences of such fine grammatical quality that it is hard to imagine a low-class Irishwoman using them. Mrs. Barlifter extracts herself with ease and propriety from the most intricate parentheses, she generally uses verb and nominative with care, and only her occasional habit of dropping into the Dublin accent prevents her speech from being dramatic and pure. She says that, in order to get the capitation grant on each child, "whenever there's a lesson that it's past human powers to dhrive into them, the masters pat the boys three times on the head, and that's the charm that works on them, and in time their brains is worn out, and they knock under as you say, doctor, and the masters get the blood-money. And so the popilation of the poor is kept down so that there may be more for the rich." The *Daily Telegraph* Correspondent heard all this, for he was in the room. Let it be observed that the brother of the murdered boy was in school the day before, "and himself heard the word capitation grant spoken of, and come and tould" Mrs. Barlifter. The day before!! And the Visitor called at the house without knowing that the over-worked boy was dead. Very well. The Correspondent went with the doctor and saw the schoolmaster, who "in six months had taught the three boys to read and write and figure beautiful." The good master was distressed, for the two brothers (one of whom was the youthful informer who ferretted out the particulars about the capitation grant and the witchcraft) had both continued to attend school after Billy was dead and buried, so Mrs. Barlifter's suspicions were unknown to the school staff, and we cannot be surprised by learning that "the master failed to see the joke." We shall now see how a plain tale will put down this remarkable literary man.

1. If the Visitor called at the house, he could only have done so on account of the marks shown in the duplicate registers sent to him weekly.

2. Billy had attended regularly for six months, so on the first occasion of his non-attendance he was marked "Absent" in the registers.

3. At twelve o'clock on the same day a formal note would have been sent asking for the reason of absence. Billy's brother would naturally take the note, and when the answer came the lad would have been marked "Sick" in the Visitor's register.

4. If the Visitor called on a child who was marked "Sick" he would have exceeded his duty and wasted time.

5. When Billy died, then Dicky would have told the master; the word "Dead" would have been inserted in the register which reaches the Visitor every Friday night.

6. If the Visitor paid a visit without looking at the register, he neglected his duty; if he paid a visit after looking at the register and seeing the entry "Dead," he was a fool.

7. If the master sent away the register without giving such easily-obtained information to the Visitor, he will be dismissed, (and deservedly dismissed), for his district and school can easily be found by the simple expedient of issuing eleven circulars to the Superintendents of Visitors.

8. The words "capitation grant" would never have been used by the master at all. The masters received until recently one-half the examination grant on reading, writing, and arithmetic; one-half the grant on class subjects; and one-half the examination grant on special subjects; but no master would talk to boys about grants, and least of all about the capitation grant.

9. *Every head teacher under the Board has been directly asked concerning the truth of the story*, and none of them know anything about it. Q.E.D.

The next story, about a lad who went first to school at eleven years of age, refused to learn because he had a companion who could read "penny dreadfuls" to him, lost his learned companion, studied primers in corners till he could read words of three syllables for himself, and then resolutely refused to study anything more than Second Standard work, is plainly ludicrous.

1. The boy lived in a fairly good neighbourhood, for he had a bed with "sacking and mattress."

2. He eluded the Visitors by his own efforts for eight years, his father evidently desiring to send him to school.

3. He would not learn writing or arithmetic.

4. Yet he passed the First and Second Standards.

5. But if he was absolutely ignorant (as the writer says) of writing and arithmetic, he must have failed in those two subjects.

6. If he failed in those two subjects, he could not pass the Second Standard, for he would have been presented for examination in the First Standard twice in successive years.

7. Therefore, he never passed the Second.

8. No Second Standard boy could read "penny dreadfuls" unless he were exceptionally forward, because the numbers are as hard as the ordinary three-volume novel.

9. No boy could teach himself (as this boy did) to read three-volume novels by two months' study.

10. Any teacher who allowed a lad to remain blankly ignorant for twenty-two months out of twenty-four would be dismissed unless the lad were imbecile.

11. Therefore the whole story is mythical.

We have exposed this silly attempt to discredit the Board, because we do not desire to be associated with such sad puerilities. We are about to bring forward certain hard and definite contentions which might be discredited if we allowed them to be classed with the blatant concoctions of picturesque scribblers.

Three weeks ago we published a statement concerning a decent working-man who had been harried by School Board clerks. The man was brought before the magistrate a second time, and spent the usual bad quarter of an hour among the thieves and brawlers; he was then put in the dock, and pleaded his cause as well as he could. The prosecuting clerk overstated the "criminal's" weekly income by 10*s.*, and the Bench imposed a fine of 3*s.* This seems rather hard luck for the poor soul. He showed nineteen certificates proving that his children have regularly attended school for ten years; he proved that his boy is now in the Sixth Standard, having passed the fifth at the last examination; yet he was worse treated than the foul-mouthed rowdies who make fun of the visitors and never dream of paying their fines. His boy received the following testimonial from the master of the school, who is a rather distinguished University man:—"——— has been with me for the last five or six years in the above school, during which time I have had ample opportunity of forming a correct estimate of his character and qualifications. I know him to be truthful and trustworthy. For a long time he was my special monitor, having charge of my class, cupboard-keys, and my private desk. He is one of the most intelligent lads I have ever had under my charge, and I consider all his work excellent. He has passed Standard V. of the Educational Departments Examination. . . . I am sure that in every way he would give the greatest satisfaction."

Further than this, it appears that the boy obtained *nine* prizes for regular and punctual attendance, and the Honour Certificate granted by the Education Department. It is evident, then, that the man who was fined must have taught his children to be honest, or his son would not have been put in charge of desks containing money and cupboards filled with tempting knick-knacks; he must have kept the boy very regularly at school for three years, or the Honour Certificate could not have been obtained; and the unusual record of nine regular attendance prizes could only have been gained by a lad who, for five years, went to school on *more than* 95 *per cent.* of the occasions on which the place was open. Judging from ordinary evidence, we are inclined to think that this fined and worried man is a good, worthy citizen who has brought up his family in a reputable way. Was there no way of dealing with him save by putting him in the dock? Could not his children, whom he has so carefully trained and educated, have been spared the pain of seeing their father ordered about by policemen? We think so. These active and intelligent clerks cost 34,000*l.* a year; yet they leave 100,000 children out of school. Why not spend some time in looking after wastrels and vagabonds, instead of pestering and mulcting a poor respectable wretch who has obeyed the law invariably? This question we leave to the public.

Some other instances of vexatious action on the part of the beadles in mufti have been brought to our notice. Most of the visitors are careful to be inoffensive; but whenever a new official caste is created by law, certain members of the caste invariably assume lordly airs towards the public, and this disposition on the part of the visitors should be sternly checked. One official lately called at the house of a scholar whose name is pretty well known in England and elsewhere. The visitor asked if the householder's children attended any school; whereupon the housekeeper said "No," adding that there were no children, and further stating that her master was unmarried. The visitor again asked if the gentleman had no children, and, on receiving the same answer, inquired, with an obvious and unpleasant insinuation, "Are you sure?" This is the true rudeness of the beadle, and we think that it might, with advantage, be stopped at once. There are irritable gentlemen who might take it badly, although of course it

may safely be ventured when only a woman is in the case. A few months ago a very poor woman alleged that she had been twice summoned, and that on each occasion the School Board officer had taken three shillings from her outside the police-court and had then sent her home. Counsel was provided for this woman, and the officer was subjected to an awkward cross-examination, but no answer could be got to the question, "Why were the two summonses not heard?" and there the matter rested. But this singular story is significant, as showing what an officer might do if he chose. It is nonsense to say that no such extortion could be practised by a tyrannical and almost irresponsible clerk. We know of several cases in which the Board has dismissed officers for extorting money from poor people. One fellow went so far as to go round and collect fines which had been actually imposed; another was sent away at a day's notice for squeezing money out of certain poor creatures whom he had frightened; another stole money on a really heroic scale; so, in the face of these examples, it is silly to talk about impossibilities. We do not wish to blame the Board unduly; we only say that their officers can make the poor very uncomfortable, and that the most rigid precautions should be taken in order that beadles may not develop into bullies. Besides gentle and benevolent visitors, who give advice and speak soft words, there are vain and petty roughs, who use their brief authority in a fashion that causes much unmerited pain to people whose lives are made hard enough without official interference.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.—I.

THE past week has been one of great excitement in the world of art. On Monday the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours and the Royal Institute opened to the public with their season's exhibitions. On Wednesday the Grosvenor, and on Friday the Royal Academy, had their "private" views; so that, in addition to the number of minor galleries, we have the four most attractive of the year all upon our hands together. In a first article it will be best to mention briefly a few pictures or sculptures which appear most meritorious, reserving detailed criticism for a future occasion. The multitude of works in the Royal Academy and in the Royal Institute contrasts unfavourably with the more select show of the Grosvenor and the old Water-Colour Society. It is, of course, well that young or struggling artists should have the chance of calling attention to their powers; but of the nearly two thousand pictures at Burlington House, of the more than one thousand at Prince's Hall, it may be asserted that the world would be very little the poorer if nine-tenths were lost; whereas it would be hard to spare even one or two from the Grosvenor or the Society's Gallery in Pall Mall. These select exhibitions are perhaps not so attractive to the general public; but they are very grateful to the critic, who finds himself saved the trouble of picking and choosing, and saved also from the fear which, in spite of what artists may say or think, most critics feel, of neglecting modest merit or the work of new artists who have their way to make in the world. The old Water-Colour Society has only tried and established painters in its ranks; and though there is, strictly speaking, no Society at the Grosvenor, an invitation to exhibit is issued to a very small company.

Taking the galleries in order we may begin with Pall Mall. There are only 301 pictures exhibited. Of these, in the order of the catalogue the most remarkable are as follows:—"View of the Amphitheatre at Pola in Istria" (6), by Mr. Glennie, a small work in size, but very large in treatment, and warm in colour; "A Lane near Dorking" (9), by Mr. Birket Foster, who also exhibits "Passing the Flock" (65), "A Windfall" (232), "An Itinerant Musician" (244), and "Gypsies" (252), all charming little works, especially the "Windfall," in which the bark of a tree is painted as only Mr. Birket Foster can paint it; "The Captive Princess" (27), by Mr. H. S. Marks, R.A., in which the birds are marvellous for their texture and their human expression, while the Princess is commonplace to the last degree; "A Deserted River-bed" (36), by Mr. A. W. Hunt, a very characteristic example of this charming artist, who also sends nine other works, some of which we shall have occasion to notice again; "Cutting and Tying Corn, Midhurst" (39), by Mr. Thorne Waite, a fine Sussex landscape by an artist of great power, who exhibits here four other pictures and at the Institute one, all of them well worthy of careful examination; "Chrysanthemums" (58), which bears the sad note in the catalogue "Mrs. Angell's last work"; there are several other lovely little pictures by this lamented artist, some of which we hope to notice at another time; "Entrance to the Port of Marseilles" (63), by Mr. William Callow, a fine work, large in treatment and bold; "Timon and Apemantus" (64), by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., in reality a landscape, the figures being wholly subordinated, gloomy in colour, and altogether pervaded with the sentiment of the melancholy lines from Shakspeare appended to it in the catalogue; "London Bridge, with St. Magnus and the Monument" (83), by Mr. Marshall, who sends other London views to this gallery; "Crowns of Flowers" (93), by Mr. Charles Gregory, a pretty little work, but spotty, as is also, but in a less degree, the same artist's "Deserter" (140), which, however, is a powerful and dramatic picture; "A Champion of the Cross" (101), by Mr. Lockhart, in which the Old presents the captive Moorish king to his mother; "The Silk and Calico Bazaar, Cairo" (109), by Mr. E. A. Goodall; "Snowdon" (113), by Mr. Whaite; "Ben Nevis" (115), a summer moonlight scene of great beauty, by Mr. H. P. Jackson; and Mr. Carl Haag's grand picture, one of the largest he has ever painted, "Eliezer returning from his Mission" (116). The white-robed Rebekah sits on her camel, which Eliezer leads through a rocky pass. A guitar is in her hands. Behind are followers on a long procession of camels winding through the narrow defile. This is a magnificent work, well worthy of the great artist by whom it is painted. "Viola" (125) is by Mr. Poynter, who exhibits at the Royal Academy a still more elaborate study from apparently the same model, as well as a "Psyche" (170) in this gallery. All are marked with the usual care and knowledge we have been taught by long experience to expect from this accomplished artist, who also sends a very pleasing landscape, "St. Radigund's Abbey" (201). We must return to this gallery before long, not having nearly exhausted the list of its treasures.

The Grosvenor Gallery, as we have said, resembles the exhibition of the old Water-Colour Society in the selectness of the gathering. In this preliminary notice it will be sufficient to mention only the most remarkable pictures, taking them rather in the order in which they occur to the mind than in that of the catalogue. By far the greatest work is unquestionably "King Cophetua," by Mr. Burne Jones. The beggar maid sits high on the throne, the King below her, and two choristers above in a kind of gallery. The King's figure, in fantastic armour, the crown in his hand, his shield and lance leaning against the wall before him, his love-sick look as he gazes up at the object of his adoration, is one of the most beautiful Mr. Burne Jones has ever conceived or painted. We wish we could feel as well satisfied with the lady. She is, in the first place, far from being lovely. Her hands hang listlessly down, and she does not in any way answer to Tennyson's heroine:—

> Her arms across her breast she laid;
> She was more fair than words can say.

Still, though it is easy to find fault, this is a fine work, and the finest by far in the gallery, if not, indeed, the finest of the year. Something more than a rumour asserts that an attempt will be made to obtain it for one of the national collections. Next, by way of contrast, may be mentioned Mr. Calderon's "Aphrodite, 'fresh as the foam.'" The goddess lies on a wave of the bluest Mediterranean, her golden hair floating behind her. The sea-gulls flock round her, and the water is streaked with foam. Whether as an idealization or as an exercise in harmonious colour, this picture is to be admired almost without reserve. Three portraits of Mr. Alma Tadema come next. One represents Herr Lowenstam, seated at his etching-board, with his copper before him. The second is Signor Amendola, who, with his graver in his hand, is chasing the surface of a metal statuette. The third represents a young lady seated, and, though not quite so pleasing a picture, is absolutely true to nature, with that ease of manner and pose which can only be given by the highest art. At the Royal Academy Mr. Alma Tadema has a large canvas, showing "Hadrian in England visiting a Romano-British Pottery." It is in the place of honour in the Great Room, and deserves the distinction; yet we have seen many of the artist's less ambitious pictures which we prefer to it. The Emperor, with his attendants, is on a kind of staircase-landing. The shopmen bring specimens of the so-called "Samian ware" before him, one of them mounting the stairs in front. Below is a counter where selling and buying are going on. There is a certain want of colour in the picture. The figure of Hadrian is by no means prominent. Well worked out as it is, this does not rank among the artist's greatest triumphs. The Grosvenor has two charming little pictures by Mrs. Alma Tadema, and the Royal Academy a larger one, "Saying Grace" (1642), a very sweet and pleasing work, showing a group of pretty children and their nurse at a table. At the Grosvenor the number of portraits is perhaps excessive, but most of them are very fine. Mr. Millais sends three, two of which represent Lady Campbell, first as a child, painted some years ago, and then as a bride. The third is the portrait of Lord Lorne, which the artist intends as a present to Canada. It is firmly but somewhat hurriedly painted. Near it is a second picture, "A Wood Nymph," by Mr. Burne Jones, a very decorative work in his usual manner. Two portraits by Mr. Richmond in the same room, "Miss Dora and Miss Rose Mirlees," will be much admired, the second especially for its finely composed landscape background. A portrait of "Mrs. Duff," with a background of conservatory foliage, by Mr. Collier, is very charming. Mrs. Collier comes very near her husband this year. Two nymphs on a sandy shore in an atmosphere of golden haze form a finely-conceived illustration of the line—

> By the tideless, dolorous, midland sea.

In her portrait of Miss Huxley (592) at the Royal Academy Mrs. Collier shows still higher powers. The drawing and colouring of the hand and arm, although somewhat dark, are among the best examples of the year. The Grosvenor Gallery contains excellent examples of Mr. Julian Story, Mr. Macbeath, Mr. Legros, Mr. Watts, Miss Tennant, Mr. Rooke, and Mr. Bateman.

The picture to which most sightseers will hasten at the Royal Academy is the "Cymon and Iphigenia" of the President. Yet it cannot be considered a satisfactory piece of work. Iphigenia is very fair, but Cymon is very tame, and looks at her as if the sight was the most ordinary in the world. The accessories are not happy, the trees being especially unpleasing. A golden light is over everything, but the moon is setting or rising in the background. Opposite to this picture hangs a still less satisfactory "Idyll, 1745" (347), by Mr. Millais. A soldier-boy, in

a stiff, unnaturally scarlet uniform, plays his fife for the benefit of three girls, who appear to have seated themselves in the stream of a brook. On the same wall is Mr. Orchardson's "Mariage de Convenance" (341), a picture in which there is even more space "to let" than usual with this artist. A lady and gentleman, the latter elderly, are seated at either end of a very large table, over which hangs a lamp. A man-servant in attendance completes the group. The chiaroscuro is admirable, the colouring very harmonious, the expression of boredom but too distinct; yet this is a picture few people will care to look at twice. Mr. Long sends "Thisbe" (358), a Babylonian girl listening at a chink in the wall. The face is finely painted, but the wall is very flat and incomplete. Mr. Calderon's "Night" (340) is on the same side of the room, and will be generally admired. Two pictures by Mr. Hook (346, 352) are in his usual manner, the first, "The Mirror of the Sea-Mew," being by far the most pleasing. Mr. Poynter's "Diadumene" (368) is a very small, but very complete, nude study; and he also sends two remarkable portraits in crayons (1358, 1359), so different in style that it is difficult to believe that they are by the same artist.

The whole impression produced by the Academy this year is by no means favourable. It is not "up to the average," except in one feature, the sculpture, which goes far to redeem this branch of English art from the aspersions lately cast upon it. Mr. Thorneycroft's "Mower" (1356), Mr. Gilbert's "Icarus" (1355), Mr. Lawson's "Gladiator" (1309), some bronze heads by Mr. Kinloch, and a very fine relief by Mr. Bates, "Socrates" (1712), which we believe obtained the first prize at the winter competition, are all works of which any school might be proud.

The Institute of Painters in Water Colours, like the Royal Academy, suffers from a congestion of poor pictures. To find the good ones implies search. The large picture by Mr. Walter Langley, "Among the Missing" (275), will probably make a greater impression on the mind than anything else in the rooms. It is a sad scene feelingly rendered. The Cornish fisherfolk have assembled at the door of a post-office to gain tidings of absent boats. It is blowing hard, and the pavement shines with recent rain. An old woman leads away one of the bereaved wives, and comforts her as best she can. The faces are more highly finished than the draperies; but, taken altogether, this is a fine work, and well deserves the place of honour which it occupies. "Satisfaction" (244), by Mr. J. Nash, which hangs near it, is rather empty. Among the sand-hills of perhaps the Belgian coast a man in the costume of half a century ago lies dead on his face. A sea-gull hovers near. A very spirited portrait (22) of Mr. Linton, the President of the Institute, is contributed by Mr. Walter Wilson. "Summer and the Winds" (92), by Mr. George Wilson, is fantastic, but not without signs of careful study and of an eye for harmonious colouring. Mr. Walter Crane's "Diver" (108) will surprise the visitor by its excellent drawing and fine effect. "The Bazaar at Suez" (745) is a carefully-painted picture by Mr. Simpson, who has given his figures a most Oriental aspect. "Priscilla" (613), by Mr. Linton, is extremely pretty. We must reserve for the present a notice of the numerous and excellent landscapes to be found in this Gallery.

VOLUNTEERING.

THE author of *John Bull et son Ile*, with that vivid perception of the superficial aspect of things essentially characteristic of a Frenchman, has remarked that the rate of insurance is not altered for a man when he enrolls himself as a volunteer. And he observes, with a certain apparent justice, that the commercial value of a man's life is not, in the opinion of those most interested in the question, altered by his undertaking to defend his country. The French are a logical nation—a term usually applied to people who are enabled by consummate accuracy of thought to derive definite conclusions from uncertain premisses by the simple process of ignoring half of them—and there is no doubt much that is suggestive in the view taken by the biographer of our nation. And this is the more observable since, in the early days of the movement, it was a common sarcasm amongst regular soldiers that the Volunteers were to be ordered out of the country only in case of invasion. It is now nearly twenty-five years since the movement began which produced the present Volunteer force; and it has never done anything since but drill, act in the capacity of guards of honour to royal personages, go to reviews which are forms of holidays, shoot at targets, and wear its uniforms.

It is, in fact, a common view to take of the Volunteers in general that they shoot, drill, and camp out, just as other men play cricket or football. Nor is this view incorrect as far as it goes. Officers and men alike enjoy a march out or a review, and the pleasure of hitting something, even a sheet of iron, with a firearm is naturally implanted in every Englishman's mind. Most men on this side of the Channel consider physical exercise as essential to a healthy condition of body; but few have enough spare time to become proficient in more than one kind of outdoor occupation; and if they choose to devote the energy which might be spent in athletics, useful only to themselves, in doing what they can to make themselves efficient soldiers, so much the better for the country. And even if it were the mere playing at soldiering which it is often supposed to be, Volunteers would still in a crisis be more efficient than their neighbours. The mere injustice of this opinion would of itself be quite unimportant, if it did not also lead to the force being actually treated by the authorities as a joke. In fact, the chaff that has been scattered broadcast on this subject has probably done more than anything else to make the Volunteers resolve to be taken seriously. And perhaps they are now taken as seriously as the regular army, for at any rate they have an existence off paper. The real truth is that our army, as is admitted by every authority not bound by his position to state the reverse, is in such a state of inefficiency as would create an almost universal panic amongst all but the far-sighted politicians of Birmingham were it fully realized. But the facts are obscured by the showers of compliments from the speech-makers at the War Office. Those, however, who get some glimmering perception of the reality are apt to lull the fears naturally called forth by recollecting that there are two hundred thousand Volunteers actually in the flesh. And then, when they read the charming and laudatory little speeches made by the inspecting officer after each inspection—how that when the Volunteer movement first started he didn't believe in it, how that they have now proved that they are real soldiers, how that they have stood the test of ridicule, and how that now the country may rely on them for its defence—they turn away from the subject probably with the remark that, if the French did come, they would get a "jolly good licking." It would, no doubt, be difficult suddenly to change this tone, just as it is difficult to leave off any habit which is the result of constant want of backbone. When smooth things have been prophesied for years, it is not easy to start the prophecy of rough things without any obvious reason for the change. But, after the first plunge had been made, and when the first cry of indignation had subsided, it would soon be seen that the Volunteers would respond to a little wholesome criticism, given in the right spirit, not only by a greater desire to fulfil their duties in a more soldierly manner, but also by an increased respect for the authorities. The Volunteers wish to be taken seriously. They are serious in their endeavours to learn their work, desirous to know their own failings, and anxious for real improvement. It is therefore merely an insult to reward their aspirations with the sugar-plums of oratory.

The fact is that recruits join the Volunteer force, not merely because they find in it pleasant companionship and a semi-athletic occupation suited to their taste, but also, strange as it may seem to a certain class of politicians, because they have a genuine feeling of patriotism. We are not supposed by our Continental neighbours to be a military nation; and yet it is doubtful if they could raise a force of any size on the voluntary system without pay. It is not often realized by outsiders that the sacrifices which a Volunteer has to make, simply in order to fulfil the regulations as to efficiency, are in many cases very considerable. The privates are seldom men of great wealth; usually men who by hard daily work succeed in earning a small salary. The spending of every sixpence must be a matter of thought. And yet they manage to afford considerable sums of money for Volunteering alone. In the majority of corps at the present time, it is true, the uniforms are provided out of the corps funds (an arrangement by which the capitation grant for each man for three years is completely absorbed), but he has to pay an annual subscription. In addition to this, he has to pay for any of the pleasanter parts of his work in which he may take part, such as marching and camping out, and reviews away from his headquarters. In addition to this, he has to travel backwards and forwards between his home or place of business and the rifle range or place of drill, often a considerable distance. In time the sacrifices are no less. All through the spring and summer months the one half-holiday of the week is absorbed, and at least one other evening is largely occupied. There are many men who belong to London corps who, living in the more distant suburbs, are unable on a drill night to reach their homes till a late hour at night. The sacrifices, both in time and money, made by officers are very much greater, although their backs are, no doubt, as a rule more able to bear them. Not only, however, in spite of all these things, do the men attend the number of drills and do the shooting necessary to fulfil the condition of efficiency laid down by Government; but the majority of them go far beyond this, some men doing three or four times what is required of them. Here, then, we have proof of a spirit in the force which implies that they for their part regard the matter in a serious light, and this they have proved by actually doing at considerable expense and inconvenience a good deal more than is required of them. They have then a right to be taken seriously by the War Office, and a right to demand that their labours should not end in futility owing either to the carelessness or penuriousness of the authorities.

Some indications that the military authorities intend to fulfil their duty in this matter more completely have lately shown themselves. The utter uselessness of the ordinary Easter Monday Review was this year recognized completely in theory and partially in practice. It is true that that which took place at Portsmouth was from many points of view a cumbersome failure, from which (if we are to judge by the official statement on the subject) the chief lesson to be learnt was that the generals in command were more in want of improvement than the armies they commanded. But blundered as this affair was, it taught both steadiness and coolness to the men; and there probably was not a Volunteer officer there who did not make mental notes of several matters in which he felt that he could improve himself and his men at the next opportunity which might present itself for practising the attack formations. But of far greater importance to those who

took part in them were the various manœuvres on the Friday and Saturday before Easter. A portion of the force, for instance, which marched down to Portsmouth from Petersfield received a careful lesson in outpost duty on the Friday, and was engaged in an attack on a small force of regulars defending the Portsdown heights on the Saturday. The proper placing of outposts is not only most important and interesting in itself, but is capable of being very successfully taught in time of peace. We are glad, therefore, to see a serious effort made to instruct the Volunteers in this part of their duties. Mistakes were of course made by the officers commanding companies, as well as by the men. These, however, were carefully and clearly pointed out by the officer in command of the marching columns, who carefully inspected every sentry and piquet. It might have been better had he delayed his inspection for a short time, for several of the officers in command of the piquets had not had time to place their men entirely to their own satisfaction, or to give them complete instructions before he made his round. It is to be hoped that outpost duty will for the future form a portion of the regular annual training of every Volunteer. The sham fight on Saturday was also instructive; but here there were certainly some faults observable. A pretty fight was spoilt to a great extent by the far too rapid advance of the attacking force. One company of these, it is true, turned the enemy's flank with great success, upon which the umpire gave the order to the defending force to retreat; but there was both hurry and confusion amongst the companies engaged in the direct attack; and, although the general line was ultimately preserved, yet during the advance the men might have been seen crowded together in some places, while in others large gaps were observable. Often, too, the companies were overlapping each other on the flanks. This partial confusion was no doubt to some extent due to the fact that, beyond the simple words to extend and form supports, no instructions whatever were given to the officers commanding companies. The extended line was first considerably broken up by having to pass over ground covered in places with impenetrable gorse-bushes. The supports, seeing these gaps in the line in front, moved up before any reinforcement was intended, wedging themselves into the middle of divided companies in front. Much of this confusion would certainly have been avoided had fuller instructions been given. It is but fair to say, however, that a large part of the force was brought suddenly in contact with the enemy owing to the remissness of the cavalry scouts, who had touch of the enemy for half an hour before any message was sent back to the officers commanding the columns. With all this, however, the Saturday was a much more instructive day than the Monday. The very fact that the mistakes committed were clear proves that fights on a small scale can be better utilized for purposes of instruction than those where twenty thousand troops are engaged. And it is to be hoped that the system of subdivision in the Easter training started this year will be carried out to a much fuller extent in years to come.

CONCERTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

MISS AGNES MAITLAND'S first evening concert at the Prince's Hall on Tuesday presented an interesting and well-selected programme, including recitations by Miss Cowen and a number of modern songs which, though familiar enough, merit popularity, and were excellently rendered. Miss Maitland's finished style, pure intonation, and agreeable voice were effectively displayed in two of F. H. Cowen's most recent songs, "Because" and "Outcry," and in Smart's duet, "We Two," with Mr. Maybrick; the quality of her voice and the refinement and admirable finish of her delivery are well calculated to render full interpretation to such songs as "Because," the delicate *nuances* of which were given with rare feeling and expression. Mr. Henry Guy's fine voice and artistic instinct were notable in his rendering of a new descriptive song entitled "The Pilgrim," by Stephen Adams. Mr. Reakes gave ample justice to Sullivan's "Thou 'rt passing hence," and Miss Rosa Leo's singing of De Lara's "Where memory dwells" emphasized the morbid sentiment of that dreary reverie. Mr. Maybrick was heard to greater advantage in Smart's duet than in his first song, Oliver King's "For Me"; and he is invariably spirited and effective in compositions by Stephen Adams. The instrumentalists were Miss Gertrude Salmon and Miss Adelina Dinelli; the latter was recalled for her bright and facile execution of De Beriot's violin solo, "Le Tremolo."

At the second concert of Henry Leslie's Choir at St. James's Hall, on Saturday, the usual programme of madrigals and part-songs was varied by pianoforte solos by Mme. Essipoff and songs by Mrs. Hutchinson and Signor Foli. The choir, conducted by Mr. Randegger, gave a remarkably fine rendering of Morley's charming madrigal, "My bonny lass," the exquisite harmonies of which were produced with rich effect and admirable precision. The efficiency of the choir was also well exhibited in Henry Leslie's "Arise, sweet Love," in Mr. Calcott's arrangement of Kjerulf's picturesque "Norwegian Bridal Song," in Sterndale Bennett's curious setting of Marlowe's "Come live with me," so little suggestive of Arcadian quiet, and in other and more familiar compositions. Mme. Essipoff's performance of Beethoven's "Sonata pathétique" was remarkable for her independent, and in some respects novel, version of the *adagio cantabile*, which the great pianiste rendered with transcendent subtlety and intellectual power. In interpretation, in execution, in untrammelled judgment, Mme. Essipoff is an artist of notable individuality; her playing suggests no school, no mechanical acceptation of tradition, and no concession to whatsoever caprices of virtuosity may chance to be the mode. The brilliance and distinction of her execution, in addition to the rarer qualities of her interpretation, were vividly manifest in her performances of Moskowsky's "Sérénade" and in M. St.-Saëns's "Caprice," founded on an air of Gluck, the complex variations of which were given with faultless mastery.

Mr. Philip Beck's recitation of Coleridge's *Remorse* at the Prince's Hall on Saturday was a remarkable effort of memory on the part of the young actor, and an interesting, though scarcely a successful, attempt to resuscitate a play which is not likely to receive now more adequate interpretation than at Drury Lane in 1813, from Elliston and Mrs. Glover, or in 1817, from Mrs. Baxter and Wallack. Mr. Frank Thicke's adaptation, which Mr. Beck used, is good, but scarcely comprehensive enough in its work of condensation; there still remains much windy apostrophe and prolix description to be eliminated before the play's undoubted dramatic power may be temptingly displayed to modern managers. In spite of Leigh Hunt's singular criticism, the drama only achieved a *succès d'estime*, and the succinct judgment in the pages of Genest is, as is frequent in that compilation, not devoid of stern eloquence—"a tolerable Tragedy by Coleridge; some parts of it are beautifully written." The diction of the play is such as no modern audience would endure; "threaddy leaves," for instance, is as bad as Leigh Hunt's "farmy fields," and the drama abounds in passages of turgid and ponderous bombast that obscure the dramatic vitality. Even Mr. Beck's serious and excellent study scarcely succeeded in veiling the occasional absurdities, such as the inconsistency of Alvar's sentiment towards Ordonio, now invoking Heaven to assist his prayer for his "guilty brother," and anon gloating on the prospect of remorse that shall cling to him with "poisonous tooth," and be as "the lion's bite." The invocation in the third act, with much exquisite poetry, contains also such lines as these, descriptive of the drowned Lapland wizard:—

> Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
> Till from the blue swoln corse the soul toils out
> And joins your mighty army.

With all its glowing imaginative force and powerful dramatic situations, it is to be feared Coleridge's *Remorse* contains too much "mere poetry," as Shelley says, to succeed in these days.

The diverting entertainment at St. James's Hall entitled "Odds and Ends," which has reached its 350th performance, is diversified by several new impersonations as rich in humour and as quaintly suggestive as any in Mr. Du Val's ropertory. The powers of mimicry and abundant resources of Mr. Du Val are surprisingly exemplified in the considerable range of characters he illustrates, and his histrionic talent is not less strikingly displayed in recitation. In the character of Terry O'Reilly, an Irish peasant, he recites Sheridan Le Fanu's "Shamus O'Brien," a ballad of '98, with extraordinary spirit and dramatic power; the transitions from the fire and enthusiasm that mark the stirring incidents of the poem to the quiet passages that are parenthetical and humorous, are distinguished by a truth and facility that are remarkable. In the exciting climax of O'Brien's escape, the speaker's exultation is not less vividly felt than the animated scene is perfectly realized, and the reassumption of the speaker's personality after this outburst of passion is effected with admirable art. The recitation is no eloquent declamation merely, but an excellent piece of acting, full of colour and vitality, and thoroughly well sustained.

SUGAR.

THE price of sugar is just now lower than it has ever been known to be before. Jaggery, a kind used for refining, is selling at nine shillings per hundredweight, or less than a penny a pound; German beet sugar is selling at fifteen shillings per hundredweight, or little more than three-halfpence per pound; and the prices of other kinds are proportionately low. Compared with this time last year, when prices were already considered extremely depressed, the fall ranges from 25 to 30 per cent. The result is great depression and embarrassment in Mincing Lane, the headquarters of the trade in sugar as in other colonial produce. It is said, for example, that one great house has lost lately three hundred thousand pounds through the depreciation in this commodity alone. Happily, the house is possessed of an immense capital, and can afford not only to bear the loss, but to lay in such quantities of the commodity at the present low prices as promise by-and-by to recoup it for its loss and leave a profit. But houses less fortunately circumstanced are in difficulties, and consequently failures and private compositions are numerous. The sugar-growing countries are likewise distressed. And yet, although, as we have said, prices are lower than they have ever been known to be before, the general expectation is that they will fall still further. Of course annuitants, Civil Servants, clergymen, and other persons possessed of fixed incomes, benefit by this state of things. Not only is sugar exceptionally cheap, but so are almost all the necessaries of life; and consequently fixed incomes go further than heretofore. Rent, no doubt, is higher, and so is meat; but bread, tea, coffee, clothing, and

almost every commodity is exceptionally cheap. With regard to the working classes, the benefit is not quite unmixed. Those of them who are in good employment, of course, reap the advantage, like the possessors of fixed incomes. But the depression in trade caused by low prices renders many employers incapable of giving as much employment as formerly. There is, therefore, more idle labour than usual, and wages are tending downwards. The movement in favour of assisted emigration, and the meetings of unemployed that have been held lately in Manchester, go to show that in many quarters there is distress among the working classes. Yet the distress, happily, is not great. Partly the very low prices enable people to live on smaller incomes; and partly the great emigration of the past three or four years has taken away a considerable number of the redundant population. Still, though there is no great distress, there is no prosperity. Falling prices, in short, are not an advantage to any class of the community, except alone the possessors of fixed incomes.

The first cause of the extraordinary depreciation in sugar is the rapid growth of production. In old times sugar was grown from the cane alone, and to a large extent its production depended upon slave labour; but during the great war between this country and France at the beginning of the century, Napoleon adopted, in the hope of weakening our means of offence, a plan for encouraging beetroot cultivation in France. The political object he had in view failed, but the economic results have been marvellous. Beet cultivation has succeeded beyond all expectation in France, and has extended to nearly every Continental country. It has particularly assumed great proportions in Germany and Austria; and of late chemical discoveries and mechanical improvements have enabled the German and Austrian growers to increase their exports and to improve the quality of the sugar, so that they are largely driving cane-sugar out of the markets of Western Europe. A series of statistical tables laid before the Sugar Bounties Committee some years ago shows that the total production of sugar in 1852 was 1,476,000 tons; in 1878 it had risen to 3,120,000 tons. In twenty-six years, that is, the production had more than doubled; and since then it has gone on rapidly increasing. The chief growth has been in beetroot-sugar; but there has been also a very considerable extension of the cultivation of cane-sugar. The complete conquest and pacification of India, as well as the opening up of it by means of railways, has extended the cultivation in that country, and made the crop available for European consumption. The settlement of Australia has likewise led to the cultivation of sugar in that continent. Sugar cultivation has been also introduced into Egypt. And for several years the Brazilian Government have been encouraging by all means in its power sugar cultivation in Brazil. Altogether the increase in these ways is very large. At the same time the adaptation of steam to navigation and the extension of railways have made it possible to hurry each crop to market almost as soon as it is gathered. Formerly merchants had to invest very large sums in produce, which they had to keep in large warehouses, at heavy expense to themselves. Now they can do without this expense and work with very small capitals. For by telegraph they can order what supply they require, and the railway and the steamship will bring it to them in the course of a few weeks. The increased facilities of communication have perhaps contributed almost as much as the extension of production in cheapening the commodity. And in another way the extension of the telegraph has been no less effective. Formerly only experts who possessed great capitals which enabled them to employ correspondents throughout the world could learn what quantities of any commodity were held abroad. Now the information is collected by the press, and is published everywhere almost simultaneously. All the world, therefore, knows what supplies are ready for market, and the knowledge that immense quantities can be shipped at any moment has almost as much effect upon the London market as if the stocks were warehoused in London itself. The tendency, therefore, of late has been to cheapen all commodities. But special causes have aided this tendency within the last year or two. The long agricultural depression throughout Western Europe has plunged the agricultural classes in great distress. Corn-growing has been unprofitable for years; disease has made cattle-farming risky, if not unprofitable; and wet seasons have now and then swept away large portions of the sheep flocks of Western Europe; while abroad the phylloxera and other special diseases have inflicted much damage upon Continental farmers. The result is that the landed classes generally —owners, cultivators, and labourers—have all suffered more or less, and have less money to expend in their households, upon labour, and with the shopkeeper. All the classes who have lived by supplying these with necessaries and luxuries have suffered in consequence, and there has, therefore, been a check to consumption throughout Western Europe, which can be recovered from only by a succession of good seasons that will once more enrich the agricultural classes. And while the consumption has thus been decreasing, specially good harvests have augmented the sugar yield, and in the past couple of years, in Germany particularly, the yield has been exceptionally good. It is estimated by the best authorities that the yield of last year's beet crop in the German Empire amounts to about 940,000 tons of sugar, an increase of about 100,000 tons on the previous year, and an increase of as much as 350,000 tons on the year 1880-81. This great addition to the production of Germany is perhaps the main cause of the present fall. Germany gives a large bounty upon the export of sugar, and, at the same time, the cost of manufacturing sugar in that country is very low. The German exporters are, therefore, able to sell at an exceptionally low price this year. One other circumstance has contributed to lower prices. Proposals are made, both in France and in Holland, for altering the duties on sugar, and also the bounties on export. It is believed by the trade that if the proposals are carried into effect exporters will be benefited; that, consequently, both in France and in Holland the production will be increased, and the present excess of production over consumption thus be augmented. Lastly, as people in the wholesale and retail trade at home expect a further fall of prices, they have of late been diminishing their purchases.

As regards the future, it seems safe to say that the price must continue low. Of course cheapness will stimulate consumption. Sugar has now become a necessary of life in civilized countries, and it is used largely too in the manufacture of many articles, such as beer. The cheaper it becomes the larger will be its consumption amongst the poor and by brewers, and probably, too, it will be applied to other uses to which it was not turned when it was dear. Moreover, the long agricultural depression must sooner or later pass away. A run of good seasons will succeed to the series of bad ones, and with greater prosperity amongst the landed classes there will be a more liberal household expenditure generally. It is not probable, therefore, that the present extreme cheapness will continue. But, still, that sugar must remain permanently cheap seems reasonably certain. The capacity for production is so great that, with every demand, fresh areas will be applied to the cultivation of beet. It is said, for example, that the intensive cultivation necessary for growing beet so improves the soil in Germany that for four years afterwards all the crops raised are greatly improved. Consequently, the cultivation is much in favour with good farmers. And, besides, the pulp of the root, after the juice is expressed, is used in the feeding of cattle. For these reasons beet cultivation will probably continue to extend upon the Continent for some years yet, even if the price remains low, and will increase rapidly if the price rises; while here at home a movement is just now being set on foot to introduce the cultivation in England. Furthermore, improvements in the process of manufacturing sugar are constantly being introduced in Germany and Austria, and, of course, are imitated elsewhere. It is said that the yield of sugar from the root increases on an average about every five years in Germany in consequence of improvement in the processes of manufacturing. The further colonization of new countries, too, will tend to the extension of the cultivation abroad. As the population of Australia grows, for example, the cultivation of sugar there will increase also. For a long time to come, then, it seems probable that the price of sugar will remain very low. This will be an unmixed advantage to all parties. While prices are falling those engaged in the trade and in the production suffer, and therefore all employed by them suffer likewise; but once a stationary price is reached, provided that price leaves a reasonable profit, the lower it is the greater the consumption, and therefore the better for all parties concerned.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA.

WITH the death of Sir Michael Costa, which occurred at Brighton last Tuesday, a prominent figure in the world of music has disappeared. Fortunate in so many particulars during his long life, the great conductor was fortunate in the circumstances of his departure, for though he witnessed the inevitable advent of new men and new methods, he never suffered the bitterness of extinction, nor was threatened with rivalry in his own sphere; to the last the pre-eminence his tact and talent had attained was recognized, and the loss of his command a public lament. For more than half a century, since 1829 in fact, Sir Michael Costa was most intimately associated with the exposition and progress of music in this country; the history of the brilliant success of the Sacred Harmonic Society, of the Crystal Palace Handel celebrations, the Birmingham Festivals, the Philharmonic concerts, and the consolidation of the Italian Opera orchestra, are indissolubly connected with the story of his life. It is natural that a career so extended, so distinguished, and, in a certain sense, so versatile, should present diverse aspects according with the reminiscent powers of the observer. To many Sir Michael Costa will be remembered as the greatest of opera and oratorio conductors; others may not forget the composer of more than one opera that deserved, though they did not command, success; and a few there are doubtless of the mind of Thomas Love Peacock, who visit the opera only too vividly to regret the decay of ballet, and who will pleasurably recall the charming music he composed for the queens of that lost art—for Taglioni and Cerito and others. Whether his operas will bear revival—the *Don Carlos*, which failed on its production in 1848, or the more successful *Malek Adhel*, in which Rubini achieved memorable distinction—is extremely doubtful in the present critical condition of Italian opera. It is certain, however, that the enduring success of his two oratorios, *Eli* and *Naaman*, assure the composer of a firm place and indisputable in sacred composition.

Sir Michael Costa was born at Geneva on the 4th of February, 1810, his father, Pasquale Costa, being an Italian of Spanish

extraction, and his mother a Swiss. His early musical training at the Naples Conservatorio doubtless gave rigidity to the well-marked limitations of his artistic faith. The star of Bellini was in the ascendant, and the art which Wagner despised was life for the time to young Costa, who ever remained an Italian at heart, in conviction, and prejudice. He was deficient in the reverential spirit which almost invariably possesses the creative artist who will lay no violent hands on the scores of the masters. His musical creed was inflexible, and was frequently expressed with a narrowness once common to Italian musicians. It brought on him the wrath and scorn of men like Berlioz; but at the same time it must be owned that the many curious anecdotes regarding him that would seem to illustrate a limited sympathy which approaches bigotry require authentication. At Naples the young composer was well drilled in the elements of his art, and worked unremittingly, composing at the age of fifteen a cantata, *L'Immagine*, which was performed in the theatre attached to the Conservatorio. This precocious feat was speedily followed by three operas, a Mass, three symphonies, and an oratorio which established his reputation sufficiently to procure him a commission from the director of the San Carlo Opera House, for whom he wrote his first work of pretension, the opera *Malvina*, in 1829. In the autumn of this year he severed his connexion with Italy, and set out for England, being deputed by Zingarelli, the director of the Naples Conservatorio to conduct the latter's setting of the psalm *Super flumina Babylonis* at a Birmingham concert, an undertaking he did not fulfil. During this visit, in Rossini's *Donna del Lago*, he made his first and only appearance on the stage in the tenor part of Uberto. While failure did not daunt him, fortune stood his friend, his capacity as a pianist was speedily recognized, and in 1830 he was appointed by Laporte to the then important position in the orchestra of *maestro al piano* at the Haymarket Italian opera, and two years subsequently was made musical conductor. Here he entered on a victorious career, beginning with innovation by substituting the conductor with his *bâton* for the leader with his bow, and gradually acquiring his supreme mastery of his orchestra. Although the credit of having introduced into England the office of "conductor" as now understood rests with Chelard, and was first practised in Germany, it is due to Costa that he was the first to effect the desired change in opera. It is strange that it was not until 1844 that the dual sway of leader and pianist was abolished at the Philharmonic Concerts by Mendelssohn. Costa's tenure of office at the opera comprehended the brightest period of Italian opera, a period of great singers and great dancers, of Pasta, Grisi, Sontag, Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, Donzelli, and a host of stars who completed the epic of song, a great epoch when the opera was veritably Italian, and not the hybrid entertainment, shorn of ballet and cosmopolitan in character, we now so entitle.

The "origin" of those deep-set intrigues that ended in Mr. Lumley losing the advantage and prestige of Costa's conductorship has been conflictingly set forth, for the excellent reason that the few to whom the whole facts are known have not spoken fully. The result is familiar and an oft-told tale; in 1846 Costa undertook the direction of the new Italian opera at Covent Garden, and began the representation of the whole round of spectacular and romantic opera, then at the height of favour in Paris, the works of Meyerbeer, Rossini's *William Tell*, Auber's *Masaniello*, and fully sustained his brilliant and unrivalled reputation. The most inveterate lover of mystery need look for no recondite source or secret influence to account for the success and predominant skill of Sir Michael Costa as a conductor. He had tact, firmness, and discretion in no mean degree, and was a practical musician; beyond these gifts he possessed generalship, and so achieved command and awakened confidence. He early made himself master of the business details of his work and of all that is comprehended in the mechanism of his art; nature endowed him with the complement to that assiduous painstaking which is near allied to genius.

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

THAT a leading favourite for the Two Thousand should be sold by auction a couple of days before the race was something now in the history of racing. Harvester, a brown colt by Sterling out of Wheatear, had been a fine but backward two-year-old, and his racing career had not consisted of a series of victories. He had won a couple of races in the autumn, and he had run within half a length of Superba in July; but the colt's favouritism was not entirely owing to his public form. Not that his form had been bad, for even on it alone he would have had claims to be supported for the Two Thousand; but most good judges of racing were agreed that the colt was not sufficiently "set" last season to do his best. Judging from the amount given for The Prince last summer, and the sums given for favourites for the Derby on several former occasions, from 6,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* seemed about the price likely to be given for Harvester. Considering his apparent prospects of winning either the Two Thousand or the Derby, or even both races, the 8,600 guineas paid for him by Sir John Willoughby was perhaps scarcely an extravagant price. The day after the sale a report was spread about that he had been beaten in a trial, and from 4 to 1 he eventually went down to 20 to 1.

At the Newmarket Craven Meeting there were two races which affected the prospects of the Two Thousand. The first of these was the Biennial, in which Royal Fern gave Wickham, who was the first favourite, 5 lbs., and beat him cleverly by three-quarters of a length; Zadig, who won the Great Metropolitan Stakes a week later, being a bad third. The last-named colt was receiving 10 lbs. from Royal Fern. Wickham, who has become a roarer, had only run once last season, and then he had won in a canter by four lengths from Condor and Loch Ranza, the winner of the late Northamptonshire Stakes. This was a fair promise for Royal Fern's three-year-old form, and he had also a capital record to show of his performances as a two-year-old. At York he had won the Prince of Wales's Stakes of 952*l.*, and he had only been beaten half a length by Busybody for the Middle Park Plate. He certainly had been badly beaten for the Criterion Nursery Stakes; but then he was carrying 4 lbs. extra, and the race was won by Archduc, who, although disqualified for most of the great three-year-old races, showed some of the best two-year-old form of last season, and won the French Two Thousand on Sunday last. Much as there was to be said in favour of Royal Fern, he had not made nearly so much improvement since last season as Harvester. The second race at the Craven Meeting, which had a special bearing on the Two Thousand, was the Craven Stakes, for which Loch Ranza started first favourite, but he was beaten in a canter by Scot Free, who was giving him 5 lbs. As a two-year-old, Scot Free, after running unplaced twice, had won the Great Sapling Plate at Sandown. In that race he had only beaten the Sister to Adelaide colt by a neck at even weights. This colt was also backed at comparatively short odds for the Two Thousand; and, on the strength of his running with Scot Free, he appeared to have a decided chance of victory.

On her two-year-old form Superba ought to have had a splendid chance of winning the Two Thousand. She had been beaten twice—in her first and her last races of the season—and on the latter occasion she had run nowhere in the Middle Park Plate, after starting first favourite; but she had won seven races worth 6,481*l.* She had not always had opponents of very high class to beat, but she had beaten Harvester twice, as well as the Adelaide filly, Camlet, and several other two-year-olds of considerable repute. If she had not run for the Middle Park Plate, she might have been considered the best two-year-old of her season, but it was said that she had wintered badly, and she was not fancied so much as her public form might have led one to expect. St. Medard, after losing four races, won two in October. We have already mentioned the Adelaide filly—who, by the way, was not entered for the Two Thousand—and the colt out of Sister to Adelaide. Now St. Medard's dam was out of Adelaide's dam; and as he, like the Adelaide filly and the Sister to Adelaide colt, is by Hermit, the trio, although of the same age, are considerably more than half-brothers and sister. Beauchamp, by Beauclerc, had failed to win a race as a two-year-old: he is a well-shaped colt, but he is rather wanting in length. The good-looking Hermitage, after an unsuccessful season, had beaten a field of nineteen two-year-olds in November, but he ran very badly in the Craven Stakes. Doncaster Cup's first performance had been in the Craven Stakes, and then he had only run third to Scot Free and Loch Ranza. Harvester, who is said to be a quiet horse in a general way, was very nervous and fretful before the start, and his change of stable and companionship may have had a very serious influence on his chance. There were only ten starters, and Harvester dashed off with the lead as soon as the flag fell. His jockey steadied him as quickly as he could, and then Hermitage made the running, with Scot Free but a short distance behind him. About three furlongs from the winning-post, Scot Free took the lead and held it to the end of the race, winning easily by five lengths. Harvester ran well from the Abingdon Bottom, but he did not quite catch St. Medard, who beat him by a head for second place. Royal Fern was beaten half-way down the Bushes Hill. Superba ran well as far as the Dip, and she was only three-quarters of a length behind Harvester at the finish.

Scot Free was much admired, as winners usually are—after the race; but some critics thought him low and short, while others considered his forelegs too upright. He is a thick and compact colt; but, on the whole, perhaps he scarcely shows so much quality as his sire, Macgregor. Such, at least, was the general opinion. St. Medard is a very smart colt; but he is small, with little bone or substance, and he has rather drooping quarters. Harvester was bathed in sweat when his clothing was taken off before the race, so his running in the Two Thousand cannot be looked upon as a trustworthy guide to the future; and, although he has failed to win the 4,150*l.* which the late Two Thousand was worth, it is still possible—we do not say probable—that he may repay his purchase-money.

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS—THE OPERAS.

IT has been the peculiarity of English operas that they have rarely been on English subjects. Balfe made the hero of his *Bohemian Girl* a Pole; Vincent Wallace went to Spain for *Maritana*, and to Germany for *Lurline*; Sir Julius Benedict came nearer home with *The Lily of Killarney*; but Mr. Goring Thomas has crossed the Channel for his *Esmeralda*. It is well that an English opera should be on an English theme; and in all respects Mr. Villiers Stanford, the composer of *The Canterbury Pilgrims*, is to be congratulated on his partnership with Mr. Gilbert à Beckett. The book of this opera is unique. An effective story has been

chosen and treated by the poet—the word is not used without justification—with grace, humour, and much adroitness. From Chaucer Mr. à Beckett has borrowed only the notion of a pilgrimage to Canterbury. The language of the blank verse, in which most of the book is written, has been modelled rather on Shakspeare than on the historian of *The Canterbury Tales*. The lyrics, which occur when the action of the story demands, are always delicate, and often charming. It would not be easy to over-estimate the composer's debt to his companion; while, on the other hand, Mr. à Beckett, who is himself known as a musician, must often have been delighted with scenes in which the development of his legend has been musically realized. Well sustained as is the interest of the three acts, it is specially to be noted that there are only half a dozen personages in the plot, with, of course, a background of pilgrims, 'prentices, and townsfolk, or rather, for the most part, countryfolk. There is Cicely, daughter of Geoffrey Blount, host of the Tabard Inn; her lover, Hubert Lovel, a London 'prentice; Geoffrey himself; Sir Christopher Synge, a knight of the shire, who has conceived a passion for Cicely; his wife, Dame Margery; and his "creature," Hal-o'-the-Chepe. These characters are strongly marked and contrasted, and are therefore peculiarly well adapted for the purpose of the composer, whose primary object it is to give to each musical individuality. A vein of true comedy runs through the pleasant story. A band of pilgrims, like Chaucer's, very human devotees, in spite of their pious mission to the shrine of St. Thomas, are to assemble at the Tabard and start for Canterbury, resting the first night at Sidenbourne. To take her out of the way of her lover, Cicely is to be sent with them as far as the house of a "griffin aunt," who will guard her well; but danger lurks on the way, for Sir Christopher, attended by his rascal Hal, is of the company. Hubert is actually hired to go also, disguised as a friar, and assist in the abduction of Cicely; while Dame Margery, suspecting that all is not well, joins the band to watch her husband; and she charges herself with the care of Cicely. All this, it will be seen, is extremely neat, and the first act affords ample scope for the composer's fancy. The musical treatment may be described as symphonic. That Mr. Villiers Stanford has studied the *Meistersinger* with much diligence is not to be denied, but it must be admitted at the same time that he has studied it with keen appreciation and with excellent results. It is early morning when the curtain rises. The 'prentices, led by Hubert, arrive at the courtyard of the Tabard to serenade Cicely, and the composer has adapted to his own purposes the old English part song, the oldest known, in fact, "Sumer is icumen in." While Geoffrey scolds and Cicely finds occasion to exchange a few words with her lover, the Pilgrims' Chorus is heard outside, a solemn melodious chorale, in D minor three-four time, which derives a certain statelimess from the steady movement of the bass with a dotted crotchet and three quavers to every bar. Both these airs, the old English song which he has borrowed and the chorus he has written, the composer employs skilfully and suggestively throughout his work. The repetition of the chorus when the pilgrims have assembled, have broken into a quarrel on the question of male and female responsibility for mischief, and suddenly remember their mission, is particularly effective, and when they all enter the inn to breakfast to a variation of their strain the rare quality of musical humour is displayed. Orchestra and voices repeat that "Life is a weary pilgrimage," but at the same time the music seems to confess that the weariness is occasionally mitigated by a well-spread board and a cup of good wine. In the absence of the bulk of the pilgrims, Hal and Sir Christopher hatch their plot. The setting here is for the most part fully accompanied recitative with little in the way of developed melody, and it says much for the power of the composer that he can at this point so well maintain the musical interest. The score has always appropriateness. There is, perhaps, some little lack of gaiety in the orchestral treatment, but attention is enlisted by the cleverness of the composer's characterization. A number to be noted is a really beautiful sestett, "Why lingers in our ears that strange 'Beware'?" The pilgrims emerge from the inn, call somewhat noisily for their reckonings, and depart with a repetition of their chorus. Hubert and his fellow-'prentices, in the garb of friars, sing their madrigal and dance before Geoffrey, who has fallen asleep. Awakening, he notes the antics of the holy men, and, as they run out, at once makes up his mind to follow. The old system of a finale with every one on the stage is discarded; indeed, an effort to avoid conventionality is everywhere to be traced, except that Mr. Villiers Stanford wisely disdains to seek novelty at the expense of musical grace, and has no objection to closing a phrase or modulating into a new key. The curtain falls as Geoffrey trudges across the stage after the cavalcade.

The turmoil and excitement of the First Act make the change of scene and sentiment which opens the Second Act particularly grateful. It is evening. Inhabitants of the little village of Sidenbourne are waiting at the doors expecting the pilgrims, who are hospitably welcomed when presently the band enters. The ear needs repose after all the bustle of the Tabard scene, and Mr. à Beckett, perceiving this, has devoted much of the act to the love interest of the story. Hubert has a peaceful melody, "Sweet mother sleep, thy gentle hour is here!" and when Cicely joins him a rich opportunity is afforded to the composer. Of this it must regretfully be said he has failed to make the most. In the love music of this act there is a want of tenderness. Mr. Stanford is a master of the means of musical expression, but here it is all too evident that he has nothing to express—here, where it might have been supposed he would be at his best. There is ample suggestion in the scene, the situation, the words. Here are the lovers met by moonlight with nothing to come between themselves and their own sweet thoughts. What more could a composer desire? Yet Mr. Stanford seems to be gravelled for lack of matter: and he seeks vainly to atone for the absence of those phrases of pure melody which are before all essential by restless orchestration. The hearer is apt to let his thoughts wander from Sidenbourne, and to remember that the act seems very long. Cicely has one fervent burst of song; but inspiration departs with the crescendo which brings it to an end. We fully recognize the care that has been bestowed upon the work from first to last. Nevertheless, if *The Canterbury Pilgrims* is to be truly popular, Mr. Stanford must certainly curtail, and perhaps partially rewrite, the Second Act.

The last act affords a remarkable instance of the composer's ability. The story sets forth little more than the trial of Hubert for abducting Cicely, the Justice of the Peace being none other than Sir Christopher, with Hal-o'-the-Chepe as magistrate's clerk; yet in this scene there is nothing of monotony or tameness. On the contrary, tenderness, humour, and descriptive force distinguish it throughout. The great hall of an English country mansion—Sir Christopher's—is the picture. Dame Margery opens the act with a scena, the most notable part of which is a song full of mournful beauty, "Life and love are young in spring." In the second stanza the sentiment changes, and with it there is a deviation in the melody, reflected again in the orchestral score, which may be cited as an example of the sensibility with which the composer has entered into the spirit of the author. Cicely's description of her flight, and Geoffrey's story of how he tracked the fugitives down, are specimens of dramatic music—of music, that is to say, which interprets the action of the drama. Hubert is indicted, and at the same time recognized by Hal as one of the rascals who were employed to carry off Cicely. There is genuine comedy in the delivery of the sentences passed by the knight at the instance of his creature; and the chorus of rustics who come to see the trial adds variety and movement to the scene. Has Mr. Stanford fallen across "Rule Britannia" purposely, or are the remonstrances of the villagers as here arranged an unconsciously prophetic recognition of the sometime fact—things in this direction have strangely altered of late—that "Britons never will be slaves"? In two places the composer anticipates several bars of this anthem; we say "anticipates," for of course the air was not written till centuries later. Those auditors who desire to hear something that they can "carry away with them" may be commended to Hubert's sly defence as given in the ballad "A knight who is fitter for aches and pains," wherein he shows that he is aware that his judge is in truth the real criminal. It has been already pointed out that Mr. Villiers Stanford is a musical humorist, and the statement might be strengthened by recurring to the ditty of the "Winsome Daffodil" which Sir Christopher has sung to Cicely in the village of Sidenbourne. Dame Margery here repeats it, and so, by showing that she likewise knows the facts of the case, is enabled to make terms for the lovers. Care and intelligence mark the production of *The Canterbury Pilgrims* throughout. Much depends on the choristers, who have been drilled with a diligent regard for the business of the scene which is altogether new to opera in England, Italian or other, except of course as regards the exceptional performances at the Savoy, where equal care and peculiar cunning are bestowed on the productions. Miss Clara Perry as Cicely, and Mr. B. Davies as Hubert, make musically and dramatically an excellent pair of lovers. Mr. Ludwig adapts himself very cleverly to the part of Sir Christopher, and, except that Mr. Ludwig is better endowed as a vocalist than Mr. Snazelle, the Geoffrey of the latter is equally good. Mr. Barrington Foote has had experience of the Italian stage at home and abroad, and is among the leading basses of the day. The one thing he needed to make his presence in opera specially welcome was experience as an actor, and here he plays Hal-o'-the-Chepe with a comic power which he has not hitherto been suspected of possessing. The Dame Margery of Miss Marian Burton also merits praise. Mr. Villiers Stanford is of the advanced school. If he had not advanced so far he would have increased the number of his appreciative companions on the road. Some features of the journey might be made more light and agreeable, but we have accompanied the pilgrimage with pleasure and interest. The way from the Tabard Inn to Sidenbourne is one to be followed with delight, and we warmly recommend readers to take it.

A re-hearing of *Carmen* with its first cast—that is, with Mr. Barton McGuckin as Don José and Mr. Leslie Crotty as Escamillo—makes us think even more highly than before of the performance. New beauties of intention and execution in Mme. Marie Roze's Carmen reveal themselves. Mr. McGuckin seems to improve yet more in his acting, which is really striking at many points, and Mr. Leslie Crotty sings and acts Escamillo, especially in the "Toreador" song, better than we have ever seen the part acted and sung before. His performance is full of life and of art. The slight, but in no way meaningless, differences in the stage management for the two casts serve to instance the extraordinary care and invention which Mr. Harris bestows with such admirable results on such matters.

Another word of special praise for the taste and care with which operas are habitually put upon the stage at Drury Lane must not be omitted. The arrangement of the Garden Scene in *Faust*, the garden itself being at the bottom of a descent from the gate, is a

ease in point. We do not care much for "real horses" on the boards; they are so very real that they seem to add unreality to their surroundings; but, when the soldiers return, the passage of horsemen, kept well at the back of the scene, is not ineffective. To make Mephistopheles stand without any screen in the Cathedral scene is less to the point. When he is partly hidden his music has an added mystery. Fine stage management is, however, so extraordinary in operatic representations that the efforts made here should on no account pass unrecognized.

A few words may here suffice to note the opening of the Royal Italian Opera. The season at Mr. Gye's handsome theatre began on Tuesday with Signor Ponchielli's *La Gioconda*, which made so favourable an impression on audiences last year. A new hearing shows that the impression is likely to be permanent. The score has the two great requisites of beauty and dramatic power. Signor Bevignani conducted an efficient performance with the same cast as that by which the opera was first presented—Mme. Durand, Mme. Tremelli, Signor Marconi, Signor de Reszké, and Signor Cotogni. Their efforts scarcely need new praise, though the praise must be modified by the expression of a regret that the tenor and baritone are slaves or victims of the tremolo, which is the bane of modern operatic singing. Mme. Lucca is already in London; Mme. Patti is to come next month. Those who are faithful to a love for Italian opera will be abundantly gratified. A stage manager, by the way, is mentioned in the list of officials, but experience scarcely justifies the hope that his influence will be more perceptible than in former years. At least singers might be prevented from returning to bow, often in answer to very faint applause, and so delaying the action and making the scene ridiculous.

REVIEWS.

GENERAL GORDON'S BOOK.*

TO write a book of which 106 pages are devoted to a general theological disquisition and 18 to the topography, not of the Holy Land in general, but of Jerusalem and its neighbourhood, and to entitle it *Reflections in Palestine*, may reasonably be looked on as one more proof of the originality (which it would not be uncharitable to call eccentricity) marking General Gordon's character. We do not, however, fancy that any title would affect the circulation; for the fact which is likely to stimulate the sale is pre-eminently the authorship, and not the choice of the subject.

The short topographical section may well stand over while we call attention to the peculiarities of the religious treatise, as indicating the intellectual standing-ground of General Gordon and the circumstances under which he writes. A more absolutely self-reliant proclamation of that which the prophet believes to be Divine truth we never came across. The writer, indeed, begins with a stern reprimand to his contemporaries for their neglect of the Scriptures in comparison with "man's words," and asks "May not the reason that there are such differences of opinion on religion be that commentaries and other writings of *man* are read and studied instead of the Scriptures searched"? In asking this question, the enthusiast seems to forget that the only difference after all may be as to the conditions under which the word of man is, in fact, invoked to illuminate the dark passages of Scripture. For instance, his book is silent on the consent of the innumerable host of learned and pious students of all ages; but this is no proof that the intervention of "man's words" is absent, though the interpreter may be that prominent individuality, the mystical, confident Charles George Gordon. We do not suppose that the author appreciated how near he approached to committing himself to the uncharitable and incredible charge that the too much studied commentators had not themselves searched the Scriptures. But certainly the General endeavours to act as he preaches; for the treatise is absolutely devoid of any of the helps which most writers on abstruse topics are glad to seek from the erudition of their predecessors. A word now and then betrays acquaintance with Hebrew and Greek; otherwise the exclusive appeal to the Bible in the Authorized Version is only diversified by one reference to Bishop Wordsworth's Commentary and one to the Athanasian Creed. Neither the Prayer-Book as such, nor the Articles, are once mentioned; while not the least recognition of the place which critical investigation justly claims in Biblical study seems ever to have crossed General Gordon's mind in his literal acceptance of the entire Old Testament narrative in its English dress. There would be nothing in the entire book to show to what denomination of Christians he belonged were it not for the naïve statement, "In our church we have the Ten Commandments beside the Lord's table, but the font and the table of the Lord are the two visible and constant articles of service in our Christian churches." It is peculiar that the General, while he warily avoids raising the pulpit to a third place of honour, should have dwelt upon the old-fashioned and much-disused tables of Commandments.

In fact, it is not too much to say that General Gordon starts on the expedition after the assimilation of Christian truth in much the same spirit and with about the same external help as he considered needful when his object was to make the Soudan his own. It is fair to add that, if the book were written, as it appears, in Palestine, access to books may not have been so easy. But it is abundantly clear that General Gordon never realized this difficulty as an inconvenience.

What, then, has been the result of this strange quest; in what shape does the Christianity evolved by the solitary broodings of the enthusiast soldier present itself to the readers of his book?

The answer to this question is the strangest part of the whole affair. Temperaments like General Gordon's when stirred by deep religious emotion are apt to take refuge in the grim intolerance of Calvinism and its delusive comforts of assurance and indefectibility. This was conspicuous in the idiosyncrasy of that great Christian hero who bore in some respects such a likeness to the English soldier, "Stonewall" Jackson. General Gordon, serene, it would seem, in the untroubled unconsciousness that any father, any doctor, any prelate or professor had anticipated what are to him no doubt discoveries, has strayed upon the broad highway of that presentment of Christianity which has emphatically been from the beginning the doctrine of the Church in contrast to that of the sects. The corner-stone of his system is the two great sacraments, and those sacraments he describes in language of which we can give the best idea by saying that it sounds like an expansion of the latter part of the Church Catechism. The connexion between the Creation and the new creation or new birth of Baptism, and the reciprocal relation of the tree of knowledge and of the Eucharist as type and as antitype, are the very commonplaces of that theology which is in different aspects known as the sacramental system and historical Christianity, and which is, we add, the only consistent key to the formularies of the Church of England. Yet our Baptismal and Eucharistic services, from which such pregnant illustrations of his assertions could be culled, are either forgotten or deliberately ignored by the General. He can say truly and well, "as the earth was once covered with water and dead, so Baptism covers a man figuratively with water, to denote his death, to state publicly that he acknowledges death as his due, and, as the earth emerges in its new creation, so man comes forth from Baptism a new creature, and he can then feed on the tree of life in the Holy Communion." Yet he seems unconscious that the Baptismal service long since invoked the Almighty, "Who of Thy great mercy didst save Noah and his family in the ark from perishing by water; and also didst safely lead the children of Israel Thy people through the Red Sea, figuring thereby Thy Holy Baptism, and by the Baptism of Thy well-beloved Son Jesus Christ in the river Jordan didst sanctify water to the mystical washing away of sin."

Such a phenomenon as General Gordon's book is gives rise to various reflections. It is a very distinct indication of how much the appreciation of historical and sacramental Christianity is "in the air." It is evidence of the hold which this Christianity has got even of those who may be most unconscious of its presence, or who believe themselves most inimical to its progress. Short of a miracle, no soldier, however pious and heroic, of the last or the last but one generation could have written the book. It is also, though we do not wish to dwell very heavily on this point, an *argumentum ad hominem* that the sacramental doctrine does stand confessed on the face of Scripture, to the extent of justifying us in refusing to accept the assertion of controversialists on the other side, who pretend that more seeking is needed to discover that theory within the sacred records than the solifidian one.

No doubt the value of the volume as a psychological curiosity turns much upon that which its writer takes care to veil in impenetrable obscurity—namely, the moral and intellectual training which has enabled him to reach his actual position. We should on this head be inclined to offer a commonplace suggestion, and ask whether the fact may not be that the early schooling of General Gordon was in the good old paths of the Church of England and its invaluable Catechism. The good seed may have lain dormant, and when it shot up the growth appeared to the man of exceptional confidence to be spontaneous. But, whatever may be the secret of its inception, the phenomenal value of the book is incontestable.

BINKO'S BLUES.*

TO consider the whole question of allegory *à propos* of *Binko's Blues* may look like considering too curiously. But it is really time to ask what are the conditions of an art, that of paradoxical and humorous allegory, which in our age has become undoubtedly popular. When Mr. Besant lectured last week on the art of fiction, he observed that the Muse of Story-telling had no place among the Nine, though Story-telling was decidedly older than the Nine Muses, who first appear in what many think an interpolated passage of the Odyssey. The reason is that the Greeks did not recognize the art of prose-romance at all; it was not an admitted *genre*, and only came to the surface after the Eastern and Western world had got thoroughly mixed up together. The same statement may be made about allegory. The *genre* has no very definite limits, whether in plastic art, poetry, or prose, because it was practically unknown to the legislators of the arts. Apologues they had; and fables, and personified abstract

* *Reflections in Palestine*, 1883. By Charles George Gordon. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

* *Binko's Blues*. By Herman C. Merivale. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

ideas, like Love and Death, hold a place in their literature and myths. But a long romance with an obvious second meaning pervading it throughout below the surface was quite alien to the genius of Greece. It is from the middle ages that we inherit Faux Semblant, and Bel Accueil, and all the typical beings of the *Romance of the Rose* and its descendants. Perhaps it is the result of this origin of modern allegory that no one can exactly define the province of the *genre*. Is an allegory successful when it entertains us in such a straightforward way that we quite forget its lesson, as in the case of the *Pilgrim's Progress*? Probably very few readers have ever got much profit or pleasure out of musing on the various typical meanings of Bunyan's famous book, and certainly we only enjoy the *Faerie Queen* when we forget that it has a second meaning altogether. That is the common modern way of looking at the matter. On the other hand, there have been times and peoples where nothing but the second meaning was thought of any merit, as when Porphyry set himself to extort the moral of the Cave of the Nymphs, or when Commentator made an allegory of the Empire and the Church out of the *Vita Nuova*.

These remarks are not so much "in the air" as they seem to be, for our estimate of the success of *Binko's Blues* depends on our theory of the limits of humorous writing. Mr. Merivale's purpose was probably to write a fairy tale for children, and a brief allegory of modern society, in somewhat a burlesque and punning vein, for men and women. Therefore the question arises, Will children take the story merely as a story, without being puzzled and "put off" by the sarcastic allusions to contemporary foibles and follies in literature, social affairs, politics, and so forth? We have very little doubt that children will pursue the tale of the Princess Floriline, of her lover and bridegroom, Baron Osy, of Binko, the depraved and hideous foe of domestic joy, the humpbacked but foiled Richard of Fairyland, with perfect zest and pleasure. Yet we can hardly doubt that some children, of a more inquiring nature, will be puzzled by the talk about the Rab*, about the trials which lasted so long, and were tried so often, about the land of Dollarosa, justly described as "quite the most remarkable of nations and quite the least particular." "He did not care what he pirated," says the author when drawing the unflattering portrait of Binko, "and he drove a great trade, among many other trades, in abducting the early manuscripts of Tadtite romances or Cimarosian plays from their unsuspecting authors, and exacting a large commission for them in the distant country with which he chiefly dealt, the Great Settlements of Dollarosa." Our impression is that a child in reading *Binko's Blues* will carry away from such passages as these a vague but deeply satisfying impression of the composite and mysterious villainy of that evil character. At the same time, it would be easy to argue, *à priori*, that Mr. Merivale's proper public will be repelled by what they certainly cannot be expected to understand. There are times when grown-up people almost wonder whether the *Rose and the Ring* is really a good present for a small boy or girl. Our eyes being purged with bitter euphrasy and rue, we see a great many things in the *Rose and the Ring* which it seems far from necessary that a child should notice. But, if any one will try to remember his own first acquaintance with that romance, he will probably admit that for him the worldly wisdom, the keen vision of snobbishness, did not exist. He was wrapped up in the story, trembled for Rosalba when the Princess was thrown to the lions, and thought it no more than proper and natural that Giglio should make that prodigiously long speech to the students.

If this "reading" of childish character and tastes be correct, then, no doubt, children will be immensely excited about the adventures of the fair Floriline. The Queen of Tadt, a land proved, in an amusing piece of pure nonsense-writing, to be outside of the map, Floriline suffers much from many physicians and many masters. The former condemn her to the regimen which, as the author says, "is nearly the same for all patients, whatever their sex, bulk, or occupation." One egg for breakfast (one slice of cold bacon is now more fashionable); one small slice of cold mutton, or one small mutton-chop, for luncheon; and fish, joint, and plain pudding for dinner—these were all the royal meats of the Princess Floriline. Happily, perhaps, for the sovereign lady, knowledge had become so enormous in Tadt that people, if they were ever to learn anything, had to reverse the common method, and go back from to-day. Thus Floriline, if she had been an English girl, would not have begun her studies of English history with primitive man and the mammoth, but with the facts of her own minority, as far as they had gone. Living in a domain where women had not been eligible as sovereigns, Floriline enjoyed the rivalry of a pretender, Binko, the piratical captain of the *Tonic Bark*. At a moment when the Thigs and Wories, the constitutional parties, had nearly teased each other into extinction, the Sentimentals, with their blue-ribboned leader, Phœbus Apollinaris, came in, and, of course, they had a leaning towards Binko. Their policy, we learn, was based upon a belief in the universal goodness of everybody, if you would only trust them (except with drink), and therefore they trusted Binko. But the conduct of this brutal and licentious prince, when asked to take the oath, was of a character which offended even his chief Sentimental supporters. Floriline was, therefore, accepted as future ruler, and her education was very carefully seen to:—

> Her reading upon general subjects was confined to the pages of the two great Sage-green magazines, the *Present Sentry* and the *Nightlightly Review*, whose titles showed how wide awake they were about everything. They were originally introduced into Tadt by Shpex and his friends, and their motto was a passage from an old Karamsinian comedy. It was that "Every kind of subject was permitted, as long as it was tedious." Anything at all entertaining was strictly excluded, because of its bad effects upon the mind; but partly also because so many people in Tadt lived by writing, and so few of them had the smallest power of entertaining anybody, that it would never do to set a bad example. Articles which nobody but their writers could understand were much in request, and those which the writers did not understand themselves were paid for extra.

But the fairies, described in a very charming passage, prevented Floriline from becoming a dreadful little intense female prig, and she was especially under the care of the fairy Robur. From what terrible dangers the fairy afterwards saved her on the Chloral Reef, it must be left to the reader to discover, as this is decidedly the most ingenious part of the plot. Floriline, rejecting all the photographs of more princely wooers, chose the gallant and beautiful Baron Osy. But scarcely had she been united to him, after ceremonies in which trumpets, butter-boats, and similar joyful instruments of music and mutual adulation were sonorous, than the pair were snatched away in beauty's bloom by Binko and his pirate minions. The relief and delight which came to Floriline on the pirate barque where, whatever dangers lowered, science and education, and the "Admiration Army" (copyright) were out of the way, are humorously described. The perils from cannibals and chloral reefs which the lovers encountered, and the happy manner of their release, must be perused by curious youth for itself. It is not our business to "come and spoil the fun" by an analysis of the plot or anticipation of the catastrophe. But we must be permitted to quote a passage concerning the anarchy and intellectual advertising systems which devastated Tadt during the absence of the legitimate ruler:—

> The Culturists, too, wrote chiefly about each other in a set of small journals of their own; and though none of them had ever done anything whatever, individual, or original, or worthy of note—they mentioned each other's names so constantly and so systematically as "that eminent thinker"—"that enlightened critic"—etc., etc., that the public began to hear of their names in spite of itself, and to suppose that these gentlemen really had done something, though when they were asked what, neither the public nor the gentlemen themselves could say.

Ridicule, alas! will not stop the advertisements of the "Culturists." We have ceased to be vexed much with paragraphs about professional beauties, but twitters of literary gossip about literary animalculæ are even more common than ever. One cannot take up certain journals without reading that Professor Nicks has finished punctuating his treatise on Amalekite Algebra, that Mr. Brown is editing the works of Scalion de Virbluneau, or that Jones has achieved his monody on some other unlucky culturist, snatched away at the early age of fourteen. This system of advertisement has reached such a pitch that even the advertised are beginning to blush like peonies at the mere sight of a column of "cultured" chatter. To return to *Binko's Blues*, we quote a passage in another key, descriptive of "The Master of Coldpore," a patriot who made patriotism pay:

> The Master was cool and impassible, scrupulously polite (where it might be injurious to be otherwise), and capable of assuming interest without enthusiasm. He was the most finished master of the use of the cat's-paw whom history has seen: and when murder and outrage followed with deadly persistency on the march of his passionless denunciation, he had but to wash his hands. Sometimes, after some outrage of special atrocity, he was perhaps not very visible for some days, and it was whispered that he went about armed. But personal courage was not a requisite for the paid school of patriotism. For every wretched life among the ill-starred colonists, which through some strange fatality had to be sacrificed in his cause, either at the murderous attack of some life only less wretched than the first, or by the bitter and miserable retaliation of the block, he only seemed to be followed the more—for what was that to him? He that struck no blow had nothing to fear, and the subscriptions of the grateful colonists made him a rich man for life, and set him upon his feet among the class of men who, for owning the land (as for that matter they did in Tadt too), were the especial objects of his patient tactics of attack.

The answer to this estimate has never been produced, and the character of the Master must be left to the judgment of a history more serious than that of Tadt.

Perhaps the best criticism and justification of *Binko's Blues* is contained in the preliminary sonnet, an admirable piece of verse, with which our notice may appropriately conclude.

> Tossing in broken slumber to and fro,
> By too much journal-reading half distraught,
> The latest miracles of modern thought
> To living form I saw before me grow!
> They came,—the monsters of advertisement,—
> From subterranean railways gambolling;
> Or springing like weird mushrooms in a night,
> On track of fire or house-demolishing,
> O'er giant-hoardings in a grisly row;
> Heads one half chestnut-brown, the other white,
> Strange drinks red-lettered over gaudy bars,
> Wild phantom ships and ghastly pickle-jars;
> Till as I wondered why such dreams were sent,
> A voice said, "We are fairies: rise and write."

FORTUNES MADE IN BUSINESS.*

SOME years ago the then President of the Board of Trade addressed a circular to all the Railway Companies, drawing attention to the frequency of preventible accidents, and suggesting more stringent rules and precautions. The general scope of the letter was excellent; but its effect was somewhat marred by the

* *Fortunes Made in Business: a Series of Original Sketches, Biographical and Anecdotic, from the Recent History of Industry and Commerce.* By Various Writers. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

selection of examples and typical cases. For it then became easy for any one Company to show that no such irregularity or defect as that made the subject of severe comment in the tenth paragraph "of your letter under acknowledgment" had ever occurred for thirty years, say, on the whole of the long line between Shuntbury and Middleborough. Whatever might have happened elsewhere, owing to neglect or wilfulness, the Directors and servants of this exemplary and cautious Company were clear. The other galled jades might wince, and so on. Something of this security may be felt by each one of the "Various Writers" who, the preface tells us, in company with a nameless editor, have been engaged for years in collecting the scattered information now presented to the public in these two volumes. When the critic makes sharp remarks about exuberant style, the introduction of irrelevant matter, or errors of fact, each writer may console himself with the thought that his own particular contribution is not meant, or that the editor must be held responsible for the outturn of the whole. There is no reason whatever why the biographies of successful merchants and inventors should not be written as well as those of eminent lawyers or divines. Thackeray in one of his lighter pieces says, that next to eating good dinners, a person of a truly benevolent disposition would like to read about them. And, similarly, we may say that ordinary individuals who have just made a mere competence out of the struggle for existence, may like to hear of the lucky chances and the scientific inventions which have carried others more fortunate than the reader to the summit of fame and fortune in the mercantile and engineering world. It would be ungracious to sneer at several of the characters in this work because they do not bring us face to face with interesting political changes, or because they were more given to study the statistics of the *Mining Journal* or the *Builder* than the pages of Thucydides. There are men, says Dickens, in his account of the Brothers Cheeryble, who knowing all this, to wit, their charity and worth, would not dine with these men "because they eat with their knives and have never been to school." We have not read this work in any such spirit. But it is in places stamped with that social defect at which Thackeray was always shooting out his sharp quills. One writer seems to hold that one of the main objects of honours and decorations conferred by the Crown is that the wearer may display them at evening parties. Another is under the impression that the Order of St. Michael and St. George is usually the reward of service at Court. One gentleman still alive comes in for a high encomium because he has not spent a fortune made by alizarine and other dyes, in luxurious ease and vulgar ostentation; and, generally speaking, there is a smack of self-satisfaction in the enumeration of large figures and gigantic statistics of tonnage, hogsheads, miles of private railway, and workshops covering so many acres. Then there is often a resort to padding, or to illustrations which illustrate nothing of the matter in hand, be it wool or iron, light alpacas, or wholesome beer. One life is prefaced by a page or two about Don Quixote, Amadis de Gaul, the Seven Champions of Christendom, Robinson Crusoe, Giant Blunderbore, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Her Majesty's Fifth Fusiliers. Another is illustrated by two pages of an old *Punch*. But the most extraordinary episodes are those of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. It will at once occur to every reader that both these names are known everywhere, simply because they belong to men who have sought distinction in politics, and not made fortunes in business. Seventy pages are devoted to the account of Mr. Gladstone's family. His father's friendship with Canning, his sort of apology for the slave trade in one of his earliest efforts, the character of his oratory, and the various offices he has filled in successive Administrations, take up a large space. And we have also notices of his literary activity, his praiseworthy habit of answering troublesome correspondents on post-cards, his fondness for china and bric-à-brac, his private life, and the kindliness of heart and activity of mind which make him ready "to speak or write on anything and everything at a moment's notice." Mr. Bright and his family occupy fifty pages more, but it is fair to state that here we have some interesting notices of cotton-spinning as well as of platform oratory. It would try Mr. Gladstone's marvellous powers of language to show by what process the reputation of either himself or his late colleague had either originated or been enhanced by business. Possibly some essayist of a future generation, if he lights on this book, may find a pleasing subject for speculation in tracing Mr. Gladstone's possible career had he followed his father's example and stuck to Liverpool and business. When we run over the list of men who have built magnificent fleets of steamers, extracted anthracene from pitch, perfected machines for combing wool, or forced iron out of ironstone, we may be inclined to think that the Prime Minister would have been quite equal to proving to the satisfaction of himself and all his partners that there were at least three ways of doing everything; three modes of brewing beer, three routes to cross the Atlantic, three courses open to those who spin flax and card wool. Less fertile minds may hold that, in commerce and in politics, there are only two ways of doing a thing—the right way and the wrong way.

Yet there are many narratives in this compilation which exhibit some of the best qualities of the self-taught Englishman. Patience, perseverance, contentment in poverty, generosity in affluence, kindness to friends and dependents, happy selection of chances, instruments, and agencies, discoveries amounting to inspiration, an infinite capacity for taking pains, are all well brought out. Some chances seem to come to the finder like an easy catch at mid-wicket. They could hardly be missed. Others, again, could only have occurred to an inventive faculty combined with an accurate knowledge of mechanical forces and the uses to which raw material and waste could be put. Here are a few instances in which splendid fortunes have been made in the last hundred years. A fortunate exhaustion of a certain lead mine in Cumberland sent the father of Mr. Holden to work in a coal mine near Glasgow. The son managed to acquire a very fair education in mathematics, Latin, Greek, and chemistry, and seemed destined to attain no higher position than classical master in some English academy. An accident enabled him to invent the useful lucifer match in 1829. Any chemist knew how to strike a light, but it occurred to Mr. Holden to put sulphur and not wood under the explosive material that gave out the light. A year or so after this he sold the goodwill of his school and entered the service of Messrs. Townend, where he was enabled to supplant the rude instruments used in wool-combing by delicate but practical machines fitted with teeth "finer than the finest sewing needle." In partnership with Mr. Lister he established mills in France, at Rheims, Croix near Roubaix, and St. Denis, and we can believe that at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, of all the samples of combed wools, those of Holden et Fils attracted not the least share of attention. The story of Mr. Holden's success, which is concisely told, is mixed up with that of Mr. Lister, his partner. This gentleman happened to see some rubbish in a London warehouse, pleasant neither to the eye, nor the nose, nor the touch. It was called "silk waste," being made of mulberry leaves and bits of stick. After many experiments he was enabled to convert this apparently worthless material into beautiful fabrics of velvet and plush. Mr. Holden sits in the present Parliament. Mr. Lister competed unsuccessfully against the late Lord F. Cavendish for the North Riding in 1880.

The Low Moor Company is simply the history of the transformation of a comparatively worthless estate of moor and bog into a splendid property of coal and iron mines, tramways, furnaces, and workshops. This tract, belonging to an indebted Yorkshire squire, was bought about a century ago for 34,000*l*. The purchasers have founded families and left fine fortunes. But we quote this rather as an instance of a legitimate speculation in land known to contain abundant mineral wealth and of the skilful development of its hidden resources, than as displaying mechanical and inventive genius. Again, hoop-rings, split pens, and electroplate are not amongst the discoveries which have materially altered or highly benefited society. But they are serviceable articles; and the share or credit to be claimed by each partner in these ventures is well told in the chapter on Sir Josiah Mason. It is satisfactory to learn that out of pen-making, rings of india-rubber, and nickel-smelting, have sprung almshouses and orphanages and the Scientific College at Birmingham, which alone cost 180,000*l*. The career of Sir Henry Bessemer, his projectiles, his disputes with the Government, and his steel works, is familiar enough. This chapter is by no means a favourable specimen of literary workmanship. The most important fact recorded—the key, it may be said, to the success of the steel works—is that Sir H. Bessemer, after a series of nearly ruinous experiments, found out the secret of producing "steel worth 50*l*. or 60*l*. a ton from charcoal iron which cost only 7*l*. per ton." The saving by the displacement of iron for steel in rails and tyres is, if we may trust the figures, enormous. Almost equally well known in the commercial world is the utilization of alpaca wool by Mr. Titus Salt. Either owing to prejudice or clumsiness, no one could make anything of this article till Mr. Salt tried "alpaca warp" and "alpaca weft," and turned a nondescript hair wool into an elegant dress. We cannot say that this chapter gains by the introduction of a fanciful description from *Household Words* of Mr. Salt entering the warehouse of C. W. and F. Foozle & Co. It is said to be in Dickens's "happiest vein." It is, in truth, characteristic of his oddities and inveterate love of exaggeration. The Peases of Darlington and the Fisons and Forsters of Burley-in-Wharfdale carry us to Yorkshire railways, waterworks at Middlesborough and other places, and Bradford politics, leading to a fair sketch of the public career of the late Chief Secretary for Ireland. But, as we remarked before, the public estimation in which Mr. W. E. Forster is deservedly held by all parties is due to politics and not to cotton. In the account of the Fairbairns there is a good deal to interest; but it may be questioned whether Sir S. Cunard and Mr. Bass and his sons have not earned more gratitude from the average Englishman than others who have revolutionized the art of war or turned picturesque hillsides into reeking factories. It was urged with much extravagance in the discussions on the discredited scheme for the Channel Tunnel, that the enterprise was worth the money if only for the sake of preventing invalids and aldermen from passing an uncomfortable hour and a half in the passage from Dover to Calais. The founders of a Company which, with others, has reduced the passage of the stormy Atlantic to one week have surely achieved a substantial success without the least political danger. The Cunard Company has never lost a single vessel out of its magnificent fleet; and it may be rivalled but has not been surpassed, for the security and comfort of passengers, by any other Company. If Cunard is a powerful name in New York and Liverpool, all India has heard of the mighty name of Bass, the most respected brewer whereof has just in full years and general honour gone over to the majority. Since the time when the senior of that name improved on the Pale Ale of Hodgson, the Burton manufacture has been—we speak seriously—a valuable

help to the good administration of the Indian Empire. Ale, bottled, pure, and sparkling, is recommended by the medical profession to be drunk in moderation by man, woman, and child all over the plains. It enables hard-worked officials to repair the ravages of the hot season, to defy the clamminess of the rains, and to shake off a fever. Many a man has dated his recovery from sickness from the hour when his doctor allowed him to return to his Bass. The liquid is consumed by Young India, not always in moderation, and has supplied him with the finest outbursts of his patriotism and the most splendid apologies for the Ilbert Bill. The thoughtful native, in fact, often imports his liquor and his patriotism. More than forty years ago the merits of Pale Ale were celebrated by the late Mr. H. M. Parker, B.C.S., in a lively poem, from which we have just room for the following stanzas. There are thirteen in all, every one ending with the same magic and household words:—

When o'er Bengal's storm-troubled bay
Lowers the dark monsoon;
And the wild tempest's iron sway
Shadows our dreary June;
The weary tar, who comes below
From striking mast or sail,
Feels home within his stout heart glow
At sight of thee, *Pale Ale*.

And the poem ends thus:—

Rich and capacious goblets bring,
And fresh, cool wreaths entwine,
Of verdant hops, dew glittering,
Old England's genuine vine;
Crown us, and as the beakers foam
Let's drink each glorious sail
That wafts from our own island home
Its richest gift, *Pale Ale*.

The editor, in any future edition of these *Fortunes*, might do worse than replace some of his padding by the short poem of which the above is an extract. It was published in a miscellaneous collection of prose and verse, as "Bole Poujis," in 1851.

FOUR NOVELS.*

THE scene of Miss Howard's new novel is laid at Plouvenec, a village on the Breton coast; the heroine, Guenn Rodellec, is a Breton fisher-girl; the heroes—there is more than one—are Thymert, rector of the Lannions, and Everett Hamor, the American painter. Hamor is a young man with plenty of talent, plenty of amiability, and plenty of will, but emotionally shallow, and an incarnation of artistic selfishness. He comes of Puritan stock; he has "taught school out West," hunted bison on their native runs, exchanged shots and fisticuffs with hardy miners, studied painting in Paris, dwelt in tents at Barbizon, and had experiences of every sort; he likes to like and be liked, but he cares for nothing but art; he is a kind of feeble, highly Americanized reflection of what is worst in Goethe. Thymert, on the other hand, is a valiant Breton, half priest and half sailor; he is amazingly strong and masterful; he has the single-heartedness of a child, and the passions of a true man; he is of the stuff of which martyrs are made, and heroic missionaries, and immortal partisan leaders. Between these two is the fisher-maiden Guenn Rodellec. Guenn is the bonniest, blithest, most delightful girl in Plouvenec. She is small and light; but she can row admirably, and lift a greater weight than almost any man in the village. She is loose-tongued and high-handed; but she is utterly pure and stainless, and she has the loveliest laugh ever heard. She is only seventeen; but she is already a regular buyer for M. Menier, the sardine merchant; she is the best runner in the village, and the best dancer in the department; she can hold her own with any scold in Plouvenec, and she is besides a mother to her hunchbacked brother Nannic, and as good a daughter as possible to her scoundrel old father, the fisherman Rodellec. Withal she is absolutely heart-free; her savage maidenhood is such as would have become the nymphs who followed Artemis through the forests—the tameless company who, "au crépuscule, à l'heure où les lionnes vont boire, lavent dans les sources froides leurs mains sanglantes et leurs bras poudreux." With Hamor's coming, however, all this is changed. She begins by hating and fearing him; she ends by falling devoutly in love with him. She has always been contemptuous of painters, and steadily refused to earn from them by sitting as a model. But, her father aiding, she sits to Hamor, and then, by swift degrees, identifies herself with him, his interests, and his work, till she becomes completely dependent on him, and, though he knows it not, has no existence save as his slave. He, for his part, cares nothing at all about her. He is too puritanical and too selfishly indifferent to make love to her; he contents himself with imposing his will upon her, with making her do exactly as he pleases, and with behaving to her as pleasantly and gracefully, neither more nor less, as his graceful and pleasant nature obliges him to behave to everybody. Guenn and her brother save his life more than once, and Guenn also saves his picture. But he either does not know, or does not care to recognize, the immense affection he has called into being; and, when the time comes, he leaves Plouvenec on a mere matter of business, without so much as waiting to say good-bye. Guenn, it should be noted, has gone over to Quimper, to buy fripperies for another picture. She returns, to find her hero gone; and that night, in a delirium of baffled love and wounded pride and torture of heart, she rows out through the storm towards the Lannions, to confess herself to Thymert, the valiant rector, and is drowned. Thymert, who is her cousin, has loved her all along, with the whole strength of his great, deep nature. In the morning he goes down to the beach, to see if the tempest has wrought much misery for his own flock; and there he finds Guenn's body. All that day he prays beside it, and with the night he vanishes from the Lannions. At Rome, ten years after, Hamor, by this time a successful man, meets a Carmelite monk, and recognizes him for the quondam rector of the Lannions. He has never heard of Guenn's death, has never troubled himself to inquire about her since the day he left Plouvenec; he had sent her a parcel of pretty things from Paris, it is true, but whether they reached her or not he had never once cared to ask; and he is really sorry—it gives him "quite a shock—after these years, too"—to have such uncomfortable news. Thymert does not tell him why she died, nor exactly when; and when the other, "with his fine musical intonation," begs the priest to come and talk over old times, and assures him that he "shall always retain the strongest and most grateful remembrances" of them, he simply bids his interlocutor good-bye and passes on his way. Beside him, bearing "on his face the majesty of unutterable pain," Hamor is contemptible enough. But Hamor is shallow as of yore, and withal self-satisfied as of yore, and he does not know it. He pities the priest, and is inclined to scold religion for spoiling him; but he altogether fails to perceive his own immense inferiority.

This is, of course, the briefest possible outline of Miss Howard's story. It is completed by a great deal of excellent material in the shape of character, and dialogue, and emotion. Guenn herself is, it may be, a thought idyllic and untrue to fact. But she is thoroughly consistent as a creation, and her figure, at once brilliant and pathetic, is of those that live long in the memory. This is hardly the case with Hamor. It is difficult indeed, if not impossible, to believe in Hamor. His selfishness is too obviously invented, his sexlessness too flagrant and unreal. We have called him a sort of faint and feeble reflection of a certain aspect of Goethe. But the parallel is unjust. Goethe was, before all, a man; Hamor, if he is anything at all, is only a literary Americanism. The priest is far better and stronger work. He has passion, he is natural, he is touched with the large simplicity of life. For the other characters of Miss Howard's novel—which contains plenty of good drawing and fine colour and true nature—our readers must seek for themselves. Some of them—as, for instance, Guenn's brother Nannic, the urchin wizard, and "Madame," mistress of the Hôtel des Voyageurs—have, in their several ways, uncommon merit.

Captain Hawley Smart's new book is a collection of short stories. Every one of them appears to have already done duty elsewhere; hardly one of them but is fit to do duty a second time, and reappear as part of a book. For Captain Smart knows all about the horsey world of which he has become the peculiar chronicler, and he sets down his knowledge with an ingenious vivacity, as it were a lingering flavour of Charles Lever, pleasing to the mind. His men are good, honest, companionable fellows, and if they teach you little or nothing, save that one natural heavy dragoon is better than a wilderness of unnatural philanthropical ideals, they amuse you in the process, and you part from them with regret, though you forget them five minutes after. His women, in the same way, are good, honest, companionable creatures, and though, to the stern philosopher, they are a little too fond of flirting and slang and a trifle too apt at giving and taking the odds, you have only to be with them to find life pass pleasantly enough. Then Captain Smart has the good fortune to possess, by appropriation it may be, a subject of inexhaustible interest and charm. Horses and races have been a universal passion since the beginning of time. To go to the Derby—in a four-in-hand or in a "Whitechapel brougham" it is all one—is to be purely and wholly human, and to draw the winner in a sweepstakes is to be a hero among men. And if this be so, what is it to be a hardened and consistent sportsman? What must be the glories of that state of life which confers upon its practitioners the privilege of sharing in such mysteries as "pulling" and "roping," "milking" and "bucketing," "squaring" and "selling," and "welshing"? of indulging in such fearless new fashions "as landing a raker" and "coming a cropper"? of expressing themselves in such noble and harmonious English as "it takes the pluck out of you, makes one a bit funky, and one never gets out of a mucker that way"? Of such desperate delights are Captain Smart's stories compacted. Without incurring the reproach of affectation, he may speak of a saddle as "the pigskin"; he may "bolt," he may "tip," he may "fluke," and none will say him nay; he may "take sixteen ponies on the winner," and do feats of that sort, in whose contemplation the unsportsmanlike writer bursts with envy. In his present volume he gives us a handful of stories, thrice welcome to those whose "horsiness" is excessive, acceptable—perhaps in a less degree, but still acceptable—to those in whom the quality is merely human and normal. The best is probably the first, which tells how, in spite of fateful dreams and tremendous presentiments, and the injunctions of a dying parent, a sporting man who ought to have known better did not win on Caractacus. But there is little to choose between this one and

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* *Guenn.* By Blanche Willis Howard. London: Warne & Co. 1884.
Salvage. By Hawley Smart. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.
Dearforgil. By the Author of "The Last Earl of Desmond." Second Edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.
Years Ago. By Sidney Lever. London: Remington & Co. 1884.

others; as, for instance, that which sets forth how a dark horse won over Ballycoree. Another good one has for its hero an American bewitched with Charles Lever, and tells how, after years of waiting, he was at last admitted to mess with a crack regiment, how he looked in vain for Monsoon and others, and how, by his own act and deed, and to his own immense disgust, he went home sober as a judge. To this we may add that "Jack Thistleton's Luck" is very readable and fresh, and that one or two of the ghosts in "The Spectre Signal" are quite good enough to remember.

In *Dearforgil*, "A Historical Romance of 1152-72," the author of *The Last Earl of Desmond* and other immortal works relates how Diarmaid of Leinster, after marrying with Una O'More, stole away Dearforgil, wife of Tiernan O'Rourke, and, being robbed of his prey, and also dispossessed of his kingdom, called in "the Saxon and Guilt," and with Strongbow's help, and Fitzstephen's, and Hugh de Lacy's, made "Virtue and Erin" eternal allies, and became, as it were, the Great First Cause of Mr. Healy. It is an amazing production. It breathes of Samuel Lover and *The Four Masters*, of Micky Free and Brian Boru, of the late Tom Moore and the Brehon Laws, of Malachi of the Collar of Gold and the lamented Harry Lorrequer. King Diarmaid scowls and poses valiantly—like Mr. Warner in *The Bastile of Calvados;* and his "Ollav," his Bard, says "Bathershin," and "Arrah," and "Faith," as though, even to his oaths, he were the direct ancestor of Handy Andy. Strongbow's nickname "De arcu forti" gets disguised as "Darky Forty," which obliges the fair Eva to inquire if her husband presumptive is not "a little black man, about forty years of age." Hugh de Lacy, the proud Norman, is presented as a kind of mediæval anticipation of a burlesque writer. "If I don't *string* him up," says he of O'Rourke, "my name is not *De Lacy*." This hero, moreover, is not only a punster himself, but the cause of punning in others. "A trunk, indeed," soliloquizes the author, in contemplation of the Norman's headless body, "a *trunk* indeed, for it was covered with *hair*." Strongbow, like the courtly creature he is, explains himself in the French of the period. "He gave me the lie," says he of somebody or other, "for which I returned him *un coup au derrière*." Diarmaid, all traitor as he is, is so true an Irishman that he achieves a monumental bull:—"'O God! *I am blinded*,' exclaimed the Princess, raising her hand to her eyes. 'Are you?' cried the King, trembling from head to foot. '*Can you see*, Dearforgil?'" To complete her lover's achievement, the stricken lady answers "Yes," and the bull becomes representative and national. "How came *he* to win my virgin affections?" soliloquizes the wicked Una, referring to her partner in crime, Killpatrick, *alias* Father Peter, *alias* "The Connaughtman," *alias* Donnchadh, Lord of Osraighe; and when, a few pages further on, Father Peter is found poisoning the wrong person, out of sheer Irishness of temperament, the startled reader can but echo her Majesty's inquiry. "But then," the guilty Queen reflects, "then I was a young and inexperienced girl, without a noble passion in my soul"; a remark which, as Una's ambition is all in the way of poisoning, stabbing, and destruction generally, tells well for the "noble passion," the patriotic purity of motive, by which the bosoms are fired of Mr. Parnell and the vocal O'Donovan Rossa. Indeed, anything "more Irish and less nice" than *Dearforgil* has not often been seen. Everybody's hand is against everybody else; nobody understands anybody; the general confusion debauches the reader's mind. It is a sort of Donnybrook, where Giraldus Cambrensis takes hands with Shaun the Post, and Dr. O'Donovan measures shillelaghs with the Abbé MacGeohagan, and the author and St. Kevin's Kathleen and Thady O'Flinn and William of Malmesbury and the Colleen Bawn all shout and fight and hurroo and caper in concert, like the Home Rule party on a field-night at St. Stephen's. "Fiction," as the author remarks in his preface, "is wild and frolicsome, and apt to curvet in harness." That is true enough; but if Fiction is always as wild and frolicsome as in *Dearforgil*, and curvets in harness in no other wise than here, then, in the language of Mr. Bumble, Fiction "is a hase," and the less we see or hear of Fiction the better.

Miss Lever is a novelist by inheritance. In *Years Ago* she breaks ground with such briskness and assurance as augur well of her future. Her story is trite and slight to a degree. The scene of it is laid at Fiume, and the flavour—half English, half Roumanian, with a dash of Greek and Italian—is cosmopolitan and mixed enough to remind us of the late Lever himself. To Fiume the heroine, Margaret Seymour, comes down, for a change of air, from Pesth, with her sister, her brother-in-law, and her little niece and nephew. There she encounters a certain Mirko Stevanovič, a wonderful Montenegrin, blessed with all manner of accomplishments, rich in all manner of experience, and possessed of the fatal gift of beauty. She and Mirko fall in love and determine to marry. At Fiume, however, there abides a certain Perdicaris, a wily and dubious Greek, who has a wicked wife and a fair and gracious daughter. Perdicaris is heavily in debt to Mirko. Years before he has accepted a sum in trust from the Montenegrin's mother; that sum he has taken to himself, and, after making his fortune with it, he has got to the point of denying the deposit and his liability. Mirko goes off to search for documentary evidence in support of his claim; and when Margaret sees him again, he is standing before the altar with Merika Perdicaris. Of course, they have been betrayed. Mirko has been told that Margaret is false; and, to square matters with Perdicaris, he has accepted Merika and Merika's fortune. When he learns how he has been tricked, which he does half an hour after the wedding, he has a tremendous scene with Margaret, departs from Fiume and his spouse, and, aweary of his life, "flings it away in battle with the Turk," like the bridegroom of Rogers's "Ginevra"; while Margaret and Merika, after nursing each other dutifully through a long illness apiece, are left to amuse themselves as best they can ever afterwards. Obviously an intrigue of this type has little or nothing in itself to recommend it. In Miss Lever's hands, however, it assumes a certain freshness, and proves very far from ineffective. Its lines are cast in unfamiliar places, and among manners which are strange and remote from our own. It is supported by a set of characters which are slightly but firmly drawn, and which are at once novel and natural. A great deal more pains and a little more ambition, and Miss Lever should make us a really good novel.

COLONEL LUMSDEN'S BEOWULF.*

THAT in the short space of two years a second edition of Colonel Lumsden's translation of *Beowulf* should have been called for must be a source of legitimate satisfaction to the translator. But if, as we doubt not is the case, Colonel Lumsden is really anxious for the progress of the subject to which he has devoted so much of his leisure time, he would be the first to agree with us that this fact is even more satisfactory as evidence of the increased interest which the English people are beginning to take in what it is the fashion to call the origins of their national literature and language, after being long content to leave them to be studied almost exclusively by foreigners—Danes and Germans. How greatly this has been the case with our great national epic of *Beowulf*, a short review of the bibliography of the subject will conclusively show. The *Editio Princeps* of *Beowulf* was published by the Dane Thorkelin in 1815; but Kemble, the leader of the Renaissance of Anglo-Saxon studies in England, was the first who laboured critically on the text, of which he published editions in 1833 and 1835, while his prose translation appeared in 1837. Then Ettmüller in 1840 published his translation of the poem in German alliterative verse with a critical introduction. Of the special feature of Ettmüller's translation we shall have occasion to speak later. As a critic he was the first to apply what may be called the Wolffian theory to *Beowulf*. He belonged, in fact, to that school of German criticism which treats literary productions as Goethe, according to Mr. Matthew Arnold, treated "the suffering human race"—

> He read each wound, each weakness clear;
> And struck his finger on the place,
> And said, *Thou ailest here, and here!*

And this purely subjective criticism he proceeded to impress on his readers by printing in a different manner all those passages which he considered to be later interpolations. In fact, Ettmüller dealt with *Beowulf* very much as Ewald dealt with Genesis. In this style of criticism he has been followed by Simrock and Müllenhoff, of whom the latter has written what he is pleased to call "the inner history of the *Beowulf*," in which he not only points out the later additions, but assigns them to their respective authors. Of him we are likely to hear again, as he is announced to contribute to the second volume of the autotype edition of *Beowulf*. In 1847 and 1851 appeared editions with translation by the Dane Schaldemose, who quietly ignored Kemble's labours, while largely appropriating their results. One original contribution, however, he must be allowed to have made; for he discovered that the Cottonian Library was in Oxford. In 1849 was published a curious work by A. Diedrich Wackerbarth, A.B., Professor of Anglo-Saxon at the College of our Ladye (*sic*) of Oscott, with a dedication to the Right Reverend Nicolas Wiseman, D.D., Lord Bishop of Melipotamus; a designation which takes us back to the days before the agitation which gave rise to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill of 1850; for this was the title under which Cardinal Wiseman was originally appointed coadjutor-bishop to the central district of England as *Episcopus in partibus infidelium*. This work was a translation of *Beowulf* into the ballad metre of Scott, of which we shall have more to say presently. Thorpe's edition with translation appeared in 1855. Simrock, who both as critic and translator followed Ettmüller (though he sniffs at him in his preface), published his alliterative translation in 1859. In 1861 Grundtvig, a Dane, who forty years previously (1820) had issued a translation (reprinted in 1865), came out with an edition. Grein's labours in this field—which ended only with his life—began in 1857; in which year appeared the first volumes both of the "Library of Anglo-Saxon Poetry" and also of the "Translations of the Poems of the Anglo-Saxons." A separate edition of the text of *Beowulf* came out in 1867, and of the translation in 1883, the latter edited by Professor Wülcker, who is also editing with the most laborious conscientiousness the new edition of Grein's "Bibliothek." As a translator Grein followed the alliterative system of Ettmüller and Simrock; but he kept clear of their critical absurdities, declaring that "the poem generally, as it lies before us, is the connected work of a single poet." The four editions of the text by Moritz Heyne have extended over the years 1863-1879. In the former of these years he also published a translation into German blank verse. A German edition by Holder, and a German translation by Wolzogen, are undated;

* *Beowulf: an Old English Poem.* Translated into Modern Rhymes by Lieut.-Col. Lumsden, late Royal Artillery. Second Edition, revised and corrected. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

though of the former a second edition has been issued with the date 1882. In 1877 variety was given to the scene by the appearance of a French translation by M. Botkine—the first, and, as far as we know, the only existing work of the kind. But before this last date the English interest in *Beowulf* had begun to revive. Mr. T. Arnold's useful edition appeared in 1876, Colonel Lumsden's first version in 1881. And now the study seems to have taken firm root on the other side of the Atlantic. An American edition by Harrison began to appear in 1882, followed or accompanied the same year by a translation from the hand of Mr. Garnett.

Thus from the above review it will be seen that for nearly forty years, from 1837 to 1876—in other words, from Kemble to Arnold—the study of our earliest national epic was nearly abandoned to foreigners—almost the only exception, though it is an admirable one, being Thorpe's edition of 1855. We say "almost the only exception," because we are doubtful in which class to place the work of Mr. Wackerbarth, already alluded to. The translation, it is true, is in English; but the Christian name and surname of the author alike seem to indicate a Germanic origin, as does also his extraordinary fondness for capital letters. We give, in his own manner, the list of qualities which Mr. Wackerbarth thinks necessary for a translator:—

> The Qualifications necessary for a Translator into the Vernacular are but of a humble character; a fair Knowledge of his Original's and his Country's Languages, sufficient common Sense to understand his Author, sufficient Taste to choose his Expressions wisely, and a conscientious Regard to Faithfulness from the Consideration that with the Many he is the Trustee of his Author's reputation, are all that is required of him.

Where the work to be translated is a poem, we should be inclined to add to this list of requirements some sense of humour and a certain amount of poetical feeling. These we are afraid Mr. Wackerbarth did not possess in any high degree, as the following short extract will show:—

> The Chieftain of the Geáts, tho' there
> Were many Treasures rich and fair,
> From out the salvage Monster's Hoarde
> Nought save the Helmet bare away.
> And Pommel of the mighty Sword,
> Bedecked with Gems and Treasures gay:
> The Blade, of twisted Iron good,
> Already had liquified;
> So hot the poisonous Demon's Blood
> That 'neath its Edge had died.

A similar doubt affects us with reference to the classification of the autotype edition of *Beowulf* now in course of publication by the Early English Text Society; for, though issued under the auspices of an English Society, it has a German editor; and though no one will dream of questioning Professor Zupitza's competence for the post, we cannot help sympathizing in the regrets that have been expressed that an Englishman was not found to take it. For our right to the possession of our own literature really needs asserting; and while we heartily welcome co-operation from all quarters, and admit, not without shame, how much more indefatigably the Germans have laboured at our older literature than we have done ourselves, we must a little protest when critics like Simrock claim *Beowulf* as a German poem; though for that matter we have seen Shakspeare himself claimed as a German before now. To all such assertions the best answer is contained in the note which Swift wrote against a certain passage in Burnet's *History of his own Times*, in which that worthy Scot hazarded the remark that *Paradise Lost* is the finest poem in *our* language. "A mistake," averred Swift, "for it is writ in *English*."

We have, however, wandered far away from Colonel Lumsden, and to him we must now return. The first question which confronts the translator of any poem is, of course, the question what metre to adopt. Colonel Lumsden has chosen that long-lined ballad metre into which Chapman translated Homer, or, to quote more homely instances, the metre of "John Gilpin" and "Madame Blaize." We cannot say we think the choice a happy one. The aim of the translator, it has been said, should be to produce on the ordinary reader as much as possible the effect that the original produces on the scholar. Now nothing, we think, could be further than this long trailing metre from giving the effect of the movement of the original, in which the alliterated half lines succeed one another with a lilt and a swing which cannot fail to seize the ear and inspirit the soul of the least accustomed reader. Take any instance, the simpler the better:—

> þær át hýðe stód hringed stefna
> ísig and út fús, æþelinges fær.
> Aléddon þá leofne þéoden. . . .

Any one will feel at once that this is different in kind from the following:—

> Ready at hithe the ringed-stem lay—meet for a prince's bier—
> Like ice it shone—and to her lap they bore their chieftain dear.

For this reason we hold that the German translators Ettmüller, Simrock, and Grein were quite right in their resolve to preserve the alliteration of the original; and their versions, of which the first strikes us as the most forcible and poetic, reproduce to our ear far more the effect of the original than do Heyne's Schilleresque iambics, which, smooth and pleasant as they are, "are not Beowulf," just as Pope's polished couplets "are not Homer." We need, in truth, some poet of eminence to restore to us our old alliterative measures. There is nothing in them which is really alien to the genius of the modern language. Many of the lines in *Piers the Plowman* are as modern as if they had been written yesterday; such, with the exception of a single word, are the following lines from the prologue:—

> I was weary, for wandered, and went me to rest,
> Under a broad bank, by a burn's side,
> And as I lay and leaned, and looked in the waters,
> I slumbered in a sleeping, it sweyved so merry.

And what can be done by a real poet in the way of rendering Anglo-Saxon poetry into modern measures of the same kind has, of course, been shown by the Laureate in his translation of the Ballad on the Battle of Brunanburh. That in a humbler sphere the same sort of thing might be attempted by those who do not claim to be in any sense the Laureate's peers, we will strive to show by ourselves rendering a short passage into alliterative lines. The passage is that in which Beowulf consoles Hrothgar for the death of Æschere, slain by Grendel's mother. We claim no merit for our version, beyond that of faithfulness to the movement of the original.

> Spake then Beowulf, born of Ecgtheow;
> "Weep not, thou wise one, worthier is it
> Friends to avenge than fruitlessly mourn them:
> Each one the end and evening awaiteth
> Of this world's life-day. Work we, who may, ere
> Death deeds undying, deeds to the hero,
> When life is past, proving worthiest portion."

This passage is thus rendered by Colonel Lumsden:—

> Then spake Beowulf, Eegtheow's son: "O wise man, sorrow not!
> 'Tis better to avenge a friend than too much mourn his lot.
> Each one of us must bide the end of life, and what he may
> Of glory win ere death, for so, when life is past away
> That to the warrior will be best."

The most spirited piece of Colonel Lumsden's work that we have come across occurs, not in the *Beowulf*, but in a passage which he has translated in a note from the *Fight at Finnsburg*:—

> 'Tis not the daybreak in the east, nor hither dragon flies,
> Nor burn this wall's high pinnacles, but on us foemen rise!
> The grey wolf howls; the ravens cry; the battle-wood clangs loud,
> Shield answering to shaft; the moon shines full beneath the cloud.
> Now to fulfil this people's hate are coming deeds of woe.
> But wake ye now my warriors all! Awake! Your valour show!
> Lift up your hands, fight in the front, and think of glory won!

That is distinctly good. The third line has quite a ring of Byron about it, reminding us of Childe Harold's song:—

> The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
> And shrieks the wild sea-mew.

But, as a rule, the translation of *Beowulf* remains at a certain dead level of mediocrity. If it never falls into bathos, it never rises into real eloquence or poetry—a result for which, we are willing to believe, the metre chosen is partly responsible. And there is a certain indistinctness of effect about the whole; it does not make the impression which it ought upon the reader. This is no doubt partly owing to the frequent obscurity of the original, an obscurity arising largely from the fact that the poet assumed in his hearers a whole cycle of knowledge, of which fragments only have come down to us. Nevertheless we cannot help wondering whether Colonel Lumsden, to adapt a phrase of the immortal Mr. Brooke in *Middlemarch*, "couldn't put it clearer, couldn't put it clearer, you know." Still Colonel Lumsden has certainly the merit of having produced the best metrical version of *Beowulf* which has yet appeared in English; though he has not thrown as a translator any new light on the difficulties of the original.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of the many points of interest touched on by Colonel Lumsden in his introduction. With his view of the substantial unity of the poem, we have expressed by anticipation our hearty concurrence. This view, based on general literary considerations, has recently been supported on purely philological grounds in an "Inaugural Dissertation" by Dr. Karl Schemann, who by an elaborate analysis of the vocabulary of *Beowulf* has sought to show that the diction of the passages alleged to be interpolated is practically the same with that of the rest of the poem. The synonyms are classified under certain headings which have rather a quaint look in the summary of contents, such as Supernatural Beings (übernatürliche Wesen); Beowulf's Physical Characteristics (körperliche Eigenschaften); Hrothgar's External Relations (äussere Verhältnisse). From the short autobiography which the rules of many German Universities oblige incipient Doctors to append to their dissertations, we are charmed to hear that Dr. Schemann's father and mother (geboren Butz), enjoy excellent health (sich des besten Wohlseins erfreuen).

Colonel Lumsden's views as to the date of the poem seem to us less solid. Granting that the identification of the Hygelac of the poem with the Chochilaicus, whose death in battle is placed by Gregory of Tours under the year 511, affords us a safe *terminus a quo*, his argument that the mention of the Merovingians in the Messenger's speech affords a certain *terminus ad quem*—namely, the fall of that dynasty in 752—seems to us extremely hazardous. The Merovingians may easily have become part of the poet's ordinary stock-in-trade before their fall, and remained so long after it.

Then there is the question as to how a poem of which the characters are all Danes and Goths (Goths, that is, of Gothland in Scandinavia), and of which the geography is consistently continental, became the literary property of our ancestors. Colonel Lumsden maintains that the materials of it were brought by them from their continental homes; but if the story had remained for three centuries, at least, on English soil, can we believe that

in all that time it would have taken no local English colour? Against Thorpe's view that it was composed under the Danish dynasty of the eleventh century out of materials brought by the Danes to England, Colonel Lumsden repeats Mr. Arnold's argument that the English could not have borrowed from a nation whom they hated so much as the Danes. Thorpe, no doubt, placed the date of the poem too low; we would rather put its composition after the Peace of Wedmore in 878. But, even granting the feelings of the English towards the Danes to have been what Colonel Lumsden describes, we do not think that that would have prevented them from borrowing a good story if they had the opportunity, just as the Norsemen themselves borrowed many a tale from peoples whom they slaughtered and plundered.

So, again, in relation to the mythological elements in the poem Colonel Lumsden's attitude seems to us inconsequent. "The poet," he says, "would have opened the eyes of astonishment if he had been told that he only meant night and darkness, hurricanes, inundations," &c. No one doubts that to the poet the events and characters which he describes were real; that is not the point, but whether there are not in these events and characters traditional elements which have a mythic origin. This Colonel Lumsden would probably admit. We will mention here a single instance only of this mythic element. In the pedigree of the Scyldings, Scyld is the Son of Scef; in other words, the Shield is the Son of the Sheaf. There is a curious parallel to this in the Irish tales in which Eochaid Airemon is a character of frequent occurrence. His name literally translated means "the Horseman, son of the Ploughman." In both cases the rise of a warrior class out of or over an agricultural one seems to be indicated. Nor, if Hygelac is an historical character, does it follow that his nephew Beowulf is not a mythical one. The Nibelungen Lied has made familiar to us the juxtaposition or characters undoubtedly historical with other characters no less undoubtedly mythical.

Of the literary aspects of the original poem we cannot now speak. One point only will we mention, and that is the way in which, in the midst of all the fighting and the feasting, we have every now and then a touch of the truest pathos. We have one instance of this in Beowulf's speech to Hrothgar already quoted; which recalls the Homeric

> νῦν δ'—ἔμπης γὰρ Κῆρες ἐφεστᾶσιν θανάτοιο
> μυρίαι, ἃς οὐκ ἔστι φυγεῖν βροτὸν οὐδ' ὑπαλύξαι—
> ἴομεν. . . .

But there are many others scattered up and down the poem which every one may find for themselves. In the literature of our ancestors, as in the voice of the ocean which girdled their shores, there is audible "the eternal note of sadness." Scott in this, as in so much besides, was a true child of the North. In the midst of the gayest hunting-song he pauses to reflect that Time is a huntsman whom no skill can baulk; and the lullaby which tells of the wealth and power of the infant chief ends, as we all remember, thus:—

> Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
> For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

PORTRAITS OF PLACES AND OTHER BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

THERE is no surer way of getting to know a man thoroughly than to travel with him, and perhaps next after travelling with him comes reading what he has to say about the places he has visited. For this reason, if for no other, Mr. Henry James's *Portraits of Places* will be heartily welcomed in England. The book will be taken up with the hope of learning how the writer was impressed by the different scenes he saw rather than of merely being informed about the scenes themselves or reminded of what the reader has seen with his own eyes. Nor will this hope be disappointed; for Mr. James describes the places he has visited not as they have seemed to other people, not even as they are in mere outward form, but as they are to himself. Besides those, and they are many, who look at every place simply through the glasses of their guide-books, we each take our own peculiar glasses with us on our travels. No two men of education, for instance, look on a famous city in more wholly different lights than Mr. James and Mr. Freeman. Outward aspects and historical associations are everything to the historian; while human characteristics and bits of local colouring are most quickly caught and best remembered by the novelist. The writings of travellers of either kind could ill be spared. Mr. James, indeed, goes somewhat far in his disregard of the history of the places he visits, and even of those things which bring their past before us. A "portrait" of Florence with the Palazzo Vecchio left out is unsatisfactory, however good the rest of the picture may be; and talk about Laon leaves something to be desired when it contains no hint of why it is a city set on a hill, and when the traveller going thither from Paris fails to recognize that he has gone from the newer to the older capital, and fills his space with a comparison between the white cap and apron of his landlord and the old dress-coats and white ties of English waiters. While, too, Mr. James has an artist's eye for other objects, he looks on buildings without discrimination, and describes them in a spirit of vapid enthusiasm. "Any feudal ruin is a charming affair" sounds prettily enough when spoken by one of his charming fellow-countrywomen on the deck of a Rhine steamer, but is a sentence scarcely worthy of a man who can write well and wisely on other matters. These portraits were, it is true, drawn for the readers of "various American magazines and journals," and therefore long didactic descriptions would certainly have been out of place. It would, however, be doing them gross injustice to imagine that Americans do not care to know all they can about the buildings of the Old World. In the "portrait" of Rochester, where, by the way, Dickens is made the prominent figure instead of Gundulf, we are told that if Americans were so happy as to possess the cathedral church, "inferior edifice" as it is, they would "go barefoot to see it." The remark is true, and so much the more pity that the writer did not give them a description of the noble specimen of Norman work he has made light of. If, however, Mr. James has not always written about those things which seem to us most noteworthy in the places he professes to portray, he has done what in his case is better, for he has written of places as he saw them, and he has the power of seeing with the artistic perception of the few, and of writing about what he has seen so that the many can understand and feel with him. His quick instinct as to colour is shown by his declaring pink to be the prevalent tint of Venice—"a faint, shimmering, airy, watery pink"—for if there is little absolute pink colour to be seen at Venice, all things seem receptive of the tint. Not less happy is his description of "that indefinably charming colour which Florence always seems to wear as you look up and down at it from the bridges and quays" (p. 58). The harmony of high tints, "the grave brilliancy" of the colour, at once various and in perfect concord, is painted with a truth that brings before us the city itself as it stretches along the yellow Arno. Such descriptions are worth so much more than the author's comments on paintings that we grudge the space devoted to them and to Mr. Ruskin. At Florence, indeed, Mr. James and his friend revolted against the dogmatism of the art teacher. They carried this revolt to the full, deciding that art means an escape from rules and regulations—"a place where we may take our life easily." Did they regret that they could not gaze on the picture of the Pitti palace with absolutely untaught delight? Yet, extravagant as their revolt was, we can well believe that if any one chooses to read Mr. Ruskin's little books in the cloisters of Sta. Maria Novella, he will understand the temptation to which they were exposed. And even without so severe a test, there are certainly some who will sympathize in the laugh at

> the familiar asperity of the author's style and the pedagogic fashion in which he pushes and pulls his unhappy pupils about, jerking their heads towards this, rapping their knuckles for that, sending them to stand in corners, and giving them Scripture texts to copy.

After the portraits of Italian places come papers on Paris, Laon, Rouen, and other French towns and villages. Then follow several articles on English life and English towns, and, lastly, some three or four on places in America, written as long ago as 1870, and representing, as we are warned in the preface, a state of society now, to some extent at least, belonging to the past. All alike are as full of subtle appreciation of character and of warm human sympathy as they are of expressions of material beauty. Mr. James shows how, in the eye of the artist in fiction, every human figure is invested with an embryo romance; and as we read his sketches, it is easy to see how the stories we have enjoyed naturally formed themselves in his mind. At the same time, he never neglects the true food of his art. He is not content with imagination. A Genoese landscape gained just the addition he felt it lacked when a peasant came in sight, "with his coat on his shoulder and his hat upon his ear," singing as he went. He saw at once a picture of "sensuous optimism" and of Italian knowledge of life. But Mr. James never wrote, as he has written, on the strength of superficial observation; and accordingly he tells us how he got this contented-looking peasant to talk freely to him—few men, probably, can withstand his sympathetic power—and found him "an unhappy, underfed, and unemployed young man." Some of the papers, such as one on "Occasional Paris" (a phrase not understanded of us), are rather studies of character than of places. The personified "Administration," the Paris *ouvrier*—we see no objection to workman, but Mr. James is fond of foreign words—the average Frenchman, and, above all, "the well-to-do Frenchwoman of the lower orders," hackneyed subjects as they are, are described so cleverly that they still interest us. A fresher and more delicately-painted picture presents the peasants of the little village near Gy-les-Nonnaines and their simple-hearted curé. Condemning the morals of his flock and deprecating an unchristian construction of his words, building with his own hands the niche in his garden-wall destined for his treasured image, equally at home with his fellow-peasants and as the guest at the château, quiet and gentle, yet dwelling with delight on the great event of his life, when he told the German officers who invaded his dwelling how he wished it was allowed him to meet them musket in hand, the village curé was well worth a careful study, and Mr. James has drawn his portrait with a kindly hand and with gentle humour. The English sketches, though written some seventeen years ago, naturally have a special interest for us; and it is pleasant to find

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* *Portraits of Places.* By Henry James. London: Macmillan & Co.
A Roundabout Journey. By C. D. Warner. London: Chatto & Windus.
The World beyond the Hesterelles. By A. W. Buckland. 2 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1884.
Rambling Sketches in the Far North and Occadian Musings. By R. Menzies Fergusson, M.A. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

Mr. James speaking of us and of our land with generous warmth. In his eyes the English of all classes are by far the handsomest people in Europe, handsomer even than our kinsmen in America, though at the same time we are much uglier than they are, for our ugliness "comes from the facial eccentricities which flourish among older civilizations." Very eloquently does Mr. James descant on the beauty of English girls, the perfection of their features and colour, "the depth of tenderness in their faces, and their freedom from any signs of morbid strain, of irritability or of selfishness." A little scene in "an old oaken parlour" in Warwickshire, where a young man and a girl, each a type of the looks and manners of well-bred English youth, stand talking about a yacht, is drawn with exquisite grace. No less pleasant is it to see Mr. James's pride in England's greatness, and his jealousy for her honour, which so well becomes a citizen of the mighty nation sprung from her. Strolling about Woolwich Common he pondered on the history of England, "the sacred source of his own national affections," and wondered, as many another stranger has wondered, at some specimen of Mr. Gladstone's way of treating questions which concern our prestige. "Of course Mr. Gladstone was probably right, but Mr. Gladstone was not a sympathetic stranger." In a paper headed "Two Excursions" are described the Derby Day and the Commemoration at Oxford in 1877, and Mr. James notes the same "enjoyment of chartered license" in the Sheldonian Theatre and on the Epsom road. Pleasanter impressions, however, than those made by noisy undergraduates were left by the luncheon at All Souls and other Commemoration episodes. Like all Americans, Mr. James visited the Shakspeare country and writes some picturesque notes on the houses of the Midland counties. Amidst much that is graceful in these "portraits" we come here and there upon bits that we wish had been left out. Chief amongst these is the notice of the general mourning on the death of the Princess Alice. Mr. James fails to understand the causes or the nature of the feelings with which Englishmen regard the members of their Royal Family, and though we might have found no fault with his article had it remained in the American journal for which it was written, it was surely a mistake to republish in England the comments on the impression made by the death of the Princess, and the feeble sneer at the speech in which Lord Beaconsfield announced the event in the House of Lords. Still, with so much to praise and so many generous expressions to acknowledge, it is not worth while to dwell on one flaw. Mr. James tells us that "he could not to-day have the temerity to write letters on England." As far as we can judge from his letters of seventeen years ago we cannot ask for a keener or kindlier observer to write of us and of our land.

A Roundabout Journey records the travels of another American. Mr. Warner, however, has nothing in common with Mr. James except his nationality. He took a most delightful tour in 1881, visiting various places in Southern France, Sicily, and Spain, and has managed to write 317 pages about his journey of less interest than we should have thought possible. Yet he saw some places in a new light; for he found Catania commonplace, and only stayed there long enough to visit the convent of "Saint Benedetto" and to go up Ætna. We certainly have some remembrance of theatres and amphitheatres, and of a city rich in Roman antiquities. He evidently wishes us to believe that he knew something of the history of the places he visited, and does not forget to talk of the defeat of the Athenian fleet at Syracuse. As, however, he is silent as to the Carthaginian siege a few years after—certainly a more important event as far as Syracusan history is concerned—we deemed that he had copied this as well as much else from his guide-books. Against such a suspicion he endeavours to provide by bidding future travellers study, as he would have us believe he studied, the scene of the Athenian defeat, sitting on the height of Epipolai, "Herodotus in hand," and "by the aid of the historian follow the famous campaign" (p. 111). Will Mr. Warner kindly refer us to the book of Herodotus in which he read the history of this "famous campaign"? Some distinctly original information we certainly have in connexion with Mr. Warner's visit to Syracuse on the subject of some muddy coffee and the difficulty of finding a spoon. And whatever guide-books he may have used in compiling his *Roundabout Journey*, he has put their language into his own, which somewhat resembles in its suddenness the conversation of the fierce Mr. Dowler at Bath. For example, speaking of the mixed population of Cette, he says:—"The result is favourable. One sees many pretty, handsome faces of young girls. Until you get south the Frenchwoman is celebrated for anything but her beauty. In Paris a handsome woman is as rare as a good one in some places," &c. (p. 36).

The two volumes which Mr. Buckland calls by the affected title of *The World beyond the Esterelles* contain travel in the South of France and Italy. They also contain a great deal about eating. At Cannes, for example, we are told that "Huntley & Palmer's lunch-biscuits sold in England for 4*d.* cost 1 fr. 20 c." At Rome the writer went to Mass on Christmas morning, and then went to sleep, "in order to wake up ready to take in more novelties later in the day. The next thing to be tried is a Christmas dinner so far from England. What will it be like?" What it was like we are told in detail even to the bread-sauce which the turkey lacked. But these volumes treat of some less material subjects. Mr. Buckland found, evidently to his surprise, that there was something connected with "a theological school" on the Iles Lérins, and has "gleaned a few particulars" for us concerning the cradle of Western monasticism from the Dictionnaire Universelle. This is kind, for he is an earnest Protestant. "O ye shades of Peter and Paul," he cries at Rome, "what must be your feelings!" But his spirit is often moved to ejaculation. He enters Venice with "O ye shades of Shakspeare and Byron!" For obvious reasons he quickly changes his exclamation for "Oh ye Sanitary Commissioners!" In historical matters he refers to Mr. Hare as a final authority. Yet surely Mr. Hare did not teach him that Dante may have wandered in the Boboli Gardens (ii. p. 183), or that Savonarola, also spelt Savanarola, was "the Martin Luther of Italy" (195), or that the fortifications of Michael Angelo on San Miniato were raised on an occasion which can be fitly described as "one of the numerous outbreaks of those troublous times" (193). As regards architecture, it may be remarked that Mr. Buckland believes that the church of S. Ambrogio at Milan was built by St. Ambrose (ii. 223). It is, however, needless to multiply proofs of the extreme silliness of these volumes.

Rambling Sketches in the Far North are descriptions of the Orkney and neighbour islands, contributed to the *Fifeshire Journal*. Unpretending as this little volume is, it contains much interesting matter. Mr. Fergusson gives us notes on the ancient buildings of the islands, many of them already in ruins, and others falling into decay. Most of them, as the palace on Birsay and the chapel on Eynhallow (Holy Isle), were built by the Northmen. Even more interesting than these is the little church of Egilshay, with its single circular tower, for the ordinary Scandinavian church has two square towers. Munch, in a passage quoted by Mr. Fergusson, considers that it has so many points of likeness to the old churches of Ireland that it may be held to be the work of Irish priests. Sad to say, this remarkable building has for the last sixty years been allowed to stand roofless, exposed to wind and weather. The notices of the ancient system of agriculture, of the cultivation of the common-field, and the process of "planking" by which it was taken into severalty, are so interesting that we could wish them longer. The most valuable part of the book, however, consists of the many records of folk-lore and local customs, collected partly, indeed, from books, but largely also at first-hand. We are told, for example, how, at Hallowe'en, the Orcadian maid finds out her lover by dropping down her "clew" of worsted into the old farm-kiln, and crying, "Wha hads on to my clew's end?" In describing the visits of the minstrels on Hogmanay night, Mr. Fergusson has preserved the rimes in which they used to ask for a gift, and invoke the blessing of the Virgin on the houses where they were well received. One of the verses may be taken as a specimen of the rest, the refrain of the second and fourth lines running through all:—

May a' your ewes be weel to lamb,
We're a' Queen Mary's men;
And every ane a ewe and a ram,
And that's before our Lady.

Many good tales are told of old women who raised and laid the winds, of trows and of changelings. Most important of all as regards early beliefs are the stories of sea-trows and of man-seals. One of these is recorded in a curious ballad called "The Grey Selchie of Shool Skerry." The last pages of the book are filled with certain "Orcadian Musings" in verse. We have derived so much pleasure from Mr. Fergusson's "Sketches" that we refrain from quoting from his "Musings." He warns the reader in his preface that "they do not aspire to the higher walks of poetry," and the warning is as just as it is modest. If he will stick to observing and collecting things ready to perish, he will do—and indeed he has already done—good work.

RECENT VERSE.*

LIFE in India has been so frequently described as one long listless yawn that it is pleasant to have this notion of civilian existence corrected. Mr. Trego Webb's vivacious and clever *Indian Lyrics* reflect nothing of languor or *tædium vitæ*. From the Himalayan snows to the humble pariah dog, Mr. Webb views

* *Indian Lyrics.* By W. Trego Webb. Calcutta and London: Thacker & Co. 1884.

Lays of the Land of the Maori and Moa. By Thomas Bracken. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

Poems and other Literary Remains of the late Rowland Lyttelton Archer Davies. London: Stanford. 1884.

Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley. By John James Piatt. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

An English Madonna. By James Hinton. London: Remington & Co. 1884.

The Seven Sagas of Pre-historic Man. By James H. Stoddart. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

Twelve Sonnets and an Epilogue. By J. Westwood. London: W. Satchell.

Charlotte Corday; and other Poems. By Emma Marie Caillard. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

Three Sheiks, and The Fishers. By Henry Rose. London: W. Isbister, Limited. 1884.

Conrad Vallenrod. Translated from the Polish by Michael H. Dziewicki. London: Richardson & Son.

Lady Margaret's Sorrows. By Cameron Macdowell. London: Bear & Co.

Leo's Poetical Works. London: W. H. & L. Collingridge.

Cyril and Lionel; and other Poems. By Mark André Raffalovich. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

Poems. By Patty Honeywood. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co

all the outward phenomena of life with philosophic impartiality and the happy serenity of a follower of Epicurus. He has the temperament, and many of the gifts, of a poet, and he presents the various sorts and conditions of humanity that comprise the round of life in Bengal in a series of vivid vignettes. Purists may object to these little portraits that in employing the sonnet to set forth their lineaments the author degrades a form of verse consecrated to some of the noblest themes of poetry. Mr. Webb has, however, one qualification which it were well if all sonneteers possessed; he writes with scholarly directness and finish. The Ryot, the Zemindar, the Babu, and other figures familiar to the Anglo-Indian are delineated with graphic skill; and the remonstrance addressed to the editors of the native press in the sonnet on "Modern Bengal" has a Miltonic tone appropriately humorous. One of Mr. Webb's favourites is the Punkah-wallah, who is celebrated in a neat triolet and a touching ballad. The following stanzas from "Punkah-beats" show the author's dignity in treating a familiar subject:—

What rhythmic sense, what flow
Of pendulous motion and harmonious pace
Must in thy soul have place,
To set thy engine pulsing to and fro
With such symmetric grace!
Say, doth some Indian ditty, rude and sweet,
With phantom tuneful beat,
Sing in thine ears and prompt thy punctual arm?

Anon, thy labours done,
Thou wilt return to thine own meadows sweet
And watch the shadows fleet
Athwart the waving grain, and how the sun
Hath daily death and birth;—
Wilt mark the throbbing of the midnight star,
Sphere-music hushed and far,
And all the metric motions of the earth.

Poetry in our colonies, as in the United States, is less a productive and spontaneous growth than the object of almost universal study and sincere adoration. The enthusiasm for the art everywhere displayed is very striking when the thin imitative quality of the native product is considered. Seduced by its Swinburnian title, we looked for something in Mr. Bracken's volume racy of the New Zealand soil, fresh and stimulating, and have experienced little but disillusion. His poetry, however, is better than the injudicious preface of an admirer would lead the reader to expect. It is a singular anticipation of criticism to select for special laudation the weakest poems in the book, yet the writer of the preface speaks of the following sonnet as "not unworthy the master-hand of Rossetti":—

A simple lark—this is a fable new—
That perched each morn upon a golden ray,
Up where the lashes of the eye of day
Sweep all night's lesser jewels out of view;
Beheld a lovely idol's shrine, and flew
Down earthwards, to that form of painted clay,
And warbled there his sweetest, purest lay,
Thinking his song might it with life imbue.
He sang to it God's royal anthem—Love;
At Eden's windows he had caught the strain—
His lay the soulless image could not move—
His melodies were warbled all in vain;
He turned away and tried to soar above,
But never reached his morning perch again.

The conception of the sonnet cannot atone for its poverty of expression; such inelegances as "up where" and "down earthwards" are scarcely characteristic of Rossetti's splendid and imposing diction. Mr. Bracken's true powers are exemplified more fully in "Waipounamutu" and "M'Gillivray's Dream"—poems not commended by his advocate.

The poetical and literary remains of Rowland Davies are the fugitive impressions of a mind susceptible to the beauties of nature, and receptive of their influences. They express those influences, however, in a transient and incomplete fashion, and do not attain to any literary accomplishment, neither can it be said that these poems possess any distinct poetical fervour or notable promise. The varied charms of the Tasmanian landscape are occasionally indicated with power and feeling; there are some bright sketches in prose of life among gold-diggers and camp experiences, but the poems generally suffer from the fragmentary condition in which the author left them, and which the editor very properly has not attempted to amend.

There is much pleasing and natural sentiment in Mr. Piatt's lyrics. Some of the shorter poems, such as "Transfiguration" and "The Three Work-days," suggest Longfellow in their graceful expression and delicate fancy, and the retrospective feeling of others is often very tender and true. Some poems that refer to the War of Secession, and are cast in an idyllic form, are among the freshest and most inspired; one of these, "The Mower in Ohio," presents the soliloquy of an old man, who, in the midst of the summer grass, recalls his three sons to his dreamful mind as they once reaped together before they were called to fight. Two of them have been killed, and it is with sad presage that the old man sees all three, as if their fates were indissolubly connected, in this blending of past and future, of the living and the dead. "The Old Man and the Spring Leaves" illustrates very prettily the rejuvenescent power of spring in the heart of age.

Not content merely to sing his love, Mr. James Hinton dazzles our sight with the portrait of her who is the theme and inspiration of his song, and thus reconciles poetry and photography. It is to be hoped that similar appeals to the gallantry of critics will not become general; it is a pretty device, but its repetition would be sternly reprehended. It suggests, when considered with the verse it has inspired, Hamlet's comparison, and "this picture" gives more satisfaction than that. Mr. Hinton's poetry is full of vague, high-sounding phrase and excessive volubility; its passion has an unpleasant and suspicious air of simulation; it is fluent and facile enough in expression, but is deficient in depth, and fire, and conviction. The rhetorical figures of hyperbole that ornament these poems are extravagant and inflated; not because their degree of daring is at all uncommon, but because they are not artistically introduced. The power to express the heroic mood with simplicity is among the rarest attributes of the poet.

Mr. Stoddart, in his *Seven Sagas of Pre-historic Man*, presents with considerable effect the early developments of man. The most successful of these poems give graphic pictures of the Aryan migration, the Cave-man, the Neolithic farmer, and the Early Man of Africa, and abound in vivid description and animated incident. There is much of the merit of suggestion in all these poems; they are well calculated to impel the reader to study the subject by awakening the spirit of inquiry, and stimulating the fancy and imagination. They are distinguished by the charm of the remote and unfamiliar; the mystery of man's origin and the romance of his progress, from the earliest dim light that science affords to the first historic migration, are indicated with some poetic power.

Both the publisher and author of the *Twelve Sonnets* in commemoration of Izaak Walton's bi-centenary honour that charming writer in worthy fashion. Mr. Westwood's sonnets celebrate many places and things associated with the father of angling—Broxbourne and the Lea, Charles Cotton and the Dove, Herbert's "Lives," the gentle Elia—besides that treasury of quaint thought and divine fancy, *The Compleat Angler*. They are appropriately subdued in style, and frequently felicitous in language. The reverential sentiment of all book-lovers and good anglers—so curiously opposed to Byron's pettish allusion to "the quaint old cruel coxcomb"—is excellently expressed in Mr. Westwood's Epilogue:—

What, not a word for thee, O little tome,
Brown-jerkined, friendly-faced, of all my books
The one that wears the quaintest, kindliest looks,
Seems most completely, cosily at home
Amongst its fellows. Ah! if thou couldst tell
Thy story—how, in sixteen fifty-three,
Good master Marriott, standing at his door,
Saw anglers hurrying, fifty—nay, three score,
To buy thee, ere noon pealed from Dunstan's bell:—
And how he stared, and shook his sides with glee.
One story, this, which fact or fiction weaves.
Meanwhile, adorn my shelf, beloved of all—
Old book! with lavender between thy leaves,
And twenty ballads round thee on the wall.

The author of *Charlotte Corday: and other Poems* has not succeeded in endowing the figure of Marat's assassin with fresh force and distinction; the abundance of historical material seems to have hindered rather than aided her realization. The narrative is too dry and literal for verse, and there is nothing of vital power or dramatic value in her sketch of the heroic girl. Another historical poem, "The Outcasts of England," is more successful, and depicts the landing in America of the crew of the *Mayflower*.

The three sheiks who, in Mr. Rose's poem, while away an evening in the desert by relating their experiences have one characteristic in common: they delight in glowing description and narrate the past in smooth and monotonous blank verse. As if conscious that this entertainment needed a diversion, the author has provided some hexameters, which fill the pauses in the story-telling.

Mr. Dziewicki's translation of Mickiewicz's *Conrad Wallenrod* would have proved more readable if he had not attempted to render the hexameters of the original into the same metre. It is singular that he should elsewhere allow himself greater metrical license, and accept blank verse as his medium, and yet be undismayed by a more formidable obstacle. The poem is preceded by an interesting sketch of the Polish poet by Dr. Belcikowski, and Mr. Dziewicki's translation, in spite of much inevitable loss of spirit and a little obscurity, is worth perusal.

The naïveté of Mr. McDowall's preface and the candour of his annotations seem designed only for the friendly eyes of a select circle; he admits that he cannot help writing verses, that print gives more pleasure than manuscript, and that friends ask for copies, which are ingenious pleas, though familiar. *Lady Margaret's Sorrows* is a gloomy story told in indifferent verse and devoid of any charm or power to justify the author's publication; and some of the other poems with more character possess also a vein of morbid and sickly sentiment.

On the title-page of *Leo's Poetical Works* is imprinted the ancient immutable truth "*Poeta nascitur, non fit*"; and never did volume more thoroughly, and on every page, testify to it. Beyond a garrulous sing-song power of rhyming, and the glib repetition of all the commonplaces of poetical phraseology, "Leo's" poems have not even the thinnest guise of poetry. They illustrate a strain of trite, and often silly, reflection, and a sentiment of "goodiness" that is nauseating. "Good Jove!" as some one says in *The Poetaster*, "what a pretty foolish thing it is to be a poet!"

The author of *Cyril and Lionel* considers his effusions entitled to the dignified designation "studies"; except, however, that they are so unintelligible that they demand the most assiduous application on the reader's part, it is hard to say why his poems should be "studies." We cannot recommend that they should be

studied. Erotic poetry should, above all things, be lucid, and never the apparent work of a constructor of prize enigmas.

Poems, by Patty Honeywood, is a little volume of lyrics of no lofty aim or excessive pretence, inoffensive in style, and of average execution. "Two Flowers" is a pretty little poem of a quality and expression that musicians approve.

WESTCOTT'S EPISTLES OF ST. JOHN.*

CANON WESTCOTT always progresses on lines of his own marking out, and if he appear at times a little fanciful or obscure, we may not unreasonably impute the presumed defect to our own dulness of apprehension rather than to our teacher's over-strained subtilty. His later works indeed, the fruits of long and varied literary experience, have been in large measure free from the dreaminess and uncertainty of view which his best admirers could not fail to discern in those earlier publications that first arrested the public interest; and in his almost life-long study of the Gospel and Epistles of St. John he was of necessity brought face to face with an inspired penman, whose outward form of expression is simplicity itself. Our author's labours ungrudgingly spent on the Gospel of St. John form a volume of *The Speaker's Commentary*, and, together with the "Apocalypse" by the late learned Archdeacon Lee yet in merit much surpassing it, comprises the only portion of that very unequal compilation which will be remembered twenty years hence. Since in *The Speaker's Commentary* the Epistles of St. John had been consigned to another hand, our author has published them separately (thus realizing, as he tells us, the accomplishment of a dream of early youth), following the plan which he sketched in the notes on the Gospel. This plan it is as well to state in his own language, that the reader may look for nothing which the author has not endeavoured to supply. We quote from the opening of the preface:—

> It formed no part of my design to collect and discuss the conflicting opinions which have been held on the structure of the writings or on the interpretation of separate passages. Such a labour is indeed of the deepest interest and utility; but it appeared to me that I might help the student more by giving the results at which I had arrived, and by indicating the lines of inquiry by which they have been reached. In pursuing this end it has been my main desire to call attention to the minutest points of language, construction, order, as serving to illustrate the meaning of St. John. I do not venture to pronounce that any variation is trivial or unimportant. The exact words are for us the decisive expression of the Apostle's thoughts. . . . I do not venture to set aside the letter of a document till it has been found to be untenable.

The truth and safety of this method Canon Westcott maintains to be evident in its result. Every day's study, he assures us, only brings home to him the more forcibly that "in no other way can we hope to gain the living truths of apostolic teaching." He appeals to his readers to test his method by personal labour. "A few hours spent in tracing out the use of a word or form, in comparing phrases often held to be synonymous, in estimating the force of different tenses of the same verb in regard to the contexts in which they are found, will bring assurance which no acceptance of another's work can give." This is a fair and specious promise, and those that follow our author's guidance will not be disappointed of their hope. We would allege as a single example of this close verbal analysis one out of many which abound in the present volume, the investigation, in the note on 1 John ii. 5, of the phrase "the love of God," whether in the more familiar and subjective sense of "the love which God shows," or in the less usual and objective sense "the love of which God is the object," or, more generally than either, "the love which is characteristic of God, whether it is regarded as shown by God, or by man through his help"—the usage of St. Paul being compared or contrasted throughout with that of the writer of this epistle. Notes like this occur on almost every page, each one of them containing a small body of divinity, and they manifest an independence of research almost unexampled in this branch of literature. We doubt whether any authority more recent than Bede and Thomas Aquinas is cited in Dr. Westcott's expository notes. No one can help seeing that he is well acquainted with the labours of his predecessors and is imbued with much of the spirit of the best of them; but he gathers his materials for himself, he arranges them in his own way, he pronounces his decisions with a quiet confidence which nothing less than conscious originality could justify or render tolerable to the student. It is scarcely to be regretted that Dr. Westcott, who was a diligent and influential member of the Company of New Testament Revisers, has not given us a continuous English version of these Epistles. The Greek text he has paid close attention to, and we believe it to be nearly identical with that of his own and Dr. Hort's edition published in 1881. In his introduction to the first Epistle he has inserted eleven pages of critical matter, which, taken with the notes set immediately under the Greek throughout the volume, will amply suffice for most purposes. Indeed, he reckons that the text does not present many difficult problems, the chief being 1 John ii. 20; iv. 3; v. 10. The interpolated gloss of the Three Heavenly Witnesses (1 John v. 7, 8), necessarily discarded from the body of the Epistle, is very adequately discussed in an "additional note." For the rest, "the text," he tells us, "was exposed to far fewer disturbing influences than that of the Gospels. There were no parallel texts or parallel traditions at hand . . . to supply additions to the original words or modifications of their form. The utmost amount of variation likely to find favour with critics of the most opposite schools is practically of very small extent, and, though no variation is without real significance, of comparatively small moment." His own prepossessions in favour of the Codex Vaticanus (B) are strong, as from his literary partnership with Dr. Hort we should expect, yet not so as to blind him to such errors as τὸ (for τὸν) ἀπ' ἀρχῆς, ch. ii. 14, and χάρισμα (for χρίσμα), ii. 17. "Its text is, as elsewhere, of paramount excellence," while that of the Sinaitic copy (ℵ) "contains many errors, some of which remain uncorrected [that is, by later scribes], and not a few peculiar false readings." The text of A [Codex Alexandrinus], "which represents a far more ancient type in this Epistle than in the Gospels, contains many peculiar readings in which it has often the support of the [Latin] Vulgate." Of the fourth of the chief Greek manuscripts (the Paris fragment C) he has no high opinion. "Its peculiar readings have no appearance of genuineness." "Though caution is necessary in constructing the Greek text which the Vulgate Latin version represents, it is for the most part very close to the Greek text." We enter into these minutiæ in deference to the judgment of a great scholar, who always thinks for himself. However closely his main views assimilate to those of his bolder colleague, he not unseldom departs in detail from conclusions of the latter. In using the Westcott-Hort Greek Testament it will mostly be found that the textual reading is Dr. Hort's, the marginal (where there is a margin) Canon Westcott's. Thus in ch. ii. 20, instead of καὶ οἴδατε πάντα "and ye know all things," which has a real sense though a hard one, the two editors put in their text the feeble expletives οἴδατε πάντες "ye all know," their margin exhibiting the true reading, while Dr. Westcott here pronounces the masculine "doubtful." We only wish he had rejected it at once.

The rich stores of material collected and arranged in this volume will not permit us to linger on textual points, and we are called away from them to give some slight notion of the mode in which Dr. Westcott grapples with difficulties of interpretation, or proposes novel views for our mature consideration. One of the most perplexing constructions in the first Epistle occurs in ch. iii. 20, ὅτι ἐὰν καταγινώσκῃ ἡμῶν ἡ καρδία, ὅτι μείζων κ.τ.λ. Is the second ὅτι part of the true text, or are the two ὅτι's particles in parallel construction, or are they different words bearing but an accidental resemblance? There is some evidence, including Cod. A., for omitting the second ὅτι, but it is chiefly that of the Old Latin and Egyptian versions, which can hardly be trusted in this instance, inasmuch as they, like our Authorized Bible, failed to translate what they did not quite understand. The parallelism of the two particles only obscures a sentence otherwise very clear. Hence it seems best with the Revised Version and Dr. Westcott to take the first ὅ τι as the neuter of ὅστις, and thus to render, joining on the last clause of the preceding verse. "We shall assure our heart, whereinsoever our heart condemns us; because God is greater than our heart"—greater, as able to sway and to control it. Two more specimens of our author's power as an interpreter is all that our space will allow. They are both taken from the fifth chapter of the first Epistle. Reserving, after his custom, for an additional note on ver. 16 a careful discussion of the phrase "sin unto death," which he regards as one which was familiar to the first readers of the Epistle, and as evidently borrowed from current language and the Rabbinical writers, he handles in his foot-notes, in the body of his work, the difficult construction δώσει αὐτῷ ζωήν, τοῖς ἁμαρτάνουσιν μὴ πρὸς θάνατον. What is the nominative to δώσει? Is it the interceding brother, or God, whose sole prerogative it is to "give life" (ver. 11; John vi. 33; x. 28; xvii. 2)? But although, in the latter alternative, δώσει has a different subject from the verbs immediately preceding, and granting that "there is nothing unscriptural in the thought that the believer does that which God does through him (James v. 20); still on the whole it seems more natural to see here a reference direct to the action of God": αὐτῷ in either case is the sinning brother, τοῖς ἁμαρτάνουσιν, "even *to them that*," standing in apposition to αὐτῷ, the single case (ἁμαρτάνοντα) being thus generalized by the change of number. In the next text that we purpose to look to (ch. v. 18), we are by no means so sure that Dr. Westcott's view is a sound one, and Dean Burgon's objections to it, as it is represented in the Revised Version, are formidable enough. In the Vatican (B) and Alexandrian (A) manuscripts, in one cursive copy, and the Latin Vulgate (*conservat eum*), for ἑαυτὸν of the common text we read αὐτὸν, which in the Alexandrian is again corrected into ἑαυτὸν, apparently by the first hand, the original scribe having faithfully followed his *exemplar*, and then on second thoughts supposing he had gone wrong. The united testimony of A, B, and the Vulgate is strong in this part of the New Testament, where our copies are comparatively few, but the Sinaitic (ℵ), the great majority of the cursives, with the Old or Peshito-Syriac (very expressly) uphold ἑαυτὸν of the received text. Conceding, however, to Canon Westcott, for argument's sake, his variation αὐτὸν, it is curious to note the use he makes of it. "The phrase ὁ γεννηθεὶς ἐκ τοῦ θεοῦ," he says, "is unique. Standing as it does in close juxtaposition with ὁ γεγεννημένος ἐκ τοῦ θεοῦ it is impossible to regard it as identical in reference, and the mention of the great adversary naturally suggests the thought of the Son of God. The peculiar expression is probably used to

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* *The Epistles of St. John.* The Greek Text, with Notes and Essays, by Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L., Regius Professor of Divinity and Fellow of King's College, Cambridge [now Canon of Westminster]. London: Macmillan & Co.

emphasize the connexion of the Son with those whom he 'is not ashamed to call brethren' (Hebr. ii. 11, ἐξ ἑνὸς πάντες); while the difference of γεννηθεὶς from γεγεννημένος suggests the difference of the sonship of the Son from the sonship of men which is marked in John v. 26." By a plea thus refined he persuaded his fellow-revisers, as we intimated above, thus to translate the verse, "Whosoever is begotten of God sinneth not; but he that was begotten of God keepeth him and the evil one toucheth him not" (John xvii. 12).

The more we examine this precious volume the more its exceeding richness in spiritual as well as in literary material grows upon the mind. There is all the difference in the world between the somewhat hasty commentaries put forth in such abundance within the last few years, even by eminent and accomplished theologians, to serve some immediate purpose or to supply some seeming want, and a great work such as Canon Westcott when at his best is sure to present to us—its main outlines traced years ago; its details gradually filling up those outlines, as patient and reverential study suggests them to the author's mind; the whole performance touched and retouched as time goes on, publication always being contemplated as the final destination, but never regarded as pressing or near. It is only in this way that the Fathers of the ancient Church wrote for immortality; to be the instructors of generations of which we know or wish to know nothing but what may serve to illustrate the teaching they have bequeathed to us. As in the introduction to St. John's Gospel our author had vindicated its genuineness and apostolic origin to the satisfaction of all who desired to learn the truth respecting it, he has little more to do here than to prove the identity of authorship between the Gospel and the three Epistles—an easy task indeed compared with what he had accomplished before. As regards the first and principal Epistle, we would commend to the young student's special attention his author's analysis of the plan and scope of what is rather, perhaps, a treatise than a letter. It is, as Dr. Westcott admits, no easy task to determine its structure. "No single arrangement is able to take account of the complex development of thought which it offers, and of the many connexions which exist between its different parts." Yet, starting with the conviction that the idea of fellowship between God and man, made possible and in part realized in the Christian Church, runs through the whole from the beginning (ch. i. 3) to the end (ch. v. 20), he displays rare discernment in tracing the main thought through many digressions, all helping onward to the general conclusion. For the brief Epistles which are the second and third in order he has done little, nor indeed was there much to be done. He does not question that they are both from the Apostle's pen, and attributes their pretermission by the Syrian Church to their "very limited circulation from their personal (or narrow) destination." Then, again, the internal evidence in their favour is simply irresistible. "The second Epistle bears the closest resemblance, in language and thought, to the first. The third Epistle has the closest affinity to the second, though from its subject it is less like the first in general form." Coming to details, he does not doubt that "the Elder" of both Epistles describes "not age simply but official position"; that the tenor of 2 John favours the opinion that it was sent to a community and not to one believer; and as regards the anarthrous ἐκλεκτῇ κυρίᾳ, "it is best to recognize that the problem of the address is insoluble with our present knowledge." In 2 John 9 he reads, almost necessarily (א A, B, the Vulgate, and the Egyptian versions), προάγων for παραβαίνων of the common text ("Whosoever goeth forward," Revised Version), with the pithy comment, "Every one that advances in bold confidence beyond the limits set to the Christian faith. True progress includes the past." It is a thousand pities that a book like this should be destitute even of the most meagre index.

At the end of this volume are printed, on 126 closely-printed pages, three essays which have not any very special connexion with St. John's Epistles that we can trace, and which look as if they had lain in Dr. Westcott's desk, awaiting some opportunity for publication. They would tell us, if we had need of being told, the many-sidedness of his ingenious and fertile mind. The first essay, on "The Two Empires: the Church and the World," with a copious array of facts hitherto unnoted, is not very novel in sentiment. Most of us knew long since how mighty an obstacle to the reception of Christ as king was the inveterate custom of making deceased or living Emperors the objects of divine worship. The third essay has for its subject, "The Relation of Christianity to Art." The second essay, on "The Gospel of Creation," exhibits to us an example of that tendency to mysticism which we spoke of in the opening of this paper as a marked characteristic of the earlier stages of Canon Westcott's literary career. It is a discussion, familiar to the mediæval schoolmen, and congenial to their habits of thought, of one of the least practical inquiries (if we may venture to say so) which ever engaged the meditations of a studious recluse—namely, Whether, if man had not sinned, the Lord Christ would have taken upon Him our flesh? Nothing that our author could write would be uninteresting or unprofitable to a reader worthy of him; but on this matter we are more than willing to acquiesce in the decision of the Angelic Doctor, Thomas Aquinas, who declares that "He alone can know the truth of this question who was born and offered because He willed."

MEDICAL BOOKS.*

THE large class of mankind whose favourite study is man will find a mass of instructive and interesting matter in the work of Dr. Tuke which heads this list. Though it is addressed to the medical man as well as to the general reader, the author steers clear of all pedantry and undue technicality, and recommends himself by the clearness and scholarship of his style no less than by the richness of his illustrative quotations. The important design of the book is to elucidate the action of the "imagination," and to show how large a part in the production of changes in bodily function may be played by causes which for the sake of convenience at least all will agree to call mental. An ample demonstration of this by an unbiassed and careful selection of cases lends great value to Dr. Tuke's work; and one at least of its objects will have been well fulfilled if some who peruse it should be disposed, as the author hopes, to regard in a different light from heretofore the success of some of the fashionable modes of treatment current at the present day.

Were we criticizing this book from the point of view of scientific psychology, we should have to find some fault with Dr. Tuke from time to time for a somewhat shifting use of philosophical terms. But in view of the real object of the book, which is not a treatise on psychology, this is but a small fault compared with the virtues of absolute fairness and freedom from bias which strike us on nearly every page. Thus, when quoting very telling cases of complete mystification of the senses by tricks of sleight of hand, he takes care to say that these experiments are not given for the purpose of exposing "Spiritualism," and that, even if Spiritualism were true, their force would remain precisely the same. Sometimes he is almost too fair, as, when explaining with obvious correctness the process by which the ordinary experiments in so-called thought-reading are accomplished, he runs a little risk of spoiling the good effect of his teaching on the uninstructed reader by admitting into his text without comment the letter of some "thought-reading" gentleman, who, assuming the whole point at issue, is "really unable to say how it is one which sometimes succeeds with persons who do not give any muscular indication." But even when Dr. Tuke, in his most interesting exposition of hypnotism, which implicitly excludes the popular notion of any special or "mesmeric" faculty in the operator, goes, *more suo*, out of his way to write such a parenthesis as, "even should it be eventually shown that a power emanates from some persons as alleged," we feel we cannot quarrel with him. At this time, when some pliant and impressionable minds are being affected by the pretensions of the Psychical Research Society, the reappearance of Dr. Tuke's book is very opportune; for, by laboriously showing that other and admitted explanations have already been given for much or all that is alleged to be due to some unrecognized force, the ground is completely cut away from beneath the feet of the cultivators of marvels. We cannot think that Dr. Tuke, though he might at first seem to roar as gently as any sucking dove, would be any more acceptable as an observer at the séances of the Psychical Research Society than were one or two other members of his craft of whom we have heard, who on more than one occasion effectually put a stop to the clairvoyance of the mesmerized or thought-reading subjects by stopping their eyes or their ears with cotton-wool.

It is impossible to do justice to this author's exhaustive treatment, by an array of proof surprising to the general reader, of the influence of the mind upon the body for good and for evil; his book should be read, and is readable, from cover to cover. Not the least interesting part is the consideration of the subject of some modern miracles; where it is shown that many of the statements of cure may be accepted as they stand without any charge of falsification, and that these cases, from their close alliance with others well known to physicians, most vividly illustrate the influence of the mind, especially on the course of many nervous affections.

Finally, Dr. Tuke considers the subject of the application of the principles he has elucidated to medical practice, and most properly urges physicians not to ignore the necessary mental ingredient in the successful treatment of many complaints. Anent the part played by faith in the cure of disease, the following wise remark is met with:—"Scepticism in the physician is the best means of arriving at the truth; faith in the patient the best means of arriving at health. Doubt is the key by which to open the treasure-box of medical knowledge; belief is the lock which the patient must not break if he wish to procure the blessings of health." Respecting many kinds of maladies this statement is undoubtedly true; yet it may be said all the same that, in the case of many trivial and fanciful complaints, the breaking of the lock of belief will have the salutary effect of preventing the pocket of the patient from being emptied into that of the fashionable charlatan.

The little *brochure* on *Medical Fashions*, by Dr. Tibbits, of Bradford, though inadequate as a serious criticism of the subject,

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* *Illustrations of the Influence of the Mind upon the Body in Health and Disease.* By Daniel Hack Tuke, M.D., LL.D. Second Edition. London: J. & A. Churchill. 1884.

Medical Fashions in the Nineteenth Century. By Edward T. Tibbits, M.D. London: H. K. Lewis. 1884.

The Pedigree of Disease. By Jonathan Hutchinson, F.R.S. London: J. & A. Churchill. 1884.

On the Formation of Uric Acid in Animals; its Relation to Gout, &c. By P. W. Latham, M.D. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1884.

serves nevertheless to point a useful moral both for the public and its doctors. It cannot be called wholly scientific in purpose, nor is it free from suspicion of prejudice and cavilling for cavilling's sake. In a department of knowledge like medicine, where fresh facts are frequently being revealed, the theory and treatment of many diseases must be expected to show rapid changes or even revolution; and nothing is easier than to flippantly put down these changes to arbitrary medical fashion. In the present search by medical men after the living causes of disease called "germs," there is plenty of material ready to hand for the self-appointed or irresponsible critic to scoff at; but in scoffing he should remember that the quest is at least a worthy one, whether it end in success or in disappointment. There is no doubt that the general reader has been already treated to much ill-digested matter in the form of lectures and articles, not only in the medical, but in the public papers, on the subject of the germ-origin of consumption, and the possibly contagious character of this disease; and when we remember how prematurely and unscientifically the theory is advocated and acted on by some medical men we can almost sympathize for a moment with Dr. Tibbits's reactionary advice to ignore every new theory until it has been abundantly proved to be correct. But by this method advance would take place but very tardily, if at all; and scientific men must make up their minds to encounter some ridicule on their toilsome line of march.

In his glance at many "medical fashions," however, Dr. Tibbits has certainly often hit the mark. Of course he quotes the extinction of bleeding and the languor of mercurial treatment, once so flourishing, and emphasizes the fashionable aspect of homœopathy and other fads. Mesmerism, too, he quotes as a fashion; but, though it was once a kind of nine days' wonder in the profession, it was never publicly discussed in a sufficiently scientific manner in times gone by to extract, on the one hand, any possible benefit it might involve as regards the treatment of disease, or to prevent, on the other, the genuine phenomena displayed from becoming, as it were, the private property of designing charlatans and their dupes. The fashionable "massage," or "rubbing," of the present day Dr. Tibbits somewhat amusingly compares to "mesmerism," and very pointedly calls attention to the fact that it is said to be most useful in patients not suffering from organic disease. There are certain cases of "hysteria" which are said to be cured by isolation from their friends *and* by "massage" (which is another word for shampooing); but the *isolation* is generally recognized by practical doctors as the main element in the success of the treatment, though the "quasi-mysterious sound of 'massage' is well calculated to prove attractive to the searcher after novelties," and to bring fees to medical men. To isolate a patient, indeed, without some "active" treatment, would, it seems, be too much like an order to wash in Jordan to redound much to the doctor's credit.

Very sensible remarks are made by Dr. Tibbits on the changing fashion regarding alcohol in disease; and the absurdity of extreme views is well brought out. The reader of this little book will do well also to lay to heart the comments made on the use of anæsthetics, and the frequently disastrous results of the random administration of narcotics—especially chloral, which is so easily procured in poisonous doses by any one who may ask for it, and so often facilitates suicide and other domestic tragedies. We must also mention with approbation the common-sense teaching of this author on the subject of the much-advertised mineral waters which, each in their short turn, are vaunted as the best, not only by their proprietors, but unfortunately also by many medical men; and his valuable remarks on the ever-fascinating but mysteriously difficult topic of "Health Resorts," which perhaps is the most striking and saddening example of medical fashion in its worst and most discreditable aspect.

Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson's lectures on the *Pedigree of Disease* seem so full of the results of rich medical experience and philosophical thought as to deserve a careful study at the hands of the medical profession. Though certainly not intended for the general reader, much that they contain will be found of interest, especially the earlier part of the book, which deals with the vexed question of "temperament," and with idiosyncrasy. The older notions regarding the temperaments are discussed and analysed in a masterly and scientific manner, and it is urged with great force that for all practical purposes in medicine the term "temperament" is of no importance and has no definite value. Mr. Hutchinson's great knowledge and well-known power of observation give especial weight to his interesting remarks on idiosyncrasy with regard to diet and drugs. And here the smoker may derive some consolation from the opinion given that the harmful effects which tobacco may sometimes have are, as a rule, not permanent; while the total abstainer from alcoholic beverages is warned that he is in more danger of chronic tobacco-poisoning than he who drinks them, if he freely indulges in the weed.

The last book on our list is a short but suggestive essay on a purely physiological subject. Dr. Latham suggests a new theory as to the manner of formation of uric acid in the system, and applies his theory to the explanation of the action of accredited remedies in the treatment of gout and allied disorders. This little book, giving fresh reasons for treatment which is not novel, would doubtless please the conservative mind of Dr. Tibbits, who tells us that it is far better to use the drugs we have than fly to others that we know not of.

RECENT MUSIC.

MESSRS. Moody and Sankey's method of adapting sacred words to secular and taking tunes, which has been advanced by the Salvation Army to a stage calculated to shock the susceptibilities of reverent worshippers, appears to have attracted the attentions of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould and the Rev. H. Fleetwood-Sheppard for Church of England purposes. "The tendency of these songs," says Mr. Baring-Gould in his preface to *Church Songs* (W. Skeffington & Sons), "is not only to irreverence and profanity, but also to encourage heretical views of the scheme of Salvation"; and, with a view to counteract such evil influences, these gentlemen have made a collection of "Church songs to supplement the Hymn Book." Whether the end they have in view will be attained, it is hardly our business to speculate on; but it seems evident that the success of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's method is complete enough to warrant something almost amounting to an imitation of it by the authors of this publication. We cannot help thinking, however, that it is just because the Moody and Sankey tunes are secular and popular that they succeed so well, and that the further they are removed from the hymn form the better they are liked by that very large class of people who prefer pretty melodies and spirited choruses to the more formal but classic chant. The favourite tunes in all revivalist collections are generally those which can boast a marked and sometimes jovial refrain which is treated as a chorus, to us painfully suggestive of more convivial meetings than those for which they are used, but it is idle to deny that with nine-tenths of the congregations who delight in these musical demonstrations this element of vulgarity is the chief attraction. The authors of *Church Songs* evidently acknowledge this fact, for eleven out of the twenty-two songs in the work are supplied with such choruses, although the songs themselves are kept pretty strictly in hymn form. We regret it, but it is nevertheless the fact, that the tune of "Champagne Charlie," for instance, adapted to sacred words, is more likely to be successful with such congregations as those of the Salvation Army than the most beautiful hymn, ancient or modern, ever penned. But this is chiefly because there is no attempt to adhere to the hymn form; and, in keeping to that form, our authors, we think, will find that they do not compete successfully with the revivalists. The musical part of the *Church Songs* has been very skilfully managed by the Rev. H. Fleetwood-Sheppard, who shows himself a musician of considerable ability and originality, especially in those tunes which are not adaptations from other sources. The words of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould are such as might be expected from the pen of so practised a writer; though, as a matter of taste, we think that the song with the chorus "The religion of 'Won't' and the creed of 'Don't' is not the religion for me" is rather too much in the spirit of the ungrammatical Salvationist utterance of "The Devil and me, we can't agree," to be pleasing to more cultured ears. If it is absolutely necessary to adopt the musical method of the Salvation Army in the Church, these songs will doubtless be found to serve the purpose to a great extent.

Messrs. Wood & Co. have sent us *Frank Perceval's Rudiments of Music*, a little shilling book, in which, in the form of question and answer, a full explanation is given of the elementary theory of music for beginners in the study of pianoforte-playing. The subject is very clearly and intelligently handled, and the book can be recommended as a safe and convenient guide for students. There is at the end of the work a very complete and useful list of exercises and pieces arranged in progressive order, with the price of each piece named, forming a valuable pianoforte school. The first book of *The Vesper Voluntaries*, by Herr Nicholas Heins (Osborn & Tuckwood) contains sixteen short melodies for the organ, harmonium, or American organ, which by their variety will be useful for church purposes as offertory music, interludes, or voluntaries, and will certainly be welcome for their effective grace and simplicity, demanding no special executive skill in their performance. Mr. Michael Watson's songs are always well written and pleasing specimens of a musician's work, and the two songs before us, from the same publisher, named respectively "Queenie" and "The Silent March," are no exceptions to the rule. The first is a graceful ballad on a pathetic incident in a girl's life, and the second is a spirited dramatic song on the advance of the British troops on Tel-el-Kebir. The words of both songs are by the composer, and stand well above the average of those which do duty for nine-tenths of the drawing-room songs published nowadays. "My Queen of Hearts," by Mr. Edward Harper, is another effective piece of work which will doubtless become popular, while Signor Ciro Pinsuti's "Beyond the Gates" sustains his deservedly high reputation as a song-writer of great originality, and the "March of the Minstrels," by Mr. Frederic A. Dunster, is a telling pianoforte piece, easily within the powers of all amateurs, and likely to become a favourite *morceau de salon*.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

MONSEIGNEUR RICARD (1) is quite justified in the modest satisfaction with which he speaks of the reception of the three former parts (on Lamennais, Gerbet, and Lacordaire) of his series of studies on *L'Ecole Menaisienne*. At a time when literary opinion in France is, as a whole, by no means amicably disposed towards clericalism, the charity, judgment, and good

(1) *Montalembert.* Par Mgr. Ricard. Paris: Plon.

taste of these little books has for the most part met with the recognition it deserved, even in the country of M. Paul Bert. We have ourselves had great pleasure in bearing testimony to their merits—merits which, on the whole, reappear in this concluding volume of the series. It has been probably not the most easy for Mgr. Ricard to write. Lamennais, Gerbet, and Lacordaire were all clerics—indeed the clerical *ethos* of the first named displayed itself long after his nominal severance from the Church; and, though Lamennais and Lacordaire were politicians as well, it was but in an episodic and amateurish fashion, needing comparatively little notice in a brief memoir. With the author of *Les moines d'Occident* the case is different; for he was not only a layman by status, but, despite his fervent and pervading piety, quite as much of a politician and of a man of letters as of a Churchman. Perhaps Mgr. Ricard, as was natural, has been a little tempted to subordinate the two former characteristics. However, his book, which is, as far as our memory serves us, something bulkier than the other members of the series of which it forms a part, is an interesting and valuable one, displaying once more its author's singular freedom from intolerance and narrowness of view. He could hardly be expected to dwell very much on the faults of Montalembert's literary work; its fatal fluency, its tendency to "gush," the absence of pith and backbone, which mar its many agreeable qualities; and it was hardly within his obligatory range to criticize a political creed, in which some people, at any rate, have found it extremely difficult to discover any substantive conception of politics. We are glad to see that this capital little series on the Neo-Catholic school of the second quarter of the century is to be followed by another dealing with their forerunners, Maury, Chateaubriand, the Vicomte de Bonald, and the greatest of all orthodox apologists in French for two centuries, the greatest master of religious polemics that Europe has seen during the last hundred years—Joseph de Maistre.

The author who calls himself "Sylvanecte" (2) (from the Gallo-Roman name of the district of Compiègne) has a very pretty sentiment in his preface to the effect that "ceux qui ont combattu l'empire triomphant dédaignent d'insulter l'empire vaincu." If he had written "doivent dédaigner," this sentiment would meet with nothing but approval. Unluckily, the ignoble mania for lavishing insult during fourteen years on the Government which they tolerated for eighteen has infected more Frenchmen than those on whom "Sylvanecte" apparently reflects. He himself is tolerably free from blame. He enforces unsparingly enough the singularly and indefinably *canaille* character of too many of the ways and customs of Napoleon III. and his Court, and he is not altogether tender of the early reputation of some persons whose misfortunes and whose long and blameless period of expiation might perhaps have seemed to call for more lenient treatment. But he is not spiteful, and if he is scandalous, it is chiefly about Prince Napoleon—a personage who does not by any means come within the benefit of the foregoing sentence, and whom we, for our part, abandon to him with perfect equanimity. The chief fault of his book is that there is too little about the real subject (though there are some interesting details of the true and veritable *chasse française*, which, we learn, the Emperor corrupted, as he did other things), and too much about well-known and chiefly political matters which have little more to do with Compiègne than the Egyptian affairs of to-day have to do with Windsor. Apparently other volumes of souvenirs are to follow from the same hand, and we can only hope that the author will pursue a different plan in writing them.

Not merely a second edition (in which guise it appears before us), but a twenty-second and more, ought to be the lot of the treatise on monologizing which MM. Coquelin have published, with counterfeit presentment of their agreeable selves on the cover (3). Here we have all about it. Each distinguished artist not merely gives his general impressions of his art, but follows these up with specimen monologues "analysed" carefully, with the most minute directions accounted for on æsthetic and philosophic principles. "Here you will speak with the paternal gravity of a moralist." "Here you will make the gesture of a man who rubs himself hard with a towel," &c. &c. After reading which, no doubt, aspirants to the honours of the monologue will be able to deliver themselves with quite as much success as M. Coquelin *aîné* and M. Coquelin *cadet*, or with not quite so much success, as the case may be.

A third edition is of itself a recommendation when the book is not of a nature to appeal to the general reader. M. Zeller's discourses on mediæval history are in this case, and have been, the author tells us, in great part rewritten for the occasion. The present volume (4) is in a manner introductory to the history of the middle ages proper, for it stops short of the Carlovingian period.

We do not think that an essay in three hundred pages on genius in art (5) is wanted, or likely to be useful, or indeed possible in the sense of being capable of being made a satisfactory literary work. "Ayez du génie" is what it must come to. But, if any one thinks differently, he may see what M. Séailles has got to say on the subject.

(2) *La cour impériale à Compiègne.* Par Sylvanecte. Paris: Charpentier.

(3) *L'art de dire le monologue.* Par Coquelin aîné et Coquelin cadet. Paris: Ollendorff.

(4) *Entretiens sur l'histoire du moyen-âge.* Partie I. Troisième édition. Par J. Zeller. Paris: Perrin.

(5) *Essai sur le génie dans l'art.* Par G. Séailles. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THERE is only one excuse for a book of travels. It must justify its existence by being interesting, or it should not exist at all. If this proposition, which we are prepared to post up on the door of any University in either world, and maintain against all comers, is accepted, then Mr. Cope-Devereux's *Fair Italy* (1) has no chance of justifying itself. It is not interesting. The author himself thinks an apology necessary. He points out that Italy has become a kingdom in these days, and that Monte Carlo is an abuse, and advances these facts as reasons why he was justified in writing his book. We accept the premisses, but not the conclusion. Mr. Cope-Devereux and his wife travelled over much of Italy in a hurried way, and went to all the places indicated to them by their guide-books. After reading what he has to say about them we arrive at this result—that the tourists had a very pleasant journey, but neither saw, nor heard, nor thought anything new. The author is very indignant about the gambling in the Principality of Monaco. He thinks that Europe ought to interfere to put a stop to a practice which leads to so many suicides. These sentiments are admirable, but not novel.

Mr. C. E. Hirsch's tiny biography tells all the little that is known of William Tyndale (2) in a readable way. His booklet is written in the usual spirit of Broad Church or Low Church writers about the Reformation. The black and the white are distributed wholesale, and it is taken for granted that denouncing the vices of the clergy was heresy.

Mr. Howells's farce, *The Register* (3), is an example of the more delicate kind of story-writing which America, according to native critics, is to show the world. Two young persons, male and female, have philandered after their kind, and then quarrelled because their vanity was hurt. Then they both come to Boston, and happen to be in adjoining rooms served by the same register-stove. By the help of this machine each contrives to do a good deal of eavesdropping on the other. Then they kiss and make it up.

The neat little book which Dr. Mary J. Salford and Mrs. (or Miss) Mary E. Allen (4) have written on the subject of physical exercise for girls contains so much sense that it deserves to be composed with more skill. A great deal of it consists of descriptions of a little girl whom Dr. Mary J. Salford set on her legs again after she had nearly been made an invalid for life by thin high-heeled shoes, tight stays, scanty petticoats, and want of exercise. That is a way of teaching by example which is terribly apt to be tiresome. Then, too, there is a superfluity of instructive conversation of the Mr. Barlow kind. By skipping a good deal of this tedium it is possible to find a remainder which is good sense. The descriptions of muscular little girls doing breakneck feats on the parallel bars are rather terrible, but after all there is no great fear that any considerable portion of the sex will become female acrobats. From what the authors say, the tendency in America seems to be to err in the other way.

Our Business Boys (5) is another pretty little book of the same didactic kind. This time it is the boys who are shown the way they should go. The Rev. F. E. Clark tells them how to get on in life. Put briefly his advice amounts to this, that they must do good work and plenty of it. He also warns them, as many reverend gentlemen have done before, against the seductions of stories, the theatre, and the pipe.

Mr. Allen's *History Topics* (6) is apparently meant as a guide for schoolmasters who have to set history lessons to their classes. A glance at his list of subjects leads to the conviction that boys brought up on that system will either be wells of historical learning, or will have a fine superficial smattering of a host of things.

Dr. Tracy's *Handbook of Sanitary Information* (7) is an American version of a kind of book which is common enough here. His rules seem sound.

Now, when Florida (8) is fast becoming the only hope of "our boys" who cannot pass examinations and who want to make money in a pleasant way, Mr. Upham should find a sale on this side of the water. Nobody need trouble about his little outbursts of Federal partisanship or linger over his spiteful remarks about Jefferson Davis and Mr. Benjamin. When he sticks to his text he is instructive. He gives information about the price of land and labour, and the proper management of an orange-farm. The get-up of his handbook does not say much for the publishing enterprise of Jacksonville, Fla.

All the wisdom about things in general which was poured forth at Huddersfield at the last Social Science Congress is now collected in the usual volume of *Transactions* (9).

(1) *Fair Italy: the Riviera and Monte Carlo.* By W. Cope-Devereux, R.N., F.R.G.S. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

(2) *William Tyndale.* By C. E. Hirsch. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

(3) *The Register.* Farce. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Osgood & Co. 1884.

(4) *Health and Strength for Girls.* By Mary J. Salford, M.D., and Mary E. Allen. Boston: Lothrop & Co.

(5) *Our Business Boys.* By Rev. F. E. Clark. Boston: Lothrop & Co.

(6) *History Topics.* By W. F. Allen, A.M. Boston: Ginn, Heath, & Co.

(7) *Handbook of Sanitary Information for Householders.* By Roger S. Tracy, M.D. New York: D. Appleton. 1884.

(8) *Florida, Past and Present.* By Samuel C. Upham. Jacksonville, Fla.

(9) *Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, 1883.* London: Longmans & Co.

The last three additions to Morley's Universal Library (10)—Dryden's *Virgil*, Butler's *Analogy*, and Sir Walter's *Demonology and Witchcraft*—seem to be better printed than the earlier volumes of the series.

We have received a second edition, "new and cheaper," of *Science in the Nursery: or, Children's Toys* (11).

We have also to notice *The Shilling Peerage* (12) and *The Shilling Baronetage* (13), published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. They are compact but legible.

(10) *Morley's Universal Library—Virgil's Æneid.* Translated by John Dryden. *Butler's Analogy of Religion. Sir Walter Scott's Demonology and Witchcraft.* London: Routledge & Sons. 1884.

(11) *Science in the Nursery; or, Children's Toys.* London: Griffith & Farran.

(12) *The Shilling Peerage for* 1884. Compiled by E. Walford, M.A. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

(13) *The Shilling Baronetage*, 1884. Compiled by E. Walford, M.A. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The NINETY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place in Willis's Rooms on Wednesday, May 21, His Excellency the FRENCH AMBASSADOR in the Chair.

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The successful Candidate will be expected to enter on his duties on October 1 next.
Applications should be sent to the undersigned, on or before June 7 next.
Candidates are especially requested to abstain from canvassing.
Further particulars may be obtained from
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For further particulars apply to the DEAN, Guy's Hospital, S.E.

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CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS.
Eight £40; Four £20. Election third Tuesday in May.—Apply to the SECRETARY, the College, Cheltenham.

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A Specification of the Works and Conditions of Contract may be seen at this Office, together with a Schedule of Prices; and the tenders are to state the percentage above or below such scheduled prices at which the parties tendering are willing to execute the said works.
The Commissioners will require the party contracting to enter into a bond, with two approved sureties, in the sum of £1,000 for the due performance of the contract.
All tenders are to be on the forms supplied at the Office; to be sealed, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Reparation and Cleansing of City Sewers," and be delivered at this Office before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty.
The Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.
The parties sending in proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorised agent, at half-past Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty, and the party whose tender is accepted will be required to sign an agreement to execute a contract drawn up in accordance with the Specification.

HENRY BLAKE, *Principal Clerk.*

Sewers' Office, Guildhall,
April 1884.

TO SMITHS and Others.—The Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City, on Tuesday, May 20, 1884, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders from persons willing to execute such Smiths' Work as may be required by the said Commissioners to be done within this City for the term of Three years, from June 30 next.
A Specification of the required Works may be seen at this Office.
Security will be required for the due performance of the contract.
Tenders must be sealed, and endorsed "Tender for Smiths' Work," and be delivered to the undersigned before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty.
The Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.
Parties sending in proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorised agent, at Half-past Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty, and the party whose tender is accepted will be required to sign an agreement to execute a Contract drawn up in accordance with the Specification.

HENRY BLAKE, *Principal Clerk.*

Sewers' Office, Guildhall,
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ASPHALTE CARRIAGE and FOOTWAY PAVEMENTS.

The Streets Committee of the Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City, on Friday, May 9, 1884, at Two o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for Paving the undermentioned Streets with Asphalte, agreeably to Specifications to be seen at the Office of the Engineer to the Commissioners in the Guildhall, viz.:—

Houndsditch Cutler Street Aldermanbury Postern Token house Yard Friday Street, between Cannon Street and Queen Victoria Street Bread Street " " " " Knightrider Street " " " " Distaff Lane Carter Lane, between Broadway and Creed Lane Angel Court, Throgmorton Street Crosby Square Great St. Helens (part of)	Carriageways.
Aldermanbury Postern Token house Yard New Court, Farringdon Street Bread Street Friday Street Dean's Court, Fetter Lane Norwich Court Fanyer Alley	Footways.

Tenders are to be on the Forms supplied at the said Office, to be sealed, endorsed, "Tender for Asphalte Carriage or Footway Pavements" (as the case may be), be addressed to the undersigned, and delivered at this Office before Two o'clock on the said day.

Parties making proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at Two o'clock on the said day.

Security will be required for the due performance of the contracts.

The Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

HENRY BLAKE, *Principal Clerk.*

Sewers' Office, Guildhall,
April 22, 1884.

TO WOOD PAVIORS.—The Streets Committee of the Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City, on Friday, May 9, 1884, at Two o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for Paving the Carriageways of Farringdon Street (from Newcastle Street to Charterhouse Street) and Budge Row with Wood, agreeably to a Specification to be seen at the Office of the Engineer to the Commissioners in the Guildhall.

Tenders are to be on the Forms supplied at the said Office, to be sealed, addressed to the undersigned, endorsed "Tender for Wood Carriageways Pavement," and be delivered at this Office before Two o'clock on the said day.

Parties making proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at Two o'clock on the said day.

Security will be required for the due performance of the Contract.

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HENRY BLAKE, *Principal Clerk.*

Sewers' Office, Guildhall,
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EGYPT.

"THE Egyptian papers," according to a statement made by the London Correspondent of one of the chief country papers that support the Government, "have caused "a very painful impression." That is not altogether surprising. The hides of Englishmen would have been as tough as that useful and locally appropriate material of which the best courbashes are made if it had been otherwise. The series of Blue and White Books, ranging from "Egypt 12" to "Egypt 15," do something more than justify the Vote of Censure which Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH brings on the day after to-morrow, and which Mr. GLADSTONE, to judge from a published letter of his secretary's, is going to meet by "free comment" on votes of censure in general. This information again is not astonishing, for the damning inference to be drawn from the papers can be met in no other way than by an attempt to bluster the matter out as on a former occasion. Every defence of the Government is gone and ruined beforehand. At the time when they sheltered themselves in Parliament behind the plenipotential mission of General GORDON they were, as it was pretty well known weeks ago and is now proved to demonstration, refusing permission to every step which General GORDON wished to take. The paltry plea that he was sent out on a pacific mission and has changed it for a warlike one is met by equally irrefragable proof that his efforts to accomplish his mission by pacific means were deliberately frustrated. He wished to meet the MAHDI face to face and arrange matters; the Government forbade it. He wished to employ the unquestioned influence of ZOBEIR; the Government forbade it. Neither by negotiation nor by influence, the two only means of pacific arrangement, was he allowed to act. He wished to leave Khartoum for the south; the Government forbade that. He wished for a demonstration from Suakim; the Government refused it. He wished for a demonstration to Berber; the Government refused it. Every avenue of escape, except the disgraceful one which necessitated his abandonment of the agents he had with full approval engaged, was cut off. Every plan, peaceful and hostile, by way of negotiation and by way of demonstration, which he proposed for accomplishing his mission of extricating the garrisons, was negatived. There is no need here to reproduce the indignant words which have long before this time stung every Englishman who has a sense of honour. They were practically anticipated by every one who is likely to feel the sting. Whether the Government accept Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S, or Mr. HENEAGE'S, or Sir A. HOLROYD'S back door of escape, or whether, with the calm complacence of Mr. WOOLCOMB, they trust to "having "all the votes beforehand," their plight is equally hopeless in argument as in honour. Possibly, by a repetition of the dose of the Suakim expedition, they will announce some intellectual contempt for public feeling sufficient to salve the remorselessness of the less hardened of their supporters. Some of these supporters have been obliging enough to prepare a way for them in this direction also. There is no need to explore the Paradise of Dirty Devices open to British faith in denying and fingers that are not afraid of the contact of dirt. But the Opposition must be in very sore [illegible] if the result of the debate—not to speak of the division—is [illegible] than decisive in favour of Sir H. HICKS-BEACH'S motion.

The first paragraph began with a quotation from a supporter of the Government; the second is quite good enough to be followed in the second. "In military circles," says the Alexandria Correspondent of the *Daily News*, "it "is thought that an extensive Soudan campaign is inevitable "in the autumn." Even the intelligence of Radicals will hardly set this anticipation down to the incurable bloodthirstiness and greed of professional advancement which distinguish the British army. Soudan campaigns are not very attractive at present to military men, and are likely to be still less so when the Government decision, that they are wars where no triumphs on the victors wait, and where, after the toughest fight for years, those victors are not worth a vote of thanks, is generally known in the army. That the anticipation, though, like other anticipations, depending on probabilities, is a very reasonable one there is no doubt. That rebellious and victorious savages, especially after such a success as the capture or slaughter of General GORDON would be, are not sensible of the ingenuity or the impregnableness of fancy barriers, may be safely laid down; and the distinction which Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government has drawn between Egypt proper and Egypt improper is a purely fancy line. Exactly as the mismanagement of the spring and early summer of 1882 brought about the expedition of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, exactly as the mismanagement and irresolution of the end of last year brought about the expedition of General GRAHAM, so may the mismanagement and irresolution of the last three months be expected to lead to a third expedition, far more difficult and costly, at some time or other. It is rather to be hoped than expected that the parallel will not be completed by the addition of a massacre of Khartoum to the massacre of Alexandria and the massacre of Sinkat. Of course things may fall out differently; but if they do so it will not be due to HER MAJESTY'S Government. In November last they could with a minimum of difficulty, and by adopting the course then urged on them (of letting Kordofan and Darfur alone if they liked for the present, but occupying at once the course of the Nile and the coast of the Red Sea) have settled the question. Now time and the chapter of accidents—their only gods, it would seem—can alone save them from doing the same thing in an infinitely more difficult and expensive fashion. They have followed the celebrated opinion of their latest recruit, who joined them under such happy auspices, and have decided that war to-morrow is always better than war to-day. As was naturally to be expected, they have got both. But they will undertake their war to-morrow, in all probability, not with the prestige of Tel-el-Kebir or of Tamasi behind them, but with the accomplished disgrace of Berber and the threatened and indelible disgrace of the loss of the other places mentioned by General GORDON. ROBESPIERRE had at least the grace to be choked by the blood of DANTON. But there is little chance of any parallel accident on Monday. Mr. GLADSTONE is not easily choked, and, if a telegram announcing General GORDON'S death were to arrive at four o'clock, it would doubtless find him as certainly, if not as serenely, conscious of his own infallibility as a telegram announcing the submission of all the Soudan to the KHEDIVE.

The history of the Conference preliminaries follows the course of nature and of former history as certainly as the history of the GORDON mission. In France, at least, they take by no means such a rosy view of French adhesion to the English proposals as Mr. GLADSTONE takes, and the preliminary communications which Mr. GLADSTONE half thought might be over on Thursday week are not over now. Only ignorance and impudence has brother will

to the announced annexation of Sarakhs a [illegible] commentary on the very aged and excellent pro[illegible] beggars cannot be choosers. Only the same [illegible] qualities or personifications would be surprised [illegible] truth of the rumour that other Continental nations will take advantage of the meeting to press points—such as quarantine—which are pregnant with trouble for England. The reported answer of Turkey to the invitation indicates new rocks ahead, and it is impossible to discover in Mr. GLADSTONE's replies any sign of a determination to avoid these rocks. He will not say positively that subjects irrelevant to the invitation are to be excluded from discussion; he will not even say that, if they are included, Great Britain will refuse to discuss them. He is in so cloudy a mind as to the whole matter that he only "conceives" the Powers to have accepted, and says they must construe their own acceptances. All wise statesmen shun Conferences and Congresses for exactly this reason—that they are the opportunity of every Power except that Power whose difficulty makes them necessary. That in France itself abuse has for the moment given way to a kind of plaintive expostulation is not in the least reassuring. For the chiefs of the present English Ministry are men as susceptible to cajolery as they are apparently impervious to reason. The activity of France for the last few months elsewhere has probably been at least as much prompted by the hope that she may have something to offer when a chance comes of regaining the ground lost in Egypt as by anything else. Into her hands, into the hands of Russia, into the hands of every Power which feels either real ill-will and rivalry or a desire to get its own way on points on which English and Continental opinion differs, this ill-omened Conference directly plays.

MORNING SITTINGS.

MINISTERIAL interference with the rights of private members is a grievance which almost exclusively affects the immediate sufferers. It is true that useful measures are sometimes proposed, and on rare occasions carried, by non-official supporters and even by opponents of the Government; but the whole mass of independent legislation is comparatively unimportant. During the present Session the House has repeatedly been counted out on Tuesdays, and Bills and Resolutions introduced on Wednesdays are habitually talked out. The early introduction of morning sittings to be devoted entirely to Government business is nevertheless unpopular in the House. Mr. LOWE, whose instinctive antipathy to pleasant illusions was never repressed through fear of giving offence, sometimes caused irritation by the blunt assertion that time occupied by private members was wholly wasted. Conventional fictions are tenacious of life, and Mr. GLADSTONE's latest proposal is not unnaturally resented; but even the most inveterate antagonists of the Ministers admit that it is right to dispose of the Franchise Bill since it has been introduced. There is still less difference of opinion as to the necessity of proceeding with the indispensable business of Supply. The London Municipal Bill is less urgent; but, if urban revolution is inevitable, it matters little whether it is effected this year or next. It will scarcely be possible to carry the more ambitious measure for handing over the administration of rural districts to the nominees of household suffrage. The scheme will necessarily be complicated, and it is idle to pretend that it is demanded by any portion of the community. When no more pressing enterprise stands in the way, the Caucuses will undertake the manipulation of public opinion, as they now agitate in favour of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's Bill.

Mr. TREVELYAN's promise of a scheme to facilitate the sale of Irish lands will be almost immediately redeemed. If it proves to be judicious and equitable, both political parties will be disposed to facilitate its progress; but, unless it involves further spoliation, it will almost certainly be obstructed by the followers of Mr. PARNELL. Mr. GLADSTONE lately reminded the House that a Government nearly the same as the present Administration passed three important measures of primary importance in 1870. Irish Disestablishment, the Ballot, and the existing system of Education all date from that fertile Session; but at that time the Irish conspiracies against freedom of debate had not been organized, and the temper of the House has since changed for the worse. It may be added that the Conservative leader then exercised undisputed authority over the Opposition, and Mr. DISRAELI was never anxious to prolong a losing game. The Ballot Bill and the Irish Church Bill only involved issues which were simple, though of vital importance, and the Education Bill could scarcely be regarded as a party measure. There were no foreign difficulties to divert attention from domestic affairs. It is not necessary to inquire whether the rapid and easy introduction of great organic changes is in itself desirable. The lists of impending innovations which are from time to time published by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his followers suggest the inexpediency of removing all impediments to revolutionary and socialistic legislation. Mr. GLADSTONE is at present taking only a preparatory step.

One possible result of the demand for morning sittings in the early part of the Session may be the collapse of another favourite project of Mr. GLADSTONE. It will be difficult to transact important business in the House, if seventy or eighty of the most capable members are at the same time engaged in Standing Committees. Select Committees on private Bills, absorbing another considerable section of the House, are frequently obliged to suspend their proceedings at great inconvenience for the purpose of taking part in divisions; but in their case the only innovation consists in the early introduction of morning sittings. To the device of Grand Committees Mr. GLADSTONE, according to his custom, attached exaggerated importance. It was for the purpose of trying the experiment, and of silencing the Opposition by the votes of the majority, that he held the almost abortive autumnal Session of 1882. The contrivance for closing debate has never yet been applied in practice, though the supporters of the Government constantly assert that the obstruction which it was intended to prevent is more rampant than at any former time. Of two Grand Committees which sat last year, one accomplished its task to the general satisfaction. The Committee on Law found itself unable to produce any result, because its members were not agreed as to the principle of the measures under discussion. All parties asserted or admitted the propriety of repeating the experiment during the present Session; but the conditions of success are narrow, and the popularity of the scheme is already impaired. A devolution of inquiry into the details of a Bill can only be useful if the decision of the Committee is at once accepted by the House. All questions which involve party divisions are therefore unfit for reference to Grand Committees. The opinion of such bodies on the extension of the franchise, on the municipal government of London, or on other political issues, would have no practical value.

If legislation in the absence of large detachments from the main body of the House proves to be seriously inconvenient, members will begin to doubt whether any advance has been made on the old system of Select Committees. Universal experience shows that business is more efficiently transacted by small Boards or Committees than by larger assemblies. A Grand Committee is better qualified to discuss clauses and provisos than the House of Commons; but a competent Select Committee would do the work still more satisfactorily. It may be confidently asserted that the Report of a Grand Committee on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Merchant Shipping Bill will fail to supersede angry debates in the House, unless the Board of Trade and the shipowners previously arrive at some compromise by means of private discussion. The embarrassment which may result from the coincidence of morning sittings with the appointment of Grand Committees might be more readily endured if it were likely to be temporary and exceptional; but the pressure on the House of Commons, and its consequent inability to deal with large measures, have constantly increased since the accession of the present Ministry to office, and are not likely to diminish. Private members have little hope of hereafter recovering the opportunities of which they are now to be deprived. With all its efforts, the Government has carried but a small fraction of the thirty measures which Mr. GLADSTONE denounced his predecessors for postponing. In the next Session Parliament will probably be relieved of the Franchise Bill, and perhaps of the London Government Bill; but redistribution will, as the Ministers themselves contend, be more complicated than the mere extension of household suffrage; and the creation of municipal institutions in all parts of the kingdom will be a less simple task than the abolition of the City Corporation. On the whole, it seems probable that the system of Standing Committees will be abandoned almost before it has been fully tried. No [illegible] of Parliamentary procedure might effect their object, if the impediments which they purport to remove were not the result of permanent causes. Almost any provisions which could

be suggested would be liable to abuse. The rules which render it possible to block Bills, or to talk them out, were designed for the purpose of correcting anomalies which previously existed. It seems to outside observers that it might not be impossible to restrain the license of asking questions for the mere gratification of curiosity, or by way of appeal from some local authority on trivial matters of administration. It is scarcely necessary that the business of the nation should be kept waiting while a Secretary of State explains why a boy was sent to a reformatory for stealing an apple; but the House of Commons has assumed supreme executive powers without providing itself with instruments by which it could exercise its functions. Parliamentary government is more really on its trial than when Prince ALBERT doubted its competence in the conduct of a war.

Comparatively little instruction can be derived from the study of the foreign representative systems which were, without exception, founded on English models. Neither on the Continent nor in America are Parliaments largely occupied with legislation, for occasional constitutional changes are generally intrusted to Assemblies specially elected for the purpose. In Germany Prince BISMARCK has lately found great difficulty in passing economical measures. The French Chamber has within a few years passed some important Bills relating to education and military service; but it is far from sharing the restless appetite of the majority of the House of Commons for innovation. In one main point there is a strong resemblance between the English and French Constitutions. In both countries supreme power, both administrative and legislative, is vested in an elected Assembly; but in England alone among civilized nations can the class which lives on weekly wages be supreme over all other sections of the community. Artisans are more anarchical in their doctrines in France than in England; but in France the owners of land, with their families, form more than half of the whole population. The Constitution which was eventually imitated by almost all the nations of the world contained a large aristocratic element. The Constitution which may be introduced this year or next is totally dissociated from rank, from property, and from education. The Parliamentary difficulties which, among other shapes, take the form of a necessity for morning sittings are perhaps not unmixed evils.

OUR OLD FRIEND CHAUVIN.

FOR some considerable time past the French have been supplying some of us with a tolerably steady source of amusement. The pleasure of being hated and feared is, unhappily, not so keenly felt by Englishmen as it used to be. Some persons of delicate sensibility even think that condition painful; but there is a considerable leaven of the old ADAM left, and, with due encouragement, it may yet again become too strong for the new philanthropic man. If it does not, the fault will not lie with our friends at Paris. Ever since they fell out of the race in Egypt, by trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, they have been favouring us with steady showers of abuse. It ranges all the way from grave rebuke of a statesmanlike kind down to imitations of the silly rubbish written in the days of the First Empire. There has been one short pause. Prince BISMARCK, to gain his mysterious private ends, suddenly growled, and then there was peace for a time. The isolated position of France and the value of the English alliance became favourite texts for leading articles, and Mr. SHAW was hurriedly indemnified. But the sound of Prince BISMARCK's growl died away and nothing came of it. It need not be supposed that all this means very much. Our friends over the water have always imitated and abused us, an apparent contradiction which is exercising the minds of some ingenious gentlemen among them a good deal at present. Still the spectacle is curious and full of instruction from whichever side it is looked at.

A tout seigneur tout honneur; let us take the grave and statesmanlike side first, and let the *République Française*, which is supposed to speak the mind of the French Government on matters of foreign policy, have the word. This journal has lately made the *Saturday Review* a peg whereon to hang a lecture on the folly of our Government in neglecting the friendship of France and destroying the Dual Control of futile memory. We are not concerned to defend Mr. GLADSTONE's Government from the charge of folly. The task is beyond the power of man; but it is well to ask once in a way, and in plain words, What is meant by the friendship of France? When the French talk about it, they are accustomed to teach by example and point to the Crimea. They are so far right that it was indeed a very striking instance of what a French alliance is in practice. The two countries went through the war in defence of their several interests. Before the struggle was over the Government of NAPOLEON III. began to draw back, and in the Conference at Paris his representatives showed themselves the steady allies of Russia. Passing over the speeches of the Colonels as a mere ebullition of folly, we may ask whether we ought to feel gratitude for being nearly led into the insane Mexican adventure, and for being deserted at the crisis of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty. The Republicans who are in the saddle to-day are fond of insisting that the Empire did not represent France, and so they may wish for more modern instances. Their attitude is not particularly logical in this matter, for if the Second Empire was the ignoble adventure they are fond of calling it, we fail to see why they should take up its quarrels. That, however, is a very subordinate affair. Since the Empire disappeared between a foreign enemy and a native mob there has been no change in the methods of French diplomacy. In Egypt and in the Far East it has shown no disposition to consider our interests. From the moment that anything could be got for France its agents have thrown the phantom alliance aside, and avowed open hostility. The will to hurt has been better than the deed, but we know what we have to thank for that. Now of all the floods of nonsense talked in our time, perhaps the most absurd is the gabble about the natural sympathy and kindly feelings which peoples have, or ought to have, or might have for one another. There is no such thing as gratitude or any other amorous affection between nations. They must regulate their conduct by an intelligent regard for their interests, and the nation which is influenced by sudden emotions cannot be relied on from one day to another. Therefore nobody need work himself into a state of moral sublime over the selfishness of France. There are, however, ways and ways of pursuing our interests. Some nations can see that standing steadily to an alliance is one of the best of them all; they can recognize the necessity of compromise; can give up the immediate for the future, and the less for the greater, with good humour. If we do not greatly value the alliance of France, it is because it can never do as they do. For ages past its policy has been directed by personal considerations peculiar to its ruler, or by the blind desire to secure all at any cost. Whoever acts with a French Government must do so with the knowledge that his ally may start from his side at any moment, and will league himself with the enemy of yesterday as soon as he is asked to moderate his claims. Morally that may be neither better nor worse than the conduct of more phlegmatic nations; but it gives a good business reason why the friendship of France is so unstable as to be nearly worthless. Moreover, changes of government make no difference. As it was with LOUIS XV., so it was with the two Empires, and so it is with the Republic.

The world has made many mistakes about the political character of the French. They have been called cynical, cruel, fickle, greedy, and a great number of other bad names; but they have generally been credited with a species of demoniacal cleverness. It would be nearer the truth to say that their sins are the result of sheer childish innocence. It is not the innocence of a very nice kind of child, but rather the natural selfishness of the naughty boy who cannot realize the fact that anybody in the world is entitled to consideration except himself till the fact is borne in upon his mind by stripes. They have an innate incapacity to see that other nations have rights or interests, and therefore they try to ride roughshod over everybody with a quiet conscience. When they cannot they scold, and are unaffectedly amazed at the callous brutality of the self-seeking foreigner. At this moment the very papers which complain of our disregard for the friendship of France with gravity on their outside sheet, publish highly diverting abuse of us inside. The abuse is not diverting because it is funny in itself, for it is the common fate of Frenchmen to become dull as soon as they take to scolding England, but because it is so obviously sincere and so delightfully destitute of any sense of humour or dignity. These gentlemen, journalists and novelists, are apparently furious at the insolent prosperity of this country, and so unpack their hearts with words and fall a cursing. The diplomatic *République Française* takes its cue from M. CAMILLE

DEBANS, who used to be amusing till he took to inarticulate raving against England. It wants to know why France, in spite of centuries of ill-usage, is still afflicted with a persistent Anglomania. This diseased taste for imitating the foreigner is an old French malady, according to the *République*. After Rossbach the Prussian hat was worn at Paris—a sign of the amiable weakness of France for being kind to such as use her ill. The Prussian hat disappeared, but Anglomania remained and remains. These curious patriots are not very consistent. After complaining of the enduring hatred of England, and comparing it unfavourably with the kindly affection of France, they suddenly discover that Anglomania is a disease of the idle classes. It has never been shared by the mass of the nation. The *nouvelles couches* retain their healthy sentiments and hate the secular enemy. As for the mystery that puzzles these gentlemen we think we can explain it. We will answer them according to their folly at the risk of being like unto them. The explanation is to be found in that little sentence about the result of Rossbach. When France has been well beaten by somebody it copies his hat, and when the operation has been repeated it copies his coat too. Now there have been a good many battles of Rossbach by land and sea between us and our thinskinned friends. The moral is obvious. If you want to go your way in this world untroubled by France, do not make alliances with it; they will assuredly put you shortly in the dilemma of quarrelling or yielding up your interests under stress of bullying. Make your mind up clearly as to what it is you are aiming at, take all the forces at work into consideration, trust in GOD, and keep your powder dry. So shall you be free from a very harassing partner; and journalists may lecture and novelists may rave, but it will not avail. At the end of it all, too, France will imitate you from hat to boot, and respect you infinitely.

THE PEERS ON THE LUNACY LAWS.

AMID the storm and stress of party politics a very interesting and important little debate took place on Monday night in the House of Lords. The discussion was a model one in its way. Those who engaged in it were few, but they almost all spoke with authority, and thoroughly understood the subject with which they had to deal. Lord SHAFTESBURY, as the head of the Lunacy Commission, presented the official view of the conditions under which people may be confined as insane. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, who is known to be personally much interested in the question, and has had judicial experience of the manner in which the Lunacy Acts work, contributed some valuable reminiscences and weighty suggestions. The LORD CHANCELLOR, whose acquaintance with all branches of English law is intimate, and who is the official guardian of lunatics, spoke for the Government, and promised rather vaguely that something should be done. But the speech of the evening was undoubtedly Lord SALISBURY'S. The leader of the Opposition pointed out with admirable lucidity exactly what were the faults of the present system, and laid down with perfect accuracy the principles on which reform should be carried out. The significance of the debate, or rather conversation, cannot be estimated solely by the practical result to which it led. When the present or some future Administration comes to frame a comprehensive measure, it will, no doubt, find that a resolve to "do something" is a very adequate guide to the determination of what ought to be done. But it is well worth while to have shown beyond the possibility of contradiction that the existing system is both theoretically indefensible and practically mischievous. Whatever else may be said of Mrs. WELDON and her proceedings, it must be admitted that the action which she brought against Dr. FORBES WINSLOW has been of immense benefit to the public. Baron HUDDLESTON, in the course of the trial, made remarks which excited general attention; and, whether he was right or wrong in his law, talked a good deal of sound sense. Mr. Justice MANISTY, in giving judgment for a re-hearing of the case, spoke still more strongly, and attracted even greater notice. Lord MILLTOWN, who introduced the subject in the House of Lords, avowedly based his motion upon the facts brought out in WELDON *v.* WINSLOW. That motion, having served its purpose by the debate which it raised, was eventually withdrawn; but most people will agree with Lord MILLTOWN in thinking that "the existing state of the "Lunacy laws is eminently unsatisfactory, and constitutes "a serious danger to the liberty of the subject." The latter phrase is one very apt to be abused. But, if it has any meaning at all, it is surely applicable to the risk which we all run of being put into asylums by relatives or friends to whom our freedom or presence is inconvenient.

Those who wish to reform the Lunacy laws have one great advantage. The law is not in this instance, as in so many others, a mass of involution, cross-reference, and complexity. It is substantially contained in two Acts of Parliament passed respectively in 1845 and 1853. Lunatics are by those statutes treated differently, according as they are or are not paupers. As nobody not responsible for his maintenance is likely to care much about getting a pauper shut up, the Legislature has provided that in his case, and in his case only, the assent of two magistrates must be obtained. The relatives of a wealthy man, who may perhaps think that they can manage his property much better than he can himself, have only to procure the certificate of two doctors, and when once consigned to an asylum, the lunatic cannot be released without the sanction of those who sent him there or the Lunacy Commissioners. This is really monstrous. Lord SHAFTESBURY, who speaks with all the combined force of personal character and official position, seems to us to have misconceived the nature of the arguments which he had to meet. His speech was, if we may say so without disrespect, an illustration of the fallacy known as *ignoratio elenchi*. Lord MILLTOWN contended that the law afforded no guarantee against the confinement of sane persons. Lord SHAFTESBURY replied that the inmates of asylums were no longer starved, beaten, or put in irons. This is most satisfactory. But it is not the point. Probably most of those who would set the law in motion on insufficient grounds have no desire to inflict unnecessary cruelty. Their object being served by the incarceration of the objectionable relative, they might be perfectly willing that he should have every indulgence short of the liberty to which he has a right. Lord COLERIDGE described the manner in which the law, lax as it is, is often evaded, and referred to the case of NOWELL *v.* WILLIAMS, which he tried himself. There the lunatic, about whose insanity there really was very little doubt, was at first arrested on the certificates of doctors who were interested in the asylum where he was to be confined. This proving to be illegal, he was formally discharged from custody, and rearrested ten minutes afterwards on a fresh order. Even more scandalous subterfuges have been exposed. The Act says that a separate examination must be made by each of two medical men. But two doctors have been known to visit the house together at the instance of the same person, and to examine the alleged lunatic "sepa-"rately" in the sense that one waited outside the room, and went in when the other came out.

Lord SALISBURY justly observed that Lord COLERIDGE'S remarks should of themselves be fatal to the existing Lunacy laws. The two great dangers of the system arise, as Lord SALISBURY says, from the cupidity of relations and from the rapacity of mad-doctors. With the former point we have already dealt. The latter ought not, of course, to be exaggerated. We have not the slightest doubt that most owners of private asylums are highly honourable men. But laws are, or ought to be, made on the assumption that every man is not always perfectly honest and upright. Otherwise they would not be required. The temptation to retard the recovery of rich, and therefore lucrative, patients cannot be overlooked, especially since, as Lord COLERIDGE observed, cures of lunatics do not, for obvious reasons, become notorious, and act as an advertisement. "Any "person," said Lord SALISBURY, in words which deserve to be remembered, "any person, no matter how deep an "interest he may have in shutting you up, has a right to "take any two doctors he can find, no matter how obscure, "and get an order to shut you up." Nor will the language in which Lord SALISBURY referred to the so-called security of inspection by the Lunacy Commissioners meet with less acceptance. "The older guardians of English "liberty," he said, "would have been startled had they been "told that a man's liberty was entirely dependent on the "vigilance of a department." Publicity is the great safeguard and the real remedy. The sort of investigation which was held in Mr. SCOTT'S case would probably satisfy every one. At present there is a vast deal too much of what may be called the hole-and-corner element. It may be very painful for the rest of the family that the insanity of one of its members should be generally known. But that is an

infinitely smaller evil than the serious risk which certainly exists now of shutting up sane people in madhouses. A more ghastly fate can scarcely be imagined, nor could any more efficacious mode of making a man that which he is declared to have become be devised. Recent examples seem to show that escape from lunatic asylums is tolerably easy. But two wrongs do not make a right. The improper confinement of the sane is scarcely redeemed by the improper escape of the mad.

THE ANNEXATION OF SARAKHS.

LORD GRANVILLE and Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE are concerned but ignorant about Sarakhs. Their concern does them credit, but will, it is to be hoped, be converted into something more active. Their ignorance does not do them credit; but it would, perhaps, be over-sanguine to hope that the blind eye which has so long been turned in this particular direction will suddenly become a seeing one. The reported annexation of the place will surprise no one who has understood the history of the subject, or who apprehends the advantages which the deplorable mismanagement of Egypt by the present English Government has given to the enemies of England. But at the same time the report, and still more the fact if correctly reported, gives Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues yet another of the chances of which they have enjoyed so many, and thrown away all but one. It is pretty certain that Russia, on the eve of negotiating a great loan and especially desirous of quiet, is not at this moment inclined for war, and the annexation of Sarakhs, if not directly made a *casus belli*, would, in the hands of any capable Minister at the Foreign Office, be made, as probably nothing hereafter can be made, the occasion of a definite understanding as to the Southern frontier of Russia in Central Asia. It has been acknowledged by politicians of all shades in England, except the mere fanatics of non-intervention, that the question of delimitation between Asiatic Russia and Khorassan, no less than the question of delimitation between Asiatic Russia and Afghanistan, is one in which England must have a voice. And in both those questions (for it affects them both) there is no point of greater importance than the possession of Sarakhs. This has been admitted by the Duke of ARGYLL, who used to laugh Mervousness to scorn; it has been admitted over and over again by those who excused inaction in the matter of Russian advances through the desert; it is corroborated by the unanimous opinion of every military traveller, of every authority in military geography, who has visited or studied the region for years past.

The peculiar importance of Sarakhs does not lie in the fact of its being a very strong place, or being rich and populous, or being the headquarters of warlike tribes, for it is none of the three. It lies in the fact that whosoever possesses it, so to speak, gathers up in his hand all the routes to India from the North-West. With the preceding occupation of the Akhal Tekke country, the rectifications of the Persian frontier which have already been made, and the occupation of Merv, the annexation of Sarakhs makes Russia independent altogether of even the connivance of Persia at an Indian campaign, and enables her to extend the line of railway which already pierces the country east of the Caspian to the actual frontier of Afghanistan, from which Sarakhs itself is but a few miles distant and which its district touches. As arranged two or three years ago, the Russo-Persian frontier left a solid block of Persian territory more than a hundred miles long in the way of this communication; the Russian occupation of Sarakhs would do away partially, if not entirely, with that block, and give a straight road, all Russian, all passable easily, and the greater part of it well supplied, from the Caspian to the Afghan frontier. Not only this, but Sarakhs would give Russia a new and firmer hold on the most populous and fertile part of Khorassan, and would more than ever make Persia her vassal. The apologists of inaction in respect of Russian advance would find their last rugged mountain, their last thirsty desert, vanished. From Sarakhs to Herat is two days' journey for a not very expert tricyclist; five or six days' walk for a moderately well-girt man. There are no difficulties in the way whatever. At the same time, except as a basis for aggressive movements, the place is of no value to Russia, and there is no conceivable reason why she should occupy it except as such a basis. All beyond and round is Afghan or Persian, and the excuse of masterless tribes who molest Russian territory becomes inapplicable. If Russia is molested she can appeal to Teheran or to London; whereas, according to her own account, if she was molested from Akhal or from Merv she could appeal to nobody. For every reason, therefore, an English Ministry is entitled to have a voice in this alleged reconstruction of frontier, and if the present Ministry fails to make its voice heard, it can only be either that it has gagged itself by the exigencies of the Egyptian Conference, or that it is too half-hearted and too indifferent to care to speak at the proper pitch. Unfortunately the conduct of Ministers in the matter of Merv does not inspire very great confidence as to their conduct in this very much more important matter. Regrets, expressions of concern, hints that it is really too bad of Russia, hopes that there is more than one Sarakhs and that Russia may have taken the right one, and the like will do no good whatever. A distinct thus far and no further, with a clear intimation of the alternative, is the only course that can possibly be satisfactory in the end.

POLITICAL ORGANIZATION.

A SHORT time ago a question was raised in the House of Commons as to a circular sent round by the Chelsea Liberal Association to many voters in that borough suggesting that the expenses of the next election should not be borne by the candidates, but by the voluntary contributions of their supporters. This circular we herewith publish. It is marked, somewhat absurdly, "Private and confidential." Communications which are intended to be private and confidential are not lithographed and widely disseminated, nor are they sent to persons, as has happened in this case, whose political opinions, if known at all to the Chelsea Liberal Association, must be known to be those of sturdy Conservatives. The matter, too, has been already made public in Parliament. The proposal itself can only be regarded, as said in the circular, to be equally honourable to the members in question and to their constituents. It is a good and a pleasant thing to see even Radical brethren working together in unity, when the objects of their united action happen not to be mischievous to the country. The good understanding between givers and receivers in this case, and others like it, shown to exist is one which we should be glad to see commoner than it is. It is a plain proof that a candidate has the confidence of his supporters when they spontaneously offer to pay his expenses. We here publish the circular:—

Private and Confidential.

Offices of the Borough of Chelsea Liberal Association,
84 Gloucester Road, S W:
March 21st, 1884.

Dear Sir,—Immediately after the re-election of Sir Charles Dilke in January 1883, a proposal was made by one of the speakers at the great meeting in Kensington Town Hall, that at the next General Election the Liberals of Chelsea should return the Right Hon. Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Firth free of expense.

It was felt that such a recognition of their services would be as much an honour to the borough as a compliment to our representatives. Several gentlemen have already expressed their willingness to subscribe to a fund for this purpose.

Under the Corrupt Practices Act the election expenses for the two candidates would amount to about 2,700*l.*, and as it is quite possible that a General Election may take place at any time during the current year, preparations should be made without delay to establish the proposed fund.

This circular is therefore sent to secure your active support for the success of the project, and we trust you will kindly co-operate by allowing us to use your name as one of the Committee for the fund, and by filling up the enclosed form, and returning the same to the treasurers, so that your name may appear in the first list of subscriptions.

We are, dear sir,
Yours faithfully.

This communication is followed by the signatures of some forty persons more or less known in the borough of Chelsea. Now there are two things which we desire, when the next General Election comes, to see happen in that borough. First, that the gentlemen whose names are appended to the circular will pay the expenses of the candidates; because it is always pleasant to see such kindly things done. And, next, that the candidates themselves will be rejected. Of the two members for Chelsea, Sir CHARLES DILKE has made himself a name, notwithstanding youthful political indiscretions for which he was severely punished in the House of Commons by Mr. GLADSTONE, and to which we need not further refer, as an able and careful administrator; and has also won favour among many of all parties, who think the British Empire a matter of some importance (at least to Englishmen), by the suspicion which is held in some quarters that he is a Jingo in disguise. The other member, Mr. FIRTH, enjoys the advantage of being Sir CHARLES DILKE's colleague, and has the use of his influence. The Chelsea election, like the Birmingham election, is for these

reasons so important that even an honourable defeat, even a considerably increased minority, would be almost equivalent in public opinion to a victory. Birmingham is under the charge of a Conservative candidate (also, like Sir CHARLES DILKE, not free from youthful indiscretions) who has gone a good way in winning over the "fierce democracy" to his side. The opponents of Radicalism in the birthplace of the Caucus are now alert and alive; but are they so, or are they so to anything like the same extent, in other parts of the country? Are they sufficiently appealing to, and using, the Conservative feeling which is rooted among the masses of the English people?

Let us, having taken Chelsea as our text, make one or two remarks, founded on inquiries which we have made on this subject. The Conservatives in that borough, the importance of which just now in electoral strategy is great, constantly receive notices to join Liberal Associations, to take part in Liberal gatherings, and not a few of them are honoured by lithographed invitations, in the handwriting of the leading member for the borough, to become a member of his Committee. We have nothing whatever to say against these measures, which in fact are as blameless as they are politic. No doubt some foolish Conservative fish have been caught in this net. No doubt many of the large class who are nothing in particular, as far as politics go, till they are urged and solicited and flattered, are led to give a vote where, if they thought twice, or had the opposite view fairly laid before them, they would have voted on the other side. But the fault in such cases lies with those who do not give them the opportunity of hearing more than one side to the question. Now it is believed that there are many persons in Chelsea of a Conservative frame of mind who suffer from chronic circularization at the hands of the Liberal Committee, but who never find out, except by accident, that there exists a corresponding organization among their own party. This is the more severely to be blamed because the Conservative party is responsible for our present enlarged constituencies. It is worse than folly first to enfranchise a large class only imperfectly informed on political questions, and then to leave the training and guidance of this class in the hands of opponents. What happens in the borough to which we have referred happens also in many parts of the country. A Conservative feeling exists; but no one is at hand to organize it, lead it, and make it effective. It is obvious, then, when the opposite party is organized on a popular basis, the Conservative party must put before itself one of two alternatives—either to do the same, or to fight its battle on an anti-popular basis. Now we are satisfied that neither Lord BEACONSFIELD, who gave to English Conservatism its new character, nor the present leaders of the party, have any desire to choose the latter alternative. We are equally satisfied that nobody who knows anything of the classes whom Lord BEACONSFIELD enfranchised can doubt that there exists among them plenty of Conservative feeling. Witness the artisan constituencies which persist in returning Tory members to Parliament. The difference between what is called the Caucus and those Conservative organizations which ought to be as active and alert in every constituency in the country as those of their antagonists lies far less in the form than in the spirit. One point to be insisted on is that the member of Parliament must be looked upon as a representative and not as a delegate; that he shall have reasonable freedom in all non-essential matters, and in these shall be entitled and expected to follow his own judgment. The evil of all careful organization is that it tends to cast opinion into one uniform mould, and often tends unduly to throw power into the hands of a single man or a single clique. But both evils can be avoided if they are kept clearly in sight in framing the organization, and if the principle of "give and take" is practically recognized in conducting it. The Liberal party has been beforehand in recognizing the force that lies in a good organization, and in one, if we may use the expression, that can be promptly mobilized. But they have made the mistake of so conducting it that men of honour and spirit more and more shrink from becoming its obedient servants. But a good cause ill organized will fail when a bad one well organized will win. It was once truly said by Mr. BRIGHT that a general election was not won or lost at the last minute; it was won or lost months before. This is precisely the fact that Conservatives must now keep steadily before their minds, if they wish to regain command of the government of the country, or even to exercise any usefully restraining influence on it.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

THE Republican Convention will meet at Chicago in June and the Democratic Convention in July. The preparations for a Presidential election have seldom caused so little excitement. The only political issue of importance, relating to the maintenance or modification of the tariff, is commonly evaded by the managers on both sides. A candidate who was supposed to favour revision would lose many votes; and it is not certain that he would obtain any countervailing advantage. As a rule, the Democratic party is the less hostile to Free-trade; but it has for some years past made no use of its majority in the House of Representatives to give effect to its convictions, and the MORRISON Bill for the reduction of that tariff has at last been rejected. It is indeed said that the movement will be continued in another form; but a majority formed from both parties is practically decisive. Some Democratic leaders in Massachusetts have lately summoned a meeting of the party to affirm the proposition that indirect taxation ought to be raised with exclusive regard to the interests of the revenue; but, unless public opinion in the State has greatly changed, the promoters of the movement will be accused of dividing the party. It is possible that a transverse schism may be caused by the nomination of General BUTLER as the Greenback candidate. If he had been re-elected as Governor, he would probably have received the votes of the Democratic section of his late constituents. The defeat which rendered him practically ineligible for the Presidency may perhaps not have alienated all his former supporters. The little party which has now selected him as leader has no considerable weight either in Massachusetts or in the Union. It would be the absurdest of all dishonest courses to repudiate the debt by discharging it in paper money created for the purpose, at a time when the greenback notes actually in circulation are at par, and when the chief financial difficulty of the Federal Treasury is to dispose of an enormous surplus revenue. Sooner or later the plethora of wealth will be relieved by a reduction of Customs duties and of internal taxes.

On the eve of a periodical trial of strength which is traditionally supposed to possess vital importance, controversy between the two great parties is almost wholly suspended. In the course of the summer the campaign, as it is called, will be conducted by itinerant orators who will probably find some material for their speeches; but at present the interest of the approaching nominations entirely predominates over solicitude for the final victory in September. The moderate excitement of the party contest survives from a time when great questions of policy depended on the Presidential election. The long list of Democratic Presidents which closed with Mr. BUCHANAN has for four-and-twenty years been followed by a succession of Republican administrators, with a social and political revolution interposed between the two series. The only Democratic candidate who has been elected since the Civil War was defrauded of the fruits of his success; but even in 1876 the wrongful accession of the Republican President had no permanent result. The distinction of parties has now become almost unmeaning, and when the Republicans are hereafter converted to sound economical doctrines, either the rival organizations will be dissolved, or some new ground of contest must be discovered. In the meantime party tactics and personal preferences tend to supersede differences of political opinion. The change which has taken place is perhaps not to be regretted. Party government, though it has hitherto been thought inseparable from representative systems, scarcely attains to ideal perfection. In England its operation has of late years been almost wholly mischievous; and the apparent decay of party conflict in the United States may not prove to be an unmixed evil. The inability of universal suffrage to dispense with professional managers seems to serve as a partial corrective of its dangerous tendencies. It is true that the modern English Caucus has been employed almost wholly for factious purposes, with the result of irritating and aggravating political animosities. The American "machine," as it is called, is worked in a more dispassionate spirit.

It is possible that, when the election approaches, the party leaders and orators may begin to extol the qualities of the nominees who will have been chosen. At the moment they scarcely think it worth while to praise their friends, or even to attack their opponents. The manipulation of enormous numbers of votes is a complicated operation, to be conducted only by technical and almost scientific methods.

Republican and Democratic journalists recommend the selection of delegates to State and National Conventions, and of nominees at Chicago, almost solely on the ground that their respective favourites will unite the party and command support more effectually than their competitors. Few foreigners succeed in comprehending the various considerations which ought to influence a choice. They only see that electors are urged to reject Mr. ARTHUR or Mr. BLAINE because, in the opinion of the speaker or writer, he will not be equally likely with some other candidate to secure the votes of the State of New York. Incidentally Mr. ARTHUR is accused of using the Federal patronage to promote his own candidature; and dark hints are thrown out as to Mr. BLAINE'S private history; but no serious stress is laid on such irrelevant disqualifications. It is generally admitted that Mr. ARTHUR, succeeding by accident to the Presidency, has discharged the duties of the office with credit and success; and the liberality and good taste with which he has performed his hospitable functions is not forgotten. Before the last election he was principally known as a skilful party manager or wire-puller. In concert with Mr. CONKLING, he was a principal supporter of General GRANT; and, when the attempt failed, he was rewarded for his services by election to the Vice-Presidency. It is not impossible that in the present contest he may have availed himself of the skill acquired by experience. While he has judiciously acquiesced in the laws which have been passed in late years for the reform of the Civil Service, the PRESIDENT has not failed to use for political purposes his large remaining patronage. He probably incurs little risk through the imputation that he has not discontinued the apportionment of the spoils to the victors. The impression that a candidate will, if he is elected, reward his supporters is not always detrimental to his prospects. Purists who hesitate to approve of such practices cannot but reflect that Mr. BLAINE, if he had been President, would have followed similar courses.

It is said that the Republicans in the Southern States will almost unanimously support Mr. ARTHUR; but at the date of the last accounts Mr. BLAINE commanded a majority of those delegates who had either received positive instructions or had publicly announced their own intentions. Mr. ARTHUR came next in order; and Mr. EDMUNDS was the only remaining candidate who had obtained any considerable support. It is well known that the preliminary preferences of the delegates often fail to indicate the result of the contest. In 1880 General GRANT began with a majority; and the names of General GARFIELD and Mr. ARTHUR, who were both active partisans of GRANT, had not been mentioned till the work of the Convention was far advanced. It is known that Mr. BLAINE will not be nominated on the first ballot; and in subsequent stages of the election delegates are at liberty to transfer their votes to the candidate of their second or third choice. The striking resemblance between the election of a Pope by the Cardinals in Conclave and the nomination of a party candidate for the American Presidency has often attracted notice. The vicissitudes, the surprises, and the prejudice against the most prominent aspirants are similar, because they proceed in some degree from the same causes. Mr. BLAINE'S turbulent and aggressive policy when he was Secretary of State under General GARFIELD may probably have rendered him popular with some classes of the community; but his removal by Mr. ARTHUR seemed to produce little feeling of regret. It is strange that Mr. BLAINE'S former rival, Mr. CONKLING, has never been mentioned as a candidate. If he takes any part in the present contest, he will probably use his influence in favour of Mr. ARTHUR; but conjectures made without intimate knowledge of the characters and mutual relations of American politicians can only be formed with hesitation. Mr. EDMUNDS, who seems to be a highly respectable candidate, may perhaps also be supported on the ground of his negative qualifications. He is not known as an active party leader, and he may therefore be less exposed to jealousy than Mr. ARTHUR and Mr. BLAINE. Mr. ROBERT LINCOLN has, in addition to his hereditary claims on the good will of the Republican party, held for two or three years the place of Secretary of War without discredit. Having been included in many lists as candidate for the Vice-Presidency, he may possibly be nominated for the higher office.

The Democratic managers have postponed their National Convention to July, and they seem disposed to defer the State Conventions as long as possible. Their object is probably to take advantage of any unpopular decision as to principles or persons when their antagonists have shown their hand at an earlier date. If Mr. ARTHUR should be nominated by the Republicans, the adverse party will take advantage of the prejudice against second terms of office; and Mr. BLAINE'S foreign policy would furnish just or plausible grounds of attack. If political managers in America were inconveniently sensitive, they might sometimes find themselves hampered during the Presidential contest by the opinions which they have expressed in a previous stage on the merits and prospects of candidates for nomination; but the ceremony with which a Convention usually concludes its labours accurately represents the policy and conduct of either party. As soon as a candidate has obtained the necessary majority, the Convention, on the motion of one of his former opponents, votes that the choice shall be unanimous. From that moment every member of the party is bound to vote for the nominee, and to repel on occasion any objection which may be made to his claims. The large section of the Republican party which now denies that it will be possible to secure the election of Mr. ARTHUR will, if he succeeds in the Convention, resent any future imputation on his merits. It will hardly be worth the while of Democratic orators to remind the opposite party of inconsistencies which may probably be common to both sides. Their own choice of a candidate will, perhaps, remain obscure till the eve of the Convention in July. Up to the present time Mr. TILDEN has been more often mentioned than any competitor. The pretensions of General HANCOCK, who was defeated at the last election, have not been revived. The party would, perhaps, gratify a natural feeling if it could elect the candidate who was defrauded of his rights in 1876. Mr. TILDEN himself, though he is advanced in life, is still vigorous and active, and his political opinions are believed to be moderate. Foolish and insincere charges against his personal character have not lately been repeated, probably because they produced no effect in the former contest. It may nevertheless be thought prudent to entrust the fortunes of the party to a younger candidate.

DEBATES ON THE ARMY.

THE House of Commons has been kindly patted on the back by superior persons for its good behaviour on Monday night. It agreed to a number of army votes without an altogether inordinate amount of talk. For this feat it is considered as entitled to much thanks. Whether the work was properly done, and the many difficulties that have still to be overcome before our army can be said to be in a decent condition were honestly faced, is apparently thought a matter of very minor importance. In view of the general character of debates on the army, this Christian disposition to be thankful for small mercies is at least pardonable. They all proceed on well-known lines. Every member who has a fad gives it an airing, and purely personal matters are discussed at length. Loose threads and slipped stitches are pointed out with care and precision. Something is said about the zeal of our officers and the native valour of Britons. In the course of the evening the SECRETARY of STATE for WAR shows himself open to persuasion that this or the other thing needs looking into, and promises to give it his best attention. The votes are agreed to, and progress is reported. Then the House turns to other business, after having talked about and settled everything except the essential. This was the result of the Committee's labours on Monday. It was employed for a good part of its time on a class of questions of which Mr. BIGGAR gave an excellent example. He wanted to know whether the War Office meant to do anything about the case of a major in the Antrim militia who planned a practical joke on somebody eleven years ago. This was a highly absurd example of the activity of members; but it differed mainly by being smaller and more Irish from Mr. DAWNAY'S long speech on the working of the Medical Department with the field force in the Egyptian campaign. It is, of course, of the first importance that field hospitals should be kept in a satisfactory state; and Parliament would be well employed in thoroughly investigating that part of what is called our army organization. But that was not what Mr. DAWNAY did. He confined himself to inquiring whether the doctors actually did or did not neglect their duty. Now that question has been adequately sifted by a Committee already. We know, and have known for some time, that the blame for the failure of the Medical Depart-

ment in Egypt rests on the red-tape and stupidity of the War Office. The names of the officers were only brought in because a certain reforming General thought it consistent with sound discipline to scold his subordinates for not disobeying the orders of the War Office. It is the common fate of discussions on army questions to be frittered away into wrangles as to the good or bad behaviour of A., B., or C. in this fashion.

This way of doing the work of the nation is so convenient when difficulties are great and the only possible remedy is disagreeable, that we are not likely to see the last of it under the present dispensation. What the real condition of the army is we can learn from the complacent statements of apologists. It contrives to get along without absolutely disappearing. Since Lord HARTINGTON corrected the mistake of Mr. CHILDERS, who in the innocence of his heart tried to get grown men for the ranks, recruits have begun to come in again. Thirty-three thousand have been enrolled last year, and their sufficiency is proved by the fact that only a minority of our soldiers are less than five feet four inches high and thirty-three inches round the chest. Lord HARTINGTON'S timely measure has therefore saved the army. Thanks to it, we have to submit to nothing worse than "the "skeleton battalions, diminutive youths, and the other in- "cidental blemishes," as the *Times* calls them, with which we are already familiar. According to our modest standard, that is enough; and all is well as long as the skeleton battalions do not tumble into disjointed fragments of bone. Mr. O. MORGAN is prepared to show that fewer crimes are committed by soldiers—at least, there have been fewer courts-martial and fewer charges of drunkenness. We need not inquire—indeed, as the necessary information is withheld, inquiry would be useless—whether this apparent improvement is not largely due to the discouragement of courts-martial by the Horse Guards. It may, however, well be the case that an army largely recruited by weakly boys is comparatively free from violent offences. Neither is a more sparing use of the court-martial necessarily a sign of weaker discipline. If the colonel of a battalion is armed with power to inflict summary punishment and uses it, a trial can well be dispensed with in the case of many small pieces of misconduct. But all this parade of the thirty-three thousand recruits—mostly under five feet four—and of the improvement in the moral tone of the army is beside the question. Even if men enough to fill the ranks are coming forward, and they do desert or get drunk less, it does not follow that the army is in a satisfactory state. It is tolerably certain for one thing that more than thirty-three thousand men must be found if the force is to be kept at its proper strength without sacrificing the first reserve. Fifty thousand would be nearer the number required. Then the still more important question of quality is left out of sight in the midst of all this jungle of statistics. What should be steadily kept in view is whether this country is adequately defended by a home army of "skeleton battalions" filled by "diminutive youths," and covered all over with "incidental blemishes," as they are impudently called. That, however, is just the one consideration which is habitually burked in the House of Commons.

The Reserves are as feebly handled as the standing army. There was some talk last Monday of a general discussion to be held on the condition of the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers. Matter to discuss is certainly not wanting; but, if it is to be treated after the example set at the end of the debate on Monday, it would be a distinct saving of time to leave the whole thing alone. A number of questions were asked then, and answered in the traditional style of the War Office. Several members pointed out that there is a growing difficulty in getting, not only men, but even officers, for the Militia. The usual explanation was forthcoming. In a fit of cheeseparing economy the bounty formerly given has been first reduced and then cut off. The Government, having to hire its men in the market, thought it wise and businesslike to refuse to pay. When his attention is called to the inevitable result, the SECRETARY can only say that he will see, he will look into it, and perhaps something may be done, but that he is not prepared to propose any vote at present. The Volunteers are disposed of in the same fashion. After years of steady work, undertaken from pure desire to do something useful, the force has been brought by its own exertions, and in spite of the neglect of the War Office, into a decent state of efficiency. As it has given these guarantees of its solidity and good will, there would seem to be plausible reasons for treating it as if it formed a serious part of the defences of the country. What really is done is to leave it without a single field-piece, with no organized medical service, no commissariat, and no transport. It is armed with the antiquated weapon, commonly known as the gas-pipe, a good enough rifle in its day, but nearly as much out of date as the Brown Bess. Most of the men have no great-coats, the regimental depôts, as far as there are any, are commonly out of the regiment's district, practical musketry drill is sacrificed to "pot-"hunting," and when the men get any camp practice, a large part of the necessary expense is thrown on the officers. Nobody, not even Lord HARTINGTON, denies these things, but he, in common with his predecessors, does not think it any part of the duty of a responsible Minister to try and remedy them. He falls back on the stock formulas. He will look into it; there are many things to be remedied, and perhaps something may be done, but he is not prepared to propose a vote. In the long run we always come back to the difficulty of proposing a vote. It is, from the point of view of a sensible Minister, incomparably better to spend sixteen millions on an inefficient force than seventeen on a good one. A Secretary of State for War may have recourse to all sorts of makeshifts; he may fill the ranks with boys to feed the Reserve, and deplete the Reserve to keep the army from vanishing; he may neglect the Militia, and leave the Volunteers a mass of disorganized, ill-armed men; but he must not ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer to add to the Budget. The fault does not rest wholly, or even mainly, with the Minister. After all, he must please the House and keep a watchful eye on the constituencies. The House shares his notions of army management; and, as the constituencies are too busy about their affairs to get into a panic, and are conscious, moreover, that we have just beaten OSMAN DIGNA, the army can be left to rub along. When forty battalions or so of the home army have not a man to show among them except the officers, and we are suddenly called upon to take part in a big war, then perhaps we shall set seriously to work. The awkward thing is that it will be a little late.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

WHATEVER may be his talents in other respects, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has one power developed to an unusual extent, that of getting himself talked about; and what is more remarkable, he succeeds in getting himself talked about seriously. Now we are far from asserting that he is not an able man; on the contrary, it is clear that he is possessed of abilities of a high order. Why, then, does he delight in stirring up strife? Why cannot he wait patiently till his turn comes in the natural course of events to be one of the leaders of his party? The only unfriendly answer possible to these questions is that he must distrust his own cleverness, and that he fears that, unless he blows his own trumpet both often and loud, he will be passed over and forgotten. It may be that he has not solidity enough to stand the test of genuine political work, and he is most clearly wanting in elementary tact. But still it may be urged on the other hand that, in spite of the brilliancy of the exterior, there are sufficient sound mental and moral qualities to make him of use to his party in the future; and it may possibly be found, to the annoyance of those Radicals who have exulted in his frowardness, that he himself is of the same opinion.

Disagreement amongst those who ought to work together in harmony is always unpleasant, and it becomes particularly so when it is made the theme of public discussion. The present incident has been not less unpleasant than is usual in such cases; but it is not easy to see why so much importance has been attached to it, except for the love of scandal. In such cases as this, too, exaggerated implications, if not unfounded assertions, are certain to find their place in the mass of correspondence which grows up around the original difficulty. But there is one thing that seemed clear amongst the tangle of insignificant statements and counter-statements which have formed the correspondence of the last few days—namely, that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has been fighting a battle for himself, for his own personal aims, and for the satisfaction of his own individual ambition. This need not by any means imply that he has not, in a general way, and perhaps even ardently, desired the success of his party. But his own success has been always nearer to his heart. It was scarcely conceivable that a man with

any true conception of party loyalty could have published such a letter as appeared on Wednesday, or written such a letter to his leader as was indiscreetly printed beneath it. And, although it would be unfair to accuse him of wilful misstatement, yet to the ordinary reader there are certainly some passages in the first letter (which he did intend for the public) which would give a false impression of the facts without the second letter (which he did not expect the public to see). His indignation is very great, for instance, when he is accused of having called the National Union of Conservatives a caucus; but in the letter to Lord SALISBURY he carefully describes it by that name. Again, he states that the letter to Lord SALISBURY (which need not be characterized) was approved by a majority of the Council; whereas it now appears that the letter was only communicated to the Council after it had been sent, and that it was minuted in order that the correspondence might be preserved for future discussion. If, however, there could be any doubt after the publication of these letters that the smooth working of the party had been forgotten by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, it would be demonstrated by the fact that the immediate occasion of his resignation was the adoption by the Council of the National Union of Conservatives of a resolution recommending harmony of action between that body and the Central Committee. This harmony, which until Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL took his unlucky part in the concerns of the Union had always existed, must again be re-established if the party is to deserve success.

The simple question at issue is, as far as the Conservative public is concerned, Is a dual control to be permitted? Lord SALISBURY and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, as is well known, work with absolute singleness of purpose and perfect agreement; but is Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who agrees with neither, to be allowed to rule also? The very suggestion of the thing is ludicrous. No man in his senses could dream that such a method of carrying on any organization, however simple, was possible; much less such a method of working such a complicated machinery as that of a party. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL may be Prime Minister some day—we hope, at any rate, that he will live to use his undoubted talents in the service of his country—but this will not be done by such ways as have been referred to. His presence at the latest party meeting may be construed as a sign that he knows this.

THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER RESOLUTION.

THE assailants of the law of marriage are probably less satisfied with their majority of Tuesday, large as it was, than it has been in some quarters supposed that they ought to be. They failed by a very large margin to muster the imposing array of supporters on which they had announced that they could count; and the narrow limits within which cross-voting was confined made the majority little more than a party one. It may, or may not be, practically advantageous to those who desire an alteration in the law that their pet question should become simply a trial of strength between the two political parties; but, in such a case as the present, it is certainly not favourable to argumentative or moral victory. In fact, the argument for license has rarely been more weakly supported than was the case in this debate. The appearance of Mr. BROADHURST in the character of champion rather emphasized than obscured what all students of the question know to be the real history of the matter, that the agitation originally and unsuccessfully got up by a few wealthy law-breakers has enlisted on its side, first, the sectarian dislike of some religious bodies to the doctrines and discipline of the Church of England, and, secondly, the vague modern crotchet that the legislation of the past has, in some nefarious way, been generally directed to suit the convenience of the rich and obstruct the convenience of the poor. Mr. CLARKE'S rather unexpected appearance in the character of a sentimental defender of deceased wives' sisters, Mr. HENEAGE'S disquisition on the importance of Mahomedan opinion as to the constitution and usages of the family, certainly had no influence on many votes besides those of the ingenious members themselves. Mr. FOWLER'S hatred of the Church of England, Mr. BROADHURST'S no doubt genuine belief that every working-man is dying to marry his deceased wife's sister, and is prevented by a wicked conspiracy of bishops and dukes, must have been the influencing arguments, if argument had any influence at all, with the supporters of the Resolution.

On the other hand, there occurred in, or in connexion with, the debate certain things not a little damaging to the case of the deceased wife's sister's friends. The loudly-expressed desire to go no further in licensing marriages of affinity than the deceased wife's sister contrasted awkwardly with Mr. THOMASSON'S intended, though not actually moved, extension to deceased husbands' brothers, an extension to which, and to others, as has been repeatedly shown, the same arguments can be applied as to the actual case. It must, moreover, have struck more than one reader or hearer of the debate as somewhat inconsistent that, while the word was apparently passed to throw the blame of the present law on the "sacerdotalism" of the Church of England, the dispensing practice of the Church of Rome (which has not generally been considered less "sacerdotal" than her Anglican sister) was triumphantly pleaded against the law. And, lastly, to dismiss an incident which practically has no direct effect, and is not likely to have much indirect effect, on the fate of the question, the whole debate showed more clearly than ever what is the real motive of the innovators. Leviticus, statistics, the house accommodation of the poor, the wrongs of guiltless infants, and the charitable tolerance of those societies in which, Mr. CLARKE tells us, deceased wives' sisters are received as without a stain upon their character—all were mere covers and afterthoughts to the main plea that certain people, more or fewer, want to marry their wives' sisters, and that it is a great shame not to let them. Mr. BROADHURST'S eighteen thousand aspirants to the hands of their brothers-in-law, Mr. HENEAGE'S Mahomedan standard of family life, Mr. CLARKE'S sugared quotations from Lord TENNYSON, Mr. FOWLER'S admiration of the princes of the blood and detestation of a clerical caste, and Sir PATRICK O'BRIEN'S picturesque, but not precisely original, account of the circumstances in which the Churches of Rome and England parted company, all come to this. "Thou shalt "not" is a very disagreeable formula to the natural man, and the natural man would much rather get rid of it. No doubt he would; and the inclination is by no means confined to the case of deceased wives' sisters. What the Parliament of England and the people of England have to consider is whether it is either right or wise to admit as a sufficient reason for the abolishing of a law divine or human, or both, the facts that some people have broken it, and would like to be relieved of the consequences; that other people are quite determined to break it, but are good enough to prefer that it should be abolished; that others are very much inclined to break it, and will be uncomfortable if they are not allowed; and that others, again, break it daily, and may just as well be purged of their contempt whether they will or no. This is the real, genuine, unadulterated case for the measure; and, if it is a bad one, it is certainly not made better by sectarian denunciations of sacerdotalism, or by attempts to convince the poor that they, as poor, are suffering a grievance of some sort at the hands of the rich.

THE PARKS.

A RUNNING fire of debate, newspaper controversy, and cross-examination has gone on all the week as to the Parks. It goes near to be thought that Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE has played tricks with Hyde Park Corner. If the Railway Bill passes, the other corner by the Marble Arch will have far worse tricks played with it. The exclusive character of some Park roads is a sore subject with the Radical reformer who does not see that to make the Parks more common than they are already will be to ruin them as parks. An intelligent American is said to have complained that Hyde Park was too wild, but that was before the reign of the present CHIEF COMMISSIONER. There is very little wildness left now, and the eastern and southern sides are laid out in the trimmest of trim gardens, with labels attached to the shrubs. Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON repudiates Sir ROBERT PEEL'S charges against the Royal Academy, and Sir ROBERT PEEL reiterates them. The Committee on the Parks Railway Bill sits daily, and has so far taken a good deal of not very disinterested evidence in favour of the Bill, and a little against it. The strongest argument put forward was that the British workman residing in the northern suburbs will save ten minutes on his journey to Westminster when the Parks' route is open to him. There are many ways by which the British workman may save ten minutes at less cost to the general public; but

it is not clearly proved that in this case there are any workmen concerned. Mr. LEFEVRE has received a deputation of riders on tricycles who desire admission to the Parks. It is evident Mr. LEFEVRE would accede to this modest request if he could do so without admitting bicycles as well. The two kinds of "cycles" are, it seems, on a totally different footing, but make the same claims to have the rights accorded to hackney cabs. Finally, a question has been asked in the House of Commons as to a chimney-pot, or "cowled monk," which forms at present the crowning and most conspicuous ornament of the arch on Constitution Hill. We may notice this matter first.

Mr. LOWTHER, in bringing forward the question, added another as to whether Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE had received any petition from the Royal Academy protesting against the position of this conspicuous chimney-pot as "a violation of every principle of propriety and canon of good taste." Mr. LEFEVRE, in reply, asserted, what most people knew before, that the chimney-pot had been in the same place for forty years past; but he omitted to say that it is owing to his own mistake in removing an arch designed for one situation and placing it in another that the ornament in question becomes visible. Mr. LOWTHER'S mention of the Academicians Mr. LEFEVRE took very seriously, on the obvious ground that Mr. LOWTHER did not mean it seriously. But, though the incident terminated here as far as the House of Commons is concerned, the controversy between Sir ROBERT PEEL and Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON is continued. Sir FREDERICK denies that he ever thought a bust by Mr. BELT worthy of ancient Greece; and Sir ROBERT rejoins by quoting a letter from Mr. BELT, in which it is positively stated. Mr. BELT vaguely adds "others" to the PRESIDENT as describing his PAGLIATI bust, before they knew he had executed it, to be worthy of PHIDIAS. It is to be hoped in the interests of the public that Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON will not reply to Sir ROBERT PEEL again. There is nothing but wrangling to be obtained by this sort of controversy. It does not affect the Parks at all. Any one who understood classical architecture, or knew the works of DECIMUS BURTON, or the principles by which he was guided, could have told Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE that to remove the arch down the hill and to turn it half round would mar its effect. Mr. LEFEVRE would probably have refused such counsel, but that has nothing to do with the question. On Thursday evening the Duke of RUTLAND and Lord DE ROS made a vain appeal to the Government to reconsider their decision as to the removal of the statue to Aldershot, and, in all probability, it will go there before long.

Meanwhile, neither Sir ROBERT PEEL nor the President of the Royal Academy seems to concern himself about the Railway Bill. Here the moving power appears, from the evidence given before the Committee on Monday, to be a permanent official of the Office of Works, Mr. MITFORD. How far he is also responsible for the muddle at Hyde Park Corner we cannot tell; but he it is, as he says himself, who suggested the route from the Marble Arch to Albert Gate. The original proposal was to make a railway from the Marble Arch to Hyde Park Corner. The reasons against this course were obvious, even to Mr. MITFORD; but, instead of letting the matter drop, he must needs do a little amateur engineering on his own account, and propose the Albert Gate scheme, of which he is evidently very proud. The local opposition to the Bill is very strong. All Edgware Road seems to be against it. The evidence in favour of the scheme is very weak. Of course on Tuesday Mr. BELL and Mr. FENTON, who are railway managers, warmly approved of it. They are entirely within their province, but Mr. MITFORD'S position as a designer and promoter of railways is by no means so clear. This is just where the chief of a department should and can best interfere. But Mr. MITFORD'S chief is Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE.

SEA-FISHING.

THE catching of fish is a pastime so attractive to the people of these islands, and the opportunities for its exercise in our inland waters so limited, that it seems a little strange that the wide and inexhaustible region of pleasure which the sea affords should have been hitherto so little explored. Year by year the pursuit of what is supposed to be the finer art of freshwater fishing is becoming more restricted, and subject to conditions which place it beyond the reach of any but the wealthy. The Thames has still its votaries, and it must be reckoned as a wonderful proof of the resources of that noble stream that it should still continue to yield something. Without undervaluing these simpler delights, for to the true angler every kind of fishing is good when better cannot be had, we are tempted to ask why it is that the pursuit of fish at sea is so much neglected, and even judged to be an inferior art. Here is an open water which it is impossible to over-fish, which needs no preserving, which is ever well stocked. In all the elements of sport, the sea is at least equal to the loch or the river. The incidental delights are more various, the excitement certainly not less; while there is just a spice of danger to give zest to the pursuit. The dancing waves, the open sky, the wider panorama of land and water, are no bad exchange for the purling stream, the hanging trees, the enamelled meadow. It is supposed to be only a base mind which reckons the "bag" an item in the estimate of the sport; yet to many sea-fishing will have this recommendation over river-fishing, that the creatures taken have a certain edible and commercial value. The true angler is believed to be superior to this feeling; yet we may fairly doubt whether, if the salmon were as worthless a fish for the table as the barbel, we should esteem his capture so highly. Always excepting the salmon, which is really a sea-fish, with whom sweet water is only a passing domestic necessity, there are but few fish in the river which for their own sake are worth catching. In the sea the worthless ones are the exception. The abundance of species, the variety of forms, and the uncertainty as to what you may bring up are other elements peculiar to sea-fishing which the conventional angler, the classic Waltonian, misses. When you go trouting, you catch trout (sometimes); and when you go gudgeoning, you catch gudgeon, making no account of a chance perchling or dace. But there is no telling what creature may take your hook at the bottom of the sea, or your fish as he ascends to the surface. The original capture may be either whiting or gurnard, and what comes up may suffer a sea change on the journey, and win blessing or curse by proving dory or dog-fish. Finally, to those who can contain their stomachs in a "lop," sea-fishing includes, in addition to angling, a good deal of what is most adventurous in yachting.

As for art, those who visited the Fisheries Exhibition of last year might have observed the great variety of devices for the catching of sea-fish, not only by those who pursue the trade, but those for whom Mr. Wilcocks writes *The Sea Fisherman*. That valuable work, which we are glad to see in a fourth and much improved edition (London: Longmans. 1884), is a witness at once to the neglect with which this branch of angling has been treated, and the great advance it has made in late years. While angling proper has a whole literature to itself, sea-fishing has only its Wilcocks. The book is unique, and the only bibliography it admits is a comparison of editions. This is a fact which, though highly flattering to the author, is scarcely creditable to a nation which possesses in its circumjacent seas the most magnificent fishing-ground in the world—a field of art of which the potentialities are only bounded by the enterprise of the insidious shrimper and the intrusive trawler. This fourth edition of Mr. Wilcocks's book has been enlarged and improved; and if it is scarcely yet equal to its great subject, it is because the march of art in sea-fishing has even outstripped the teaching of its earliest apostle and only authority. While we have a great deal of practical information as to tackle and boat gear and all the coarser ways of taking fish, the defects which were conspicuous in the former editions are still to be noted in this. The first and most irritating is in respect to the clumsy arrangement by which the chapters are made to run into one another, dissertations on bait being mixed up with fishing adventures and the kinds and ways of fish in a manner most distracting to the reader. It is true there is an index; but, as the book is said to have been rewritten, it is a pity the matter was not re-cast, into some kind of order. The instructions given are such as are evidently derived from a long and zealous pursuit of sea-fishing as an amusement, and all that relates to boatmanship, the choice of fishing-grounds, the taking of marks, and the making of the various kinds of sea-tackle is of great value, and conveyed in a simple, seamanlike fashion. In regard to the matter of the instruction our only complaint is that Mr. Wilcocks hardly seems to attach sufficient importance to the improvements which have been recently made in the art of which he was the first teacher, especially in the substitution of artificial for natural lines, and in the various refinements, both in trolling or "whipping" and bottom-fishing, for which we are indebted to the ingenuity of the West-country anglers, in this branch of the art at the head of the world. Our author is a little old-fashioned, and slow to admit the value of the modern devices. Yet it is these which have given quite a new character to the art, and are rapidly revolutionizing the practice of the sea-fisherman. Half of the charm of angling lies in the successful deluding of the fish by means which at first sight appear disproportionate to the end to be achieved. Any one can catch fish in the sea—the art is to catch fish in the greatest number, under unlikely conditions, and with the least expenditure of power. Sea-fish being more numerous, more greedy, and more accessible than river-fish, are more easily taken by coarse tackle; but more will be taken, and the pleasure of taking them will be greater, in proportion as the lines, the hooks, and the lures are finer. No one would catch a salmon with a worm who could catch one with an artificial fly. Why should we not therefore pay the same compliment to the mackerel and the pollack as we do to their kinsmen in fresh water? It is a mistake to suppose that sea-fish are less particular or more stupid than river-fish. Other things being equal, fine tackle will kill

better than centre at sea. The amateur, provided with his Plymouth line, his Manchester shooding, his gut tackle, and his artificial spinner, may be backed to catch more mackerel in a day than any professional. No one can deny that it is pleasanter to use the artificial than the natural baits even at sea. The best of these latter are troublesome to handle, and not seldom difficult to get, while some of the sea-worms recommended by Mr. Wilcocks are slimy, malodorous, and have a gruesome hairiness of leg. Sand-eels, which our author greatly affects, are only of partial distribution—like pilchards, the best of all fish-bait for bottom-fishing. Squid is unattractive, and mussel unsatisfactory. This matter of bait is a very important one in sea-fishing, and at once the chief source of trouble to the amateur as well as the main impediment to sport. Often it is more difficult to catch the bait than the fish. It is here that the watering-place boatman, always the most ignorant of fishermen, has the visitor in his power. As to feeling in the crevices of rocks for the spider-crab, or turning over flat stones for the "varm or sea tape-worm," or saving the long gut of the pilchard, that is a detail to which some may object. These are the concomitants of the sport, fondly dwelt upon by professionals, which are the opprobrium of sea-fishing. They are not necessary, and it should be the province of the artist to show how they may be avoided.

To move upward, working out the worm and the fish-gut, this is the course which sea-fishing should take if it is to be developed into an art. If Mr. Wilcocks has a fault it is that he stands too much in the ancient ways, and makes too little account of the refinements introduced by the skilled tackle-makers who made so brave a show at South Kensington. The extent to which artificial lures can be used in sea-fishing is of course limited, though the tendency is to advance on the finer lines—to eschew hemp where cotton can be used, to discard gimp and thread for gut, to reduce the weight of sinkers, and to substitute metal spinners, flies, and "babies" for squid, fish, and worm. There are, as we need not inform those who have fished at sea, two, or rather three, chief ways of catching sea-fish. The first is at anchor, when whiting, bream, haddock, and in the late summer mackerel, are the quarry sought, at the bottom or in mid-water. Here the tackle should be as fine as is consistent with the strength of the current and the size of the fish expected, with a sinker not heavier than is absolutely necessary, and in proportion to the weight of the line. The best kind of "rig" for all ground-fish is that which Mr. Wilcocks describes as the Kentish, which is a modification of the familiar "chop-sticks," if there is still water or little current. If there is a tideway, then the boat-shaped lead, with a gut trace with two or three hooks dependent, is to be preferred. The second method of fishing is also at anchor, but with a drift-line without sinkers, for bass or pollack. If either of these two ways are adopted, of course natural bait must be used, as the lure is stationary, and the fish would be able to detect an artificial one. The third and by far the most sporting method of taking fish at sea is from a boat in motion, either under sail or oars. This admits of artificial bait being used exclusively, and is called "whiffing" when pursued in a sailing-boat for mackerel, and trailing or trolling when the boat is rowed. The latter is the process adopted for the capture of bass or pollack, and it is perhaps that branch of sport which admits of the greatest variety and interest, seeing that it can be followed in smooth water and almost in any weather, provided there is shelter and the ground is fit. The tackle for this kind of sport should be of the finest consistent with strength; for fish of very large size may be looked for, which are stronger than salmon of the same weight. Mr. Wilcocks's instructions for the amateur under this head scarcely seem up to the latest science. There can be no doubt whatever that more fish will be caught with artificial bait when pollacking, either with the grey eel, Brooks's "baited baby," or sole-skin flies, than with the living sandeel or rag-worm—not to speak of the pleasure and triumph of deluding the fish by the finer art. As for rods, they are out of place in a boat, and as illegitimate at sea as hand-fishing would be on a river. They are useful only on the rare occasions when a shoal of bass are playing on the surface, or for casting from a rock among breakers in deep water. Fly-fishing at sea is, however, an epicene kind of sport, seldom to be had, for which no especial instructions are needed. The real art of the sea-fisherman consists, even more than that of the angler on shore, first, in knowing the ways of fish and their kinds; next, in using the finest tackle. The rest is mainly boatmanship, which cannot be taught by book.

THE CONSOLATION OF NEWSPAPERS.

BOETHIUS *De Consolatione* is a work of which every one has heard, and (of course) which most people have read. Most people have read everything of which every one has heard, despite the rumours which have been spread as to a slight difficulty felt by the public at the private view of the Royal Academy as to the subject of the President's chief picture this year. But Boethius (as every one will remember) omits to notice one remarkable and fertile source and form of consolation—that derived from the newspapers. There are people who hold that the newspapers are the root of all evil, which if it be so, there must certainly be truth in homœopathy. For instance, it would be a very painful thing for you to listen to a speech at a meeting of the Liberation Society. But when, without trouble, and without incurring the danger of evil communications, a man can quietly read at his breakfast-table how Mr. Stansfeld takes credit to the Liberation Society for having "abolished the word toleration," great is his delight, if he has any sense of humour. The right honourable advocate of free-trade in the streets is perfectly right. The Liberation Society has abolished the word toleration, at least as far as it is itself concerned, and a very pretty achievement for a *soi-disant* Society of Christian men that is. The Society cannot tolerate the Church, and it announces that it won't be tolerated by the Church. Such is the charity, such the meekness, of the political Dissenter. And we could not have known this, except, as hinted above, at a cost far too great to pay, without the newspaper; and yet too many of us sneer at that newspaper. This is not just.

But the pleasure derivable from those documents of which a modern writer has said in his haste that "the newspaper press does more harm than the invention of printing has ever done good" is by no means limited to this instance. A newspaper may, by a person in an optimist frame of mind, be described as a great engine for the condensation of boredom. For instance, it would, no doubt, not have been nearly so painful to spend an afternoon on Tuesday in the House of Commons as to spend an afternoon or evening on Wednesday with the Liberationists; the same society would have been in part present, but it would have been tempered and allayed. But still, five hours of discussion over a Franchise Bill which one side is not honest enough to avow that it cares nothing about, and the other side not strong enough to deposit in its proper waste-paper basket, could hardly be very cheerful to any one whose duty did not call him there. Faint and few are the relieving incidents on such occasions, and their zest is almost lost in the ocean of hypocrisy and twaddle. But in a newspaper report of reasonable fulness the tolerably practised eye can take the whole thing in in a few minutes, and appreciate all the pleasant jests, which show even in the dullest debate that humanity is never more human than in the House of Commons. The said eye runs lightly over fifty or sixty lines of insignificant print (alas! the ear cannot similarly run over five or six hundred or thousand words of insignificant utterance), and fixes at once on Mr. Gladstone protesting his inexpressible impatience to begin redistribution. Redistribution is "desirable, and even urgent"; the Government have "a hearty wish and a full intention" to redistribute without loss of time. Yet somehow, though a couple of clauses and as many schedules added to the Bill would do this urgent and desirable business, would gratify this hearty wish and give effect to this full intention, the Government cannot somehow see their way to do it. They are dying for redistribution, but somehow they think it would be well just to wait a little before redistributing. How dreadful, for instance (it is Mr. Gladstone who speaks again), would it be "if the labour of the House upon the Franchise Bill should be lost until the enactment of a Re-distribution Bill!" Mr. Gladstone shudders at the thought, and yet the same thought surely suggests that the best possible way of preventing such a terrible thing would be to make the Franchise Bill and the Redistribution Bill one. Mr. Gladstone doesn't see that at all; in fact, if some former passages were forgotten, it might seem that the very idea had never occurred to him, and that he would bless the man who proposed it. Then in the paper we jump over Mr. Warton (which we could not have done without breach of privilege in the House), and another consolation turns up in Mr. Labouchere. Mr. Labouchere, who appears to have sot the entire force of a not inconsiderable intellect and a very ingenious fancy to the task of reducing Radicalism *ad absurdum*, is ready to do anything for Mr. Gladstone if he will only have nothing to do with any amendments at all. The House of Commons is a place of discussion; discussion is impossible without amendments, and Mr. Labouchere wishes all amendments, Liberal or Tory, friendly or hostile, limiting or extending, to be summarily burked. This is freedom, this is. Then we take another and longer skip, and come once more to Mr. Gladstone. Even Mr. Gladstone has not often surpassed his profound and final, because incomprehensible, explanation of what is meant by a distinction between borough and county franchise. "That distinction," said Mr. Gladstone, "does not rest so much on what the franchise is which qualifies the man as on what the man himself is." Somebody said "Hear; hear!" to this, and indeed it is not obvious what else could be said, if anything could be said at all. Any other response would require a short treatise *de ente hominis*. We are not sure, however, that some one ought not to have got up and moved for a return of answers to the question "What are you?" addressed to every existing and, under the Bill, future voter. There is, if we mistake not, a tract in existence entitled "What am I?" and perhaps it might help such of the new voters as can read to answer the inquiry. From metaphysics, a column or two of the *Times* being overleapt, Mr. Gladstone passed to pleasantry, and "hoped Mr. Lowther would not again entertain the House with his own personal history, and with references to the gallant manner in which he had at all times maintained his principles." Now if this is not a pretty good joke from Mr. Gladstone, who entertains the House ("engages its rapt attention" is the usual phrase of the party summary-writers next day) about once a week with selections from his personal history, demonstrations of the great moral worth of all parties to which he has belonged, and so forth, it is difficult to say what a pretty good joke is. And yet it might have been dearly bought by personal attendance on several hours of a debate on the word "uniform," which, interpreted by the laws of common sense, can refer only to the uniform desire of the Government to remain in office.

So much for Franchise Bills—a subject of unquestioned dryness,

in reference to which, as we have shown, these hours of dull debate can be condensed into minutes of excellent political comedy. But there is no need to stop here. Who, save a few persons who have access to political news and the personal friends of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Macliver, would have known, but for the newspapers, the delightful opinion of the Prime Minister about "free comment"? The Plymouth Liberal Association wrote to communicate the usual resolution which, though we have not seen it, no doubt said the usual things, in the usual way (as per hektograph), and Mr. Gladstone acknowledged it per private secretary. "These proceedings of the Opposition respecting Votes of Censure may," Mr. Gladstone thinks, "become the subject of free comment during the debate next week." Now the phrase "free comment" is of itself, as has been said, delightful. It suggests that other charming form of speech common in the mouths of the feminine members of the lower classes—"a few words"—it being in both cases perfectly well known what sort of comment and what sort of words are referred to. And observe, too, that Mr. Gladstone apparently objects to Votes of Censure as Votes of Censure. According to this pleasing doctrine, an Opposition would seem to have the right to bring in one Vote of Censure per Session (or is it per Parliament?), and when that is defeated the Government ought to be bothered no more. The defeat of a Vote of Censure on the past is equivalent to a vote of indemnity for the future; and, if a fresh blunder or crime causes fresh protest, the protest, and not the question whether there is reason for it, is to be the subject of free comment. So does an old offender in court occasionally consider it a subject for free comment (or even for boots) that he should be troubled with fresh inquiries into his misdeeds.

One more instance of the recreation and consolation to be found in that much-reviled product of this so-called nineteenth century, the newspaper, and we have done. "M. Ferry," says a paper before us, "may be ignorant of many things, but he is not quite so stupid as to imagine that the majority in the House [of Commons] is not proof against any number of telegrams from Khartoum. There may be some score who will refuse to vote that black is white; but, if Mr. Gladstone speaks them fair, they will not carry their opposition beyond abstention." Now this citation does not come from our own irreverent columns, or from those of the *St. James's Gazette*, or from those of the *Times*, still less from those of any party organ of the Opposition; it comes from the *Pall Mall*. And let nobody say that the *Pall Mall*, having taken a leading part in supporting General Gordon's mission, is bound to be angry at his abandonment. That is so; but it is not all the fact or half the fun. Here is a Liberal, not to say a Radical, newspaper, the Radical-Liberalism of which has never recently been impeached, roundly charging the Radical-Liberal majority of a Radical-Liberal Parliament with being proof against any number of facts and perfectly ready to vote black white at a Radical-Liberal Minister's bidding. If this is not, to adopt a highly picturesque and expressive comparison, "more fun than a barrel of monkeys," we do not know what is. Somebody said that a true joke was no joke, but he was wrong. What the *Pall Mall Gazette* says is perfectly true, and it is an admirable joke—that is, if attention, as was explained on a former occasion, be kept strictly to the jocular side of the question. And perhaps that was what the ancient who made the remark about the "sooth bourd," after all, meant.

Such are a very few consolations of newspaper reading derived from the newspapers of a few hours, and applied under the adverse circumstances of bad news from abroad and a Gladstonian Administration at home (which two things are indeed one), and a Franchise Bill, and stormy weather, and a multitude of Exhibitions, and the Liberation Society, and the Deceased Wife's Sister, and the news that the vintage has been knocked about yet another year in France by those abominable ill-tempered saints whom Master Francis mentions, the saints who preside over hail, frost, rain, and other unpleasant atmospheric phenomena. They might have been multiplied many times, and they are accessible to anybody. Therefore let no one speak evil of newspapers unless he is not a laughing animal, or, which is the same thing, unless he is a sincere admirer of Mr. Gladstone. For this last luckless class there is, indeed, but little consolation, except in very carefully chosen periodicals, and in them only by sticking closely to the division lists and the leading articles. A moment's rashness of "cross-reading," of straying into speeches or paragraphs, and there is no knowing what the fervent Gladstonian may come upon. The only consolation for him is, that he is probably too much of a Gladstonian to have any eyes to see what he does come upon.

BOSSUET.

BOSSUET—"the last of the Fathers," as he has been styled by a pardonable anachronism, which, however, forgets Butler, not to mention others—is so conspicuous a figure both in literary and ecclesiastical history, and is so confessedly the typical representative and spokesman of the grandest epoch of the old Gallican Church, that it is not surprising to find an elaborate paper devoted to him in the *Quarterly Review*. How far the writer's treatment of his theme can be considered felicitious will appear in the sequel, and meanwhile it is rather strange to find in the long list of works enumerated in the heading no mention made of Mrs. Sidney Lear's *Bossuet and his Contemporaries*, reviewed some years ago in our columns. That he won his chief reputation as an orator, a controversialist, and a churchman may be allowed, but it is a little odd to be informed *in limine* that "the least appropriate aspect in which he can be viewed is that of a man of letters," especially when we had been told only on the previous page that any impeachment on the greatness of Bossuet would naturally appear to a Frenchman as sacrilegious as it would to an Englishman to impugn the fame "of our nearly contemporary Milton." For it is obviously only as being both literary men that any analogy can be traced between the two. Nor does the reason given for this strange verdict add much to its plausibility. If Bossuet always or generally wrote "for an immediate practical purpose," Cardinal Newman—if our memory serves us—has somewhere made a very similar statement about his own writings; yet the reviewer, we presume, would hardly venture to dispute his Eminence's claim to a high place among "men of letters," though he, like Bossuet, has written "as a doctor of the Church." In truth such an arbitrary canon as this judgment implies would make sad havoc of many illustrious literary reputations. Of Bossuet's encyclopædic, if somewhat undigested, learning, which seems to have embraced almost the entire circle of knowledge attainable in his day, with the solitary exception of mathematics, for which he had a distaste, the reviewer says next to nothing. He is right however in premising that Bossuet was eminently the child of his age and country, and that accordingly some acquaintance with the circumstances of his life is essential to an intelligent appreciation of his political and religious principles. And the following passage supplies on the whole a fair summary of the salient points to be kept in mind:—

> It is important to remember that France was then but slowly recovering from the disastrous effects of the civil war of the League, the object of which had been to extirpate the Huguenot party, and force both the Crown and the Church into unqualified submission to the Papal See. Nor must we overlook that in his own youth, through the senseless wars of the Fronde, Bossuet himself saw his country once more convulsed and the Crown humiliated; while across the water he watched the English rebellion running its turbulent and fatal course, and shaking the thrones of Europe with amazement and terror. Both his hereditary prepossessions, then, and the experiences of his youth, combined to foster in his mind the sentiment of absolute submission to the Crown as the only secure centre of national unity, and to root in him two invincible and life long aversions; on one side, to the reformed doctrines, which seemed in every nation where they found a footing to be a standing source of discord and weakness; on the other, to the encroaching policy of the Popes, which menaced the royal prerogative, and thrust upon the Gallican Church a foreign and unconstitutional jurisdiction.

It should be recorded to his honour that from earliest youth Bossuet was irreproachable in morals, at a period when unfortunately an ecclesiastical status, and even the highest dignities of the Church, afforded no sure guarantee for correctness of conduct. He had already as a boy of sixteen given promise of his oratorical powers, when called upon at a few minutes' notice—a wager being laid on his success—to preach before a gay party assembled at midnight at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and not long afterwards the Bishop of Lisieux made him preach before a graver assemblage, of bishops and learned men, among whom was the famous De Rancé, who has left on record the impression produced by his discourse. He was forty-two when he delivered his great funeral oration on Henrietta Maria, the widow of Charles I., and about the same time he was appointed tutor to the Dauphin, an office he discharged for ten years with unwearied and conscientious diligence, but without gaining the affections or exercising much influence over the mind of a not very responsive pupil. It led however to his composing his *Politics* and *Discourse on Universal History*, on which Mr. Buckle has pronounced a verdict at least as narrow and one-sided as the work he so angrily condemns.

In 1680, at the age of 53, Bossuet became Bishop of Meaux, having previously held and resigned the less important see of Condom. He retained Meaux to his death in 1704, but throughout that quarter of a century—as was said of a late English bishop of a suffragan See—he was really the virtual primate of the national Church. The reviewer discusses his policy with special reference to three burning questions of the day in France, the Gallican Liberties, the treatment of the Huguenots, and Quietism. There is too much unfortunately in his conduct of the two last affairs over which his warmest admirers must desire to cast a veil. On his handling of the quarrel with Rome opinions are apt to differ a good deal according to the theological standpoint of his critic, and the *Quarterly* reviewer betrays throughout too marked an *animus* to be an impartial or discriminating guide on such matters. We may have a word to say on the subject further on. Let it suffice here to note that the first of the famous four Gallican articles, framed by Bossuet, solemnly repudiates all civil or temporal jurisdiction of the Pope, and therefore condemns the deposing power; the second reaffirms the decrees of "the holy Œcumenical Council of Constance," subjecting the Pope in spiritual causes to a General Council; the third limits his jurisdiction by the ancient canons of the Church and recognized national usages; the fourth declares his judgment "in matters of faith" to be subject to the consent of the Church. In the Protestant controversy Bossuet took a prominent part, and both his *Exposition of the Catholic Faith* and his well-known *Variations of the Protestant Churches* not only achieved a splendid literary success, but produced immediate results of a directly religious kind. It must be regretted, though in view of the conditions of his age it is hardly to be wondered at, that he was not content to confine himself to such legitimate methods of theological warfare; but whether or not he was directly responsible for the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, his own language

forbids us to doubt that the measure had his hearty approval, though not the violence which followed on it. No doubt he could plead the excuse of his biographer that his error was shared by all the great men and public bodies of the kingdom, and indeed by the whole of France, not to say of Europe. He insists himself indeed justly enough in the *Variations* that the repression of religious error by the secular arm was a principle on which Catholics and Protestants were agreed, and that he knew of two Christian sects only that denied it, the Socinians and Anabaptists; he might have added that their doctrine of toleration was probably prompted rather by weakness than by conviction, and that the Anabaptists at all events had shown little disposition to abide by it when they had the upper hand. Some allowance must also be made for the peculiar circumstances of France in his own day, already noticed, which led the great majority of Frenchmen to identify patriotism with zealous maintenance of the established faith, and it is just to remember that he was gentle and conciliatory in dealing with Protestants in his own diocese. But still in a man of Bossuet's commanding genius these excuses cannot be accepted as more than partial, especially when we recollect the very different line adopted by his contemporary and brother prelate, the saintly Fénelon, who positively refused to comply with the King's desire that he should preach to the Huguenots, unless the soldiers were first withdrawn, observing that by the military method of proselytism they might doubtless bring flocks of converts to communion, whose conversion however would be worse than worthless. It is not pleasant to find Bossuet, on the other hand, in a funeral discourse on the Chancellor Le Tellier, who with his dying hand had affixed the great seal to the fatal edict, after which he said *Nunc dimittis*, lauding to the skies "the piety of Louis," as a new Constantine, Theodosius, Marcian, and Charlemagne, who "had confirmed the faith and exterminated the heretics." And the mention of Fénelon recalls a still more questionable episode in the career of "the Eagle of Meaux." It is not quite fair to say with Mr. Lecky that, when "the question of the disinterestedness of the love we should bear to God was agitated in the Catholic Church, Bossuet took the selfish and Fénelon the unselfish side." Most impartial judges of every religious school will be disposed to endorse the judgment of the *Quarterly* reviewer here, that, on the main issue at stake, Bossuet was substantially in the right; "the doctrine of pure love, with its apparent consequences . . . was too refined for common use. As Bossuet observed, it mistook earth for heaven, and exile for home." And Mme. Guyon, who, if a devout, was also a very foolish and flighty woman—whom St. Paul certainly would not have "suffered to teach"—insisted on preaching her doctrine, in season and out of season, "for common use." Still nothing can excuse the tyrannical cruelty of her treatment at Bossuet's urgent suggestion, or his ready credulity in listening to the silly slanders against her moral character. And far more deeply discreditable was his conduct throughout the whole business towards Fénelon, though less disgraceful than that of his worthless kinsman, "the little nephew of a great uncle," whom he employed as his emissary at Rome to bully the Pope into compliance with the dictates of the French Court, and for whose appointment to a bishopric he did not cease scheming to the last, though it was not granted till twelve years after his death. If the controversy exhibited the ignominious and undisguised humiliation of the Court of Rome, under the arrogant and imperious dictation of "the elder son of the Church," it is also too true that "the worst side of Bossuet's character was drawn out by the strife."

It is pleasanter to turn to his threefold celebrity as an orator, a controversialist, and a great ecclesiastical statesman. On the first point there is little new to be said; perhaps there is something rather stilted and grandiose about his eloquence at times, though the reviewer seems to us hardly to do it justice. Meanwhile it is interesting to learn that he did not, like Massillon, Bourdaloue, and the great French preachers of the day generally, write his discourses in full and learn them by heart, but drew up outlines and notes, to be filled up in delivery, special parts only being written out, as is—we believe—the general custom of great speakers, whether on sacred or secular themes. To enter on a detailed criticism of Bossuet's controversial position would be very like entering on a discussion of the controversy between Rome and Protestantism, and that would be obviously out of place here. It would be difficult perhaps to state the case, as it stood in the seventeenth century, between the rival creeds more effectively than Bossuet has done from his own point of view; to say that he does not meet scientific, historical, and other difficulties which at that day nobody dreamed of, is no disparagement to his acuteness, though it may make much of his argument obsolete. But after all Bossuet was greatest as an ecclesiastical statesman, and the reviewer's estimate of him in that capacity is perceptibly not appreciated. He maintains, if we rightly understand him, that Bossuet's Gallicanism was rendered "illogical" and almost absurd by his adhesion to the See of Rome as the divine centre of unity. "To the marrow he was a Catholic, according to his understanding of Catholicism; and that understanding involved a view of the Papacy which is radically inconsistent with his other principles. From the tradition of the Church he dared not recede; and that tradition assigned to the occupant of St. Peter's Chair an impregnable foundation for the very autocracy against which Bossuet so vigorously protested." That is of course the ultramontane reading of Church history, but to assume it is to assume the very point in dispute, not in Bossuet's day only, but for several centuries, between the rival parties in the Church. Gallicanism, in much the same sense as he understood it, had already been a moot point for more than two centuries, ever since the great Council of Constance, and its advocates argued, with at least as much plausibility as their opponents, that it represented "the traditions of the Church" in a far more remote and venerable antiquity. It is quite legitimate again for Anglican controversialists to contend—though the contention is not essential to the Anglican position—that "between Ultramontane servitudes and Anglican independence the Gallican Liberties were an illogical halting-place," but to assume this as a self-evident truism, in a paper not professedly controversial but critical, is to decide offhand a controversy bristling with disputed points, historical and theological, of which the writer betrays no inkling, and to condemn offhand a long line of illustrious Churchmen and divines, to whose names he makes no reference. His one argument has at least the merit of an exquisite simplicity; "the brand of heresy has been stamped upon it (Gallicanism) by the Vatican [Council], and within the entire obedience of Rome, Ultramontanism has triumphed and reigns supreme." As a statement of present fact, this would have been truer ten years ago than now; as a prophecy—and to serve the purpose of the argument it must include a forecast of the future—it is still more open to dispute; but we care not to intrude on Dr. Cumming's vacant throne. Whatever may or may not come to pass hereafter, it is sufficiently "illogical"—to adopt the reviewer's own chosen term—to infer that Bossuet's position as formulated in 1682 was untenable, because two centuries afterwards it was "branded with heresy" by a very questionable vote—questionable, we mean, in the manner of extorting it, for with its abstract justice we are not concerned—of a skilfully drilled assembly, passed under strong coercion, and in the teeth of the vigorous protests of all the leading spokesmen of that same hierarchy of which Bossuet was once the acknowledged leader. There is more force in the reviewer's comment on the "imperious and resolute immobility of thought" which distinguished him from Pascal, but the comparison of two men, of perhaps equal genius but utterly unlike in every other respect, is scarcely a happy one. Bossuet was not, and never claimed to be, a philosopher, as neither was Pascal an orator or a statesman. To say that words of Pascal survive which still speak to the hearts of all men, while "no one now takes practical account of" the writings of Bossuet, is much like saying that Locke is still read, while "no one now takes practical account of" the political theories of Burke. Philosophy, if it is good for any time, must be good for all times; politics, polemics, and preaching necessarily vary from age to age. It is true that the horizon of Bossuet was limited, and that "human intelligence, in its progress, has outwitted him." Will the reviewer tell us how many there have been of the greatest intellects the world has seen—and we are not prepared to elevate Bossuet to that supreme distinction—of whom the same might not as justly be affirmed?

MILKING TELEGRAMS.

THE action brought by the Central News Agency against the Eastern Telegraph Company, the Exchange Telegraph Company, Sir James Anderson, and Mr. Benjamin Smith, has disclosed a very interesting and a very diversified story. It is almost an illustration of *Quidquid agunt homines*. It is a narrative of adventure, of pluck, of enterprise, of despatch—nay, of more despatches than one. There is in it a spice of romance, and if the evidence for the plaintiffs had been true, there would have been in it a good deal more than a spice of fraud. The glories of the Special Correspondent have been celebrated by many pens, not least frequently or least eloquently by his own. The profession can never, from the nature of the case, lack a sacred bard. Its members would not be doing their duty if they did not describe in more or less highly-coloured language their own performances. Nevertheless it is impossible to read the testimony of Mr. Burleigh in the present case, which was given with perfect simplicity and an entire absence of ostentation, without feeling some pride at the spirit displayed by Englishmen in this, as in every other walk of life. Mr. Burleigh was sent out to Egypt by the Central News. He was with Lord Wolseley's forces when the assault upon Arabi's position was made, and he was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He accompanied the Royal Irish, thinking, he says, that they were sure to be well to the fore. They were, and so was Mr. Burleigh. Looking about him with perfect coolness under fire he saw what happened, and galloped off with the information to telegraph home. It may be as well before going further to consider what Mr. Burleigh had done. He had secured for himself, and, as he thought, consequently for his employers, the earliest intelligence of an event, in which not this country only, but the whole of Europe, was deeply interested. Whatever may be thought of the policy which led to Tel-el-Kebir, it is impossible to doubt that the anxiety for news of it was eager and intense. By his own courage and sagacity, Mr. Burleigh was enabled to send an account of it before any one else, and within a very short space of time indeed. He was a long way ahead of the official telegram. The engagement was fought at daybreak; and at a time variously estimated, but at all events early in the morning, Mr. Burleigh's message was despatched. Yet it was not the first to be published in this country. The earliest account of Tel-el-Kebir actually printed in England was described as having been received by the Exchange Telegraph

Company, which had not only no Correspondent at the front, but no Correspondent in Egypt at all. The question how this came about is what the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury have been engaged in investigating. Few more serious issues have come before a court of justice in our time. In one sense, of course, it does not matter to the public who sends the news, so long as the news comes. One man was as competent as another to say that Arabi's army, or rabble, had been crushed at Tel-el-Kebir. The picturesque details were of far less consequence than the bare fact. But it is competition which ensures that early and authentic intelligence shall be received. A monopolist cares nothing for the public interest, either in journalism or anything else. Competition, again, to be effective, must be fair. What the Central News complained of was that the contents of their telegram had been deliberately intercepted and stolen by unscrupulous rivals.

The way in which the Central News put its case was this. It is a Company formed for the purpose of supplying the public through the Press with information on all matters of interest at home and abroad. In pursuance of that object, it sent Mr. Burleigh to Egypt. The Exchange Telegraph Company is an association of a similar kind, which had, however, no Correspondent in Egypt. One of the Directors, if not the principal Director, of the Exchange Telegraph Company was, in the autumn of 1882, Sir James Anderson. Sir James Anderson was also Managing Director of the Eastern Telegraph Company, by which all telegraphic messages from Egypt were necessarily sent. The chief officer of the Telegraph Company at Alexandria was Mr. Benjamin Smith. Telegrams from the interior of Egypt passed through Alexandria, and Mr. Smith had access to their contents. It was his practice to read them, and to inform Sir James Anderson in England of what he read. For this purpose a system of "service messages" was established which had precedence over all others. "Diocles" was the name by which the Exchange Company was known in the offices of the Eastern Telegraph, and "Expedite messages to Diocles" was printed up in the offices of the latter association. On the arrival of Mr. Burleigh's telegram at Alexandria, Mr. Benjamin Smith forthwith made himself acquainted with it, and telegraphed it to Sir James Anderson. While this service message was being sent, Mr. Burleigh's message was detained, and thus the Exchange Telegraph Company, of which Sir James Anderson was Managing Director, obtained the earliest information of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Such was the plain story told by the witnesses for the plaintiffs, and it hung remarkably well together. The Central News has itself passed through the fire of hostile criticism, and did not in the opinion of purists in such matters come out altogether unscathed. Its habit of "expanding" telegrams might, perhaps, be defended as equally legitimate with the opposite practice of compression, so freely and beneficially applied to the Parliamentary and other speeches of able orators. Something, again, must be filled in at the office, and it has been contended that to draw the line at stops and particles is pedantic and narrow-minded. However that may be, the present case is altogether different. It was no question of exaggerating simple facts, of colouring prosaic narratives, and putting inferences drawn at home in place of assertions made on the spot. The charge here was one of moral, if not of legal, theft. Even the wise could scarcely call it conveying. A graver accusation has seldom been made against businessmen. The public had obviously the strongest interest in seeing the case sifted to the bottom. We are all more or less at the mercy of these news agencies. We rely on their integrity, or we should not care to read what they publish. But the sort of tricks which the Exchange Telegraph Company has been accused of playing are enough to destroy all confidence in those who could stoop to them. There is no room for dispute here as to the degree or amount in or to which plagiarism is admissible, if it be discreetly and artistically perpetrated. The wholesale appropriation of valuable news collected by the labour and capital of another to that other's direct detriment is conduct which cannot be "glozed with a text," or explained in a periphrasis. Honourable men have only one word for it, and that word is both short and disagreeable. Whether Mr. Burleigh was justified in obtaining evidence against the defendants by bribing one of their servants may be questionable, but is perhaps scarcely relevant.

It is, of course, absurd to measure the damages which a plaintiff has received by the amount specified in his statement of claim. The two have often no sort of relation. But the ten thousand pounds demanded by the Central News would scarcely have been excessive if they had made out their case. The action is interesting, if on no other ground because it is believed to be the first of the kind which has ever been brought. The plaintiffs had consequently some difficulty in shaping their claim so as to avoid being met at the outset by some legal objection which could not be got over. They said that the defendants promised to convey all messages entrusted to them with secrecy and speed, and that they broke their contract in both respects. But in any case they said that the Exchange Company had enjoyed the advantage of Mr. Burleigh's telegram, and was therefore liable to pay for it. They further charged conspiracy, but the Chief Justice ruled that there was no evidence of it. It is obvious that for the purposes of the case there was very little real distinction to be drawn between the two Companies with which Sir James Anderson was connected. It was essential to the argument of the Central News that they acted in concert, or rather collusion, with the intention and result of fraudulently benefiting the Exchange Company at the expense of the Central News. The suspicion of the Central News that its messages were being tampered with was first excited in a curious way. One Atti Hassan had been hanged for the murder of two Englishmen in the riots which preceded the bombardment of Alexandria. The Central News described the cutting down of his body by natives, who were said to have buried it in the tomb of a holy Sheikh. The story was contradicted in a country paper, and the Central News telegraphed to Alexandria to make further inquiry. The telegram elicited a repetition and confirmation of the account; but it also had other consequences, of a still more interesting character to the Central News. For scarcely had the inquiry been sent when the Exchange Telegraph Company published a statement, as from Alexandria, that the story was true. No explanation of this strange coincidence could be obtained by the Central News, but the charge of fraud has been definitely withdrawn. Questions asked about the announcement of the victory at Tel-el-Kebir did, indeed, meet with a prompt response. The Exchange Company, it was said, had a Correspondent at the seat of military operations, and he had been so fortunate as to anticipate Mr. Burleigh. Mr. Burleigh, however, being communicated with, denied the existence of any such Correspondent; and the Central News failed to procure either his name or a copy of his message.

There is an old saying, which is often illustrated, that one story is true until another is told. The defence of the Eastern Telegraph Company was no less curious and interesting than the plaintiff's case. They did not deny that the news of the battle which they sent to the Exchange Company was taken from a telegram sent over their wires. But they said that that telegram was not Mr. Burleigh's. This would of course be a complete answer to the action brought by the Central News. It would scarcely in itself absolve the Eastern Telegraph Company from the unpleasant imputation of betraying its customers by tampering with their messages. The Company, it should in fairness be said, went much further than that. They did not merely allege that the Central News was not the party aggrieved. They contended that they derived their knowledge from a public source, and that therefore no injury was done to any one. In this view they were supported by the Lord Chief Justice, who took from the first a very strong, some might say an unjudicially strong, line in favour of the defendants. In Lord Coleridge's opinion the case was settled by the evidence of Sir Charles Wilson, who had charge of the Intelligence Department in Egypt during the campaign. Sir Charles Wilson telegraphed news of the battle to Sir Edward Malet at Alexandria, and it is from that message that the Eastern Telegraph Company professed to have derived their information. Mr. Benjamin Smith admitted that, as soon as he saw Sir Charles Wilson's telegram, he at once forwarded its contents to Sir James Anderson, whom he knew only as Managing Director of the Eastern Telegraph Company, and not as connected with the Exchange Company. Sir Charles Wilson's message Mr. Smith regarded as public property, inasmuch as it contained news of universal interest, and as Sir Edward Malet, immediately after receiving it, posted it up in the Ramleh Palace. To explain the resemblance between Mr. Burleigh's telegram and that published by the Exchange Company, Sir Charles Wilson was called, and he said that in his official capacity he had authority to read all telegrams, and had, no doubt, read Mr. Burleigh's, though he had previously heard of the engagement from another source. Mr. Benjamin Smith stoutly denied that he had delayed Mr. Burleigh's message, explaining that it would have reached its destination earlier if Mr. Burleigh had been less copious, or if he had sent the facts first, and his comments on them afterwards. Examination certainly shows greater similarity between the Exchange Company and Sir Charles Wilson than between Mr. Burleigh and the Exchange Company. Neither Sir Charles Wilson nor Sir Edward Malet appears to have felt any objection to the divulging of Sir Charles's telegram. Lord Coleridge took the very unusual and somewhat irregular course of reading a letter from Sir Charles Wilson in explanation of his evidence, and threatened to adjourn the trial for Sir Edward Malet's attendance, if Sir Edward's correspondence with Mr. Smith was objected to. He thus did everything in his power to assist the defendants.

But they did not require much help. The simple explanation which they offered really disposed of the whole case, though they would have done better to offer it before they came into court. The plaintiff's counsel had to recede from a great portion of their own contention, and to admit that one of their principal witnesses was perjured. The jury found that the Exchange Company's message was taken from Sir Charles Wilson's, and that Mr. Burleigh's telegram had been neither appropriated nor delayed by the defendants. Thus the charge of fraud legally breaks down. It appears that the Central News telegram, if it was milked at all, was milked through the medium of Sir Charles Wilson's, and this, it seems, is legal. Whether it is not only legal but satisfactory is a further question.

MR. HENRY IRVING'S AMERICAN TOUR.

OF the three distinguished Englishmen who set out to invade the United States of America in the early autumn of last year, Lord Coleridge made the shortest stay and was the first to come back; Mr. Matthew Arnold lingered longer, and was delivered of three lectures, and returned home laden with spoil; Mr. Henry Irving paid the longest visit, and travelled the furthest,

and was the last to set sail for England. In one sense, at least, the visit of Mr. Irving was more important than the visits of Lord Coleridge and of Mr. Matthew Arnold. The Lord Chief Justice of England and one of the best of English critics went to the United States alone, and they represented themselves only. But Mr. Irving was accompanied by Miss Ellen Terry and by the whole of the fine and strong company of the Lyceum Theatre, with the noble scenery and elaborate properties which we are accustomed to see at the London theatre which Mr. Irving directs with so much shrewdness and with so high an artistic aim. The visit of the Lyceum Theatre company, headed by Miss Terry and Mr. Irving, was thus more representative than the visit of the other English celebrities which preceded or accompanied it. The performances given in America by the Lyceum Theatre company have been fairly representative of the best that England has to offer in the way of theatrical entertainment. It is pleasant to know that these performances have been abundantly successful from a pecuniary point of view, and that their many artistic qualities have been frankly and fully recognized by the American playgoing public.

As good evidence as one could wish of the hearty welcome and prompt success of Mr. Irving, Miss Terry, and the Lyceum company generally is to be found in the fact that the route of the company had to be rearranged so that a return visit could be paid to the principal cities. The first performances were of course given in New York, and from New York the company went to Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago; and in all these cities a second engagement had to be made at the sacrifice of promised performances in smaller towns. Neither *Hamlet* nor *Much Ado about Nothing* was acted during the original engagement in New York, the four weeks of which were taken up with *The Bells*, *Charles I.*, *The Lyons Mail*, *The Belle's Stratagem*, *Louis XI.*, and *The Merchant of Venice*. It was in Philadelphia that Mr. Irving first acted *Hamlet* in America, and it was in Boston that Mr. Irving and Miss Terry gave their first performances in America in *Much Ado about Nothing*. These two plays were reserved for the second engagement in New York, but such was the immediate and lasting success of *Much Ado about Nothing* that *Hamlet*, although repeatedly announced and as often postponed, was finally abandoned, and Mr. Irving left the United States without having had an opportunity of acting *Hamlet* in the chief city of the New World. There can be no stronger proof of success than this, except the announcement that Miss Terry, Mr. Irving, and the Lyceum company return to America next autumn for another seven months' tour of the United States. There are even rumours afloat that Mr. Irving contemplates the erection of a theatre in New York, and that he may hereafter divide his year between England and America. All English travellers in the United States bear witness to the warmth of their welcome at the hands of the Americans; and it is a rare thing when a traveller has experienced this warm welcome once that he does not long to repeat the experiment. Terrapin and canvas-backs and gumbo are enticing delicacies; and there is perhaps some magic quality in the sparkling water of the Croton Aqueduct in New York, as in the plashing stream of the Trevi Fountain in Rome, to which legend assigns the property of bringing back to taste again and again all who have tasted once. *Qui a bu, boira.*

It is at once amusing and instructive to notice how the American critics passed through the same phases of opinion in regard to Mr. Henry Irving as an actor—from doubt to ardent admiration—which we have seen in the English critics. In London the process of conversion from hostility to respect has sometimes seemed slow and laborious as Mr. Irving appeared in one part after another. In New York the operation was of necessity very much more rapid from the circumstances of the case, play following play in quick succession, and giving no time for adverse opinion to solidify into prejudice. There were doubts after Mr. Irving's first appearance in New York, which was in *The Bells*. These doubts were not wholly and altogether removed after his performance of his next part, *Charles I.* But they slowly resolved themselves away as *The Lyons Mail* and *Louis XI.* followed. It was in these two plays that Mr. Irving made his most pronounced success personally and as an actor in the United States. And of these two plays *Louis XI.* has plainly been the more popular, in spite of its lugubrious thinness, because it affords the actor most striking opportunities, of which he avails himself to the utmost; indeed, we incline to the opinion that it is in this play that Mr. Irving has had his moments of highest achievement in the United States. The popularity of *Louis XI.* is the more remarkable in that Miss Ellen Terry does not appear in it. In *The Lyons Mail*, in the dual character of the Good Man and the Bad Man, Mr. Irving achieved a success second only to his success in *Louis XI.* The only objection we have heard urged against this double performance was to the effect that Mr. Irving's Good Man was so good, so very, very good, that he is altogether too good for this earth, and that, therefore, it is a great artistic blemish to remedy the judicial error, and to spare Lesurques's life when there was so excellent an opportunity of getting rid of him for ever.

In spite of the personal success of Mr. Irving in *The Lyons Mail* and in *Louis XI.*, and in spite of his lesser success in *The Bells* and in *The Belle's Stratagem*, there has been expressed now and again a feeling of regret that he should waste his ingenuity and his high histrionic intelligence on plays of so little significance and of so little value. It is really in the two Shakspearian plays which Mr. Irving produced in New York, in *The Merchant of Venice* and in *Much Ado about Nothing*, that Mr. Irving's extraordinary skill as a manager and as a stage-manager has been seen to its fullest advantage. *The Merchant of Venice* has not been acted of late in New York, save by Mr. Edwin Booth and the strolling company which has lent him inadequate support. The symmetrical and artistic presentment of the play at the Star Theatre by the Lyceum company received instant and ample appreciation at the hands of the public. Even in the best days of Mr. Booth's theatre *The Merchant of Venice* had not been put on the stage in better style, and of a certainty it had not then been better acted in its minor parts, all of direct importance and significance in Shakspeare's comedy. It was at Booth's Theatre, too, that the most recent performances were given in New York of *Much Ado about Nothing*; but, in spite of the vigour and grace of Mr. Booth's Benedick—more robust and more of a roysterer than Mr. Irving's presentation of the character—the earlier production was less effective than the later, because Mr. Irving's company is stronger and more varied than was Mr. Booth's, and more especially because there is in Mr. Irving's company a most charming and winsome representative of Beatrice in the person of Miss Ellen Terry. It is in the fine and rich performance of these two plays—*The Merchant of Venice* and *Much Ado about Nothing*—as we have already said, that the press and public of New York, and indeed of the other chief cities of the United States, have seen the highest achievement of Mr. Irving as a manager; and it is with the greatest interest, therefore, that they look forward to the representation of a third Shakspearian comedy by the Lyceum company. Mr. Irving has already announced his intention of producing *Twelfth Night* during his forthcoming season in London, with Miss Ellen Terry as Viola, and with Mr. Irving himself as Malvolio. After the performances of *Twelfth Night* at the Lyceum Theatre here the scenery and costumes and properties will be sent to America, that the play may be produced there with the same completeness which characterizes all Mr. Irving's revivals in his own theatre. Since the death of Adelaide Neilson the only Viola before the American public has been Mme. Modjeska, whose representation of the part, highly interesting as it was, and highly intelligent as are all the performances of this delightful actress, was, however, quite as un-English and as un-Shakespearian as Signor Salvini's performance of Hamlet. As Malvolio no actor has made any mark of late years, and Mr. Irving's performance of a character rich in unconscious comedy may be anticipated with a pure joy.

The second American tour of Mr. Irving, Miss Terry, and the Lyceum company will begin at Quebec on the last day of September next. The company will appear in Boston for three weeks in October, and again for two weeks in February. It will act in Philadelphia for a fortnight in December, and for a week again in February. And it will appear in New York for four weeks in November, and again for four weeks in March.

ARCHÆOLOGY AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE festival which was celebrated last Tuesday at Cambridge may be truly said to mark an epoch in the history of one of our two greatest Universities. Even in these days of short memories, many who witnessed the opening of the new branch of the Fitzwilliam Museum must have recalled with wonder the spirit which hardly a generation ago would have made such a celebration impossible. It is true that learning, and the dignity of the scholar's life, have never failed to be recognized at Cambridge; but the conception of learning was till a recent time pitiably narrow, when compared with the broad ideas of those who shaped the modern University system of Germany. Still, all intellectual culture has a natural tendency to expand itself. A man who works sincerely even on narrow lines finds, as he gets on in his work, that he lacks something which others have acquired, and which he himself has failed to learn. And he finds that in order to supplement what is wanting in himself he has to go to men whose opinions and associations are widely different from his own. All real thought and study tend to get broader. The objects of all thought and study are so interlaced that no one branch of knowledge can grow far without crossing another. So long as the spirit of investigation is alive, however limited it may at first be in its range, it is certain to move on from one subject to another, and to grow by what it feeds on. There is still undoubtedly much to be done in order to make the studies prosecuted in the older Universities as catholic as we should wish them to be. But it is no longer the case that, in order to find competent instruction in many important branches of knowledge, the English student is forced to leave his native country and to acquire a foreign language. There is still much to be bettered among us, in this respect, as those who have done most to widen the range of our studies are often saying. One still opens a German *Universitäts-Calendar* with a feeling of envy at the manifold opportunities which are offered to the young German of acquiring knowledge of every kind, and, which is not less important, of acquiring it first from one eminent teacher, then from another who perhaps views his subject from a wholly different standpoint, and then again from a third. When once the full significance of this latter aspect of the question is understood we shall assuredly see a change in the habits of University life in this country. As it is, many who have passed through Oxford and Cambridge go abroad and spend a year or two at one or more foreign schools of learning, and do so with the greatest advantage. But want of means and the necessity to begin at once the bread-winning work of life make this impossible for the majority

of students. Still the movement in England is all in the forward direction, and no more striking evidence of it could be found than in the opening of the new adjunct to the Fitzwilliam Museum last Tuesday.

The new building lies near to, and behind, Peterhouse and the Fitzwilliam. The space at the disposal of the architect, Mr. Basil Champneys, was limited, and did not admit of the effect which he has attained in other buildings in Cambridge; but he has made the best and most practical use of it. Beside the lecture-room, in which the opening ceremony was held, stand, on the one hand, the museum of classical and, on the other, that of general archæology. In the former are collected casts of the most important remains of Greek and Roman plastic art now scattered among the many galleries of Europe, including some of the most important of those recently discovered. It is only by means of such collections that ancient sculpture can be properly studied. In none of the great galleries of original works can the development of classical sculpture be half as well seen as in a judicious selection of copies taken from among them all and assembled together on one spot. For teaching purposes such a collection as is now made at Cambridge, and as we hope will be multiplied throughout the country, is indispensable. No reading and no verbal instruction can dispense with the actual sight of a work of art. It must be there before the eye, either in the original or in a fair copy, before we can know anything about it. It is true that a man may learn to talk glibly and plausibly about it by reading and drawing on his fancy. We remember the case of a man who playfully, in the last days of April some years ago, drew up an imaginary critique of the pictures in the Royal Academy for that year. The illusion was perfect. All the familiar qualities of one well-known artist were brought before us. We seemed to see the pictures on the walls; we seemed to admire the discriminative skill of the critic (who was, in fact, no bad judge in such matters) in showing us how here success was attained, and how here the painter had attained and there had fallen short of his high ideal. But none of the pictures were ever really painted. And we can recall another case in which a practised art-critic, without ever having seen it, maintained in a periodical of high reputation the authenticity of a disputed picture of the time of the Renaissance against those who had studied it with care and who held it not to be genuine. So easily does imposture entwine itself with art-criticism. But for a real knowledge, and, we may say, for even an intelligent appreciation, of art, and especially of plastic art, such collections as that just opened at Cambridge are of the first importance. In sculpture the cast far more truly represents the original than all but the very best copies in painting. Owing to the difficulty of reproducing colour and the thousand *nuances* which, in pictorial art, go to make up facial expression, most copies of great pictures only move the resentment of those who love the originals. In sculpture the cast comes far nearer to the original work, and serves only to reawaken the pleasure with which we first saw it. Few, again, of those who love art can see all the chief collections in Europe, and few of those who can are able to carry away in their memories a vivid and exact record of all that they have seen. For the study of classical art, in all its forms and developments, such a collection as this is better than any one of the great galleries of Europe, because it shows in a methodical form, as they cannot do, the course of this art from its earliest to its latest stages.

The opening of the new branch museum passed off most pleasantly. The Vice-Chancellor having called on Professor Colvin to speak, the latter explained at considerable length the history and objects of the new archæological movement at Cambridge; and Mr. James Russell Lowell, who followed in a speech full of tact and brilliance, was able to say, with justifiable pride, that no small share in that movement was due to his countryman, the present director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Dr. Charles Waldstein, who has for four years been working with equal zeal and success in winning for this subject its due recognition in the University. Sir Frederick Leighton spoke for the Royal Academy, and Mr. Newton for the British Museum. The conclusion of his speech, in which he said that one of the things that he had most desired all through his life had that day come to pass, will linger long in the memories of those who heard it. Mr. E. B. Tylor, with a pleasantry fully appreciated by the audience, told them that archæology was after all only a branch of anthropology (on which subject the students at Oxford have now the advantage of his teaching), and threatened them, if they did not behave themselves with propriety towards the greater science, with being squeezed into the last chapter of all books on anthropology. Mr. E. A. Freeman amused, but did not surprise, his audience by suggesting that the Elgin marbles ought to be carried back to Athens, and their place supplied by plaster casts. He would doubtless also denude the National Gallery of all pictures except those by English masters, and have their places taken by copies. These gambols of the learned Professor of History at Oxford were not, however, taken seriously by anybody present. We want in England as many original masterpieces as we can get; but we want also to supply the place of those which we have not, and to multiply those that we have, in order that Greek art may be properly understood. Near as casts can come to the original, there is still a difference between the best copy and the marble as it came from the hands of Phidias. In the interests of Greek art it is good that, while much of the best remains on Greek soil, much also is scattered over Europe. It is thus not only placed in a safety which it would not find in its native home, but it is put within the reach of the world at large. Among others who spoke on Tuesday last at Cambridge may be mentioned the names of Lord Houghton, Professor Jebb, and Dr. Charles Waldstein.

The new branch of the museum, as we have said, is devoted to general as well as classical archæology. The Cambridge Antiquarian Society has here placed what it has gathered of Saxon and Roman remains collected in the districts of Cambridge. Casts from the forgotten cities of Central America taken by Mr. Maudsley are also to be found in the collection, and Baron von Hügel, who will take charge of the general department of archæology, has contributed much material of great interest from the South Sea Islands. The collections, valuable as they are still, are at present only in their infancy. We have only to remember what the British Museum and the National Gallery once were, and what they now are, to see how a movement set on foot with energy and intelligence may develop. The present movement in Cambridge could not be under better guidance than that of those who now lead it. Even at present the objects exhibited in the new building are not by any means all that the Museum owns: and, as time goes on, the diligence and liberality of those interested in archæological research will not fail to add to it fresh treasures. For the present, we can only most heartily congratulate the University on the acquisition which it has made to its educational resources, and trust that more and more every branch of human knowledge may be as well represented in Cambridge as in any other University in the world.

PRINCE KUNG.

ONE of those killing frosts which occur in the career of most statesmen, more especially in Eastern empires, has fallen upon Prince Kung. As to the exact cause of his disgrace, whether it be due to the failure of his negotiations in Tonquin or to the intrigues of his enemies, we have no authoritative statement. We see only the puppets on the stage of Chinese politics, and can but vaguely guess at the forces which pull the wires. Now and again we see a prominent figure struck down; but of how the bolt was forged which laid him low, or whose was the hand which loosed it, we know nothing. Rumour says that peculation and mismanagement of affairs were the principal causes of the Prince's fall, and though these, either separately or conjointly, are good and sufficient grounds for the dismissal of a Minister, yet it is quite possible that they may be but the stalking-horses improvised by his enemies to compass his overthrow. The venality of Chinese mandarins is almost universal, and though Prince Kung has always been held to be comparatively clean-handed, it would doubtless be far from difficult to bring evidence of an itching palm against him. As to the charge of political mismanagement, the course of events in Tonquin is enough to give colour to it, and it is probably this which is weighing him down to the ground.

The report that consciousness of disgrace had induced the Prince to commit suicide is fortunately without foundation. Had it been true, the event would be of the highest importance, as showing that the Prince, and those with whom he had been accustomed to act, believe the political tide running against them to be of such strength that their official careers must be considered as virtually over, and all attempts to stem the current to be useless. The Prince has held office too long, and has been temporarily stripped of his official honours too often, to let a mere turn in the wheel of fortune disturb his mental equilibrium. Twice has the *Peking Gazette* proclaimed to the world his disgrace and deposition, as a warning to proud and ambitious servants of the "Son of Heaven," and as often has he, Antæus-like, risen from his fall stronger than ever.

With the exception of these very brief intervals, the Prince has directed the destinies of the Empire for the last four-and-twenty years. To him belongs the honour of having introduced the new era of international relations which has revived the fortunes of his country, has rendered comparatively powerless the seditious elements in the provinces, and has strengthened the position of the Government in the face of the world. When called from the seclusion of the palace to save, if it were possible, the throne of his brother, the Emperor Heen-fung, he found the armies of England and France marching on Peking, and the Taiping rebels in possession of the richest provinces of the Empire. With true Oriental instinct, he attempted, when first opening negotiations with Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, to cajole them into foregoing their most pressing demands, and was still hoping to succeed when the French troops appeared before the walls of the Summer Palace, which was at that time his residence. This sudden and quite unexpected arrival of the enemy made flight a necessity, and with one or two faithful retainers the Prince scaled the back wall of the palace grounds, and escaped to the mountains, leaving one of his suite behind to watch events. Thus left to his own resources, this officer betook himself to a small pavilion at the back of the grounds. For many hours he remained undisturbed, and when at last he heard footsteps approaching, he lit his pipe in assumed indifference, and turned his chair towards the wall. The first to enter were two Sikh soldiers, who looked round the room in search of valuables, and not finding any, retired without doing more than glancing at the motionless figure in the corner. "And then," to quote the words of the mandarin himself, who related the episode

to the writer, "there came in a French soldier. He also searched the room, and seeing that I was smoking, he took the pipe out of my mouth, and broke off the jade mouthpiece and went his way. I then thought it was time to follow the Prince." This he did, and thus was able to be present on the notable occasion when, on the 24th of October, 1860, the Prince, as the representative of the Emperor, ratified the English and French treaties.

Prior to these events Prince Kung, who is the fifth son of the Emperor Taou-kwang (1821–1851), had led the obscure life of unemployed princes, and it is much to his credit that he was able to sustain with dignity the part of Regent under circumstances of sudden trial and difficulty. At the time of his signature of the treaties the Prince was but twenty-eight years old, and he may be excused, therefore, for having appeared "anxious, hesitating," and "overpowered with fear," when putting his hand to documents which were so big with the fate of his country. Habit, however, soon gave him confidence in dealing with foreign affairs, and though he is reported to have been somewhat addicted to the pleasant vices, he devoted himself with untiring diligence to the study of international questions. At this time his position was one of unusual difficulty. His brother, the Emperor, was surrounded at Jehol by advisers whose main endeavour was to upset the treaties, while at Peking he was daily confronted by the Ministers of England and France, who showed no disposition to forego any of the privileges which had been wrung from the Chinese with so much squeezing. So long as the Emperor's health remained sufficiently good to enable him to direct affairs Prince Kung's influence was strong enough to induce him to support the treaties; but when, in the following year (1861), "he ascended on a dragon to be a guest on high," the position of the Prince and his colleagues became one of imminent peril. Already a decree had appeared which purported to have been issued by the dying Emperor, by which his only son, Tsai Ch'un, aged six years, was proclaimed the heir-apparent, and eight of the most pronounced enemies of Prince Kung were nominated to form a Council of State. In these ominous circumstances the Prince hastened to Jehol to attempt to win the Empress over to his views. In this he was successful; and, supported by the seventh prince, Prince Ch'un, who is now said to have supplanted him, and other Ministers, he was able to hold his own until the arrival at Peking of the newly-enthroned boy-Emperor in the November of the same year. On the approach of the Imperial *cortège* the Prince went out to greet his nephew, and was met by the members of the Council, who refused to allow him to enter the presence. The Prince however, strong in the support of the Empress, threatened to fight his way in with his escort if his path were barred. The Councillors, surprised and cowed, allowed him to pass, and he entered the capital in the company of the Emperor. The supreme moment had now arrived when the power, and even the life, of the Prince were to be thrown into the balance with those of his enemies. The slightest hesitation at this crisis would have enabled his opponents to grind him to powder; but he showed no sign of flinching. On the first assembling of the Council he entered the chamber and read to the astonished Ministers a decree prepared by Prince Ch'un under the direction of the Empress, in which the listeners were accused of having, by their "vicious policy," entailed on the country the miseries of war and its attendant evils, of having shown a disobedient and rebellious spirit towards the Empress Regent, and of having hastened the end of the Emperor by preventing his return to Peking. After detailing these high crimes and misdemeanours, the decree sentenced the three principal offenders, Prince I, Prince Ching, and Su Shun, to be stripped of their official rank, and the other Ministers to the loss of their councillorships. Having read this document, the Prince put to his audience the crucial question whether they meant to submit to the mandate or not. Unprepared for an act of open rebellion, the Councillors answered in the affirmative, and, leaving the chamber, hurried to the palace to remonstrate with the Empress. They evidently had not realized that their strength had gone from them, and by their protest to the Empress they filled up the full measure of their official guilt. The ringleaders, Prince I, Prince Ching, and their colleague Su Shun, who was on the road to the capital, escorting the body of the late Emperor, were forthwith ordered to be arrested. The first two were at once seized, and Prince Ch'un and Prince Jui were sent to effect the arrest of Su Shun. It was commonly believed that this man was the prime mover in the political intrigue against Prince Kung, and that it was mainly he who had led the Emperor into the debauched habits which shortened his life. He himself was notoriously an evil liver, and the sum of his iniquities was complete when Prince Ch'un on entering his chamber was confronted with the most unmistakable evidence that, even when performing the solemn duty of escorting the Emperor's remains, he was accompanied by his harem.

In China there is no room for compromises in an emergency of this kind. It was a duel to the death, and Prince Kung could only be safe from his enemies when they were in their graves. Fortunately he could depend on powerful official support, and at the same time the popular voice in the capital was loud against his opponents. In these circumstances it may well be imagined that the trial of the three culprits had little to do with their fate. Their sentences were already prepared, and after a short shrift the two princes were strangled in their cells, and Su Shun was beheaded like a common malefactor on the public execution ground.

Prince Kung appeared now to be firmly seated in power, and the suppression of the Taiping rebellion added lustre to his administration. But his success brought with it disgrace. The power he had been able to wield with the assistance of foreigners alarmed the Empresses Regent—the mother of the young Emperor had been associated with the Dowager Empress in the Regency—who, having experienced the lengths to which ambitious, headstrong Ministers might go, saw, or fancied they saw, in the Prince "an arrogance and a disposition to overrate his own importance" which required checking. The Chinese world was therefore suddenly informed, through the columns of the *Peking Gazette*, that the Regents had deemed it advisable to dismiss the Prince from office. Then followed negotiations, apologies, and explanations such as are probably now passing between the palace and the Prince's residence; and at the end of a few weeks a decree was issued restoring him to his former office, at the same time warning him "not to forget the remorse and contrition felt this day." From this time foreign questions began to usurp the importance formerly belonging to domestic affairs. The French Minister paid frequent visits to the Foreign Office to complain of outrages committed on Roman Catholic priests and their converts in outlying provinces of the Empire, and questions of trade furnished materials for brisk correspondence between the English Legation and the Yamun. These international difficulties were concisely summed up in Prince Kung's valedictory speech to Sir Rutherford Alcock, which concluded with these words:—"If you would only take with you to Europe your missionaries and your opium, there would be no more trouble in China." The Tientsin massacre, which occurred a year later, bore striking evidence to the reality of one at least of these causes of trouble in China; and it required all the tact and wisdom the Prince had at his command to prevent armed reprisals for the murder of the French consul, priests, and Sisters of Charity. It was on the occasion of these negotiations that a divergence of views between the Princes Kung and Ch'un first became apparent. Ch'un sympathized with the rioters; but, fortunately for China, he had not then sufficient power to make his support of much value to his *proteges*. On the audience question, also, he is credited with having strenuously opposed the admission of the foreign Ministers into the Imperial presence without the introductory *kotow*. On these and other practical political questions Prince Kung successfully withstood him; but he has not been, and in a country like China no Minister can be, beyond the reach of private personal malice. Possibly out of revenge for their defeat on the audience question, Prince Ch'un and his confederates in 1874 induced the young Emperor Tung-che to degrade Kung on the charge of having used "language in very many respects unbecoming." But it is a noticeable fact that, though in China the backstair influence of hostile courtiers may be sufficiently strong to inflict temporary checks on Ministers, it is only when the honour of the country has been sacrificed and her territories snatched from her that their fall implies ruin and disgrace. This makes the difference between the degradation of Prince Kung just spoken of, which lasted only twenty-four hours, and the present crisis through which his political fate is passing. He alone has been ultimately responsible to the country for the negotiations with regard to Tonquin. That he has been unsuccessful in his policy there cannot be a doubt; and a weapon has thus been placed in the hands of his enemies which they well know how to use. That Li Hung-chang is, as has been reported, using his influence in the Prince's favour goes without saying, as these statesmen—the most enlightened in China—have acted together through all the phases of the Tonquin question. In fact, the struggle now going on within the palace walls is a struggle between light and darkness, between an intelligent foreign policy and a return to the dark days of political seclusion and contempt for the foreigner.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.—II.

TAKING the pictures at the Grosvenor in the order of the Catalogue, the first to be noticed is Mr. Robert Bateman's "In the Sacristy" (4), a study of marble and other "properties" of considerable power. A deacon in a cassock is drawing water from a Renascence fountain to wash the sacred vessels. In front is a well-painted group of flowers. Mr. Bateman excels in flower-painting. In the small room he has a "Geranium and Great Master Wort" (344), which is a marvel of imitative art. Mr. E. J. Gregory's "Startled" (9) is the view of a sandy bank covered with underwood, from which a child has frightened a very shadowy rabbit. Mr. Gregory only contributes one other picture, also a landscape, "Marlow Backwater" (151), and we look in vain for one of his figure studies, or even a portrait, either here or at the Academy, where he is represented by a single picture, "Intruders" (178), swans and children, in which also landscape is predominant. It is impossible to say anything in praise of Mr. Robert Browning's large and empty landscape, "From an Islet in the Valley of the Mause" (12). Nor is it easy to admire his coarse and vulgar statue, "Dryope fascinated by Apollo in the form of a Serpent." According to Mr. Browning, Apollo admired a short, stout, thick-waisted woman, with a hideous face. We do not intend to deny the power of the artist in modelling, but only to find fault with his taste. Mrs. Tadema's "Birthday" (18), a group of children assembled at, presumably, mamma's door, is hardly so satisfactory as "Tiny Elizabeth, you must not leave us" (19), in which properties and pathos are mingled with great

B

skill. The sick child and its anxious mother would be enough to touch the feelings, without the beautifully inlaid bedstead and the embroidery and silk. Altogether this is a charming little picture, over which it would be but too easy to linger. Mr. Boughton's "Cutting Herbage—Brabant" is not so interesting as his stirring and dramatic view in the Royal Academy, thus described in the Catalogue:—"A village below the sand dunes; high tide; breach making in the dyke, Island of Walcheron" (458). The frightened villagers, hurrying in the teeth of the wind from their houses, actually below the sea-level, and the great waves and heavy sky, are admirably represented, and stand quite apart from any other work that we remember by Mr. Boughton.

Returning to the Grosvenor Gallery, we observe a very fine study of the nude by Mr. W. H. Bartlett, "Soft Persuasion" (24), two children on a sandy shore, the elder endeavouring to induce her little sister to take the plunge. His "Hauling Canta—Coast of Cornwall" (78) is more a landscape than a figure-picture. Mr. Wegnelin's "Bath" (28) is not so pleasing a study as "Persuasion," but firmly drawn and brightly coloured. Mr. Napier Hemy contributes a powerful sea-piece, "Tipping a Shrimp Trawl" (29). As this artist puts off the peculiarities of his early years he emerges with great knowledge and ease. The technical part of this picture is simply marvellous. His "Trammel Net Catch" (99), at the other end of the room, is also very good. We have already mentioned with praise Mr. Calderon's exquisite "Aphrodite" (38), which occupies the place of honour at the end of the Large Room. It is flanked by two important portraits. Mr. Holl's "James Spicer, Esq." (33), and Mr. Herkomer's portrait of Mr. Parker, M.P. (42), are both solid and satisfactory; but, on the whole, commonplace, as are many of the portraits this year, both here and at the Academy, and especially those of Mr. Herkomer. His great picture of this year is in the latter exhibition and will disappoint his admirers. To our eyes it appears not only an unpleasant subject unpleasantly treated, but it is not equally finished. It represents the miseries of German emigrants landing in America, and is entitled "Pressing to the West—a Scene in Castle Garden, New York" (1546). The face of a sick woman on the left is fine, but a baby which crawls across the floor is only half-painted, and several other figures are similarly mere sketches, or even less. Mr. Herkomer's contributions to the Royal Academy number four, all but this one portraits; and to the Grosvenor Gallery he sends five, all portraits. Mr. Schmaltz, an artist of great promise, seems also to draw too largely on his resources. He has here three highly finished pictures—the "Queen of the May" (43), "Felice" (141), and "All is Vanity" (142). The second of these is the most pleasing, being a small but very complete portrait of the lady who figures in most of his pictures. "All is Vanity" contrasts badly with Mrs. Alma Tadema's sick child. Mr. Schmaltz surrounds his subject with everything that wealth can give, health only being desired. It is a painful and unpleasing picture. At the Academy Mr. Schmaltz has two pictures, one of them a very ambitious failure, "Too Late!" (827), which represents a dead girl on a bed, against the light, and her father, or husband, in a fantastic costume suggestive of Danes and Vikings, coming in at the door, and staggering in horror. The light and shade are well managed, and the whole effect is impressive to a certain extent, but not very far; and it is evident from the details that Mr. Schmaltz has exceeded his powers, and has much yet to learn. "All is Vanity" is hung at the Grosvenor over one of Mr. Alma Tadema's portraits of which we made mention last week, and does not bear the comparison. Mr. Strudwick is another disappointing painter. It is not pleasant to find fault, yet in "The Ten Virgins" (45) we see such an evident striving after Mr. Burne Jones, and such a complete failure to reach anything like his level, that it would be wrong not to record it. There is much to admire in the picture. The landscape is excellent, the figures very graceful. But, just to point to a single item in the sum of shortcomings which abound in the picture, let us look for a moment at the brickwork of the house. Those are not real bricks, and look like the painted sides of a child's Noah's Ark. Mr. Strudwick should study the highly-finished wall and arch in Mr. Fahey's "Love Sett" (93). Had Mr. Burne Jones painted such a subject, his bricks would have been portraits as well as his figures. Mr. Strudwick's second picture is much prettier. It is called "A Story Book" (193), and has a lovely Italian landscape background, while the figures are not unpleasing, especially the dancing group in the middle distance.

"The Indenture" (55), by Mr. Cyrus Johnson, represents a mother apprenticing her son to a London merchant. The scene is well worked out, the details being of what is now called the Queen Anne period. The picture is small and highly finished. We have already noticed Mr. Millais's fine portraits of Lady Campbell. No 57 was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1869, a child in white seated on a Japanese pottery garden seat; No. 62 was painted very lately, and shows the young lady grown up. Mr. Alfred Parsons's "Meadows by the Avon" (60) is a good and warmly sunny landscape. Mr. Hughes shows two of the decorative panels in which he so greatly excels, "Peaches" (63) and "Blackberries and Haws" (75), and, in addition, he has in the other room a wonderful picture, on a silvered ground, "The Song of the Seabirds" (185). Every one who has taken a voyage remembers how the gulls sometimes crowd the air in the wake of a ship, and fly across each other and up and down in confusion, sometimes approaching quite close and at others lagging far behind. This familiar scene Mr. Hughes has contrived to catch with great skill, but why he should not have put in the natural background of sea and sky, does not appear. Mr. Orchardson's "Farmer's Daughter" (85) is mannered and unnatural. We must praise Mr. Rooke's careful little portrait of Miss Honor Brooke (91). The Countess Feodora Gleichen sends a very good "Study of a Donkey's Head" (92). Mr. Sydney Hall's "Descent upon Italy" (96) shows a soldier, in what passes on the stage as ancient armour of an uncertain period, "tobogganing" down a mountain. It would take more power of drawing and painting than Mr. Hall shows in this picture to make such a subject pleasant. The same artist sends also portraits of the three youthful Princesses of Wales (231), which is poor and flat and unflattering. We cannot find any fault with Mr. Caldecott's sketch of "A Young Hussar" (101), except that it is only a sketch. Mr. Prinsep's "Little Bookworm" is a very pretty study. A little girl in deep mourning sits on a footstool in a library in full side-face, and pores over a large book. The flesh-colour is very delicate, and the subdued tone of the picture is in pleasant contrast to the crude reds and greens in which Mr. Prinsep usually delights. We have noticed already most of Mr. John Collier's portraits here, but not that of Mrs. Peck (95), a lady standing before a light-blue silk curtain, a masterpiece of drapery-painting. Mr. Burne Jones's decorative square picture of Daphne is entitled a "Wood Nymph" (104), and is very harmonious. It is impossible not to think of two pictures of very much the same size, shape, and subject by Mr. Rooke which hang in the outer room, "Daphne Flying from the Sun" (229), a study in violet and green; and "Clytie Turning Towards the Sun" (240), a study in scarlet and green; both of which would be more satisfactory but for the unusual and striking ugliness of the faces. Over Mr. Jones's "Nymph" is a curious half-empty canvas, by Mr. G. F. Watts (105), "Rain Passing Away." The great white cloud is gradated and brought to a point of highest light in a way perfectly marvellous. Mr. Watts also sends five pictures hung together. The portrait of Lord Salisbury (132) is the most satisfactory, and that of Lord Lytton (134) rather less so. We confess to caring very little for "Ulda" (133), for "Alice" (136), or for "The Happy Warrior" (135), all more or less allegorical, and at the same time more or less incomplete. Mr. George Howard's two landscapes are full of rich colour, and assert themselves even among so many figure-pictures. "The Walls of Rome" (108) is very small; too small, perhaps, to do justice to a great subject. "The Rookery" (116) is much larger, and shows a great advance on any work of Mr. Howard's we have yet seen. Miss Dorothy Tennant, in her "Naiad" (118), is more like M. Henner than ever; but her "Broken-hearted" (140) is very feeling and delicate, only it is a question if such pictures should ever be painted. Mr. Lehmann sends several pictures, both of figures and landscape, the most interesting being, perhaps, a portrait of Miss Amelia Lehmann (107), which shows how soon the influence of the Reynolds Exhibition has begun to tell. The same must be said of Mr. Sant's very pretty portrait of the sister of the present Duke of Portland (120). Such are the chief pictures in the Large Room of the Grosvenor; but our remarks should be closed by an apology for not noticing everything, or nearly everything. There are pictures in particular by Mrs. Jopling, Sir Robert Collier, Mr. Topham, and some others which we could easily dwell on. In the other rooms are many fine works, to which we hope to return on a future occasion.

THE ORIENTAL BANK FAILURE.

THE failure of the Oriental Bank Corporation was not unexpected, though it was hardly looked for so soon after the general meeting of shareholders. The Corporation was one of the very earliest of the Eastern banks, and it quickly obtained a very large and highly profitable business. At the time of the American Civil War the price of its shares on which 25*l.* was paid, there being a reserve liability of 25*l.* more, was as high as 70*l.*, and dividends of 20 per cent. were distributed. In consequence the credit of the bank stood so high that deposits were poured into it in perplexing amounts. The Eastern trade was then much smaller than it is now, and the bank found it difficult to employ in legitimate banking business the whole of the deposits attracted to it. The directors were tempted, therefore, to extend unduly the field of their operations. They covered with branches, agencies, and sub-agencies India, China, Japan, Ceylon, and the Mauritius; they also extended their operations to South Africa, Australia, and even South America. In the nature of things a business so widely distributed could not be properly superintended from the head office in London, and a wide discretion had to be accorded to local managers. Very often the discretion was not well used. The principles of banking are very simple, but in practice a bank manager requires to be prudent and cautious. Prudence and caution are scarce qualities, and they are especially difficult to secure in subordinate positions in such climates as those of India and China. But, unless managers have been trained in the East in subordinate positions, they want the experience that fully qualifies them for their position. Not seldom, therefore, the managers were hardly fitted for the posts they occupied, and they entered upon risks that proved disastrous. The Directors themselves also committed serious mistakes. Not only did they unduly extend the field of their operations, until the control of the bank practically passed out of their hands, but they engaged in a kind of business which is not strictly banking

business at all. For example, they brought out loans for the Chilian Government. This is a kind of business that properly belongs to houses such as Messrs. Rothschilds and Messrs. Baring, but not to a joint-stock bank. The transaction proved an unfortunate one. The war between Chili and Peru caused a heavy fall in Chilian bonds; and, as the loans brought out by the bank were not fully subscribed for by the public, it was left with a large amount of the stock upon its hands. This stock depreciated seriously during the war; and, in deference to the outcry of the shareholders, the Directors sold it at a heavy loss at the very most unfavourable moment, when Chilian credit was unduly depressed by a naval defeat.

Misfortunes aggravated the effects of mismanagement. The fall in the value of silver caused by the demonetization of silver in Germany and the discovery of rich silver mines in America caused a heavy depreciation in all the securities held by the bank abroad. The bank, it will be understood, raised its capital and borrowed most of its deposits here at home in gold, and it invested both capital and deposits chiefly in securities valued in silver in the East. When, therefore, the value of the rupee fell from 1*s.* 10½*d.* to 1*s.* 7½*d.*, all silver securities fell in the like proportion, and some of them fell in a much greater proportion. As long as the capital so employed remained in the East, it is true that the depreciation was of no practical moment, but whenever it became necessary to bring back capital employed in the East, the loss made itself heavily felt. If the Directors at that time had been wise, they would at once have written down the value of their silver securities to the current value of the day; but they postponed doing so until the loss assumed very large proportions. Another circumstance which aggravated their position was the coffee disease in Ceylon. At one time the bank did a very profitable business in Ceylon, the coffee industry being highly prosperous. But, partly in consequence of a disease in the coffee-plant, and partly because of the rapid extension of coffee cultivation in Brazil, the coffee industry in Ceylon became depressed, and the losses of the bank were very severe. The bank advanced largely both upon produce and upon the security of the coffee plantations, with the result that in many cases it had to foreclose and take possession of the properties. These have since cost it much money to keep in working order, and have proved entirely unprofitable. As the bank could find no independent purchasers of these plantations, it founded a Company, called the Ceylon Company, for the purpose of taking them over and gradually realizing; but the Company has been unfortunate almost from the outset. The capital has been called up and spent, and the Company for years has been kept alive only by the Oriental Bank; as a matter of course, it has failed as soon as the Oriental Bank suspended payment. In Mauritius also the bank was very unfortunate. The great industry there is sugar, and, as we explained last week, the price of sugar has been steadily going down for years past until it is lower now than it has ever been known to be. The losses in consequence by the bank have been very large. In South Africa likewise, owing to the political disturbances that have prevailed there for years past, the bank lost heavily. At the late meeting of shareholders the chairman estimated the total amount "locked up" in Ceylon, Mauritius, and South Africa at about two millions sterling; in other words, it has sunk money there to that amount in properties which cannot be sold, though probably at some future time they may prove to be very valuable.

The Directors postponed recognizing facts as long as possible, but the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank at length forced them to look their situation in the face. Since then they have been energetically endeavouring to repair past mistakes. They have admitted and made provision for the depreciation of capital invested in silver securities; they have acknowledged fully the unsaleable character of their holdings in Ceylon, Mauritius, and South Africa; and they have contracted greatly the field of their operations. They retired altogether from South Africa, making over their business to a new bank started for the purpose, which, however, did not take upon itself any of the liabilities of the Oriental Bank Corporation. They have closed several agencies and sub-agencies, and, we believe, also some branches; and, generally, they have restricted their business as much as possible. Lastly, they have cut down expenses in a most rigorous manner. It may be doubted whether they have not gone too far in this latter respect. It is to be feared that by reducing their staff they seriously crippled the efficiency of the bank, and led perhaps to further losses which might have been avoided had the bank been fully manned. Some months ago the Directors came to the conclusion that even these measures were not enough, and they promoted a Bill in Parliament to enable them to reduce by one-half their subscribed capital. The capital actually paid up amounts to one million and a half sterling, and the Directors admitted that the unrealizable assets abroad amount to about two millions sterling. They estimate, however, that these assets, though unrealizable at present, will in the long run prove to be of the full value at which they are now estimated, and they considered, therefore, that if they made a provision for a possible depreciation of 25 per cent., they would have done all that at the worst would be requisite. By cutting down, therefore, the capital to three-quarters of a million sterling, they were enabled to propose to write off half a million sterling as possible depreciation of the assets held abroad, leaving them another quarter of a million to provide against the depreciation of silver securities. Unfortunately, the full disclosures that they had to make alarmed both shareholders and depositors. So late as the middle of January last the shares were selling at about 13*l.*; they fell, however, last month to 5*l.*; and though they rallied for awhile, they again fell on the eve of the suspension. This steady fall to about a fifth of the actual paid-up amount of the shares, and to about a fifteenth of the market value of the shares twenty years ago, showed that there was no chance of raising additional capital. The bank could not be kept alive, as the chairman admitted at the last meeting, without some new capital, and when the shareholders were anxious to get out of their liabilities even at the sacrifice of 20*l.* out of every 25*l.* paid, it was clear that they could not be induced to subscribe additional capital. And if the shareholders would do nothing to keep the bank alive, it was not probable that the outside public would come to their relief. Similarly, the depositors at last got alarmed. At the end of December last the deposits still amounted to 6,696,938*l.*, which was within about three and a half millions sterling of the amount in 1879. It will be seen that up to the end of last year the confidence of the depositors had been wonderfully sustained, considering the alarming rumours that have prevailed in the City during the past six years. But when the full statement of the bank's affairs came out, the depositors at length got alarmed, and the withdrawals assumed very large proportions. At the meeting on April 24 the chairman said that every fall in the shares was telegraphed out from London to the East, and that immediately deposits were withdrawn. These withdrawals at length became so serious that, coupled with the fall in the shares, the directors came to the conclusion they had no course before them but to close their doors. There is talk even now of resuscitating the bank under a new name; but we fear there is little chance of carrying the proposal into effect. Long before a new bank can be founded the business of the old one will have passed to other institutions; and it is not likely that either the existing shareholders or the outside public will be willing to invest money in founding a new Eastern bank. In the meantime the opinion of the City is that large numbers of the existing shareholders will be unable to pay the calls to be made upon them, and that, in consequence, the solvent shareholders will have to pay the full 25*l.* per share to which they are liable. At the end of December last the total liabilities of the bank to the public amounted to nine and three-quarters millions sterling, and a little over one and a half millions more were due to the shareholders, making the total liabilities eleven and a quarter millions sterling. On the other side of the account, bills of exchange amounted to about two and a quarter millions sterling, bills and notes to 2,900,000*l.*, and loans and advances to 3,470,000*l.* How much of these are readily realizable it is impossible to say. The chairman may have been quite right in estimating that the unsaleable assets did not exceed two millions sterling, supposing that the bank had been able to hold its ground and to continue working. But, now that the bank has suspended, it may not be possible to realize at once much of what the chairman considered good. All this, however, is for the present only speculation. It will be a considerable time before the actual state of affairs can be ascertained. In the meanwhile it is much to be desired that the liquidation should be taken out of the hands of the official liquidator and entrusted to some of the officials of the bank, with a strong committee of inspection. They would understand the whole business, and would have local knowledge as well as experience. They could therefore conduct the liquidation more expeditiously and more cheaply than an official liquidator could.

THE RIVALS AT THE HAYMARKET—*DEVOTION* AT THE COURT.

ADVERTISEMENTS in the daily papers have for some time past set forth, and a paragraph in the play-bill repeats, with what desire Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero have been actuated in arranging *The Rivals* for production at the Haymarket. They have been guided by "a desire to heighten the effect of the Author's play without encumbering its action." Their desire is certainly not fulfilled. On the contrary, they have lowered the effect of the author's play to an extent which is really remarkable, considering how good a play it is; and they have encumbered the action so lamentably that the action more than once breaks down under the load of encumbrances and entirely ceases. "For this arrangement of the comedy Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero are jointly responsible," we are advised, and we must add that their responsibility is a heavy one. It is not demanded that Sheridan's work should be treated with reverential regard. "A few transpositions in the dialogue and some variations of locality" might have been excused or justified if the transpositions and variations did not totally destroy the coherence of the plot and the gaiety of the action. What we object to are transpositions which weaken the comedy and variations of locality which make it absurd. Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero recognized one grand object when they set about the task of arranging *The Rivals*—which, after all, Sheridan had himself arranged with some dramatic aptitude, though the two people in question do not think so. The episodes might be inverted, the thread of the story tangled, the characters blurred, what the author made natural might be made preposterous, if only the grand object could be attained—a way found "to avoid

shifting the scenes in view of the audience." But why should not scenes be so shifted? The play is of more importance than the setting. Sheridan left behind him an admirable comedy, carried on by just a dozen personages through a number of most diverting scenes, in which dialogue and incident are of equal excellence. A shifting of scenes is occasionally indispensable; but Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero evince a curious preference for dropping a curtain, instead of "letting down" or "running on" a view of a street in Bath or of the North Parade, and the author is made subservient to the scene-painter or the stage-carpenter. We are far from denying or questioning the completeness with which the two gentlemen who are responsible have pursued their mistaken path. We are ready to believe implicitly that the very under-clothing of the sedan-chairmen who appear in the first act is copied from the best authorities; that the oil in the lamp of the watchman who crosses the stage, and says that it is "past eight o'clock and a fine night" is some ante-paraffin compound which was generally adopted more than a hundred years ago. The curtsey which the flower-girls make as they offer bouquets to the passengers who have just alighted from the coach may be, and very likely is, a most exact reproduction of the curtsey of the period. We do not doubt that the pole-hook and terrets which the ostler is cleaning at the end of the stable-yard are off a veritable coach. Our only complaint lies in the fact that all these incidents of which the first act is mainly composed have nothing to do with Sheridan's comedy of *The Rivals*, which the management has undertaken to produce. The first act of the play, before Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero heightened the effect, was really an excellent piece of construction. Fag, Captain Absolute's servant, and the innominate Coachman who had driven Sir Anthony to Bath, met and discussed the situation; that is to say, they put the plot in train, stated why all the characters have met in the city, described Jack's father—"hasty in everything, or it would not be Sir Anthony Absolute"—and gave the cue as to Lydia Languish. Then Julia and Lydia meet. Lydia explains how her ridiculous old aunt has fallen absolutely in love with an Irish baronet, and how she carries on a correspondence with him under a feigned name, a Delia or a Celia. The silly old woman and Sir Anthony then discuss their project of the marriage between Jack and Lydia; so that when the curtain falls, the interest has been started and the diverting complications of the plot set going. But this was only poor Sheridan's crude idea. The effect had not been heightened to the elevation of the Bancroft-Pinero standard. Fag and the Coachman do meet, it is true, in the version which this pair of very responsible gentlemen have been so good as to amend; but their conversation is so hampered by black boys, sedan-chairmen, watchmen, ostlers, flower-girls, and others, that the dialogue goes for nothing. One never knows whether the librarian or the fruiterer will not speak next, and so attention is not concentrated on the explanatory sentences. Then Lydia's maid, Lucy, comes from the library, and gives a letter to the gentleman who is recognized by experienced playgoers as Sir Lucius. But at this period, in the new version, Lydia has not told the story of her aunt's folly, the spectator has not been permitted to see the "old weather-beaten she-dragon" who writes love-letters signed "Delia." The fun of the idea when Lucy delivers her epistle to Sir Lucius is therefore completely lost; for Lucy's identity is not obvious, and how thoroughly the needy Irish baronet, who believes himself to be corresponding with Lydia, is being befooled is not suggested. Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero are wrong in supposing that the guaranteed accuracy of the cut of the Coachman's breeches—from researches made in Bath and in the British Museum—compensates for the loss of all Sheridan's rare humour.

The absurdities continue. No scene is changed in view of the audience; let that be granted for what it is worth. But, to avoid such changes of scene, we not only find Acres writing his challenge to "Beverley" in the New Rooms—in a chamber most thoughtfully vacated by the visitors to the Spa—but actually Sir Anthony and Mrs. Malaprop arrange the match between the young people, and the lovers themselves are brought together, in the public apartment. All this should, of course, take place in Mrs. Malaprop's lodgings. Why should not half a score of men stalk into the tea-room where the pair of elders and pair of young people are assembled? Did Mr. Bancroft persuade Mr. Pinero that this did not matter, or did Mr. Pinero assure Mr. Bancroft that they were heightening the effect at this juncture? Let us see how they proceed to carry out the most desirable object of not encumbering the action. Sir Anthony in the highest spirits (we are speaking of Sheridan's Sir Anthony, not of Mr. Pinero's), having, as he supposes, smoothed the lovers' way and seen all well, declares that he "should like to have a little fooling" himself, and gaily hands Mrs. Malaprop off, singing as he goes. The stage direction says (LYDIA *sits sullenly in her chair*), and then follows, or rather then should follow, an admirable comedy scene between the lovers. Lydia is indignant that there is to be no elopement after all; Captain Absolute pleads that "a little wealth and comfort may be endured." The whole situation is in the truest feeling of comedy; but Mr. Bancroft thought the effect of it wanted heightening. So there is an awkward pause. Silence for a moment reigns supreme. The curtains which divide the room where Jack Absolute and Lydia are seated from a room behind are drawn; a number of guests who have all too obviously been waiting their cue throng in, and a gavotte is danced. The principals cannot be left out, so the lovers forget their quarrel. Sheridan is put aside, and Mr. D'Auban for the time completely supplants him; Mr. D'Auban, it must be added for the benefit of those who have an acquaintance with English dramatic literature, but are less versed in the *personnel* of the pantomime stage, being responsible for the arrangement of the dances. The gavotte itself is graceful and quaintly pretty; but is it not absurd—cannot even Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero see that it is absurd?—thus to interrupt one of the most vital scenes of the comedy, and not only to interrupt it, but entirely to destroy its significance, by causing the lovers who were on the eve of quarrelling to patch up a truce and postpone the expression of their feelings till Mr. D'Auban gives the signal for the resumption of Sheridan?

This resumption, it should be distinctly understood, is as far as the players can resume it, and for the most part this is but a very little way. We were about to remark that Mr. Pinero's Sir Anthony was ludicrous, but this would be to imply that it was to some extent laughable, and such an implication would be very wrong. There is not a shade of reality in his passion. Instead of the bluff, unctuous, hearty old man with all his violent impulses on the surface, Mr. Pinero shows a dapper reflective little person, who bears no sort of resemblance to Sir Anthony. When Fag declared that the old baronet was "hasty in everything, or it would not be Sir Anthony Absolute," he made an excellent criticism. The personage presented is not hasty in everything, and it is not Sir Anthony Absolute. How utterly Mr. Pinero misconceives the character he endeavours to play is best shown in the scene where Sir Anthony enters looking "plaguy gruff," as his son says, and begins with the speech "No; I'll die sooner than forgive him! Die, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him"—how every line shows the spirit and self-will of the brave old baronet! He continues, "He's anybody's son for me. I never will see him more—never—never—never—never!" Will it be believed that as Mr. Pinero utters these "nevers" he adopts a soft, pathetic tone, as if picturing to himself a deserted, childless old age? Beyond this, misconception surely cannot go. Mr. Forbes-Robertson makes Captain Absolute a prim and peaceful young gentleman. One feels that his conduct in every relation of life would be exemplary. He makes a mistake, perhaps, in sitting down while his father is standing, for in that ceremonious age a son would not have seated himself while his father stood; but this is a minor matter. The whole performance, indeed, is very minor, if the phrase be allowed. Fag again (Mr. Elliot) is not as formal as a servant would have been. He leans easily on the back of a chair while talking to his master, and a servant, even if admitted to his master's confidence, would have preserved a bearing of respect. Mr. Bancroft and Mrs. Bernard-Beere make the scenes between Faulkland and Julia as little tedious as possible. These parts are well done; and Mr. Brookfield's David is a careful bit of character-acting, thrust into no undue prominence, and therefore the more effective. His dialect is faultlessly preserved. Mr. Alfred Bishop is somewhat faint and feeble as Sir Lucius; but Mr. Lionel Brough's Bob Acres is, with Mrs. Stirling's well-known and altogether excellent Mrs. Malaprop, the salvation of the comedy. We have seen it stated that Mr. Brough is too boorish and extravagant; but we certainly do not think that he was so on the first night of the play. He was, at any rate, irresistibly comic; and if at times he became grotesque, a country squire a century since may well have been such a figure as is here presented, while the stage directions at times oblige Acres to be farcical. It was curious to note how, when Mr. Brough and Mrs. Stirling appeared, the audience stirred from a condition of semi-somnolence, and laughed heartily: and, oddly enough, these were the passages the effect of which Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero had not heightened. We see, on reference to the playbill, that Miss Calhoun played Lydia Languish. It made no sort of impression on us, and we have really forgotten what her Lydia was like, beyond a general notion that it was not much like Lydia. On his first appearance Mr. Bancroft was hooted by a number of roughs in the gallery because they had arrived at the theatre before the hour announced for the opening of the doors, and had been caught in the rain. As the victim of so stupid an insult, we sympathize heartily with the manager. As regards the comedy, however, we sincerely trust that Mr. Bancroft may never again be actuated by a desire to heighten the effect of any standard play, and that he will abjure the fatal assistance of Mr. Pinero.

Devotion, as Mr. Dion Boucicault, junior, calls his adaptation of MM. Lockroy and Badou's *Un Duel sous Richelieu*, is one of the many plays of French feeling and origin in which the three familiar figures of French romance—husband, wife, and lover—fill the principal places. The work is more than half a century old; indeed, it was in 1842 that Donizetti's opera *Maria di Rohan*, founded on the story, was first produced, at Vienna. There are some fine moments in the play, which, however, the adapter has not improved by the invention of a first act, showing what could be readily explained and what in a few sentences is explained in Lockroy's piece; for to Lockroy alone *Un Duel sous Richelieu* was originally attributed. In this first act we have the marriage of Marie de Monbazon to the Duc de Chevreuse, whom she respects, but does not love; and the return of the Comte de Chalais, to whom her heart was given, but who has been parted from her by ill-fortune. It is a piece of sadly crude construction which brings the lovers together by making Chalais walk in unexpectedly just before the bride leaves the church, by herself to stroll about the grounds of the château some time before the completion of the marriage service. This was the bad old fashion of an earlier day, to invent the

"situation" and take no thought as to how it might reasonably be brought about. In this act much is seen of the young Abbé de Gondi, whose ambition it is to be unfrocked in order that he may marry a certain Mlle. Geneviève; and the flippant young priest is the motive power of the work, for it is he who whispers scandal of the Duchesse de Chevreuse. Chalais indignantly contradicts the slander, and thence follows the challenge to the duel between Gondi and Chalais, that gave the name to the original work. It is a merit of *Devotion* that it increases in strength as it progresses. The complications of the third act are notably ingenious. Chalais, the King's favourite, has for a time supplanted Richelieu, but the Cardinal has returned to power thirsting for vengeance on his rival. This Marie knows, and she visits the Hôtel Chalais on the morning appointed for the duel, to urge her lover to fly. While she is there her husband, who is to second Chalais, arrives; Marie is hidden in a curtained recess, and it is of course in the recess that Chevreuse desires to seek a better sword than that which Chalais has chosen. The incident is old no doubt; when Marie concealed herself it was inevitable that Chevreuse would come near to discovering her; but the danger—which would give so totally incorrect an aspect to affairs, for Marie and Chalais are innocent of offence—is averted. The fact of their innocence strengthens the episode. The Duc being gone, Marie renews her entreaties to Chalais to fly and save his life from Richelieu; and the result is that, detained by her, he fails to reach the appointed spot before Chevreuse has taken the principal's place and in the combat which ensues has been wounded by Gondi. Chalais follows, and arrives in time to avenge his friend and his friend's wife; and then comes the dramatist's difficulty. How is this to end? Here is the woman beloved by both men. Her husband is noble and worthy; her lover is no less so—the word lover, in fact, is perhaps ill chosen; for Marie and Chalais may both say in Racine's harmonious line, "Le jour n'est pas plus pur que le fond de mon cœur." Nevertheless, whatever poetic justice may demand, dramatic exigency is supposed to require that one should perish, and Mr. Boucicault has chosen to sacrifice Chalais. Having fled, he returns to justify Marie. As he enters the Hôtel Chevreuse, where the Duc is waiting sternly, and the Duchesse in agonizing terror, for his arrival, he is shot and mortally wounded; and he dies, after convincing Chevreuse of the truth. The costume of the period is extremely picturesque if only the actors can wear it, and most fortunately for the chances of the piece Mr. Conway, one of the few players who is easy and natural in such a garb, has been secured for the part of Chalais. To speak of his dress first is, however, to do him some injustice; for Mr. Conway enters into the spirit of the character and realizes it with singular success. The actor has perhaps never been seen to greater advantage. He is always gallant and earnest, tender to the woman he loves, quietly dignified before his adversaries. The total absence of that self-consciousness which is the bane of most representatives of romantic parts cannot be too highly praised. Mr. Conway forgets himself, and only remembers Chalais. Mr. Clayton must also be warmly commended for his manly and unaffected performance of Chevreuse. The display of suppressed emotion has lately been the subject of much banter. Not the less is it a valuable quality, as Mr. Clayton proves during the scene in which Chevreuse waits with his wife the arrival of the man he regards as her betrayer. A very competent Marie is found in Miss Ada Cavendish. There is a certain impulsiveness in her playing of passionate incidents, an apparently unstudied energy—the result necessarily of very much and careful study—which is extremely telling. On these three the drama depends. Miss Venne, as Geneviève, has only to be pert and playful, and she can be very pert indeed. Mr. Boucicault's Abbé de Gondi is in no way remarkable. A misconception has arisen about this part. It has been stated that it was originally played by a woman, and that Déjazet had filled it. The original Gondi was a M. Taigny, and, so far as we know, it has never fallen into a woman's hands. The confusion has probably arisen from the circumstance that Déjazet's name is associated with *Les Premières Armes de Richelieu*; but this is quite another play, and quite another Richelieu.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.

OLD TOASTMASTER opened the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket by winning the Two Thousand Guineas Trial Plate for Lord Zetland, beating Zadig, the winner of the Metropolitan Stakes, by a length. Lovely was made the favourite for the Visitors' Plate; and there was some interest in the race, because at the Craven Meeting Lovely had beaten Splendor, and Splendor had beaten Lovely, and now the pair were to fight out the rubber. As often happens in such cases, neither of them won. Lovely came with a rush at the distance, but she was too late to catch Xarifa and Dalmeny, although she left Splendor far behind. Baron Hirsch gave 1,000*l.* for a two-year-old filly by Hampton, called Glimmer, before the race for the Maiden Plate, and she won it, but by a head only, after a fine race with Menevia and Pompey. The Duke of St. Albans' two-year-old Clonmel, by Julius, showed a great deal of his sire's vile temper in his match with Lord Cadogan's Lonely. He bolted before the race and ran very unkindly in it, losing by five lengths. The Duke of Westminster's Whipper-in, by Hermit, a useful handicap horse, who had won each of the races for which he had started this season, only took the Prince of Wales's Stakes by a head, but he won in good style.

The racing on the Wednesday, with the exception of the Two Thousand, which we noticed last week, was exceedingly poor and uninteresting. Three of the recent purchases at Lord Falmouth's sale ran during the day. Prince Maurice, an own brother to Dutch Oven, and a fine powerful colt, for whom Lord Hastings gave 500 guineas—a sum which he should be worth even as a country stallion—came out for the first race; but he was scarcely trained enough for the long Cesarewitch course, over which the race was run, and he was tired out half a mile from home. Saucy Boy, his only opponent, won in a common canter. In the middle of the afternoon came Harvester's disappointment, and in the last race of the day, the well-bred Little John, by Kingcraft out of Jannette, a two-year-old with rather a light middle-piece, that had cost 290 guineas on Monday, was very easily beaten by Arqua, who had run a good second for a Sweepstakes at the Craven meeting. There was a heavy storm in the course of the afternoon, and the attendance was small for a Two Thousand day.

The weather on the Thursday was wretched, and the number of spectators was extremely limited. The Stud Stakes was won by Laverock, the winner of the Great Yorkshire Foal Stakes. This two-year-old belonged to Mr. Dawson, who trained for Lord Falmouth. Last year Mr. Dawson had won the same race with his filly, Reprieve, and immediately afterwards he had sold the winner for 2,000*l.* to the late Lord Grosvenor. After the race on this occasion he again sold the winner for exactly the same price, to Baron Hirsch. Camlet, who had been backed on the previous day for the Derby at 1,000 to 30, came out for the Welter Handicap. Last season he had won half a dozen races, and he had run third to Scot Free and the Sister to Adelaide filly at Sandown, when giving each of them 15 lbs. He is a handsome colt, but he is generally considered short. The terms on which he was now meeting his opponents were terribly against him, but they were a poor lot. He ran very badly, finishing eight lengths behind Dean Swift, while Rout beat him by a head for second place. There was a race on the same afternoon for the old-fashioned whip. Last autumn, the Duke of Hamilton challenged the Duke of Beaufort, who held the whip, with City Arab, and the Duke of Beaufort accepted with Faugh-a-Ballagh, who won the race by twenty lengths. This spring the Duke of Hamilton again challenged the Duke of Beaufort, naming Medicus as his champion, and the Duke of Beaufort again accepted with Faugh-a-Ballagh. Medicus, it will be remembered, had been an extraordinarily strong favourite for the Cesarewitch last year, and had run third in that race to Bendigo and Tonans. On public form it seemed as if long odds should have been laid on Faugh-a-Ballagh, but, for some unknown reason, the bookmakers accepted as little as 11 to 4. As soon as they had started on their four-mile journey, Archer took a resolute lead with Faugh-a-Ballagh. As much as a mile and a half from home Medicus was completely exhausted, and it was a mere farce for Faugh-a-Ballagh to canter slowly on, and eventually trot past the winning-post fifty lengths in front of his opponent. The day's racing was anything but brilliant, and the late Two Thousand, the approaching One Thousand, and the cold wind occupied people's attention far more than the sport of the afternoon.

The best public form shown by any of the fillies entered for the One Thousand Guineas was that of Queen Adelaide and Busybody. In the Middle Park Plate, when receiving 7 lbs. from Queen Adelaide, Busybody had beaten her by three lengths and a half; but a fortnight later, when giving Queen Adelaide 3 lbs., Busybody was beaten by a neck. This running offered a nice problem to students of public form, in the question whether Busybody or Queen Adelaide would now be the best at even weights. Queen Adelaide's defeat of Archiduc in the July Stakes, although by a head only, showed her to be a filly of exceptional merit. Two days later she had been unplaced to Superba, but that can scarcely have been her true form; nor could her being unplaced in the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood be considered as any guide in estimating her merits, beyond the fact that every defeat increases the uncertainty of a racehorse running up to his best form on future occasions. Busybody's race in the Great Challenge Stakes with older horses, in which she beat both Tristan and Despair, was a proof that she was not merely a fast filly in a bad year, if any such proof had been needed. Her Middle Park Plate victory was much in her favour; but then Royal Fern, who had been second, only half a length off, had run very badly in the Two Thousand, thus throwing a certain amount of discredit on the form shown by the runners in the Middle Park Plate. Yet her chance for the One Thousand was considered a wonderfully good one, for 8,800 guineas were given for her on the Monday before the race, and she started first favourite. Whitelock, by Wenlock, out of White Heather, was another favourite for the One Thousand. This filly was certainly good-looking enough to win. At Goodwood, in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, Knight Errant, who had run second to several good horses, was quite unable to make her extend herself. At Newmarket, in September, Knight Errant had beaten her by a head in a race won by Busybody by a length, but it was generally believed that she was not quite right at the time. Sandiway, by Doncaster, had won seven races as a two-year-old, and had earned more than 3,700*l.* in stakes. She had been unplaced in the July Stakes to Queen Adelaide, and also to Cherry in the Cheveley Stakes, and her victories had not been gained over any of the most successful two-year-olds of the season; but still there stood her long list of seven

successes against only two defeats, and the latter were almost too bad to be trusted. Wild Thyme, by Lowlander, had won five races worth more than 4,000*l.*; she had also been placed twice and unplaced once only. In different races she had beaten both the winner of the Two Thousand and the second in the Two Thousand. Legacy had won a couple of races and lost half a dozen. Altogether, the One Thousand was an unusually interesting race this year, and, small as was the field, it was of very high quality. There were only six starters, but they had all won races as two year-olds. Legacy made the running during the early part of the race rather slowly, but the greater proportion of the pace was fast, and the race occupied a few seconds less time than any race for the One Thousand for some years past. Rather more than a quarter of a mile from home the six fillies were almost abreast, and then a beautiful race followed. Wild Thyme was the first beaten, and, as they began to descend the incline, Whitelock broke the line in front by taking a slight lead, while Legacy fell into the rear. Before reaching the Abingdon Bottom Queen Adelaide shot forward, and came into the Dip a neck in front of Whitelock. Whitelock then began to show signs of having had enough of it, and Busybody made her effort. There was a capital finish between Queen Adelaide and Busybody, while Whitelock was in close attendance, with Sandiway at her heels. At the winning-post Busybody was half a length in advance of Queen Adelaide, who was a length in front of Whitelock, and Sandiway was not far off. It was a beautiful and an interesting race, and the result seemed to show that the relative form of the fillies engaged in it had altered but little, if at all, since last season. Busybody is not entered for the Derby; but she is engaged in the Oaks, the Epsom Grand Prize, the Prince of Wales's Stakes and the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood, and the St. Leger, as well as some ten other races. The breeding of Busybody, who is by Petrarch out of Spinaway, is interesting as a specimen of in-breeding, for she has a treble cross of Touchstone, a double cross of Venison, and probably a double cross of Voltaire, although it is somewhat doubtful whether one of her ancestors was by Voltaire or Starch. Queen Adelaide was much admired as showing great quality combined with plenty of size and immense power. Wild Thyme's early defeat must not be made too much of in calculating her chances in future engagements, as she had been cased in her work on account of a temporary ailment, and in the opinion of some judges she was a little "fleshy" when she ran in the One Thousand. The rest of the racing on the day of the One Thousand was almost as bad as the weather, which is saying a good deal.

So much has already been written about the sale of Lord Falmouth's racing stud, that we need only make a short notice of it. Long beforehand every one had prophesied that the prices would be extraordinary, and when it was over everybody said that they had been extraordinary. All this was true enough, but it might fairly be asked in reply, whether any man could take 36,000 guineas elsewhere and buy with them as many horses of the same class. Something over 8,000 guineas apiece was an exceedingly high figure for a colt and a filly, but they were considered, at the time of the sale, to be two of the best three-year-olds of the season, with great prospects of winning the Two Thousand, the One Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger. Six thousand each was given for a couple of very inferior three-year-olds many years ago, and 10,000*l.* was given one year ago for a colt who lost every race for which he afterwards started during the season. Ten thousand pounds were also said to have been asked for the first favourite for the late Two Thousand the day before the race. Then, although 4,000 guineas is a very high price for a two-year-old, even yearlings have been sold for sums approaching it, and Busybody had won almost that amount in stakes during her two-year-old season, while another filly had exceeded it by considerably more than 2,000*l.* On the other hand, Lord Exeter's conditions, under which Lord Falmouth's racehorses were sold, make horses that are likely to win very valuable races much dearer than might appear at first sight; for, although the seller makes himself responsible for the forfeits when they do not run and half the entrance fee when they do run, he receives only a third of the stakes when they win. If Harvester had been sold unconditionally, he would probably have fetched 10,000 guineas. A year ago another horse belonging to Lord Falmouth started for the Two Thousand at exactly the odds at which Harvester stood for that race at the time of the sale. This was Galliard, who won during the season very nearly the sum which was given last week for Harvester. But if Harvester were to win an equal amount this year, instead of repaying his purchase-money he would still be indebted to his owner to the amount of nearly 3,000*l.*, for something a little short of that sum would have to be repaid to Lord Falmouth under Lord Exeter's conditions, as the seller's share in the horse's winnings. As far as Busybody is concerned, she has already reduced her price from 9,240*l.* to 7,240*l.*, and half a dozen of the sixteen races for which she is yet engaged were worth nearly 18,000*l.* last year, and will probably be worth as much this year; so she ought to have ample opportunities of repaying her purchase-money with interest before the winter sets in. Nevertheless, if Harvester should succeed in winning one of the great three-year-old races, and do well at the stud, it is far from impossible that before he dies he may prove the best bargain of the two three-year-olds which astonished the world, last Monday week, by fetching 9,000*l.* or more apiece. Then what would his purchaser care for his cost if he should win the Blue Riband of the Turf? Even a representative of a long line of Earls was distinguished above all the other Earls of his race as "the Earl who won the Derby," and it is esteemed almost a greater honour in this country to own the winner of that scamper round Epsom Downs than to win a great battle.

The Chester Cup was a chapter of accidents. Morgan, the jockey who was to have ridden Lord Rosebery's Cameliard—the first favourite, had been "wasting," in order to ride at the required weight, and he was so weakened by this process, that, after riding in the first race of the afternoon, he fell from his horse in a fainting fit. Then in the race itself the first time the horses passed the sharp turn into the straight, Beauty and Alban fell, and Beauty broke her leg. She was afterwards killed, but she had not been moved off the course when the horses that were running in the race came round the second time, and Cameliard, who looked very like winning, was jammed between the poor broken-legged mare and another horse. A second serious accident was just saved, but Cameliard was put out of his stride, and lost all chance of the race, which was won by Mr. Merry's Havock. The fame of Chester races appears to have vanished for ever, but Chester race-course still maintains its reputation for being one of the most dangerous in England.

THE ITALIAN OPERA—MR. CARL ROSA'S SEASON.

THE performances at Covent Garden this week have evoked an animation and interest that reflect something of old enthusiasm and past glory. Those who so insistently proclaim that Italian opera is a doomed institution, and has no *raison d'être* in art, should, after hearing Mme. Lucca in *Les Huguenots* and *Il Trovatore*, vary their pessimistic plaint or keep discreeter silence. The magnetic influence of pure vocalization can indeed never be annihilated by mere theories, however advanced or however interesting and novel; when, however, attempts are made to ignore its supremacy, it is satisfactory to record the hearty recognition of Mme. Lucca's brilliant impersonations on Saturday and Tuesday. On Saturday, as Valentina in Meyerbeer's opera, Mme. Lucca displayed her unequalled union of vocal and dramatic talent, receiving excellent support from Signor Mierzwinski as Raoul, Mlle. Tremelli as Urbano, Mlle. Leria, who made her *début* as Marguerite, and from Signori Cotogni, De Reszké, and Monti. It was, however, in her splendid impersonation of Leonora on Tuesday that Mme. Lucca most completely vindicated the pre-eminence of the vocal art in lyrical drama.

The most satisfactory points in the representation of *Faust* on Monday were the performances of Signor de Reszké as Mefistofele, and of M. Devoyod as Valentine. Both these artists possess fine voices and great executive skill, and both are excellent actors. The success of M. Devoyod during his first season last year in the part of Valentine, as in *L'Africaine* and *The Flying Dutchman*, was equally manifested on the present occasion; his Valentine is an admirably finished study, his acting distinguished by thorough consistency and truth, his style of singing singularly expressive and dramatic. The Mefistofele of Signor de Reszké, while deficient in the verve and profound intellectual grasp of M. Faure's unique impersonation, is yet an interpretation full of intelligence and vivacity. It expresses, however, too much of one uniform phase of humour, which, admirable in the first two acts, becomes inappropriate as the action progresses and the tragedy deepens; the conception of Mefistofele as a *bon garçon* is justifiable only within certain limitations, and Signor de Reszké fails to express the more elusive *nuances* of the character—the irony, malice, and deep-witted nature of the Protean fiend. Mme. Durand's Marguerite cannot be considered a successful interpretation, though it was of course endowed with considerable dramatic vitality; its excellence was chiefly displayed in the church scene and in the last act. Either from indisposition or other causes Mme. Durand's voice has not the freshness and purity of last season; her rendering of the music of the garden scene, and particularly in the exacting jewel song, was deficient in brilliancy as well as facility of execution. Neither was the Faust of Signor Marconi vocally efficient, though the singer contrived to animate his acting with much of the tenderness and delicacy that should find expression through the voice. His invariable practice of forcing his upper notes is both inartistic and ineffective, and was productive of ruinous disenchantment in the love music of the garden scene. Mdlle. Tremelli sang and acted well as Siebel, and Mdlle. Desvignes and Signor Ragner undertook the parts of Martha and Wagner. The chorus left much to desire, being almost inaudible in the first scene, and generally deficient in freshness and quality. M. Dupont conducted the opera, the orchestra rendering Gounod's masterpiece with irreproachable technique.

On Tuesday Verdi's very popular opera was given with a strong cast, including Signor Mierzwinski as Manrico, Signor Monti as Ferrando, Herr Gottschalk as the Conte di Luna, Mdlle. Tremelli as Azucena, and Mme. Lucca as Leonora. There is probably no opera so thoroughly hackneyed as *Il Trovatore*, and none more entirely removed from the ideal of the advanced school of composers. The tissue of absurdities that make up the libretto, the false and jejune sentiment, the melodramatic nature of the plot, are not less opposed to that ideal than the abundance of airs and concerted pieces, all deliberately designed to express the utmost capacities of the human voice irrespective of dramatic propriety or progress. If these incontrovertible facts possess a tithe of the disadvantages to impersonators that many profess to believe, it considerably enhances the value and sig-

nificance of Mme. Lucca's performance that by her dramatic power and incomparable singing they suffered temporary and complete effacement. Despite all untoward circumstances, Mme. Lucca captivated the house, and her Leonora must be considered fully as dramatic, and in all respects as excellent, as her Carmen; the thoroughness of her impersonation, and its great range of expression, were remarkable. In the lighter music, as in the more dramatic, her success was striking; the animated cavatina, "Di tale amor," in the first act was given with most brilliant effect, which was greatly increased by the contrast presented by the singing of the two that follow. The pathos of "D'amor sull' ali" was finely contrasted with the agitation on hearing Manrico's lament, "Ah, che la morte"; and her passionate exclamation "Di te, di te scordarmi" expressed with intense power the anguish of the moment, even as her beating against the gate of the tower expressed her despair. The last scene was not less finely rendered, the sudden transition from hopeless grief to delight on learning from the Count that her lover should be spared was portrayed with wonderful force and nature. Signor Mierzwinski admirably seconded Mme. Lucca, and was very effective in the air "Ah si ben mio" and in "Di quella pira," which was sung with great spirit and energy; his Manrico is peculiarly individual, and is a far more robust conception than is usual on the Italian stage. The Azucena of Mlle. Tremelli was also a notable performance. Herr Gottschalk, who appeared as the Count, has a good voice, but was rather heavy in style, and in the familiar romance "Il balen" he scarcely expressed the delicate sentiment with fulness. Signor Monti was the Ferrando, while Mlle. Sonnino appeared as Inez, and Signor Manfredi as Ruiz. Signor Bevignani conducted, and the representation, all things considered, was excellent.

On Thursday *La Gioconda* was repeated, the cast remaining as on the opening night, with the exception that Signor Monti replaced Signor De Reszké. Mme. Durand increased her reputation by her excellent impersonation of the heroine, a character she has evidently studied with the insight of profound sympathy, and which she interpreted with remarkable fulness and depth. In the trio with Barnaba and La Cieca in the first act, in the duet with Laura in the second act, and in the whole of the powerful final scene, her singing was characterized by intense dramatic force. Mlle. Tremelli repeated her success as La Cieca, and created a great impression by her exquisite singing of "Voce di donna" in the first act, one of the most beautiful numbers in the score. The Enzo of Signor Marconi is a far more notable performance than his Faust; the smoother music of Ponchielli suits his voice and style better than Gounod's, and he was consequently more at ease in his part, and sang with considerable effect the pretty and sentimental cavatina in the second act. Mme. Laterna as Laura filled a not very agreeable *rôle* with ability, and sang with good feeling and dramatic expression. The choruses were very well rendered, and the sailors' chorus, to which so much additional charm is given by the freshness of the boys' voices, was particularly well sung. Signor Bevignani conducted.

Mr. Carl Rosa, whose short season ends to-night, must not be permitted to depart without receiving a word of cordial acknowledgment of the excellent work he has been doing. The performances under his direction have been good individually and collectively. There is a unity of design about his operas which is no less pleasing than novel, and the secret of which probably is that, under the sway of an intelligent director, singers endeavour to interpret their composer rather than to glorify themselves. The artists of Mr. Rosa's company constantly advance. Miss Georgina Burns was only a short time ago a passably good vocalist, with little or no idea of sustaining a part, and especially a leading part, in an opera. Now she plays Gounod's Marguerite, amongst other characters, with earnestness and feeling. Miss Perry had still more to learn than Miss Burns, but has learnt almost as much. Four or five years ago either the Royal Italian Opera or Her Majesty's was regarded as in all respects superior to all other operatic undertakings; but it is certainly the fact that, besides Mr. Maas and Mr. Barrington Foote, who have been tried on the Italian stage and have not been found wanting (at any rate as singers), Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr. Leslie Crotty, Mr. Ludwig, and, if not overtaxed, Mr. Davies and Mr. Snazelle, would hold their own on any stage. No amount of ill-directed and overdone newspaper eulogy can conceal the fact that Mr. Augustus Harris has peculiar aptitude as a stage-manager. How much a good chorus and a good orchestra aid the general effect those who, in many opera companies, have had experience of bad choruses and bad orchestras can thoroughly appreciate; and in these important particulars Mr. Carl Rosa's pains to secure choristers and instrumentalists have been rewarded. A second hearing of Mr. Gilbert à Beckett and Villiers Stanford's *Canterbury Pilgrims* (for the production of which, as for that in former times of other English work, Mr. Rosa deserves most special thanks) more than confirms the good impression created on the first night of its production. The whole seems more coherent and ingenious. We trace more closely the continuity of thought. Here and there Mr. Stanford might judiciously lighten his score, which is in places over-coloured; and we are strengthened in the opinion that his second act is not in all details as good as he might make it nor as short as he should. The love music has not the fervour and melody for which we look; but there are admirable passages in it; and to condemn an absence of melody in the first and third act is to confess that one has not listened or that one has not ears to hear. We note with satisfaction that a due meed of praise has been awarded to Mr. à Beckett's book, though an evening paper has lamented the absence of spoken dialogue. The critic of the journal in question can scarcely have apprehended the scheme of the opera. We have previously spoken of the praiseworthy representation of *Carmen* with Mme. Roze as the heroine, and of an adequate performance of *Faust*. Mr. Goring Thomas's *Esmeralda* has also advanced in popularity and strengthened its composer's reputation. Mr. Rosa's season has been most creditable to all concerned, certainly not least to Mr. Randegger and M. Goossens, the conductors.

REVIEWS.

SIBBALD'S INFERNO OF DANTE.*

MR. SIBBALD has had many predecessors in his work. Up to the present time there have been more than twenty English translations of the *Inferno* of Dante, taken either alone or in conjunction with the two other parts of his great poem. The earliest was that by Rogers in 1782 in blank verse, a little known but creditable performance. The latest was that by Mr. Warburton Pike in 1881 in *terza rima*, the employment of the leisure of a learned and hard-worked special pleader, one of the last of his race. Of them all two only are in prose—the excellent one by Dr. Carlyle published in 1849, which has been of so much use to all subsequent translators, and another of small merit by O'Donnell in 1852. Longfellow's and Pollock's versions of the whole poem are in blank verse, but line for line with the original, as also is W. M. Rossetti's of the *Inferno* only. Cayley, Ford, and others have used the triple rhymes of the original, of which Wright employed a bastard imitation; and Boyd's, the first English translation of the whole *Commedia*, is cut up most unsuitably into rhymed stanzas of six lines each. Cary's translation, which, like Pope's *Homer*, will probably always be the favourite with the generality of English readers, as the most successful poetical paraphrase of his author into their own language, is in unfettered blank verse, which altogether loses the form of the original without gaining the advantage of the greater literality afforded by prose.

It may be seen that the verse translations from the *Commedia* largely exceed in number those which are in prose, although Mr. Butler and the late Mr. Dugdale have both followed Dr. Carlyle's example, and have published prose versions of the *Purgatorio*, and it may be hoped that the former will before long also print his version of the *Paradiso*. Mr. Sibbald has, therefore, followed the lead of the majority of those who have been in the field before him, and has executed his work in *terza rima*, which, as strictly representing the form of the original, has almost paramount claims for adoption, if only the translator has the skill to use it, so as not to depart from the substance while intent upon preserving the form of that which he undertakes to present in another language. Professor Jebb, in the preface to his recent edition of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, which is accompanied by a prose version of the play, has well said that the principal virtue of a translation is absolute fidelity to the original, not to the letter at the cost of the spirit, but rather to the spirit as expressed by the letter. And he adds that metre will often exact sacrifices precisely at the points which test the highest fidelity—namely, the light touches by which the genius and art of the original are most delicately marked.

Mr. Sibbald may be much commended for the way in which he has observed the precepts and avoided the dangers thus enunciated. He has succeeded in producing a thoroughly readable English poem; the notes are good and fresh, and his work is entitled to take a high place among those of similar design. He hardly ever adds and never omits a word, or varies the veritable import of the original. His style is good, his vocabulary is that of the best modern English, without resort to archaisms or the "verbum insolitum" which the judicious writer has been wisely warned "tanquam scopulum evitare." His rhymes, too, are natural and unforced. The exceptions to this general commendation are few indeed. In the first canto and in another place the word "harassed" occurs as a dissyllable, with the accent at the end, and rhyming to "last," "cast," and "passed." "Dool" is a good Scots form for "dole," in the sense of dolour or grief; and there are such verbs as "to drowse" and "to egress," although hardly in use. The proper names are almost always preserved in their Italian form, a difficult matter to manage in a metrical translation; but Jacopo da Sant' Andrea does not look so well to us in the form of James of St. Andrews as it may perhaps do north of the Tweed.

To pass on to other matters of observation on Mr. Sibbald's translation, it may be noted that in Cant. i. v. 100 he translates "*umile Italia*" as "humbled Italy," no doubt intending to convey Dante's opinion of its degraded political condition in his own time. But the epithet has almost always been supposed to have been borrowed from Virgil (*Æn.* iii. 522), where it can have no such meaning. In a note upon the allegorical significance to be given to Beatrice and Virgil, Mr. Sibbald exhibits the true and sensible spirit in which he has studied Dante when he says that the poem would lose its charm if the allegorical meaning of every passage were to be too closely insisted on. And he shrewdly adds that, worse than that, it

* *The Inferno of Dante Alighieri.* A Translation. By James Romanes Sibbald. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1884.

cannot always be found. In the same tone he dwells in another place upon the wisdom of not attempting to make out everything, and does not pretend to be able consistently to reconcile all the astronomical indications. "Vassal" for "*fidele*" (Cant. ii. v. 98) is a very happy and appropriate rendering of the word in its old Italian and technical sense. The famous inscription over the gate of Hell is not made to begin in its first three lines with the same words, as it does in the original, although a slight transposition in the second line would easily have secured this conformity. The word "uncouth" does not represent any of the epithets given by Dante to the sounds which meet the ear inside the grim portal, and is not justified by citing Boccaccio's comment that they were "like German," nor is the word strong enough for the context. A few lines onwards the more general reading is adopted of "*d'orror la testa cinta*," instead of "*d'error*, &c." Professor Lubin, in the prose paraphrase of his edition, has given a novel turn to this by making the passage indicate that Dante's hair was made to stand on end with terror round his head.

A new significance is given by Mr. Sibbald to the simile (taken from Virgil, as to its earlier part) in the Third Canto, in which the souls passing Acheron are compared in their multitude and unceasing succession to autumn leaves as they fall. They are compelled to cross by Charon's gestures or words of command, and Dante has added the comparison of their obeying the summons, one by one, to a bird's flying to a call. This has generally been taken to refer to the return of a hawk to the lure thrown up by the falconer, and the "*suo richiamo*" seems to favour this. But "*richiamo*" will stand as well for the note of a decoy-bird employed in netting birds, as still practised in Tuscany, and this certainly would be a more exact and appropriate simile in the particular passage than the other. Lubin also, in his notes, has taken the same view.

"Sparkling tide" is hardly a satisfactory rendering of the "*bel fiumicello*" which surrounds the castle in which are placed the shades of the great heathens whose virtues and distinction have saved them from a sentence to lower depths. The note on the line (v. 107)

Caina attende chi vita ci spense

suggests that it was spoken by Paolo and not by Francesca, for the reasons that it would more appropriately be placed in his mouth, and that in the next line the answer made to Dante's request to learn their history is said to have come from them both. But this novel reading appears to be more ingenious than well founded. Neither does the "boorish party" for "*la parte selvaggia*" (vi. 65) seem a very happy rendering. As Dante uses the same phrase elsewhere, it may have been an accepted one for the political section whom it describes, and it need not be supposed to have implied anything vituperative, any more than the term "country party" has done in England.

In the note upon the lines in Canto xiv., where allusion is made to the supposed letter from Alexander the Great to Aristotle, in which he describes how his army trod under foot and extinguished the flakes of fire which rained down upon them in India, Mr. Sibbald cites Plutarch's mention of something which may have suggested it, but gives no reference to the passage. The original germ of the fable is probably to be sought in Arrian's Expedition of Alexander (Bk. vi. 24), in which he compares the sands of India to "untrodden snow," as was first pointed out in an article on Lord Vernon's *Inferno*, in *Fraser's Magazine* for May 1869. This, together with a few words from Quintus Curtius, probably afforded the groundwork for this part of the spurious letter—the *Alexandri Magni ad Aristotelem Epistola de Admirabilibus Indiæ*—which was a popular book in the middle ages, and was often printed afterwards. It is curious to note, in connexion with this, that in Dean Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine* (Introduction, p. 33) he has called the sands of the desert "the snow of the south."

In the note on Michael Scott (xx. 115) it is suggested that his thin flanks, as mentioned, may refer to a belief that he could make himself invisible at will. This is novel, but hardly admissible, and it is better to continue to suppose that reference was intended to his actual personal appearance, which would have been well remembered in Dante's time. In the beautiful opening to Canto xxiv. the line

Ma poco dura a la sua penna tempra

is thus rendered by Mr. Sibbald:—

But soon her brush of colour is all bare,

in which he is less fortunate, and more remote from the original than is his wont. The general meaning, it is true, is kept; but the simile is altered from that of a pen wearing out to that of a failing supply of colour to a brush.

In the story of Ugolino, Mr. Sibbald has defied criticism by the device of waiving a decision on a well-known point of controversy. He neither says that the door of the Tower of Famine was locked up, nor that it was nailed up, but adopts the safe compromise of saying that it was made fast. His own opinion, however, is made evident in a note, and is to the effect that the sound which reached the dungeon at the top of the tower was that of locking the gate. Before passing to Mr. Sibbald's Introduction and his notice of Giotto's portrait of Dante, it may be remarked with satisfaction that he has mentioned with just disparagement the unworthy Italian translation from Benvenuto's racy old Latin commentary, which was published at Imola on the occasion of the great Dante celebration held a few years ago. It will be pleasing to all interested in the matter to know that the wish expressed by him that this valuable illustration of the *Commedia* should be printed in full from the original has been for some time in course of fulfilment, and that students of Dante and the history of his period may at no very distant time hope to be able to have it in their hands.

The prefatory matter entitled "Florence and Dante" gives all that is necessary to be known of the political and personal history of the poet and his times for the due comprehension of his greatest work. The origin, motives, and interests of the contending parties in Italy and its cities are well set forth and explained, and with the same air of healthy freshness which distinguishes the whole of Mr. Sibbald's work. The latest authorities have been consulted, and the fairest conclusions have been arrived at. Dante's position in, or rather out of, the constantly changing factions which distracted his country is clearly defined, and his Ghibellinism is shown to have been something very different from that of the party to whom the name belongs.

The personal history of the man is also well told. The studies of his youth and manhood are described. His political importance is reduced to its proper level. It was impossible that, with his comprehensive views and lofty aims, he should have been successful in a warfare of mere partisans. There was a real Florentine girl—the daughter of Folco Portinari—the object of Dante's early and enduring love. But it was no ordinary passion, and she is no more than the suggestion of the lady of the *Vita Nuova*, and was at once raised in his imagination to a distant elevation above that of any woman who ever trod the earth. Mr. Sibbald cites the introduction of Beatrice into Dante's writings as the strongest instance of what he calls his economy of mental experience—that is, the skilful use of real emotions and incidents to serve for suggestion and material for poetic thought. Her marriage did not interfere with her place in Dante's thoughts; nor is there any sound reason for believing that his own marriage was an unhappy one. It formed no part of his poetical, philosophical, or political life. He had no occasion to introduce any mention of it in his works, and accordingly he makes no mention of it. Mr. Sibbald has some temperate and reasonable remarks upon the cruelty and injustice of Florence to her most distinguished citizen, pointing out that his fervent temper and devotion to great ideas placed him out of the reach of common sympathy, and that his return to Florence from exile could only have taken place under circumstances which could not have been wholly gratifying even to himself.

The disquisition on the portrait in the Bargello is interesting, and is devoted to an endeavour to ascertain the date at which it was painted. The fresco in which it occurs also contains figures, supposed to be those of Charles of Valois and of the Cardinal Acquasparta, who were together in Florence in 1301-2. But it is hardly probable that Dante, or even the other two, should have been receiving the honour of having their portraits placed in a public building at this date in Florence. Looking for another date at which a prince and a cardinal were together in Florence, Mr. Sibbald finds that in 1326 Cardinal Gianni Orsini was there as Papal Legate, and also Charles, Duke of Calabria, the eldest son of King Robert of Naples, who came as Protector of the Commonwealth. He entered the city with great magnificence, as recorded by G. Villani, and for some time resided in the palace of the Podesta. Dante had then been dead five years, and his friend the artist might have been then able to introduce his portrait without giving offence to the authorities, and perhaps even so as to gratify a returning desire to do honour to his memory. It is, however, not mentioned by Mr. Sibbald that it was concluded by the Commission who sat on this subject in Florence, and published their Report in 1864, that the painting is not the work of Giotto, but of one of his scholars, and that it was probably painted in 1337.

The book is exceedingly well printed and turned out; and, in conclusion, it need only be added that Mr. Sibbald's continuation of his work to the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* must be looked for with interest by all who love Dante and are glad to welcome his worthiest interpreters.

THREE NOVELS AND ANOTHER.*

IF every batch of novels were as good as the four books before us, the reviewer's lot would be a brighter one than it is. No two of them have anything in common, save the rare quality, shared by all alike, of possessing merit. There is none that is not rather above than below the average; while the first on the list is a book deserving considerable attention, and the last is a positive revelation. As to this last one, though it is something more than a mere collection of disconnected scenes, we should yet prefer not to class it with novels proper. Hence the heading of this article.

Bethesda is by a lady who evidently aspires to take a place among writers of the philosophical novel. And this book, so far as we are aware her first essay in this direction, shows promise which goes some way to justify the ambition. The aim and tone are lofty, and the style maintains a corresponding level. And,

* *Bethesda.* By Barbara Elbon. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

The March of Loyalty. By Letitia M'Clintock. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1884.

The House of White Shadows. By B. L. Farjeon. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1884.

Personal Recollections of Peter Stonnor, Esq. By Charles Blatherwick. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

though the subject is a desperately dangerous one, it is so handled as to avoid the least deviation from the path of high moral purity. The author shows some familiarity with the advanced thought of the time, philosophical and quasi-philosophical; and perhaps does not always quite succeed in distinguishing the one from the other. In psychological analysis—and it is of such analysis of a very close kind that the book principally consists—much cleverness and insight is displayed. But it is very much overdone; there is too much of it. And the same objection applies to everything else in the book; everything is overwrought. The whole tone of feeling is so high as to be almost transcendental; the moral standard is well-nigh ideal; and the sentiment so intense as sometimes to come perilously near the line which should distinguish it from gush. The author to succeed—and we believe she can succeed upon these conditions—must exercise much self-restraint, repressing exuberance both of thought and language, and must learn the difficult art of compression.

The keynote of *Bethesda* is the insufficiency of conscience, even in exceptionally fine natures, without a rule of conduct, based upon principle, imposed from without the moral part by reason. The conscience is often expected not alone "to enforce doing what is right," but also "to decide what the right is." This is the rock upon which split two very fine and, as to one at least, extremely beautiful characters. The story is of a high-souled, intellectual, but, at the same time, emotional girl, and a man of high aims and noble thoughts, of a nature schooled by mental suffering and self-suppression, the self-sacrifices of whose earlier life show him a man of no common clay, yet never at his best the equal of this ideal woman. She is American; he is French; and (we may remark in passing) the element of nationality as influencing their respective characters is skilfully and unobtrusively dealt with. The scene lies chiefly in Italy and France, where Bethesda and her aunt are travelling, almost living. There they meet René d'Isten, a young man of family and position, and become extremely intimate. He had married some years before a Spanish girl, who, as he found out at the altar, loved another; they were never truly man and wife, and now lived habitually apart. These facts are well known to Bethesda and her aunt. The strength of his character is shown in his noble self-sacrifice in relation to his wife; its weakness is to be seen in his ultimate attitude towards Bethesda. Their mutual attraction was at first purely intellectual, out of which grows much close communion, ending where such platonic relations always must end between two such people—in love. They pass intellectual days, but amidst surroundings of exquisite sensuous beauty keenly enjoyed, and in an atmosphere charged with emotional disturbance. The spotless purity of Bethesda's character keeps their intercourse on the highest plane of sentiment; but, however elevated its nature, it is love itself into which their feelings ripen. It is with the almost wilful blindness of both (quite wilful, perhaps, on the man's part), with their trust in their own personal strength of character and upright intentions alone to bring them safely through such a situation, that the moral of the story is concerned. When at length the truth breaks on the pure and noble-minded girl, the conflict of her emotions is powerfully delineated, and the workings of her mind, both before and after that supreme moment, are finely analysed. On her return to America her mental condition becomes very distressing; but new surroundings and more judicious treatment than that of the weak and foolish aunt open her eyes more fully to a still truer view of the nature of the error for which she is now suffering bitterly. Then comes a serious illness, induced by mental agony; and after that a more settled frame of mind, in which peace is possible. That assured, René appears on the scene again. He has discovered that his marriage was informal, and that he can, if he chooses, be free of the wife whose love he had, at Bethesda's bidding, attempted in the meanwhile once more to win. Meeting him by accident, against her will, Bethesda, at whose feet he now throws himself as a potentially free man, bids him go by the next steamer back to his wife and marry her more effectually. Years afterwards we find he has done this to good purpose; and so the story ends, not without a faint hint, if we understand aright, that Bethesda, now once more in Italy, may possibly some day marry an artistic enthusiast—which would be a pity.

We have purposely refrained, lest we should prejudice our readers, from pointing until now to certain peculiarities of diction in this book. *Bethesda* is advertised as an American novel; and so, no doubt, it is. In the first volume, besides the constant writing of "will" and "would" for "shall" and "should," and the frequent occurrence of "anyway," in the American use, and of "someway," we light upon such uncompromisingly national expressions as the following:—"At a queer place way down in the city"; "but Beth stopped him right there"; "if Aunt Mabel felt badly about it." And it is an English girl who is made to say:—"Mrs. Trescott has had her time occupied, I venture"; which strikes us as a peculiarly happy compromise between the long English "I venture to say," and the all too terse American "You bet." To her also is attributed, "So you see, darling, anyhow you can fix it, you are my perfect spotless Lily"; and "He wouldn't have had an easy time of it, you better believe." The odd thing about it is that, though the first volume contains several such specimens (we have quoted the worst of them), there is scarcely one such, and not a single bad one, in the other two, as though these had received the advantages of a revision by another hand denied to the former. Be that as it may, it is to be deplored that a book of this character, and writing generally of such good quality, should be sullied by these isolated blots of language (for they are isolated), mere vulgarisms even in America, which jar so painfully on the ears of Englishmen. Perhaps American diction, as here exemplified, may be characterized in the terms felicitously applied by our author to American life, as having "lost its pristine clearness, and yet not reached the stage of filtering."

In *The March of Loyalty* we have a novel of the present—the very present—day, for it comes down to January of this year. But there is a mistake somewhere about the dates. The second period proper ends a year and four months earlier—say September 1882. Between the beginning of that period and the end of the first, people have grown from youth to middle age; yet the beginning of the first period is fixed at about 1877 by the age of an old woman of ninety, who was thirteen years old, or thereabouts, at the Irish Union in 1800. But let that pass. Most people would consider *The March of Loyalty* a singularly inapposite title for an Irish story of the present day; and we have to wait till the last page of the third volume for an explanation. It turns out to be the name suggested by the heroine for a rather truculent Orange party song, which the reverend gentleman who wrote it had christened "Ulster at Bay"; and we do not see why the heroine and our author could not have "let it go at that." The story is one that, if it does no one much good, will do no one any harm to read. The scene is laid in Ireland, in Fenian and Land League times. But this is used as framework only; political differences and disturbances have no appreciable bearing on the plot or interest of the tale. This seems a waste of good material. Broken heads and broken fortunes are capable of being turned to great account. But the book has merits, not the least of which is the thorough wholesomeness of its tone. The characters are naturally drawn, and there is just sufficient interest, in the leading love affair (in spite of the trite mechanism of a letter that fails to reach its destination) to induce one to see how it will end. The lover is a poor fellow; his conduct is not by any means satisfactorily cleared up; and he does not deserve half so good a wife as he gets. We could have spared the profusion of German quotations and French phrases, even with the decent excuse (for the latter) of a sojourn in Normandy. We could have spared, too, the great display of erudition on the part of the rector and his encyclopædic curate, the reality of which the author, wisely no doubt, leaves the reader to take on trust.

Readers who like to have their hair made stand on end by ghost-stories will be partially disappointed in *The House of White Shadows*; for, though the weird title does refer to a haunted house, there are no "real" ghosts in it. Such readers, however, may take heart of grace, for the book is eerie enough to string up the nerves and make one's flesh creep nevertheless. It is an ably written, interesting, even engrossing, tale of the sensational and romantic order, but having something in it too above and beyond what is usually to be found in productions of that class. In construction and execution there is much to be commended up to the end of the second volume; after that, events crowd in too thickly, and the improbabilities become more frequent and more violent. The events which gave the house its name relate to the last generation of inhabitants. These events are introduced in the form of an episode, forming perhaps (apart from the repetition in the third volume, which is a mistake) the best written part of the book. There is something very French about the lighter dialogues; a characteristic which we will give the writer the benefit of assuming to be intentionally impressed upon them, seeing that the scene is laid near Geneva and the characters are all French or Swiss. We can also quite unequivocally give the highest credit for the entire absence, in spite of these circumstances, of French tags and phrases. The hero is an eminent advocate, whose surname, with an ingenuity, the object of which is not obvious, but which must have cost some trouble, the author has succeeded in keeping a profound secret. Coming to the neighbourhood of Geneva for rest, he is impelled by the restless activity of his forensic mind, and a quite unaccountable belief in the man's innocence, to undertake the defence of a fiend in human form charged with the murder of a young girl. The evidence of guilt is as conclusive as any circumstantial evidence in the world ever was; but the great advocate obtains an acquittal. The trial is extremely well dealt with at considerable length. The circumstances are probably based on some actual case. But, be that as it may, we cannot refrain from recording our sense of the ridiculous inadequacy of the defence. The night after his acquittal, the murderer confesses his guilt to the advocate, whose feelings may be imagined. His silence as to this, from self-regarding motives, becomes one of the threads of a mesh in which he eventually becomes inextricably entangled. It would be unfair to tell too much of a story that depends to so great a degree on sensational and startling incidents; though there is probably nothing revealed in the climax that would not have been pretty clearly foreseen by readers of ordinary novelistic experience and acumen. The advocate's character is undoubtedly well conceived and drawn. There are other characters, too, that deserve attention. That of an ex-advocate, the crippled, shrivelled, shrewd, cynical, but still kindly, old Master Lamont is a capital sketch; and some of his conversations with his "familiar," the clever "fool," are crisp and entertaining. There is good character-drawing, too, in the long episode, that has more romantic material in it than goes to the making of many a whole novel. The bearing of this upon the main story is slight, yet we should have been sorry to miss it.

It is a relief for a reader, jaded with a course of regulation

novels, even of as much merit as the foregoing, to come upon such a refreshing book as the *Personal Recollections of Peter Stonnor, Esq.* This is a book written to amuse, and most thoroughly does it fulfil its object. It is truly funny, and the fun is never forced, and is without a dash of vulgarity. Peter Stonnor is a man of position in his county, past middle age, and a bachelor; a stiff, prim man, proud of his position and lineage, with his family motto, "*Stonnor et Honor*," ever on his lips; proud, too, of himself and of the natural gifts with which he firmly believes himself endowed; sententious and priggish; yet, withal, a good, kind-hearted, honourable English gentleman, whom one learns to like thoroughly in spite of his foibles. Believing that no one would venture to play a trick on *him*, he is the victim of innumerable practical jokes, and some swindles; vain of his supposed social tact, he is for ever making the most ludicrous blunders; profoundly impressed with a sense of his own wisdom and perspicacity, he uniformly "gets the wrong sow by the ear." Here is an instance of the subtlety of the author's touch in delineating this character. When Peter Stonnor is being duped (he is ultimately robbed) by a professing Medium, "My interest," he is made to say, "was roused, not so much by Spiritualism itself, as at the knowledge of finding a power of philosophical reasoning within me, which I had been hitherto unaware of." The tricks played upon the poor man, his harmless vanity, and the blunders he makes, form the staple of the book; which, for the rest, has just enough consecutiveness to make it a story, and just that touch of human interest and pathos without which no story, however funny, is quite satisfying. There are other amusing characters, too, and some good stories. One the author must forgive us for quoting. It is told against a minor character in the book, an old beau in search of a wife with a little money. "Beg pardon, Mrs. O'Brien," he was overheard saying to a widow, just as she was driving off the course at Punchestown, "but was it eight hundred a year and four children, or four hundred a year and eight children, you were saying?" But it is by no means only the little plums like this that make the book funny. It is well written and amusing from cover to cover; and we recommend any one who wants to laugh honestly to read it without delay.

QUAKERISM.*

IT may seem almost like a violation of privacy to review such a book as this in a public journal; but it is something of a contradiction of the spirit of Quakerism that it should have been published at all. Making all allowance for changed times and fashions, what could be more alien to the principles of their founder than that the Society of Friends should publish their arcana and submit all the minutiæ of their decrees to the judgment of the outer world? For more than a hundred years after the institution of their yearly meetings the minutes were not even printed, but were preserved and circulated in MS., each monthly or quarterly meeting being expected to make provision for the supply of copies for the use of its own members. In 1782 they first appeared in print; in 1883 (and possibly before) "Friends" accept the conditions of the literature of the world without, and expose their secrets, not only for universal perusal, but for the impartial comment of uninterested critics. The change is significant, corresponding to the change which has come over Quakerism itself; and the book is rather a protest that the Society is alive than an evidence of its vitality. Quakerism, in fact, has lost its *raison d'être*, and so practically has ceased to exist. It may be doubted whether George Fox, if he were alive now, would not be the first to admit that it had no longer any reason for being, possibly that the very features which differentiate it were the main hindrances to doing the work which it was established to do. It would be no argument against the necessity and wisdom of founding such a sect if he were to make this admission. The decline and death of his Society may be the best evidence of his discernment and foresight in establishing it, they may exhibit the best fruits of his religious zeal. At a time when conformity to the Established Church and to the ordinary usages of society seemed like approval of, or at least acquiescence in, the manners of a Court and of a society whose life and morals were an opprobrium (though some of the brightest lights of the Church of England shone then), it may have seemed the best, or indeed the only course, for those whose souls revolted against the dissipation of the laity—that is, of the more conspicuous laity—and the supineness of many of the rural clergy, to found a Society which by its dress and habits should bear witness against the one and by its zeal and energy should be a protest against the other. French idiom associated the use of the plural "you" with the Court of the French king, and the Court of Louis Quatorze and the unworthy relations of Charles with it again suggested much to discredit England in the eyes of people abroad and to scandalize the devout at home. Hence "thee" and "thou" are explicable as protests and reminders; but why "farewell" instead of "good-by"—what is the spiritual significance or social value of this change? It is perhaps not worth dwelling on, except so far as it indicates a disposition to make changes for the sake of change.

The peculiarity of dress was a more important matter. George Fox probably did not intend that all his followers should adopt his suit of leather; but he was an enthusiast, and in other times and countries might have donned the raiment of camel's hair and the leathern girdle about his loins. And he would have been consistent with himself in doing so. What he did mean was that "Friends" should be marked off by their simplicity of apparel from men whose dress was identified in his mind with disgraceful lives, but which was really not so much unchristian as absurd. A man would attract far less attention walking along Pall Mall now in a suit of leather than in the bows and lace, the silk and velvet, the ruffles and the wig of a dandy of the Court of Charles II. It must have been a real witness against the ways of the world, and a real support to the professors of a purer morality, that they should exhibit this aloofness, and, without words, announce their antagonism to evil. But in 1883 (when the minutes of his Society are published) he would see the men of the world at all events dressed in a way which would have caused them to be taken for Puritans both by the ascetic and by the cavalier of the seventeenth century.

It is not too much to say that hardly any man who is of any importance in the world nowadays would provoke the indignation even of George Fox by his dress. In that matter we are all Puritans. And it is significant that these minutes contain no decree enforcing fidelity to the traditions of the sect in respect of peculiarity of dress. The traditional drab suit—with its knee-breeches, collarless coat buttonless behind, and its broad-brimmed hat—is a thing of the long past; only middle-aged persons can remember it, except possibly in a familiar instance in the city of London. But more has gone than this. The very modified peculiarities of absence of collar, and a hat slightly lower in the crown and broader in the brim have vanished or are vanishing. "Thee," "thou," and "farewell" are going with them, and what there is left of Quakerism is only a religious sect, and no longer a social caste. It has been found impossible to maintain the insignia of social exclusiveness, and the *Book of Discipline* contents itself with exhorting both men and women to beware of "adorning themselves in a manner at variance with the plainness and simplicity of the truth we make profession of." But George Fox might see and might be justified in seeing in all this, not the failure, but the success of his policy in enforcing these outward and visible signs of an inward conviction. He might say, and with some truth, that his system had done its work and was dying, not because it was effete, but because that which was more "perfect had come," and therefore that "that which was in part was done away." He might see in the changed habits and manners of society since his day the fruit of his own mission; and, however mistaken he might be in claiming the results of many co-operating causes as due to his preaching alone, no one who knows anything of the history of the last hundred years would deny to Quakerism the glory of an example which has been always pure and often elevating. The active share taken by Quakers as a society in the abolition of slavery and in the reform of prisons are honours enough to inscribe on the escutcheon of any corporation (if Quakers had escutcheons) and to justify its separate existence. The spirit of George Fox has survived in many of his followers down to our own day, though the form of its manifestation is of necessity different. And there are other ways in which they have rendered social services which, if less important, are not without interest. Their quiet lives and seclusion from society, their abstinence from many of its pastimes have left them an amount of leisure which in many instances has been well employed. Those who have enjoyed no personal intimacy with members of the Society of Friends would be surprised at the learning and accomplishments he would find in many of these quiet homes. There is a tradition of culture in some of their families which would put to the blush many sons who have been to public schools and universities and have rubbed elbows with the world, and many daughters who have been to finishing schools and had the best masters. First-rate libraries are often found among them, and sometimes gems of printing, choice Elzevirs, curious collections of Bibles, and old vellum texts that would make Mr. Quaritch hungry. Portfolios of water-colours, enlarged by successive generations, scrap-books, filled with family contributions, drawers of choice engravings bear witness (if any witness were needed) how mistaken is the view which would fasten on modern Quakerism all the negative features of Puritanism, or deny it the appreciation of much which makes life best worth living for. In its *rapprochement* to the outer world, modifying and modified by it, it seems to us to have fulfilled its destiny (no ignoble one), and to have won the right to say "Nunc dimittis" with no insincere gratitude. But its social features are, of course, only the expression of the spirit of Quakerism, however necessary they may have been as a testimony and a protection of the professors of the creed. The question still remains, What is Quakerism in its inner essence? What was its original idea, and what has become of it now? Its origination is the best proof that George Fox was something more than a fanatic, a sectary, and an ascetic. Like all religious proclamations which have impressed men's souls and have endured, it is based on an assertion, and not on a negation. (Christian martyrs denied the divinity of the Emperor, and died for it; but it was the martyrdom, and not the denial, that was the *semen ecclesiæ*.) He found the religious world divided between those who based their faith on the universal tradition of the Church and those who believed in the exclusive authority of Scripture. Each party had its infallible guide to which they professed to submit will, reason, and conscience; both Puritan and Cavalier doing many things sanctioned by the voice of the living authority or the letter of the printed book which shocked the religious sense, and must have driven him to ask if there was no

* *Book of Christian Discipline of the Society of Friends.* London: Hamilton & Co.

other guide of life than these. And this impulse from without is apart from the mystical tendency of the man; it was, in a sense, as natural to him as it was spiritually true to conclude that he was not reduced to this alternative, which seemed discredited by much that he saw in the lives of the adherents of either side of it. In their rationale of religion they had left out, or assigned a subordinate place to, what he thought was the main factor in the relations of man to God. It was the indwelling Spirit, and not the Church, nor the Bible, who was the guide of life. How could it be otherwise when so many men, even unconsciously or against their will, subjected both Church and Bible to the verdict of conscience? In the war of parties, and when every one about him was on one side or the other, it was this insight into what he thought the defect of either side, and this discernment that he need not and could not belong to either, but that there was a third course, and that the true one, which marked the genius of George Fox. In it is contained the whole spiritual history of his Society. In it is involved the whole religious system of Quakerism. It followed almost logically that this belief in an inspiration which was the sufficient rule and light of life in all its details should make it necessary to dispense with all forms of worship and all external aids to faith; for how could one prescribe to another, equally inspired, the words of prayer or praise, or the help that he wanted for his peculiar need? The complete repudiation of all forms was the logical result of the exclusive adoption of one dogma, and the issue of its foundation-truth. Quakerism is the most logical creed in the world. It claims an equal inspiration for all, and it leaves to each the choice of his own words and modes of worship. It has been said that, notwithstanding the infinity of Christian sects, there are only two Christian parties—the Sacramentalists and the Spiritualists. If the analysis is true, Quakerism is Spiritualism pure and simple. It is as much opposed to the Lutheran as to the Catholic, and for many years its practice exhibited a thoroughgoing consistency with the inevitable deductions from its central dogma. If there must be dissent from the Church, it has the distinction of being in the completest dissidence, and of resting on a universal truth. It is easy to imagine a religious Churchman of logical mind regarding it as the only possible alternative to orthodoxy. But, if we may judge from the evidence of this *Book of Discipline*, this doctrine has ceased to be the differentia of Quakerism. The exhortations to read and study the Bible are as repeated and urgent as Churchman or Dissenter could desire; but this is not the point. What is to be noticed is not the presence of these precepts, but the absence of others; there are very few reminders of the once characteristic tenet, no intimation that the Bible itself is to be subjected to the inner light in every reader. The portion of the volume assigned to the special truth of Quakerism is absolutely as well as relatively small, and no reader of its purely religious parts would imagine that they were the exponents of a creed so individualized and unique; they would seem rather the utterances of a moderate and pious Evangelicism.

Except in the cases of those who have joined the Churches of England or of Rome, or have become "Christians unattached," we believe that this is what the religion of the Friends has issued in. It has shared the fate of their social customs and emblems. It has been modified by (and perhaps, too, has modified) its surroundings, and is now going through the process of being merged in them. Yet there are Quakers still staunch in their religious dissidence, though undistinguishable in their outer life. Though the sect is moribund, the men whom it has bred are a force in the world, and exhibit in literature, politics, and philanthropy the effects of the bracing discipline of their creed and customs for the last two centuries.

SIX CENTURIES OF WORK AND WAGES.*

THERE are (putting works of fiction out of the question) three classes of interesting writers, and there is no fourth; though almost every writer who is interesting belongs in point of interest to more than one of them. There is the writer—no doubt the highest kind—whose style is the important point, and who, whether he writes about broomsticks, or about the fall of empires, about the rose and the milk of Celia's cheeks, or about the circumstances in which it is casuistically justifiable not to fast, is always important and delightful. Him no age withers and no custom stales, and he is as perfectly sure of appreciation for ever as he is to-day or yesterday. Then there is the writer who has the faculty of masterly argument, no matter what premisses he may assume, and he also has a tolerably sure though a much narrower audience. And lastly, there is the man who knows a great many facts, and can put them lucidly, whether he can or cannot draw conclusions from them, or write delightfully about them. He has the least secure and lasting hold on an audience, but he has also the widest range of subject, and there is room for a great deal more of him.

To this last class Mr. Thorold Rogers belongs; and it is because he belongs to it that his singular weakness in reasoning and his alarming faults of taste may be, and are when he confines himself to the subjects which he does know, forgotten for the time, if not altogether condoned. It is not very easy even to forget them, for he generally takes very good care to bring them to mind. But by sufficiently good-natured and well-practised persons they can be ignored. Never accept a political remark from Mr. Rogers for it is sure to be worthless. Never accept a fact from Mr. Rogers out of his own special subject and period, for it is more than likely to be inexact. Treat all kinds of "flings" from Mr. Rogers on all kinds of subjects as the Russian censors do English newspapers, by carefully obliterating them from the mind's view. Remember when Mr. Rogers makes any statement of an æsthetic kind that he has got no taste; when he makes any statement of a religious kind that he belongs to a sect in which there are two Church members, and that Mr. Rogers is "no that sure of John." By this process you will have a really valuable residuum. For Mr. Rogers is one of the very few people who partially, it may be, and from a single point of view, do know the English middle ages, who have really taken pains to know them, and who (though he himself has often made his valuable knowledge subservient to very valueless deductions) have yet that honest love of a favourite subject which makes it nearly impossible for a man wholly to pervert his knowledge, or sink it in order to favour his prejudices. When Mr. Rogers speaks of the seventeenth and later centuries, even when he speaks of the sixteenth, he may be put aside altogether. But when he speaks of the period before the Renaissance in England, he is not to be poohpoohed, though of course he is still to be taken with many grains of salt. Nor is this the only point of interest about him. For it will always remain a very interesting problem how a man who has such a genuine and intelligent love of learning should have adopted such ludicrous political views, and how a man with such ludicrous political views can have bent himself to such genuine study of the very period which to any one who has political eyes in his political head is sufficient to make those views untenable. We can quite understand "my friend, Mr. Jesse Collings," as Mr. Rogers somewhere calls him, being a Radical; we can quite understand Mr. Chamberlain being a Radical (or anything else which came handy); we can even understand Mr. John Morley being a Radical, inasmuch as he has devoted himself to a special study of that period of human history which, looked at by itself, would make almost any one detest kings and lords and bishops. But in Mr. Rogers's case, who has devoted himself to the period which is the triumph of the aristocratic and ecclesiastical principle, and who admits fully the beneficial results of that principle in detail, Radicalism most certainly is not justified of her child. It must have given him a great deal of trouble to arrive at this point of wrongheadedness. "Such perversity, sir, is not in nature."

Mr. Rogers's present volumes consist in part of a working up into continuous narrative and argumentative form of the data given in his *History of Prices*, in part of a similar working up of similar data collected from other writers for the period since Elizabeth's reign to the present day. He tells us that he has (though they are not published) data as full as those of the *History of Prices* up to the reign of Anne; from that time forward he admits second-hand and scattered authority. From reading his book, and indeed from previous knowledge, we should say that the facts on which he rests his account of work and wages during the last three centuries are very much less numerous, very much less trustworthy, and, above all, very much less exhaustive, than those on which he bases his account of work and wages during the first. Indeed, though there are valuable facts here and there, the greater part of the second volume (the book is bound in two volumes, but is paged continuously) is scarcely of much value. The accounts of the actual history of the subject are desultory, piecemeal, insufficient; there is far more of mere opinion (which, as has been said, is always, or almost always, worthless with Mr. Rogers); and there are long passages of declamation against Tories, Turks, ground landowners, the University of Oxford, &c. &c., which contrast curiously with the general sobriety of the earlier part, where the author has plenty to say and has contented himself with saying it. As it may be thought unfair thus to set at nought Mr. Rogers's reasoning power without giving chapter and verse, let us do this once for all. At the close of his book he reverts to that fertile source of delusions, the cause of Mr. Hyndman's economic mania, the prosperity of the English lower classes in the fifteenth century. "I can discover," says Mr. Rogers very gravely, "no other cause for this remarkable material progress beyond the universal associations of labour." Yet he himself throughout his earlier chapters has given, and in this place partly refers to, causes enough independent of any such associations for the very greatest prosperity. The Black Death had thinned off superfluous population, and that curse of all growing and healthy nations except in their infancy was further kept down by the Hundred Years' War. The war did not interfere with English trade, but, on the contrary, somewhat extended it. It brought a good deal of "loot" into the country; it prevented, as the Wars of the Roses subsequently prevented, political oppression; the seasons (Mr. Rogers admits this) were extraordinarily favourable; the monasteries at their richest, if not at the highest point of their spiritual health, provided a vast system of gratuitous poor relief. Comfort had not become luxury with the well-to-do laity; and the vast, well-endowed, and powerful corporation of the clergy at once provided a professional opening for intelligent youths of all classes and did not burden the nation with posterity. Every circumstance favourable to prosperity was present, by Mr. Rogers's own statements, and certainly to his knowledge; and yet he can "discover no cause" of it beyond associations of labour (i.e. trade and agricultural unions), and apparently, though he is no Georgite, can hope for no return of it except through an upsetting of the

* *Six Centuries of Work and Wages.* By J. E. Thorold Rogers, M.P. 2 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1884.

present social system of England and the throwing of increased taxation on the land.

As a political guide or authority, therefore, Mr. Rogers cannot be said to exist. He is only a crotcheteer, who has less excuse than some other crotcheteers in that, unlike them, he need not make crotchet do duty for knowledge unless he likes. But his picture in the first three or four hundred pages of the condition of the lower and middle classes in England during the middle ages—a picture whose details may be familiar to scholars, but which will be certainly novel to the general reader—has great interest and merit. Mr. Rogers has done for England what M. Simeon Luce has less elaborately done for France. He has abolished the conception dear to the eighteenth and early nineteenth century, and not abandoned by half-instructed people now, of the misery of the middle ages. The one thing that he has still against them is that they were dirty, and we fear, according to modern standards at least, that an honest champion well read in mediæval literature can make only partial head against this very unpleasant charge. They were dirty not so much in the persons of the people, for they bathed pretty frequently, as in their houses, their clothes, &c. The Parkes Museum of Hygiene certainly did not exist then. So also they had, for want of turnips, to eat a great deal of unwholesome salt meat, and the salt was not good. But when these two drawbacks are allowed for, there is absolutely no doubt that the life of the ordinary peasant or the ordinary town craftsman, at most times between the reign of John and the reign of Henry VII., was a more comfortable life in every way than the life of the compeers of either now. They were less hardly worked, more plentifully fed, not much less comfortably lodged, more solidly if less showily and neatly clothed. They had a vast deal more leisure and infinitely greater variety of amusement. They were not so well educated, perhaps, if any one sets great store by School Board education. But for this infirmity a wise man's moan will soon be made. What with the Church, the Universities, and the wars, they had a very fair chance of rising in the world. The commander of the garrison of Norwich, who was killed in Litester's revolt, a knight and in a position of great trust, was a serf by birth. Also, despite the recent evidence of Peterborough Tower, they did much better work of some kinds than we manage to do now, and they did it, as Mr. Rogers shows, after making the amplest allowance for the difference in the value of money, much more cheaply. The general social arrangements of the rural districts were of a rather complicated and a decidedly well-arranged kind. There were not strictly speaking many yeomen. Mr. Rogers's loose expressions about every man being a landowner, which have misled poor Mr. Hyndman, mean simply that most men had land at a fixed rent of money and service which it was not usual to disturb. But the prevalent system by which the landlord supplied stock as well as land, with careful covenants as to loss and deterioration, and the elaborate profit and loss accounts which were kept, undoubtedly knitted the whole nation into a community of interest impossible where landlord and tenant are on a different footing. Often the landlords took large tracts into their own cultivation—a practice which in these days of Ground Game Acts, Agricultural Holdings Acts, and other devices for making a *modus vivendi* between landlord and tenant impossible, might very well be revived. The prevalence of common land at the time has been ignorantly talked of as an argument against present arrangements; it would hardly be of much use now, and is more than compensated by the increased acreage available for more profitable husbandry. Indeed, to any one reading Mr. Rogers's book without Mr. Rogers's prejudices, the secret of mediæval prosperity is as clear as the fact. We need not say bluntly that in those days they hung Radicals and burnt political dissenters. This would be an alarming way of putting the thing. But it would be more reasonable and nearer the truth than Mr. Rogers's astounding discovery that Trade-Unions produced what by his own account was obviously due to an entirely different and indeed opposed set of causes. Trade-Unions of the mediæval kind may have had some merits, but they could only regulate, not cause, the prosperity which came from other sources.

HOLMES'S HISTORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.*

AN author who at this epoch rewrites the history of a struggle which has been told as a whole by two well-known authors, and in isolated parts by half a score of others, must be prepared to justify his attempt. He may show, for instance, that previous narratives are one-sided, prejudiced, or erroneous. He may have discovered letters, or diaries, or some new matter of vast and varied importance. He may rely on personal experiences of Indian administration and on the part which he himself played in some of the scenes of 1857. We do not gather that Mr. Holmes rests his case on any one of the above pleas. He is industrious, and he has consulted blue-books, Parliamentary papers, biographies, articles in magazines and reviews and weekly journals, and narratives of particular campaigns to a very great extent. He writes in an animated style; and his descriptions of scenery, sieges, the pluck shown by a few resolute Englishmen against overwhelming odds, has spirited and in the main correct. We do not disagree, except in a few notable instances, with the praise or censure awarded to the men who, from position or character, really had much to do with shaping the course of Indian history. And the title selected by him for his work shows that he appreciates the nature of the uprising which he undertakes to describe. It was in truth a mutiny of petted and ungrateful Sepoys, accompanied by "disturbances among the civil population." It was not a protest of aggrieved caste or oppressed nationality. Moreover, Mr. Holmes puts all he has to say into one volume as compact and connected as is possible for a writer who has to describe remote scenes and to jump from one Presidency to another, from Lucknow to Delhi, and from Bombay to Eastern Bengal.

It is tolerably clear to us that Mr. Holmes has never served in any Indian department, or surveyed the country with the confident spirit of a tourist of six months. Nor do we wish to lay much stress on such mistakes or defects as the following. The magistrate of Agra, at the outbreak of the Mutiny, was not the Hon. E. Drummond, but his brother Mr. Robert Drummond. The former never served in the Upper Provinces at all until his appointment as Lieutenant-Governor of Agra by the late Lord Elgin. A Tahsildar is, no doubt, a head native revenue officer, who is responsible, we may add, for the collection of a couple of lacks of rupees; but a *Pergunnah* is not a county or anything like it. The term *Zillah* more corresponds to our county; a *Pergunnah* is almost equal, roughly, to the Hundred. To describe a *Nazir* as a "high native official employed in a judicial court," is almost *obscurum per obscurius*. The *Nazir* is the official who issues processes, keeps the roll of witnesses and announces their arrival, makes out lists of unclaimed property and stray cattle, and carries out public sales by the Court's order, just outside the Kutcherry. We are startled to hear that the Brahmans of Calcutta are "the most cunning and the most formidable of their order," and that they exercised a bad influence over their brethren in the North-Western Provinces. That the Mukarjis, Chaturjis, Banerjis, and others are astute, proud, and litigious, is generally admitted; but they have very little connexion with the Miars and Dhobes of Upper India. And the educated classes in Bengal, when once thoroughly awakened to the excesses of the Sepoys, were certainly not active in disloyalty. They were passive, acquiesced in the British rule, and gave no trouble. The printer, we apprehend, is responsible for the insertion of a wrong letter in a quotation from the Second Æneid, which makes the late Mr. J. Colvin guilty of a false quantity and spoils a line. For *spes ulla vivendi*, the schoolboy &c. reads *videndi*.

We cannot go through a review of events now tolerably familiar to most readers. They have been told before and may bear telling again. Our main charge against Mr. Holmes is that in treating of one or two important junctures he exaggerates or miscalculates their importance. He does not always perceive the real force of a blow struck or of an error retrieved. Let us take, for instance, the effect of the fall of Delhi in September 1857. At p. 367 he seems to admit the vital necessity of its capture. As long as it held out there was a "general disbelief in the vitality of the British power," and it was being followed by "general disaffection." But at p. 407, after the successful assault, he minimizes the fact and asserts "that the only positive and unmistakable benefit which resulted from it was the removal of the strain under which the loyalty of the Punjab had nearly given way." Here we join issue with the author. The capture of Imperial Delhi, the city of so many splendid historical associations, held by thousands of revolted Sepoys, who for three months had paralysed the efforts of our small force on "the ridge," was the turning-point of the year and indeed of the Mutiny. It is perfectly true that a great deal remained to be done after Nicolson's death. The garrison of Lucknow had to be carried off in safety; the whole Province of Oude had to be reconquered; Rohilcund was in arms; and the Moulavi in one place, Tantia Topi in another, and Koer Sing in a third, were by no means put down. But every administrator, from the Lieutenant-Governor at Lahore to the isolated district officer on the frontiers of Eastern Bengal, knew that to take Delhi was to retain the Empire; to fail in the assault meant retirement to the ships in the Hooghly on the part of those not massacred or hunted down in detail. Macaulay, in the second of his two essays on Pitt, says that nothing more was necessary to silence a whole roomful of boasting Frenchmen than to drop a hint of the probability that the great commoner would return to power. After his successes, it has been also said, Englishmen could again look one another in the face without shame. The fall of Delhi produced with Anglo-Indian residents a precisely similar effect. A short-lived triumph had been enjoyed on the premature announcement of its capture when our troops first appeared before it in June. A terrible reaction followed on the discovery of the truth. The tension on the minds of the whole English community during the weeks of July and August that elapsed after the Cawnpore and Futtehgarh massacres and other dismal events, will never be forgotten. With the recapture of Delhi, Englishmen breathed freely, and no one—except the worst alarmists and crokers—had the least doubt of our ultimate success. Similarly at p. 580 we are told that Sir Hugh Rose in June 1858, after his splendid march across Central India with all its combinations and victories, heard of an event "the news of which caused through India a sensation hardly less than that caused by the news of the first mutinies." We were really puzzled to hit on the particular tragedy which is said to have sent such a thrill throughout India, but we make out from the next chapter but one, that Mr. Holmes alludes to the defection

* *A History of the Indian Mutiny, and of the Disturbances which accompanied it among the Civil Population.* By T. R. E. Holmes. With Two Maps and Six Plans. London: Allen & Co.

of Sindia's army. The fact was not without its significance, and the occupation of Gwalior by the rebels did add to our complications. But by that time India had become rather callous to these sensational events. We had by that time more than one very able commander and plenty of soldiers from England. And seeing that Sindia's army rebelled about the end of May, and that it was thoroughly beaten, cowed, and dispersed by the 20th of June, there was not much time for the news, however "startling," to produce a serious effect. The truth is the fall of Delhi was like the old Greek proverb about one-half of anything. It was more even than the whole. And no one who reflected that that city had been recovered by the aid of English troops already in India at the outbreak and Sikhs and Goorkhas, ever doubted that, with the reinforcements since sent from England, the reconquest of Lucknow, the recovery of Oudh and Rohilcund, and the dispersement of guerilla warriors, desperate Sepoys, and plundering Dacoits, however arduous tasks, were mere matters of time, to be settled by one or at most two campaigns. At page 156 Mr. Holmes seems to imply that in June 1857, immediately after the outbreak, Brigadier Wilson at Meerut might have done something to help Mr. Colvin, who was severely tried at Agra. That nothing was done by a commander who had British artillery, rifles, and dragoons, to preserve his own station is true enough. But it is unreasonable to suppose that any help could have then been sent right down the Doab to protect the seat of the Government of the North-West Provinces. There was quite enough to do in watching Meerut Bolundshahr and keeping up the communication with the Hills and the Punjab.

To divers eminent administrators Mr. Holmes does not do full justice. The late Mr. Dorin, then in Council, is credited with more foresight and capacity than we should be inclined to allow. Sir J. P. Grant is termed a "clever bureaucrat, not a statesman." Lord Beaconsfield, we may remind Mr. Holmes, bestowed the highest praise on Mr. Grant's Minute regarding the annexation of Oudh, and those who are really cognizant of his career and character know that he was very far removed from the typical governor who goes by the rules of sealing-wax and red tape. On some of Lord Canning's acts Mr. Holmes passes no judgment at all. We cannot be sure whether he endorses that statesman's wise refusal to proclaim martial law in Bengal. There never was the smallest necessity for the adoption of any such stringent measure in the Lower Provinces, nor was there any emergency with which the established tribunals, fortified by plenary powers of life and death, were not perfectly competent to deal. The Gagging Act, unfortunately passed by Lord Canning and his Council, needlessly irritated the Anglo-Saxon community. It is the old story which the unlucky Ilbert Bill has done so much to revive. To say nothing of ordinary and peaceful times, Englishmen in India in seasons of peril, famine, anarchy, disaffection, and open revolt, will not stand the doctrine of equality. They are there because of their superiority in character, enterprise, and steadfast pursuit of national objects. Their loyalty needs no stimulus and their independent criticism, if not always judicious, must not be gagged by special Acts. In the well-known controversy between the late Lord Lawrence and Sir Herbert Edwardes as to whether it was better in the last extremity to abandon Peshawur or to retire temporarily from the siege of Delhi, Mr. Holmes has not the least hesitation in roundly asserting "that it would have been wiser to choose the latter alternative." We have already given reasons for showing that Mr. Holmes has formed a very inaccurate estimate of the state of affairs at Delhi, and of the importance attached to its capture by wavering Rajas and Nawabs. It is fortunate, as he says, that the choice never became necessary. But since the publication of Mr. Bosworth Smith's life, an English officer of rank and experience has lately expressed to us his decided conviction that Lord Lawrence was right and Edwardes wrong about Peshawur and Delhi. On another point Mr. Holmes delivers an equally unhesitating judgment. The Commissioner of the division had issued an order directing the district officers at Gaya and Mozuffarpore to come in to headquarters and bring their treasure with them; and we are told that "no measure had been more sagacious than this." It is perhaps fortunate that instances of this peculiar sagacity were rare in other parts of India. The Empire as a whole was saved, not because men hastily abandoned their posts, but because they stuck to them until the crackling of bungalows in flames and the roar of gaol-birds let loose on a passive community distinctly proclaimed that nothing more could be done. Mr. Holmes, writing a quarter of a century after these events, is too given to this tone of lofty superiority. He has missed an opportunity at the close of his work. There was a tempting field for any writer in the reconstitution of authority, in the treatment of chiefs who had met us in the field or been loyal and wavering in turns, and generally in the noble, firm, and conciliatory policy of Lord Canning. But very possibly he may have thought this task rather beyond his powers. The concluding chapter, in which he tries to explain the origin of the Mutiny and to apportion blame to various parties, is not unfair in many points. And one sentence has a really good ring about it. "If we had not been able to quell the Indian Mutiny, it would have been a plain proof that we had no business to be in India." And we may rely on it that if we are not to have something as trying in its way as a revolt of Sepoys, if India is not to become restive and unmanageable, we shall do well not to propound platitudes about "inequalities," "distinctions," or "sweeping away" old landmarks and discriminating laws. The last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, after impressing caution and foresight in carrying out the most obvious and elementary reforms, has some very sensible remarks on the impolicy of talking about the eventual "autonomy" of India, and propounding as a thesis for "academic debate" the "moral justification of our government" there. Lord Ripon and his advisers may not be greasing cartridges with the wrong fat or laying the foundations of a second rising of Pandays, Pathans, and Poorbeas; but it is quite certain that, if they persist in their career of reckless change, they will soon furnish Mr. Holmes and gentlemen of his research and enterprise with fresh materials for an unpleasant and discreditable chapter of history.

THE GOLD-HEADED CANE.*

IN a glass case in the Library of the College of Physicians there is exhibited a gold-headed cane, which has been the caduceus of five illustrious medicine men in turn. As a rule, says Dr. Munk, the cane which was carried by the profession had a round top, sometimes of gold, sometimes of silver, "but in later times generally of ivory." There was a reason for this shape, it appears. At first the top did duty, not only as a handle, but as a vinaigrette as well, being hollow within and perforate without, to the end that it might contain a quantity of Marseilles, or Four Thieves, Vinegar, which was supposed to be a powerful disinfectant, and which your Æsculapius, when he came within scenting distance of disease, would give his nose from his cane's head, as from a smelling-bottle. The Cane of the Five Doctors, however, has a common crutch handle, and is therefore not representative, nor strictly professional. The reason is that its first master was the famous Radcliffe, who, being "a rule to himself," and "at all times impatient under the conventional usages of his order," is supposed to have preferred the crutch handle to the knob, or globe, in something of that spirit of originality which impelled him, at the very beginning of his career, to do battle with the Galenists on the great small-pox question, and instead of stoving up his patients to give them air and exhibit "cooling emulsions." From his hands it passed into the keeping of the illustrious Mead, who bequeathed it to Askew, who bequeathed it to William Pitcairn, who bequeathed it to Matthew Baillie, after whose death it passed to the College of Physicians. There, for half a century or so, it "rusted inglorious," forgotten in a cupboard, till at last it was withdrawn from the dishonourable obscurity in which it had slumbered, and placed (with the President's silver caduceus, which was designed and presented by Dr. Caius, and the mace of silver gilt, which is the gift (1684) of Dr. Lawson) in the glass case where it now abides. In its retirement it appears to have dictated to the late Dr. Macmichael certain of its reminiscences of the five great men whose arms are blazoned on its top; and to these, at the instance of Dr. Munk, it has since made some interesting additions. Hence the present volume, written in the severe and formal style to be expected of its author, and containing a vast deal of curious, entertaining, and recondite information.

Radcliffe, the first of the cane's five masters, was in some sort the most successful also. In his day medicine as a science had hardly begun to be. He himself is recorded to have cured a quinsy by setting his two servants to pelt each other with hasty pudding as the very bed of death, by which means the patient was made to laugh, and the quinsy to break; while Bidloo, the Dutch physician attached to the service of William III., could think of nothing better for the boils with which his master was afflicted than to have his legs rubbed night and morning with a mixture of crabs' eyes, flour, and cummin seed. Radcliffe, however, had a great deal of good sense, and was an admirable talker, a fine judge of character, and an accomplished man of the world; he appears, too, to have been a born physician, and to have had a really remarkable gift of prognosis; so that, though he wrote little or nothing, and probably knew no more than many others of his generation, he enjoyed extraordinary popularity and achieved a professional success which has hardly been surpassed by the most eminent practitioners of our own time. He lived gallantly and luxuriously; but the amount of money he made was incredibly large. His apothecary died worth fifty thousand pounds; Dr. Gibbons, who lived hard by, made over a thousand a year from the overflow of his practice; he charged five guineas for a journey from Bloomsbury to Bow; his average receipts were twenty guineas a day, or more than seven thousand a year; he refused a baronetcy, and for a week in the camp at Namur he received a fee of four hundred guineas from his patient, Albemarle, and a gratification of twelve hundred more from Albemarle's master. It is not astonishing that seven years before he died he estimated his fortune, in money and land, at over eighty thousand pounds. His use of this was noble in the extreme. He bequeathed his Yorkshire estate to University College for the foundation of two travelling fellowships and the purchase of perpetual advowsons, together with a further sum of five thousand pounds for the enlargement of the college buildings. He left forty thousand pounds more for the building of what has for over a century been known to the world as the Radcliffe Library. He set apart five hundred pounds a year for ever "towards mending the diet at St. Bartholomew's Hospital." All the rest of his estate he gave to his executors on trust for charitable purposes; and in this way he became responsible—among countless benefactions of greater or

* *The Gold-headed Cane.* By William Munk, M.D., F.S.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.

less importance—for the Oxford Observatory and Infirmary. Whether or not he was a great healer seems doubtful. That he was a good man and a great benefactor of his kind is unquestionable. So many have shared in his heritage already that their number is hardly to be counted; and his heritage will remain, increasing with time, a blessing upon innumerable generations.

There is much to say, had we space to say it, of Radcliffe's four successors. Mead, for instance—"artis medicæ decus, vitæ revera nobilis"—was a remarkable man in every way; a fine scholar, a good physician, a bibliophile, a collector, a student, the friend of wits and poets, the patron of artists, the prince of good hosts and good fellows. He wrote wisely of quarantine and the sanitary cordon; he was a champion of inoculation, an authority on small-pox and measles; he introduced important innovations into the established treatment of dropsy. He was popular enough to make some five or six thousand a year; but he was so generous and charitable that, though between fifteen and sixteen thousand pounds was realized by the sale of his books and pictures and statues, he left not more than fifty thousand pounds, and "this sum was materially diminished by the payment of his debts." Askew, again, was a scholar, a traveller, a collector of books, marbles, manuscripts, and inscriptions. William Pitcairn, President of the College, was a physician pure and simple; so was Baillie, who, as John Hunter's sister's son, received about the best education at that time to be got. Of each and all of them the Gold-headed Cane has something novel and interesting to record; and they are but a few of the many—Hans Sloane and Dr. Warren, Goddard and Halford, Paris and Arbuthnot and Cheyne—with whom the Gold-headed Cane was brought into contact, immediate or indirect, and of whom it discourses in a manner "worthy of no small meed of praise."

ECONOMIC ENTOMOLOGY.*

NO effort has been made in this country at all comparable with what has been done on the Continent of Europe or in the United States of America towards organizing a scientific scheme of agricultural or economic entomology. It may be that the losses inflicted by the ravages of insects within the limited area of our group of islands and under the more moderate conditions of our insular climate are not such as to force the subject so imperatively upon the attention of the land-cultivating class or of the governing body; but the extent of damage to crops of all kinds by the spread of insect pests is sufficiently established to make it a serious item of calculation as regards the products of cultivation and the consequent well-being of the entire body politic. Of official documents bearing upon this branch of rural economy there is all but a total dearth in this country. There is certainly nothing to compare with the voluminous publications of the French Government relating to the *phylloxera* disease, or the manifold South-American reports upon the ravages of locusts, those of the Argentine Republic being conspicuously numerous and ample. Still less can our public departments pretend to vie with the support given to this important study by the governing body of the American Union and the several States composing it. The losses inflicted by insects injurious to agriculture within the Union have been put down at from $300,000 to $400,000 annually. The *Encyclopædia Americana*, now in course of publication, besides giving a succinct report of the most prominent varieties of insect life to which these ravages are due, supplies a list of the American writers and official compilers whose works make up the literature of the subject. Of these the most prominent in the reports are Mr. B. D. Walsh, the first State Entomologist of Illinois; Mr. Townend Glover, of the U.S. Department of Agriculture; and Mr. C. V. Riley, of the State of Missouri. The good work is being actively carried on under Mr. Joseph A. Lintner, the recently appointed State Entomologist of New York, following up the valuable researches of the late Dr. T. W. Harris and Dr. Asa Fitch. A handy little manual for practical use, we may add, has been recently compiled by Mrs. Mary B. Treat, entitled *Injurious Insects of the Farm and Garden* (New York, 1882). A leading part in the advance of entomology in Europe has from the first been taken by France, the whole literature of the subject dating, it may be said, from the publication of Réaumur's learned and handsome volumes just a century and a half ago. A series of admirable memoirs and reports, conspicuous amongst which are those of M. Guérin Méneville and M. Bazin, attest the spirit of research in that country from that day to this, stimulated of late by the grievous damage to the staple produce of the soil by various forms of insect life. In Germany much valuable work has been done of late by Ratzeburg, Kaltenbach, Altum, Taschbenberg, and other entomologists of mark, whilst in our own country there has for thirty years and upwards been little more than a standstill. So thorough and so trustworthy were the labours of Kirby and Spence that we need hardly be surprised to find their *Introduction* hold its own as the standard work of science for the students of British entomology, unsurpassed as it is for untiring research, exact observation, and graphic powers of description. As more especially devoted to the economical aspect of insect life, the writings of Mr. John Curtis were not long in establishing for their author a repute which no later rival has had the power nor, we may add, the ambition seriously to set aside. For many years engaged in drawing up reports for the *Agricultural Journal*, as well as being from the first connected with Dr. Lindley in the compilation of the *Gardener's Chronicle*, Mr. Curtis found himself prepared with ample data relating to the subject when he was invited by the Royal Agricultural Society not long after its foundation to prepare a series of reports upon the insects affecting the various crops cultivated in Great Britain and Ireland. One main cause of the difficulty in obtaining correct information on the forms of insect life that ravaged our crops was found in the circumstance of the papers which treated of such matters being scattered through rare and expensive works, often written in foreign languages. Twenty years of labour among foreign as well as domestic sources of knowledge qualified Mr. Curtis for the task of giving in detail the history and habits of the insects injurious to our turnip, corn, and other crops, explaining the transformations they undergo in their several stages, from the egg to the perfect state, whether beetle, moth, or fly; with the addition of whatever remedies for suppressing or checking the ravages of insects obnoxious to the farmer have been discussed or found practically effective. *Farm Insects*, in which he gave an exhaustive account of the natural history and economy of these pests of the vegetable world, with suggestions for their destruction, was accepted at once as the standard work upon the subject, and has for five-and-thirty years kept its place as the indispensable book of reference for every practical farmer and country gentleman. As it has been for some time out of print, a reissue of the book will be looked upon as a boon not only by this class of readers, but by all who take an intelligent interest in natural history, as well as in the economic bearings of field labour. Although we could have wished to see it so far remodelled as to incorporate the more important gains to science that have resulted from the labours of our entomologists during the intervening period, we cannot withhold our concurrence with the publisher's advertisement that the present reprint needs no apology, it being in the opinion of leading authorities fairly exhaustive of the subject, and both in its arrangement of matter and style of treatment leaving little to be desired. The original steel plates, which are exquisite specimens of the art of the graver, retain all their freshness and beauty, and the impressions coloured by hand add appreciably from an artistic no less than from a scientific point of view to the value of the book.

No crop is infested by a more varied or destructive array of enemies than the turnip. A picture is drawn by Mr. Curtis which may well appal the heart of an intending agriculturist. "First the ants run off with an incredible quantity of the seeds. Then come two sorts of turnip-fly, the striped and the brassy, which destroy the tender leaves as soon as they burst from the ground. At the same time, we have the maggot of a fly and the wire-worm both living upon the young roots, and also a large caterpillar or grub when they are more advanced. Then follow armies of black caterpillars, reducing the leaves to skeletons, and the blight of the plant-louse, together with a minute moth, to which we may add also a couple of weevils, which cause the lumps or excrescences on the bulbs, with slugs, snails, and mildew bringing up the rear." The natural history of each of these pests of the turnip-field is discussed in a succession of chapters, beginning with the saw-fly and its black caterpillar, under various vernacular names of evil omen, as Black Jack, Black Palmer, Black Canker, &c., swarms of which have been known to be wafted to our eastern coasts from no less a distance than Norway, or, as surmised by some authorities, from Russia, darkening the air and lying two inches thick upon the ground. It is not to be confused with the turnip-beetle, which belongs to the order of Coleoptera, the saw-fly being included among the Hymenoptera. Of this order there is an extensive family called Tenthredinidæ, made up of several genera, one of which is termed Athalia, comprising six or seven species, natives of Great Britain. To this genus belongs our turnip-fly, named by Fabricius *Athalia spinarum*. Its anatomy and stages of development are graphically depicted in Plate B, as well as in clearly drawn woodcuts inserted in the text, by aid of which the agriculturist need have little difficulty in detecting the presence of the enemy on leaf or bulb.

Not so common or so destructive among the saw-flies, and not observed by any English entomologist before Curtis, though made known by M. Dugaigneau, a skilful agriculturist of the department of the Loire, in the year 1819, is *Cephus pygmæus*, the Corn Saw-fly (Plate I.) The currant, the gooseberry, the pine leaf, and even grass have their several enemies among the saw-flies. Other species, as *Tenthredo scrophulariæ*, *T. viridis*, and others, are not satisfied with vegetable food, but prey upon soft-bodied insects, and will even attack the Telephori, the larvæ being phytivorous, the imago insectivorous. Further infesters of turnip crops are plant-lice, maggots of divers flies, caterpillars of moths, wire-worms, and the click-beetles they produce, the last-named enemy being the most fatal to the farmer's prospects and the most difficult to overcome, their ravages extending to corn crops, potatoes, cabbages, and the roots and stems of flowers. The general reader may be surprised to learn that there are nearly seventy species of beetles in this country which are the parents of

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* *Farm Insects; being the Natural History and Economy of the Insects injurious to the Field Crops of Great Britain and Ireland, and also those which infest Barns and Granaries, with Suggestions for their Destruction.* By John Curtis, F.L.S., Hon. Member of the Ashmolean Society of Oxford, &c. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. London: J. Van Voorst. 1883.

† *Guide to Methods of Insect Life, and Prevention and Remedy of Insect Ravages; being ten Lectures.* By Eleanor A. Ormerod, F.R.Met.Soc. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1884.

wire-worms. Not more than eleven of these species, however, are held by Mr. Curtis to demand attention. They belong to the order Coleoptera, forming the family Elaterides and the genus *Elater* of Linnæus, which has been divided into several others by more recent naturalists. Their characteristic difference of structure, function, and habit will be readily made out by the aid of Mr. Curtis's clear descriptions and delineations. As to the means of coping with these and the other multitudinous pests of the farmstead and the garden, it can hardly be said that the resources of science are such as to encourage a very lively degree of hope. Every suggestion that seemed intrinsically plausible or that had to any fair extent the voucher of experience has its place in Mr. Curtis's pages; but he is too cautious to commit himself to any specific nostrum, either of the chemical laboratory or of any artificial agency soever. With all the advances made since his time by the aid of our agricultural colleges or by the researches and practical trials of experts, we are far from seeing our way to a code of rules which may keep the agriculturist safe from the invasion of insect pests or rid him of them when they have settled upon his crops. Efficacious as many a remedy may be found when brought to bear as an isolated experiment or within limited conditions, the difficulty of applying it on a wide scale or under varying circumstances of soil and climate may prove in practice insuperable. Nitrate of soda, chloride of lime, refuse of gas-works, salt, soot, alcohol, petroleum, may be each and all sovereign cures, can they only be brought to bear upon the insidious swarms of the enemy with wide enough range and without ruinous expense. Hand-picking, upon which our author most confidently relies against such pests as the wire-worm, has become subject to the embarrassment that the boys and girls on whose eyes and fingers he counted will be at the present hour preoccupied with the first or second standard in the Board school, whilst women's work has doubtless risen in the industrial market to a grade above that of gathering grubs and maggots. It is in the realm of animal life that the farmer and the gardener may most hopefully look for his saving friends. The robin, the wagtail, the blackbird, the thrush, and other small birds with a list of which the schedule under the Protection Act has made us familiar, turkeys, ducks, and fowls, above all the patient rook, will be found his most trustworthy allies. Aphides and other parasites which form the nemesis of these enemies of man's well-being may be encouraged in their withering powers of propagation. The alternation of crops is to be carefully studied. White mustard seed, for instance, the acrid roots of which appear to be too much for the wire-worm, may be sown with effect for a season in place of the corn or turnip crops. Practical hints of this kind, too numerous for us to particularize, make Mr. Curtis's pages as useful a manual for the agriculturist as he can place for reference upon his bookshelf.

Miss Ormerod's devotion to the study of insect life, her unflagging industry in collecting materials, and her unmistakable talent for putting into a popular form the results of scientific research, invest all she writes with an interest and a value which even experts will be prompt to recognize; her reports and addresses forming a welcome auxiliary to labours of a more original kind, and on a scale of more imposing magnitude. Without pretending to high rank as a primary investigator of nature, her assiduity and her aptitude for accumulating and imparting knowledge have won her a recognized position in the eyes of the public as Consulting Entomologist of the Royal Agricultural Society, and Special Lecturer on Economic Entomology at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester. Ten lectures lately delivered for the Institute of Agriculture have been made up into a handy little *Guide to Methods of Insect Life*, with hints for the prevention and cure of insect ravage. Preferring common English terms to technical language, she makes herself intelligible to readers of ordinary capacity, condensing into the briefest form the results of wide and accurate study. Besides the writings of Curtis, many of whose woodcuts she has had permission to borrow, she here acknowledges obligations to Messrs. Newman, Westwood, Buckton, Rye, and other leading students of entomology, as well as to Dr. J. R. Schiner's *Fauna Austriaca* and the Reports of Professor J. H. Comstock, of Cornell University, U.S.A. We know no book at all comparable with it in size that we can more confidently recommend to beginners as an introduction to the study of insect life, whether as a branch of natural history or as an element in rural economy.

SOME AMERICAN BOOKS.

We have already remarked the extreme fulness, completeness, and minuteness characteristic of the American Census. The Reports of 1880 are not yet apparently by any means complete. It would seem that at least one-half the decennial period must be expected to elapse before the enormous mass of figures, collected in the course of a few weeks or months with amazing pains and still more amazing facility and accuracy from so vast an area, can be arranged, summarized, digested, studied, and their bearing explained by the various officers of the department entrusted with this laborious task. Each quarto volume contains several hundred pages, the two before us nine hundred and eleven hundred respectively. The volumes before us are nominally the third and fourth; but these are by no means the only documents in which the special results of the Census have been embodied. Vol. III. deals with the Agriculture of the United States (1), and specially with cereals and tobacco. It contains no fewer than seventeen maps, showing the distribution of the culture of tobacco, grain in general, wheat, Indian corn, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, the comparative yield per acre and *per capita*; as well as a number of plates illustrating a detailed description of an improved flour-mill of the latest type. The total number of farms in the United States in 1870 was 2,660,000; in 1880 it amounted to almost exactly four millions. This total, it would seem, is the number of farms in private ownership, and does not embrace the large areas of public land held under what is called the ranche system—that is, it is exclusive of the great cattle and sheep farms of Texas, Dacotah, and other States and Territories, which form so interesting and important an element of American farming industry. It includes Southern "plantations," but no garden, or holding less than three acres, unless at least 500 dollars worth of produce has been sold off from it during the year. The largest numbers of farms are, as might be expected, found in Illinois, Ohio, New York, Missouri, and Pennsylvania, the first of which has 256,000, the last 213,000. Of the Southern States, Texas has 174,000; Kentucky and Tennessee about 166,000 each; California scarcely 36,000. The average acreage of the farms, including both improved and unimproved land, is 134; the total area 536 millions of acres, out of an entire land surface estimated at 1,856 millions. In many of the older, and especially of the prairie States, Illinois and Indiana for example, nearly the whole territory, probably almost every acre of available land, is if not under tillage already appropriated and occupied in farms; while in Missouri the proportion is but 28 out of 44 millions; in Maine 6½ out of 19, and in California less than 17 out of 100 millions of acres. It is calculated that out of 10,000 farms, nearly three-fourths are cultivated by their owners, 800 let for a fixed money rental, and 1,750 for a share of the produce. Of the whole farm-land of the United States, 223 millions of acres are under tillage, nearly 62 millions are permanent pastures, orchards, or vineyards; and 251 millions consist of woodland or other unimproved land, including reclaimed land which has been allowed to relapse. Incomparably the largest cereal crop is that of Indian corn, amounting to 1,750 million bushels; next comes that of wheat, 460, and that of oats, 407 millions. The total cotton crop of 1880 is estimated at about 5¾ million bales, raised from about 14½ millions of acres; to which Mississippi contributed 963,000, and Georgia and Texas over 800,000 bales a-piece. Virginia, Missouri, and Kentucky are Cotton States in scarcely more than name. On the other hand, Kentucky raised no less than 171 million pounds of tobacco; Virginia 80; and Pennsylvania, the third State on the list, only 37 million. The acreage under hay, now given for the first time, exceeds 30 millions. The hay harvest of 1879 amounted to no less than 37 millions of tons, as against 27 in 1869, and 19 in 1859. The number of horses, mules, and asses increased from about 8¼ millions in 1870 to somewhat over 12 millions in 1880; that of milch cows from about 9 to about 12½ millions; that of other cattle from 13¼ to 22½, of sheep from 28½ to 35, and of swine from 25 to 47½ millions. It is noteworthy that the number of the latter, less than that of sheep by more than three millions in the former period, now equals that of sheep and milch cows together. It is a yet more striking fact, however, that the total estimated value of the live stock was nominally about the same at both periods, though the number had increased so greatly. Both in 1870 and 1880 the entire live farm stock of the United States was estimated at about 1,500 millions of dollars. Allowing fully for the inflation of paper money at the former period, this would imply a real increase of possibly 20 to 25 per cent., exactly the calculated increase in the value of the farms themselves. It is evident, then, that the average value both of farm land and stock has considerably fallen, though allowance must be made, of course, for a somewhat greater proportion of unimproved, or partially improved, land at the later date. Vol. IV. gives the statistics of American Railroads (2): a total mileage of somewhat less than 88,000, under the management of 631 Companies. An average dividend of 2·70 per cent. upon the nominal capital, with interest at an average of 5½ on the funded debt, indicates a period of depression. The total number of railway stockholders is supposed to reach 300,000, with an average holding of about 8,700 dollars apiece. Two hundred and ninety millions of tons were carried on an average 111 miles, at a cost of three-quarters of a cent per ton per mile; 270 million passengers were carried an average distance of 21 miles at a cost of about 1¾ cent. The net receipts were 0·53 cent per ton per mile, and 0·8 cent per passenger per mile. The number of killed and injured is alarmingly large. In the course of the twelve months 2,541 persons lost their lives, 5,674 were more or less seriously injured, on the railways of the United States. The Companies, indeed, affirm that only 364 were killed and 1,438 injured through causes beyond their own control. A closer examination of the figures shows that what are almost exclusively known as "railway accidents" in this country caused the smallest part of this terrible "butcher's bill." The number of passengers killed was 143, that of *employés* 923; while 1,475 "others"—neither passengers nor railway servants—were killed on the lines. No one who has travelled on American railroads will be at a loss to understand the meaning of these figures.

(1) *Department of the Interior, Census Office—Report on the Productions of Agriculture as returned at the Tenth Census* (June 1, 1880).

(2) *Report on the Agencies of Transportation in the United States.* Washington: Government Printing Office.

Collisions are not more frequent than in this country; probably, on the whole, much less so; while accidents through the fall of bridges, defective rails and engines are of course more common, American railways being much more lightly constructed, and the trains travelling on an average at perhaps half the English rate. But lines running without fence or protection, not only through woods, prairies, and farms, but through the streets of villages and even of cities, are a source of peril to the community at large, such as in this crowded country could not be tolerated for a moment. It is a significant fact that, while the total number of injured is more than double the number of killed, while nearly four passengers and *employés* are injured for each one slain outright, the number of others killed and injured respectively is exactly equal. Naturally half at least of the men, women, or children run over by a train are mortally hurt.

Mr. Wiebe's manual of the Kindergarten system (3) is an exceedingly convenient and practical description of the principles, methods, and mechanism of the Kindergarten proper. With this in hand any parent or governess could procure without difficulty the very simple apparatus required for the object lessons in their due order; and, understanding the spirit and meaning of the system, would find no difficulty in carrying it out literally, or varying it as experience might suggest.

Dr. Hague's essay upon Emerson (4) contains some personal details regarding the mystagogue's earlier years, ministerial career, and severance from the Church, not uninteresting to those who have been attracted and not repelled by Mr. Emerson's own writings. The argumentative account of the Emersonian philosophy is less entertaining, and perhaps not much more instructive.

We can do no more than call attention to the papers of the Education Bureau (5), among which is reprinted the Report of the Director of the American School at Athens (6); as also to the *Eighth Annual Report of the Johns Hopkins University* (7) at Baltimore.

RECENT MUSIC.

THE suggestion which must very often before have presented itself to musical editors and publishers, and which, at any rate, was very forcibly presented not very long ago by Mr. J. F. Crowest in a little book entitled *Phases of Musical England*, in favour of a so-called performing edition of oratorios and other classical works, has at last been rendered practical by the London Musical Publishing and General Agency Company, who have secured the invaluable services of no less an editor than Sir George Macfarren. The Performing Edition of Handel's *Messiah*, now lying before us, meets nearly all the objections which have been urged against the many versions of the immortal work which have hitherto been laid before the public. It is almost needless to state that the *Messiah* as written, and the *Messiah* as usually performed, differ in very material points; but it is not so generally known that until lately hardly a copy of the oratorio could be obtained which accurately represented the notes which were sung at a performance. Mr. Crowest, in the little book above referred to, after having admitted that it was a great boon to be able to possess a copy of Handel's *Messiah* at a cheap price, says with truth of his copy, "It is not printed as sung; it is not wholly Handel's music; the text as allotted to the music is often nonsense; neither is it printed in the way it should be played," referring of course to the pianoforte edition. He then proceeds to give various examples in support of his charges which we are bound to acknowledge he fully proves. The first and the last of Mr. Crowest's complaints are completely satisfied in this "Performing Edition," for the variations of rendering, especially in connexion with the use of the *appoggiatura* instead of the reduplicated note, are indicated in a smaller staff above the passages where they occur, and the chords accompanying recitatives here stand at the point in the bar at which they are to be played, making it now almost impossible for an inexperienced accompanyist to render a singer's efforts futile. With regard to the two other charges, we think that even Mr. Crowest will acknowledge that much (perhaps some purists may say too much) has been done to meet his views. To demand that the music should be wholly Handel's is certainly too exacting, seeing that the composer, as is well known, left the score in a very incomplete state, so incomplete indeed that the accompaniments we now listen to are largely due to the pen of Mozart, but at the same time we do think that the text as allotted to the music in some instances would be the better for careful editing. Sir George Macfarren has not hesitated in some of the more evident cases to exercise the powers of editor, and in the air "He shall feed His flock" has suggested, for the correction stands printed above the passage, an alteration which will commend itself to all who have noticed the awkwardness consequent upon the position of the words with which it opens. Strange to say, however, he has passed by the absurd effect which is produced by the rest after the word "Behold" in the air "Behold and see," and which he would have been perfectly justified in altering, as few singers sing the piece as it is written. "The pianoforte arrangement of the instrumental accompaniments," the editor tells us, "has been a delicate and difficult task"—a task which all who know Sir G. Macfarren's reverential love for the music of the great master will not be surprised to hear is accomplished with consummate skill and learning. To have attempted to give all Mozart's beautiful orchestral effects, or Handel's extraordinary contrapuntal figures, would have resulted in failure in a work intended for practical purposes, and indeed it may well be doubted if it were possible to do so in a pianoforte arrangement; but enough has been retained or indicated to give a very faithful impression of the original accompaniments without making them troublesome to play or obtrusive in effect. The editor has done something also to preserve the original, or at any rate the now accepted, tempi of the movements, by adding a metronomic indication to each, a deed which will deserve the gratitude of posterity, even if it is resented by the somewhat reckless innovators of the present day. Those numbers which are generally omitted in performance are to be found in an appendix at the end of this edition, and the markings of *piano* and *forte* so scantly vouchsafed in the original are modestly supplied by the editor enclosed in brackets, which, considering the authority from which they emanate, will command the attention which is due to them, while the admirable "Historical and Analytical Preface" will be of the greatest value to all earnest students of the work. The "Performing Edition" of the *Messiah* certainly supplies a want which has long been felt, and we think that we do not err in recommending it as perhaps the most useful of the many editions which have hitherto appeared.

Messrs. W. Morley & Co. have sent us a parcel of miscellaneous music of more than usual interest. If *Morley's Organ Journal*, the first three numbers of which lie before us, continues its career in the manner in which it has begun, its success amongst organists may be considered as certain, and under the editorship of so energetic a musician as Mr. Humphrey J. Stark, we may be sure that the standard of excellence will not be allowed to sink. "A Prayer" and "Festival March" from the pen of the editor constitute the first part, and both will be found to be taking and musicianly pieces of work. The second part contains a very clever arrangement of a "Largo" by Handel, and a well-known gavotte by Gluck, while the third part is taken up with a "Fantasia" of rare beauty, in D minor, also by the editor. We have not for some time met with a piece of organ music which has pleased us so much as this work, and we can safely recommend it to all who can appreciate a thoughtful and thoroughly artistic composition. It is divided into three movements, an "allegro moderato," which serves as an introduction to a most charming "adagio molto" in D major, and followed by a finale "allegro vivace," full of vigour, which itself ends "andante molto maestoso," a few grand chords accompanied by a stately pedal bass, which is very effective. Number Five of *Morley's Voluntaries* is a collection of short and easy pieces for the organ, harmonium, or American organ, composed by Dr. Charles J. Frost, and fully sustains the credit which the former numbers have achieved, while *Morley's Album of Duets for the Violin and Piano*, by Mr. Arthur Carnall, will be welcome to that large number of amateurs who are at a loss to find easy, and at the same time artistic and melodious compositions for performance. Another collection issued by Messrs. W. Morley & Co. is their *Part-Song Journal*, edited by Mr. Alfred J. Caldicott. The numbers before us are adaptations for choirs of favourite songs by Messrs. F. H. Cowen, Henry Pontet, and Odoardo Barri, all of which are very ingeniously treated and do not appear to lose any of their interest in the new dress which they have here assumed. Amongst the songs from the same publisher we find two by Mr. Theo Bonheur, entitled respectively "The Red Scarf" and "Lassie," both effective in their way and deserving of success; and "Thine," a pleasing ballad by Mrs. Emily Phillips, to which she has added a cleverly written violoncello obbligato which adds greatly to its effect. Mr. Michael Watson is represented by two songs, "Our Guards," a spirited martial lay, and "The Harvest Moon," a delicate song with much freshness of melody and graceful simplicity; and Mr. Thomas Hutchison, whose work is always good, by "Shall we meet again," a song which deserves to become as popular as his other successful compositions. Two well-known songs, "The Children's Home," by Mr. F. H. Cowen, and "Laddie," by Signor Ciro Pinsuti, now appear as duets, arranged with much success by Mr. A. J. Caldicott; and "Laddie," in yet another form, as a pianoforte piece, by Mr. Boyton Smith, proclaims the favour it has attained with the public. A pretty waltz called "My Lady," by Mr. Theo Bonheur, which will doubtless be heard in many a ballroom this season, closes our list.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. TAINE, in a brief preface to the extremely interesting Correspondence of Mallet du Pan which M. André Michel has published (1), remarks, with justice, on the very scanty use

(3) *The Paradise of Childhood: Guide to Kinder-Gartners.* By Edward Wiebé. Springfield, Massachusetts: Milton, Bradley, & Co.

(4) *Ralph Waldo Emerson; with Afterthoughts.* By William Hague, D.D. New York and London: Putnam's Sons.

(5) *Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education—Education in Italy and Greece; the Bufalini Prize; Circulars of Information, Nos. 1 and 4.* Washington: Government Printing Office. 1884.

(6) *Bulletin of the School of Classical Studies at Athens.* 1. Report of W. W. Goodwin, Director of the School in 1882-1883. Boston: Cupples, Upham, & Co.

(7) *Eighth Annual Report of the President of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland.* Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

(1) *Correspondance inédite de Mallet du Pan avec la Cour de Vienne (1794-1798).* Par A. Michel. Avec une préface de H. Taine. 2 vols. Paris: Plon.

which historians of the Revolution have, for the most part, made of the invaluable materials of the Swiss journalist. There is this excuse for them, that the most valuable portion of Mallet du Pan's work was practically unknown till thirty years ago, and was then published only in part. Mallet du Pan was undoubtedly one of the most considerable of contemporary authorities; though he was one of a class which neither at the time nor afterwards is wont to find favour with partisans. He was a Whig in the best sense of the word, and equally opposed to the blind destructiveness of what used to be called the Revolutionary, and is now called the Radical, party, and to the blind refusal to recognize facts of the extreme Royalists of his time. The present fresh instalment of his work consists of letters on the state of French affairs, sent weekly from Berne to the Emperor at Vienna, from the end of 1794 to the period of the annexation of Switzerland by France, in 1798. At that time the revolutionary authorities showed their sense of the writer's powers and their appreciation of the principles of liberty by expressly outlawing him. He fled to England, the only place, as he wrote to the Abbé de Pradt, "where a man is allowed to act, think, write, and speak," edited the *Mercure Britannique* for two years, and died in 1800. The present volumes, as their dates will have already informed the reader, do not deal with the period of internal excess and crime. They have to do with that of internal corruption and external violence. Extremely well informed in matters of fact, Mallet du Pan brought to the task of conveying his information a clear conception of the general political situation and a faculty of writing, not indeed very elegantly, but with a rough incisive vigour which is extremely effective. His remarks on the moral of the luckless Quiberon expedition, in the first of these volumes, show a very uncommon political capacity, and deserve to be read by every Englishman who wishes to understand the reason of the failure of successive well-intentioned English Ministries to crush the revolutionary spirit by the awkward methods pursued from the 1st of June to Maida, if not later. Isolated sentences and judgments of his, moreover, bear the same marks of insight. "Quant à la conjuration de Babeuf," says he, speaking of the event in which our modern Socialist teachers see the first dawn of true anarchic wisdom, and genuine cooperative economy, "elle était plutôt le prospectus d'un complot à faire qu'un complot déjà formé." His character, or, as the seventeenth century would have said, "portrait," of Barras is also very happy. Barras, he says, among other things, "n'est point sans espoir de gouverner seul; son règne durerait trois mois, mais il règnerait"—a sentence which is not only neatly phrased, but contains by anticipation a decisive criticism of French politics for eighty years as we know, for how much longer we can only guess. It would be possible, of course, to detect in his book some doubtful explanations, some falsified prophecies, and perhaps some misstated facts; these were inevitable under the circumstances. But (as M. Taine has very well pointed out, and as any one who adopts the useful plan of reading the book before reading M. Taine's introduction may see for himself) his great value is in the manner, at once precise and large, in which he estimates and gauges the current of public opinion and the tendency of current events. One is sometimes tempted to think that the multiplication of the organs of public opinion has resulted in a lamentable falling off as regards the clearness and trustworthiness of their expression. There are so many that each writer for the most part resigns himself to the expression of a very small part of opinion, even if he takes the trouble to do anything more than simply write after the event (as he might have written before it, and with equal conviction and importance, that Mr. A. pulverized Mr. B. and all the country sympathized) or that Mr. B. staggered Mr. A. and all the country applauded. Mallet du Pan never falls into this *boîte à quatre sous* of the lower journalism. Moreover, his book is particularly valuable at the present day when the lessons of the French Revolution, which were always present to our fathers, are being pronounced out of date, if they are not altogether read backwards. He represents, and rightly represents, "sensible people" as hostile to revolutionary extravagance. But he never commits the fault, too common nowadays, of supposing that the dislike of sensible people will, of itself, suffice to counterbalance the support of people who are not sensible. His book is worth the attention of all politicians, and we cannot refrain from quoting one sentence of M. Taine's eloquent preface:—

> Sur les jacobins, notamment, il revient à vingt reprises; c'est qu'ils sont la faction active et dominante; personne, sauf Burke, n'a si parfaitement compris leur fanatisme, leurs instincts et leurs procédés de sectaires, l'embâtissement de leurs dogmes, leur ascendant sur les esprits incultes ou mal cultivés, la force de leur propagande, la puissance et la malfaisance de leur rêve, leur aptitude à détruire, leur incapacité pour construire, leur appel aux passions dissolvantes et meurtrières, le mécanisme interne par lequel leur doctrine transforme un demi-lettré ou un artisan utile en un "philosophe à pique," et le conduit de l'ignorance à la présomption, de l'enthousiasme au crime, en lui persuadant qu'il sauve la patrie et qu'il régénère l'humanité.

"Pretty much like anything we know nowadays, Mr. Rigmarole?"

M. Schuré has read the *Légende des Siècles* very carefully (which does him credit), and has succeeded in reproducing the more reproducible parts of his master's manner with some cleverness in *La légende de l'Alsace* (2). Unfortunately the substantive interest of the book, which it is hardly necessary to say is ardently patriotic and suasive of *revanche*, is not very great. We think we like Thomas Ingoldsby's legend of Sainte Odile better than M. Schuré's. Now if M. Victor Hugo had treated any of Barham's subjects (we do not remember that he has), we do not think we should have thought much of Ingoldsby in reading that *légende*.

The volume for 1883 of MM. Noël and Stoullig's useful theatrical and musical annals (3) needs in itself only mention. The preface (by M. Ch. Garnier, and devoted to first-nighters and their defence) is somewhat less interesting than some of those prefixed to earlier volumes.

(2) *La légende de l'Alsace.* Par E. Schuré. Paris: Charpentier.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Americans, like ourselves, have their great ship question, only in a somewhat different form. With us the difficulty is to make sure that our constantly increasing vessels are properly seaworthy. With them it is to prevent their merchant marine from disappearing altogether. There are few more astonishing things in the history of trade than the sudden decadence of the American merchant marine. It trod close on our heels till after 1850, and then began to wither. Lieutenant Kelley, of the U.S. Navy, gives the history of this decline and fall, and suggests remedies, in his book on *The Question of Ships* (1). He has rather a weakness for sonorous rhetoric; but he states the case with force, and the remedies he suggests are good as far as they go. He does not say that America should give up Protection for the shipbuilder, but he justly thinks that it ought to protect less. If shipowners were allowed to buy iron vessels of over a certain tonnage, and to import all kinds of material free of duty, Lieutenant Kelley thinks that the industry might revive. He may be mistaken; but there can be no doubt that the stringent registry laws have done much to depress American shipping. For the English reader perhaps the most interesting part of the book is the chapter on the training of seamen.

Among the Clods (2) is not an encouraging title. It suggests ponderous attempts at being funny, and the Town Mouse justifies the fears. He has apparently no particular knowledge of country life, which is, after all, useful when you are going to write about it, and he takes what may be called the stock cockney view. For the rest, the book is padded out by a number of stories, each rather duller than the other, by mere force of the author's straining after extravagance, and there is a dreadfully tiresome comic American who is always telling tales.

The title chosen by Mr. Hazlitt for his volume of essays is a trifle misleading. *Offspring of Thought in Solitude* (3) looks like a heading for a new system of philosophy, or yet another religion. The author does not fly so high. His volume is a collection of twenty-seven essays ranging from "Coleridge Abroad" to "A Cause Célèbre." They are made up out of the more or less curious facts which have come under Mr. Hazlitt's notice in the course of his reading. Even when he has a good subject for a discussion of principles, as in the ninth essay on "The Differences of Writing and Painting" (it sounds like the title of a new Laocoon), he keeps steadily to details.

Mr. Hill excuses himself for publishing his essay on *The Indo-Chinese Opium Trade* (4) on the sufficient ground that it was a case of *force majeure*. The essay won the Maitland Prize, and by the terms of that foundation was bound to be published. In our opinion no excuse was needed. Mr. Hill gives a useful sketch of his subject, and if he takes, what we in spite of his argument still think, a mistaken view of the opium trade, he does it without denouncing everybody who differs from him as a heartless corruptor.

Mr. Prothero has edited a translation of the first volume of the *Universal History* (5), the last work of the indefatigable Leopold von Ranke. It has been executed partly by himself and partly by the Rev. D. C. Tovey, Assistant Master at Eton, and has every appearance of being thorough and scholarly. It is at least free from German idioms.

We have received a copy of Mr. F. Russell Forbes's handbook to the *Roman Catacombs: their true History, and Records of Early Christian Art* (6). It is compact, well printed, and copiously illustrated with clear woodcuts.

A *Practical Guide to Photography* (7) is a book which only a specialist can fairly criticize. As far as we can judge, Messrs. Marion & Co. have supplied the amateur and beginner with a clear and useful guide.

Surely Florida is the best written-up of all American States. The Columbia County Immigration Association at Lake City,

(3) *Les annales du théâtre et de la musique.* Par E. Noël et E. Stoullig. Paris: Charpentier.

(1) *The Question of Ships: the Navy and the Merchant Marine.* By J. D. Jerrold Kelley, Lieut. U.S. Navy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

(2) *Among the Clods; or, Phases of Farm Life as seen by a Town Mouse.* London: Tinsley Brothers. 1884.

(3) *Offspring of Thought in Solitude.* By W. Carew Hazlitt. London: Reeves & Turner. 1884.

(4) *The Indo-Chinese Opium Trade.* By J. Spencer Hill, M.A. London: Henry Frowde. 1884.

(5) *Universal History—The Oldest Group of Nations and the Greeks.* By Leopold von Ranke. Edited by G. W. Prothero. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

(6) *The Roman Catacombs.* By F. Russell Forbes. London, Edinburgh, and New York: Nelson & Sons. 1884.

(7) *Practical Guide to Photography.* By Marion & Co. London: Marion & Co. 1884.

Florida (8), publish an enticing account of the climate, soil, health, and general advantages of their district.

Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co. publish two more of their neat-looking books on games. One is *Piquet and Cribbage* (9); the other is on the "new game with cards and dice" called "Norseman" (10). Both are done by "Aquarius." It is a pity that such pretty little books should have such gritty covers.

The reprint of *Walden* (11), published by David Douglas at Edinburgh, is handy and well printed. Mrs. E. Kennard's sporting novel, *The Right Sort* (12), appears in a one-volume edition in a red cover, with a thrilling picture on it.

The Rev. H. P. Owen Smith's *Short Table* (13) is a thin note-book duly ruled and divided with headings wherein the student may make his notes of Greek and Roman history, their wars and battles, political events, and important persons.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus publish a *Shilling Knightage* (14) as companion volume to their *Peerage and Baronetage*. It includes an essay on Knighthood by the editor, Mr. E. Walford, M.A.

We need only mention the appearance of the twenty-seventh edition of *Ingall's Foreign Stock Manual* (15), and of the fourth edition of Mr. Kemp's *Manual of Yacht and Boat Sailing* (16).

(8) *Columbia County, Florida.* Issued by the Columbia County Immigration Association. Jacksonville, Florida: Horace Drew.

(9) *Piquet and Cribbage.* By "Aquarius." London: Allen & Co.

(10) *Norseman.* By "Aquarius." London: Allen & Co.

(11) *Walden.* By Henry D. Thoreau. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1884.

(12) *The Right Sort.* By Mrs. Edward Kennard. London: Chapman & Hall. 1884.

(13) *A Short Table of the Principal Events and Dates in Roman and Greek History.* By Rev. H. P. Owen Smith, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.

(14) *The Shilling Knightage for* 1884. By Edward Walford, M.A. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

(15) *Ingall's Foreign Stock Manual*, 1883. London: Effingham Wilson.

(16) *A Manual of Yacht and Boat Sailing.* By Dixon Kemp. London: Horace Cox, "The Field" Office. 1884.

We have received in reference and apparently in reply to the article on "A New Defoe" (SATURDAY REVIEW, p. 438), *a revised and much more definite Prospectus from Messrs. Bickers & Son. It appears that the Periodical Works are not to be included, and the word "complete" has been dropped; but the edition is to extend to Twenty-two volumes, and to contain some miscellaneous matter not hitherto reprinted. Bibliographical and other introductions are promised; but we still do not observe any mention of the running commentary in explanation of words, allusions, &c., which Defoe especially needs. On the other hand, the name of the editor, Mr. H. B. Wheatley, is now given, and Mr. Wheatley's former work in connexion with Pepys and other classics supplies good ground for hoping that his edition will be as satisfactory as its limits permit.*

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

FRANCE.

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His Excellency the FRENCH AMBASSADOR in the Chair.

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May 3, 1884. ROBERT HARRISON, *Secretary and Librarian.*

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THE MASON SCIENCE COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM.
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Further particulars may be obtained from
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MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, May 1884.—FOURTEEN SCHOLARSHIPS, varying in value from £30 to £15 a year, together with four Council Nominations giving Immediate Admission, will be COMPETED for in June Next. One of these Scholarships (£30) is confined to Candidates not yet members of the School; the rest are open to members of the School and others without distinction; two will be offered for proficiency in Mathematics. Age of Candidates from 11 to 16. Full particulars may be obtained on application to Mr. SELLICK, the College, Marlborough.

OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS in Natural Science, of the value of £100 and £50, are awarded annually in October at ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, Albert Embankment, S.E.—For particulars, apply to G. RANDLE, Medical Secretary.
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THE Misses A. & R. LEECH'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL for BOYS from Five to Twelve years of age (Boarders and Daily Pupils) will RE-OPEN on Monday, May 5, at 65 Kensington Gardens Square, Bayswater, W.

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TO SMITHS and Others.—The Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City, on Tuesday, May 20, 1884, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders from persons willing to execute such Smiths' Work as may be required by the said Commissioners to be done within this City for the term of Three years, from June 30 next.
A Specification of the required Works may be seen at this Office.
Security will be required for the due performance of the contract.
Tenders must be sealed, and endorsed "Tender for Smiths' Work," and be delivered to the undersigned before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty.
The Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.
Parties sending in proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at Half-past Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty, and the party whose tender is accepted will be required to sign an agreement to execute a Contract drawn up in accordance with the Specification.
HENRY BLAKE, *Principal Clerk.*
Sewers' Office, Guildhall,
April 1884.

FREEHOLD BUILDING GROUND, City of London.—The Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City, on Tuesday, June 10, 1884, at half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for taking on Building Leases for a term of 80 years, Two Plots of very valuable Freehold Ground situate in Bream's Buildings, Fetter Lane.
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Persons making proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorised agent, on the above-mentioned day, at half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, and the parties whose offers are accepted will be required to execute agreement and bond in the same form.
Proposals may be endorsed on the outside "Tender for Ground, Bream's Buildings," and be delivered in, addressed to the undersigned, before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty.
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Sewers' Office, Guildhall,
April 28, 1884.

CONTRACT for REPARATION and CLEANSING, &c., of SEWERS, City of London.—The Commissioners of Sewers will meet in the Guildhall of the said City, on Tuesday, May 20, 1884, at half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the execution of such Works of Reparation and Cleansing of Sewers within the said City as may be required to be done during the term of Three years from Midsummer Day next.
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The parties sending in proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at half-past Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty, and the party whose tender is accepted will be required to sign an agreement to execute a contract drawn up in accordance with the Specification.
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Total Funds	£3,002,005
Total Annual Income	£393,188
Total Amount of Claims upon Death	£2,257,381
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THE MINISTERIAL DEFEAT.

IT would be the merest prudery to affect to consider the result of the division of Tuesday night as anything but a grave disaster for the Government. Even their most unhesitating supporters have shown not the slightest exultation over it, and have exchanged the thanksgivings appropriate to a Parliamentary victory for ferocious attacks on the few Liberal members who dared in some measure to set their conscience and their country above party allegiance. To a Government in possession of a normal majority of at least a hundred, a majority of twenty-eight on a strict issue of confidence or want of confidence is equivalent to a ruinous defeat. It may not immediately bring with it the consequences of an actual failure to muster a majority of supporters; it may not involve a dissolution or a resignation. But it amounts to a declaration that the Government has forfeited the confidence of the House of Commons, and it makes indisputable the already certain fact that it has forfeited the confidence of the nation. It has, and must have, even more direct results than this. No man in whom a spark of honour or a remnant of conscience subsists can fail to resent the strain which party allegiance of this kind puts on him. He votes; but he is nearly certain to revenge himself for the dirty work of voting by relaxed enthusiasm in the party cause. The matter has been undoubtedly made worse for the Government, first by the imprudent tactics of its friends in reference to the vote; and, secondly, by the course of the debate itself. When despairing appeals are made beforehand to leaders of the Liberal party not to say this and not to do that, because of the stigma which the saying and doing will fix on Mr. GLADSTONE, the fact that, after all, the things are done and said implies inevitably that the stigma is, in the judgment of Mr. GLADSTONE'S supporters themselves, affixed and irremovable. The two men not holding office in the House of Commons on the Liberal side who possess, by common consent, most political ability, most experience of affairs, most independence and uprightness of judgment, were implored by all the tender remembrances of the past, by all their faith to Liberal principles, by all their hopes of future good fortune, to profess confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE'S Egyptian policy. These two men, in their places in Parliament and with all the force of language of which each is capable at his best, have declared that they have no confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy. To Mr. FORSTER and Mr. GOSCHEN the defenders of the PRIME MINISTER appealed; by Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. FORSTER they have been judged.

But the hapless case of the Government does not depend solely on this protest of the ablest and honestest men of their own party, or on the dwindling of the most dutiful majority that ever, in Liberal phrase as to this very matter, voted black white at a Minister's bidding. The opening speech of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH was entirely devoid of rhetorical ornament, and possessed simply the attraction of orderly arrangement, of grave logical argument, and of rigid adherence to facts. The speaker too seldom takes the trouble to speak so well; but on this occasion he produced a model of sober Parliamentary exposition. Mr. GIBSON and Mr. COWEN in the florid style, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL in the lighter, all produced speeches of very high merit, Lord RANDOLPH'S being perhaps the best, and including a short passage of arms with Mr. GLADSTONE, in which Mr. GLADSTONE was completely worsted. Mr. CHAPLIN easily exposed the more obvious fallacies of the PRIME MINISTER, and every sentence of Mr. FORSTER'S and Mr. GOSCHEN'S speeches was a thong for the shoulders of the Government. What had Ministers to set against this, unquestionably the best display of Parliamentary speaking that the Opposition has made during the present Session, if not during the present Parliament? Lord HARTINGTON, put up to perform (unconsciously, no doubt) his usual office of lure, attempted in vain to give form and body to the empty assurances of the PRIME MINISTER; and no soul in Parliament or out of it even professed to derive satisfaction from his assurances of the vague help which, in an inextricable concatenation of "ifs" and "supposings," the Government might perhaps be able to hold out to General GORDON. Sir CHARLES DILKE, the adroitest and most supple debater in the House, a debater who with even a rag of pretext can usually cover up the most unpresentable cases, made the weakest speech he has made for years. Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE'S utterances it is unnecessary to discuss. Otherwise Ministers themselves were dumb, save for Mr. GLADSTONE, who shall be dealt with presently. From the outside they had the valuable assistance, apologetic, for the most part, of Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD and Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, of Mr. O'CONNOR POWER and Mr. BUXTON, with, to finish all, Mr. JOHN MORLEY'S unfavourable estimate of writers in newspapers. Mr. MORLEY should know something of writers in newspapers, and it is interesting to learn that he has no high opinion of them.

There remains Mr. GLADSTONE. It is not necessary—it is even something of a mistake—to describe with Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL the PRIME MINISTER'S speech as the worst he ever delivered, or, with other critics not by any means always sympathizers with the Opposition, to pronounce it simply bad. It might be argued, on the other hand, that if a speech could be treated according to a well-known phrase in historical politics, if it could be "surrounded "with a wall of brass," shut out from all possibility of answer, of comparison with actual facts, of contrast with published documents, it was a very remarkable and ingenious speech. But it was chiefly remarkable for this very necessity of shutting out all inconvenient facts, averting the attention from all hostile arguments, and accepting from Mr. GLADSTONE premiss and conclusion, illustration and assertion, without comparison and without sifting. No speech has ever shown more fully and more fatally that dangerous and growing tendency to ignore fact, public opinion, anything and everything but his own views and ideas, which now distinguishes Mr. GLADSTONE. That the author of the expedition which but a few weeks ago went more than a day's journey into the wilderness for no purpose whatever but to kill from five to ten thousand Arabs fighting for their freedom at Souakim, should now speak with generous indignation of the wickedness of a similar proceeding at Khartoum would be incredible except in the case of Mr. GLADSTONE. That such a man should produce with sober triumph the argument that it could not be an indelible disgrace to fail in succouring four garrisons because there were six others not mentioned in the indictment would be equally incredible except in Mr. GLADSTONE'S case. No living man probably but Mr. GLADSTONE would have failed to see that Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH simply formulated General GORDON'S charges, arranged General GORDON'S complaints, compared and supported by facts General GORDON'S published exposure of the vacillation and obstruction of the Government.

Certainly no leader but Mr. GLADSTONE—perhaps no followers but Mr. GLADSTONE'S followers—could have characterized the vote of censure itself as pale and colourless. No Government has ever been accused in plainer words of a disgraceful failure at once to support the interests of the country and to defend the officer who has put himself in peril for those interests and for its own. No one but Mr. GLADSTONE could have calmly waived the Egyptian question as a "secondary" one, as to which excitement is got up for party purposes merely; and no one but Mr. GLADSTONE could have so ignored the feeling of the country as to sit down without one intelligible pledge to do even at this eleventh hour what the country ardently desires. By Mr. GLADSTONE evidently the whole scene—the despatches, the importance of Egypt, the wishes of the country, the relation of a Government to its agents—is unfocussed, ungrasped, uncomprehended. He looks at something perfectly different—at a GORDON, an Egypt, an England, a set of Blue Books which exist nowhere save in his own imagination, and triumphantly vindicates his conduct in relations which have no correspondence or counterpart in the working world. How his colleagues who can hardly be thus deluded, how the more honourable sort of his followers regard in their hearts the quagmire of blunder and disgrace into which they have floundered under his guidance, it is impossible to say. But the reduction of a majority of over a hundred to a majority of twenty-eight, the miserable performance of some and the tell-tale silence of others of the most effective debaters in the Cabinet, may give some hint as to the state of mind prevailing.

The matter is not over; it is only begun. A short but very important debate in the House of Lords on the same evening which saw the virtual carrying of the Vote of Censure in the Commons shows the dangers which await England in the approaching Conference if it ever assembles. No valid undertaking has been given to rescue the garrisons or General GORDON, no really vigorous steps have been taken to protect Egypt from external foes or free it from internal disorder. It is said, indeed, that another step towards bringing the war into Egypt has been taken by the abandonment of Dongola. The first subject of importance at this moment, and for a long time to come, to every Englishman of patriotism and political capacity must be that which Mr. GLADSTONE declares secondary; the first object of every Englishman of honour and spirit must be the wiping away of that disgrace the imputation of which Mr. GLADSTONE feels so keenly while he is so indifferent to the disgrace itself. What may be the next step necessary to take in Parliament must depend on the progress of events. But the country will not hold the Opposition blameless if they abandon the task which they have now, if somewhat late, undertaken with vigour, and which they have carried so near to a successful conclusion. It is possible, but from experience unlikely, that Mr. GLADSTONE may have learnt something from the lesson of Tuesday. If he has not, a fresh one must be set him to learn, and that soon.

A CONSERVATIVE CAUCUS.

THE political machinery which was first elaborated at Birmingham and afterwards extended into a Union of Liberal Associations or Radical Clubs has certainly not been inefficient. Impatient sufferers from the usurpations of the Caucus are tempted to imitate their adversaries, like the famous hymnologist who could not understand why the devil should have all the popular tunes. Accordingly it is proposed in some quarters to abandon the traditional Conservative organization for the Birmingham system of primary and secondary elections, by which the party managers ostensibly derive their title from the numerical majority of the party. Mr. SCHNADHORST and other competent apologists have often described the mode of government by Caucus. In Birmingham, and probably in some other large towns, the Club suffrage seems to be universal, though it may perhaps elsewhere be confined to Parliamentary voters. Any inhabitant who professes to be a Liberal may take part in the election of the governing Council, better known at Birmingham as the Eight Hundred. Simple-minded Liberals of moderate opinions may perhaps applaud the tolerance by which their equal rights are recognized without perceiving that their votes are practically neutralized in the exercise of the only function which is permitted to the mass of electors. The Eight Hundred who as soon as they are appointed succeed to all the powers of their constituents represent only the majority of a majority; and the candidates who are selected to fill Parliamentary or municipal vacancies are again chosen by a majority of the Eight Hundred, of course on the real nomination of a few adroit managers. It is not certain whether the original authors of the Caucus intended to confine their operations to the selection of candidates and the conduct of elections. They have since converted the system into a permanent contrivance for dictating through the members whom they return to Parliament and the country. The Federation of Liberal Associations combines the American system of election management with the sinister operation of the Clubs in the French Revolution; the Jacobins also had their mother society and their branches in all parts of the country.

The malcontents of the Opposition who from time to time more or less openly propose to copy the Birmingham model may probably not deliberately contemplate the establishment of an elected body which is to supersede the independence of individual members. If they were to succeed in their efforts to rival Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. SCHNADHORST, they might perhaps for a time be more formidable as a political faction; but they would have abandoned all Conservative principle. Democratic Toryism is an idle paradox if it implies that all questions are to be decided by a popular vote. The qualifying epithet destroys the meaning of the substantive description. Adventurers and agitators might find their account in dependence on a body which would probably prefer their guidance to the policy of responsible leaders; but serious statesmen will scarcely condescend to hold their rank as party chiefs at the mercy of any Council or Committee. Skill in canvassing delegates, who themselves hold their position in virtue of similar arts, is not a quality which commands the confidence of the genuine supporters of order, of property, and of established institutions. It is, of course, necessary that the heads of a party should consult the feelings and wishes of their followers and of local sections; but they ought to reserve to themselves full discretion as to the advisers on whom they rely in each particular case. Unlike the nominees of an Assembly or a Committee, they have, as a general rule, no personal interest in preferring the less eligible candidate for a party nomination. It is still more important that they should retain their present control over policy and business. Tory demagogues would be more capricious than past and future Ministers, and there is reason to suspect that they might not always be equally loyal. The complaint that local preferences are not sufficiently considered is greatly exaggerated. The leaders and managers of a party in Opposition are as anxious as any elected Committee to secure as many seats as possible. It would be easy to recount instances of their deference to the wishes of any constituency which has a strong leaning to a candidate of its own choice. It is not to be wished that, as in the Presidential contest which is now proceeding in the United States, the sole test by which the merits of a candidate are judged is the greater or less probability that he will command the largest possible number of votes.

An elected Council, organized in imitation of the Birmingham model, would in practice not confine its efforts to the selection of candidates or to the conduct of elections. It is not improbable that in some places it might commit the party to a course of action which would be fatal to its prospects of success. Two or three years ago local majorities might have given countenance to the absurd theories of fair trade, with the result of alienating all their more intelligent allies. Political leaders, though they are liable to mistakes, are more competent than provincial factions to keep touch of Parliamentary and public opinion. The official leaders of a party have a more truly representative character than any Caucus or Committee which could be appointed by direct election. They have in every case fought their way by ability and merit of some kind to the front rank of their party, and the chiefs who hold the highest rank are virtually elected by colleagues who are themselves chosen by a kind of tacit suffrage. Perhaps the most valuable element in the modern English Constitution consists in the tendency which it has hitherto shown to evolve the ablest candidates for the highest political positions. Down to the present time Prime Ministers and leaders of Opposition have never been dwarfed by comparison with superior rivals in the ranks of their respective parties. PEEL and PALMERSTON, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Mr. DISRAELI, and Mr. GLADSTONE would have been chosen as leaders by acclamation, if, after full experience of their fitness to rule,

their names could have been submitted to election; yet some of them might never have had the opportunity of exhibiting their capacity if promotion had depended on the votes of provincial Committees. It may be said without disrespect to American institutions and political traditions, that Presidents of the United States have sometimes been chosen on the ground of their mediocrity, while English Prime Ministers have almost invariably been the ablest members of the party which from time to time was dominant. A hundred years ago PITT and FOX were as much the natural champions of the causes which they respectively defended as ACHILLES and HECTOR.

It is true that the favourites of political Clubs must have qualities which enable them to rise above their competitors. The Jacobins appreciated the logical and pitiless fanaticism of ROBESPIERRE, and the Cordeliers admired the unscrupulous audacity of DANTON; but the gifts of the demagogue are not the attributes of a statesman. The originator and head of the modern English Caucus undoubtedly possesses great ability; but his influence largely depends on the wide prospect of revolutionary change which he offers to the cupidity and passion of the multitude. The Jacobin Dictator was more consistent and more thoroughgoing than the rivals whom he condemned in succession to judicial assassination. It is difficult to judge whether it would have been possible to resist his tyranny by any organization of the honest and respectable majority of Frenchmen. It is at least certain that no representative of constitutional liberty could have bid against the chiefs of the Mountain by outdoing them in massacre and violence. To compare, not small things with great, but English Radicals with Jacobins of 1793, the Birmingham Caucus has nothing to fear from servile copyists who are restrained by their professed opinions from competition in the career of spoliation and destruction. If any Democratic Tory thinks it possible to enlist the mob on the side of the Constitution, short experience will dissipate his unreasonable hopes. The blessing which has been invoked on "each man possessed of aught "to give" now rests mainly on those who are prepared to give away the possessions and rights of their neighbours.

If wavering Conservatives have any doubt whether they shall obey their proper leaders or transfer their allegiance to the nominees of Clubs, they may consult with advantage the enemies who are sometimes safer counsellors than prejudiced friends. The adherents of the present Government unanimously recommend the Opposition to borrow from themselves the popular strength which is supposed to reside in the Caucus. It is intelligible that hesitating Liberals should wish to destroy in others the independence which they have abdicated for themselves. The Radicals on their part would welcome an admission of legitimacy or necessity of a machinery which is, as they know, still suspicious or odious to the sober portion of the community. It is for the purpose of tempting their adversaries to commit a suicidal blunder that Ministerial speakers and writers incessantly dwell on imaginary differences and latent schisms in the ranks of the Opposition. Supposed conspirators or traitors are ostentatiously applauded for their pretensions to independence, and the party is encouraged to try unpromising experiments which would involve the abandonment of its existing and traditional organization. As it has been said, the advice of enemies is instructive, but only as indicative of the course which ought not to be followed. The same comment may be made on frequent taunts against the inactivity of the Opposition leader in the House of Commons. It is prudent to abstain from movements which might delay the disintegration of the present majority through the secession of some of its principal members.

THE COLLAPSE OF CHINA.

THE treaty just concluded at Chee-Foo by Captain FOURNIER on behalf of the French Government is from several points of view a very serious business; but it, or at least the manner of its making, has a comic aspect also. In the first place, here is another instance of a fighting man making peace where the men of peace had made war. French diplomatists in the Far East have done little for many a day but cause complication, and civil Commissioners have been chiefly busy in envenoming quarrels. When there seemed no outlet to the confusion caused by a little war but a big one, a straightforward naval officer presents himself, and makes what is to all appearance a satisfactory settlement. Then, too, we have to consider the slightly ridiculous figure cut by some of the bystanders. We live in an age, as has been observed before, singularly credulous about the existence, malignity, and activity of bogies. Some time ago the favourite raw-head-and-bloody-bones was the solidarity of the Mahometan world. For the last few months it has been the wrath of China. France was gravely advised to mend its manners or else terrible things would happen. It has done just the contrary, and has even threatened worse. Then all at once the rage and fury of the Celestial Empire has vanished. The Tsung li Yamen has become childlike and bland, has kissed the rod, and promised not to do it again. Now it would seem that the critics of France are about to rush into the other extreme. After using the Tonquin muddle to point the moral of the folly of ambition, they are beginning to discover that the Colonial policy of M. FERRY is a masterpiece of wisdom, foresight, and consistency. It is forgotten that RIVIÈRE was thrown into a position of danger, almost unsupported, and that troops were sent out in driblets, and that the authorities on the spot wrangled with one another, and mismanaged nearly everything. In point of fact, France has won, not because it was wiser than its opponents, but because it was not quite so foolish, and has so great a superiority of strength that it could not help winning when once it had begun to exert itself with any energy.

However the fight has been conducted, there can be little doubt now that it has ended in favour of the French. The treaty made by Captain FOURNIER represents a substantial victory; and its terms reflect great credit on the good sense of M. FERRY, who has directed the negotiations from Paris. As usual, there is some confusion as to the competence of the representatives of China. It is commonly found after a treaty has been signed with that country that the proper Mandarin has not had his say. There is always some authority behind everything who has the last word, and who never is consulted. When the bounce of poor Marquess TSENG produced no effect, the grandmother of the EMPEROR had to be all at once consulted; and now the Ambassador is on his way home. In the present case, the over-zealous officer who has taken upon himself to speak for this wonderful Empire is the irrepressible LI HUNG CHANG, who seems to come in and out of Chinese politics like a comet. It is said that this Viceroy has made the treaty out of his own head, and is prepared to thrust it down the throat of the Brother of the Sun and Moon. The amount of truth in all this is not difficult to guess at. If LI's august master's wire-pullers see their way to getting rid of the treaty, LI will probably die suddenly, and Captain FOURNIER will have toiled in vain. There is, however, no great chance that a means of escape will be found. The Tsung li Yamen have no doubt realized the folly of making any further fight, the treaty will be accepted, and all the stories about LI's officiousness may be safely attributed to the artistic love of lying innate in the Oriental mind, or to the wish to keep a useful excuse for treachery at some future day. The terms of the treaty itself are, on the whole, creditable to the statesmanship of the French Government. M. FERRY has asked for no more than it was possible to obtain without paying a very serious price. He has secured a recognition of the French protectorate, which means dominion in Annam and Tonquin. A distinct frontier line has been settled, and privileges secured for French trade. After serving its purpose as a means of putting pressure on the Imperial Government at Pekin, the demand for an indemnity has been surrendered at the right time and as a favour. The colonial policy of France has seldom been distinguished by this combination of vigour and moderation. The usual course has been to ask for everything at once, which is an effectual way of getting nothing. It is certainly early to decide that the Tonquin difficulty is settled for good. M. FERRY will doubtless be attacked by fire-eaters at home who will clamour because he has not insisted on all sorts of sentimental satisfaction to the pride of France. Neither is Tonquin at peace yet. There will be some internal fighting to be got through, and, to judge by the past, the frontier will be a source of continual trouble. Whoever has an Oriental for a neighbour may calculate on a series of little wars, and may be sure that, willingly or unwillingly, he will have to extend his dominion before long. These questions, however, belong to the second and following stages of the conquest of Tonquin. For the present it is tolerably plain that we have seen the end of the first. France has its foot down in the Songkoi delta, and has it in its power to turn the conquered territory into a solid and useful dependency.

The first difficulties which M. FERRY may have in con-

sequence of the treaty will probably not be with China, but with other European States. According to the French version of its clauses, the trading privileges conceded by China are to be confined to the citizens of the Republic. The provinces of Yunnan, Kuang Si, and Quangtu are to be opened to them exclusively. If this is so, M. FERRY's good sense must have failed him when he insisted on any such stipulation. It is highly improbable that European and American States which have treaties with China will submit to this exclusion. They will insist on corresponding concessions for themselves; and indeed they must, if they are not content to remain in the Far East on sufferance. China, unless it reasons very curiously, will not think itself bound to pay much attention to Powers which are satisfied with a position of inferiority. Either the Government at Pekin or the French themselves will be called upon to put all the Powers dealing with China on the same footing. If, therefore, the French version of the treaty is the right one, and it is far from improbable that it is, M. FERRY has begun by saddling himself with a new Tonquin difficulty of greater extent than the old. For England in particular the question is one of great importance. We have made several attempts of late years to open a trade with Yunnan from Burmah. We already almost monopolize the commerce of China, and our traders who are on the spot, and exceptionally well equipped to profit by the opening of new areas of trade, will certainly try to have their share of the possible good things to be picked up in the three provinces. From a purely political point of view, the success of the French in Tonquin is of vital interest to our Indian Empire. With a strong European Power firmly established on the other side of Siam, the position of our Burmese frontier will be considerably modified. It is useless to shirk the fact that it will be threatened, very much as the North-West frontier is threatened through Afghanistan. Siam will become a south-eastern Merv, unless for the first time for centuries past an Oriental State suddenly develops a high capacity for statesmanship and government. The danger, we may be tolerably sure, will be hustled out of sight at present; but it is there. It is a greater and not a less peril that France may be content for the moment to have its hands free to play a bolder part in the Mediterranean. The course of events for a year or more has not been such as to make it hesitate greatly. It has held on its way in Tonquin with some hesitation in matters of detail, but with a sufficiently clear view as to what it meant to obtain. In the midst of a chorus of threats and warnings, it has gone on refusing to be scared by spectres and careless as to whose feelings it wounded. At the end it has obtained its immediate object, and vastly improved its chance of success in things of greater moment. It may be trusted without too great rashness to profit by its experience—whether others will is another question.

PLAYWRIGHTS ON PLAYWRITING.

EVERY one at all connected with literature has observed the widespread popular desire to know "how it is "done." "Now, tell me," says the inquisitive fair, "how "do you *begin* writing a story?" or a play, or an article, or whatever it may be. No anecdotical literature is better liked than the chapters which tell how authors worked; all about SCHILLER's decaying apples in the drawer, and BALZAC's white flannel dressing-gown and coffee, and SCOTT's "grand rides in the hills," when he was working at *Marmion*. That inquiring periodical, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has attempted to satisfy the public curiosity by asking a number of dramatic authors and adapters how they write their plays. Without being too inquisitive, a man may often have marvelled how some of our modern pieces ever entered into the mind to conceive. In some cases, of course, the answer to such questionings is supplied by research and observation. The "author" has merely spoiled a French play by adapting it to English ideas of morality and manners, or he has "con-"veyed" the plot of some other man's novel. These crude methods are not recommended, or confessed, by Mr. GILBERT, Mr. SIMS, or Mr. PINERO, who have deigned to gratify the curiosity of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. GILBERT is short and sensible. Like every artist, he "finds it "difficult to answer" a question so vague. Can a poet say how he came to write a poem? EDGAR POE revealed the secret in detail, but nobody quite believed the author of the *Raven*. Of course different sorts of plays are written in different sorts of ways. If Mr. GILBERT wants "to exploit a certain actor," he fits him with a character as a tailor fits one with a coat. If Mr. WORTH were asked how dresses are made, he would probably answer like Mr. GILBERT, that "the first consideration is to enable" the customer "to exhibit" herself "to the best advantage." Again, Mr. GILBERT goes to work quite otherwise if he has "a distinct doctrine to urge upon the audience." Mr. GILBERT as the didactic dramatist has one method, Mr. GILBERT "exploiting" an actor has another method. In the libretto of a comic opera, once more, he has quite a different and very artificial set of conditions to work in. Thus his only general rule is, "Always construct your last "act first." Never begin till you see your way out of the wood. Did SHAKSPEARE see his way out of *Hamlet* before he began his first act? Critics, who doubt all things, have doubted whether SHAKSPEARE's method would have been approved of by Mr. GILBERT.

Mr. SIMS appears before the public, in his theory of playwriting, as a weary Titan. When he is offered a commission to write a piece, the first thing he does is to decline it. The composition of melodramas is not a task for the irresponsible humourist or the giddy trifler. It "means from "three to six months of mental misery, and a long period "of physical prostration." It is "the most exhausting and "most distressing of all forms of literary composition." Yet SOPHOCLES lived to a good old age, ARISTOPHANES was not unhappy, and SHAKSPEARE seems to have had a sweet unruffled character. The anguish (and the indubitable success) of Mr. SIMS doubtless come from his habit of "taking infinite pains." To bid an ambitious playwright take infinite pains is good advice, doubtless; but even he who follows Mr. SIMS's counsel will not necessarily succeed. We have known men of great practice and success in other forms of composition take infinite pains with a play, and study the stage and the best modern and ancient novels for years. Yet their plays, when finished, were, as any ordinary playgoer could see, portions and parcels of the dread *théâtre impossible*, for which M. ABOUT has written so much. But, on the whole, Mr. SIMS is probably right when he says that the laboriously conscientious method is seldom employed. "Playwriting is both an art and a trick." No teaching will make a man a playwright, any more than it will make him a fencer, a bowler, a novelist. Nature must give a man the necessary bias, that he may be improved by practice, collaboration, and painstaking.

Mr. PINERO thinks that the publication of an author's method may, at least, "act as a warning." He warns the world that he "begins by conceiving a story." But this is assuming the question at issue. How does a man conceive a story? Are there any new stories to be conceived? How far may Memory legitimately assist Invention? These are the real problems. However, Mr. PINERO jumps the difficulty, conceives a story, and then makes it conform to the taste of the manager and the censor. He hints that this can only be done by a prodigious sacrifice of his inspirations, and is peculiarly anxious to lighten his labours by abolishing the censor. What bold, bad ideas has Mr. PINERO been conceiving; what stories too broad, what situations too "strong" for the censorial mind?

> But there is nothing, nor shall be,
> So sweet, so wicked, but my verse
> Can dream of worse,

says Mr. SWINBURNE. Can Mr. PINERO "dream of worse" than *Low Water*, which, he hopes, will be presented to the public again in a more favourable light? If he can, will he tell the *P. M. G.* what he dreams of? The censorship will not interfere with a free press. Mr. PINERO's later remarks are chiefly concerned with his own *apologia*, and are a defence against "a very genial, well-wishing oppo-"sition." But this, as older dramatic critics cried, "hath "nought to do with DIONYSUS," and does not really let the public into the secret "how plays are written." Soon one may learn how Lord TENNYSON writes *his* plays, and all about the secret of Mr. BROWNING.

MUNICIPAL BRIBERY.

THE Municipal Corrupt Practices Bill, though it is of secondary importance, naturally follows the similar measure passed last year for the regulation of Parliamentary elections. It was not worth while to oppose the reference of the Bill to a Grand Committee, for the omission of a limit to the amount which may be legally expended raised

no question of principle. The present Government and Radical legislators in general so rarely prefer common sense and practical convenience to party advantage that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S reasons for not specifying the amount of permissible outlay are creditable to his judgment. The enforcement of such a rule would require the elaborate machinery of the Corrupt Practices Bill; and every additional complication diminishes, as Sir HENRY JAMES justly remarked, the chance of inducing respectable and competent persons to become candidates for municipal office. Even an occasional recognition of the claims of property and station is welcome from the party which habitually exalts the pre-eminent qualifications of the working-man. It matters little whether the Bill is altered in Committee, for the main provisions against different forms of bribery will not be seriously opposed. It is certainly desirable that seats in Town Councils should not be directly or indirectly purchased, especially as it is known that bribes ostensibly intended to affect municipal elections are in many cases really given in prospect of Parliamentary contests. When the paymasters and the recipients are in both cases the same, there will always be a tacit understanding that party services are to be rendered on all suitable occasions, and that they will not be gratuitous. Some cynics allege that municipal corruption has increased since the admission of women to the local franchise; but it is evident that, as at present the female householder has no Parliamentary vote at her disposal, any contract which she may make must be completed at the municipal election.

The public interest in suppressing corrupt elections of any kind would be still more indisputable if the remaining motives of unbribed voters were necessarily laudable. It is a paradoxical process to trust with large and even with supreme power constituencies which, in the opinion of the same legislators, would sell their votes if they were assured of impunity. Corrupt Practices Acts are proper and necessary, but they assume liability to corruption. The advantage of facilitating the admission of poor men to the House of Commons is not unmixed; and the prohibition of corrupt bargains has little tendency in any other way to elevate the character of members. Cheap elections will probably diminish the independence of those who will owe their seats to Associations and Clubs; but other causes contribute to the conversion of representatives into delegates. Intimidation and the more or less legitimate influence with which it is frequently confounded have been almost entirely abolished by the institution of the Ballot. The probable expectation that bribery would be suppressed by the same means has been disappointed. Experience has confirmed the truth of the proverb that there is honour among thieves, including venal electors. A voter who would have no hesitation in breaking his promise to his landlord or creditor may generally be trusted to give the stipulated consideration for a bribe. It would not suit his purpose to destroy, by a breach of faith to the purchaser, the value of the commodity in which he deals. When he finds that the commodity in which he has dealt is unmarketable, he will be at liberty without direct fraud to consult his own opinions or prejudices. The sanctity of caprice, of ignorance, and of passion is an article of faith with the indignant censors of corruption.

The whole question has lost much of its practical importance through the large increase in the number of voters. The fifty-thousandth part of a constituency is not worth any appreciable price in the market. There are probably some politicians who persuade themselves that purity is promoted by any cause which renders votes unsaleable; but absence of opportunity for sin is but an unsatisfactory form of innocence. A hundred years ago, when the traffic in seats was public and notorious, it might be doubted whether there was moral guilt in conforming to general custom. In those days denunciation of a neighbouring man of fortune for "nursing" a borough, as it has since been called, would have been scarcely intelligible. The counties, which have never been accused of pecuniary corruption, have not assumed to themselves on that account a character for superior virtue. It is true that county voters shared largely in the distribution of places by the patronage Secretary of the Treasury; and they still have a claim to appointments under the Postmaster-General, which are up to the present time avowedly employed in rewarding partisans. The anomaly is almost interesting as an isolated survival, and does little harm. Only a small section of an average constituency can wish or hope for employment at a post-office. The Man in the Moon has become extinct, partly through the efforts of penal legislation, and also because his bags of sovereigns would be emptied before he had purchased a sufficient number of doubtful votes to decide an election. Candidates still pay their supporters in pledges which are often more unprincipled than the most lavish distribution of bribes. It may be added that it was less dishonest to spend their own money, even for unlawful purposes, than to barter away the safety and welfare of the nation for the selfish promotion of their personal interests. The tortuous wisdom which of old earned ironical commendation mainly consisted in the steward's purchase of advantages to himself at the cost of his employer.

In the United States single votes have never been habitually made subjects of bargain and sale; but nevertheless State and Federal elections cost very large sums in addition to the bribes which are offered in the form of promises of office. Rich candidates are expected to contribute in proportion to their means for the expenses of the complicated machinery which is worked by professional managers. The system is perhaps less morally degrading than the process by which elections were formerly won in several corrupt English boroughs; but, on the other hand, it is more nearly universal, and it promises long to outlive irregular practices which are now almost obsolete. There is probably an admixture of truth in statements which are frequently published in American newspapers, that some speculative capitalist has by corrupt methods acquired the control of a State Legislature. It would be unfair to dwell on exceptional cases in which flagrant corruption of the grossest kind was practised without disguise. The supporters of the notorious TWEED in the city of New York knew that their leader embezzled public money on a gigantic scale; and they justified their action in electing him to the State Senate before and after the public exposure of his frauds on the ground that he was liberal in dispensing to the poor the funds which he had plundered from all other classes of the community. The exploits of TWEED are not likely to be repeated on an equally magnificent scale; but in many or all of the great American cities the municipal representation is regarded by the better class of citizens with profound dissatisfaction. A movement has of late been begun in some places with the object of vesting all civic patronage in the mayor, on the ground that one responsible officer is less likely than a Board of Aldermen or a Council to be influenced by corrupt motives. If Mr. OAKEY HALL'S statement is accurate, four non-official persons control the municipal affairs of New York, and control to some extent the amount and disposal of a revenue amounting to several millions sterling.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL is probably right in attributing any municipal bribery which may still be practised to political motives. The modern practice of conducting local elections on party grounds is deplorable, but it will in all probability become universal as it is already general. Almost the only check on the abuse consists in the division of towns into wards for the purpose of municipal elections. The minority has consequently, except in the scandalous instance of the Birmingham monopoly, a certain share of representation; but the rivalry of various districts probably increases the effect of political considerations. If a Liverpool ward mainly inhabited by Irish workmen sends Nationalist members to the Town Council, their neighbours naturally return municipal representatives of opposite opinions. The present Government is consistent with its general policy in proposing to abolish almost the only high municipal authorities which were independent of party bias. The Corporation of London and the Municipal Board of Works systematically confine themselves to their proper duties, and the Board of Works holds itself so entirely aloof from politics, that if the Chairman had not happened to have a seat in the House of Commons there would scarcely be a member of the Board of whom it is known whether he is a Conservative or a Liberal. Their place is to be taken by a Common Council elected by the ratepayers, who will in their turn be directed by the party managers. The sole supporters of the Bill among the whole population of London are the Radical Caucuses, which collectively form or support the Municipal Reform League. The members of the Board of Works who are for a time to form a part of the Common Council will be oddly contrasted with their new colleagues, who will be all political partisans. It is perhaps as well that the future municipal elections should be controlled by the Corrupt Practices Bill; but there is no reason to suppose that candidates will be specially disposed to bribery.

In some provincial towns there is room for improvement, and it may perhaps be effected by stricter legislation. The Attorney-General's Bill deserves approval, but it will scarcely excite enthusiasm.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE SOCIALISTS.

THE debate on the Anti-Socialist Bill in the German Reichstag was in several respects one of considerable interest. The division was awaited with a good deal of anxiety, and its results seem to have been uncertain almost to the end. For weeks the Liberal papers have been discussing, with some acrimony, the question whether the Secessionists pledged themselves to vote against this measure on their fusion with the Party of Progress. On Saturday twenty-five of them proved by their votes that they did not consider themselves to have done so. Dr. WINDTHORST'S proposals seem to have been supported by the whole of the Centre; but they were an attempt at a compromise. They recognized the continued necessity of exceptional legislation; but, at the same time, they aimed at limiting the powers of the Government, for the purpose of gradually returning to a normal state of things after such changes in the penal code had been made as might cover Socialist excesses. In a word, those who supported these amendments thought it requisite for the good of the nation to grant a part, but only a part, of what the Bundesrath demanded; and so, when they were withdrawn, and only the original question, that of simply accepting or rejecting the Bill, was before the House, each of them had to decide for himself whether his dread of the Social Democrats or his distrust of the Government was greatest. The result was that thirty-nine Ultramontanes voted in favour of the measure.

To an Englishman, however, the interest of the debate centres in the speeches of Prince BISMARCK, and more especially on the clear definition they afford of the position he has adopted with respect to the Socialists. The last time he addressed the House at such length it was to argue in defence of the Insurance Bill. He then declared that the Government had not abandoned its earlier and more comprehensive scheme of social reform. It had been found more convenient to submit the single parts to the Reichstag, one by one, but the proposals omitted had simply been laid aside till their turn came. If the present measure passed in any form that the Government could accept, he pledged his word that every effort should be made to extend its benefits to the classes at present excluded; if it were rejected, as long as he remained in office, it would be returned to the Reichstag, session after session, in a modified form, until one had been found that would satisfy the House. Even the smallest point might form a centre from which social crystallization might begin. He then challenged the Liberals to declare their policy frankly. If they thought no further legislation was required, let them say so; that was a point of view he could understand; if it were theirs, it ought to be put plainly before the Empire. If, on the other hand, they agreed with him that reform was needed, but objected to the one proposed, let them make some practical suggestion. It would not be well for them, even in a party point of view, if the country became convinced that they acted as a mere drag on the wheels of the State, and succeeded only in frustrating the more generous wishes of a Government which had made so many concessions to their opinions. In the late debate he repeated these pledges with even greater energy than before, but it was while demanding a prolongation of the exceptional legislation against the Social Democrats which excites a righteous indignation in the breasts of those who entertain a very sincere dislike to every curative proposal that assumes a practical shape.

Thus while Prince BISMARCK is straining every nerve to pass large measures of social reform, he has shown himself ready to make any sacrifice rather than relax the iron grasp which has enforced silence and submission on the advocates of similar schemes who endeavoured to compel the assent of the Government by crime and disorder. In acting thus he is only following out the principle that guided him during the most important part of his career. The democratic movement of 1848 filled him with disgust rather than hatred, and his later experience led him to transfer no small portion of this feeling to the Prussian Parliament. Whether its members were blind or unpatriotic was a matter of comparatively small importance to him; it was enough that they either could not see or would not understand the signs of the times. But this distaste for the forms that the Liberalism of the day assumed did not render him incapable of perceiving the true source of the discontent he regretted. There were evils that must be remedied, a great policy that must be adopted, and it was he who presented to Germany the two chief objects of her desire, a united Empire and a national Constitution. But these came as a free gift from the Throne, not as a concession wrung from a "squeezable" Government. The result is what we see—a great, quiet, Conservative nation, which abides by the law and respects the rights of its neighbours. And it may be doubted whether the Imperial CHANCELLOR has not done as much for Europe as for Germany by his bold, unwavering policy. Let any Englishman ask himself what the present position of his own country would be if the centre of Europe, instead of being ruled by the moderate counsels of the greatest statesman of the age, were still a mere aggregate of semi-independent principalities, or a Republic governed by eloquent lawyers and professors of a transcendental morality.

It is true that not only the observance of diplomatic forms, but the very nature of his plans, imposed silence on Prince BISMARCK before the unity of Germany was secured; but there were periods in the history of the conflict when a few words from him might have conciliated many opponents. With that clear insight into the future and disregard of the present which is the characteristic of the statesman of true genius, he refrained from uttering them. As he stood before the Liberals then, he stands before the Socialists now. He perceives that they have a real cause of complaint, but rejects their nostrums. Whether his plan will succeed or fail we cannot venture to guess. But of this we are sure; if it succeeds, none of the noisy quacks of the market-place will be able to claim any part of the credit.

As the CHANCELLOR himself suggested, it will be something even to have failed in such a cause and in such a way. The social question is forcing itself into the foreground in every nation of civilized Europe. We in England are beginning to feel that the poor can no longer be left to rot in the holes and corners they have hitherto called their homes; and perhaps Radical politicians may some day be taught in an unexpected way that Englishmen with hearts and consciences consider this a matter of more importance than the extension of the franchise or municipal reform. To other countries the same problem presents itself in somewhat different forms; and wherever the disease appears, the quack is ready with his patent medicine, which is generally an irritant poison. To such the politicians who are eager only for applause are too apt to lend an ear. It is characteristic of Prince BISMARCK that he has constantly and almost ostentatiously disregarded them. He has never, as the demagogue does, endeavoured to obtain fame upon credit in order to discount it for immediate popularity.

IRELAND.

IT was to be expected that the dexterously managed and dramatic intervention of the Parnellite party at the last moment in the Vote of Censure division should revive in the minds of politicians of more than one kind the unpleasant apprehensions which have been often felt and expressed as to similar conduct on the part of an enlarged Parnellite party in the future. It is one of the curiosities of politics that the conduct of the Irish party, who unquestionably hate Mr. GLADSTONE very much, has probably done more than the efforts of his own followers, or the mistakes of his political opponents, to keep him in power. If there is any reluctance in the country against a dissolution, it is as much caused by the *spectre vert* of eighty or ninety Nationalist Home Rulers as by anything else. It is not, perhaps, particularly demonstrative of the general prevalence of political sanity at the present moment that the chief idea in the minds of Liberals, and even to a certain extent in the mind of Conservatives, appears to be to conjure the spectre on homœopathic principles. The existing Irish franchise having sent to Parliament members who do their utmost to make Parliament helpless, the current notion appears to be to alter the franchise so as to send still more such members. On the part of Liberals this notion, if silly, is at any rate consistent. Their principle is "that voting instructs in the "use of the vote," that the best thing to be done with a thoroughly bad citizen is to make him an elector, and the best thing to be done with a constituency of thoroughly

bad citizens is to refresh it with a contingent of citizens worse still. This is madness, but it is madness of a sufficiently methodical kind. But the irresolution which, as it is pretty loudly whispered, caused the collapse of Mr. CHAPLIN'S amendment, admits of no such qualified description. A Conservative as such is under no delusions either as to the right of a man to a vote or as to the beneficial effect of a vote on a man. He is in political matters a disciple of experience, not a supernaturalist; and the fact that pursuing a certain course has brought things to a very bad pass is to him no proof that pursuing it further will bring them to a better. Any hesitation on the subject of the Irish franchise and of redistribution as applied to Ireland which is felt by members of the Tory party must be due to one of two causes—faint-heartedness on the one hand, or a very ignoble and short-sighted desire to outbid Radicals in Radicalism on the other. The latter, it may be believed, exists in very few cases; the former, it may be feared, exists in not a few. The pitiful doctrine of the inevitable, which seems to be becoming more and more popular in politics, would seem to have established itself here also.

Yet the faint-hearted have not here the excuse of being able to plead that faint-heartedness may lead to some practical, if not too honourable, good. No rational being who looks on the state of Ireland to-day can discover in it any signs of approaching reconciliation to England on the part of the malcontents. There are not, for the moment, any very open or frequent outrages, and the authorities are slowly following up the traces of not a few outrages of the past which have hitherto remained mysterious. The sharp discipline of last year's executions has had its effect. Rents are paid after a fashion, and Sub-Commissioners under the Land Act have not much exceeded the twenty-five per cent. limit, though they occasionally relieve their feelings, as in Lord ORMATHWAITE'S case the other day, by reading impertinent lectures to their victims. The war has been transferred from Ireland to England, and the most interesting inquiries into Irish crime at present are held at Birmingham and at Woolwich, not at Kilmainham. The dispute between the tenant-righters and the land-nationalizers has weakened the National League, and the disapproval of the POPE, despite the contumacious fashion in which it has been received in some quarters, has undoubtedly had some effect on the Irish Roman priesthood. With fair seasons, and trade, as far as Ireland is concerned, reasonably good, there have been no immediate stimulating causes of disorder. But this is the utmost that can be said. Land is practically unsaleable; and it is pretty certain that, unless the much talked-of Government scheme for purchase is grossly unfair to the landlords, or else unduly burdensome to the State, it will either remain a nullity or be violently resisted. Isolated, but significant, acts of violence show that the spirit of outrage is by no means at rest. But the agrarian side of the question is, as it has always been (and it is the first and greatest misfortune of all that the fact has been persistently overlooked by Englishmen), only of subordinate importance. Those who have thought that by flinging sops to land hunger they could cure Irish discontent have mistaken the matter wholly. That there has been no connexion between the Land question and the Irish rebellion question is, of course, not to be said; that even the complete solution of the Land question would not solve the Irish rebellion question every one knows who knows anything about the matter. Irishmen themselves are under no delusion on this point, from the DAVITTS and the DEVOYS to the comfortably endowed persons who talk veiled treason against England in English rectories and English public offices. The favourite Irish talk, little noticed or known in England, about "West Britons," a "West British" party, and the like points straight to the centre of the question. By nature and law, by the result of history and the result of logic, the English realm is composed of Great Britain and Ireland—that is to say, Great Britain and West Britain. The malcontents, not exactly agreeing among themselves on the precise form which the severance shall take, are all resolved that Ireland shall not be West Britain any longer, and the Irish loyalists that it shall. Geographically, indeed, there is little hope for the former, at least it would appear so; but geography is only a natural science, and for such they care little. Politically, they think they can achieve the feat, though the means may vary between the entirely indefinite Home Rule which would satisfy Mr. SHAW and the very definite Irish Republic which would satisfy Mr. DAVITT.

If Englishmen in general understood this aspiration, and understood that probably a numerical majority of the inhabitants of Ireland are foolish enough to join in it, there would be comparatively little danger in the situation; though in that case they would hardly make trouble for themselves, as they are doing, by giving votes to the inhabitants of Irish cabins, and leaving them, roughly speaking, five members for every four to whom they are entitled. But a reckless act of which the consequences are understood is one thing, and a reckless act of which the consequences are not understood is another. It is nearly certain that in this case the consequences are not understood. That even a numerical majority of the inhabitants of Ireland is a very small numerical minority of the inhabitants of the realm geographically, politically, and historically one and indivisible, which it is proposed to dismember, is forgotten by Liberals because their pet commonplaces obscure it, by Conservatives because of the inglorious reluctance to recognize unpleasant facts or troublesome facts, even if they are not unpleasant, which is the parasite and curse of Conservatism. What this apparent majority, this really insignificant minority, wants is persistently ignored on both sides, and it is in this ignoring that the real danger lies. Even the Government plan of enfranchising Ireland to its hurt, and giving it new institutions of self-government to its wounding, would matter little if it were clearly understood that under no conceivable circumstances short of a victorious invasion will England allow the kingdom of Ireland to sever herself from the body corporate, any more than she will allow the kingdom of Kent or the kingdom of Northumbria to do so. Every now and then some vague statement to this effect is made by English journalists or by English statesmen. But there is a not inconsiderable party in England which protests against its being made, and what is of still more importance, every fresh concession is interpreted in Ireland, and in England too, as a concession to the protest. Every concession of the kind now advocated strengthens the hands of those who aim at dismemberment. If Englishmen, recognizing what the party calling itself Irish really wants, feel inclined to let it have more members of Parliament, more members of local governing bodies, more magistrates, and so forth, to carry out its views, they can of course do so. It is odd, unless it is done on the same humane principles as those on which the organizers of the *Coup d'état* gave the Parisians every facility for getting themselves in a convenient state for being shot. But it should at least be done knowingly, and there is too much fear that, with Radical claptrap on one side and Conservative unwillingness to put the foot down on the other, it is being done anything but knowingly.

FINDING THEM OUT.

THERE are two handles to everything, says EPICTETUS, one by which they will bear being taken up, and another which may not be quite so convenient. Mr. FORSTER'S conduct in speaking against the Government may be lifted by two handles. We may seize the performance with triumph, and exhibit it to amateurs as a fine example of straightforward eloquence not debased by the influence of party. Or we may take it up (gingerly) by the other handle, and regard it as an odd and rather uncomely piece of political *bric-à-brac*. How in the world, we may ask, did Mr. FORSTER come to distrust a man to whom he owes so much (whatever the debt may be) as he does to Mr. GLADSTONE? Mr. FORSTER made it plain, in his speech on the Vote of Censure, that he did not absolutely believe in Mr. GLADSTONE. Now how is this apostasy possible? Mr. FORSTER has sat beneath the same rafters, and even on the same benches, as the PREMIER. For years he was the associate of that unambiguous politician. He trusted him, he pinned his faith to him, he nailed his colours to the Gladstonian mast, and now, behold! he unpins the faith, and he strikes the flag. He says Mr. GLADSTONE "can "persuade most people of most things, and can persuade "himself of almost anything." This is not a trustful and confiding way of talking about Mr. GLADSTONE; yet Mr. FORSTER, as his old colleague, knows how deserving Mr. GLADSTONE is of confidence. Mr. FORSTER'S attitude is, therefore, to the pensive philosopher who takes it up by this handle "a strange and curious moral phenomenon."

We admit that, to ourselves, Mr. FORSTER'S behaviour seems neither very strange nor "very curious and disgust-

"ing," as the old story has it. Do we not continually observe, in the brief hours of our perishable days, that people believe in other people for years, or for a lifetime, and find them out at last? Mr. FORSTER probably believed in Mr. GLADSTONE with a fervent (though rugged) belief for more than half a lifetime. If ever he had doubts, they were solved like those of the nymph who loved the Isosceles Triangle. First, when she hesitated, she marked "his long "limbs trace alternate angles equal at the base"; and, when once more she faltered in her allegiance, "produced "at will, she saw the exterior angles equal still." In just the same way, if ever the chill shadow of scepticism stole over Mr. FORSTER's loving nature, he contemplated the moral perfections of his leader, was reassured, and voted straight. But then a day came when Mr. GLADSTONE's interior angles were no longer equal at the base, and when his exterior angles failed to conform to the rules of moral geometry. There was that peculiar occurrence, which we may not call a Treaty, but which, perhaps, by aid of a term borrowed from Mr. WHISTLER, we may style "An Arrangement in Kilmainham." Mr. FORSTER could not stand Mr. SHERIDAN, of Tubbercurry, and (after having been aimed at by assassins for about a score of times) had his doubts about Irish constitutional agitation. He would not be a party to any "Arrangement "in Kilmainham." He believed there *was* a Treaty, Mr. GLADSTONE believed there was no Treaty: and the affectionate confidence of years, the faith tried in Bulgarian Atrocities and Education Controversies, was swept away in a moment. After that Mr. FORSTER did not like BARDOLPH's security.

This is not a very rare kind of moral phenomenon. In life—private or public, political, amatory, or what not—there often comes a moment when the trust of years is ruined in an hour. Suppose a gentleman and stockbroker to have had a partner for twenty years, and suppose that partner, and all available securities, to be missing one morning, do we call the deserted stockbroker a curious moral phenomenon because he no longer believes in his ancient companion? Suppose a man has been engaged to a lady for years, and then imagine him to witness the usual conservatory scene of fiction, do we stand amazed because he transfers his confidence from the treacherous fair? Not at all. Well, the same sort of differences occur in politics. Mr. GLADSTONE, of course, has not bolted with the National till, nor coquetted with anything or any one more meretriciously alluring than the PARNELL party. But then Mr. FORSTER (for reasons not wholly unconnected with the instinct of self-preservation) does not love the PARNELL party. Mr. GLADSTONE might have been happy with both Mr. PARNELL and Mr. FORSTER; but Mr. FORSTER could not divide his own claim to affectionate regard. Consequently he does appear to believe less than of old in Mr. GLADSTONE, because, as he says, Mr. GLADSTONE can convince himself of almost anything. The ethical problem involved in this change of mind seems really neither obscure nor unusual. Mr. FORSTER may be in error, but he seems to think that he has found Mr. GLADSTONE and his associates out.

THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

THE opening of the so-called "Health Exhibition" passed off very quietly, and people who were present thought more of a single episode, not included in the official programme, than of any part of the prescribed ceremonial. The unaccustomed sound of hisses at the downsitting and uprising of Mr. GLADSTONE has already formed a subject of sufficient observation, and need not be further mentioned now; but the uninteresting character of the proceedings in other respects was due, first to the unfortunate absence of the PRINCE OF WALES, and, secondly, to the extremely incomplete condition of the Exhibition itself. It may be found hereafter that people take as much interest in health as in fish. Health, tempered with fireworks and brass bands, may attract crowds as great as any of last year; but experience teaches us that these South Kensington Exhibitions have a dwindling tendency; and those of us who have lived a few years in London will remember more than one "International" show which, opened under Royal patronage, ended by becoming a mere bazaar. There is a good deal of puffing carried on by means of them, and the more satisfactory they are to advertisers, the less they really do for the advancement of science or art. We may, however, in the present incomplete condition of the Exhibition be permitted to hope for the best, and to anticipate much benefit to the health of all classes from the objects shown, and as little injury as possible from draughty galleries and nocturnal concerts.

The special objects of the Committee are set forth in the preface to the Official Guide. They are certainly very wide in scope. To illustrate as vividly and in as practical a manner as possible, not only food and clothing, but "the "dwelling, the school, and the workshop," as well as appliances for school teaching and instruction in science and art, seems to leave very little in the busy round of life untouched. In order to carry out these objects systematically, the whole Exhibition is divided into two main sections. The first relates to dress, dwellings, naval and military sanitation, nursing the sick, and meteorology. The second part relates to education, and is apparently added out of compliment to the City and Guilds Institute, in whose new buildings a considerable share of the Exhibition is contained. As the Guide somewhat simply acknowledges, the educational section "has nothing, properly speaking, "to do with health." We may add, as a corollary, that it has a good deal to do with disease. Technical education is to be put forward, however, as going hand in hand with health, and every one must hope that they may long be united. People who go to the Exhibition in search of health may come away with the seeds of technical education implanted in their minds; and the result, if unexpected, cannot be considered unsatisfactory. Although officially described as "International," the only countries represented are France, China, Belgium, and India. The conjunction of France and China may be of good omen, but the meaning of the word "International" is clearly strained. Why Germany, which has done so much in the study of disease and the promotion of health, is excluded we know not. There would probably have been little to gain by the inclusion of Italy—a country where hygienic science can hardly be said to exist. China is to be represented by a practicable tea garden, and Paris is to have a pavilion to itself, not yet ready, at the south-western corner of the gardens. To these seductions are added cheap dining-rooms, on DUVAL's system: architectural drawings, a collection of seeds; "stuffed specimens of ani-"mals fit for food," which will, no doubt, be objects calculated to arouse great curiosity; and an aquarium. The historical section, still incomplete, will probably, however, prove the most attractive part of the whole show. First comes, in the West Quadrant, near the Albert Hall, a collection illustrating the history of dress. This is very thoroughly carried out, and will prove in itself of the highest interest. Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD, to whom the designs and arrangements are entrusted, proposes to show costumes of every age from the time of WILLIAM the Norman to that of the PRINCE REGENT. For his purpose he has searched, we are informed, among "contemporary authorities, such as "missals, tombs, portraits in oil, stained glass windows, "engravings, and even caricatures." The authorities at the Tower have supplemented the labours of Mr. WINGFIELD by sending a selection of ancient armour, and from the War Department we have a set of the old and new uniforms of the British army. A long way off, in the south-western corner of the labyrinthine buildings, is the "Old "London Street," a representation from drawings, by Mr. GEORGE BIRCH, of London dwellings of various periods. This feature of the Exhibition should surely have been peopled by the figures of Mr. WINGFIELD. We have almost omitted to mention the appliances for all kinds of sanitation, the sewer pipes, the electric lights, the ventilators, laundries, lifts, and freezing chambers, of which numberless examples are to be found, as well as a pavilion containing specimens of the water supplied by each of the London Companies, with maps of their respective districts. We fail to find tables of their respective charges; but, no doubt, visitors can procure them very easily at home.

It would be impossible to doubt the usefulness of such a gathering of all kinds as this. On the other hand, time only can tell whether it will be popular. It is perhaps a little too extensive, too indefinite. It comprises too many things besides sanitary appliances. The Fisheries Exhibition was almost homogeneous. The regular old South Kensington elements, the "reproductions" which were hateful to our youth, were conspicuously absent. They are very present indeed now, and may deter the great throng of visitors.

We shall see, but in the meantime there can be no doubt of the probable popularity of the dress collections, of the Old London section, and especially of the cheap dinner department.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL AGAIN.

IT is to be hoped that we have heard the last of the Channel Tunnel, at least for some years to come. Both the debate and the division in the House of Commons last Wednesday were decisive against it. The feebleness of the arguments in its favour and the utter failure of its supporters to upset the reasons urged against it were equally conspicuous; and a majority of 138 rejected Sir E. WATKIN'S Bill. Weak as his case was, it was still further weakened by what can only be called the puerility of some of his supporters. One of them "could not see what harm would "be done by this little perforation under the sea." Another called the opinions of military experts on the subject "most "discreditable." A third talked of the "boon" which the Tunnel would be to those liable to sea-sickness. "Were we "to stand still," he exclaimed, "when every other nation "was going ahead of us?" Before dismissing the subject, we hope for long, from our columns, let us once more briefly review the arguments on the subject which everybody interested in public affairs ought by this time to know by heart. In the first place, what good will the proposed Tunnel do? There are three answers given to this question. The first is that it will facilitate commercial relations between England and the Continent. Now even on this, which is the strongest point of Sir E. WATKIN, there are the greatest differences of opinion. In the judgment of many competent persons the Tunnel cannot turn out a profitable undertaking; in other words, people sending goods to or from the Continent will find it better to send them by sea than pay the high rates for freight which the Channel Tunnel Company would be forced to charge. We may regard this, however, as an open question, and say that the chances may be about even whether the Tunnel would or would not be of service to English commerce. Next comes the argument, which can hardly be treated seriously, based on the "horrors "of sea-sickness." No doubt sea-sickness is a very unpleasant thing while it lasts; but the extent of its "horrors" may be measured by the difference in the fares between Dover and Calais, and Folkestone and Boulogne, on the one hand, and between Dieppe and Newhaven, and Southampton and Havre, on the other. Multitudes of people, who are always sick at sea, and who know that they are going to be sick before they go on board, choose the long sea route simply because it is the cheaper. There may be a few invalids to whom even the short passage is enough to prevent them from going abroad at all; but it will hardly be maintained that it is on their account that an enterprise of such vast moment is taken in hand. Furthermore, it is perfectly certain that ships can be constructed which will reduce the chances of sea-sickness to a minimum. The *Calais-Douvres* is an example of what may be done in this direction; but there is no doubt that in a few years we could have vessels, seaworthy in all weathers, as superior to the *Calais-Douvres* as the twin-ship is to the packets which twenty years ago used to ply across the Channel. With suitable harbour accommodation on both shores, there seems no reason why the "Channel "Ferry" scheme might not be carried out. But in whatever way or ways the problem may be eventually solved, it is perfectly clear that the amount of sea-sickness which exists, and to which, we must confess, we attach very small importance, can and will in the course of time be very greatly reduced. What is left will be such as no one can seriously take account of.

There remains the third argument—namely, that the Tunnel will promote free intercourse, and therefore good feeling, between France and England. But of this there is not a particle of proof. The mere proposal to make the Tunnel, and the discussions which have followed thereupon, have assuredly not tended to promote a kindly feeling between the two countries. On the contrary, they have brought prominently forward a latent distrust which might otherwise have escaped notice. Direct communication by rail has no tendency in itself to make people feel kindly one to another. The French and the Germans stand in closer connexion with one another than they ever did before. But now, when it is possible to go through by express train in the same carriage from Paris to Berlin, the French and the Germans like and trust one another no better, but rather worse, than when the whole distance had to be traversed by stage. Nor is there any magic in a tunnel to promote brotherly love among nations. It is certain that France and Italy are more estranged, and more suspicious of one another, now than they were when the Mont Cenis tunnel was projected, or when, some fourteen years later, it was completed. In the case of France and England we are satisfied that, while the advantages of the proposed Tunnel are few and doubtful, the disadvantages are such that no prudent statesman, and, we may add, no enlightened well-wisher to either country, can wish to see it constructed.

There are, to put the matter briefly, three conclusive reasons against the making of the Tunnel—first, the possible danger that it might fall into the hands of an enemy; secondly, the increased military expenditure which this possibility would impose upon the country; and, thirdly, the disposition to chronic fits of panic which even the remote chance of a French invasion would keep alive in the English public. The highest military authorities are agreed that a seizure, by surprise, of the English end of the Tunnel is a possibility. That it is in the highest degree improbable is admitted on all hands; but it is possible. Many things in the highest degree improbable in the history of war have happened, and have determined the fate of campaigns and of empires; and to create such a possibility is a project which can only be explained by that blindness to the interests of their country which comes over persons who embark in speculations for their own profit. Considering the state of our military organization compared with that of Continental Powers, it is perfectly clear that, if an enemy obtained, by treason or surprise, possession of the English end of the Tunnel, the country would be at his mercy. We have not, and, in the present state of public feeling, are not soon likely to have, the military organization which the Continental Powers, with conterminous frontiers, are compelled to adopt. Not one of them, if it attempted to surprise another, and succeeded in doing so, could go far into the territory of the other, even if it entered at all, without finding a large and fully-equipped force ready to oppose it. From the rigorous necessity of being, like Continental countries, an armed nation we are saved by our insular position. To sacrifice this advantage for a doubtful commercial gain, for futile dreams of national brotherhood, and for saving a few people from being sea-sick, is a project that passes comprehension. What advantage can be set against the fact that strong fortifications must, according even to those in favour of the Tunnel, be erected at the English end of it, and that the utmost vigilance must be constantly exerted, especially in troubled times, to see that hostile troops are not smuggled through it? We are to be prepared, say the promoters of the scheme, to blow up the Tunnel as soon as any real danger of invasion presents itself. But who is to distinguish between a mere baseless scare and real danger? Who will take upon himself the responsibility of destroying a work which has cost so much until he has clear evidence that the destruction is necessary?—and then it may be too late. If nobody else gave false alarms, we may be certain that for a long time to come the Irish dynamite party would do so (to say nothing of the danger of their doing worse mischief); and, after a long series of false alarms, the real danger, if it did finally come, might easily escape notice. Were the Tunnel constructed, one of two things would happen—either, realizing the possible danger, the country would be always looking with anxiety towards France; or else, ignoring it, would lay itself open to just such a *coup de main* as, in the opinion of competent judges, is possible, though not probable. Who, again, is to bear the expense of the fortress at the English end? The cost of such a one as would be necessary has been estimated at three millions sterling, and the maintenance and garrisoning of it would be a heavy annual charge. The Company certainly could not defray the cost, and no Chancellor of the Exchequer would ask the House of Commons to vote the money. From this dilemma there is no escape. If there is one thing that the country depends on and cares for, it is the navy. Many most competent judges hold it to be far below its proper strength. Yet, in spite of all this, and in spite of a widespread uneasiness on the subject, any Government would think twice or thrice before proposing to increase the Navy Estimates by three millions. But, worse even than the possible risk and the actual expense which the Tunnel

would involve, would be the perpetual liability to panic which it would produce in England. Till we have a military organization similar to that of the great Continental Powers, it is madness to sacrifice the unique advantage of our insular position. Nothing, again, would tend more to irritate public feeling in England than the constant suspicion that an attack upon us might at any moment be attempted. The French papers ask indignantly, in reply, if France is a country of brigands? By no means. But many things are fair in war which are not fair in other circumstances; and French armies have been known before now to invade other countries without even a declaration of war. That advantage of any serious kind would follow from the construction of the Tunnel is very doubtful. That evils of a very serious kind must follow from it is certain. That our national ruin might follow from it is possible, though not probable. For these reasons the House of Commons has, we trust for the last time, recorded its vote against it. On this point, at least, we believe the present Parliament to be in thorough harmony with the country.

MR. FREEMAN AT CAMBRIDGE.

MR. FREEMAN writing to the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Thursday last complained of a reference which we made to his speech at Cambridge at the opening of the new branch of the Fitzwilliam Museum. We said:—"Mr. "FREEMAN amused, but did not surprise, his audience by "suggesting that the Elgin marbles ought to be carried back "to Athens, and their place supplied by plaster casts." We added that, by parity of reasoning, Mr. FREEMAN might propose to denude the National Gallery of all but English pictures. With regard to our remarks Mr. FREEMAN says:—"Will it "be believed that all the Saturday Reviewer puts in my "mouth is pure fiction—distinct invention, which cannot "have come of any kind of confusion or misreporting?" Mr. FREEMAN proceeds to quote an extract from the *Cambridge Chronicle*, in which that paper (which we have not seen) represents him as saying that he is "glad "the statues in the present Museum were all of them "harmless casts, and none of them pilfered or taken (I "think I said 'stolen') from the only places where they "could have their full value." We did not refer to Mr. FREEMAN'S speech on the strength of any newspaper report, but from the evidence of our own ears. The value, indeed, of a report which softens "stolen" into "taken" may be easily judged. And we answer that, to the best of our belief, Mr. FREEMAN most distinctly conveyed to his audience his desire to see the monuments of Greek sculpture, now scattered abroad, back again in Greece. It is true that our sense of hearing, as well as Mr. FREEMAN'S memory, is liable to the infirmities which beset human nature. Whether Mr. FREEMAN used the words "Elgin "marbles" we cannot positively say; but the reference to them was pointed, and was at once understood by the audience.

CARIOLING.

TO the lover of Norway cariole is a pleasant name, having associations as agreeable as its liquid half-musical sound. It is the most fitting symbol of a restful life, still obtainable by the overworked Londoner, in a wild mountainous country, where the population is sparse and the social conditions are as simple and primitive as if the tourist had never invaded its secluded valleys. The cariole is a genuine Norwegian product, the outgrowth of its peculiar physical and social circumstances. In a country where the population is confined to valleys separated from one another by lofty and rugged mountains, where the manner of life is simple and almost rude, and where an extended water-way in the shape of fjords and inland lakes offers excellent facilities for the transport of commodities, the need of modern improvements in the art of locomotion has not made itself felt. Up to a very recent date the only travellers on a large scale were officials. For these special arrangements were made by the Government. The owners of the farms along the traveller's road were required to do the duty of innkeepers by supplying him with horses. A messenger ("Forbud") was sent in advance with the impedimenta, in order to engage the horses. When tourists began to explore the country, they had to follow the same plan. Thus Laing, writing in 1836, tells us that, when setting out on his travels from Christiania, he bought a little second-hand cariole, and sent on a Forbud a few hours in advance. The increase in the number of tourists during the last twenty years has not radically changed this system of travelling, but only developed it. A number of "fast" (that is, "fixed") stations have been added, at which horses are kept ready, so that a Forbud is unnecessary. And the tourist can, and commonly does, obtain not only his horse but his cariole from the farmer, there being a relay of both at the stations. To this it must be added that, within the last few years, new districts have been opened up to the tourist by excellent roads, some of which are triumphs of engineering skill.

The cariole is the Norwegian farmer's gig, a very unpretending vehicle, consisting of a narrow seat supported on a wooden frame by two cross-bars of wood which are fixed in the shafts and serve as rude springs. On this tiny seat the solitary traveller perches himself, his feet stretched out in front of him on the floor of the gig, or planted in two small rests at some depth below the seat. Behind the gig is a horizontal board, on which the traveller's small box or portmanteau is deposited, and where the postboy (Skydsgut) has to accommodate himself. In addition to this cariole proper, or single gig, there is a double one (the Reisekjaerre), often used by travelling pairs. But the cariole is the earlier and better institution. Two persons with the necessary quantity of luggage are quite weight enough to be behind one of the small Norwegian horses on a road which is pretty certain to be rough in places, and to have some sharp declivities. The cariole seems, too, by far the more appropriate vehicle for this wild and solitary country. It is a kind of land-canoe, by means of which one may easily part company with "the madding crowd," and penetrate into the perfect seclusion of primeval nature. For the postboy is, as a rule, given to silence and close attention to his horse, and, being out of sight, is readily forgotten. To one who finds a keen delight in now and then getting rid of customary associations and immersing his mind in wholly new surroundings, hardly anything can be better than jogging along in a cariole on a fine summer day. One soon gets used to the odd bobbing movement of the little vehicle. The small, plump, cream-coloured animal in front of you has a number of distinctly Norwegian traits which are certain to excite a measure of interest. He displays an almost human degree of intelligence in accurately adjusting his actions to the circumstances in which he happens to find himself. Whips being a luxury in the country, and more often than not dispensed with, the shrewd quadruped proceeds at the outset to discover in a thoroughly methodical and almost scientific manner whether his new driver possesses one of these objectionable instruments. He begins by turning his head, which is unencumbered with blinkers, and by this means is able to frame an initial hypothesis. He then goes on to verify his conjecture by a number of tentative experiments, such as stopping short some yards this side of a hill or a gate. He seems thoroughly to understand the conditions on which he is let out to the tourist, and knows his duty far too well to allow himself to be overworked and so rendered unfit for to-morrow's task in his owner's meadows. He will trot down a steep hill at a rate which is calculated to frighten the novice, but strenuously insists on taking every rise, however gradual, at a creeping pace. This is apt to exasperate the ordinary British tourist who has imported the habits of city life into these sequestered regions, and who calculates on getting over so much ground in a given time. But the experienced Norwegian traveller knows better than to make rigid calculations. Here, where time is abundant, and consequently its flux is not noted with scientific precision, where an emphatic "Strax" ("immediately") may express nothing more definite than some point in the adjacent future, the first condition of mental repose is to forego calculation and to be ready to drift on as circumstances allow. And the traveller who has attained to this desirable mental condition can hardly fail to conceive a certain friendly sentiment towards the somewhat opinionated, yet thoroughly shrewd and painstaking, animal behind which he sits. The actions of the postboy, too, will be likely to strengthen this feeling. His whole mind is given to the problem of reducing the amount of wear and tear to his pony to a minimum. He jumps down from his narrow perch on the traveller's trunk at the first indication of sloping ground. If the pony looks uncomfortable and disposed to ease himself by a short pause, he is on the alert, and admonishes you, in a manner suggestive of some great impending evil, to pull up. It is said that tourists not infrequently overdrive these ponies, the normal pace of which is, according to Dr. Nielsen's valuable *Reisehaandbog*, somewhat under five miles an hour, even on good roads. And the farmers appear, in consequence of such over-driving, to have become more watchful of their valuable little horses. By the postboy, it may be added, is meant—now the farmer himself, now a son, now a wife, and so on. According to our experience, the women are even more solicitous about the comfort of the animals than the men.

But the pony, though claiming a certain amount of the tourist's attention, does not engage it altogether. After a day or two's experience, he learns to confide in these thoroughly competent creatures and to feel perfectly free to inspect the glorious scenery through which he passes. We will suppose him to be driving up one of the many picturesque valleys of the country some sunny morning in August. In the bottom of the valley some distance below the road there rushes a fine mountain stream, its succession of falls filling the valley with a pleasant murmur. Along its course one sees a number of curiously constructed water-mills, the nimble little wheels of which splash the water about in a lively fashion, adding a higher and gayer note to the music of the valley. Looking up

to the slopes above the road the eye notes here and there on some prominent knoll a picturesque farmstead, consisting of the main building, gaily tinted in yellow or red, and outhouses in their natural pine stains. More rarely a white wooden church introduces a still brighter feature into the scene. The farmers with their families and dependents are busy cutting the sweet mountain grass and carting it away in light sledges. They answer the traveller's greeting cordially, and seem to take a kind of vicarious interest in their neighbour's passing pony. The odours of the thyme from the newly-cut meadows are varied by the no less sweet scent of the newly-cut pine planks lying by the stream. The sight of a red or blue patch on the bank, indicating a crop of wild strawberries or bleaberries, now and again tempts the unhurried traveller to alight. As the road ascends the higher Alpine scenery comes into view; steep mountain-sides clothed with pines and scrubby birch, above which tower rocky crags, some of a light grey, which, illumined by the morning sun, is hardly distinguishable from the white of the snow that lies about them and in their crevices.

Of course all carioling is not of this agreeable character. The tourist may now and again have to drive for many hours together through pine-woods, gloomy, monotonous, and empty of sound. Yet there is a strange fascination in a pine-forest where man's hand has never interposed to arrest the long process of growth and decay. On all hands may be seen fallen trunks with the rudiments of branches. Some lie obliquely, leaning against their hardy survivors, and some are prostrate on the ground. Many are stripped of bark and bleached by long exposure, resembling skeletons of huge centipede-like creatures. A drive through one of these forests impresses one in a peculiar way with the profundity and range of nature's solitude. In addition to these pine-covered tracts, there are the vast tablelands, or fjelds, which constitute a considerable fraction of the area of the country. Here there is little to delight the traveller's eye in the mountain contours. Instead of fine undulating curves and bold peaked forms, there is a long sweep of monotonous line. Yet, if beauty of form is wanting, that of colour is present in abundance. The mosses and lichens which luxuriate in these higher regions are a delight to the dweller in the lowlands. And the variegated hues of green, ochre, and grey, with which they paint the mountain-slopes, are further enriched by the warm tints of the bleaberry and other shrubs, which towards the end of August are in full autumn glow. It need hardly be added, perhaps, that the cariole offers little protection against the weather. A long, wet drive in one of these vehicles must be admitted to be depressing. The gig is apronless, and the traveller has to exercise all his ingenuity in order to keep his legs dry. The pony dislikes the cold, pelting shower, and protests with unmistakable signs against continuing the journey. The situation is a trying one, and it is hard to maintain a serene temper when a sense of chill damp spreads over the whole bodily surface, when the eyes are blinded by the driving rain and the frequent cascades from the deluged hat above, and when the stiff and benumbed hands refuse to hold the reins any longer. But there is always a remedy in such a case. The traveller can hand over the ribbons to the postboy and take to his feet, assured that he will reach the next station in good time for the meal which his Forbud can order for him. And though the cariole has its drawbacks, the discerning mind will recognize that they are slight enough when compared with the miseries of the crowded Swiss diligence or German Eilwagon. Here on the seat of the cariole you may be parched by a hot sun or benumbed by rain or sleet; but at least your limbs are not stiffened by the unrelenting pressure of your neighbour's, nor are your senses revolted by a cloud of choking dust, or by the fumes of bad tobacco. Whatever its drawbacks, the cariole has this superlative recommendation—that it leaves you free to travel when you like and as little as you like. The frequency of the stations, which are rarely more than ten miles apart, allows the tourist to halt when he is inclined. And if he does not object to plain quarters and diet, he will often find it a real advantage to loiter at some small and unfrequented station. The farmer unaccustomed to guests will give the traveller more than the usual dole of Norwegian hospitality, will show him over his farm, and give him more information about Norwegian life than he could have acquired in weeks passed at more frequented places.

PANSIES FOR MR. GLADSTONE.

SUCH a division as that of Tuesday night, and such speeches as those of Mr. Goschen and Mr. Forster, ought to be "for thoughts" to a much less thoughtful man than the Prime Minister. We are not ourselves very much in the habit of offering him wreaths of any flowers, but on this occasion it seems but charitable to do so. No one who speaks temperately would pronounce Mr. Gladstone a bad man, and no one who speaks with knowledge would pronounce him a foolish one. But it is certain that he has in his life done infinitely more mischief than many accomplished and powerful scoundrels, and that many persons not far removed from absolute foolishness have passed through long political experiences without committing a tithe of his blunders. The cause of this Mr. Forster formulated for the first time on the Prime Minister's side of the House (it has been often enough, and in almost exactly identical words, formulated elsewhere) on Tuesday. It lies in the Prime Minister's faculty of "persuading most people [read perhaps many people] of many things, and himself of almost anything." But the faculty of persuading oneself of almost anything implies, and in fact is almost identical with, the faculty of shutting one's eyes to almost anything; and it is this which Mr. Gladstone possesses in really unapproached measure. Gossip has often said (on what authority we neither know nor care) that this faculty has been of late years encouraged by a practice of which Mr. Chamberlain also boasts, but which we very shrewdly suspect that Mr. Chamberlain does not really carry out—the practice of never reading any newspapers or documents except such as support his own views. If this be so, it is perhaps useless to offer him this humble pansy wreath, but it may be useful for somebody else.

In the first place, there is that awkward business at the Health Exhibition last week. After denying the fact, and then striving to minimize it, the Ministerial papers took the old and obvious line of abusing the hissers as luxurious Londoners corrupted with metropolitan immorality, enemies of reform, personal haters of Mr. Gladstone, and so forth. We have nothing to say about this, for every man who wrote it, except perhaps the mere *saute-ruisseau* attached to the lower provincial papers, knew at the time of writing that it was absurd, and, moreover, that no audience is by nature so averse to any private expression of feeling as such a London audience as that of Thursday week. But what is really curious is the "puzzled, surprised, and chagrined" air which not merely published accounts but trustworthy eye-witnesses attribute to Mr. Gladstone. We have not the least doubt whatever that Mr. Gladstone's surprise was genuine and profound. He has been so accustomed of late to be spoken of or to as a kind of minor (and not so very minor) divinity, to have the Particular Baptist Synod of Llanpumpsaint kissing his shoestrings, and the Liberal Twenty-two of Little Pedlington mumbling his finger-tips, to lead a Cabinet of not undistinguished statesmen into the wildest or the meanest enterprises at his pleasure, to make war and be blessed for making war, to run away and to be extolled for magnanimity in running, that by this time he has probably lost all idea of how it really strikes a contemporary. True, he hears unpleasant truths in Parliament. But then he is quite sure (as he naively told the world on Monday) that this is due to nothing but the desire of office on the other side. Out of Parliament it is extremely probable that he never hears the truth at all except in such rare, unusual, and unpleasant forms as that which it took on Thursday week. And we should be very glad if we could think that Mr. Gladstone was as wise a man as Beatrice was a girl; that he went home and said to himself, "What fire is in mine ears?" and began to wonder whether after all it is judicious to take the Particular Baptist Synod of Llanpumpsaint and the Liberal Twenty-two of Pedlington as perpetual oracles and indices of public opinion. The speech of Monday makes it but too evident that he did nothing of the kind. Yet here was a pansy, and a large and striking one, offered him if so be he would notice it.

Here is another. With intense and no doubt fully sincere indignation Mr. Gladstone asked during the debate what Sir Michael Hicks-Beach meant by dishonouring him, Mr. Gladstone, in the eyes of the country? We say that this indignation was quite sincere, and we are ourselves sincere in saying so. But not a man in the country, not even the newspaper writers who (in back parlours, according to Mr. John Morley) support Mr. Gladstone, is unaware that the dishonour had been publicly done days and weeks before by the publication in official despatches of the story of the Gordon mission. That story, as it presents itself to ninety-nine men out of a hundred—to nine men out of ten who speak and vote and write for Mr. Gladstone—is simply this. Some one standing on the bank of a dangerous river has, under stress chiefly of the opinion of bystanders, sent another man into the stream to rescue certain valuable or valueless property. The salver is promised every assistance, and the man on the bank makes himself responsible for his safety. When the salver gets to his work he signals for a rope; the man on the bank replies that he acknowledges every responsibility for his safety, but a rope is just the thing that he can by no possibility allow him. A plank floats by, and the salver requests that his employer, who has every means of doing so, will push it towards him. The employer, with much politeness, signals that planks are things not to be thought of, and with his boathook gives it a dexterous shove in the other direction. At this the salver waxes indignant, and declares the accomplishment of his mission impossible. "Then why don't you come out?" says the man on the bank, oblivious of the fact that by this time the river is full of floating débris through which no swimmer can get. The bystanders exclaim at this conduct, and the man on the bank, with much fervour and some indignation, lays his hand on his heart, declares that he makes himself fully responsible for his agent's safety, and asks what more they want. Finally, the salver, just before the flood and its débris hide him from view, exclaims that he has been deserted, the bystanders echo the cry, and the man on the bank, more indignant than ever, accuses them of dishonouring him and of having underhand motives. Now this is—feature for feature, stroke for stroke—the view which almost every Englishman who has read the published telegrams has formed to himself of the conduct of the Government. Not a hundred men of the majority of Monday night would, if they were taken into a corner, accuse it of exaggeration or over-colouring. But Mr. Gladstone does not see it; does not believe that any one else sees it, and is left considering the grass blue and the sky green, while all the rest of the world

considers the grass green and the sky blue. Here is another remarkable pansy.

It may be followed up by a whole bunch—a bunch by no means of heartsease for Mr. Gladstone. It would be too much to ask him to correct his perspective by the speeches of Mr. Forster, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Cowen, or Mr. Laing, bad men who openly dissented from him, enemies of his own household, who of course deserve nothing but his forgiveness as a Christian, and his remembrance as a man. But let him get his son or his secretary to take Tuesday's and Wednesday's *Times* from the file and read over quietly the speeches of his independent Liberal supporters—of the good men who rallied to him, not merely with a silent and shamefaced vote, but with valiant voice. For ourselves, we can imagine no more utterly disheartening, and at the same time enlightening, course of reading. There is, to begin with, Sir George Campbell. It can never be a subject of any great exultation to any man that he is supported by Sir George Campbell; but to be supported by Sir George Campbell in such a fashion as that of Monday must indeed be painful. Sir George disapproves of our being in Egypt at all—that is to say, he disapproves of the whole policy of the Government for two years past. He disapproves of the mission of General Gordon—that is to say, he disapproves of the principal move of the Government in Egyptian policy during the present year. He disapproves equally of General Graham's expedition. The one thing that he approves of is the fact that the Government have abandoned General Gordon—that is to say, he endorses Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's proposition at the very moment that he gives his voice against it. From such a friend we can find it in our charity to pray that even Mr. Gladstone may be saved. Then there is Mr. Buxton, who follows Sir George a little more explicitly and more clumsily. He (textually) thinks the Government "made a mistake in sending Gordon," and "very near a mistake" in sending Graham. This is backing your friends! He thinks General Gordon's opinion—the opinion, be it remembered, of the trusted Plenipotentiary of the Government—is "absolutely untrustworthy" (Mr. Buxton said unreliable, but we prefer to write, as well as to think, like Englishmen). He is himself of opinion that the Government ought to consider such and such interests before the interests of General Gordon. That is to say, he agrees with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach that Gordon's interests have not been consulted, and thinks all the Government policy wrong. From such a friend—but it is unnecessary to repeat the whole refrain of our Litany. Then there is Mr. O'Connor Power—a convert, an Irish convert—an Irish convert who has not yet had anything "done for him." Here, if anywhere, backing might be expected. Mr. Power backs his best, and the best comes to this, that he accuses Mr. Gladstone of "a grave crime" in the bombardment of Alexandria, and disapproves of "domestic interference in the affairs of Egypt," which has been going on, clumsily indeed, but still going on, from the bombardment of Alexandria to this day. (Refrain.) Then comes Mr. Arthur Arnold. Mr. Arthur Arnold "wishes with all his heart that General Gordon," the chosen Government agent, the agent who, according to Mr. Gladstone, has been entrusted with the amplest powers, and supported with the warmest seconding, "had remained at Jerusalem." The Government have, according to Mr. Arnold, committed "a series of errors." He is very doubtful about the omission to send an expedition to Berber; but is "not inclined to bear hardly on the Government for inattention to Gordon's telegrams," which have therefore, by admission of this supporter of the Government, been treated with inattention. (Refrain.) And last of all comes Mr. John Morley. Mr. John Morley apparently thought that the time had come to speak of many things, and every one will acknowledge that Mr. Morley speaks cleverly and pleasantly about anything. Of the comparative position of himself and his colleague as representatives of the feeling of Newcastle, of the general election of 1880, of restrictions on the importation of cattle, of the "calamitous events to the eve of which" Mr. Gladstone's Government had brought England (good backing this!), of the unpleasantness of voting against one's friends, of the paltry character of newspaper writers who write in back parlours, Mr. Morley discoursed in excellent style. He did his duty to his friend Mr. Chamberlain by saying some unpleasant things about his friend Mr. Chamberlain's enemy, Mr. Forster. He criticized General Gordon with much freedom—forgetting, apparently, the admiration which the Government expresses for General Gordon. But not one single word did he say traversing the assertion of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach that the Government have not taken steps to assure General Gordon's success; and every word he did say tended to show that he supported them precisely because they have not taken such steps.

From such friends we, of our charity, pray that even Mr. Gladstone may be saved; and we pray, further, that he may take the lesson of their friendship to heart. Unfortunately there is the very faintest chance or possible expectation that he will do anything of the kind.

CRICKET.

SOLVITUR acris hiems—the winter is past, the cruel winds have ceased to blow (to be sure, as these words are written, the weathercock is pointing due east), and after the storm of last Monday one feels almost tempted to say the rain must be over and gone. As the Roman sailor wheeled his well-dried keels again to sea, so now the cricketer takes down his trusty bat and inspects its well-oiled surface with loving eye, looking carefully to its proportions, lest haply they should offend the renewed vigilance of the law. The umpire bestirs himself—poor fellow! it is no holiday task that lies before him—and all things are in trim for one of the busiest seasons cricketing England has ever known.

The Marylebone Club has held its general meeting, and also an extraordinary one, for the purpose of considering the revised laws, and especially that one concerning bowling on which so many wise and unwise words have already been written and said. The general meeting showed as usual that the affairs of the famous Club are financially most flourishing; and, though a little breeze of unpleasantness seems to have blown through the pavilion on that Wednesday afternoon, it was not such as to affect in any way the prospects of the game, or to have much interest for the general public of cricketers. The extraordinary meeting, held on April 21, was of more importance. Lord Harris carried his amendment to Law 48 by a large majority. The practical meaning of his victory is that the umpire, whon at all suspicious of the fairness of a bowler's delivery, is to reverse the principle which in other matters holds good all the world over, and has hitherto held good in cricket, the principle of giving the offender the benefit of the doubt. A bowler now must be as free from all suspicion as Cæsar's wife; if not, the fatal word must be spoken. It is extremely unlikely, for many reasons which have already been threshed to death, that this new rule will have the effect desired, or indeed any, save possibly that, not at all to be desired, of promoting much squabbling and not a little bad blood. Indeed, Lord Harris himself is clearly not hopeful, for he allowed that the new law would probably do little more than bear witness to the fact that in a certain year the Marylebone Cricket Club recognized the existence of unfair bowling. Why, then, pass a law which its most thorough supporter owns is little likely to check the abuse against which it is aimed, and, as every one must see, is very likely to open a door to others which charity may make us unwilling to anticipate, but only folly can suffer us to ignore? However, the law is passed; remonstrance is now unavailing, discussion idle. Perhaps, as the question put by Sir George Chetwynd to the Stewards at a recent meeting of the Jockey Club, concerning an unholy alliance believed to have been formed between certain members of the racing community, is considered likely to serve its purpose by warning the offenders that eyes are on them, so it may be with Lord Harris's new law. The offenders—whoever they may be, of which no two persons seem to be certain—may take the warning and mend their ways in time. If they persist, it is but little that the umpires will do, little perhaps that they can do, to stop them. The speaker who spoke most to the point on that Monday afternoon was he who said that the unfair bowler must be treated like the unfair whist-player, and banished from the company of the fair.

This was the most important point settled. Mr. I. D. Walker proposed to amend the law relating to substitutes, by refusing them for the absent. This was lost by only two votes, which was, we think, a pity, though here again the good sense and spirit of players may be stimulated by the fact of the proposal and the number found to vote for it. The new rule that all the "one-day matches" should be decided by the first innings, if not played out, is a good rule. It has long been practically law outside the Marylebone Club, and it is well therefore that formal sanction should thus be given to it. In such matches, too, the "over" may now consist of five or six balls, as the players shall determine, instead of the legitimate four. This is a practice, we fancy, not unknown on some provincial grounds, and doubtless increases the chance of playing out the game. A proposal to reduce the width of the bat, which some believed might also reduce the superiority of the batsman, was not discussed owing to the absence of the proposer. It would not have been carried, so it was well no time was wasted on it. The batsman beats the bowler to-day, partly because of the great improvement in our cricket-grounds all England over, and partly because we happen at present to be very poorly supplied with good bowlers. But it is right that bats should not exceed the lawful width, and many have been found to do so. Most of the Australian bats, for example, were so found last Monday in Sheffield Park, and pared down accordingly to the proper limits, which were even then found a great deal too wide for our bowlers. Those limits—4¼ inches—are narrow enough in all conscience for a bad batsman; half an inch less would not stop a good one from scoring.

A busy season indeed it will be, if only Jove will stay his hand. The Australians are among us again, and have begun their golden march through England by very sadly beating the Eleven Lord Sheffield got together to play them on his own pretty ground in Sussex. To be sure there were only three or four first-rates among the Englishmen, and a terrible lack of bowling. But the defeat was complete enough, and one can only hope it does not foreshadow too many more to come. The best of our visitors of 1880 and 1882 are here again. Massie, Horan, and Garrett have stayed at home, and Scott, Cooper—of whose bowling great things are whispered—and Midwinter, two seasons ago one of "the Ground" at Lord's, are in their places. Eight times will they measure their strength against the pick of our players. At Lord's on the 22nd of this month they will meet the Club and Ground, and on the 29th the Gentlemen of England. In June they play the Gentlemen again at the Oval on the 26th, and on the 30th the Professionals at Sheffield. In July they are matched against the united strength of England at Manchester on the 10th, and on the 21st at Lord's; on the 31st they meet the Professionals again at the Oval. On

the same ground they play England once more on the 11th of August. Besides these matches, they will play all the best of the Counties and the Universities, and will not play, we are happy to say, any of those sheer "gate-money matches" against unresisting Eighteens and Twenty-twos—exhibitions of incompetence on one side and greed on the other, which were quite as bad for cricket as ever were the meetings at Kingsbury or West Drayton for racing. We will hope, too, that the season will not be stretched too far. Cricket in the mists and damps of autumn, when the ground is sodden and the players stale, is poor stuff, poor to play and poor to watch.

Both the Universities seem likely to be strong; so far as one can tell at present, which is not far, Oxford a little the stronger. The heroes of the Eton and Harrow Elevens of last year, Marchant and Greatorex, are both, it is true, at Cambridge, who seem also to have got a smart bowler in Milner, who learned his cricket at Wellington. But Oxford seems unusually rich in capable Freshmen. Cobb, from Winchester, Buckland, from Marlborough, Higgins, from Westminster, O'Brien, who played well for Middlesex more than once last year, and Key, from Dulwich, who has already won laurels for Surrey, besides Nicholls and Whitby, who have as we write played excellently against the Australians, are all promising players, while Money-Wigram and Pemberton seem likely to renew their ancient fame. Let us hope the promise will have blossomed into performance by June 30.

The Counties are much as they were last year. Surrey is said to have found a wicket-keeper to take Pooley's place, and Gloucestershire that long-desired boon, a fast bowler, in the person of one Gregg. He bowled fairly well against Yorkshire last week at Moreton-in-the-Marsh, but his county suffered a most inglorious defeat, scoring only 43 runs out of the 85 wanted to win. The great Doctor, who has already topped the hundred twice in local matches, did not "come off," and he stands to Gloucestershire as Rome, according to the Venerable Bede, stood to the world. Kent has begun well, beating Somersetshire in one innings, though they got very much the worst of it with a Marylebone team, thanks to the brisk hitting of Messrs. Shuter and Charles Studd. Sussex, too, has won its first match against the Club, though by only one wicket. Every one would be glad to see these two counties resume their old pride of place; indeed, Kent, under the stimulating, if somewhat Spartan, rule of Lord Harris has within these last years done more to deserve success than almost any other county. Nottinghamshire will not play Lancashire this year. The heroes who disport themselves on the banks of the Trent like not the deliveries of Crossland—a dislike shared probably by all who have felt them; for, whether he be a fair bowler or not, there is no question that he can be a mighty dangerous one. However, the Lancashire captain is the last of men to bend before a storm, and Crossland will probably continue to shatter wickets and shins for another season at any rate. As we have said before, there are many worse offenders than he, but then they are more gentle in their offences. It is perhaps a feeling that the voice of reform cries only when it is hurt that tends to make that cry so unavailing. But, however all these things may be, from now to the close of August, if only the skies will be propitious, there will be cricket enough, and of quality enough, to satisfy the veriest glutton. And besides such as we have already indicated, there will be new candidates for honours in the field, a team from Philadelphia, who, among other matches, are to play the Gentlemen of the Marylebone Club at Lord's on June 16th. America, if Mr. Warner and his young eagles will permit us to say so, is commonly believed to be less supreme in cricket than in other things; but no doubt this belief, too, will be proved erroneous, as have been so many other of our ideas concerning that great and intelligent country. All good cricketers must pray for such summers as we know in the years gone by—

> Ah, what days were those, Parmenides,
> When we were young!—

days when we were all younger and a little quicker in the field than we are now.

SUPPRESSED PASSAGES IN THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF POPE PIUS II.

AMONGST the men of the fifteenth century none is more interesting than Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini. Beginning his career as a poor lad in Siena, he managed to reach the lofty dignity of the Papacy. He owed his success in life to his readiness and versatility. Nothing came amiss to his hand. If oratory were needed, he was a fluent speaker. If a theological treatise was required, he could dress up the arguments of the schools in attractive Latinity. If a patron wanted a poem, the verses readily flowed. If a delicate matter demanded a supple diplomat, no one could display greater adroitness than Æneas. He made himself useful wherever he went. He gained an assured position in a humble sphere, and then used it as a means of rising into a more important region of activity. Feeling at the beginning of his career that nothing was to be gained at Rome, he went to Basel and made himself a personage in the Council. When he saw that the Council's Pope was doomed to failure, he dexterously transferred his experience to the Court of Frederic III. of Germany. When he found that Frederic III. was feeble, he set to work to reconcile himself with the Papacy by carrying to Eugenius IV. the obedience of Germany. Then secure at Rome, he worked his way to the Cardinalate and so to the Papacy. Political dexterity has rarely been crowned with such complete success.

Moreover, Æneas was not consciously an adventurer. His whole nature was so susceptible of outward impressions that he saw how things were going, and floated readily on the surface of the flowing tide. The world was moving, and Æneas thought it a duty to move with it. He had no belief in inconvenient principles. He had no wish to be a martyr to any opinions. He would not set himself up as wiser than his fellows. He admitted the right of the majority, and thought that true wisdom consisted in being on the winning side. This absence of prejudice gave Æneas perfect frankness of expression. He was well satisfied with himself and had nothing to hide. He was only doing what every one wished to have done, and he was glad that he did it so successfully. He took almost greater pleasure in recording his achievements than he did in performing them. We cannot define the literary charm of Æneas more accurately than by saying that he was his own Boswell.

The mass of the writings of Æneas Sylvius is very large, and he touched on almost every subject. His own life and character is amply shown in his letters, his various works on the history of his own time, and especially in his "Commentaries," in which he gave a detailed account of the events of his pontificate. Yet, though much has been published, something still remains. The Librarian of the Chigi Library at Rome, Signor Cugnoni, has just published from the MSS. under his charge a considerable volume of gleanings which have escaped the notice of previous editors.* These consist of seventy letters, a few speeches, a sketch of the history of Venice, some Latin poems, and an amusing theological dialogue, which touches every conceivable subject, but is supposed to be in favour of the Donation of Constantine.

We do not propose to discuss the value of this new material, which for the most part throws light on small points connected with the career of Æneas Sylvius and the history of his times. But there is one portion of this volume which is of general interest for the information which it gives of the state of society in Italy, and the details of the private life of Pius II. The most valuable of the works of Pius II. is his "Commentaries," which was left in manuscript at his death, was revised by his friend Campano, and was not published till 1584, a hundred and twenty years after the Pope's death. It was then issued under the name of Johannes Gobellinus, a German priest who had acted as coprist of the MS. which was sent to the press. We know, however, from the letters of Campano and of Cardinal Ammannati, another literary friend of Pius II., that the "Commentaries" was the work of the Pope himself. Indeed the internal evidence would have been sufficiently convincing if there had been no external testimony. However it appears that the editor of the edition of 1584, Archbishop Francesco Bandini de' Piccolomini, was a cautious man. Not only did he try to repudiate the authorship of Pius II. himself, but he also exercised his editorial right of suppressing passages which he considered to be too outspoken. These passages were, however, collected by some one who saw the sheets as they were passing through the press. They were stored among the Chigi MSS., under the title "Supplementum ad Commentarios Pii II. . . . . earum videlicit rerum, quas in impressione consulto omisere, et in codice manuscripto reperiuntur." There can be no doubt about the authenticity of these suppressed passages. They bear the stamp of Pius II.'s pen in an unmistakable manner. Some of them were known before—notably the amusing account of the proceedings in the Conclave which elected Pius II.

It is a piece of rare good fortune that these fragments have been preserved, and have been put together. After a lapse of four hundred years personal gossip becomes material of the highest historical importance. It enables us to enter into the life of the past, and judge the characters of men by a more intimate knowledge of their surroundings. It was quite right of the editor of Pius II.'s 'Commentaries" to exercise his discretion, and keep back many of the racy stories, the remarks on the characters of princes and cardinals, the little utterances of petulance which flowed naturally from the Pope's pen. But nowadays no one can be hurt by the venomed shafts of Pius II.; and his account of the intrigues of his cardinals will be read good-humouredly, as a contribution to the study of human nature, and will not be used as materials for a polemic against the Papal Court. It is well worth while to consider what lessons are to be learned from these suppressed passages of a quick-witted and keen observer of mankind.

We find, as might be expected, that expurgation has been exercised chiefly on unfavourable judgments and scandalous stories. The writings of Pius II. do not contain much praise of any one. His career had been a kind of single-handed fight, which left little room for large-mindedness or generosity. Though Æneas was of a kindly disposition and had some staunch friends, he was free from enthusiasm, and had a keen eye for human weaknesses. In this he was like the whole class of the Humanists, who could use fulsome eulogy or violent denunciation, but were so immersed in themselves that they had no capacity for discriminate judgment. For their patrons no laudation could be too lofty; for those who did not take them at their own estimate no abuse could be too vile. They did not content themselves merely with disparaging criticism, they attributed every conceivable crime to the men whom they disliked. In the early days of the revival of

* *Æneas Silvii Piccolomini Senensis, qui postea fuit Pius II. Pont. Max., Opera Inedita*; descripsit Josephus Cugnoni. Roma: 1883.

letters this copiousness of vituperation belonged to literary men, and was employed in literary squabbles. But it tended to pass on into popular language, and ultimately found its way into history. It is difficult to know how far the misdeeds attributed to the men of the fifteenth century were meant to be seriously believed. We feel more certain of the corruption of the age because such charges were made than because we are convinced of their truth in individual cases. Pius II. shows us how the blackening of personal character was turned from rhetoric into historical fact. The suppressed fragments consist largely of portraits of the Pope's political opponents. Sigismondo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, was especially troublesome to Pius II., and the Pope has not spared him or his father. The abuse which he lavishes upon him is untranslatable. He exults in excommunicating him after an inquiry into all his crimes. "No one," he exclaims, "hitherto has gone down into hell with all the solemnity of a canonization. Sigismondo shall be the first to enjoy this distinction; by the Pope's decree he shall be enrolled a member of the society of hell, a companion of the damned and of devils." No doubt Sigismondo was unscrupulous, irreligious, and sometimes violent. But we know that he governed Rimini with mildness, that he was beloved by his people, that he was a patron of art, a friend of learned men, and that he was capable of a genuine attachment to the Lady Isotta. We cannot accept the Pope's picture of a man wallowing in every kind of licentiousness and undistinguishable from a beast.

Similarly Borso of Ferrara, who did not show the Pope the respect which was his due, is represented as eaten up by vanity, a prey to astrologers, and caring for nothing but the pleasures of the chase. Sigismund of Austria, Count of the Tyrol, had an ecclesiastical quarrel with Pius II., and is consequently credited with every form of tyranny and immorality, charges which are not repeated by Austrian authorities. A picture which bears more stamp of truth, though greatly exaggerated, is that of the old enemy of the Popes, Count Everso of Anguillara. "Tenacious of his own, greedy of what belonged to others, heedless of God and religion. He asserted that the world was made by chance, and that the souls of men were mortal like those of brutes. He was blasphemous and cruel, thinking as little of the slaughter of a man as of an ox. He invented most terrible tortures for his captives whom he hated. He nourished by rapine and theft such of his subjects as chose to serve in arms. The rest he oppressed beneath a stern rule; when wearied by six days' labour in the fields, that they might earn enough to pay his taxes, they were compelled to work the seventh day for him. It was well called the Lord's Day, he said, because it belonged to their lord—namely, himself. He carried off their wives and daughters at his will. He often struck his own sons and attacked them with the sword. He wasted the goods of churches. He was timid in meeting those who were bold; he was bold against those who were cowardly. When need was, he could endure toil and privation." We recognize in this a highly-coloured sketch of the lawless baron who made the approaches to Rome unsafe—a man like the German Raub-ritter, who lived by plunder, and whose oppression was tempered by a rough geniality.

Pius II. had a sort of cynical contempt for the current state of morality. "Such are the morals of Italy," he says, "that almost all its princes are bastards." But it must not be supposed that this general depravity was confined to Italy. Jean V., Count of Armagnac, lived in incest with his sister, and actually applied to three Popes for a dispensation that he might contract a legal marriage with her. The story is told by French authorities, but Pius II. gives a circumstantial account of Jean's dealings with the Papacy in this abominable matter. Nicolas V. refused his application with scorn; but the Bishop of Lectoure was sent to Rome to renew it before Calixtus III. When Calixtus III. was on his deathbed a papal secretary, John of Volterra, gave him a hint:—"If any of your friends want an unjust or discreditable job performed, now is your time." The Bishop of Lectoure at once promised him a large sum of money if he could get the dispensation signed, and he undertook to do so by means of Cardinal Borgia. John of Volterra drew out a dispensation for the fourth degree of consanguinity. When it was signed he erased the word "fourth" and substituted "first." But he kept the dispensation till he had received his money, and the Count of Armagnac complained to Pius II. of John's attempts at extortion. Pius II. investigated the matter, condemned the Bishop of Lectoure to perpetual imprisonment, handed over John to the secular arm, and imposed a penance on the Count of Armagnac. There was one consolation to Pius II. in this matter. He records with some complacency that the Count of Armagnac said, "I have been opposed to Charles of France, but I never dreaded his armies so much as the Pope's tongue, which is like a sharp sword." This story serves to illustrate the way in which moral depravity invaded the officials of the Papal Court, and the scandalous way in which current business was conducted. During the remainder of the century we meet with many cases of the punishment of officials who forged on a large scale dispensations and indulgences. If the Popes themselves were lax in granting privileges, their subordinates were still more lax. When so many documents had to be signed, they could not all be properly examined. The moral indignation which gave force to Luther's protest probably rested upon a broader basis than the Popes were aware of.

We have said that Pius II. was not a very generous critic of others. He remarks of his predecessor that "Calixtus III. was a Spaniard, ignorant of Italian ways, destitute of friends, and in the hands of his cardinals." He was sure that Calixtus III. did not make him a cardinal at his first creation, when he chose two nephews of his own and a youth of the Royal House of Portugal, "all of them so young that the three together had scarcely years enough for one; so that it was clear that they were created, not to serve the Church, but that the Church might serve them." Of two of the five cardinals created at the same time as himself, he says "one was under the power of an impudent mistress, the other was under the power of his physician." Even Cosimo de' Medici did not please him. He regretted that Florence was not wedded to a lawful husband, and had no ruler but a tyrant who oppressed the people. This was because Cosimo did not visit the Pope when he came to Florence, saying that he was too ill. On a second occasion Cosimo made his appearance, but was so crippled with the gout that he could not kneel to kiss the Pope's toe. "It reminds me," he said, "of two of our Florentines who, coming from the country, met in the market-place and tried to kiss one another. But they were so fat that they could get nothing to meet except their bellies. What they could not do through their corpulence, I cannot do through my gout." Cosimo was not sorry to give the Pope a specimen of the bluntness and homely wit of a Florentine citizen.

Pius II. was pleased with himself and wished others to be pleased likewise. He was careful of his dignity, and was sensitive of slights. In spite of his large experience of the world, he was not strong enough to override opposition, and relieved his feelings by writing down little spiteful remarks. He was delighted with anything tending to his own glory, and was proud of his own cleverness. When he fixed upon Mantua as the place of a European Congress, he bethought himself of a prophecy (which he probably invented):—"Virgil of Mantua sang of Æneas of Troy; Æneas of Siena enriched the country of Virgil." Once when a Sienese lady implored him to use his influence to ask a young man not to persecute her with his addresses, Pius II. remembered a story of Boccaccio in which a confessor was used as a go-between. He told this story to his disconsolate suppliant, and dismissed her with a rebuke for her anxiety in trying to enlist a Pope to help her in her loves. We wonder if Pius II. was not over-clever in this case. We should like to have the lady's account of the interview.

The greatest troubles which beset Pius II. arose from his cardinals. They were difficult to manage; they laughed at the Pope; they thwarted his political plans; they even spoke and wrote against him. The influence of the ideas of the Councils of Constance and Basel remained in the desire of the cardinals to act as a check upon the authority of the Pope. The Pope wished to free himself by making new creations; the cardinals strongly opposed every increase to the College. It required all the dexterity of Pius II. to overcome their opposition. On his first creation of cardinals he resolved to proceed with a high hand, and gave the cardinals a good scolding:—"You yourselves are the cause that the dignity of your office is not sufficiently esteemed. You live so that you seem to have been chosen, not for the government of the Church, but for the enjoyment of pleasure. You do not avoid the chase, or games, or the society of women. Your banquets are too magnificent; your raiment is too splendid. You abound in silver and gold; your retinues are excessive. If the dignity of cardinal were marked by abstinence and holiness, fewer would seek it. But we cannot withstand the customs of the time, nor keep back candidates. Do you make choice of fit persons, we will consider the number to be chosen."

Then the Pope named a list of candidates. The haughty Cardinal Scarampo exclaimed, "I am ashamed of being a Cardinal. The office used to be given to men illustrious by birth, wisdom, or holiness. You have named many whom I would not care to see in my kitchen or my stable. There are already enough cardinals. I do not think any of these whom you have named worthy of the dignity." Pius II. laughed, and said, "If my predecessors had adopted your standard, either you would not have been a cardinal or you would have had very few companions." Then he left the Cardinals to deliberate. They tried to have their own way by pressing the Pope to create one of his nephews. Long negotiations followed, but at the end the Pope created six cardinals, of whom his nephew was one.

The next creation, in December 1461, was still more difficult to manage. Pius II. seized the opportunity of his negotiations with Louis XI. for the abolition of the Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges to urge on the cardinals the political expediency of gratifying the French King by new creations. He thought it best on this occasion to negotiate with the cardinals individually, and he gives a delightful account of his own dexterity in securing a majority. He used alternately "entreaties, exhortations, promises, and threats." First he won over the avaricious Cardinal Estouteville by the offer of the rich bishopric of Ostia. This promotion created a vacancy in the bishopric of Porto, which he gave to Cardinal Carvajal, and so secured his vote. Similarly he gained Cardinal Bessarion, by granting him several petitions. Cardinal Alain of Avignon was strongly opposed to the creation of the Bishop of Arras. Pius II. reasoned with him, and convinced him of the expediency of securing the French King by rewarding his favourite, though he fully admitted that the Bishop of Arras was both an unworthy and a dangerous man. Cardinal Orsini refused to consent, though the Pope offered to include amongst the new cardinals an adherent of the Orsini, the Bishop of Corneto. When Cardinal Orsini was obdurate, Pius II. changed his tactics, and won over Cardinal Colonna by undertaking not to nominate his foe the Bishop of Corneto. The Pope found Cardinal Tiballi so stupid

that he dismissed him as being out of his mind. Cardinal Cusa alone raised any considerations of the good of the Church. He pleaded with the Pope the decrees of the Council of Constance limiting the creation of new cardinals. "I cannot flatter," he proceeded. "If you can bear to hear the truth, I approve of nothing which is done in the Curia. No one does his duty; everything is corrupt. Neither you nor the Cardinals care for the Church. There is no observance of its canons, no reverence for its laws, no diligence in divine service. All are given to ambition and avarice. If I ever speak about reform I am laughed at. I am of no use here; let me go away; I cannot endure these customs; I am an old man, and need repose. As I cannot be of any use to the Church, I will try to live to myself." Then the austere and honest old man burst into tears. Pius II. was not much moved by this sincerity. He answered with plausible excuses, and reproofs of Cusa's overweening self-confidence. About the decrees of Constance he made a remark of some importance for canonists. "We have read the manuscript containing these decrees. Never during the session of the Council of Constance was any ordinance promulgated about the creation of cardinals. There were many deliberations, and many things were committed to writing as aids to memory; but they never received the form of a decree." Cusa went away almost heart-broken. He was too honest to assent; he could do nothing by opposition. He saw the need of a sweeping reform of the Curia, and he saw its hopelessness. He mourned till the end of his days over the evils which he clearly saw and was helpless to cure. He was the last survivor of those who had hoped to reform the Church from within.

We will give one more extract, which shows the purely human side of the life of Pius II. He had a little puppy dog of eleven months old, which he called Musetta. "She was white, but not very pretty, yet clever and affectionate, with winning ways." One day as the Pope was sitting in the Vatican garden transacting business, Musetta in her rambles clambered up the sides of a water cistern and tumbled in. The Pope's ear caught the piteous tones of her bark, and he sent his attendants to look after her. They arrived just in time to save her life, and she came back to the Pope with demands for his sympathy. Next day, in the same garden, a big monkey broke loose and almost worried Musetta to death. The Pope prophesied that his favourite was not destined to enjoy a long life. His prophecy was soon fulfilled. Ten days afterwards, the luckless Musetta was looking out of an open window, when a wind suddenly arose and blew her over. She fell from a considerable height and was killed. The Pope moralized to his attendants, "Let men learn from the fortunes of beasts. We may escape twice, but the third peril is fatal. Amend your lives before the third call comes."

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.—III.

THERE has been more grumbling about the present exhibition at the Royal Academy than we remember to have heard for many years. The public in general, the artists, the critics, and even, it seems, the House of Commons, are dissatisfied. The Academicians, it is universally allowed, have exhibited the greatest failures. Sir Frederick Leighton's "Cymon and Iphigenia" excites little or no interest, though, artistically speaking, it is a good picture. Mr. Alma Tadema's "Hadrian in England" is by far his weakest, as it is his largest, work. It may be described as a group of onions, below a mosaic background, and with a border composed of human figures. The composition is singularly unfortunate, and the key of colour very low. Yet, among the inferior works by which it is surrounded, it stands out well for its careful drawing and for the marvellous fidelity and correctness of its archæological details. Mr. Calderon's "Night" is inexpressibly beautiful; but from other Academicians we have such dismal, and even ridiculous, performances as Mr. Millais's "Idyll of 1745," Mr. Herbert's "Treasures of Home," Mr. Crowe's "School at Rouen" and "Fish Market," Mr. Colin Hunter's cast-iron sea in "As They Roar," Mr. Leslie's poor, pale "Benson Ferry," Mr. Cole's "Oxford," Sir John Gilbert's "Agincourt," Mr. Wells's "Old Crone," Mr. Sidney Cooper's pictures—one of them of gigantic size, representing humpbacked cattle—Mr. Goodall's "Flight into Egypt," Mr. Herkomer's "Pressing to the West," Mr. Frith's "Beatrice," Mr. Horsley's "Hide and Seek"—pictures of which it may safely be said that, had they been the work of unknown men, they would either not have been hung or would have been skied. This is the critic's grumble. The general public grumble because, for one thing, the Council have made such a strange choice in two of the three pictures—all, it is said, by Scotchmen—which have been purchased out of the Chantrey Fund. The first of these is Mr. Pettie's "Vigil" (359), a knight in armour, with an immense amount of empty canvas about him, kneeling in an exceedingly stiff attitude, and holding the cross of his sword before him. Mr. Pettie has done worse work than this, some of it in the present Exhibition, and also better; but there is nothing in the picture to warrant the purchase, and the fact that Mr. Pettie is himself on the Council which makes the selection does not mitigate the public displeasure. The second work selected is Mr. Seymour Lucas's very effective and dramatic "After Culloden" (882), a valuable addition to the Chantrey Gallery. The smithy, the stalwart smith, the soldiers entering, the glowing horseshoe on the anvil, are well drawn and painted, and the whole picture deserves the recognition it has received. But the third purchase, "My Love has Gone a Sailing" (928), by Mr. David Murray, is calculated to puzzle the visitor. We confess to having endeavoured impartially to study this work, and another of the same painter, in search of latent beauty, and to having failed. There is no use in mincing the matter. The painting is not worthy of a place beside Mr. Colin Hunter's "Their only Harvest," Mr. Poynter's "Venus and Esculapius," and Mr. Orchardson's "Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon," in the room appropriated to these purchases at South Kensington. If the visitors this year grumble on this account, artists also, and especially those foreign artists who have honoured us by contributing, have the strongest reasons for displeasure. Never before has so much poor work been hung on the line, and so much good work skied. For example, M. Fantin's noble portrait (357), which was one of the boasts of the last Salon, is hung so high as to be only visible with an opera-glass. M. Tito Conti's "Lady of the Court of Louis XIII." (280) is just under the ceiling, and quite invisible to ordinary eyes. M. Willem Geet's careful and minutely finished "Martyr in the Sixteenth Century" (826) is high up over M. Schmalz's "Too Late!" so that it is not only skied but killed. The worst example, however, and one which the authorities ought even yet to remedy, occurs in the Sixth Room. The well-known Belgian painter, M. Emile Wauters, has sent the magnificent picture "Cairo from the Bridge" (606), which has won him such applause on the Continent wherever it has been exhibited, to say nothing of two gold medals, if we mistake not, in his native land. This splendid work, crowded with minute figures, and painted in the most delicately graduated tones, is placed as high up on the wall as the cornice will allow, and has in consequence been only noticed by people who knew it before. Even an opera-glass will not help a visitor to see this remarkable picture, and nothing but a change in its position will meet the exigencies of the case. By way of adding insult to injury, the artist's name is given as "Emily Wauters," and that, too, in the revised edition of the Catalogue. Below M. Wauters's masterpiece is a picture of nearly the same size, which would be improved by a more elevated and unobtrusive position; for certainly there is nothing in Mr. Smythe's "Field of the Cloth of Gold" (614), a very crude and spotty landscape, to justify its place on the line. Of other good works also skied we may notice Mr. Claude Calthrop's "Little Venetian" (49), which is invisible to the average naked eye; Mr. Robert Fowler's "Artists" (24), which seems to be a pleasing and highly finished work, representing two classical figures, and Miss Mabel Green's "Exmoor" (50), which may also be an excellent picture; but in room after room all the smaller and more highly finished landscapes have been systematically arranged along the very top of the wall. This is especially true of Mr. George Lucas's "Harvest Time" (263), which, however, is sufficiently powerful to be partly visible at its great altitude. "A Curious Fish" (363), by Mr. Tom Lloyd, is harmoniously coloured and highly finished, but can hardly be made out from below. Mr. Alfred Parsons has sent "After Work" (404), a beautiful landscape with figures, full of good and careful painting, but hung much too high, and killed by Mr. P. R. Morris's gaudy "Sweethearts and Wives" (403). Mr. Henry Schäfer's "Il dolce far niente" (419) is almost out of sight. Miss Bertha Newcombe's "Last Load" (634) seems to be a fine and carefully studied river scene, but is hung beyond the reach of ordinary vision. Mr. Henry Gore's "Calm before a Storm" (668) appears to have great merits, but is completely skied, as is Mr. Arthur Bell's "Honfleur" (663). One of the worst examples of this kind of treatment is afforded by Miss Annie L. Robinson's clever and scholarly work, quaintly entitled "Danae" (864). It represents a young and beautiful country girl, wearing a sun-bonnet, and standing close in front of a bank on which the furze is in full blow. The sunny effect, the light and shade, the depth and luminous quality of the shadows, and the charming expression of the face, raise this picture to a high level of merit; but the Hanging Committee, not content with putting it near the ceiling, have, as in the case of M. Wauters, added to their fault by entering it in one edition of the Catalogue as "Don't"—a reading which has proved an insoluble puzzle to the critics—and in another edition as "Danx"—a reading which has at least the merit of being unmeaning. Close to "Danae" is a very comic piece of work which may as well be noticed here. It is also skied, but is probably none the worse. It is called "Primrose Day" (856), by Miss Emily Merrick, and is very funny indeed. A crossing-sweeper, aged about ten, has his ragged button-hole decorated with a bunch of primroses by a flower girl, aged about eight. His strut of complacent self-satisfaction is very well given, but otherwise the painting does not do justice to the subject.

There are of course a few pictures in this year's Academy which are worthy of more than passing mention. In an exhibition which abounds in portraits Mr. Ouless's "Henry Whiting, Esq." (490), is perhaps the best; but Mr. Millais's smooth and well-finished likeness of Mr. Henry Irving (372), painted as a present to the Garrick Club, runs it close. There is much disappointment expressed with Mr. Sargent's "Mrs. White" (788). This young American artist has earned a great reputation in Paris; but, had we only this picture and the very similar portrait of Mrs. Lagh (203) in the Grosvenor Gallery, we should form a very mistaken estimate of his great powers. A little head, "Culaudine" (609), by Mr. Catterson Smith, will be admired for its colour and look of life, merits shared by another very small portrait by Mr. Philip Steer,

"Fantaisie" (472). Mr. Weedon Grossmith's likeness of Miss Fortescue (483) is very pretty, but too pale. The portraits this year are more numerous than ever; but some of them, like M. Aublet's "L'Enfant Rose" (316), a glowing canvas; Mr. P. R. Morris's "Quite Ready," a child in white satin; Mr. John Collier's "Daughters of Colonel Makins" (136), four young ladies playing with a hamper of wild flowers; and Mr. F. Morgan's "Besieged," a girl surrounded by dogs, are more or less subject-pictures first and portraits in a secondary degree. "H.R.H. the Prince of Wales," by Mr. Holl, is painted for the Middle Temple, and is a very dignified and stately picture. Mr. Perugini's "Idle Moments" (15) may not be intended for a portrait; but it is a single figure of a young girl of uncommon loveliness, with a peacock's feather in her hands. The background is a marble white, the dress is grey, and the face and hair are pale; yet this does not give at all the impression of being a colourless picture. Mr. Long's "Judith" (28) is fine, full of expression, and—disagreeable. Mr. Marks sends several studies of single figures, of which we like his "Entomologist" (526) the best; but a monk trying to clear the pipe of a latch-key (45) is irresistibly comic. "Did You ever Kill Anybody, Father?" (67) looks like a portrait except for the sad and anxious expression of the child which holds its father's sword. Another single figure is Mr. Boughton's splendid study of "A Field Handmaiden in Brabant" (80), one of the few pictures by an Academician which deserves its place on the line. Mr. Fildes has painted a single figure of a "Venetian Flower-Girl" (747), which is very sweet and delicate in the face and hands, but unnecessarily gaudy in the dress and accessories. Both in this and his great picture "Venetian Life" (390), where the same girl appears with others more beautiful by far, it is to be feared, than any Mr. Fildes can find in Venice, or indeed in Italy, he has made the mistake of thinking that bright colours make bright colouring. The "Venetian Life" is inharmonious to the last degree. There has been a good deal of absurd talk about it. A scarlet fan, which serves by its intense and staring crudity of colour to subdue some of the intensity and crudeness of the competing colours, is said to "bring the picture together." The obvious reply to such a remark is, of course, that no pictures should require such a violent remedy for its discordant tints. Lovely as are the faces, we cannot like this picture. Mr. Van Haanen's "Afternoon Coffee" (721), although almost as full of different colours, is thoroughly harmonized. It represents a number of dressmakers, who have left off work for a few moments while an old woman dolos the coffee out to them. Similarly brilliant and good is Mr. de Blaas's "After Church" (423), a picture of the same modern Venetian school, representing a handsome, but thoroughly Italian and rather coarse-looking, nurse leading a pretty child down the steps, various other groups being in the background. Another after church picture is Mr. Calthrop's "After Mass at San Giorgio, Scuola degli Schiavoni, Venice" (551), which is painted with his accustomed force and skill, and is badly treated, like so many other good works, by the Hanging Committee.

Mr. Briton Riviere is a little disappointing this year, though he sends as many as four pictures. "The Eve of St. Bartholomew" (52), a lady kneeling and clasping the neck of a bloodhound, is too evidently only the portrait of a dog. "The King and his Satellites" (88), a lion followed by jackals, is not interesting. The lion is very large and very clumsy; the attendants are, however, very full of individuality and character. "Actæon" (315), torn by his own dogs, although placed in a noble landscape, is a disagreeable subject. The best, the most cleanly painted and the most interesting of the four pictures by this really great artist represents the hero of a fairy tale entering "The Enchanted Castle" (437). A knight in full armour advances boldly though a pair of tigers stand waiting for him in the entry. As his mailed feet clank over the pavement, selections of the most hideous animals from the new Reptile-house hurry away into the dark corners. Mr. Goodall sends two good and pleasant works to balance his very large and empty "Flight into Egypt" (619), a picture to be condemned wholesale, so to speak. It is, in fact, beyond or below criticism. But "A New Light in the Harem" (235), a negro girl playing with a healthy-looking baby, while the happy and handsome mother looks on, is full of the air, light, and colour of the East. The lattice-work, and the brilliancy of the view seen through it, are among the best things in the present Academy. "The Sword of the Faithful" (568) shows an ordinary street scene in Cairo. A bazaar boarded overhead, an Arab on a camel—the camel is too pink—choosing a weapon, various groups in picturesque robes, a descendant of the Prophet in a green turban, a man cutting some remarkably yellow tobacco, with the mosque of Mohammed Nasr in the background—these are the elements which go to make up a very striking and brilliant, though far from faultless, picture. Mr. Yeames contrives to handle a good subject very badly. His "Toast of the Kitcat Club" (332) shows the little Lady Mary entering the room where Addison, Marlborough, and other great men of that day are assembled. The "Queen Anne" possibilities of such a picture are taken no advantage of; and it is rather the name of the artist than his work that will attract the eye. Mr. Mouat Loudan won the Academy prize in the winter with his "St. Peter denying Christ" (457), and the picture certainly seemed among the competitors to be well worthy of the distinction accorded to it. Here, however, it is disadvantageously hung, and has very uncongenial surroundings. Mr. J. D. Linton continues, or completes, his set of war pictures. This is the "Declaration" (498). The turbaned Turks are defied by an angry prince, who is supported by courtiers, a man in armour, a priest, and some clerks or secretaries who are studying a plan of the campaign. There is a smooth and even finish, with which it would be distinctly wrong to find fault, but whether for this cause or some other the picture is uninteresting. The "French in Cairo" (516), by Mr. Walter Horsley, shows some soldiers affixing the name of Napoleon to an ancient Memlook building, while the natives look on complacently. The figures are capital, but it is not very easy to identify the view. A tower of the mosque of the mad Hakeem is in the background. Mr. Waterhouse has never done better work than in "Consulting the Oracle" (559). A group of frightened women sit at one end of a room while a "medium" places her ear to the mummied lips of a decapitated Egyptian. The accessories are carefully subordinated, and, if we have a fault to find, it is only that the picture gives us no clue as to where the scene is laid. The head has an Egyptian appearance, which is not kept up in the other "properties." Another romantic subject is attempted by Mr. Macquoid, "La Belle Dame sans Merci" (345). A half-nude fairy and a mediæval knight could hardly, it might be thought, be so treated as to look perfectly commonplace; but Mr. Macquoid has accomplished the task to perfection. Mr. Frith's "Cruel Necessity" (353), a poor imitation of Delaroche, should not have been hung, or, if the Hanging Committee could not refuse it, they might have advantageously skied it, and placed on the line the marvellous portrait by M. Fantin (356), already mentioned, which hangs just above. Another Academician's picture, "Site of an early Christian Altar" (410), by Mr. Pettie, hangs on the line in the Fourth Room; and Mr. Alfred Parsons's "After Work" (404) is almost skied in favour of a caricature which the Hanging Committee might surely have refused as calculated to bring religion into contempt. In the Fifth Gallery Mr. Armitage's absurd "Faith" (463) should have been declined on similar grounds. It is a relief to come to Miss Montalba's fine portraits (489 and 496) in the same room. In Gallery VI. Mr. Laslett Pott's view in Ashburnham House, entitled "Disinherited" (693), shows an angry father with a weeping daughter under the fine columns at the head of the staircase, and the outcast descending among the startled servants. This is a good work, well thought out, and, if a little pale in colour, is bright and airy. An enormous amount of space is wasted in Gallery VII. to hang Mr. Prinsep's "Saturday Dole" (810), a number of life-sized figures, painted so heavily and composed so carelessly that it is difficult to remember that the same artist painted the little girl reading at the Grosvenor. Mr. Albert Goodwin's "Enchanted Palace" (900) is fine, but too extravagant. In the last gallery there are a few very good pictures. Among them we must notice, besides landscapes, which are unavoidably omitted for the present, Mr. Bridgman's café scene at Cairo (1566); a little "property" piece (1599), of high finish, by Mr. Handel Lucas; the "Drawing-room at Aston Hall" (1601), a fine chamber, with good light and shade effects; Miss Edith Hipkins's "Hickory, Dickory, Dock," a prettily-dressed woman holding a child up to look at a tall clock; and, lastly, "My Nannie's Awa'" (1643), by Mr. Watson Nicol, a fiddler playing with all his might.

Of the Water-Colour Room there is really nothing to be said. There is not a single figure-picture which calls for notice, but we may return to the landscapes at a future period, if we can find any worthy of mention. Meanwhile it is announced that additional space is to be provided for water-colours at the Royal Academy, and we can only hope, if the rumour is true, that some attempt will be made to secure representative works. Mr. Orane, Miss Greenaway, Mr. Tristram Ellis, and Mr. Clifford, all of whom occasionally exhibit here, are absent this year.

We have endeavoured to pick works out for praise, except where, as in the case of too many pictures by Academicians, the line is occupied by the worst examples, and on the whole, after a careful survey, the verdict we gave at first must stand; if this is not the poorest exhibition held within these walls, at least we do not remember a poorer. It would be difficult, setting aside the landscapes, to name half a dozen works of importance, and the enumeration would include probably three pictures by one artist.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

SOME time ago we called attention to the formation of a Society in Liverpool for the prevention of cruelty to children. The novelty of the venture, the great difficulties in the way of working such a Society, which, if the laws were sufficient, ought not to exist at all, and the extreme courage of people who proposed to interfere with the domestic arrangements of Englishmen, made the proceedings of the Society of great interest. To say the truth, we thought that excellent people, overcome by pity and indignation, were going to throw themselves against the stone walls erected by the law and by social customs as strong as law, only to fall back discouraged and disheartened. The first annual meeting of the Society has now been held and a report has been presented, which, allowing something perhaps for a little zeal in the cause, shows what seem to us surprising results. One difficulty which occurred to us was the definition of "cruelty"—"savitia" in the Divorce Courts has always been hard to interpret, and it is somewhat curious to note the acts which have been held not to be savitia. This difficulty, however, has been easily overcome by the Society, who have provided no less than eight definitions of the word "cruelty" in the rules by which their proceedings are guided.

We have not space for all of them; but when we say that "cruelty" includes "all treatment or conduct by which morals are imperilled or depraved," it will be seen that the interpretation is sufficiently comprehensive. The interpretation clause of the rules is, indeed, such a model of comprehension, in the proper sense of the word, that it can hardly fail to arouse the envy of any Parliamentary draughtsman who may read it. For, not only have we the eight definitions of cruelty, but there are seven definitions of "prevention"; and the term "children" is to be taken "to mean boys and girls of tender age, but may, in case of need, be extended to include all young persons who are unable to protect themselves." To judge by these rules, the Society intended to start with a very ambitious programme; and it might occur to the ordinary mind that, what with the police, the Sanitary Inspectors, the School Board Visitors, and this Society, the boast that an Englishman's house is his castle would be a vain one in Liverpool at least. But the Society appears to have gone to work in the main judiciously, and not to have resorted to the punishment of parents except in extreme cases of actual violence; but the odd part of the thing is that the parents described as among the most degraded of mankind have not resented their punishments or even the interference of the Society; and, whereas the School Board Visitors are frequently received with rough language and threats, and occasionally something more, it would appear that the officers of this Society have not been subjected to this kind of treatment, but have gone amongst the roughest specimens of men and women without any disagreeable consequences. This says something for the cruel parents; and it may be that in their hearts they are ashamed of the treatment they give their children, and that in most cases the cruelty is brought about by hasty temper, drink, and thoughtlessness, but not by malice. But there is also another explanation. The Society receives support from the Town Council, the School Board, the police, and the magistrates. The Town Council has passed a by-law "That no child whatever under nine years of age shall sell anything in the streets, and that no child under thirteen years shall sell or offer any article for sale after nine o'clock in summer and seven o'clock in winter" (we are quoting from the Mayor's speech at the annual meeting), under, we presume, a penalty; so that the Society has simply to report these cases to the police, and they are dealt with by the magistrates. There is, therefore, a combination of tremendous power against offenders. The greatest difficulty the Society had to contend with, as it appeared to us, was the removal of the children from the custody of parents who had been punished; for it would seem probable at least that, if the child remained under the parent's roof, the parent would sooner or later take revenge for his punishment on the child. But this difficulty is met in one or other of the following ways. The parent is either induced to consent that the child be sent to a "home"; and among the poor, with a multiplicity of children and a lack of money, this consent is not difficult to obtain; or the removal is brought about by a prosecution before the magistrates by the School Board, and the child is sent to an industrial school or reformatory for five or more years, an order being made on the parent for a contribution of so much a week to its support. In theory, this plan is admirable; the child is removed from immoral, filthy, or cruel surroundings, is well clothed and well taught, subjected to discipline not too severe, and is under the influence of teachers and others who, at the worst, are infinitely superior to the society it would frequent if at large, and who are frequently excellent people, setting the best examples; and it does not return to its parents until it can to some extent fend for itself and resist evil influence and example. But there is another side to this picture which should not be lost sight of. Every child committed to an industrial school costs 20*l.* a year, or 100*l.* for the five years. In the great majority of cases nothing can be got from the parents. Imprisonment is the only alternative to not paying, and many will rather go to prison than pay. Others cannot pay, and magistrates have a natural reluctance to imprisoning a man when nothing can be got out of him; for this, amongst other reasons, that the remainder of his family come on the rates while the bread-earner is locked up. But all that is not paid by the parent is paid by the public in one form or another, so that if any great number of children were thus disposed of, an immense burden would be thrown upon the people. Again, this course of dealing with the child may operate rather as inducement to cruelty (as defined by the Society) than otherwise, for the child is taken care of, free of expense, during the years when it can earn little or nothing, and is sent back to the parents when its earnings are valuable. And it is found in practice that the parents are quite alive to this, and will not consent to part with the children when they come back from the industrial school, in order that they may emigrate or be otherwise provided for on account of the value of the earnings they may bring in. It would, therefore, appear that committals to industrial schools cannot be multiplied indefinitely; but if societies like the Liverpool Society, dotted all over the country, they must be increased enormously, and it is a question whether the public would or ought to bear to be heavily taxed because parents refuse to do their duty.

We have a strong opinion that the usefulness of this Society depends upon the power of removing the children altogether from the society of their parents, but that at present the law does not allow, and it is too great an enterprise for any private society to undertake. It is difficult to see why parents who have neglected all their duties to their children should have the right to their custody, and it would be no invasion of liberty that could be seriously objected to if Parliament were to provide for emigration in lieu of, or as an adjunct to, committal to industrial schools. In connexion with legislation on this subject, it may be mentioned that in the matter of the duties of parents to their children the code of the State of New York, an extract from which is published with the report of the Liverpool Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, has much more stringent provisions than any which have been even suggested in England.

The extract is too long for quotation, but, we may state shortly some of its provisions. For example, any person having the custody of a minor who permits its health to be injured or its morals to become depraved, is guilty of a misdemeanour. Any boy under sixteen or any girl under fourteen found begging or not having a home or proper guardianship, or frequenting the company of reputed thieves, or people of immoral character, or living in a disorderly house, or frequenting "concert-saloons," and like places without being in charge of its parent or guardian, may be brought before a magistrate and committed to a charitable institution or reformatory, or treated as a vagrant, truant, or disorderly person. Employing children as rope-dancers, or acrobats, or in begging is a misdemeanour. We have heard it whispered, but we hardly know whether the statement can be made with any authority, that these enactments are not put strictly into force, and that their stringency is confined in a great measure to their wording. The New York democracy apparently see no objection to an amount of State interference between parent and child which we in England have not thought of. But, if laws are made in New York, like the celebrated wooden nutmegs, to look well, but not for use, the democracy may well be indifferent to their provisions.

This Society in rather less than twelve months has "dealt with" (to use the words of the report) 218 complaints of cruelty. It should here be mentioned that the Society has established a well-managed Shelter, admission to which is not confined to the victims of cruelty. One or two extracts from the "specimen cases" attached to the report will better show the method the Society has of dealing with cases of alleged cruelty than any description; for example, Case 49:—"A boy of nine had a strange liking for sleeping out at nights, and this led to his stopping away from school; became what is called a 'mud-lark' down at the edge of the river, picked up coppers also by standing on his head or reciting in public-houses; was received into Shelter, and remained for some weeks, when his behaviour seemed to warrant his being returned to his parents. The parents also had their duty pointed out to them, especially on the point of sobriety, and the case is being followed up by the Ladies' Temperance Association. Boy calls at Shelter from time to time to report himself, and appears to be doing well." It is doubtless much better for the boy to be in the Shelter than sleeping in the open air, standing on his head, or reciting in public-houses, and we hope the parents will benefit by the admonitions of the Ladies' Temperance Association, but we entirely fail to see the cruelty in this case. Let us take another case; No. 91.—"A girl, superior of her class, aged thirteen, was cruelly assaulted by her stepfather for speaking in defence of her mother, whom the man was beating. She was sent to the Shelter by an officer of the School Board, arrived in rags and filth, and with a black eye. The stepfather was summoned twice, and then brought before the Stipendiary on warrant; the girl meanwhile was sheltered, and by this means truthful evidence secured, which, with the testimony of the superintendent, resulted in the man's getting twenty-one days' imprisonment with hard labour. The girl was placed in the Catholic Home, Shaw Street, for emigration to Canada." We do not doubt that the stepfather richly deserved his punishment, and in this case, as the girl will emigrate, the action of the Society can hardly be anything but beneficial. Case 122:—"Girl of eight sent in on a soaking wet night; her only clothing was an old frock and jacket, which, being full of vermin, had to be burnt. She seemed to be very thankful for her bath and clean clothing, and astonished at the transformation. Her mother was dead; her father—a low, villainous man—was living with an equally depraved woman. The child in this instance, as in many others, appeared to become very dear as she was slipping from the father's grasp, but the real trial was the stoppage of his gains by her begging. He came in a very abusive manner to the Shelter in a condition very unfit for the custody of a child. He was told that the child would be produced in Court next morning, and he was invited to appear and claim it. He did not, however, put in an appearance, and the girl was committed by the Stipendiary to St. Anne's School for eight years." It is difficult to believe that such a parent as the man described would contribute anything to the charge of the girl while at school; the public, therefore, would have to pay 160*l.* for her, and at the age of sixteen, if her father chose to claim her, she must go back to him.

Many other cases showing the working of the Society are given, and many heartrending details which it would be interesting to quote if we had space; and, as we have said before, there is evidence that the Society has on the whole proceeded judiciously. If, however, there are many cases like that of the boy who stood on his head, in which there is nothing to show that the parents were to blame, the Society can hardly be acquitted of fussiness. The most difficult cases to deal with are evidently those of "neglect," which are hard to prove, and which often arise from poverty only. The aims of this Society are excellent, the Shelter seems an admirable institution, and we regard the co-operation of ladies, particularly in the visiting, as of the utmost importance. If the rules and the report are written in a somewhat pedantic tone, the earnestness of the

writer and of those who do the work of the Society is evident. It is impossible not to have sympathy with any movement which may make happier and brighter the lives of street children; and, backed as it is by the authorities which are most dreaded by the unthrifty poor, the Society may do much in that direction; but whether the movement is one which should be extended all over the kingdom must depend upon results ascertained after a much longer time than that during which the Society has been in existence.

THE RICHTER CONCERTS.

THE programme of the second Richter concert was remarkably good and varied. The inevitable Wagner was represented by but a single piece, the well-worn "Vorspiel" to the third act of the *Meistersinger*, which was re-demanded, and which Herr Richter was ill advised enough to play twice over. All the rest was music which, while too old to be merely fashionable, is young and good enough to be universally acceptable. The first number was Mendelssohn's brilliant and beautiful *Italian Symphony*—a work not played so often as others by the same composer of less technical interest and not nearly so much imagination and charm. It gives us Mendelssohn at his brightest and best, both as an artist and a poet. The first movement, *Allegro vivace*, is perhaps a little long; the last, *Saltarello, Presto*, is possibly a trifle too obvious in sentiment. But the admirable *Andante con moto*, the Mozartian third movement (*Con moto moderato*), so rich and varied in material, so exquisite in accomplishment, are works to be, not criticized, but merely enjoyed. Herr Richter, who was in splendid form, did Mendelssohn full justice, and was immensely applauded. As finely given and as heartily welcomed was the incomparable overture to the *Zauberflote*, with which the first part of his programme was concluded. The Symphony was Beethoven's Fifth, the C Minor, the "Hamlet Symphony," as it has been called, the symphony in which, as the master himself has said, "So pocht das Schicksal an die Pforte." This mighty work received a really magnificent interpretation. Never, that we remember, has Herr Richter presented it so brilliantly and well.

In striking contrast with this programme and with the performance in which it was realized were the performance and the programme of Monday last. It is certain that Herr Richter is a great conductor; it is also certain that in composing a concert his genius sometimes deserts him, and he contrives to stand revealed as a man with an idiosyncrasy. These two programmes are a proof of it. To contrast and remember them is to understand what is Herr Richter's strength and also what is Herr Richter's weakness. In the first we have Mendelssohn, Wagner, Mozart, and Beethoven—a certain amount of the music of the present, that is to say, and a good deal of the music which is for all time. In the second we have some Wagner, Brahms, Schumann, Mackenzie, and M. Jules de Swert—a selection, that is to say, of music merely novel and romantic, pure of the classic taint, untouched of the eternal and unfashionable. The effect was disconcerting; the concert was extremely dull. It was all masterly, strenuous, poetical in no mean degree. But one longed for Haydn; the thought of Beethoven set one criticizing and comparing; for a strain of Bach, an inspiration of Gluck—the gavotte from *Armide*, for instance, or the march from *Alceste*—one would have given a great deal.

Wagner was audible in the popular "Vorspiel" to the *Meistersinger*; Mackenzie, in his "Ballad for Orchestra," *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, which was certainly the success of the evening. It was exceedingly well played, and it won the composer the honour of a double recall. It was preceded by a concerto for the violoncello by M. Jules de Swert, which was played by the composer in person. M. de Swert is an admirable executant. His tone is exceptionally good; his technique is masterly; he is a musician, and his emotional capacity is considerable. His concerto, however, is not more than workmanlike—is sound, but not particularly interesting. Concertos for the 'cello are not plentiful; but there are enough of them to make his choice of one of his own composing seem not altogether felicitous. Another novelty (M. de Swert has not hitherto been heard at these concerts, nor has the *Belle Dame sans Merci*) was Herr Brahms's *Gesang der Parzen*, a choral and orchestral setting of the incomparable lyric—

Es fürchte die Götter das Menschengeschlecht—

which Herr Brahms has arranged, in the Wagnerian manner, for a six-part chorus—dramatically, that is to say, and with an orchestral accompaniment replete with dramatic intention; so that his work may be described as a choric declamation supported and strengthened by a running commentary on the orchestra. It is hardly to be ranked with his highest achievements. The choral parts are excessively difficult; the melody is too careless of form and too ambitious of dramatic significance to be instantly impressive; the orchestral argument, at once gloomy and vague, at once indefinite and intense, bewilders at first, and fatigues in the end. The words of Goethe's song—

Sie aber, sie bleiben
Im ewigen Feste.
An goldenen Tischen.
Sie schreiten vom Berge
Zu Bergen hinüber—

are found to go better and to be more impressive alone. The symphony was Schumann's Third in E Flat—"known in Germany," says Mr. Barry, "as 'die Rheinische' ('The Rhenish') from the fact that it was inspired by the impressions which Schumann received on beholding Cologne Cathedral for the first time." It is long (it has five movements), eloquent, scholarly, admirable—everything but moving. It was an appropriate ending to a rather tedious and uninteresting concert.

On a selection of this sort—serious, novel, but, on the whole, unsatisfying—the concert of last Monday was an immense improvement. There was some Wagner, of course—the *Siegfried Idyll*, to wit, and the well-known "Probe-Lieder" from the *Meistersinger*, very gracefully and vigorously sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd. But the first part opened with the magnificent piece of programme-music which Beethoven made as an introduction to Goethe's *Egmont*, closed with Weber's immortal overture to *Oberon*, a masterpiece of musical romance, and included besides a very pleasing rendering of "Love in Her Eyes Sits Playing," the lovely air from *Acis and Galatea*, so fresh in sentiment, so perfect in form, so chaste and simple in design, so delightful in effect; while the second part consisted merely of Herr Brahms's new Symphony, the third, in F Major, which in its way was most interesting of all. This noble work was written in the summer of '83, and produced, under Herr Richter's direction, at Vienna so late as the first week of last December. Fully to understand its significance and apprehend its structural import and design is on a single hearing impossible. The ideas are too lofty; the scheme of development is too elaborate, and the orchestral matter too inventive and surprising. For the present we must content ourselves with noting that the opening movement, while a model of construction and conciseness, seems rather strenuous than strong, rather grandiose than heroic; that the second, an *Andante con moto*—exquisite in idea, original in treatment, finely imaginative in expression—is delightful from the first bar to the last; and that the third and fourth, *Poco allegretto* and *Allegro*, alike in sentiment and style, in their melodic inspiration and the instrumental effects of which they are compacted, are only to be ranked with the highest masterpieces of modern music. It is greatly to be hoped that Herr Richter will see his way to a speedy repetition of this admirable work, and, for that matter, of the composer's other symphonies as well. If nothing but latter-day music will serve our turn, it is as well at any rate that we should have the best of it.

THE NAVY.

IT seems now to be virtually admitted that the construction of our ironclads in the dockyards is much too slow; that in consequence the vessels cost more than they ought to cost; that the method of estimating the tonnage built is erroneous and may produce very misleading results; and it is admitted by implication that the French ironclad fleet built, or building, is as strong, or wellnigh as strong, as ours. This is not a pretty picture, but, at all events, it is well to know the truth. The country would not give heed to the alarmists and panic-mongers who strove so hard to draw attention to disagreeable facts, *fixos oculos aversa tenebat*; but now that a representative of the Admiralty lets it be seen that things are not as they should be, and scarcely attempts to deny that our amiable allies are succeeding in that rivalry which is of course purely friendly, and due to love of peace and good-will, it is not easy for the veriest Philistine to remain willingly and contemptuously ignorant, and to believe that, because we had complete naval supremacy two generations ago, we must perforce enjoy it now. The two debates on naval matters which have taken place since Parliament has met have done much to enlighten men as to the real state of our naval defences, more perhaps than any previous debate, owing to the fact that officials have been so much more candid; and it is difficult to believe that the public will refuse to believe what, against their interests, its own servants tell it. Indeed, there are signs already that foolish and ill-based confidence is giving way, and that the altered condition of armaments is being slowly recognised.

Very much altered, indeed, are they since 1830, when, as Admiral Edmond Paris has pointed out, the English navy was more than equal to the navies of all the other European Powers combined, or, for that matter, since 1850, when we had a great fleet of sailing-ships; and unfortunately it seems evident that there has been of late no real effort to arrest the steady decline of comparative strength, and that, while rivals have been active, there has been much tardiness and procrastination at the dockyards, and that the work promised has not been done. These bitter facts official avowals make abundantly clear. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, who indulged in the usual optimist statement last year when introducing the Estimates, admitted with engaging frankness in the second debate on them that of iron and steel vessels we were building 100,000 tons and the French 150,000. This year he seems to have entered completely *dans la voie des aveux*. In the debate of March 21st he was at pains to explain fully that what is called a ton in the Navy Estimates is not necessarily a ton of weight, but a unit determined by the proportion between the estimated weight of the ship and the estimated cost of labour. He quoted a passage from Sir Robert Hamilton showing that, when a ship is designed, the number of tons weight and the amount of labour required are calculated. The money value of the labour divided by number of tons gives the cost per ton in labour, and the progress of a vessel is measured by the amount expended. When wages equivalent to so many tons have been paid, she is said to have progressed by so many tons. Frequently, however, the original estimate as to labour is wrong, and then a statement

of this kind is misleading. Having kindly given this explanation in the first debate, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman proceeded in the second to show that with a vicious system there had been error. The First Lord, he said, was so struck by "the doubtful quality of this unit" that he thought of making some corrections in the expense accounts of the year, but he found that to do this correctly he would have to state the errors of several years until he got to the time of the late Administration. Unwilling apparently, with a kindness which is the more touching because it is distinctly rare with the present Government, to wound the feelings of his predecessor, and unwilling, very naturally, to show that mistakes had been made under the present Board without showing that mistakes had also been made under the previous one, he came to the not unprecedented conclusion that it would be best to leave things alone. An erroneous system of computation therefore remains; but it is well to know that it is erroneous, and to be assured on the best official authority that the Estimates have been, are, and will be inaccurate.

Another fault, of a far graver nature than this, as it tends to keep our navy weak and to increase cost, was seemingly admitted by the very straightforward Secretary of the Admiralty. The long time which our ironclads take in construction and the frequent changes made during construction have often been spoken of and contrasted with the briskness shown in private yards. In last week's debate this just complaint was reiterated with great weight by Mr. W. H. Smith, who pointed out that, of three ironclads laid down five years ago, one was not yet complete in the sense of being fit to go into action, and another as yet unfinished, while the third was still far from completion. There is no reason for supposing that these are exceptional cases, and it is obvious that, when so much time is taken in constructing ships, the cost must be very great. Mr. W. H. Smith showed that it might actually amount with the ships now in the dockyards to 50*l.* a ton for wages alone, an amount which would certainly ruin any private constructor who built ironclads. It so happens, however, that private constructors do build ironclads, and build them without figuring in the Gazette; and a very good example of what can be done has been given of late, as an ironclad constructed for a foreign Government by a private firm has recently been completed. This vessel is the *Riachuelo*, of 6,000 tons displacement and 6,000 horse-power, built by Mr. J. A. Samuda for the Brazilian Government, which made her trial trip some little time ago. In that trip she attained the speed, said to be unprecedented for an ironclad, of from 16¼ to 16¾ knots an hour, and she has, it is also said, a larger coal endurance than any other ironclad afloat. She is built entirely of steel, has steel-faced armour from 11 to 7 inches thick, and carries four 20-ton guns, six 70-pounders and fifteen machine and torpedo guns; and, so far as can be judged, seems an admirable war-ship of the latest type. Apart from the putting her guns on board, it took two years and five months to build her. This shows what can be achieved when work is carried on steadily, and when there is no change of design during construction; and it is very difficult to suppose the *Riachuelo* worse, or in any way whatever an obsolete vessel, for having been built without change in design. She may or may not be so well put together as the ships built in the dockyards. On that point only a high expert can speak; but assuredly there must be great superiority in construction if it is to compensate for five years or more employed in constructing a vessel as against two and a half.

Of course the Admiralty could hardly be expected to admit that a private firm had in some respects done better than they had in constructing a war-ship; and, very naturally, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, when speaking from the Treasury bench, said nothing with regard to that vessel. With consistent candour, however, he stated that he entirely agreed with Mr. W. H. Smith, and said truly enough that, if constructors went on changing and altering the original design, they ultimately produced a vessel of which the main design might be obsolete, and which was not so effective an instrument of war as if it had been taken and finished in time. This seems a complete and unsparing condemnation of the system which has been pursued for years past, but of course Mr. Campbell-Bannerman went on to explain that some improvements might well be made in course of construction, and said that necessary alterations accounted for all, or nearly all, the delays complained of. The excuse, however, seems very faint and conventional, when compared with the vigorous condemnation of variations from the original design. What was contended was that there should not be such constant tampering with a ship as had led to twice the proper period being required for construction. That this is wrong appears now to be practically admitted by the representatives of the Admiralty; and it is therefore necessarily conceded that there has been of late years a certain waste of time and of money, and necessarily also that the navy is not so strong as it might have been had a different course been followed. Who is to blame it is perhaps impossible to say. Mr. W. H. Smith suggested hanging a constructor as an appropriate means of putting a stop to the altering of designs; but, though this novel and striking proposal has the merit of simplicity and originality, we doubt whether the proceeding suggested would prove so effective as appears likely at first sight. For very possibly the constructors are not really responsible in any way for the many alterations, and probably they have been glad to the fussiness of various Boards and officials who have hampered and worried designers, and whose struggles to reconcile contradictory conditions and to get more than money's worth for money have ended as such struggles usually do, in more money being spent than was needful.

In any case, however, it may now be hoped that the mistake will be made no more, and that it will no longer be thought necessary to pay six years' wages for the construction of an ironclad which ought to be built in three. The result of the recent debates—which we may observe were of considerable importance—has been a free admission of errors, and it may be hoped that there will be an attempt to avoid them in future. Whether there will be an attempt really to bring our navy up to anything like its proper strength is not very easy to say; but certainly the money now voted, even if used with true economy, will not be sufficient, or nearly sufficient, to do this. With regard to the grave question of our comparative naval strength, which grows more and more serious every year, the same frankness as was shown about dockyard management was hardly to be expected from officials. They could not well contradict statements made not long ago, and say that France was nearly equal to us in strength. In such a matter as this, however, silence is fully equivalent to an admission that the critics are right. When a representative of the Admiralty declines to make comparisons between our armament and that of a friendly Power on the ground that it is improper to do so, we may fairly conclude, without any imputation on his honour, that he is only using a form of words; for no sane man can doubt that, if the Admiralty could set forth a statement which would reassure the country, prove their critics to be wrong, and give lustre to themselves, they would not be deterred by idle etiquette from making facts public. The absence of any attempt whatever to repeat the comparisons of last year shows that it is now thought hopeless to attempt comparison or to deny that the French ironclad navy is rapidly approaching equality with ours. That it would equal or surpass it has for a long time been obvious to all unbiassed inquirers. We do not desire now to enter into any detailed examination of the strength of the two navies. This has been done again and again in our and in other columns, and always with the same result. It is true that the critics have made some mistakes such as are always made in dealing with questions of considerable intricacy; but that in the main they were right no longer admits of a doubt—indeed, it is hardly disputed; and there has been of late proof that their strictures are at last felt to be just, and that but one interpretation can be placed on the silence of the Admiralty.

THE PANIC IN NEW YORK.

THE long-continued fall in American railroad securities has at length brought on a panic in New York. In a single day two banks, seven stockbroking firms, and several individuals suspended payment, as well as three banks in the interior. On Thursday two other firms of stockbrokers failed, and a bank in Illinois. And other failures are expected. The immediate occasion of the panic was a run on the deposits of the Metropolitan National Bank, one of the largest in New York, induced by the reports of the vast and unsuccessful speculations of Mr. G. G. Seney, the President. Mr. Seney was reputed to be immensely wealthy, and he had made princely gifts to New York hospitals and colleges, but he was before everything a speculator. The Syndicate of which he was the head a few years ago constructed the so-called "Nickel Plate Road" to compete with one of Mr. Vanderbilt's lines, and sold it to Mr. Vanderbilt for a fraction of the nominal capital. Since then the Syndicate has speculated disastrously in the South-West. Apparently Mr. Seney involved the bank in his speculations and those of a firm of brokers, consisting of his son-in-law and two sons, with the result that on Wednesday it had to close its doors, though it has since been enabled to resume business. A Brooklyn bank, connected with the Metropolitan, also suspended payment. And there was a run on a third bank, which, however, met the demands upon it. So complete and general was the distrust that at one time as much as one per cent. was charged for loans for the day, being at the rate of over 300 per cent. per annum. And the panic was at length allayed only by the announcement that the Secretary of the Treasury would at once cash two millions sterling of bonds called in for redemption, and, if necessary, would call two millions more; and by the decision of the Clearing-House banks to support one another, and to help all solvent banks in need of assistance. The panic, which was partially renewed by Thursday's failures, is the necessary result of the fall in the prices of securities that has been going on for nearly three years. At the end of last year it was commonly estimated in New York that the depreciation in the value of the securities quoted on the Stock Exchange of that city amounted to about two hundred millions sterling, or nearly twelve per cent. of the total aggregate value. This was the average depreciation, including Government, State, and Municipal stocks, as well as other securities which had not fallen at all. If we confine our attention to the fall in railway securities it was very much greater than stated. Indeed, the fall was mainly in railway securities and in securities somehow connected with railway property. Between the middle of 1881 and the end of last year there was a fall in the preference stock of the Wabash Railway Company of about sixty-six per cent.; two-thirds, that is, of the market value of the stock in the middle of 1881 had disappeared by the end of 1883. In Texas and Pacific shares the fall was fifty-five per cent., or more than one-half; in Louisville and Nashville shares, again, it was fifty-five per cent.; in Central Pacific, thirty-three per cent., or one-third; in Northern Pacific preference shares, forty-nine per cent., or nearly one-

half; and there were few cases in which the fall did not reach at least twenty per cent. Since the end of last year there was for awhile a considerable rise in the prices of American railway securities. Over some of the worst Companies receivers had been appointed; and there had been failures of many speculators, the most conspicuous being that of Mr. Villard, who a couple of years before was reputed to be worth three millions sterling. It was supposed that the worst had then been experienced, and that a recovery had set in. But the recovery has proved very short-lived, and another fall soon set in, which has carried prices lower than they have ever been known to be before. On the last day of the old year Central Pacific shares were quoted in New York at 63¾; on Monday—that is, two days before the panic—they had fallen to 41¼. Again, Denver shares on the last day of December were quoted at 24¾: on Monday they had fallen to 10¾; Erie shares have fallen from 26¾ to 14¼; but what is still more remarkable is that the fall quite recently has been very heavy in the very best class of American railway securities. New York Central shares, for example, which in the middle of 1881 were selling in New York at 155, on Tuesday had fallen to 109¾. Illinois shares, again, which on the last day of December last were selling in New York at 132, have since fallen to 124; and Lake Shore shares have fallen from 95 to 92¾. We have often pointed out how a heavy fall of prices such as this leads, both directly and indirectly, to difficulties in the business world. All investors who are obliged to sell find a large part of their capital swept away by the depreciation. Speculators who have bought stocks with borrowed money are called upon to find fresh security, and very often, after exhausting all their means, see the securities they have lodged sold to repay their debts to their bankers. Furthermore, commercial men are rarely able to carry on business without borrowing; and one of the most convenient ways of raising money is by giving stocks as security for their loans. When, however, a stock falls from 96, as in the case of Wabash preference shares, to 14¼, the holder of such stock practically finds himself without the means of borrowing. And, even where the fall is much less than this, the credit of the holder of the stock is greatly impaired. Nor is this the worst. Capitalists are rendered uneasy by the persistent depreciation; they fear that some great catastrophe may be impending; they are unwilling, therefore, to give credit, and the whole of the commercial community is, in consequence, straitened.

The cause of this protracted and ruinous fall in American railway securities is the over-construction that went on between 1879 and 1883. In four years over 35,000 miles of railway were built; and, unfortunately, many of the new lines were not only not needed, but were built for the purpose of levying "black mail" upon older and more prosperous concerns. All the length of the way from New York to Buffalo a line has been built parallel with the New York Central line, and often within sight of it, although the New York Central had been fully capable of doing all the business of the district. It, however, had paid very large dividends, and the constructors of the new line hoped to take away from it a portion of its traffic. In other directions there has been the same building of lines in competition with other lines which previously had been prosperous, and as to the capacity of which there was no complaint. A large proportion of the new lines, moreover, have been built in unsettled parts of the country where traffic can grow up only gradually. The result is that for the present the carrying capacity of the railways of the United States is greater than the amount of work to be done. The condition, in fact, is precisely similar to the condition of the shipping trade here at home. The difficulty would perhaps have been got over without disaster had it not been that there has been a complete change in the grain trade of the world. For a series of years, ending with 1880, there had been a succession of unprecedentedly good harvests in the United States; and, at the same time, there were exceedingly bad harvests in Europe. In consequence there was a great demand for the agricultural produce of the United States, and the railway traffics therefore were enormous. But in 1881 there was a partial failure of all the crops throughout the United States, and since then the harvests have not been good. Simultaneously the harvests in Europe have improved, while India and Australia have begun to compete with the United States in the wheat markets of Western Europe to an extent that a little while ago was quite impossible. The Americans had persuaded themselves that they could fix the price of wheat in Europe as they chose; and speculators therefore bought up not only wheat, but Indian corn, and kept it back from market in the hope that prices in Europe would thus be compelled to rise. Prices, however, have not risen. The principal result has been to hand over the markets of Western Europe to the competitors of America. The American railways have thereby suffered heavily; for, while their carrying capacity has enormously increased, the traffic over them has, both by natural and artificial means, been greatly restricted. Even on the old and well-established lines there has been therefore a considerable falling off in earnings, and it is natural to expect diminished dividends for some time to come. On the newer lines, which have not yet acquired a large traffic, the falling off of earnings is so great that several of them have already been placed in the hands of receivers, and it is feared that many more will be unable to pay the interest upon their debts. For all these reasons a very considerable fall in prices was inevitable; but the fall has been aggravated by artificial causes. The constructors of the new lines hoped that as of old they would be able to borrow largely in the European money markets. European investors, however, had become thoroughly dissatisfied with the system of railway management in the United States, and they refused to lend, with the result that the constructors have been so embarrassed that some of them have become bankrupt, and most of the others have been obliged to sell all the good and readily saleable securities they possessed to fulfil their contracts. At the same time the presidents of the old-established lines, in their desire to ruin their new competitors, have provoked "wars of rates," which have artificially reduced earnings and have alarmed investors generally for the security of their properties. It is generally believed, too, that many of these presidents have for stock-jobbing purposes cooked the accounts of the lines, speculated in their own stocks, and generally manipulated markets for their own purposes, to the disadvantage of investors. As a natural consequence investors have become alarmed, and shares more particularly have fallen quite into disrepute. Speculators have seen their opportunity in all this, and they have sold, therefore, in immense masses securities which they did not possess. The Americans speculate to an extent far beyond European experience. In 1880 and 1881 they ran up prices in an exaggerated way, and since 1881 they have been forcing them down similarly. Taking advantage of over-competition, of the falling off in the demand for American produce in Europe, of the dissatisfaction at home and abroad with American railway management, and of the depression in trade, they have so manipulated the markets that for the time being there is no possibility of resisting them. Lastly, the drain of gold from New York, by depleting the bank reserves, has forced the banks to call in their loans, and thereby precipitated the crisis, since insolvent bankers were compelled to avow their inability to fulfil their contracts.

The first feeling in London was that the panic of Wednesday would bring to an end the slow liquidation that has been dragging on for three years, and in consequence there was a sharp rise of prices on Thursday. We doubt the correctness of this view. When all the banks in the Clearing-House Association felt it necessary to pledge one another support, and to promise help to all others who might require it, it is very evident that the danger to the banking establishments of the country was both real and great. But a community does not speedily recover from a serious shock to credit. The recovery will, however, be hastened if there is no attempt to bolster up rotten institutions. The law enjoins upon the Comptroller of the Currency to institute a rigid examination into the condition of all national banks whose solvency or good management he has reason to doubt. If he performs his duty without fear or favour, the insolvent concerns will be wound up. It is to be presumed, too, that the Clearing-House banks will not endanger their own safety by succouring banks unable to meet all their obligations. If many failures should thus be brought about, the crisis would be prolonged; but the assurance that the worst was known would after a while restore confidence. Whether there are other banks virtually insolvent or not, there can be little doubt that several of the Railway Companies are in difficulties, and after such a shock to credit they will not find it easy to borrow. It is not improbable, therefore, that receivers may be appointed in not a few cases. And there is a danger that the failure of brokers and bankers who had been the New York agents of banks and Railway Companies in other States may plunge these latter into inextricable embarrassments. But while we do not look for a speedy recovery, holders of American railway securities would be very unwise to throw away their property now. The prospects are by no means as bad as they are made to appear. Trade, though somewhat depressed, is yet very large, and seems to be increasing. The reports respecting the coming harvest are most favourable; and the managers of the railways everywhere are exerting themselves to the utmost to cut down expenses. During the years of inflation they had allowed extravagances of all kinds to grow up; but, now that they have become seriously alarmed, they are reducing wages and enforcing retrenchment in every direction. To a large extent, therefore, it will be found that the falling off in earnings will be counterbalanced by savings in expenditure on the old and well-established lines. On the new lines, also, there will be considerable retrenchment, but some of these will have to wait some years before population and wealth grow sufficiently to give them traffic enough to live upon; while others are so circumstanced that very soon they will enter upon an era of prosperity. The probability on the whole seems to be that the depression will last for a while yet, and that there will be no recovery until after the harvest at the soonest; but, if the crops are then good, and the general economic condition improves, recovery may be expected to set in.

CONCERTS AND RECITALS.

THE programme of Mme. Essipoff's recital at St. James's Hall on Friday was more representative of many styles of music than remarkable for important or unfamiliar examples. It included Beethoven's Sonata in F minor (the Appassionata); Schumann's Romance in A and "Grillen"; Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue, and a Fugue by Handel, both in E minor; the Schubert-Liszt valse, "Soirée de Vienne"; besides excerpts from Chopin, Rubinstein, Silas, and Schütt. With the exception of the compositions of the last named, most of these items are

tolerably well known; they admirably served, however, to display the pianist's versatility and remarkable endowments—her range of expression, executive power and brilliance, the significance and character of her touch. In the Chopin examples, in an *Etude* by Schütt, and in other passages, the piquant individuality of her staccato style was very striking. The rendering of Beethoven's sonata was full of interest. The august and solemn *adagio* was most expressively interpreted; and the final movement was a *tour de force* in point of execution, though the excessive *prestissimo* with which it was given, marvellous and brilliant in effect, is scarcely sanctioned by the composer. The two fugues were played with masterly precision and lucidity, and throughout the recital the distinction of the pianist's style, untouched by affectation or mannerism, was manifested in the freshness and felicity of the most varied interpretations.

At the Prince's Hall on Saturday Mme. Viard-Louis held her third meeting of the chronological rendering of Beethoven's pianoforte compositions. Progress in a scheme so comprehensive must necessarily appear deliberate, and the first stages of relatively slight interest, comprising as they do works that are very familiar, and but little characteristic of the composer. It is well, perhaps, that Mme. Viard-Louis's enterprise did not comprehend the orchestral works of Beethoven, particularly if the report that two long-lost cantatas of the composer have recently been unearthed in Vienna should be authenticated, for one such discovery frequently leads to others. The two pianoforte sonatas given on the present occasion (Op. 10 in C minor and F major) are too well known to require comment, and are, in addition, among the least interesting of the series. In the execution of the three sonatas for piano and violin (Op. 12) Mr. Holländer assisted Mme. Viard-Louis in the place of Mr. Carrodus, who had been announced, but was indisposed. These three compositions are of great biographical as well as technical interest, and were adequately interpreted by the executants; the beautiful *Allegro con brio* in the No. 1, and the exquisite second movement of the No. 2, with its suave and simple *Cantabile*, the last touch of Haydn's influence, were most admirably rendered. A selection of songs from Op. 82 and 83, including the characteristic "Hoffnung," was entrusted to Fraulein von Hennig.

Miss Margaret Wild made a successful *début* as a pianist in a recital given at Prince's Hall on Monday. The programme was sufficiently diversified and exacting to form a stern test of capacity, and the performance was full of promise for the young pianist's future. Excellent discrimination and taste, genuine artistic perception, and an admirably expressive style distinguished the execution of works so distinctly dissimilar as Beethoven's Sonata in E Flat (Op. 31) and Schumann's highly ornate and complex "Etudes sinfoniques." Miss Wild possesses one of the most precious gifts of the artistic organization—the power of giving full expression to her subject through a naturally fervid sympathy, without which the most perfect technical accomplishment, though it may surprise the hearer, leaves no lasting impression. The colour and multiform character of Schumann's work, the subtly interwoven rhythms, so capricious and involved, were rendered in a style that showed how thoroughly the performer was *en rapport* with the music. In Bach's "Fantasia Chromatique and Fugue" Miss Wild was scarcely so successful, and a little deficient at times in force and in crisp precision of touch. In the pieces mentioned, however, in Liszt's "Tarantella," and in her playing of Chopin—the Nocturne in E Major and the Polonaise in C Minor—the pianist acquitted herself with success and distinction. The programme was further varied by Miss Carlotta Elliot's excellent singing of F. H. Cowen's "Fantasia" and "If Love was what the Rose is" and Gounod's "Au Printemps."

At the Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening Miss Cowen gave a Dramatic Recital which comprised several poems and extracts, very effectively given, of which the best declaimed was Rossetti's "The King's Tragedy." This dramatic ballad was interpreted by the reciter with well-sustained power, with appropriate gesture, and a fine rendering of the pathos and horror of the climax. In "The Tetterbys," from Dickens's *The Haunted Man*, and in the scene of Henry V.'s courtship from Shakspeare, very diverse humours were illustrated with an art that was admirable, refined, and subdued in expression; the recitation of Miss Ingelow's "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" was, on the other hand, somewhat over-coloured and ambitious. In this poem the speaker is an old woman, and it is scarcely likely she would give the milking-song of her "son's wife Elizabeth" as Miss Cowen gives it, which, effective as it is as mere elocution, is a dramatic impropriety; it is the voice of the young girl that is heard, and not the old woman's imitation of it. Miss Cowen's powers are such that she may well dispense with over-wrought effects when, however clever, they do not accord with the impersonation. In the course of the evening Miss De Fonblanque and Mr. Bernard Lane sang several songs by Mr. F. H. Cowen, who accompanied.

REVIEWS.

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.*

IN the magnificent volumes before us the late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell has left a legacy to English literature which will secure to him an enduring name among the historians of his age and nation. Something of assumption must be allowed to underlie the remark that few countries besides our own could have produced such a book; for wherever literature and art are cherished, there are usually to be found some representatives of research who at least aim at completeness. But it is at all events rare that the patron and the student are combined as they were in the author of *Don John of Austria*, and it is certain that, while love of learning cannot often enjoy such opportunities as were his, no country can boast many historians who would have made so admirable a use of them. For it would be in the highest degree unjust to regard the wealth of historical and artistic detail offered by these volumes as their chief title to commendation, or even to treat the book as the elaborate monograph of an accomplished *dilettante*, a description which might not unfairly be applied even to Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's *Cloister Life of Charles V.* The life of Don John, as a brief review of its principal features will suffice to call to mind, forms an integral part of the main current of modern European history in one of its most momentous epochs; the gallant son of a great father, though not himself a man either of genius or of commanding strength of character, he stood in the van of the two chief conflicts of his century—that of Christendom against Islam, and that of Rome and Spain against the liberties of both princes and peoples. Only an historian of a high order could deal with such a theme, as Sir William Stirling-Maxwell has dealt with it, competently and in many respects exhaustively; and we have little doubt but that this work, of which, we believe, a smaller edition has already been issued for popular use, will be valued by many readers unable to possess themselves of it in its more attractive form. Meanwhile it is fitting that a life of Don John of Austria, illustrated with generous abundance and tasteful splendour, should at last have been achieved by so eminent a representative of the northern land of which it was his ardent ambition to share the throne. The hero of Lepanto has long waited for his biographer. In his own day Brantôme, though not an eye-witness of the great battle ("hélas! je n'y estois pas"), included among his lives of illustrious foreign contemporaries that of Don John of Austria, never, as he tells us, having known any man but him "approchant des vertus bien universellement à feu monsieur de Nemours, Jacques de Savoye," the paragon, as another French writer calls him, of all our paladins. But since Brantôme celebrated Don John's praises in his own discursive way, and with an appetite for scandal which found food in manifold rumours as to both the birth and the death of his hero, and since early in the seventeenth century the Belgo-Spaniard Vanderhammen compiled his more laborious biography, the life of the most illustrious of all the imperial and royal bastards of whom modern history has to tell had met with no memorable treatment. A useful German biography by the late Professor Havemann, which Sir William Stirling-Maxwell appropriately describes as "a sensible book drawn from well-chosen sources," was reviewed in these columns many years ago (May 13th, 1865); and, of course, some of the most interesting portions of Don John's personal history are woven into the narratives of brilliant modern historians, and notably into those of Prescott and Motley. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell had their works at his command, and of Motley, at all events in the most thorny part of the story of Don John's career, he has made liberal use. In addition, he was aided by the researches of Gachard, more especially in the early part of the book, which contains the miserable episode of Don Carlos, of Mignet, and of many lesser men; and he fortunately lived long enough to be able to utilize in full the revelations of the Simancas archives, as well as the Belgian, Dutch, Venetian, English, and other records. We do not think that he makes any reference to the archives of the Vatican, with whose promised aid a complete history of the Holy League, which in the main could only redound to the honour of the Papacy, may still be written. On special parts of his subject Sir William, as a most accomplished Spanish scholar, was able to make special studies. Thus his account of the Morisco War is mainly based upon Marmol and Mendoza, whose characteristics as historians he describes in an interesting note. To the devotion of an indefatigable student he was able to add the resources of an eager collector and vigilant connoisseur of books, engravings, and other illustrative materials. These volumes supply a whole gallery of portraits of Don John and his contemporaries, among which few students will fail to find much that is new. We have no space for directing attention to individual portraits, but the reader need not go far into the book without experiencing the pleasure which fine portraiture adds to historical study. Don Luis Quixada, the governor of Don John in the Prince's boyhood, looks what indeed he was, the soul of honour and the type of rigid *droiture*, who when his house was on fire saved his wife from the flames, but not till he had first saved the boy committed to his charge by his sovereign. A little further on we have (from a Dutch print) an inimitable portrait of the Prince's tutor, Honorato Juan, "a miracle of genius and learning," who has left nothing behind him either to perpetuate or to undo his fame, and who, by the way, was anything but successful in implanting a love of books in his pupil. The early part of the first volume likewise contains a portrait of Don Carlos which might almost be said to furnish a sufficient key to the true history of his doom; and a reproduction of Lorch's woodcut of Charles V. in his decline, age and tribulation round his lips, but in his eye the piercing intelligence altogether absent from the lack-lustre countenance of his son. No doubt Philip, as, according to the well-known anecdote, Don John retorted upon Don Carlos in their student days, was an inferior personage to the Emperor. Besides a most interesting series of portraits and of

* *Don John of Austria; or, Passages from the History of the Sixteenth Century, 1547-1578.* Illustrated with numerous Wood Engravings. By Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co.

numismatic and similar illustrations, these volumes also contain much historical and antiquarian lore on which it is frequently difficult for the student to lay his finger. Thus, above all, the chapter on the fleets of the sixteenth century, with its clear account of the galleys and galley-slaves of the Spanish, Venetian, and Turkish navies, forms a short monograph of almost unique value on a subject in its details hardly more familiar to most modern readers than are the manners and customs of the Egyptians as navigators of the Red Sea. Here, again, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's account, largely based on the Venetian *relazione*, is judiciously supplemented from other sources, among them "the excellent description of galley life" in our old friend *Guzman d'Alfarache*. We need not add that in *Don John*, as in the earlier writings of its author, the style is that of a scholar susceptible of enthusiasm, but not prodigal of phrase. Occasionally he displays a graphic power resembling Motley's, without that hankering after picturesqueness which the American shares with the most popular English historian of the great struggle against Spain and Rome. The picture of "the little fiery-faced infidel" Sultan Selim II. would have engraved itself on the reader's mind even without the aid of the reproduction of Domenico Zenoi's striking print. Elsewhere a lucidity of statement, which is a rarer gift among modern historians, enables the reader to understand matters so complicated as the Genoese Constitution, with its old and new nobility, of which we cannot remember elsewhere to have seen so perspicuous an account, except in the *Histoire de Gênes* of M. Emile Vincens.

The researches of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell and his predecessors have not left unsolved many problems connected with the biographical history of Don John of Austria. To one or two such questions we may, however, briefly advert. They can hardly be said to include any reasonable doubt as to his origin. The taunt launched against him by his mother, and taken up by his political adversaries, that he was not the Emperor's son, must have been a mere invention of spite; nor can there be much doubt but that on her side Barbara Blomberg was entitled to the honour of his parentage. "Madame Plomber," as one of the Venetian Ambassadors calls her, or the widow Kegel, as was her proper, though prosaic, designation in her later years, was precisely the sort of person whom it would have been only too gratifying to the Spanish Court to be able to ignore. She showed herself more than a match for Alva when he endeavoured, on his master's behalf, to remove her from Flanders to Spain, in order, if possible, there to immure her in a nunnery, where a rein would be put upon her expenditure; nor was it—curiously, though intelligibly enough—till after the arrival of her son, whom she had never seen since his infancy, that she was prevailed upon to migrate. In Spain she kept up her extravagant habits to the last, surviving her famous son, between whom and herself there seems to have been no superfluity of affection. Though nothing is recorded to the credit of her character, there is no reason to throw doubts on the respectability of her descent; assuredly Motley had no warrant for describing her as a "washerwoman of Ratisbon," for even Brantôme mentions the washerwoman legend only in order to reject it. Curiously enough, by the way, the present biography of Don John begins with the rectification of a rather serious error fostered by numerous predecessors. He was born in 1547, not in 1545, as even Havemann persists in stating, though he actually cites the inscription on the Lepanto medal (1571), which refers to the conquering hero as in his thirty-fourth year. A curious piece of sculpture is said to be in existence at Vienna, furnishing a further corroboration of the later date. There is, perhaps, nothing specially noteworthy in the fact that a tradition designating them as the birthplace of Don John should have persistently clung, not only to the ancient hostelry of the "Golden Cross" at Ratisbon, but to a particular room on its first story.

One may, if one likes, suppose Don John to have inherited from his South-German mother a certain lightsomeness of disposition and joyous confidence of spirit which were to stand him in good stead in many an hour of difficulty and danger, until at last they were extinguished by the bitter disappointments amidst which his life closed. There is something attractive in the gaiety of heart which he exhibited in his younger days—in such an escapade as his attempt in 1565 (the year after King Philip had solicited for him a cardinal's hat) to run away to the fleet over which only two years later he was, as General of the Sea, to hold the supreme command; and in the part played by him immediately before the fighting began off Lepanto, when admiral-in-chief of the Christian armada:—

> When the fleets neared each other, and the Christians were all prostrate before their crucifixes and friars, and no sound was heard on their decks but the voices of the holy fathers, the Turks were indulging in every kind of noise which Nature or art had furnished them with the means of producing. Shouting and screaming, they bade the Christians come on "like drowned hens" and be slaughtered; they danced, and stamped, and clanged their arms; they blew trumpets, clashed cymbals, and fired volleys of useless musketry. When the Christians had ended their devotions and stood to their guns, or in their ordered ranks, each galley, in the long array, seemed on fire, as the noontide sun blazed on helm and corslet, and pointed blades and pikes with flame. The bugles now sounded a charge, and the bands of each vessel began to play. Before Don John retired from the forecastle to his proper place on the quarter-deck, it is said, by one of the officers who has written an account of the battle, that he and two of his gentlemen, "inspired with youthful ardour, danced a galliard on 'the gun-platform, to the music of the fifes.'"

He was, however, wholly free from that kind of lightheartedness which in a commander means ruin to armies or fleets; even Brantôme commends his readiness to take advice; but the natural *bonhomie* which was not wholly wanting in Charles V. himself combined with a contagious spirit of lofty ambition to make his illegitimate son, though not a great, at least a popular and successful leader of men. But for him, the Holy League might possibly never have found a suitable commander of its allied but not united armada; but for him, that armada would certainly have dissolved itself into its component parts before the victory was gained to the chief glory of which he is thus in more senses than one entitled. While, however, he could conciliate, he could not permanently control, the allies of Spain and Rome; it is open to question whether, even in the battle of Lepanto itself, the wary Genoese admiral, Giovanni Andrea Doria, did not at first play a waiting game; and it is well known how a few months afterwards the consummate selfishness of the Venetians secured to them a separate peace, of which the inevitable consequence was that Don John had to haul down the flag of the Holy League when its task was at most half done. An alliance was thus ended in the hour of success which had at no time been based upon mutual goodwill; for, if Venice had deserted Spain at the last, Spain had been jealous of Venice from the first, and without the fiery energy of Pope Pius V. the League would never have been brought to pass at all. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's narrative of these transactions is remarkably clear, and leaves it no longer difficult to understand why the victory of Lepanto was in so large a measure wasted. We agree with him, however, that neither was the League formed nor the battle fought altogether in vain. The power of the Turk had not been broken, but his progress had been for the first time effectually checked; and even Venice, though at the cost of territorial losses and a humiliation such as she hardly would have submitted to had her power not been already declining, had secured a peace with her arch-foe which lasted for seventy years.

The victory of Lepanto was the climax of Don John's greatness. Glory had come to him, as is at times her usage, not indeed otherwise than easily, but never without manful and loyal endeavours on his part, which deserved success even when seeming to command it. The account given in the present biography of the Morisco rebellion and its dolorous end, which is full of interest even after Prescott, certainly leaves no impression of great deeds accomplished by the Spanish commander-in-chief. In the course of the campaign he frankly confessed to the King that both Requesens and himself were not only short of troops, but also wanting in experience; his most signal exploit was the capture of Galera, long remembered as a dearly bought success, and, moreover, according to the account of an eyewitness, marred by a cruelty not generally characteristic of Don John's habits of warfare. After Lepanto, a crown which seemed only to require a little putting together—that of Greece or of parts of it—was offered to the conqueror; and not long afterwards a Tunisian royalty might perhaps have satisfied a facile mood of his ambition. In 1575 the Venetian Ambassador Lippomano reported in a very interesting despatch, here printed, that Don John was expected to be made Vicar-General of Italy; and it is known how he dreamt of and schemed for a kingship both solid and independent, aspiring to rule Scotland and England by the liberated Mary's side. But, in truth, the years of his life which followed upon his great victory were spent in a succession of hopeless tasks. He loyally undertook the ungrateful labour of helping to settle the affairs of Genoa, though he thereby ran the risk of offending the Pope (Gregory XIII.), from whom he hoped for a crown; but it cannot be said that the settlement arrived at was satisfactory to any of the parties concerned. His generous if sanguine Tunisian policy was thwarted by the narrowness and niggardliness of King Philip, and by the jealous caution of Granvelle. It was, however, in the Netherlands that his star was to pale and set. He arrived there in the doubly unfortunate character of a messenger of peace both belated and suspected. His instructions were to consent if necessary to the departure of the Spanish troops from the Netherlands, as if there had been no *modus pacis* but this; and while making this concession, Philip was "planning the conquest, from Belgium and by Belgian resources, of England, the ally and protector of his Belgian rebels." Don John devised the expedient of combining both ends by removing the troops by sea; but William of Orange at once frustrated this manœuvre. The removal was in the end unskilfully enough accomplished by land, and by assenting, however unwillingly, to the Perpetual Edict, Don John hoped at last to have saved "religion and obedience." But Orange, who had not expected that the Governor-General would sign the edict, hereupon (as Sir William Stirling-Maxwell well expresses it) began to "tack," and Don John had to engage in the absolutely futile endeavour of seeking to conciliate him. Queen Elizabeth was, notwithstanding the Spanish Governor's fair words, well aware that he was "cherishing" Her Majesty's rebels; and thus, more especially as the fears of Don John had prompted him to secure a series of fortresses, while he had been frustrated in his design of seizing Antwerp, it was easy for Orange to prevent the acceptance of conciliatory offers which might at the last moment have averted the renewal of the war. Then came the last humiliation, the invitation of the Estates to the Archduke Matthias, and his arrival in the Provinces. After the war had actually broken out again, and Don John had tasted the pleasure of a victory in arms once more, Philip would have acknowledged Matthias as Governor-General and withdrawn Don John. But it was too late; French intrigue added its complications; and Don John was at least permitted to die at the post of duty, though the

laurels of the recovery of Belgium were not destined for his brow, and he passed away, despondent and half heart-broken, his task unaccomplished and his ambition unfulfilled.

No biographer of Don John can pass over in silence the rumour which connects King Philip II. with his half-brother's premature death; but it is to this day a rumour and nothing more. Notwithstanding the suspiciousness and jealousy of Philip's disposition, there seems no reason to believe that during nearly the whole of Don John's career, the King had entertained any feeling but goodwill towards him. He had unhesitatingly approved of his brother's appointment to the command with which his career of glory began; and though he had according to his wont interfered in the conduct of the Morisco war and caused procrastination where it was possible for him to do so, he had shown himself solicitous for Don John's personal safety. The nomination of Don John by Pope Pius as commander-in-chief of the Holy League seems to have met with Philip's ready assent; and though as a matter of principle he received the news of the victory of Lepanto with unmoved countenance, the bearer of Don John's despatches to the King reported that for the first half-hour the latter did nothing but ask "Is my brother certainly well?" and all sorts of conceivable questions that the case admitted. The Venetian Lippomano, though he thought it clear that the King would never give to his half-brother any part of the Spanish dominions as an independent possession, believed that he commanded a high share of the Royal favour. When, after his appointment to the Governor-Generalship of the Netherlands, Don John, notwithstanding the King's peremptory prohibition, came to Spain and secured a personal interview, he was received with kindness and consideration. It is, however, certain that at last the malignant intrigues of Antonio Perez poisoned the mind of Philip against his loyal kinsman. As Sir William Stirling-Maxwell narrates the story, Perez had resolved upon the ruin of Don John and his secretary, Escovedo, before the latter came to Madrid and, by his discovery of the amours of Perez and the Princess of Eboli, incurred the deadly enmity of the ruthless Minister. The whole series of transactions, of which the death of Escovedo forms the culminating point, remains full of difficulties; as our readers are aware, authorities still dispute as to the relation in which King Philip stood to the Princess of Eboli, and in which, therefore, he stood to Escovedo's secret; nor is Mignet's version by any means unchallenged. But there can be no doubt that the intrigues of which the murder of Escovedo closed the first series put an end to all trust on Philip's part in his half-brother. Ten days before Don John's death he wrote to the King, pointing out to him the practices of Anjou, and craving for men, for money, for supplies, but above all for distinct "orders for the conduct of affairs." "Our lives are at issue on this stake," he wrote, "and all we desire is to lose them with honour."

When Philip received this pathetic letter, he drew his pen beneath the words entreating for "orders for the conduct of affairs," and wrote on the margin, "The underlined question I will not answer." When he made this cruel annotation it was already decreed that he was to be troubled no more with such passionate appeals. The hand which had penned the passage was cold in death.

SEVEN NOVELS.*

"WHY this thusness?" is supposed to be a slang question; but it is often a valuable criticism of life, if we may employ a phrase for which we have all the more reverence in that we have never pretended to any but a distant conception of its meaning. With that meaning, as the late Mr. Bagehot tells us, the late Mr. Crabb Robinson used to say of somebody, "We could never *presume* to be intimately acquainted." But, as far as we can make it out at all, "Why this thusness?" must be a very frequent test-question of the critic of life. Mr. Buchanan seems to have felt that it might be applied to *The New Abelard*, and he has prefixed a preface to answer it which, after the wont of such prefaces, leaves us considerably more in the dark than we were before, or should have been supposing that we had pursued the more excellent way and read the book first and the preface last. The most definite impression which the book has made upon us is that it is very hard upon Abelard. The author of *Sic et Non* was far from being a perfect character; but he was an extremely clever man, and there is no evidence to show that he was a snob. By Mr. Buchanan's showing the Rev. Ambrose Bradley was not at all a clever man, and we fear he was a snob. The points of resemblance, or of fancied resemblance, to Abelard are, apparently, that the Rev. Ambrose Bradley stumbled into an unwilling kind of heresy and had difficulties with his bishop; that he behaved very badly to a beautiful and interesting young woman; that he did not get on at all comfortably as a heresiarch; and that he finally recanted, in an odd sort of fashion, while the newest Heloise recanted likewise. The parallel is charitably drawn, and accuracy is a little strained to make it as near as it is. On the other hand, not a single speech of Mr. Bradley's that we have here makes us think that he would have been able to silence the veriest weakling who happened to take the place of William of Champeaux, and we protest very indignantly (though not in the least in the interests of nominalism) against the evening of his conduct to that of Abelard with Heloise. Heloise, according to history or legend—which latter is here the only important thing—knew perfectly well what she was doing—at least she says so in Latin which is less creditable to her sense of propriety than to her affection and her literary faculty. Now Alma Crale did not know that Ambrose Bradley had a wife living, and that makes a considerable difference. However, this is, after all, only a matter of taste. What is a matter not of taste is the eminently unhealthy flavour which Mr. Buchanan has contrived to infuse into his book. Whether he is talking of "Mr. John Cholmondeley," the editor of the "Charing Cross Chronicle"—which newspaper, lest we should make any mistake, Mr. Buchanan informs us, has its office in "Cumberland Street"—and thus trying to suit the modern appetite for personalities, or of the loves of Alma and Ambrose, and of an American medium for Ambrose, so as to satisfy the modern appetite for a kind of sickly passion, this unhealthiness perseveringly makes itself felt. To tell the truth, the appeal of the book lies almost wholly in the way in which it rings the changes on these two motives. It never, except in the case of Ambrose's bigamy, shocks Mrs. Grundy definitely and positively, and it may be hoped that Mr. Buchanan does not intend to fix on the persons whom he transparently calls Mr. Cholmondeley, Miss Combe, and so forth, all the particulars which he attributes to their counterfeits. But still the general character of the novel depends on its personality and on the riskiness of its situations. Whether in such a book there are, or are not, any traits of better import it is scarcely necessary to inquire; they are not considerable enough to be redeeming, and that is the main affair.

It would not be easy to take up a book more different in all points from *The New Abelard* than *Kirby in the Dale*. It is apparently the work of a writer unpractised in novel-writing, and it has some of the defects usually observable in novice-novelists more than in any other class of novices in literature. The intrigue is a little complicated and somewhat stiffly worked off; the dialogue is not always crisp enough (long speeches are to be avoided in novels even more than in drama); and the author's digressive opinions on things in general, though always well expressed and generally shrewd enough, may sometimes seem superfluous to an impatient generation. But these are almost wholly matters of practice or want of practice, and they are noticeable in the novels of almost every writer without exception who tries the ordeal of the three volumes for the first time. Making allowance for them (and not making by any means a large allowance), *Kirby in the Dale* remains a very fair novel indeed of its kind. The story, which turns upon a brace of concealed marriages, and has a due amount of revolutions and discoveries, is fully sufficient in interest to carry the reader through, and it may be particularly observed in its favour that it is dissembled with rather unusual art in the first volume. Generally speaking, the story of every novel of the kind is obvious to the practised reader in the course of the first fifty pages, and that is not so here. As it is not there is no need, but the contrary, to tell it. The writing of the book is throughout that of a scholar and a gentleman—a blessed thing to come across in modern novels, where half the novelists seem to be chiefly anxious to libel their personal friends or enemies without fear of the High Court of Justice, and the other half ("Bedad it's the same half, too," an Irishman might say) are chiefly desirous to quote false French, false Latin, or any other language provided only it be ungrammatical. Mr. Rye's sketch of Yorkshire scenery and manners, the scenery being tolerably recognizable, though mixed, is good, and shows familiarity with the original; and in the before-mentioned digressions, if they are to be called by so harsh a word, there is a great deal of observation, some humour, and a neat faculty of expression. The analysis of a young lady's sentiments when she finds that one whom she has taken to be a maiden companion and social equal of hers is in reality a wife and a mother, and a very possible lady of the manor, may be accused by very silly people of ill-nature—it certainly has (in the French though not the English sense) malice. But, not only for that reason, it is very amusing. There are not a few other things of the kind, and the reader will not have to wait long before he comes on them or some of them. Perhaps some readers may be shocked by Mr. Rye's dictum that modern newspapers do more harm than printing has ever done good. It is heresy, no doubt; but there are heresies which are by no means without something to say for themselves, and this may, perhaps, claim to rank among the number.

There is nothing at all to be said save what is favourable of the get-up and general appearance of the translations of foreign novels which Messrs. Gottsberger are now issuing in America and Messrs. Trübner in England. Neither, in the case of the five volumes before us, is there anything but good to be said of the translator. Indeed, we have not seldom felt rather sorry that a faculty of translation, apparently from more languages than one, so unusually good as this lady's, should not be employed on more valuable and durable work. This judgment must, indeed, be limited by the observation that the Spanish idiom seems to be less manageable

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* *The New Abelard.* By Robert Buchanan. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1884.

Kirby [illegible] Dale. By John Rye. 3 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1884.

Tristana. Translated from the Spanish of Galdos. By Clara Bell. London: Trübner & Co. New York: Gottsberger. 1884.

Praxida. Translated from the German of Eckstein. By Clara Bell. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co. New York: Gottsberger. 1884.

Quisisana Hamilton. From the German of Eckstein. By Clara Bell. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co. New York: Gottsberger. 1884.

The Deadly Paid. By A. M. Hance. London: Remington & Co. 1884.

The Gold-Seekers. By Louis Boussenard. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

in her hands than the German, of which she leaves scarcely a trace on her English versions. But we cannot profess any very lively admiration for the foreign bodies here presented to us in English dress. There is, indeed, but little fear of English novelists being ruined by German and Spanish cheap labour if this be the best that German and Spanish labour can do. All the books are specimens of the historical novel—a difficult kind. *Trafalgar*, which is the shortest, and perhaps the best, appeals to English readers by the picture it gives of the great battle from a Spanish point of view, and yet with no animus against England, and by the unfamiliar type of Spanish seamen which it portrays. The old salt Marcial, with his nicknames for all the admirals of the day (Nelson is honourably distinguished as "the Senorito" without any comic addition), is very good—is, indeed, much the best person or thing in the book. The story of the battle is told confusedly and without much spirit, but the subsequent loss of the *Santissima Trinidad*, and the recapture of the *Santa Aña*, are better. The hero, however, who is a boy-servant to the old Captain, Don Alonso de Cisniega, is not much of a hero, and the whole story is destitute, except where Marcial appears, of the salt and life and personal interest which Marryat and Cooper and the author of *Tom Cringle's Log* have made Englishmen demand in naval novels. Marcial, however, though one sighs to think how much more Marryat would have made of him, is something of a redeeming feature, and the book is not long enough to be tedious. We do not know that we can say this of *Prusias* and *Quintus Claudius*. They are very much longer—allowing for two volumes apiece, for more pages and for smaller type, there must be three or four times the amount of matter in each that there is in Señor Galdos's story—they are terribly learned, like most classical novels, and, as if we should not find it out, Dr. Eckstein takes care to tell us that they were written with an elaborate purpose. *Prusias*, it seems, is "pitched in a key which is the relative minor to the major of *Quintus Claudius*," and the motives of the two are elaborately laid before the reader. Furthermore, as if, as has been said, classical novels were not always sufficiently pedantic, the publisher has put the notes, which Dr. Eckstein prudently placed at the end, at the foot of each page. We are sure that the unlearned reader who is thus referred to "*Cubiculum*, sleeping-room," "*Epic*, from *epos*, word, tale," will share, though in a slightly different mood, the exasperation which not altogether unlearned readers will certainly feel. The man who reads a novel does not want to know the derivation of *epic* if he doesn't know it, or to be reminded of it if he does. He wants a good novel. Now one quality of a good novel these careful, and, it seems, in Germany successful, books lack, and that is readableness. We certainly do not mean to say that it is impossible for those who can read them to derive profit, and perhaps in a certain sense pleasure, from the reading. But for ourselves we find the preliminary process almost insuperably difficult, though we have made valiant efforts. And these efforts qualify us to say that Dr. Eckstein is not the magician who can make the character of Domitian live in modern fiction, or even grapple with the much less difficult task of making a stirring tale out of the not unpromising subject of the revolt of Spartacus.

The two stories (for there are two) which Miss Hance has put into her volume are stories of such extreme youthfulness and obviously harmless intention that it would be brutal to lift a finger against them save in the way of kindness. Perhaps the allowance of incident in *The Penalty Paid*, which is a story of not quite a hundred and fifty small pages, is excessive. A seduction, a murder—or, at least, an accidental death—and another death at the altar-rails of a church, make a list showing great extravagance on the part of a young writer in such a case. A worse fault is that an unconscionable part of the story, including almost all its most exciting details, is told at second-hand by a gentleman who seems to have had not only (what one of his friends bluntly accuses him of) a fancy for tale-bearing against his clients, but also an extraordinary memory and much power of reporting conversation. In "That Terrible Tuesday," the second tale, there are a few little touches which unkind people may call vulgar, and the *donnée* urgently requires the attention of Mrs. Fawcett and other promoters of the professional employment of women. It seems that managers of Insurance Companies who employ lady clerks dismiss them because they refuse to give the name and address of gentlemen with whom they have been seen dining in public places. This seems to be a jumble of new and old-fangled ideas which, if it takes place in fact, should be seen to.

"All the snakes in Guiana," says the legend to the delightful frontispiece of *The Gold-Seekers*, "seem to have met in this place." They do. Independently of two or three pythons, each about the bigness of the mainmast of a first-rate, there are, we should say, five or six hundred other serpents, each with a very forked tongue out of a very widely-opened mouth, and all scientifically occupying the boughs of an overhanging tree to dispute the passage of a river with four bold adventurers in a canoe. It is not easy to live up to such a frontispiece as this; but M. Boussenard has done it very fairly, while his illustrator has kept pace with him very fairly also. There are more snakes elsewhere, and it should be observed that they are not mere casual reptiles, but are under the orders of a snake-charmer, whose music arrays them against the bold adventurers. These latter are, we regret to say, not nearly so good as bold. There is another picture in which "the ascent is extremely severe," and we must say that both here and elsewhere it is *very* steep. Another is fully and accurately described by the simple words "He cut off his head." Nor let it for a moment be supposed that in writing in this fashion we are scoffing at M. Boussenard and his book. It is a good honest boy's book, with plenty of adventure, with natural history which is reasonably accurate without being in the least pretentious or scientific, with the bad people well punished after intervals of triumph, with no more of the good people killed than the requirements of dramatic fiction make unavoidable. It has got a friendly jaguar in it (we would not give a rap for a South American story-book without a friendly jaguar), and it describes the ingenious insect-and-net torture (it is done though, we think, with ants, not wasps) agreeably, and not in a too harrowing fashion. The good people, however, are unnecessarily disdainful of the gold which the bad people seek. Gold is a very nice thing, whether it be used after the fashion of Prince Seithenyn, or of modern charitable persons, or of Benvenuto Cellini, or in many other ways. If we find, like the Robin family, four parcels of gold worth eighteen thousand pounds each, we give fair warning that we shall not throw them into a pit. That, however, is merely a declaration of private purpose. M. Boussenard's translator has done his work fairly, but we have some objections to placing before youth the phrase "a chevaux de frise," which seems to us deficient both from the syntactical and the orthographic point of view. Neither do we see the use or justice of the word "couleuvres" in an English book. Your viper is a gentleman born in this country, and deserves to be called by his own name.

KADESH BARNEA.*

THE history of Kadesh Barnea is a curious chapter in the story of Palestine topography and identification. The name occurs, not to speak of the Bible, in the lists of Syrian conquests enumerated in the Hall of Pillars at Karnak: among the places mentioned in the Book of Judith as those to which a message was sent by the King of the Assyrians: it is spoken of in the Talmud as "Rekem," a name also applied to the city of Petra: it was supposed by Eusebius to be the name of the great desert south of Palestine; in other words, by that time Kadesh was lost, and it seems to have remained lost until the time of the Crusades, when every ancient name was recovered, somehow or other—Capernaum, for instance, found a site on the shore of the Mediterranean. King Amaury is reported to have gone out to meet the Syrian forces as far as "Kadesh Barnea in the desert," but it is not clear from the account where the place was then fixed or whether it was still regarded as a district. Brocardus speaks of it as a district. Marino Sanuto refers to the "land of Amalek" as extending to the "Tongue of the Dead Sea and Kadesh Barnea." In the fifteenth century Breydenbach thought he had found Kadesh in a place which is apparently that marked on the great map of the Palestine Exploration Fund (Sheet XIX.) as Khan el Hawâdi. Jacob Ziegler, a Bavarian geographer, in 1532 placed Kadesh Barnea south-west of the Dead Sea. About this time there arose the idea, continued to modern times, that there were two distinct places, Kadesh and Kadesh Barnea. Sir Walter Raleigh, Quaresmius, Blaeu of Holland, Spanheim, and others have adopted this view. Shaw, the English traveller, argued in 1722 for Kadesh Barnea near Kula't Nakhl. Bishop Pococke thought it must be sought about sixteen miles N.W. of the convent of Mount Sinai. Seetzen in 1807 came nearer and actually found the Wady Gadis, though he does not seem to have realized the importance of this discovery. Burckhardt contended for the site in the land of Edom, near Petra, in which he was followed by Laborde. Very few travellers up to recent times have crossed the Tih or gone up the Wady Arabah. Lord Lindsay, one of those who did, thought that Kadesh must be sought somewhere on the route to Hebron; Von Schubert placed it near Jebel Madurah; and Count Bertou actually heard the name, which he gives in the form of "Kadessa." The site appears to have been neglected by Volney, Irby and Mangles, Legh, Henniker and Russegger.

We come next to the great American traveller, Robinson, who has done as much, singly, for Palestine topography as all previous travellers put together. Unfortunately, Robinson, always as tenacious of a theory as he was ingenious and quick to see, was so much impressed with the fine mountain scenery of the Wady Arabah that he made up his mind to find Kadesh there; accordingly he fixed on a place called Wady el Jayb, where are certain springs called Ain el Weibeh, as the site of Kadesh. True, the name does not correspond; there are no evidences of an ancient city; and there is no "Sela" or cliff before which Moses and Aaron assembled the people. However, the identification was adopted, and published in *Biblical Researches*, where it may be found to this day.

It was only just after the appearance of Robinson's first book—namely, in the year 1842—that the Rev. John Rowlands discovered what appears to be the actual Kadesh. With his friend, the Rev. George Williams, he had explored the great wall and rampart, the Mount Haluk, which forms the southern border of the Promised Land. Here they ascertained the existence of a place called Gadis, which suggested Kadesh. At that time they were unable to pursue their investigations further; but shortly afterwards Rowlands made another, and this time a more successful, attempt. What he found, and described, was a spur of solid naked rock, at the base of which issues, like the rivet Sorgue at Vaucluse, a full-grown stream. This stream runs for three or four hundred yards and is buried in the sand. As for the proofs of the

* *Kadesh Barnea.* By H. Clay Trumbull. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

identification they are simple. The name exactly corresponds to the ancient name; it lies where, except for Robinson's heresy, one would expect to find it; it corresponds with the order in which the places on the border are mentioned; there is a good road all the way to Sinai, and another to Mount Hor, and there is ample room for a vast encampment. To the discovery there was but one reply possible by those who maintained Robinson's theory. It was that the whole story was moonshine. In short, there was no such stream, and no such place. It is a most remarkable thing that from the year 1842 to the year 1881 Rowlands was actually disbelieved. No subsequent traveller had found the place. In the year 1870 Palmer was especially instructed to look for it. He found a spring called Ain Kusseimeh, and another called Ain Hudeirat, very near Rowlands's site, but not the spring; and, with the exception, perhaps, of the late Rev. F. W. Holland, everybody had agreed to speak of Mr. Rowlands's description as coloured with enthusiasm, to say the least of it. Yet, in the year 1881, nearly forty years after Rowlands had visited the spot, it was rediscovered by an American traveller, the Rev. Dr. Clay Trumbull:—

Out from the barren and desolate stretch of the burning desert-waste, we had come with magical suddenness into an oasis of verdure and beauty, unlooked for and hardly conceivable in such a region. A carpet of grass covered the ground. Fig trees, laden with fruit nearly ripe enough for eating, were along the shelter of the southern hillside. Shrubs and flowers showed themselves in variety and profusion. Running water gurgled under the waving grass. We had seen nothing like it since leaving Wady Fayrân; nor was it equalled in loveliness of scene by any single bit of landscape, of like extent, even there.

Standing out from the earth-covered limestone hills at the northeastern sweep of this picturesque recess, was to be seen the "large single mass, or a small hill, of solid rock," which Rowlands looked at as the cliff (*Sel'a*) smitten by Moses, to cause it to "give forth his water," when its flowing stream had been exhausted. From underneath this ragged spur of the northeasterly mountain range, issued the now abundant stream.

A circular well, stoned-up from the bottom with time-worn limestone blocks, was the first receptacle of the water. A marble watering trough was near this well—better finished than the troughs at Beersheba, but of like primitive workmanship. The mouth of this well was only about three feet in diameter, and the water came to within three or four feet of the top. A little distance westerly from this well, and down the slope, was a second well, stoned-up much like the first, but of greater diameter; and here again was a marble watering trough. A basin or pool of water larger than either of the wells, but not stoned-up like them, was seemingly the principal watering place. It was a short distance southwesterly from the second well, and it looked as if it and the two wells might be supplied from the same subterranean source—the springs under the Rock. Around the margin of this pool, as also around the stoned wells, camel and goat dung—as if of flocks and herds for centuries—was trodden down and commingled with the limestone dust so as to form a solid plaster bed. Another and yet larger pool, lower down the slope, was supplied with water by a stream which rippled and cascaded along its narrow bed from the upper pool; and yet beyond this, westward, the water gurgled away under the grass, as we had met it when we came in, and finally lost itself in the parching wady from which this oasis opened. The water itself was remarkably pure and sweet; unequalled by any we had found after leaving the Nile.

There was a New England look to this oasis, especially in the flowers and grass and weeds; quite unlike anything we had seen in the peninsula of Sinai. Bees were humming there, and birds were flitting from tree to tree. Enormous ant hills made of green grass-seed, instead of sand, were numerous. As we came into the wady we had started up a rabbit, and had seen larks and quails. It was, in fact, hard to realize that we were in the desert, or even near it.

In this manner has Rowlands at length been justified. A stranger "traveller's tale" could hardly be told, and though Dr. Trumbull has made it the peg on which to write a book of 400 pages, which would seem at first to give too great importance to the site and its history, it must be remembered that Kadesh is of capital importance in all theories concerning the route of the Exodus. It may possibly be that Dr. Trumbull's site will not be generally accepted, though this appears unlikely, but the story, as we have it, is very remarkable and interesting, and Dr. Trumbull's book is certainly a valuable addition to the already enormous mass of Palestine literature. From certain notes made by Mr. Holland during a journey in 1878, and edited by his friend Sir Charles Wilson in the *Quarterly Statement* of the Palestine Exploration Fund (January 1884), it is evident that he also went up the Wady Gadis and found the spring; but Holland does not seem to have been struck with the fact that he had rediscovered the Kadesh of Rowlands. He only says:—

May 14th. Started at 5 A.M. At 5.50 Ain Kadeis just above a turn in the wady, where it becomes narrower. There are three springs; two on the hillside, and one on the bed of the wady. From the lower spring on the hillside a good stream of water flows for about 100 yards down the wady, forming pools, at which the goats are watered; the camels go to the spring. The upper spring on the hillside is a poor one now; it is built round with large rough stones to a depth of five feet, and there is a rude stone trough here and at the lowest spring. The three springs are not more than forty yards apart. The wady, which is stony throughout, has a bed below the springs nearly fifteen feet deep between stony *jorfs*.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.*

DR. HOLMES is, of all living American writers, the one who may most truly be said to have won the hearts of English readers. Longfellow and Emerson, who have so lately passed away, have had the former wider, and the latter deeper, influence on the feelings and thoughts of Englishmen. But there is no American author now living whose works are more often read, and (which is the best test of their value) more often taken up again, than those of Dr. Holmes. In him wit, sparkling intelligence, wide reading, mature thought, and a sunny kindliness, are so blended that there is not one page of his writings in which some one or more of these qualities do not appear. There is in most cases, it appears to us, something a trifle indelicate in writing the biography of one still living. It is scarcely possible to do so without either rudeness or flattery, or suppression of the truth. A man may indeed write his own. If a strong man, he can and will do so with perfect impartiality. But there are some writers who stand in a relation so peculiarly personal to the public that the reader's curiosity about them is only natural, and not prying or ill-bred, and can be gratified without bad taste on the part of the biographer. Few living writers have had equally with Dr. Holmes the power to make readers who have known nothing at all about him but what they gathered from his works feel towards him as a personal friend. Such writers need not be of the highest rank. They may fail to win as much posthumous fame as falls to the lot of others who have gained but a scanty recognition during their lifetime. But their reward is perhaps as great.

Dr. Holmes, as the writer tells us, was born on the 29th of August, 1809, at Cambridge, near Boston, where his father was pastor. His early training no doubt contributed much to the serious foundation which underlies so much of his pleasantry. He is descended from an English family of the same name, which was represented in America as early as the seventeenth century. The Wendells, from whom his second Christian name is derived, are themselves of old Dutch extraction, the first settler of the name having come to America from East Friesland in the year 1645; and in other ways Dr. Holmes is related to some more of the "best" families in America. "I go in," he writes in the *Autocrat*, "for the man with the family portraits against the one with the twenty-five-cent daguerrotype, unless I find out that the last is the better of the two. I go in for the man who inherits family traditions and the cumulative humanities of at least four or five generations." Of his imaginative boyhood Dr. Holmes has told the world a good deal in his writings; but he has furnished his biographer with some fresh notes which will be read with pleasure as helping to fill in the picture. After the usual preparatory schooling he entered Harvard University. About the same time a proposal was made to break up the American frigate *Constitution*, which had won no small fame by the capture of the British *Guerrière*. This act excited much indignation in Boston, near which town, in the Charlestown Navy Yard, the vessel was lying. To this public feeling the young Holmes gave voice in a spirited little poem, which was published in a Boston newspaper, and thence circulated about the country. The verses are characteristic. The ship

> No more shall feel the victor's tread
> Or know the conquered knee;
> The harpies of the shore shall pluck
> The eagle of the sea.

And, but for the unclearness of two lines elsewhere in the poem, it, might have been the product of later years. The effect of it was so great that the proposal was abandoned. Holmes, as might be expected, was a frequent contributor to college magazines. After completing the usual college course, and then studying law for a year, he turned his attention to medicine, studying first in America, and afterwards for three years in Europe. In 1836 he took his degree of M.D. Three years later he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth College, which he did not long hold. Finally, in 1847, he was appointed to a similar professorship at his own college, Harvard, which he held for many years. These are some few of the dates which mark the facts of Dr. Holmes's outward life. To the general public, especially in Europe, he is known as the poet, wit, and novelist; but in America his worth as a man of science and a teacher has for many years been widely recognized. Those who have listened to Dr. Holmes's conversation, or, which is much the same thing, read the *Autocrat* or the *Professor*, can understand the charm of receiving instruction from him which his pupils must have felt.

This is not the place for any detailed notice of Dr. Holmes's works. Our object is rather to call attention to this little biography, which, slight as it is, may serve to freshen the interest of many readers in its subject. It is, for the most part, a compilation of facts relating to Dr. Holmes, of extracts from his works, and of extracts from what others have said or written about him. About the author we can have no opinion at all to express, except that he has made the compilation with evident pleasure. There is a little too much of Boston genealogy in it—at least for those who do not happen to belong to that city. It is evidently written rather for Bostonian than for English readers, as many names known only to a limited circle are mentioned in a way which implies that everybody is familiar with them. The best, perhaps, of all that is quoted from Dr. Holmes's writings is the poem—which will be new to most English readers—which he wrote on the occasion of the breakfast which was given him by friends to celebrate his seventieth birthday, and the charming poem entitled "Dorothy Q." Both are full of all the best qualities of his verse. It would be putting forward an absurd claim, and one which would offend nobody's taste more than that of Dr. Holmes, to say that he was a great poet. But probably few living writers, in verse or prose, have given more wholesome pleasure to a large number of readers.

* *Life of Oliver Wendell Holmes.* By E. E. Brown. Boston: Lothrop & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

BURTON'S HISTORY OF BEWDLEY.*

AMONG the smaller boroughs which escaped disfranchisement under the Reform Act of 1832, the Beau-lieu nestling under its primæval Forest of Wyre, where the Severn enters Worcestershire, had some historical, if it had no very obvious political, right to survive. The manor certainly belonged to the Crown, and the Crown lessee, a Whig baronet, was elected without opposition in December 1832, as the local member, who had held the seat unopposed through the five general elections preceding, "did not choose again to offer himself"; but the method by which the continued Parliamentary existence of the borough was secured was ingenious, not to say Mezentian, in its conception. The constituency still retained the name of Bewdley; but it was made to include the modern and rival town of Stourport, which had arisen in the hamlet of Lower Mitton, belonging to Kidderminster, a few miles lower down the Severn on its opposite bank. The connexion is one exclusively of Parliamentary franchise, the old royal borough retaining in every other respect its separate character. Like all ancient country towns, Bewdley has its endowed Grammar School; and Mr. Burton has set an example which his brother Head-Masters will do well to imitate in collecting and editing the historical records of a community which has held a distinct, and locally almost a prominent, position in the national life of the past. The usual difficulty of local historians is frankly acknowledged in the preface; the literary material collected has been large; the financial provision for its publication small. "The materials for the work, which have been accumulating for several years, would make a far larger book than that now laid before the reader"; but, as the cost of publication was limited by the subscription-list for copies, "it was not considered desirable to increase the price first named." Financial difficulties of this kind may be expected to disappear when the principle is recognized that a good book is as valuable as a good picture, while its enjoyment may be much more widely extended.

"On the summit of a hill overlooking Bewdley is Ticknell House," which, "when the Crown lands of the manor were sold ten or twelve years ago, was purchased by Mr. Tangye, of Birmingham." The house, rebuilt in 1738, stands on the site, and perhaps, in its inner walls, retains some of the fabric, of the Palace of Tickenhill, described by Leland as, "in a manner totally erected by King Henry VII. for Prince Arthur." Tickenhill had been an ancient manor of the Mortimers; and Mr. Burton considers it to have been distinct from Bewdley proper, which lay below on the riverside. A portion of the palace was still standing in 1712, and is represented in one of the illustrations to the book as a substantial "half-timbered" building of the usual Worcestershire type. The situation of Bewdley was very convenient for the seat of the Court of the Marches and for the residence of the Princes of Wales when they exercised actual jurisdiction over the Principality. It was apparently in the Chapel of Tickenhill Palace, "within the manor of Prince Arthur, situated and being near the town of Bewedelay," not in the chapel of the town itself, that the marriage of the Prince with Katharine of Aragon (by her proxy, Roderic de Puebla) was solemnized. Mr. Burton quotes the account of the ceremonial from Rymer's *Fœdera*. But it was in the chapel of the town that, nearly three years later, the body of the Prince was received as it passed from Ludlow Castle to its burial in Worcester Cathedral. "It was the foulist could windy and rayney day, and the worst way. Yea in some places fayne to take oxen to draw the chare, so ill was the way," which lay through Cleobury Mortimer, and down the steep slope of the Wyre Forest, to "the Chapell of Beaudley there," where the body "was set in the Quire, therewith such lights as might be in that room." The chapel was only a timber building, but it had three chantries, each with its own priest, and the Mass of Requiem, at which "the Earl of Surry officiated" and large alms to the poor were distributed, could be celebrated with fitting ceremonial. "From Beaudley Sir Richard Croft and Sir William Overdale, Steward and Controller of the Prince's Horse, rode before to Worcester." At this point Mr. Burton's extract from a MS. in the College of Arms breaks off, and it is with some regret that we miss the confirmation or correction of a local tradition which marks, as the route of the funeral train, the quiet country road following the western bank of the Severn, through Ribbesford, Areley Kings, and Redstone (where Layamon "read books"), Astley, Shrawley, Holt, Grimley (where the Prior of Worcester had his country house), and Hallow, across the Severn at Worcester bridge. The alternative route, across Bewdley bridge and along the eastern side of the Severn, was probably then as now a better road, though not so direct.

The Severn Valley Railway, branching from the Oxford and Wolverhampton line at Hartlebury, follows the eastern bank of the river to the boundary of Worcestershire, and its Bewdley station is in Wribbenhall, a hamlet of Kidderminster. Mr. Burton has shown, in a clear and careful argument, that Wribbenhall originally included the site of Bewdley itself, and that the name gave place to the Norman Beau-lieu. In the Domesday Survey "King William holds in demesne Chideminstre, with sixteen berewicks," of which one was Gurbehale, *i.e.*, Wrbehale or Wribbenhall. The Registers of the Priory of Worcester record the gift of Wrubenhale to the Church by one Turstinus, for which afterwards several generations of Mortimer paid rent, and which, in 1388, is described as "the manor of Beaulieu." It is worth notice that among these sixteen berewicks of Chideminstre are also found "Ribeford, and another Ribeford." One of these Dr. Nash supposes to be the place where the parish church of Ribbesford now stands; and it is very probable that the narrow strip of meadow land lying under the rugged forest on the western bank of the Severn may have belonged to the lands on the eastern bank, from which it was most accessible. But the Severn Valley had suffered severely from the Danish inroads; the whole demesne of Kidderminster was waste at the Conquest; and although both in Kidderminster and Ribbesford there had been possessions of the Church of Worcester, the Domesday Survey makes no mention even of a priest. Ribbesford became a parish soon after the Conquest, and has a Norman church; but Wrbehale, west of the Severn, never formed a part of it till, under its name of Bewdley, it was united with Ribbesford by an Act of Henry VI. It had reverted in some way from the Church of Worcester to the Crown, and the manor remained Crown land till its sale in 1870. The present Wribbenhall was never separated from Kidderminster.

The existence of Bewdley as a town dates from the opening of the fifteenth century. Its position was such as to command the navigation of the Severn between Shrewsbury and Gloucester, and its inhabitants had used their advantage. The "Severn trows," of which the name as well as the use has been extinguished by railways, originated in Bewdley, where, in 1412, "certain persons having great boats called trowes had confederated themselves togethor for their singular profit, and would let no one pass through the said parts with their goods and chattels except they would hire the said boats." Thus the citizens of Bristol and Gloucester complained, and, in a Parliament held at Westminster, prayed the King "that they might pass Bewdley without hindrance." The merchants of the Western cities had good cause to complain; for at Bewdley they were held completely in a trap, with no help on either hand nearer than Worcester or Bridgnorth; and the piratical monopolists of Bewdley made them "cut in pieces" their own "great flote in the said river, or else they would cut off their heads." What immediate relief they may have obtained does not appear; but soon afterwards Bewdley obtained the privileges under which it became a civilized and very prosperous market town. The Bishop of Worcester granted indulgences to all the faithful who would contribute to the building of a bridge over the Severn; the very questionable "extra-parochial" relation by which Bewdley was united with the National Church (it had a right of sanctuary out of which a chapel had arisen) was exchanged for the recognized status of a Chapelry of Ribbesford, and a charter of incorporation followed in 1472. Subsequent charters enlarged the privileges of the borough, which under James I. sent a member to Parliament, and had its High Steward and its Recorder. The importance and wealth of Bewdley had increased, while that of Kidderminster had apparently declined. Kidderminster had sent two members to the Parliament of Edward I. in 1295, but had never been again represented till the Reform Act of 1832; and Sir Ralph Clare of Kidderminster sat for Bewdley under James I. and Charles I. In later times the Corporation sold the seat, according to the prevailing practice; but they honestly applied the proceeds to purposes of public improvements, and they "still possess 3,000*l.* derived from this source." This payment must have been made in 1814, as at the election of 1819, when the borough returned a townsman of its own, "the" practice was discontinued."

During the whole of the sixteenth century, and till the time of the Civil Wars, Ticknell Palace was used as a royal residence; but the furniture was sold under the Commonwealth, and the house was left to decay. A considerable trade had been established in the town, which especially was a centre for "cappers," or cap-makers, and in the reign of Elizabeth, and later, for tanners. The carrying trade both by land and river was largely in the hands of the inhabitants, and pack-horse trains conveyed the traffic between the storehouses of Bewdley and the inland towns. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the manufacturing industries of Kidderminster were rapidly developing, and the introduction of canal communication might have largely added to the importance and the trade of Bewdley but for the opposition of the inhabitants to the Staffordshire and Worcestershire Canal. Mr. Burton relates the fact simply; local tradition clothes it in the garb of a Society then wealthily represented in the town:—"Friend, take thy gutter elsewhere; we do not want thy gutter here." The "gutter" was accordingly taken along the course of the Stour from Kidderminster, and the new town of Stourport sprang up, and deprived Bewdley of most of its carrying trade.

Bewdley had been naturally Royalist in its sympathies, while Puritanism was strong in Kidderminster, and the dignified little borough in later times rather looked down upon the weaving town. But Mr. Burton's researches have invested with historical interest the memories of commonplace local fights. Forty or fifty years ago it was held as a point of honour that Kidderminster men, *eo nomine*, were not to cross Bewdley bridge; and so binding was the spirit of the law that when in 1845, for some local festivity, the workmen of a large Kidderminster firm were invited to cross the Severn by Stourport bridge, a formal message was received that "the Bewdley men would stop them." The challenge was as formally accepted; but the match did not come off because, as the case would now be put, the Bewdley captain "could not get up an eleven"; certainly neither party were aware that an ordinance of Arthur, Prince of Wales, had, by anticipation, forbidden the

* *A History of Bewdley.* By John R. Burton, B.A., F.G.S., Rector of Dowles. London: Published for the Author by William Reeves.

fight. This curious paper is dated 31 Henry VII. Jan. 9, "att the Citie of Hereford, by the Counsaille of Prince Arthur," and bears the "signett" of the Prince and the signatures of the Bishop of Ely, President, and of other members of the Council. The feud between the two towns would seem to have been even then of long standing, as the ordinance provides "for a finall concord, love, peace, and amytie from hensforth" between them, and for "eschuyng all manner grugge, debats, variances, or discords." And "if hereafter shall happen any new grugg or variance," the inhabitants are not "to justify or avenge their said quarrels," "but alwaies to resort to the said Prince and his Counsell," and "to abide obei and fulfill the direction therein taken."

About twenty years after the death of Prince Arthur, Ticknell was repaired by Henry VIII. as a residence for Princess Mary; and the weekly accounts of workmen employed, which in eighteen weeks amounted to 354*l.* 5*s.* 5½*d.*, show that the establishment of the palace was maintained on a somewhat costly scale. Mr. Burton has been careful to supply details of the domestic and social life of Bewdley and its neighbourhood, and of the connexion of the borough with the Court, by printing copious extracts both from the parochial registers and from the municipal accounts, and has thus furnished additional proofs of the historical value attaching to these local public records. He has added brief notices of several parishes adjacent to Bewdley, including that of Dowles, of which he is rector—a small benefice, once an outlying possession of Malvern Priory, the very existence of which was a source of perplexity to the Shropshire county historian. The Tenbury and Bewdley Railway crosses the Severn at Dowles, after descending through Wyre Forest from Cleobury Mortimer. But to see the picturesque old town to the best advantage, it should be approached, not by railway, but by the Severn-side road from Worcester already mentioned. Turning northward along this road, after crossing Stourport bridge, the visitor should not pass without notice the overhanging churchyard of Areley Kings, with its rude but striking memorial marking the grave and recalling the touching story of a real Harry Coningsby. Mr. Burton and his readers are indebted for an excellent drawing of this "Lithologema"—so its legend runs, and so it is—to the pencil of "Cuthbert Bede," in pledge, perhaps, of the "peace and amytie" now prevailing between Bewdley and Kidderminster; but the author's share in the page containing it has not been as accurate as the artist's. The clerical error which describes Sir Harry Coningsby as "an *ancestor* of the Earls of Essex" is at once corrected by the context; in the preceding paragraph the monumental inscription "Dedicatum sodali amicissimo" by the childless and lonely Knight should have been copied with more care. Sir Harry survived this friend, the Rector of Astley, about five years, dying in 1701; hardly, we think, "in an illiterate age," as Mr. Burton describes it. But this and a few other oversights which occur in the later pages of the book will be easily corrected in a further issue; and Mr. Burton deserves a wider circulation for his painstaking and valuable work than can be secured by means of a private list of subscribers.

THE BOOK OF PSALMS.*

IT would be difficult to count up all the English versions, entire and partial, in prose and in verse, of the Book of Psalms. It would probably be far from difficult to a literary critic to separate those that have any merit that entitles them to preservation from a presumably much larger number that have none. Under these circumstances, it might be considered unnecessary, if not a positive waste of energy, to offer yet another version, especially at a time when we are looking out for one which will be issued by the august company of Revisers of the Old Testament. But the version just published by one of our ripest and most modern Hebraists, Mr. Cheyne, justifies its existence on every page. It should be acknowledged as a safe principle that, over and above the existing or any future Authorized Version which we use in public worship, we may accept as useful any number of private versions, composed with various intent by persons of varying accomplishments, to give a more poetical hue, a closer imitation of the Hebrew rhythm, a revised text, a different arrangement according to chronology, or some other peculiarity. All these have their use, and it will be an evil day for English Biblical studies when these independent versions are discouraged on the plea that we have excellent public ones in the Bible and Prayer-Book. We cannot refrain from mentioning another consideration, which, though seemingly trivial, not unnaturally influences many in their study of a Biblical book. The separate publication of the *Book of Psalms* in the "Parchment Library," apart from the rest of the Bible, and in an elegant "get-up" of hand-made paper, excellent typography, parchment cover, and gilt upper edge, obliges the reader to regard it as a collection of ancient Hebrew poetry, and to forget for the time the familiar connexion in which he has always seen it as simply a chapter in that one book, the Bible. This new aspect enables him to appreciate its poetical beauties far more deeply, and, far from breaking, does much to render more intelligible its connexion at various points with other books in that library of old Hebrew literature, the Bible. But the Book of Psalms is, on external as well as internal evidence, an anthology of poems from the whole period of Hebrew Biblical literature down to the age of the Maccabees, and may therefore justly be allowed to appear in a separate volume.

* *The Book of Psalms.* Translated by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884. (Parchment Library.)

When we attempt to estimate the value of this new version, we must first look to the foundation on which it is erected. That it is a direct translation from the Hebrew needs not to be mentioned when Mr. Cheyne is the translator. But there are many modes of dealing with the text of an ancient work preserved from age to age by hand-writing; and the canons of textual criticism generally accepted for one language cannot (at least so far as they rest on common sense, and not on some peculiarity in the writing of that one) be rejected without very special reasons in another. The received text, then, presents cases of obvious corruption—instances where it makes nonsense. We find also tangible proof that the existing text is not free from error, in duplicate but varying copies of the same (as Ps. xiv. and liii., Ps. xviii., and 2 Sam. xxii.) And the existence of such errors was acknowledged by Hebrew commentators of an early age, who have appended notes, *k'ri*, correcting the text, *c'tib*. The course to be followed by a modern editor or translator is therefore embarrassed by the same difficulties which make all the difference between an edition of a Greek or Latin author according to the *textus vulgaris*, or by Bekker, Orelli, or Hermann. On this subject Mr. Cheyne observes:—

> Hebrew scholars can be catholic in their literary tastes, and if they lay it down as a canon of translation that sense should generally take precedence of sound, it is not because they are deaf to the charm of rhythmic melody. Nor ought they, at this hour of the day, to be accused of temerity in deviating from the received Hebrew text. The younger school of Hebrew scholars look upon the textual and exegetical traditions much as the Sanskrit school represented by Mr. Max Müller looks upon the exegetical tradition of Sayana, and earnestly as it deprecates the excesses of some isolated critics, will not pretend to translate that which cannot be translated, simply because the frequent irregularities of Hebrew usage make some current rendering, apart from exegesis, not absolutely inadmissible. The present translator is very conscious of his fallibility; but he prefers to offer in such cases a plausible and worthy rendering, based upon some natural emendation, to airing his grammatical acumen at the expense of propriety and connexion. Rather than do this, indeed, he has sometimes left a blank in his version to indicate that the text is perhaps corrupt, and certainly to the translator unintelligible.

This is a bold and straightforward account of a procedure which ought to commend itself to all persons who know anything of textual criticism. The "blanks" here mentioned will (very naturally) be specially distasteful to those who wish to read or to chant their psalm through without interruption; and others will prefer some other version which shrinks not from these doubtful and difficult passages, because it gives them more for their money. Still, the soundness of Mr. Cheyne's principle ought in the end to be acknowledged. Of course, however, the application of these principles must be attended with difference of opinion. Some good scholars may think that a passage which is to Mr. Cheyne "certainly unintelligible" can be understood without straining or violating grammar, and *vice versâ*. Thus Hupfeld, who discusses at great length all the conceivable modes of understanding Ps. xvi. 3, in the end decides against them all, and would omit it; but Mr. Cheyne retains it, in a doubtful translation which is obscure in signification.

It is impossible in a review intended for the general reader, and therefore debarred from discussing points of Hebrew grammar, to do more in criticism than to note a few of the more important alterations in sense introduced in the new translation, with an occasional expression of opinion as to their merit. Mr. Cheyne fails to recognize as relative clauses many which we should treat as such. Thus in Ps. i. 2 he writes, "But in the law of Jehovah is his delight, And on his law meditates he day and night"; which we would connect with the preceding verse, translating, "But *whose* delight is in the law of Jehovah, And *who* meditates on it day and night." So in xi. 4, for, "Jehovah is in his holy palace, Jehovah's throne is in heaven; his eyes behold, his eyelids try the children of men," we would suggest, "Jehovah, *who* is in his holy palace, Jehovah, *whose* throne is in heaven—his eyes behold," &c. And similarly in many other passages—the omission of the relative pronoun being a very frequent feature of Hebrew grammar. In Ps. xvi. 5, "Jehovah is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup; Thou wilt be continually my lot," the violent change from third to second person arouses suspicion, and in fact is only introduced into the translation (which in this point agrees with the A. V.) by the verb *is*, absent from the original; more natural would be, "Jehovah (thou), the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup, Wilt be continually (?) my lot." While we are finding fault, we cannot omit to express astonishment at Ps. ii. 12, where Mr. Cheyne retains "Kiss the Son." The word *bar*, here rendered *son*, is not Hebrew at all in this sense, but belongs to the later language called Chaldee. If it be here used in that sense, we should be compelled to place this psalm, which otherwise bears as antique a character as any, among the latest writings of the Old Testament. But the context forbids it; the subject of the following sentence, "Lest he be angry," is Jehovah, who was spoken of in the preceding verse. There is no *son* in the psalm except the king of Israel, called a son of Jehovah in v. 7; and not he, but Jehovah himself, can be meant in the remaining words of v. 12. Moreover, we have not "Kiss *the* son" or "his son," but indefinitely "Kiss *a* son." None of the ancient versions till we come to the Syriac and Abenezra have this translation at all. The LXX. have δράξασθε παιδείας, the Vulgate *apprehendite disciplinam*, and so others. It may fairly be pronounced impossible, and meaningless in the context. Hupfeld, who discusses it at length, gives as a possible version "Submit sincerely," addressed to the rebels against the King, but also suggests a happy conjectural emendation of the word that causes the difficulty, *bar* into *bo*:—"Attach yourselves

to him (the King)." Perhaps we shall get nothing more satisfactory than this. A striking instance of what may be gained by conjectural emendation is found in Ps. xlvi. Sense and symmetry both prove this poem to consist of three stanzas, vv. 1–3, 4–7, 8–11, the two latter stanzas having each three verses, and a refrain "Jehovah Sabâoth is with us; our sure retreat is Jacob's God." The first stanza has the three verses, and wants the refrain. The principle of symmetry entitles us at least to try it. It will be found to serve the purpose of the same argument as in the second stanza, and to be equally necessary here to sense and rhythm; "Let the waters thereof roar and foam; let the mountains quake at the insolence therefore:—*Jehovah Sabâoth is with us; our sure retreat is Jacob's God.*" We regret that Mr. Cheyne has not adopted this emendation. Perhaps the asterisks, indicating an omission, in v. 4 of the same psalm, "* * a river, the arms whereof make glad The city of God," are unnecessary, since "a river, the arms whereof" is equivalent to "the arms of a river."

The problem how to deal with names or epithets of God is one of the most delicate that the translator has to encounter. He, as a scholar, must be averse to simply repeating the phraseology of the Authorized Version; and yet, when he regards his function as producer of a version which may enter the domestic circle as a book of devotion or for chanting, he must be conscious that any considerable innovation in the name by which we address our Creator will appear (and not only to the ignorant) an impertinence which of itself might cause the book to be flung away with abhorrence by some sensitive persons. Mr. Cheyne has steered a prudent middle course. That he would not leave "The LORD" (in capitals) to represent the Hebrew Jehovah, and to be identical in sound with "The Lord" which is the Hebrew *Adonai*, we might be sure. The fact that Jehovah is as much a proper name as Jupiter is of itself sufficient reason for leaving it unaltered; the only question still open was whether its pronunciation was to be retained as *Jehovah*, or altered into the form which the Hebraists of the present day, with a great consensus of opinion, believe to be the correct one—Jahveh. If Mr. Cheyne were to write a history or a dissertation, we feel sure that he, like Ewald, Hupfeld, and the modern school generally at least in Germany, would write the latter. But he has retained "Jehovah" in a book of devotions, and we think wisely. Similarly he has left the term Shaddai untranslated in Ps. lxviii. 14, and yet has rendered it "the Almighty" in xci. 1. There is also an unfortunate want of consistency in Ps. lxxxix. 8, Jehovah God of hosts, and Ps. lxxx. 4, 19, Jehovah Sabâoth. In the expression Jehovah Adonai, Ps. ci. 21, the latter word might surely have been rendered "the Lord," as it is when standing alone. It is perhaps inevitable that the single English word God should cover the two Hebrew words, *Elohim* and *El*.

It is unnecessary to enumerate many passages in which we find ourselves thoroughly in accord with Mr. Cheyne, since we give a general assent to his version; but a few points may be noted. The important and frequent word *hasid*, derived from a root denoting love, is used specially in a religious sense, interpreted, however, by some actively as "loving God," by others passively as "beloved by God." Mr. Cheyne understands it, rightly, we believe, in the former sense, and translates xvi. 10, "neither wilt thou suffer *thy loving one* to see the pit," and xii. 1, "Save, Jehovah, for the *man of love* is no more." Ps. lxxi. 7 is in the Authorized Version as "Their eyes stand out with fatness; they have more than heart could wish." Mr. Cheyne, altering a single letter which restores the reading used by the LXX. and Vulgate, obtains this:—"Out of the caul (*i.e.* the heart) their iniquity cometh forth: the imaginations of their heart overflow," which justifies itself by the parallelism of *caul* and *heart* in this verse, and that of *iniquity* and *imaginations* of this verse with *pride* and *violence* in the preceding one. An equally happy correction is effected in Ps. xci. 1, 2 (by the restoration of an initial word and altered punctuation of the first word in v. 2, both adopted by Hupfeld), which is rendered:—"[Happy] he that sits in the covert of the most High, that abides under the shadow of the Almighty, That says unto Jehovah, My refuge and my fortress, my God, in whom I trust." In Ps. civ. 2, "He wraps himself in light . . ., he stretches out the heavens" (the third person for the second), no alteration of the Hebrew text is made, and the new translation agrees with the following verses; in v. 5 "He founded the earth upon its bases" is literal, for the faulty "Who laid the foundations of the earth." In Ps. xi. 7, besides the necessary correction of the ungrammatical "For the righteous LORD loveth righteousness" into "For Jehovah is righteous, he loves righteous acts," Mr. Cheyne alters the second clause, "His countenance doth behold the upright," into "The upright shall behold his countenance." After these special criticisms, it behoves us to show how one of the Psalms sounds in Mr. Cheyne's version:—

Be not thou incensed at the evildoers,
neither be thou envious against them that work injustice;
For they shall quickly fade away as the grass,
and wither even as the green herb.

Trust thou in Jehovah, and do that which is good,
inhabit the land, and cherish faithfulness;
Then shalt thou have sweet pleasure in Jehovah,
and he shall grant thee thy heart's petitions.

Roll thy career upon Jehovah,
trust in him, and he shall do nobly,
And shall bring forth thine innocence as flic light,
and thy just right as the noonday.

Be resigned to Jehovah, and wait on for him;
be not incensed at one whose career prospers,
at the man who brings to pass knaveries.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath,
be not incensed—it would lead only to evildoing;
For evildoers shall be cut off,
but they that await Jehovah—those shall inherit the land.

It remains to be noticed that Mr. Cheyne goes a step further than the Authorized Version in discrediting the titles of the Psalms. In Hebrew Bibles they are printed and numbered as if they belonged to the Psalm itself. The English Bible retains them, but as headings only, in smaller type, and not numbered as belonging to the Psalm. Mr. Cheyne discards them altogether, which is doubtless the best course in a book intended for popular use. His introduction is crammed full of learning, and yet written in a charming style; the examples of poems of the same general character from Assyria and Babylonia being especially interesting. The notes at the end are terse and to the point. The only serious want in an edition which adopts alterations of the text is an *apparatus criticus*. Without this the scholar can only guess what text the translator adopts; where he reads a new sense into the old words, and where he alters it conjecturally; what his reasons are for discarding the words which he rejects and indicates by asterisks. We suppose these additions were against the rules of the "Parchment Library." If so, it was a sufficient reason against publishing in that collection a book that required them.

THE ORR-EWING CASE.—NEW LAW BOOKS.*

THE "Orr-Ewing case" illustrates the difficulty of uniting separate kingdoms. Mr. Spens, or perhaps we ought to say Sheriff-Substitute Spens, treats of it in a book consisting of two parts. The first is a history of the case as far as it has at present gone, with copious extracts from the many judgments delivered in the English and Scotch courts, and is most convenient and interesting. The second is a statement of the author's views about it, and has the double merit of being at once intelligible and violently one-sided. The reader is confronted at the outset by a somewhat complicated array of facts, and when he has mastered these, he has to deal with such terrifying Scotticisms as "commissariot," "condescendence," "furth," and "multiplepoinding." Whether to this list we should add "recated" and "executry," or whether these expressions merely indicate that Scotch printers are not too human to err, we will not hazard a conjecture. But the story is not really so intricate as it looks.

The late Mr. John Orr-Ewing died in April 1878, leaving in round figures 460,000*l.* worth of personal property. Of this 435,000*l.* was situated in Scotland, and the balance of 25,000*l.* in England. He left it substantially all to trustees, in trust for five young men who were the sons of one of his brothers. Pending the ultimate distribution of the money, the trustees disposed of nearly all the English property, and removed the proceeds into Scotland, so that when the first, or English, action was begun, there was in England no more than 2,700*l.*, and, while that action was going on, this amount, too, was transferred to Scotland. After an abortive proceeding not material to the merits of the present question, the youngest of the five legatees, who was then under age, began an action in the Chancery Division in England, in which the trustees were the defendants, to have the estate administered. The trustees defended the action, and contended, in the first place, that the Court had no jurisdiction over that part of the property which was in Scotland; and, in the second place, that if it had, it was a discretionary jurisdiction, which, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, ought not to be exercised. On the first of these questions Mr. Justice Manisty, sitting for Mr. Justice Chitty, held that he had jurisdiction; and upon the second he held that he had discretion in the matter, and that, since the property was practically all in Scotland, it would be more convenient that it should be administered there, according to Scotch law. He therefore dismissed the action. The plaintiff appealed, and the case was heard in the Court of Appeal before the late Master of the Rolls and Lord Justices Cotton and Lindley, who unanimously reversed the decision of Mr. Justice Manisty, and

* *The History of the Orr-Ewing Case.* By Walter Cook Spens, Advocate, Sheriff-Substitute, Glasgow. Edinburgh: William Green. 1884.

Insurable Interest and Valuations. By Richard Lowndes. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

Principles of the Criminal Law. By Seymour F. Harris, B.C.L., M.A. (Oxon.) Third edition. Revised by the Author and Aviet Agabeg, of the Inner Temple and of the Northern Circuit, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1884.

Statutes affecting the Practice of Conveyancing passed in the years 1874, 1881, 1882. By T. Cyprian Williams, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, LL.B. London: Henry Sweet. 1884.

The Law and Practice under the Bankruptcy Act. By Charles L. Samson, Solicitor, Incorporated Law Society's Prizeman, and Stephen Heelis Gold Medallist, 1874. London: Clowes and Sons. 1884.

A Treatise on the Principles of the Law of Compensation. By C. A. Cripps, M.A., B.C.L., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

The Shareholder's Legal Guide. By Alfred Emdén, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Clowes & Sons. 1884.

Practical Guide to Administration Orders under Section 125 of the Bankruptcy Act, 1883. By James Beal. Exeter: Godfrey & Co. 1884.

decreed that the estate should be administered in the Chancery Division. The trustees appealed to the House of Lords, and their appeal was dismissed by a Court consisting of the Lord Chancellor and Lords Blackburn and Watson, both of whom, be it observed, are Scotchmen, while the last mentioned is not only a Scotchman, but a Scotch lawyer. The ground of these judgments was shortly as follows:—The jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery, and therefore of the Chancery Division, has always been a jurisdiction not *in rem*, but *in personam*. Therefore the Court has jurisdiction over any one who appears and defends an action before it, whatever may be his domicile, and wherever the property in respect of which he is sued may be situated, and will exercise it whenever it has, by reason of his presence in England or otherwise, the means of enforcing its judgments. The only question, therefore, to be decided—it not being disputed that, from the point of view of the plaintiff, it was for his advantage that the estate should be administered in England—was whether the plaintiff had an absolute right to such administration, or whether the Court had, and chose to exercise, a discretion in the matter. Upon this question the opinion of all six Judges in the Court of Appeal and House of Lords was expressed by the Lord Chancellor in the following terms:—

> I cannot agree that, under the circumstances of this case, the Court had such a discretion. When a suit is brought *in foro competenti*, by a proper plaintiff, against defendants properly amenable to the jurisdiction, praying for relief to which, by the ordinary course of the *lex fori*, the plaintiff is entitled, it would be error to deny him such relief, unless for some reason sufficient in law.

Before this judgment was delivered by the House of Lords another action had been begun in Scotland. In this action the trustees were the defenders, and the pursuers were the four elder brothers and co-legatees of the English plaintiff. They claimed that the trustees should be forbidden to obey the decree of the Chancery Division, or to remove any of the property or title-deeds to it "furth" of Scotland and Scotch jurisdiction; or, alternatively, that they should be removed from their office of trustees, the property sequestrated, and a "judicial factor" appointed to administer the estate in accordance with Scotch law. This action was tried before Lord Fraser, who delivered, shortly after the decision of the House of Lords in the English case, an exceedingly bellicose judgment in favour of the pursuers. He relied on the surprising assertion that it was "necessary precisely to see how this matter is dealt with, as a point of international law, in other countries than in England, by the Courts of civilized nations. It is perfectly clear that, if the practice of the Court of Chancery in England is inconsistent with international law, no Court of a foreign country is bound to respect it." He qualified the admission that certain "convenient arrangements" had been made for enforcing in Scotland and England judgments delivered in England and Scotland respectively by the boast that "the suggestion of" them "came from Scottish lawyers." He relied on the provision of the Act of Union "that no causes in Scotland be cognoscible by the Courts of Chancery, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, or any other Court in Westminster Hall"; and, finally, hurling defiance at the judicature of South Britain, made the order asked for by the pursuers. The unhappy trustees, ordered to administer by the House of Lords, and not to administer by Lord Fraser, appealed from the judgment of the latter to the First Division of the Court of Session, which exalted tribunal gave judgment at great length on the 29th of February of the present year. The Lord President, like Lord Fraser, was disposed to gird at the Southron. He pointed out that the Scotch substitute for administration suits was much more convenient, and that the English practice had no precise counterpart north of the Tweed, observing, "I trust I do not exceed the true limits of a judicial utterance when I add that it is very fortunate for the people of Scotland that it is so." The judgments of the First Division proceeded principally upon the article of the Union already quoted, and upon the case of *Preston* v. *Melville*, in which Lord Cottenham held that "the administration must be in the country in which possession is taken and held, under lawful authority, of the property of the deceased." It is to be observed, however, that in that case the property the administration of which was in dispute was situated in England, and the point actually decided was not that Scotch property must be administered in Scotland, but that English property must be administered in England. The Judges in the First Division did not dispute that the decision of the House of Lords in the English action might be correct according to English law; but they held that, whatever the English law might be, the Scotch law was that this particular property must be administered in Scotland, and they expressed the opinion that if their judgment was appealed from to the House of Lords, the House of Lords, sitting to decide a question of Scotch law, would have to affirm their decision, and would thus be in the anomalous position of having pronounced two contrary judgments about the administration of the same property. They therefore ordered that the property should be sequestered, the trustees removed from their office, and a judicial factor appointed to administer the estate. Thus far Mr. Spens. Since the publication of his book the matter has again come before Mr. Justice Chitty, and he, recognizing the probability of the Scotch Court being right in its interpretation of Scotch law, and the possibility of their judgment being affirmed by the House of Lords acting as the Supreme Court of Appeal for Scotland, has ordered a stay of proceedings in the English action, until the defenders in the Scotch action shall have had their appeal to the House of Lords tried.

Mr. Spens, being strongly of the same opinion as the Judges of the First Division, loudly asserts that it is the English law which requires reform, and that the pretensions of the Chancery Division are oppressive to Scotchmen, and contrary to the spirit of the Act of Union. He likewise affirms, we imagine with more ardour than accuracy, that the practice of serving English writs in Scotland, which he declares to be due to the unconstitutional use by English Judges of the powers of making rules given to them by the Judicature Acts, is productive of the most grievous wrongs, and he expresses a hope that all these matters may be speedily set right by legislation emphasizing the distinction between the different systems of the two countries. More might be said as to the inconvenient and retrograde character of such measures than we have space to enlarge upon at present; but anyhow to us "it humbly appears," as the Scotch judges have an odd trick of saying, that Mr. Spens is quite right in his remark that "the next stage of this extraordinary case will be regarded with unusual interest by Englishmen as well as Scotchmen."

Mr. Richard Lowndes has published a most interesting and valuable account of *Insurable Interest and Valuations*. It was conceived, as the author tells us with a naïveté of style remarkable in a man who is admittedly one of the highest authorities in the kingdom on the subject, with the view of affording instruction and practical suggestions to the members of the House of Commons who will have to deal with Mr. Chamberlain's Merchant Shipping Bill. Mr. Lowndes is very keenly alive to the moral and social dangers of over-insurance, and is, on the whole, much more favourable to Mr. Chamberlain's project than Parliament has hitherto shown itself likely to be. He expresses his general view of the question with admirable clearness and moderation in his Introduction and Conclusion, the intermediate chapters tracing the history of insurance law from its invention in the middle ages, through its introduction into England, down to the present time. For so small a volume the book is wonderfully complete, and we can heartily commend it to all who desire a thorough acquaintance with the rudiments of a most important controversy.

The existence of a third edition of a law book only seven years old is, of course, its own excuse; but it appears to us that if the authors of Messrs. Harris & Agabeg's *Principles of the Criminal Law* were required to find any other, they might have some difficulty in doing so. The arrangement adopted is nearly the same as that of Mr. Justice Stephen's *Digest of the Criminal Law*. It is about twice as long as that well-known work, the paragraphs being written with popular looseness of expression, instead of with scientific accuracy, and the examples being left out. It is said to be intended for "students, especially those preparing for the final examination of the Incorporated Law Society," and we daresay it answers the purpose very well.

Mr. T. Cyprian Williams traverses a well-trodden field in presenting to the reader the text of all the Acts affecting conveyancing, from the Vendor and Purchaser Act, 1874, to the Married Women's Property Act, 1882, together with much comment, the Rules of Court under the Acts in question, and a reasonable number of forms and precedents. The book is rather big, and the language in places rather fine, as the following example, taken at random, will show:—"From what has been said, it will be seen that the exact meaning of the above section is not likely to be elucidated without judicial struggling. And when reason shall be in travail of the construction of this enactment, who shall say what meaning will be born?"

From an exceptionally formidable title-page we gather principally that Mr. C. L. Samson obtained the Stephen Heelis Gold Medal in 1874, and wrote the ninth or tenth book on the new Bankruptcy Act that has come under our notice ten years later. In the latter task he has been materially assisted by Messrs. H. P. Jones and Arthur Newman, solicitors, of Manchester, and the triumvirate, what with Rules, and a list of the County Courts, and the text of the Debtors' Act, 1869, have produced a very voluminous edition of the Act indeed. This is all the more praiseworthy because they have omitted the usual historical introduction. The notes are full, and the words of decided cases are quoted with commendable frequency.

We are glad to notice that Mr. Cripps's useful and well-written book on the Law of Compensation—an inconspicuous but important branch of our judicature—has reached a second edition.

Mr. Alfred Emden has published another of his convenient little books of the primer kind. This time his subject is the legal position of shareholders, and he treats it as clearly and judiciously as his previous works would lead us to expect. It is very well printed, which is an important matter in a book of this kind. It does not appear to be designed as a treatise for professional use, as authorities are never quoted, but as a handbook for laymen (granting that such a thing is legitimate at all) it will probably be found extremely serviceable.

Of a similar kind is Mr. Beal's *Practical Guide to Administration Orders under Section 122 of the Bankruptcy Act, 1883*. It consists wholly of the collation from other sources of a few rules and forms with the section in question, and probably enjoys the distinction of being the smallest law book extant.

HISTORY OF THE INDEX EXPURGATORIUS.*

It has been said by no less learned and distinguished a Roman Catholic scholar than Lord Acton, in the article with which he closed the *Home and Foreign Review*, after it had been indirectly censured in a Brief of Pius IX., that "one of the great instruments for preventing historical scrutiny has long been the Index of prohibited books, which was accordingly directed, not against falsehood only, but particularly against certain departments of truth." He adds that it had been used "to keep the knowledge of ecclesiastical history from the faithful, and to give currency to a fabulous and fictitious picture of the progress and action of the Church"; but that this scheme could only have succeeded, even partially and for a time, in an age when every party virtually had its own prohibitive Index to brand inconvenient truths, and none cared for knowledge which could not be made available for argument. The same causes which explain the existence and partial success of the Index will help to explain the curious circumstance that, up to our own day, no tolerably adequate and impartial history of it has appeared. There was indeed one published at Rome in the last century by the Jesuit Zaccaria, which however is not a history but an apology. And a work appeared about fifty years ago by an English clergyman, the Rev. J. Mendham, which is correct in the main as far as it goes, but is too superficial, and too much filled out with the conventional No Popery padding of his day, to be a satisfactory or convenient authority. As a rule Roman Catholic writers have been shy of entering on the discussion of a confessedly ticklish subject, and Protestants have been too contemptuous or too ill-informed about the details to discuss it to much purpose. A very great obligation therefore has been conferred on the literary world in general, and especially on students of ecclesiastical history and divines, by the publication of the exhaustive and lucid work on the subject, the first volume of which is now before us. Dr. Reusch, one of the most learned, temperate, and widely respected of the German Catholic professors who joined the Old Catholic movement after the Vatican Council, is already well known to scholars by some able works in defence of Revelation. He is a man singularly free from any infection of the *odium theologicum*, and if he has felt bound in conscience to renounce his allegiance to Rome, he has neither taken up his parable against her, nor has he in other respects renounced his allegiance to what he in common with Rome regards as the Catholic faith. He is thus exceptionally fitted, as well by his studies as his antecedents, to deal with the history of the Index, without prejudice or passion, and he has shed upon it the "dry light" of an ample knowledge based on minute and laborious research. To attempt anything like a complete examination of the volume already issued, which comprises more than 600 closely-printed pages, would obviously be within our present limits impossible, but we may give our readers some idea of the salient points and main drift of the inquiry, which may lead such of them as are so minded to make further acquaintance with it for themselves. It seems strange that so little information should have been supplied on this subject by writers who, one might have supposed, would find it lie directly in their way. Thus Hallam says very little about it, though he observes that "Rome struck a fatal blow, and perhaps more deadly than she intended, at literature in the Index Expurgatorius of prohibited books." And Ranke barely notices it in his *History of the Popes*, though he handles separately the reigns of each of the four pontiffs who, as will presently appear, had the chief hand in its establishment and organization.

In a brief introduction Dr. Reusch gives us a comprehensive synopsis of the subject matter of this volume. There have been four principal editions of the Roman Index, the first of which was issued under Paul IV. in 1559; the second, often called the "Tridentine Index," because prepared by a Commission appointed at the Council of Trent, was published under Pius V. in 1564; the third was prepared and printed in 1590, under direction of Sixtus V., but never formally published, owing to his death in that year, and its suppression by his successors; the fourth, based largely on that of Sixtus, was published in 1596 by Clement VIII. Of this last there have been some forty editions since, with occasional changes, the principal of which are those of Alexander VII. in 1664, and Benedict XIV. in 1758. But in the few years preceding the issue of the first Roman Index by Paul IV. several local "catalogues" of prohibited books had been put forth, as *e.g.* by the Sorbonne, by the University of Louvain, at Venice, at Milan, and in England under Henry VIII. It may be observed that by the second rule of the Roman Index all writings by heretical (*i.e.* Protestant) authors on religious subjects are *ipso facto* forbidden; but many Protestant works not professedly on religious subjects and many works by Roman Catholic authors have from time to time been placed on the Index. It is Dr. Reusch's object to ascertain the principle on which these prohibitions are based, and the result they have produced; and he notes generally that during the sixteenth century the main object of the Index was to combat the Protestant Reformation, and in the subsequent period, which may be illustrated by the edition of Benedict XIV., to suppress heterodox or suspected teaching within the pale of the Church. The earlier editions include most of the books censured, during the middle ages, before the invention of printing, and the establishment of any regular Index, which followed upon it. For it must be remembered that this method of suppressing views held to be dangerous is not only not of Papal but—as Dr. Reusch might have added—not even of Christian origin. Diocletian made it a special object to burn the Christian Scriptures, and Julian sought to attain the same end by withholding from Christians the means of instruction which might enable them to propagate their belief. The early Councils of the Church condemned heterodox books, after which the Emperor destroyed them. Pope Leo I. himself burnt heretical books, but it is curious that the first instance of a General Council ordering books to be burnt is that of the Third Council of Constantinople in 681, which ordered the Monothelite Letters of Pope Honorius to be burnt. There were various heterodox writings condemned by mediæval Synods and popes, but it is noteworthy that, up to the end of the twelfth century, no restriction was placed on reading vernacular translations of the Bible. In the thirteenth century some French local Synods made regulations on the subject, and in England two centuries later Wycliff's version was forbidden; in Spain from the thirteenth century all translations were forbidden, not by ecclesiastical but royal authority. We may so far anticipate as to add here that in 1530 a proclamation of Henry VIII. forbade the reading of the Bible in English without special license, but in 1536 a copy of Coverdale's translation was ordered by Cromwell, the Vicar-General, to be placed in every church. In France translations of the New Testament and the Psalter appeared under episcopal sanction early in the sixteenth century, and a century later Veron and Billuart declared that everybody was at liberty to read the Bible throughout France, Germany, and Holland, and that many bishops recommended it. Meanwhile the Talmud and other Jewish writings were forbidden in the later middle ages, and in the sixteenth century Hoestrat, a Cologne inquisitor, backed by the Mendicant Order and the University of Paris, wished to destroy all Jewish literature except the Old Testament, which led to a vehement protest from Reuchlin, and stirred up a brisk controversy in Germany.

And now, passing over for want of space many previous local ordinances—academical, episcopal, royal, and parliamentary—on the sale and reading of heterodox books, we may note the organization, by a Bull of Paul III., in 1542, of the Roman Inquisition, as a tribunal independent of the bishops for the suppression of heresy and heretical literature, which was vigorously enforced by himself and his successors. But the first Italian list of prohibited books which can be called an Index was issued in 1545 by the Senate of Lucca, under the influence of the Roman Inquisition. It was not till fifteen years later that Paul IV. published in 1559, during the second suspension of the sittings of the Council of Trent, the first Papal Index, in a Bull which opens with the startling announcement that "many of the regular clergy, who thought they could combat the Lutheran and other heretics of the day by studying their works, have so devoted themselves to this study as to have fallen themselves into the errors of the heretics." And accordingly all previous permissions to read their works were cancelled, except in the case of the Inquisitors General and Cardinals expressly authorized by the Pope. The Index itself is alphabetical and adopts a threefold classification, followed in all later editions, of works avowedly heretical, which are absolutely and *ipso facto* forbidden; works shown by experience to be dangerous, whether for their heterodoxy, or on other grounds, as, *e.g.* books on astrology and the like; and lastly anonymous works, mostly by heretics, containing mischievous doctrines. This Index, as being the first of the kind which had appeared, naturally attracted very general notice throughout Europe, and in many quarters, on account of its contents, excited great surprise. It was remarked, as Spondanus says, that unlike previous edicts on the subject, it prohibited works not dealing with religious questions at all, works by Catholic writers, and works condemned simply because the printers were suspected. The books ordered to be given up to the inquisitors were generally burnt, though this is not expressly enjoined, but even in Rome it was found impossible to carry out the decree in all its strictness. The second Papal Index, issued by Pius IV. in 1564, is in fact a republication, with some omissions and additions, of the first, and is only called the Tridentine Index because—like the Tridentine Catechism—it was drawn up by a Commission appointed for that purpose at the Council, though not issued till after its dissolution. The chief novelty is the condition, appended for the first time to the censure of several books, of "donec corrigatur," or some equivalent formula. Ten rules however are laid down, generally modifications of previous enactments of Paul IV., which still remain in force, where the Index is received. Of these the most important are, that all original works of heresiarchs are absolutely forbidden; that reading of the Bible in the vernacular is forbidden without express license, which may be obtained from bishops, inquisitors, or confessors, and the same rule applies to all vernacular works or controversies of the day between Catholics and Protestants; that all obscene works are absolutely forbidden, an exception being made in favour of the Pagan classics on account of their elegance of style, but they are never to be used (*i.e.* these portions of them, such as Martial's Epigrams, &c.) in the education of youth; that all works on astrology, necromancy, and the like are forbidden. It may be added that since the time of Paul IV. Machiavelli's works have been on the Index, and cannot be read without a special license, and that the only book indexed by Paul IV. with the qualification, afterwards so common, of "donec corrigatur" is Boccaccio's *Decameron*. It was expurgated

* *Der Index der verbotenen Bücher. Ein Beitrag zur Kirchlichen und Literaturgeschichte.* Von Dr. F. Heinrich Reusch, Professor an der Universität zu Bonn. Erster Band. Bonn.

by a Commission at Rome of the passages held offensive to religion, but not of its obscenities. It is further worth noting that the *Consilium de Emendanda Ecclesia*, published by a Commission of Cardinals under Paul IV., and including Contarini, Pole, and Sadolet among its members, was on the Index till 1758, when the qualification was added, "cum notis vel prefationibus hæreticorum," but as there is no edition without those appendages, the prohibition remains in force. We may further observe—what bears out Lord Acton's remark, quoted just now—that since the end of the sixteenth century the number of Roman Catholic works on the Index has been largely multiplied. In 1571 Pius V. established a special Congregation of the Index, consisting of four Cardinals and nine Consultors, and this arrangement was confirmed by Gregory XIII., Sixtus V., and Clement VIII. We must pass over our author's detailed and very interesting report of the strange and disgraceful episode of the persecution of Archbishop Carranza, primate of Spain, for heresy, which however is well worthy of careful study for more reasons than one. It shows plainly how little the most saintly life, an unimpeachable zeal for Catholic orthodoxy, and the distinct recognition of it by Popes and by the Council of Trent, could guarantee the victim of base religious animosities against cruel and lifelong ill treatment.

In 1588 Sixtus V. charged the Congregation of the Index with the preparation of a new edition, which was printed in 1590, but —like his edition of the Vulgate—only just before his death, and was withdrawn, like the Vulgate, in a Brief of Clement VIII. so worded as to conceal the fact that they had actually been completed and ready for publication. The truth is that Sixtus had in both cases gone beyond the recommendations of the Commissions, and had *inter alia* placed Bellarmine's works on the Index, partly from his dislike to the Jesuits, but chiefly from his very exalted notion of the temporal prerogatives of his See, which Bellarmine did not sufficiently uphold. But in substance the Index of Sixtus formed the basis of that of Clement VIII., as it had itself been based on the Index of Paul IV. Sixtus had substituted for the ten Tridentine rules 22 new ones of his own, and many of these were adopted by Clement VIII., who restored the original ten, in the shape of appended *Observationes*. He included in his "first class" twice as many names as Pius IV., and among them were many of quite insignificant writers, and some of zealous Catholics. The fourth and last chief edition of the Index, issued by Clement VIII. in 1596, was prepared under the auspices of Bellarmine, as "Consultor of the Congregation," and—it is needless to add—does not include his own works. Its most distinctive feature is a new instruction to bishops and inquisitors on the treatment of forbidden books. This is the last Papal Index noticed in the present volume. But Dr. Reusch calls attention before concluding to "the Protestant censorship of the sixteenth century," which chiefly differs from the Roman Index in this respect, that from the want of any uniform organization it could not formally denounce the possession or perusal of forbidden books as a mortal sin, or visit it with excommunication. He refers to the censorship exercised—through the instrumentality of Universities, Theological Faculties, Consistories, or Censors specially appointed—by the civil power in Germany, Switzerland, and Holland. He might have added that in England Convocation censured heretical publications and the Star Chamber suppressed them, while under Elizabeth no printing-presses were allowed except in London, Oxford, and Cambridge, and no "Popish books" could be imported from the Continent without the permission of the Council. In conclusion, while fully admitting the potent influence of the Index in restraining the dissemination of heterodox or otherwise objectionable works, Dr. Reusch points out some important deductions which have to be made from any benefit, or supposed benefit, thence accruing to the Church. In the first place, the authority of these restrictions was from the first virtually circumscribed within the limits of those countries under the control of the Inquisition, and was elsewhere very generally ignored. And in the next place, where its influence did extend, we must remember, judging "from a strictly Catholic standpoint," the very serious attendant drawbacks, of which the author enumerates these six. Both the popular reading of the Bible, and the scientific study of Scripture and the Fathers by scholars, was greatly impeded. So also was scientific culture of all kinds, and the study of foreign literature. Pallavicino again allows that the fear of censorship acted as a serious check on Catholic authorship altogether. And lastly the prohibition of perfectly orthodox works, which did not harmonize with the views dominant just then at Rome, tended of course—as was designed—to manipulate the Roman view of things into the *sententia communis*; "a result which those alone will consider beneficial, whose ideal is the identification of unity of faith with regimental uniformity of theological opinion, and who wish to transform the Catholic into the Roman Church." That the gravest evils have actually followed from all these causes—notably, we should be disposed to say, from the second, the fifth, and the sixth—is matter not of opinion but of history, abundantly capable of verification. We shall look with great interest for the appearance of Dr. Reusch's second volume. Meanwhile we may observe that he has adopted a judicious division of the letterpress into large and small print; those who wish only to obtain a general view of the subject may, as a rule—there are some exceptions to it—confine their attention to the portions printed in larger type; for students, who wish to gain a thorough mastery of it, the paragraphs in small print, which usually contain a detailed notice of all the principal works indexed, and the grounds of censuring them, will be invaluable. The amount of careful and conscientious labour represented by such a compilation must be simply enormous. The author is emphatically—to use a phrase of Cardinal Newman's—"a man of facts, as a German should be." In his preface, while recording other obligations, he makes special acknowledgment of the assistance, as well by oral suggestion as in many other ways, received from his "highly revered teacher, Döllinger," and above all for having had placed at his disposal the *Collectanea* which Döllinger had himself prepared for a history of the Index.

ARTISTS' HOMES.*

IT must constantly happen to an architect to have to present to the world as his own conception buildings which are in reality the result of compromise with the taste of obstinate clients. A particular interest therefore attaches itself to designs made by them either for their own habitations or for those of brother artists, with whom it may be presumed that they agree. In the charmingly got-up book before us we have a series of such houses by several of the most prominent living architects, as well as specimens of the work of the late Mr. Burges and the late Mr. Street. The book has been arranged with a view to giving pretty pictures of pretty buildings, but also to be of some practical value. Plans and sections form part of many of the plates, and in some cases the details of the more interesting portions are added. As might be expected, the work represents houses of many styles, a large number of which are grouped along the road recently made celebrated by the residence in it of the late King Cetewayo. Here we have Mr. Burges's magnificent attempt to combine the thirteenth century and the nineteenth century, as well as some very interesting varieties of the Dutch Renaissance. The façade of Mr. Marcus Stone's house, designed by Mr. Norman Shaw, carries us back a little earlier in spirit. The three projecting bays under the three gables, with the heavy cornice running along round the top, has a pleasing flavour of the true Jacobean style. Inside the planning is perhaps too ingenious. Mr. Colin Hunter's house, by Mr. J. J. Stevenson, is most satisfactory, giving a picturesque front which is at the same time both quiet and natural. Sir Frederick Leighton's house, the work of Mr. Aitchison, is heavy outside, and the brick is of a bad colour; internally, however, it is completely redeemed by the cleverly-arranged corridor and Arab Hall, surrounded with Persian tiles of rich colours. The house which Mr. Webb has built for Mr. Prinsep is a good example of how much may be done, even with the simplest materials, by the clever arrangement of masses. The two examples of Mr. Champneys's work, his own house and that of Mr. Holiday, deserve careful study. He has the art of giving pleasing effects by symmetrical grouping, and his use of the Queen Anne style has a very delightful English flavour about it. The set of drawings, however, which will perhaps attract most attention is that of the late Mr. Street's house, one of them being the facsimile of a pencil sketch of his own. These drawings speak for themselves, and fully bear out the great architect's reputation.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

A FATALITY seems to attend the autobiographies of celebrated personages. George Sand and Daniel Stern break off just as the reader begins to really wish them to go on. But no autobiographer has been so unlucky as Heine (1), who, beginning to write his reminiscences at an age when few men have anything to record, keeping autobiography before him as one main purpose of his life, and actually achieving four bulky volumes, ends, if his present editor may be trusted, by bequeathing to posterity the pretty but insignificant fragment now first published, and a single section of his suppressed work, treating mainly of the life of an adversary. The brilliant, if bitterly unjust, disquisition on Börne was, we now learn, an excerpt from Heine's memoirs; and from this the world can form some idea what it has lost in them. We assume that Herr Engel, the editor of the fragment now published, is justified in accepting the positive assertion of M. Zulia, through whose instrumentality it at length sees the light, that it was written to replace a much more important autobiography destroyed by the writer. Against this is to be set the equally positive assertion of Gustav Heine, surviving brother of the poet, that he is himself in possession of the memoirs in question. We must concur with Herr Engel in considering this allegation as of very little weight against the unquestionable fact that Gustav Heine has neither published these documents nor shown them to anybody, and one to be charitably explained by a confusion in his mind between memoirs and correspondence. If he really has the papers, or proofs of their existence, Herr Engel's strictures can hardly fail to evoke them. It is, indeed, true that the whole Heine family seem to have been possessed by a mania for suppressing their illustrious relative. Carl Heine, the cousin, like Sir Timothy Shelley, only allowed the widow a pension on condition that she abstained from biography. Maximilian Heine, another brother, got hold for an hour of

* *Artists' Homes: a Portfolio of Drawings, including the Houses and Studios of several eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.* By Maurice B. Adams, A.R.I.B.A., Architect. London: B. T. Batsford.

(1) *Heinrich Heine's Memoiren und nachgelassene Gedichte, Prosa und Briefe.* Mit Einleitung, herausgegeben von Eduard Engel. Hamburg: Hoffmann und Campe. London: Kolckmann.

the memoirs now printed, and treated them as Jehoiakin treated the roll of Baruch. Hence a *hiatus valde deflendus* near the beginning. The motive seems to have been concealment of the fact that Heine's ancestors were Jews with no pretence to rank or station; and it is perhaps just possible that Gustav Heine may have preferred the keeping up of a fiction which never deceived anybody to the substantial advantages which he would have derived from the publication of his brother's autobiography. The supplementary fragment now published was written in 1854. It treats entirely of the writer's early life, ceasing with his first flirtations with the pretty Josepha, the executioner's daughter, who evidently inspired not a few passages in his works. A basis of reality unquestionably forms the groundwork of this highly poetical idyl, as also of the other more romantic episodes of the memoir, such as the boy's investigations in the old family lumber-room and the note-book of his adventurous great-uncle, who appears to have exercised a great and abiding influence on the youth's imagination. "Many sympathies and antipathies," he says, "many actions even, little in accordance with my customary way of thinking, I explain by referring them to that dreamy time when I was my own great-uncle." There is probably, nevertheless, quite as much *Dichtung* as *Wahrheit* in these reminiscences. To judge by some fragments of the destroyed memoirs accidentally preserved and published here, they agreed substantially with the latter, but are considerably condensed, which may be no disadvantage. The volume is eked out by several other waifs and strays, of no particular value, except the letters from the poet's sick-bed to his friends Mme. Jaubert and Camilla Selden. The latter, the German original being at present unattainable, are retranslated from a French version. Brief as they are, often mere billets of half a dozen lines, they produce all the effect of much more elaborate letters, so charged are they with intense contrasts of feeling, vividly exhibited in a restricted space. They may be compared with Keats's letters to Fanny Brawne, but the general impression, if not less pitiable, is much less tragical.

The late Bishop Gobat (2), "S. Angl. Hierosol.," is remembered principally as a somewhat anomalous member of the episcopacy, condemned, whether by the fault of circumstances or his own, to enact a not particularly dignified figure. His biography, which is partly an autobiography, seasonably reminds us that he was a man of two lives, and that the activity of his earlier life contrasts favourably with the enforced sterility of his latter days. Unlike many others, he gains by being his own historian, for his account of himself proves at least that he was a man of character. The character indeed was not of an extraordinary type, being that of the pious, devoted, intensely narrow and but slightly cultivated missionary who was so common a personage fifty years ago, but whom the culture now required even of missionaries is gradually exterminating. In the middle ages he might have been a saint, for he not only approved himself a zealous missionary, but encountered supernatural enemies like another St. Dunstan, though with weapons less material. Three evil spirits, "whose substance was, as it were, a spider's web," endeavoured to hinder his conversion; and in Paris he had a sharp altercation with the Prince of Darkness himself, who seems to have taken an unhandsome advantage of Gobat's Christian feeling towards him. These hallucinations fortunately wore off before his entry upon active mission work in 1826. The most distinguished part of his life was his Abyssinian mission, from 1829 to 1832, and his second visit to the country, from 1835 to 1837. The purpose of the latter was frustrated by a lingering illness, which at length compelled him to return to Europe. It is impossible to read without sympathy of his hardships and sufferings, and if the immediate results of the mission were not very considerable, it added to our knowledge of the country, and gave a stimulus to the education of Abyssinian and Galla youth. Bishop Gobat's account of himself is always entertaining; the latter part of his life, unfortunately, has fallen into the hands of a biographer whose powers are unequal to the certainly difficult task of enlivening the dull annals of the Jerusalem Bishopric during his episcopate. The monotonous tale is chequered only by divers scandals for which we should be sorry to hold the Bishop responsible, and which are best consigned to oblivion.

The recent considerable accessions to the documentary archives of the Peasants' War in South-West Germany have induced Dr. Hartfelder (3) to write its history as respects Alsace and the adjoining districts, Swabia having been undertaken by another historian. It is a confused story at the best, a general *mêlée* with few actions or personages of exceptional interest, and more important as a symptom of the diseases of the European body politic of the time than for any effect produced in the way of amendment. There was abundance of blood-shedding, but the patient was not relieved. Dr. Hartfelder treats it lucidly and intelligently, and has made the action as easy to follow as the lack of dramatic unity will allow.

The conquest of Hanover has opened the archives of the House of Guelph to Prussia, which seems to have found not a few documents interesting in connexion with her own history. A specimen is afforded by a little publication of Dr. Ernst Borkowsky (4), which establishes that our George II., in his capacity as Elector of Hanover, was anything but amiably disposed towards Frederick the Great at the time of his aggression upon the Empress Queen, that he tried to stir up Russia against Prussia, and would willingly have partitioned a portion of Frederick's kingdom between Hanover and Saxony. The alliance between France and Prussia had probably much to do with George's sentiments, which underwent a remarkable alteration in the Seven Years' War.

Under the title of "The Red International," Dr. Zacher (5) gives an account of the Socialistic agitation now pervading certain strata of society in Europe and America, in so far as it is connected with endeavours to alter existing social arrangements by physical force. The origin of these ideas, both theoretical and practical, is traced to Karl Marx's work on Capital, where not only is private property attacked, but the necessity of force to effect the desired remodelling of society is recognized. Lassalle expected to prevail by moral suasion, but, according to Dr. Zacher, almost all Socialists at the present day anticipate a physical conflict; although there is still a wide distinction to be drawn between men like Bebel, to whom the necessity is unwelcome, and anarchic incendiaries like Most. The chief defect of Dr. Zacher's book is that it is almost entirely restricted to the Socialistic ferment among the artisans, and takes hardly any notice of the schemes for the confiscation of landed property which in England at all events constitute a more immediate danger. It seems certain that the proletariat of the towns alone would be unable to destroy the social fabric in any country; but an alliance with the agricultural labourers would render them very formidable. Dr. Zacher is not very liberal of advice, though he seems to admire both Prince Bismarck's Socialistic and anti-Socialistic legislation. Probably no better suggestion could be given than to copy the legislation of England as respects operatives, and to follow the example of France in giving as many citizens as possible a motive to protect private property in land and investments in the public funds by making them participators in both.

Dr. Menger (6) complains that the historical school of political economists is getting the upper hand in Germany to an extent which menaces the pursuit of the study as an exact science. The historians, who, according to him, ought to be simply the purveyors of material, insist, it seems, on being themselves the builders. It can hardly be otherwise while political economy is so largely dependent for its conclusions upon statistics, and every statistician is a bit of an economist. Towards the conclusion Dr. Menger's protest degenerates into a personal altercation with his critic Schmoller, who has called him a disciple of the Manchester school, which seems to be a term of opprobrium on the Continent.

Dr. John (7) is both an historian and a statistician, but manifests no disposition to encroach on the province of political economy. The accumulation and registration of facts by Governmental authority is an old trait of human society, older than the decree of Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed. Doomsday Book is a conspicuous instance. But the idea of making these returns the basis of statistical science is modern. It seems to be due, above all men, to the Englishman Graunt, about the time of the Restoration, who first discerned the use that might be made of the bills of mortality. Coming, his contemporary, developed some fruitful ideas. Sir William Petty, a great genius, showed to what account statistical observations could be turned. A Dane, Anchoren, first reduced statistics to a tabular form in 1741. Kersseboom, a Dutch financier, pointed out about the same time the constancy of law in statistical returns, if only the accumulation of facts were sufficiently extensive. Süssmilch, a German pastor, thirty years later elaborated this thought, and made it the corner-stone of his theology. The doctrines of Malthus were admirably adapted to encourage the study of statistics; and so the way was cleared for Quetelet, the real founder of the science, whose epoch-making work was published in 1835, a year distinguished by great events in the intellectual order.

The author of *Antinous* and *Clytia* makes a third attempt with an historical novel, this time dealing with the conflict of Goth and Roman, Pagan and Christian, in Germany in the latter half of the third century. If *Jetta* (8) is less interesting than its predecessors, the cause is not any failure of power, but the difficulty of reanimating a barbarous and obscure period. Compared with the pictures in *Hypatia*, "George Taylor's" seemed tame, and if Kingsley's Goths seemed overdone, his are deficient in barbaric thew and sinew. They have too clearly passed through the brain of a highly cultivated scholar of the nineteenth century. At the same time *Jetta* is a work of great merit and interest. It displays the author's approved power of narrative and description; it is full of incident, and the style is admirable. The writer is, however, most successful with the personages least intimately connected with the story, such as the Emperor Valentinian; his own peculiar creations seem somewhat unreal, and even the tragic catastrophe of the sorceress priestess herself, who is devoured by wolves in a forest, leaves us comparatively unaffected.

"Higher Harmony" (9), by E. Juncker, is highly sentimental

(2) *Samuel Gobat: evangelischer Bischof in Jerusalem. Sein Leben und Wirken, meist nach seinen eigenen Aufzeichnungen.* Basel: Spittler. London: Nutt.

(3) *Zur Geschichte des Bauernkriegs in Südwestdeutschland.* Von Dr. Karl Hartfelder. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Nutt.

(4) *Die Englische Friedensvermittlung im Jahre 1745.* Von Dr. E. Borkowsky. Berlin: Bergfold. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Die Rothe Internationale.* Von Dr. Zacher. Berlin: Hertz. London: Trübner & Co.

(6) *Die Irrthümer des Historismus in der Deutschen Nationalökonomie.* Von Dr. C. Menger. Wien: Hölder. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Geschichte der Statistik.* Von Dr. V. John. Th. I. Stuttgart: Enke. London: Kolckmann.

(8) *Jetta: historischer Roman aus der Zeit der Völkerwanderung.* Von George Taylor. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Kolckmann.

(9) *Höhere Harmonie. Erzählung.* Von E. Juncker. Berlin: Jancke. London: Kolckmann.

story, in a style which would be almost intolerable in any language except German, but in that language passes muster by a certain genuineness of feeling and diction which would hardly survive the ordeal of translation. A musical composer and a baroness are continually coming into contact, and continually getting separated by unpropitious occurrences or the conventions of society. At last, when their happiness seems on the point of being secured by a divorce, the lady thinks better of it, and takes poison; the lover accepts the catastrophe with unlooked-for resignation; and all discords are understood to be resolved into "a higher harmony."

"The Pipers of the Dusenbach" (10), a romantic tale, by W. Jensen, is an excellent specimen of its class, being highly interesting as a story, and exceedingly well written. "The House Tutor" (11), by Baldwin Möllhausen, is a fair novel of incident. "The Tax-Gatherer of Klausen" (12), an historical novel, by Johann von Wildenradt, does not rise beyond the ordinary circulating library level; and Karl Frenzel's novelettes (13), though well written, are not very interesting.

Edward von Bauernfeld's novelettes (14), appearing in a little series called "Library for East and West," are, we suppose, not entirely new, but their merit entitles them to special notice. The first, a sketch of Vienna life, is as airy and sparkling as any French story, and is all the better for a good moral. "The Guardian Saints," a mediæval story, makes perhaps too great a demand on the reader's faith, but is still highly entertaining; and "The Last Fairy" is a pretty fanciful tale, not devoid of inner significance. The series of which this volume is a part promises to be distinguished both by merit and cheapness.

Ossip Schubin's novel in the *Rundschau* (15) takes us this month to Rome, and introduces us to a mixed society of all nationalities. Lively and entertaining, and not without passages of pathetic interest, it belongs essentially to that cosmopolitan type of fiction which increased facilities of intercourse tend to create, and which is particularly characteristic of the two nations especially given to travel for pleasure—Russia and America. Salvatore Farina's "Grandfather" is prettily and humorously sentimental in a manner not usual in Italian fiction. "Athens and Eleusis," by Curtius, is an exposition of the patriotic policy of Pericles, founded on a recently discovered decree respecting the Eleusinian priesthood. Being an oration on the Emperor's birthday, a comparison of Pericles to Kaiser Wilhelm was of course inevitable. There are also the first part of an excellent account of Manzoni, and studies on Faust by Professor Scherer, especially relating to the change of plan which the Second Part seems to have undergone since Goethe's original conception of it in 1800.

The most important contribution to *Auf der Höhe* (16) is Dr. Eugene Oswald's valuable sketch of the history of Positivism in England, describing the introduction of Comte's doctrine into this country, its slow propagation, its present condition and prospects, and its principal open advocates and indirect adherents. He very justly characterizes it as "a leaven," not calculated to crystallize into a distinct organization of any account, but sensibly modifying the general consciousness of the community. He does not mention the article by Sir David Brewster in the *Edinburgh Review* for August 1838, nor that by William Smith in *Blackwood's Magazine* for March 1843, which were, we believe, the first serious discussions in this country of Comte's claims as a philosopher. "Miriam," a story of ancient Babylon, is a not unsuccessful attempt to revive the past. "The Trident," by Pedro de Alarcon, is noteworthy for the photographic truth of its descriptions of Spanish life and scenery.

(10) *Die Pfeifer von Dusenbach. Eine romantische Erzählung aus dem Elsass.* Von Wilhelm Jensen. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Kolckmann.

(11) *Der Hausholmeister.* Roman von B. Möllhäusen. 3 Bde. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(12) *Der Zöllner von Klausen.* Von Johann von Wildenradt. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Kolckmann.

(13) *Zwei Novellen.* Von Karl Frenzel. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Kolckmann.

(14) *Novellenkranz.* Von E. von Bauernfeld. Berlin: Engel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 10, Hft. 8. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(16) *Auf der Höhe: internationale Revue.* Herausgegeben von Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. Bd. 11, Hft. 3r. Leipzig: Licht & Meyer. London: Nutt.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE third volume of the late M. Lenormant's book on Magna Græcia (1) gives the reviewer yet another occasion for the too frequently recurring expression of regret at the unfinished state of a promising and important task. In the two previous volumes the author had taken his readers with him from Tarentum southwards round the gulf and as far as Squillace along the "sole of the boot." In the present unfinished one he begins to describe the western or Tyrrhenian side of the Bruttian promontory. But time failed him to complete even the first stage of the double journey in the first volume of his projected second part. The sites with which he here deals are much less interesting as regards the history of Magna Græcia at the time when it earned and deserved its name than those handled in the earlier volumes. Nicastro and Monteleone, Pizzo and Mileto, are names which evoke no memories in the classical student; and those older names with which they or their neighbourhoods are connected, Terina, Temesa, Vibo Valentia, Hipponion, represent interests of but a fourth- or fifth-rate kind. On the other hand, the mediæval and modern associations of the small district here discussed are very great. Nicastro itself was a place of great importance under the Hohenstauffen. At Maida, close to Nicastro, Sir John Stuart broke a fifteen-years' tradition of French victory. All round it raged the furious resistance to French tyranny which Cardinal Ruffo excited, and which, with better guidance, might have anticipated the successes of the Spanish guerrillas. At Pizzo took place the last event of Murat's gallant frivolous life—an event, by the way, in which England participated, not, indeed, very directly, but after a fashion not altogether satisfactory. M. Lenormant, mentioning the facts, makes no comment on them; indeed, both in respect to this matter and to Maida he writes entirely without animus, and throughout the book displays a spirit of national impartiality rare among Frenchmen and not perhaps universal among ourselves. The seedy little town of Monteleone has associations with Agathocles and with Cicero. Mileto was long the head-quarters of Count Roger of Hauteville, and one of the centres of Norman domination in South Italy. Of all these things M. Lenormant writes in a miscellaneous but pleasant fashion, and, with ample learning, joining to his lore his experiences of travel. Fourteen little pigs once bodily played the part of harpies to his party as they picnicked; and at this extremity of Italy M. Lenormant felt an astonishment, which his readers will pretty certainly share, at finding cider, and very good cider, the common drink of the inhabitants. Very clever people, remembering what has been said above about Mileto, will doubtless cry all at once, "The Normans!" and it really appears that for once very clever people will be right.

All readers of Rousseau should turn to the May number of the *Revue suisse* (2). We have been taught to consider "Maman" a lady of somewhat questionable morals indeed, but who had the excuse of a negligent and libertine husband. MM. de Montet and Ritter have ungallantly disinterred from family records the husband's account of the matter, which is decidedly different. M. de Voarrens (as, it seems, we ought to call him; nor was he, still less his divorced wife, long entitled even to this title) gives, in a letter to his brother-in-law, a very long account of the goings on (and goings off) of "ma déserteuse," of "la Savoyarde," as he bitterly calls her. According to this—and it seems to have foundation—she first engaged him in business speculations (Rousseau mentions her mania for "entreprises à diriger"); then involved him in considerable debt, and finally took French leave with a good deal of his personal property. The details are curious enough and not uncharacteristic.

Of three school books which lie before us, M. Barbier's (3) has the most circumscribed and manageable aim. That aim is fairly well attained; but we do not think it wise to open a book with such a statement as that "the French language is merely another name for the Latin language; in other words, it is the Latin language without its inflected terminations." Even young boys are quite sharp enough to reflect that "Homin stab in nemor juxta font" is not the French for "Men stood in a grove by a spring," which it ought to be if M. Barbier's axiom is accepted. M. Delbos's work (4) we like less than some others of his, because the bad plan of giving unnecessary assistance in the notes is here followed. What is the use of telling even the youngest learner that *voit* is from *voir*? That is just what he has got to find out. M. de la Molinière's treatise on Prepositions (5) and Idioms is elaborate and careful, and has an occasional quaintness of phraseology and reflection which is engaging. We still doubt, however, whether anything but extensive speaking or reading of French will really give familiarity with French idiom.

M. André Theuriet's studies of provincial life are always welcome, especially when they deal with children, of whom the author has a very much less conventional idea than the average French novelist. We have seen books of his of more absorbing interest than *Tante Aurélie* (6), but any book from him is a delightful change and refreshment in the present decadence of novel-writing in France.

(1) *La grande Grèce.* Par F. Lenormant. Tome III. Paris: A. Lévy.

(2) *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue suisse.* May 1884. London: Stanford.

(3) *A Book of Rules on the Gender of French Nouns.* By Paul Barbier. Cardiff: Norton.

(4) *Student's French Reader.* By L. Delbos. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *French Prepositions and Idioms.* By G. de la Molinière. Second edition. Paris: Galignani. London: Simpkin & Marshall.

(6) *Tante Aurélie.* Par André Theuriet. Paris: Charpentier.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

COLONEL BRACKENBURY has compiled the first of a series of *Military Biographies* (Chapman & Hall) intended, according to the prospectus, "to be both popular and scientific, combining the narrative of the most romantic and instructive of human lives with a clear examination of the genius of the soldier." In size, print, and even binding, the series is apparently designed to resemble Mr. Morley's "English Men of Letters" as closely as possible. It begins, appropriately enough, with *Frederick the Great:*

and Colonel Brackenbury has done his work by boiling down Mr. Carlyle's volumes with some dexterity. He is extremely chary of acknowledging any debt to his predecessor, except for maps and a detail here and there as to numbers; but it is not the less the fact that there is nothing in Colonel Brackenbury's book, except a few passages of commonplace military and political criticism, which was not already in Mr. Carlyle. Readers who prefer to read Frederick's campaigns in a handy little book and in fair War-Correspondent English may be safely recommended to take Colonel Brackenbury as a guide. Considering the source from which the maps are taken, it is unnecessary to say that they are numerous and excellent.

The *Memoir of Captain P. W. Stephens, R.N.* (Nisbet & Co.), belongs to what is, to our mind, a rather unpleasant kind of book. Captain Stephens was a naval officer who saw some service in the Baltic, in China, and on the coast of Zanzibar, but who has found a biographer in Mr. Heywood because he was a man of sincere, though rather gushing, piety, who took a lively interest in missions and the Temperance movement. The book is consequently full of those religious experiences which, unless they have been felt by an exceptional man, and are told with exceptional literary skill, are apt to look silly and complacent. Now Captain Stephens, though obviously a very worthy man, does not appear to have been in any way remarkable, and Mr. Heywood is nowise distinguished from the rank and file of religious biographers.

Under the title of *The Last Tasmanian Race* (Sampson Low) Mr. Bonwick re-tells the story of the total destruction of the aborigines of Van Diemen's Land by the English settlers. It is by no means creditable to the colonists, who seem to have shown an almost Spanish ferocity towards this unhappy people, but even from Mr. Bonwick's somewhat partial account—he writes throughout in the tone of a member of the Aborigines Protection Society—it is hard to see what could have saved the Tasmanians. If they had not been killed out, they would have been starved out. Mr. John Oldcastle, like Mr. Bonwick, has reduced a larger work to a small compass in his *Guide for Literary Beginners* (Field & Tuer). It gives the youth or maiden who is desperately resolved to rush on the press some useful information and some good advice.

The reading public ought by this time to be well grounded in the history of the University of Edinburgh. We have lately noticed two works on the subject, and now here is a third by Mr. John Harrison. *Our Town's College* (Blackwood & Sons) tells the story of the humble beginnings, early struggles, and honourable career of the Scotch University in a pleasant way. The author has included some sketches of Old Edinburgh, and adds an appendix of historical documents. *Terse Talk on Timely Topics* (Nisbet & Co.), by Mr. Henry Varley, might be fairly though less alliteratively translated by commonplace preachment on odds and ends. The author's aim has been "to stimulate thought, provoke inquiry, and yield interest, enjoyment, and blessing." This praiseworthy intention does not seem to him incompatible with lecturing and threatening members of other religious communions than his own.

The Memoir and Letters of the Princess Alice which had already attracted attention when first published in German are now accessible in English (John Murray). The translation has been executed by the sanction, and it is to be supposed under the inspection, of the Princess's family, and makes a handsome volume.

We have as usual to notice several technical handbooks and school books. Matthew Hale's *System of Bookkeeping for Solicitors* (Stevens & Sons) is designed to supply articled clerks with guidance on a subject in which, according to the author, their instruction has hitherto been deficient. Mr. Ernest Holah's *Double Entry* (Effingham Wilson) is a condensed treatise on the "principle of perfect book-keeping" designed for the use of all who have to practise that mystery. *Cotton-Spinning*, by Mr. R. Marsden (Bell & Sons), is a work on a larger scale. It is one of a series of Technological Handbooks, and gives a history of the cotton manufacture, as well as an account of its processes. The author seems to be full in his details, and the book is profusely illustrated with good designs. *Celestial Motions*, by W. T. Lynn (Edward Stanford) is a school primer intended to give the results of the latest research in the most concise form. Another book of the same class is *A Skeleton Outline of Roman History*, by P. D. Matheson, M.A. (Rivingtons). It is a chronologically arranged list of dates and events. Mr. Elwes's *Portuguese Dictionary* (Crosby Lockwood & Co.) is small, cheap, and handy. It is apparently meant chiefly for those who wish to make use of the language for commercial purposes, and will be useful within its limits.

The popularity of Mr. R. Harris's *Hints on Advocacy* (Stevens & Sons) is proved by the fact that it has reached a seventh edition, which has been "further revised" by the author. The Rev. E. Storrow has "carefully revised and brought down to date" a new edition of the Rev. M. A. Sherring's *History of Protestant Missions in India* (Religious Tract Society). *The Family Guide to Brussels*, by J. R. Scott (Edward Stanford), very well deserves to reach a second edition. It is as soundly done and well written as any book of the kind it has been our fortune to meet. Mention must be made also of Ward & Lock's *Guide to North Wales* (Ward & Lock). It is cheap, fully illustrated, and supplied with maps.

Although the editors of school books must not be encouraged to lay irreverent hands on Sir Walter, a certain reasonable amount of annotating is permissible. Therefore, we can speak well of Miss Yonge's edition of *Quentin Durward*, executed for a series of Classics for Children (Ginn, Heath, & Co., Boston, Mass.). The introductory essay may even be read with profit. Mr. W. Satchell has edited an older form of the *Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an angle*, attributed to Dame Juliana Berners (W. Satchell). We have yet more books to notice on the apparently fascinating subject of Florida. The first is *Florida Fruits and How to Raise Them*, by Helen Harcourt (Ashmead Bros., Jacksonville, Fla.; Trübner & Co., London); the second is *Practical Orange Culture*, by A. M. Manville (Ashmead Bros., Jacksonville, Fla.; Trübner & Co., London); the third, *A Treatise on the Culture of the Orange*, by George W. Davis, M.D. (Ashmead Bros., Jacksonville, Fla.; Trübner & Co., London.)

A two-volume pocket edition of Sheridan and Goldsmith, published by Messrs. Kent & Co., and uniform with the edition of Shakspeare in the same publishers' "Miniature Library of the Poets," deserves high commendation. It is desirable to mention that *Pizarro*, *The Trip to Scarborough*, and *The Camp* are not included.

We have received various instalments of two works on birds, which appear to be coming out in parts. They are, *Fancy Pigeons*, by Lyell, and *Foreign Cage-birds*, by C. W. Gedney (L. Upcott Gill). We can praise the illustrations. *Mrs. Geoffrey*, by the author of *Phyllis*, is published in a two-shilling railway novel form (Smith, Elder, & Co.) For half that sum the purchaser can secure *Excursions into Puzzledom*, by Tom Hood and his sister, Mrs. Broderip (*Fun* Office). We have received some prize cards and book marks, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The cards are a little glaring in colour, though pretty in design, but the book marks are in good taste.

The Honorary Secretary of the Municipal Reform League, Mr. Lloyd, writes to us to say that he has at no time been Secretary to any Radical Clubs, as was stated in the SATURDAY REVIEW *(April 26). We regret that the mistake should have been made.*

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

FRANCE.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW *may be obtained every Saturday of* M. FOTHERINGHAM, *8 Rue Neuve des Capucines, Paris, and 59 Rue d'Antibes, Cannes.*

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Tickets, 21s. each, may be obtained from the Stewards, and from the Secretary at 7 Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

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LONDON LIBRARY, 12 St. James's Square, S.W.—The FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Members will be held in the Reading-Room, on Thursday, May 29, at Three P.M.

Lord HOUGHTON in the Chair.

May 2, 1884. ROBERT HARRISON, *Secretary and Librarian.*

ROYAL HOSPITAL for INCURABLES—The VOTES and INTEREST of the readers of the "Saturday Review," for the Election on the last Friday this month, are earnestly solicited on behalf of Mr. CHARLES BRUCE, who has been deformed and a cripple from his birth. A self-made and self-educated man, he has managed to support himself in very modest circumstances by his pen, and has written between twenty and thirty books, all of a good tendency. His volume of Sea Ballads is as complete as anything of the kind. He finds his physical powers giving way, and his friends are trying to obtain for him the shelter of this admirable Institution. References may be made to, and proxies will be gratefully received by, Mr. BENJAMIN CLARKE, General Editor, Sunday School Union, 56 Old Bailey.

SHEFFIELD FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—The HEADMASTERSHIP of the above School, founded by Letters Patent of King James I., will become VACANT at the end of the current Term. Candidates must possess the degree of M.A. or B.A. The stipend from the endowment, on an average of the last seven years, has been rather more than £700 per annum. The usual number of boys in the School is about 100, and the Foundationers are at present restricted to thirty. Applications (with Testimonials) must be sent in under cover addressed to the undersigned (from whom any further information may be obtained) not later than June 10, and the election is intended to take place early in July.

JOHN J. WHEAT, *Solicitor,*
8 Paradise Square, Sheffield,
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Further particulars may be obtained from

GEO. H. MORLEY, *Secretary.*

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—The PROFESSORSHIP of APPLIED MATHEMATICS will be VACANT at the end of the Session. Until the Council shall otherwise direct, £300 a year will be allotted to the Professorship in addition to the Professor's share of fees.

Applications will be received on or before May 27 at the College, where information may be obtained.

TALFOURD ELY, M.A., *Secretary.*

CLIFTON COLLEGE CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS.—Nine or more open to Competition at Midsummer next, value from £35 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £80 a year in cases of scholars who require it. Further particulars from the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY, the College, Clifton, Bristol.

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RADLEY COLLEGE.—ELECTION to SIX SCHOLARSHIPS, four of £40, one of £30, one of £20, on June 26. For Boys under Fourteen on January 1, 1885.—For further particulars, apply to THE REV. THE WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

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IRELAND AND THE FRANCHISE.

MR. BRODRICK'S minority is beyond all question more honourable and perhaps in reality less disastrous than Mr. CHAPLIN's retreat. But there can be no possible temptation for a reasonable politician to emulate the practices of the present Ministry and their supporters, and to pretend that the division of Tuesday is a thing to be rejoiced over. All political experience and an immense preponderance of political argument are on the side of the minority; but it is not creditable to the Conservative party that that minority was not larger. The actual deserters are few, and the only person of any importance among them shall be dealt with presently. But the abstainers are many; they include individual members from whom better things might have been expected, and their number shows that the estimate made last week of the misconceptions prevailing on the question was far from erroneous. A patriotic prophet would rather that his estimate had been falsified. Of the causes of the blunder enough has been said already, and it is scarcely necessary to touch very hardly on the maro's-nest of a Conservative-Irish conspiracy which has been discovered by Ministerialists smarting under the defeat of Tuesday week. By averting the attention from all the solid argument on the other side (some Ministerial newspapers, by an unfortunate coincidence which no doubt they regret, have accidentally made this easier by printing Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL at length and omitting Lord CLAUD HAMILTON altogether), it is possible to represent the action of a few irregulars as characteristic of the party. But even those who are least satisfied with the generalship displayed on this occasion by the defenders of the Constitution may acknowledge that *fainéantise*, unwillingness to fight a losing battle, and failure to apprehend the question at issue, have much more to do with the matter than the deliberate acceptance of a false and mischievous theory of politics.

There is no blame due to those Radicals who, without suppressing the opinions on the other side, attach importance to the speech of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL; it is not so easy to say that there is no blame due to *soi-disant* organs of the Conservative party which affect to attach it. It is not every one to whom it is given to comprehend the positive as well as the relative weight of forces in politics, and it is perfectly fair partisan warfare to lay stress on the admissions of an opponent. But some considerations of a tolerably obvious kind might, if duly weighed, moderate the rejoicings of Radicals and the alarms of half-hearted Tories over the speech of the member for Woodstock. In the first place, they appear to take him for a serious political thinker, which can scarcely be the character in which he presents himself to his own party, and which certainly is not that which impartial observers assign to him. In the second place, they forget the immense difference between the conduct appropriate to a partisan pure and simple, such as Lord RANDOLPH is at present, in Opposition and in power. Tory democracy is perhaps a useful battle-cry in Opposition; on that point it is not necessary to pronounce any opinion. But, independently of the fact that no one has yet succeeded in discovering what it means, there is another very simple fact which makes it pretty certain that so clever a man as Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL will have the good sense to drop Tory democracy when he reaches Downing Street. The word may, in itself, have all the blessedness of the kindred term Mesopotamia. But it is quite certain that at least a large section of the Tory party will have nothing to do with the democracy, and that nearly the whole Liberal party will have nothing to do with the Toryism. This being so, it seems a little doubtful that any Tory democratic Ministry could rally a working majority, or even a working minority, of Parliament or of the nation to support it in power. What cannot be maintained in power may often be very useful out of power, as all parties, and the Radical party especially, have found before now. These simple considerations, which any one is welcome to call cynical if he likes, may dispense us from following Lord RANDOLPH through the interesting account of his conversion "with the deepest possible regret." "Eh! pas si bête" is the generous comment which every liberal-minded reader will pass upon Lord RANDOLPH's review of the state of Ireland (where there are only two or three murders, abductions, and so forth, a day), and upon his remarks about "the generous seed of conciliation," about the "law-abiding character of the population of the "West Coast," about "the baneful influence of a too-"powerful monarchy," and about "an antiquated past." It was not at all badly done, and perhaps it is as well that this sort of thing, which seems to go down with the present constituencies, should not be left entirely to the other side. "Why should the devil have all the most taking tunes?" is obviously Lord RANDOLPH's contention. It is not necessary to echo the argument; it is still less necessary to echo the tunes. But if anybody finds it in his conscience to play these tunes with good intentions, one may admire the elasticity of the said conscience without insulting his taste by supposing that he thinks the tunes good ones. There seems to be an uncomfortable impression in the Radical ranks that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is at once fool enough to believe the arguments he uses and rogue enough to use them as if he believed them when he does not. It cannot be too strongly urged that this is not only unfair, but impossible.

The considerable body of absentees of the Conservative side is, however, not to be fully accounted for, either by the small number of Lord RANDOLPH's followers or by the larger number of those who misapprehend the real importance of the Irish franchise question, or by the number, it is to be feared not small, who simply think the extension inevitable, and wish to "take it lying down." Not a few, it is probable, have been influenced by the somewhat mischievous and certainly premature publication of a cut-and-dried abstract of the supposed intentions of the House of Lords. The House of Lords, unfortunately, is not omnipotent, and even omnipotence, it is understood, desires, if it does not require, some co-operation on the part of the less powerful beings whom it is expected to succour. If the Conservative party in the Commons does not fight the Bill with somewhat more vigour than it has hitherto shown, it can scarcely expect the Upper House to come to its assistance. It may be added that the incident of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's defection, whatever its importance, would pretty certainly not have happened if the collapse of Mr. CHAPLIN's amendment and the general weak-kneedness of the Opposition had not pointed the way to a method of acquiring popularity which could do no harm and might do (as Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL counts good) good. Some bad men will draw the moral that [illegible] be very hard for the student of representa[illegible] tutions to find a sorrier example of a Parlia[illegible] the present. Dr. JOHNSON would probably [illegible] scribed it, when he was in his more pointe[illegible]

"minority of cowards." This, of course, would have been wholly unmannerly and partially inexact. But the conduct of the majority in reference to the Egyptian policy of the Government, and the conduct of the minority in reference to the Franchise Bill, might certainly seem to an atrabilious person to justify the description to some extent. It is sometimes said that both sides are inwardly convinced of the necessity of reform. If it be so, they have kept the conviction to themselves as far as argumentative expression of their views is concerned. But an enemy might say that, if it exists, it must be prompted by the more intrinsic and profound conviction that there could hardly be a worse Parliament than the present under any system of election. This, again, is hasty, and but too capable of being disproved by future history. It has, however, on its side the history of the past in more ways than one. Elected, as far as the majority is concerned, in a purely irrational fit of excitement against or in favour of persons, as far as the minority goes, the result of an unparalleled absence of foresight and failure to estimate the facts of the situation, the present Parliament has, so far, signally falsified the adage that a bad beginning makes a good ending. It has seen during its course the dominion of England curtailed; the remains of that dominion threatened at points where they have never been threatened before; an unexampled opportunity unimproved, and almost, if not quite, thrown away; the most disastrous military operations which have taken place for a generation; the greatest fall, after a sudden rise, of English influence abroad that has been known since the early days of GEORGE III.; the reappearance, after a hundred years and more, of the only European nation that can seriously threaten English colonial trade as a trading and colonizing rival. But it has one redeeming point. It is quite ready to extend the experiment of Ninety-three and to forget the sequel of Ninety-eight.

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SINCE Mr. CHAMBERLAIN began to bespeak the applause of a languid gallery by doubling the parts of President of the Board of Trade and sentimental agitator, he has done some remarkable feats, but on Monday night he surpassed himself. He introduced his castrated Merchant Shipping Bill in a speech so verbose as to excel the wordiest efforts of Mr. GLADSTONE, and contrived to convey a tolerably general impression that he wished to see it make shipwreck. In these days, when Mr. GEORGE is called a stylist and Canon FARRAR counted eloquent, it is enough to pour out a torrent of words, plentifully mingled with statistics, to convince a judicious world of your ability, and accordingly Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech has been duly called able. On the supposition that his object was to secure the rejection of the Bill, the praise was deserved. If that was not his intention, then he delivered a mercilessly wordy harangue, in which everything essential to the real nature of his laboriously prepared measure was lost under a mass of more or less irrelevant detail. At least two-thirds of the three and a half or four hours taken up by him were devoted to repetitions of the same evidence in support of the same proposition. It is by this time pretty familiar, and moreover it has never been denied. We all agree with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that lives are lost at sea through the fault of some shipowners, and that this is a state of things which calls loudly for remedy. The PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE imposed upon himself the necessity of such an unconscionable shower of words by his choice of a method of demonstration.

It is a method familiar as his glove to the disputant who wishes to hedge in the employment of abuse. You begin with a tepid saving clause to the effect that you do not blame everybody, and then you scold at large for pages. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN showed the House of Commons on Monday for two hours and upwards how well he could play this sorry hack's trick. He acknowledged that most shipowners are honest men, and then in a thousand times as many words proceeded to try to prove the contrary. This was quite in keeping with his practice all along, and so was his peroration. After the fashion of the remarkable Cabinet he ornaments, he ended by declaring that if the Bill was opposed it would be lost, and then the responsibility would rest on his opponents. Taking advantage of the Ministerial wrong, according to the uniform practice of his colleagues, he insisted on the advanced period of the Session and the press of business as a reason why the House should consent to hurry on the Bill, as if anybody but himself was to blame for the muddle which has delayed it hitherto. Then the Wrath of the People was brought in of course. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN might have learnt by this time that it is not given to everybody to play the part of Mr. PLIMSOLL with success. That earnest and manifestly disinterested enthusiast was helped in his weakness by a variety of advantages which are wanting to the distinguished business man who sits for Birmingham. Mr. PLIMSOLL, for one thing, did not take the subject up just when he was in want of a good big measure to carry next Session, neither did he go on making concessions which were so many confessions that he had bungled in his facts and exaggerated his inferences.

For those of us who are more concerned to see sailors properly protected than to find a good text for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S next campaign on the stump, the conduct of this Bill is a matter for unmixed regret. In its present amended form it is a fairly acceptable measure. As it was first drafted, it would have burdened the whole shipping trade in order to punish a minority of dishonest owners. The insurance clauses were so drawn that the most honourable men would have been heavily fined for losses caused by no fault of theirs. As it now stands, only the reckless shipowner need suffer, and the machinery for punishing him is made efficient. Any underwriter who holds fifty per cent. of the insurance can set the law in motion if he has reason to think that the vessel lost was insured greatly in excess of her value. There is one feature of this provision which is far from pleasant. The underwriter is also a party to over-insuring a vessel; and there is something by no means favourable to commercial honesty in allowing him to escape from liabilities contracted with his eyes open. It might possibly be found that this would have some effect in rendering the Bill inoperative; for underwriters might shrink from the odium of committing what has an ugly moral resemblance to a fraud. But business men who do not scruple to speculate in doubtful transactions may be trusted not to allow fine feelings to interfere with their pockets, and in commercial affairs it is no new thing to provide for morality of a kind by making the interest of thieves incompatible, so that they may be encouraged to catch one another. Even if the strong probability that the Bill will never become an Act did not make criticism rather futile, it would be impossible at this stage to notice its details; but it may be generally said that the insurance clauses are now reduced to a reasonable form. They all provide that it shall be in the power of the underwriter to refuse to pay dishonest over insurance, which again will make it the interest of the shipowner not to over-insure. It may be doubted whether this would reduce the amount of loss of life at sea as much as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN professes to expect. Navigation is always dangerous in proportion to the daring and enterprise of seamen, and it is the possession of those qualities which have brought our merchant marine to its present position. When Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said that the Germans came next to ourselves in the proportion of lives lost at sea, he unwittingly made another important concession to the shipowners. He overlooked the fact that of late years German seamen and shipowners have been very enterprising and, consequently, prosperous. Timid sailors naturally escape dangers incurred by braver men. By stopping scandalous over-insurance, however, we can prevent the loss of life through mere rascality, and that is a distinct gain. Though it is far from easy to define what is meant by undermanning, it is a good thing to make it a part of unseaworthiness. This provision also would put the interests of shipowners on the safe side. Now that an amendment protecting owners against liability for the consequences of errors in seamanship on the part of their officers has been introduced into the Bill, it seems reasonable enough to bring them under the provisions of the Employers' Liability Act. It is perfectly right that an owner who knowingly employs a master capable of running improper risks for profit, or who meanly sends a vessel to sea with worn-out spars and bad cordage, should be made to smart for the injury they may cause his unlucky sailors. The more the Bill in its present form is considered, the more wonderful does it appear that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN still thinks proper to compromise his chance of carrying it by keeping up the hectoring tone he was ill-advised enough to assume when it was first prepared.

Whether his voluntary or involuntary error is to result in the loss of the measure for this Session will of course partly depend on the shipowners. It is highly ridiculous

to throw the whole responsibility for its fate on them. The House of Commons is not entirely at the mercy of a single interest; and it is time that Ministers should be stopped in their familiar manœuvre of shifting the blame for their own bad management on to the shoulders of the Opposition. If, however, the shipowners take the course they threaten to adopt, they will assuredly and justly be held to have done their best to secure the measure from charges of vanity or selfishness. They may object to let the Bill, which is essentially one of principle, go before a Grand Committee, and in that they will probably have the support of the Conservative Opposition. To insist on a Select Committee is quite another thing. It is natural that, like the rest of the world, they should think their particular business a mystery unintelligible to the common run of humanity. As a matter of fact, however, the question is simple enough, and if the House of Commons is not competent to deal with it, neither is it fit to help to legislate for the country at all. Besides, to insist on referring the Bill to a Select Committee looks very like advancing the pretension to be judges in their own cause. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has no doubt been irritatingly abusive, and it is only human nature that they should wish to punish him. They would, however, be wise to remember a certain vulgar adage touching the folly of cutting off one's nose to punish one's face. In the present case, too, it would be somebody else's face. There are few more absurd spectacles in this world than a body of business men in a fury because they think their pockets in danger. When the danger, real or imaginary, is caused by some measure intended to protect human life, this fury is apt to become odious. Now that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has done practical penance by modifying his Bill in the proper direction, the shipowners will be very unwise if they allow their anger at his propensity to bluster to mislead them into assuming this undesirable position, and taking up the defence of the black sheep among them.

EGYPT.

THE course of events in the interior of Egypt and on the Red Sea coast has not condescended to the convenience of Mr. GLADSTONE. The wave of disaffection has now come to the very verge of the ordinary tourist country, and it is perhaps for this reason that the weighty step of sending fifty sailors to patrol a certain portion of the Nile has been taken. As to Khartoum, all is still silence. At Souakim things have gone back to much the same state as that in which they were before Mr. GLADSTONE, under pressure of a threatened vote of censure, sent General GRAHAM to kill many thousand Arabs, lose several hundred Englishmen, fight two desperate battles, return unthanked, and secure absolutely nothing by his expedition. As before, the rebels loot in the neighbourhood of the town; as before, they fire into it by night; as before, the guns of the ships save it from serious danger. No serious danger ever threatened Souakim that the shells and shot of a couple of English ships could not ward off with a few hundred marines to prevent a *coup de main*. No interest in the neighbourhood of Souakim called for a land expedition, except the saving of the garrisons who were abandoned, and the securing of the road to Khartoum, which has not been attempted. On the Nile the destruction draws near terribly, as a famous German ballad has it, and the brave man of that ballad has certainly not manifested himself at least in Downing Street. There are at Assouan or Wady Halfa, or thereabouts, some Egyptians with Remingtons. There were several Egyptians with Remingtons under HICKS and under MONCRIEFF and under BAKER. But it is no doubt fair to add Captain BEDFORD and his fifty sailors, the contribution of England to the defence of Egypt.

But the supporters of the Government have a triumphant reply to any such observations as this. An expedition is really going to Khartoum in two or three months, and its going is absolutely unconnected with the Vote of Censure. The credibility or the credulity (words which Mr. FIRTH, M.P., may be surprised to hear are not synonymous) of any man who asserts the latter part of this proposition is sufficiently indicated by the fact of his assertion, and needs no laborious investigation or description. It is more interesting to consider the mental attitude of persons who think that, supposing the assertion to be true, it betters in any way the case of the Government. Mr. GLADSTONE's fault is not merely that he refuses to announce the despatch of an expedition now—an announcement which even yet would probably at once arrest the wave above spoken of—but that he did not send it weeks and months ago. It is almost degrading to have to repeat and enforce such elementary truths, to have to meet the excuses of those who say that the sun is hot in June when they are charged with not sending an expedition in February or in November, the quibbles of those who say that it is dangerous to indicate routes and details, when the routes are marked out beforehand, and the details admit of scarcely any choice, and when (above all) no one insists that routes and details should be stated. The foolish clamour against Mr. FORSTER for not accepting Mr. GLADSTONE's word ignores the fact that Mr. GLADSTONE has always steadily refused to pass that word, whatever its value may be. But it is scarcely necessary to waste time upon advocates who have formally and solemnly contradicted themselves. After boasting that action would be immediately taken in the Soudan, and that this action is entirely independent of the Vote of Censure, the Ministerial apologists announce themselves authorized to state that no action has been decided on which goes beyond the declarations on the Government side in the Vote of Censure debate. As those declarations were, if not inconsistent with any action, consistent with no action at all, the announcement is almost equivalent to the announcement that the Government will do nothing. It is curious that it has been made immediately after the recording of a great majority for the Government on the Franchise Bill—a majority which may possibly have seemed to Mr. GLADSTONE to wipe out the memory of his recent disaster. But, in fact, no reasonable man trusts these irresponsible announcements. Having by wilful delay brought matters to such a point that immediate action is hardly possible, the Government no doubt hope to obtain the benefit of two or three months' respite. They will make copious inquiries and languid preparations to keep the majority of their followers in good humour; they will do nothing decided; and will inspire occasional contradictions of decisive actions, to appease those about Mr. JOHN MORLEY and Sir WILFRID LAWSON. By this means, and by devout thumbing of their favourite chapter of accidents, they hope to evade the difficulty somehow. It is needless to say that they cannot evade it except by the help of the said chapter, and that even then they can by no possibility evade it completely. But all they really hope for is to be able to tire down the interest of the country about Egypt, to postpone decisive action till Parliament is up, and then to be left free to do what they please. With intentions so obvious, announcements of intentions become unimportant. The probable course of conduct, subject to some new manifestation of the will of the country and to some new disaster in Egypt of a kind that cannot be trifled with, may be prophesied without much difficulty or danger.

A question of even greater import to the interests, though of less to the honour, of the country—the question of the Conference—remains in a state of equal darkness as far as positive information is concerned, of greater as far as concerns the possibility of forming a judgment independently of positive information. Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE, the latter with a display of temper very unusual in him, have again and again refused to give the simple pledge which would set all disquiet at rest, and assure Parliament that the Government will have nothing to do with any extension of the programme of the present Conference, or with any "new Conference," as Mr. GLADSTONE characteristically terms it on another programme. Even in Mr. GLADSTONE's latest utterances, which were apparently meant to be encouraging, there is no positive assurance. More encouraging interpretations of these and other words have indeed been put forward; but these interpretations are absolutely without warrant in the words themselves. On the other hand, the communications with France, which Mr. GLADSTONE originally thought to be of such a simple nature that he was not sure whether they were not concluded when he first announced them, have lasted the best part of a month, and are not over yet. An infinite number of interpretations may of course be put on this fact; but there is one interpretation which cannot be put, and that is that the communications have been plain sailing through smooth water. There must have been some thing or things which France wanted and England was unwilling to grant, some thing or things which England wanted and France was unwilling to grant. No one is likely to entertain much doubt as to what these some things are. And, unfortunately, the former occasions on which

Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE have been in critical diplomatic relations with one or other of the Great Powers have not had a history which is very encouraging. There is, indeed, little doubt that even Mr. GLADSTONE would hardly dare to make complete jettison of Egypt in order to pursue his voyage unhindered to the happy isles of universal suffrage and unlimited democracy. But it may be by no means impossible, by yielding a little here and a little there, by giving this Power a foothold and that a hand-purchase of the country on the Nile, to surrender without any single glaring act of renunciation all the advantages which fortune and French blundering at a critical moment and English blood and treasure lavished freely, if not wisely, have secured for England. Mr. GLADSTONE has indeed remarked, in his noble-sentiment vein, "that, subject to the require-"ments of right and justice, English interests ought to be "paramount with an English Ministry, not only in Egypt, "but all over the world." The sentiment is no doubt noble, but it is encumbered with over many provisos to be entirely reassuring. There is much vice as well as virtue in your "ought to be," a vice which prevents it from being anything like equivalent to "is." There has been too ample experience of the construction, at once curious and large, which Mr. GLADSTONE is wont to place on the terms right and justice, and the extension of the duty from Egypt to the whole world, though unexceptionable in principle, seems somehow to have a weakening effect in practice. In the case of English interests, as in the case of General GORDON, the most generous recognition of responsibility in general might turn out to be compatible with fatal neglect in particular.

MR. FORSTER AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

MR. FORSTER'S relations to his party have for several years been peculiar. Several eminent Liberals have during that time more or less completely detached themselves from the democratic movement, though none of them have thus far coalesced with their opponents. The Duke of ARGYLL has been alienated from his colleagues by their interference with the rights of property; Mr. GOSCHEN refuses to concur in the transfer of political power to the numerical majority of the population. Distrust of the foreign policy of the Government would perhaps have caused a further secession, if it had not been almost universally entertained. Zealous partisans persuade themselves that Mr. GLADSTONE himself will at last abandon a course of timid imprudence which could have been suggested by no less ingeniously perverse an intellect than his own. Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. FORSTER expressed in their vigorous denunciation of Ministerial policy opinions which were shared by a large majority of the House of Commons, and perhaps by some members of the Cabinet. Their advocacy of sound doctrines was explained, not by superior clearness of judgment, but by the accident of their independent position. If they had not on other grounds already in some degree separated themselves from their party, they might perhaps have silently acquiesced in the fantastic blunders and miscarriages which have been perpetrated in Egypt. Foreign affairs have for the most part only a casual and artificial connexion with political differences of opinion. Mr. GOSCHEN has declined office in the present Cabinet on more relevant grounds than his disapproval of Mr. GLADSTONE's foreign policy. He is, in fact, though not a hereditary Whig, the ablest and most consistent representative of the party which once bore that respectable title. With the revolutionary caprices of the present Liberal leaders he would in no case sympathize.

Mr. FORSTER, on the other hand, is, as he has been from his youth, an earnest believer in the central democratic dogma. No politician has more consistently promoted every extension of the franchise, nor is it certain that he would shrink from the dangerous experiment of universal suffrage. It has been his fortune to introduce and carry the measure which has more than any other cause deprived rank, property, and intelligence of legitimate influence. The consequences of the Ballot, and of a uniform and equal franchise, will perhaps hereafter disappoint him; yet Mr. FORSTER lately made a speech in defence of the wild project of adding some hundreds of thousands of disaffected Irish peasants to a constituency which is already unmanageable. By one of the anomalies on which POPE or MACAULAY might have fastened as illustrations of human inconsistency, Mr. FORSTER combines with his faith in the sovereign and irresponsible multitude a genuine devotion to the public interest and to the just rights of all classes of the community. He has consequently incurred at almost every stage in his career the bitter animosity of Radical partisans. His first prominent offence against the faction consisted in the clauses of the Education Act of 1870 which protected the rights of the Church of England. The political Nonconformists resented the recognition of the fact that the Church had organized an educational system of its own before Parliament had dealt with the subject. Mr. FORSTER's resistance to sectarian intolerance was violently denounced; and his present colleague in the representation of Bradford took a principal part in the attempt to deprive him of his seat; but the moderate Liberals and the Conservatives had for once the good sense to co-operate in the return of an able and honest member; and Mr. FORSTER in 1874 came in at the head of the poll.

A year or two afterwards, on Mr. GLADSTONE's temporary retirement, Mr. FORSTER was proposed as a competitor with Lord HARTINGTON for the office of Liberal leader in the House of Commons. There was no discredit in the defeat which followed; and, indeed, the nomination as a candidate for such a post was an unusual honour. The Liberal party in the House of Commons is a constituency of greater competence than the Bradford electors; but some at least of Lord HARTINGTON's supporters distrusted Mr. FORSTER's independence, though the choice which was made might be justified on other grounds. The next offence which Mr. FORSTER gave to the extreme members of his party was his conduct of Irish administration. It was natural that he should be furiously assailed by Irish agitators within and without the House of Commons, and that their more practical allies should form plots against his life which only failed through an improbable combination of circumstances. A more unexpected embarrassment arose from the unfriendliness of the Radical section in the House of Commons, and from the ostentatious coldness of some of his colleagues. The unpopularity which had been incurred by conscientious discharge of invidious duties was imputed to Mr. FORSTER as a fault; and his post became untenable when, after refusing the Irish Government the necessary powers for the suppression of outrage, Mr. GLADSTONE concluded with Mr. PARNELL the deliberate bargain which is known to all the world, except the Minister himself, as the Kilmainham Treaty. The disastrous results which must otherwise have followed from the compact were afterwards averted in consequence of the Phœnix Park murders; but Mr. FORSTER had previously been forced to resign. He has since resumed the right of expressing his strong convictions on more than one of the untoward transactions of the Government. His speeches on the Transvaal Convention and on the Egyptian crisis must have been extremely unpalatable to the Ministers, and, as might be expected, the local Caucus of the town which he represents deeply resents his independence.

The Bradford Four Hundred censures Mr. FORSTER's independent action with a decision which might have been anticipated, and with a unanimity which throws light on the organization of the Caucus. It ought to be always remembered that, although the primary Assemblies are open to all townsmen who choose to call themselves Liberals, the Council or Committee which exclusively administers the affairs of the Association represents only the Radical majority. It is scarcely credible that there should not be a single Liberal politician in Bradford who agrees with Mr. FORSTER's judgment of the Egyptian policy of the Government; yet it is evident that the governing Four Hundred consists, without exception, of extreme and pledged partisans. The majority in the primary Assembly may perhaps not be a majority of the population of Bradford, for if the minority of Liberals were added to the strong Conservative party in the town, the unanimous Four Hundred might perhaps be opposed to the prevailing opinion. In almost all cases unanimity is incompatible with independent judgment. A writer who describes himself as a Bradford Liberal has explained the manner in which the ruling Caucus is elected in that town, and probably elsewhere. Mere handfuls of partisans assemble to accept the lists prepared by the local wire-pullers, who may perhaps not even represent the opinions of the party. The Bradford vote of censure was of course passed by the managers, and imposed on the Association. The members may perhaps have really agreed in the desire to maintain their usurped right of supervision over Mr. FORSTER's public conduct. It may be hoped that the Opposition will adhere to their published protest against the interference of their own local

or federated Associations with political issues. There were many objections to the Caucus even as a form of electoral machinery; but it was not till the managers began to call members of Parliament to account that the mischievous tendencies of the system were fully disclosed.

The professed moderation of the Bradford Caucus in not sentencing Mr. FORSTER to the loss of his seat shows the salutary effect of former experience. There can be no doubt that contumacious independence would have been summarily punished if it had been certain that a vote of condemnation would be effectual. The local demagogues may perhaps have ascertained that some Liberal electors inclined to Mr. FORSTER's part; and they know that, as in 1874, the Conservatives could turn the scale. They can certainly cherish no hope that either on the question of Egypt or on future occasions will Mr. FORSTER submit to their dictation. His well-known earnestness on the popular side in the matter of the suffrage may serve as an ostensible excuse for abstinence from severer measures; but when the allies and predecessors of the Bradford Caucus formerly attempted to defeat Mr. FORSTER's candidature, they knew as well as the present Four Hundred can know that he was in domestic politics an earnest Radical. The resolutions of the Four Hundred mean that Mr. FORSTER's re-election will be opposed, if it is not found safer to tolerate his occasional defection. It would be interesting to learn whether in Bradford, as in other large towns, the Irish exercise any influence in the election of the Caucus. Mr. FORSTER's efforts to suppress rebellion and murder have not been forgotten or forgiven. He not long since informed a turbulent audience that he was determined that they should hear him in England, as they had not succeeded in putting him to death in Ireland. It is difficult to forecast Mr. FORSTER's future career; but in the majority of cases partial secession tends to become more complete. His first speech against the Government was followed by a vote in its favour, the last by abstention. It is much to be regretted that, in a studiously deferential and unnecessarily apologetic letter, Mr. FORSTER should seem to admit the right of the Caucus to call him to account for his speech or his vote. A body which, as he proves, neither knows nor cares anything about questions of foreign policy, has no moral or constitutional right to supersede the independent judgment of members of Parliament.

THE PARKS.

THE decision of the Committee on the scheme for ruining the Parks has been received with great satisfaction by Londoners and others. The opponents of the Bill had a case not easily answered, and it had but little chance of passing. But the Committee by nipping it in the bud have saved a great deal of time for the House of Commons, and a great deal of anxiety for the general public. Mr. MITFORD will perhaps be more cautious in future, and meddle less with the perilous amusement of amateur engineering. No one who heard the evidence could doubt as to the way in which the verdict ought to go; but it was impossible to feel sure that a Committee selected in the present House of Commons would decide in accordance with reason against official pressure. As it is, rumour asserts that only seven of the nine members of Colonel STANLEY's Committee voted, and that the majority against the Bill was only one. This fact, if it be a fact, should warn those whom it most concerns that it will not be safe to stop the agitation against the scheme. It may be brought forward again next Session, but we may trust that before another Session arrives some other things will have changed. A special report is to be issued, in which, it is said, the reason for rejecting the proposal will refer to the unsatisfactory character of the junctions, and not to the injury to be done to the Parks. This is improbable; but, if it be the case, no doubt the promoters of the scheme will bring it forward again with as little delay as possible. The example of the blow-holes at Westminster and on the Embankment should be a warning to our legislators. The blow-holes at the Marble Arch, at Albert Gate, and at Westminster were to be eighty feet high—towers, in fact, like that familiar chimney which disfigures the summit of Campden Hill.

The Italians have a proverb very applicable to the case—"The scalded dog dreads cold water." If we admit in principle that railways are to be made under the Parks, we must also admit that people who travel by them are to be allowed a reasonable amount of air. The great fan invention does not, from all accounts, promise very well; and few uncertain things can be more certain than that, if this Bill ever passes, we shall see ventilators in the Parks. If we may use another canine simile regarding the Bill, it will apply to the side of the promoters. Their one bold stroke was in denying by the help of numbers, which, it turned out too late, were of very questionable authenticity, that local feeling was against the Bill. This was distinctly clever, as without such an assertion few could have conceived the idea. There was perhaps less local feeling than there should have been, or, rather, its manifestation was impossible until the line of the promoters was understood, and then there was no opening for it. But even if we agree, which we do not, that there was little local feeling, how does it happen that what there was showed itself wholly against the Bill? We can easily imagine that this local feeling would have been incomparably stronger had there been the faintest opposition; but there was none. The promoters could not call in the opinion of a single local advocate of their scheme. The people whom it is so greatly to benefit turn their backs on it. But, as the case proceeded, it became an illustration of the saying, "Dog eats dog." First, the CHIEF COMMISSIONER of WORKS combines with Sir EDWARD WATKIN to sell the Parks for the benefit of the intended public offices. The pretence made on one side and accepted on the other was, of course, that the railway underground would be a quiet underground kind of thing, making little disturbance, with only two lines of rail, no blow-holes, and so on—nothing to be seen or heard. Thus Dog Number One fed himself. Then came the turn of Dog Number Two. Sir EDWARD WATKIN finances his Park line by bringing in a branch from the Great Western—which means an infinite amount of noise and earthquake, four lines of rail, and absolutely indispensable blow-holes; while at Westminster such a station would be necessary as would make the juxtaposition of the public offices impossible. So Dog Number Two silently mumbles the skin and bones of Dog Number One, and the public is mystified on both sides.

AFRICAN DIFFICULTIES.

BY a series of unpleasant coincidences almost all parts of Africa simultaneously furnish embarrassing problems to the English Colonial Office or to the Foreign Office. In some cases, and especially in the affairs of Egypt and South Africa, the Government is to blame; but for the unfriendly feeling or the conflicting claims of foreign Powers in other parts of the continent England is in no way responsible. In addition to the Egyptian difficulties, which have been fully discussed, there are two important questions relating to the Congo. There is a difference with the German Government as to the sovereignty of a district on the West Coast; and a destructive struggle among native Zulu tribes has given a fresh opportunity of encroachment to the Boers. If the report that Delagoa Bay is to be ceded to the Dutch Government should prove to be true, the supremacy of the English race in South Africa will be exposed to additional danger. In completing the circuit, it is impossible to regard with indifference the threatened exclusion of English commerce from Madagascar, where the French commander has lately announced the resumption of active hostilities. Foreign apologists often meet complaints of aggression by references to the policy which has covered half the world with English settlements and dependencies; but in almost all cases the political acquisitions of England have followed the course of spontaneous colonization or trade. It may be added that in modern times it has been the consistent policy of English Governments to allow to other nations an equal share of commercial advantage. The main object of recent French enterprises has been, as in Tonquin and Madagascar, the exclusion of English traders from ports and markets which were before open to all nations.

In the interior of Africa, including the basin of the Congo, there has hitherto been no French commerce to encourage or to protect; but about two years ago a French midshipman, then in the service of the African International Association, took occasion, with questionable loyalty to his employer, to plant French flags in various parts of the country, with the avowed purpose of claiming the territory on behalf of his own country. M. DE BRAZZA's presumptuous measures received the approval of the French Government; and he was sent back to the valley of the Congo to resume and extend his operations. Mr. STANLEY, who had discovered and partially opened to trade the

territory usurped by M. de Brazza, was supposed to have more or less effectually checked his attempts; but it now appears that a reconciliation has been effected, involving great contingent advantages to France, and a total disregard of the rights and interests of all other commercial nations. The question of the Upper Congo is distinct from the complicated arrangements which have resulted in Lord Granville's projected treaty with Portugal. The English Government was prepared for the first time to recognize the Portuguese claims to that part of the West Coast which includes the mouth of the Congo, with the undisguised purpose of raising a barrier against French designs of acquiring the territory and the monopoly of the river commerce. The treaty is not yet ratified either by England or by Portugal; and it cannot in any case be valid except between the two contracting parties. The French Government will, if such a course suits its purpose, certainly abide by all its former pretensions; but it is possible that the establishment of a precedent for the strange agreement as to the Upper Congo may be preferred to a protest against the bargain between England and Portugal. Prince Bismarck has already announced his intention of disregarding the treaty as far as it may affect the rights of German subjects. On the whole, it seems not impossible that the treaty may be dropped; and it would seem that the trade of the Lower Congo is of secondary importance. The navigation is ended by cataracts at a comparatively small distance from the mouth of the river; and the traffic from the interior will probably be brought to the coast by railways.

The strange compact which has lately been disclosed between the African Association and the French Government is not properly described as a treaty. Notwithstanding the recognition of the Association by the Government of the United States, it is a private body, incapable of exercising rights of sovereignty. In substance the Association is but a name, like that of an ordinary trading firm, under which the King of the Belgians has, for reasons of convenience, thought fit to conduct a philanthropic or commercial undertaking. Neither his Parliament nor his Cabinet has at any time recognized as a national enterprise the personal venture of the King. The enterprise was until now regarded with general good-will because it was apparently directed to the promotion of trade and civilization and to the suppression of the slave trade. If any suspicion had been entertained of the intentions of the King of the Belgians, it would have been removed by his anxiety to secure the services of General Gordon. The same post is now provisionally occupied by Sir F. de Winton, an officer of distinction. It is highly improbable that any English agent should have so far mistaken his duty to his own country as to concur in the contingent transfer of the sovereignty of Central Africa to an alien and rival Power. It is not known whether Mr. Stanley, an Englishman by birth, but an American citizen by choice, has been employed in the negotiation. According to all rules of international law, the agreement has as little binding effect on foreign Powers as M. de Brazza's promiscuous distribution of tricolour flags; but the power of France is more formidable than any legal title. The uniform success of their modern policy of aggression is the more acceptable to Frenchmen because it coincides with the visible decline of the power and spirit of England. In some parts of the world the altered position of the two ancient rivals involves a relation of cause and effect. On the borders of China, in Egypt, in Madagascar, and on the Congo, French aggression is wholly or partly directed against England. Other English difficulties are probably regarded with much complacency in France.

It may be hoped that the comparatively trivial question of the sovereignty of Angra Pequeña may be solved by friendly negotiation with Germany. A German trader some time ago established a station on the coast, in the vicinity of a valuable harbour. He has since affected to claim sovereign rights in the name of his Government over the adjacent territory. Lord Derby had not, when the subject was lately mentioned in the House of Lords, received an answer to his proposal that the Cape Government should take possession of the place. In Africa, as in Australia, the interest and security of English settlements would be largely promoted by the establishment of a modified Monroe doctrine; but other Powers could scarcely be expected to acquiesce in such pretensions. In the case of Angra Pequeña there would be no difficulty in providing in the amplest manner for the protection of German trade. Notwithstanding the strong language of semi-official newspapers, it is not known whether Prince Bismarck contemplates any project of colonization on the coast of Africa. The Dutch would, both by their Colonial aptitude and by their connexion with the Boers of the two South African Republics, be more unwelcome neighbours than the Germans. The exchange of courtesies between the Envoys from the Transvaal and a large section of Dutch politicians was more natural than satisfactory. It is now reported that the Government of the Netherlands is negotiating with Portugal for the acquisition of Delagoa Bay, which is about to be connected by railway with the Transvaal. Such a complication would not have arisen but for the Quixotic policy of a former English Government, which referred to arbitration the conflicting claims of England and Portugal to the possession of a most convenient outlet for the trade of a large portion of South Africa. A bolder policy would have been cheaper and safer than habitual dread of territorial annexation.

The internecine warfare in Zululand, the aggressions of the Boers on the native territory, and the danger, now for the first time appearing, of an attack by the natives on Natal, are the immediate and natural results of the imbecile policy of restoring Cetewayo to his dominions. Before his return the country was in general at peace, though there were some insignificant squabbles among the petty chiefs who divided the territory among them. A sentimental sympathy with the personal feelings of the dethroned King was allowed to prevail over any rational regard for the interests or rights of his former subjects. In the short interval between his restoration and his death he was, as might have been foreseen, engaged in incessant war with a rival chief; and of late hostilities have been prosecuted among the tribes with increased vigour. The Protectorate, which has been repeatedly demanded by the Zulus and systematically recommended by the highest local authorities, would have prevented an enormous amount of slaughter. Indeed the blind and timid repugnance of the present Government to intervention involves in South Africa as elsewhere the bloodguiltiness from which Mr. Gladstone recoils. The war is now overflowing into the Reserve; and the Colonial officers are soliciting the aid of John Dunn, who had been capriciously deprived of the powers conferred upon him after the defeat of Cetewayo. For the first time some of the Zulu chiefs are threatening to cross the Tugela into Natal, where nineteen-twentieths of the inhabitants are of their own blood and language. During all the complications of late years the native inhabitants of Natal have maintained their allegiance to the English Government; but a Zulu invasion would put their loyalty to a severer test. The vacillation and the cowardice which have been the chief characteristics of English policy in Zululand might almost persuade desponding minds that the decay of the Empire has begun. There is no doubt that such an impression has been produced among unfriendly foreigners.

THE RIVER.

THE river in its non-commercial quarters, the river where it is still comparatively beautiful and free (like a young poet before he takes to business and goes into the City), is at present being fought for by a dozen antagonistic interests. The riparian landowners regard the natural bounties of the Thames as Wordsworth regarded the Lake District. It is the fair and still retreat, or it should be, of souls sublime, and in possession of wealth like the Sidonians. A man who can afford to live in a Thames villa, with lawns, and fields, and gardens sloping to the stream, should be allowed to keep this fragment of nature to himself. He should not be disturbed in any way. Even the complete angler, anchored in stream or back water in his punt, an object dear to the artist, disturbs the proprietor. A year or two ago one of these sportsmen wrote to the papers to complain that a lady who dwelt on the bank sent her dog in to spoil his sport. The dog was in the swim, the swim so carefully ground-baited, and the angler was out of it. This was a very fierce lady, and accustomed to the society and offensive alliance of dogs. The very artist himself, the picturesque painter, is an eyesore to the riparian landowner.

Now, when we look at the matter as we have stated it, and setting aside the final decision of law as to right of way on the river, the proprietor seems a very selfish person. Is all that is beautiful in England, even the reedy river-beds

and the flag-flowers, to be locked up from the sight of all Englishmen who have not four or five thousand a year? Are the squires in the Lake Country to stop boating on Derwentwater, and the landowners on the Thames to shut up "the great playground," as Sir CHARLES DILKE calls the river. To think that would almost make a man a believer in Mr. GEORGE, only that, if Mr. GEORGE had his way, the small tenant of the State would soon take all the picturesqueness even out of the Thames, and would be the fiercest foe of "trespassers," artists, and anglers.

There is, of course, another way of looking at the matter—the proprietor's way. Why should his gardens and lawns be invaded by intoxicated 'ARRY and 'ARRIET? Why should the greasy papers that wrapped up their luncheon litter his pleasance? Why should parties of young men camp out, and light fires, and howl, and bathe, and dance naked beneath his windows, merely because he lives near the Thames? Thus regarded, even the feelings of the landowner must be admitted to have some claim on human compassion—that is, unless we regard him as *hostis humani generis*.

In his evidence before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, Sir CHARLES DILKE gave a very fair and interesting account of the river and its condition. For many years Sir CHARLES has plied the oar and loosed the light skiff on these waters and backwaters. Like all who love the Thames, he found himself molested by the selfish brutality of the rich and the rough, by the reckless revels of the many and of the few. The many, in the person of the cockney gunner, keep blazing away at every bird, especially at every rare bird that has its business by the waters. It is disagreeable for the rowing man or contemplative canoist, on rounding a corner, to be saluted by four barrels charged with small shot, and it is no consolation to learn that the pellets were meant to hit a kingfisher. Birds on the river must be protected by law if they are not to be exterminated by 'ARRY in his sporting jacket. Wood-pigeons, herons, ducks, swallows, and kingfishers are the favourite game; and the boldest might be adread when near a cockney who tries to follow with his piece the low flight of a swallow. On those awful carnivals of blackguardism—Bank Holidays—Sir CHARLES says that the swans are bullied by the public and their eggs are broken. To break swans' eggs and rob the river of its most beautiful denizens, how worthy that is of the home-bred British lout, how worthy of 'ARRY! The very water-lilies are dragged up and destroyed by our ferocious trampling populace, whom beauty goads into destructive frenzy. Then, leaving the performances of the many, we come to the equally hideous and selfish delights of the few. Steam-launches, those floating palaces of bloated snobbery, are as bad as ever. We have never known any man not a launch-owner, or connected with the building of launches, who defended these diabolical inventions. They travel, it seems, "without any great diminution of speed"—that is, they swamp punts and skiffs, injure the banks, and endanger life as much as ever. On the whole, there seems more excuse for the ignorant brutality of Whitechapel than for the rich man who lolls, with his cigar and champagne, in his launch, and drives it at a pace which incommodes all people taking their pleasure in simple and natural craft. As population increases, while taste seems not to make any advance, we cannot think very hopefully of the future of the river. Between exclusive owners, cockney gunners, and persons who steam swiftly up and down, the Thames is in a bad way.

THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

THE question of the WELLINGTON statue has again come before Parliament. On Tuesday last Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL proposed in the House of Lords "that it is not desirable to remove the equestrian statue of "the late Duke of WELLINGTON from London until the "public have had an opportunity of judging the monument "by which it is intended to replace it." It was objected by Lord GRANVILLE that the motion was irregular, on the ground that the subject had been already disposed of in a previous debate and division; but the objection was overruled. A motion had been, on the 24th of March, negatived by a majority of six in a small House to the effect that an address should be presented to HER MAJESTY praying that the statue might be re-erected in a suitable place near Apsley House. Both the debate and the division of Tuesday showed that the sense of the House of Lords had not been correctly expressed by its former vote. Lord GRANVILLE'S proposal that Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL'S motion should not be made was rejected by 78 to 52 votes; and the subject was consequently reopened. Eventually the mover withdrew his own proposal in favour of a friendly amendment by Lord DE ROS, "That this House, being now possessed of fuller "knowledge of the views and feelings of the late Duke of "WELLINGTON as regards his statue at Hyde Park Corner, "is of opinion that it ought not to be removed from "London." This amendment was carried in a House of 110 members by a majority of 22. It is not surprising that the subject is one which arouses a good deal of strong feeling. That the statue itself is not a joy to the eye is a statement which few people, even among those most inclined to keep it in the neighbourhood where it was first set up, will care to dispute. That, on the other hand, no small respect is due to the feelings and the memory of the great soldier who in evil days did more than any other single man to save England and Europe from the aggressive despotism of the First NAPOLEON is equally clear. Both parties to the controversy are thus placed in a difficulty; and individuals who care both for art and for great historical memories find themselves in a similar state of suspense.

Happily the question is not one of vital importance. It is certainly of some importance that the statue, with which many reminiscences are associated, and which was erected by public subscription, should not, as has been suggested, be broken up. The artistic merit of many statues constitutes only a part of their value; and the undoubted artistic demerit of the WELLINGTON statue does not destroy the associations which must always be connected with it. It is not as a good piece of sculpture, but as a kind of national heirloom, that we look on this monument as a token that a great people knows how to appreciate a great man. The ACHILLES statue inside Hyde Park is assuredly much more incongruous with the idea meant to be expressed than the equestrian statue outside. But when a man great in war happens to belong to a generation small in art, the monuments erected to him are likely to express their smallness rather than his greatness. Still, this is no reason for rudely tampering with them. Plenty of the monuments in Westminster Abbey are eyesores. Yet few people would wish to see them destroyed and their places taken by better works of Academicians or other artists of our own time. Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL said, with truth, that "this was "not a question of taste, but of sentiment." The difficulty in the matter is that here taste says one thing and sentiment another. We have to do with a monument not pleasing to the taste, but valued by the sentiment of many Englishmen; and it is not wonderful that the House of Commons, the House of Lords, and an impartial public do not exactly know how to make up their minds about it. In default of any better suggestion, the CHIEF COMMISSIONER on Thursday evening announced that the work of taking the statue to pieces had begun, notwithstanding the vote of the House of Lords, and it will, no doubt, go to Aldershot; the more so, as the present Duke of WELLINGTON raises no objection to this scheme. If a definite proposal had been made on the opposite side, the case might have worn another aspect. But neither the motions nor the speeches of either Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL or of Lord DE ROS suggested any practical alternative. The statue, where it now stands propped up by wooden stakes, and already headless, is hideous and ludicrous. Very few people would like to see it re-erected on the top of the arch as it stands in its new position, and no other site in the neighbourhood has commended itself even to those who wish to see the statue kept in London. In default of any better alternative, we can see no objection to the statue being removed to Aldershot. It will have a meaning there, as it had a meaning opposite to Apsley House. Lord DE ROS' amendment implies that the statue may be moved to any part of London, but must not be taken out of the limits of the metropolitan area. But, if it is to be taken away from the immediate neighbourhood of Apsley House, it would be hard to suggest a better place for it than Aldershot. In this, as in most cases, the victory will belong to those who have a definite proposal to make rather than to those who have only indefinite objections to make to the proposal.

CRICKET.

A PIOUS journal once complained bitterly of the ways of Providence, which caused important events to happen so late in the week as to escape the comments of the prophetic periodical. We would fain avoid this impious peevishness, and yet it seems a hard thing that the match between Australians and M.C.C. may possibly be over before the *Saturday Review* reaches the reader. It promises to be a very interesting match, indeed all the cricket of the early season has been unusually interesting. The match between the Australians and Lord SHEFFIELD'S Eleven was an omen, perhaps, after the Highland and Maori manner.

> Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
> That party conquers in the strife,

says Sir WALTER. The Highlanders, before Tippermuir, killed a casual shepherd they came across, and claimed "first blood." The Maoris are equally eager for the *Mataika*, or first man killed, but not quite so very mean as the Highlanders. Lord SHEFFIELD'S Eleven was the Mataika of English cricket, and the facile victory of the Colonists seemed to predict conquest all along the line for the land of the kangaroo and the duck-billed platypus. Lord SHEFFIELD'S Eleven showed no pluck, and the fall of Dr. GRACE, for placing his leg where his bat would have been a more legitimate defence, demoralized the Eleven. They fell like a barbarous army when its chieftain is slain. From Oxford no man expected any deliverance. Both Universities had shown a lack of bowling. At both the Freshmen and the Sixteen had been making very long scores. People argued that the bowling must have been loose, and that the batsmen were no more than "severe "punishers of loose bowling." Cambridge, however, in addition to Mr. SMITH, has Mr. BAINBRIDGE and Mr. LEES. About the bowling of Oxford we had almost despaired. Mr. PEAKE, good at need like WILLIAM of Deloraine, has gone down, so has Mr. ROBINSON. Mr. PAGE last year proved that he had sterling qualities as a bat; but the bowling which devastated the wickets of Clifton proved far from formidable, and Mr. PAGE'S chief quality seemed to be a determined effort to "york" his opponents with the first ball. Mr. BASTARD last year bowled well but not successfully (slow left hand) against Cambridge. In these circumstances it appeared as if the Australians could only be eliminated by accident and the natural fatigue of the batsmen. Had the match been played on the University ground, in the Parks, we still think that scores would have been very long. But no gate-money is allowed to be taken in the Parks, and, if we may slightly alter the old proverb about the Swiss, "no gate-money, no "Colonists." Therefore the match took place on the Christ Church ground, which is better than the Old Magdalen ground and the froggy fens of Cowley Marsh, but not so good as the wickets in the Parks. The Australians are said to vow, with honourable candour, that Oxford beat them by sheer good cricket. The fielding is universally praised. Mr. NICHOLLS caught seven men at slip. Mr. WHITBY, a Leamington freshman, and therefore not so well known to fame as if he had been a pupil of Mr. MITCHELL'S or a scion of the house of STUDD, "bowled like a printed book," as we once heard an enthusiast remark. As for Mr. O'BRIEN'S batting, it simply reconciles us to the existence of the Celtic race. Yes; Ireland, after all, with her WELLESLEYS, WOLSELEYS, and O'BRIENS, is the country that wins us our victories. That Oxford should twice get rid of the Australians with ease appeared nearly beyond hope. But Mr. BASTARD proved an able comrade of Mr. WHITBY'S, Mr. PAGE also bowled well, and Mr. MURDOCH and Mr. BONNOR never seemed formidable. Nothing could be more exciting than the second innings of Oxford, when 109 were wanted to win. When an easier task was set our representatives at the Oval two years ago they simply collapsed and let themselves be beaten from very nervousness. In a juncture like this a captain like Mr. KEMP is invaluable. Even as a schoolboy his confidence was portentous. Like NELSON, he does not know what nervousness is, and in his long score he hit the famous Australian bowling about as if he had been playing against an Eleven of Jesus. Mr. HINE-HANCOCK remained in through the whole period in which the runs were got, though he generously attempted to sacrifice his own wicket when Mr. O'BRIEN should have been run out. Fortune was propitious, and the fielders muddled away an easy chance.

The Australians have since defeated, with considerable ease, Surrey—a county which is apt to improve very much as the season advances. Still, at the moment when we write, the Colonists have not performed any very remarkable feat; they have dropped several catches, and Mr. MURDOCH has not recovered his famous excellence. We hope to see both him and Mr. BONNOR worthy of themselves and of their new comrade, Mr. SCOTT, who played an excellent innings at the Oval. It would be little glory to beat our kinsmen if they were "beneath themselves."

THE WRATH OF ACHILLES.

AN acute foreign observer of the English House of Commons is reported to have recently described it after a few nights' attendance at its debates as "a disorderly "assembly led by an old gentleman of ungovernable "temper." It is probable enough that he did not always sufficiently distinguish between policy and passion in his estimate of the phenomena upon which the latter part of his description was founded; but undoubtedly he may have found plenty of apparent evidence to its truth. The wrath of ACHILLES is, in fact, becoming a more and more frequent incidence in Parliamentary debates. The PRIME MINISTER was extremely angry with Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH for "pointing at him" the other night by way of suiting the action to the words "indelible disgrace"; but, as a matter of fact, the gesture which Mr. GLADSTONE complained of has of late become, figuratively if not literally, habitual with himself. One half of his replies to his Parliamentary critics may be described as so many minatory forefingers and denunciatory outstretched arms. He seems to maintain a chronic attitude of indignant repudiation. He is, to use the language of his admirers, continually overwhelming some adversary with the torrent of his wrath, or withering him with the lightnings of his scorn; the admirers aforesaid appearing to be of opinion that the progress of public business is facilitated by outbursts which have all the suddenness of an inundation and all the caprice of a thunderstorm. The latest victim of one of these magnificent displays was the unfortunate Baron DE WORMS. The offence of the member for Greenwich does not appear to the impartial observer to have been a very heinous one. The subject of the speech which provoked his annihilation was that of the approaching Conference; and in the course of his remarks he ventured to insinuate that, "just as the Government had endeavoured to shift their "responsibility on to the shoulders of General GORDON, and "then condemned him when he failed, so, unless Parliament "exercised a vigorous criticism, they would shift to the "shoulders of the Great Powers, who are only too anxious "to avail themselves of them, those interests which we "ought to safeguard in Egypt as the high road to our "Indian Empire." These, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, were "dishonouring imputations"—such imputations as "only show the unscrupulous character of those who make "them." As regarded the charge against the Government of having abandoned General GORDON, the imputation was even "foul," and it had been made by Baron DE WORMS "without the slightest attempt to prove it, as it would "have been impossible to attempt to prove it," on the discussion of a vote on account, without exposing the irregular reasoner to a call to order from Sir ARTHUR OTWAY. The last hit of the PRIME MINISTER was naturally received with Ministerial cheers; and Mr. GLADSTONE proceeded, amid the growing enthusiasm of his followers, to deal with the other dishonouring imputations with reference to possible Ministerial proceedings at the Conference.

With his treatment of this specific point we are not for the present concerned. The very fact that many thousands of words were employed in an "explanation" which, if it had been meant to be really explanatory, could have been made in about a score, is in itself a sufficient comment upon all such Gladstonian utterances. We have only ceased to think it sufficient because we have of late so much accustomed ourselves to substitute recondite analyses of Mr. GLADSTONE'S character for the simple but adequate proposition that, "where language is unnecessarily circuitous, "the speaker has in all probability something to conceal." Mr. GLADSTONE contrived to fill half a column of newspaper report without delivering himself of the two lines of specific categorical statement which would have at once disposed of

all Baron DE WORMS's and Mr. LOWTHER's apprehensions about the Conference; and we can see no reason why we should cast about for any more elaborate interpretation of this significant circumstance than we apply to facts of a like order in private life. What chiefly interests us in the PRIME MINISTER's answer of last Thursday night is not its terms, but its temper. It leads us at once into the speculation, now more frequently indulged in than ever, whether, and how often, the spirit of ULYSSES is at the bottom of the wrath of ACHILLES; whether, and how often, the outburst of noble rage is purely calculated and artificial, the lightning flash of scorn a mere ignition of the "property-man's" chemicals, and the thunder of denunciation as only a hollow rattling of the stage sheet iron. That this is sometimes the case will hardly, we suppose, be questioned. Almost every great orator is more or less of a born actor; and the PREMIER's performances have on occasions been too obviously theatrical to be mistaken by anybody. It is true that nature has to a great extent relieved him of any necessity for simulating irritability of temper; but here again we are reminded that all great actors have been wont to make histrionic capital out of their personal peculiarities; and Mr. GLADSTONE has found anger "pay" so well in Parliamentary conflicts of late, that it would not be surprising if he had begun to turn his attention to the artificial treatment of a natural gift. We do not mean to underrate the extent of nature's part in the matter. It is difficult for us of the common herd—men who are simply short-tempered, without being either old in the venerable sense or grand in any sense at all—it is difficult for us to realize the temptations to which our great orator is exposed in this matter. When we lose our tempers we have to pay for it as for any other form of excess. The momentary gratification of our instincts subjects us to the penalty of our own self-reproach and the open or tacit rebuke of our more self-controlled friends; and these deterrents are in most cases sufficiently restraining. But we cannot tell how we should behave if we knew that we were surrounded by a circle of admiring friends, who would admire us the more we stormed, who would call each other's attention to our noble fertility of imprecatory language, and the astonishing force which we could put into a stamp of the foot, and conclude by congratulating us warmly on the abject terror which we could inspire in those who excited our wrath. It must, indeed, be pleasant to eat one's cake and have it in this way, to quaff the champagne of self-indulgence without having to fear the headache of moral disapproval, to enjoy the pleasure of "letting out" at those who annoy us with the satisfaction the next morning of listening to a chorus of journalists applauding our last night's "magnificent outburst."

Admitting, however, that Mr. GLADSTONE has nowadays more temptation than ever to co-operate with nature in this matter, we cannot but perceive also that his temptations to improve upon nature are also on the increase. The "magnificent outburst" undoubtedly "pays." Mr. GLADSTONE must feel that he "does well to be angry" in the sense in which a man is said to "do well" in a prosperous business. He makes a good thing of it; and, so long as his eager crowd of sycophants remains as noisy and as servile as at present, he is likely to persevere in the practice. Righteous wrath is undoubtedly a most convenient screen for an unrighteous policy, and honest indignation is often much easier than straightforward speech. Mr. GLADSTONE knows perfectly well on what high political authority a healthy "distrust of "Ministers" has been commended to the English Parliament; and he knows equally well, therefore, that the so-called dishonouring imputations of Baron DE WORMS are such as English Administrations have been accustomed time out of mind to submit to with perfect equanimity and as a matter of course. And it might be worth his while to consider whether, whatever the momentary effect of these calculated displays of indignation may be in Parliament, their artifice is not perfectly perceptible to the public. Because, if so, and if the trick once becomes well understood, it will assuredly do the performer more harm than good. The wrath of ACHILLES is divine only as long as it is supposed to be real; so soon as it is suspected of a resemblance to the ire of the shady Irish major of comedy, resenting aspersions upon "me honour," the god-like virtue altogether goes out of it.

CURLING.

MILD winters are hateful to most Scotchmen. Farmers look for the frosts to pulverize the soil; sportsmen expect the flights of woodcocks; and the community in general counts upon a certain amount of cold to brace the enervated body and make life brisk and agreeable. As for snow, that is another matter altogether. Snow blocks the roads and chokes the railway-cuttings; snow smothers the sheep by scores in the drifts in the upland glens, and makes the toils of the shepherds almost intolerable; and, as it melts, it sets the boys snowballing everywhere, to the danger and disgust of respectable citizens. Yet it seldom lies sufficiently long, or smooth, or firm to encourage the pleasures that make the charm of the severe Canadian winters. Tobogganing is a thing unheard of to the north of the Tweed; and it is rarely that one hears upon the roads the merry jangle of the sleigh-bells. Frost, on the other hand, is welcome to almost everybody, for fox-hunters beyond the Border are few and far between. Moreover, even frozen-out fox-hunters have their compensation, besides the chance of giving overridden horses a breathing time. It is more than probable that the man who follows hounds is a curler, since curling is the game of every one who can command a little leisure with the capital to invest in a pair of serviceable "stones." It has flourished, to the south of the Tay at least, from time immemorial, and it has been rapidly spreading to the northward in the course of the last half-century. So much so, that for many years the North has met the South in an annual match, played at Blackford in Perthshire, on the picturesque ponds of the great Caledonian Club, which embraces almost all the minor associations. The "roaring game," as it is most expressively called, is become the most popular of playful national institutions, knitting all classes together for the time in close and kindly fellowship. The peer plays against the peasant; the laird meets his tenants on something more than a footing of equality, for the best man comes to the front; and the farmer pits strength and science against the labourer who has taken a holiday for the nonce, if it has not been generously given him. Nor is the sport by any means confined to folks in the country. Professional men in the towns give pressing business the go-by; and shopkeepers leave the congenial atmosphere of the counter to face the sharp change into a bitter temperature, and run the risk of colds and contingent consumptions. Not that there is really much danger in that respect. Intense excitement even more than active exercise sends the stagnating blood into rapid circulation; age forgets its infirmities; youth shakes off its sedentary habits; provosts and portly baillies ignore their dignity, and go hopping about like peas on a shovel; while even strait-laced divines stretch the principles of toleration to joining in merriment which is decorous though vociferous.

Perhaps, if one of these rural divines were to draw moral lessons from the game for his flock, he would say there was no better discipline than a doubtful season. In those "open" winters which have been only too common of late lively hopes are scarcely excited, and acquiescence in circumstances is comparatively easy. But when the frost is fugitive, and seldom does more than "grip the ground," hope is fostered only to be chilled, and sad disappointment succeeds disappointment. When matches are made, to be broken off at the last moment; when the ice is so "drug" that the stones drag instead of gliding; or when it cracks, and actually breaks, under the iron-clamped boots of the players, the sweetest-souled of saints can scarcely keep his temper, and comparative calm must be a question of temperament. The sharp falls in the thermometer are followed by a muttered discord of smothered execrations which grumbles from the Caledonian Canal to the Solway, and echoes in the far-away hills of Caithness. *En revanche*, in one of our good old-fashioned winters all Scotch humanity is in the most amiable of humours. The flying white frosts have given place to black frosts, and nature is fast bound in fetters of iron. There is exhilaration in the stillness of the buoyant though biting air, and the stillness, moreover, is an inestimable boon to the curler. For the ice has formed in plate-glass sheets, and it is easy to sweep the surface, even if there have been occasional snow showers. Humanly speaking, there can be no question now as to the coming off of the match to be knocked up on short notice. We shall suppose that one parish has challenged another, that the champions have been attended to the scene by a crowd of fervent sympathizers, who may amuse their leisure with quiet games of their own should they weary of looking on at the match. The players on either side may be either four or five; as a rule, four is the favourite number. As we said, they are selected with an eye to their skill, not to their station; for local honour is at stake, and it is no time to stand on social formalities. On this occasion, however, the "skip," or leader of the players, from one parish happens to be the great landed proprietor of the district. He has made his proofs repeatedly as the French say, and his name as a curler is famous through the country. The chief opposed to him is the parish blacksmith, stalwart of limb and ungainly of figure, but who has nevertheless a wonderful adroitness of wrist, with an extraordinary genius for giving directions under difficulties. His face, all fiery from the forge, lights up with a fresh gleam of pleasure as the laird exchanges a hearty hand-grip with him. It is not so much that the other is his social superior, as that he has met a foeman worthy of his stones. Then there are two or three lusty farmers; the schoolmaster from the laird's parish; a wiry little weaver who eke out by skill what he conspicuously lacks in physique; and a shepherd from the neighbouring hills, who is a bigger man even than the blacksmith.

Each of the players of course comes provided with his own pair of curling-stones. These stones are shaped like flattened Wiltshire cheeses; they may weigh, as a rule, about forty pounds; and they are swung from a pair of wooden handles let into their upper side. Metal, with the mercury many degrees below freezing-point, would be too cold for the fingers. In the primitive and cheaper stones, such as those of the hill-shepherd, the rude handles are simply riveted. But in the more artistic productions, which are sometimes beautifully polished, the handles are attached to iron pins passed through the stones, and may be indifferently screwed on at either side. Then the one surface has been ground smoother than the other, so that either can be used at pleasure, according to the state of the ice. Now, having furnished the players with their stones, briefly to describe the game. A strip of ice from 30 to 40 yards in length, about 8 feet in breadth, has been pitched upon and measured out. This is the rink. At either end are several concentric circles, narrowing in circumference towards the tee in the centre. A certain number, say 31, is fixed for game, and the stones lying nearest to the tee count towards it. In fact, the principle is the same as at bowls. Thus if two stones from one side are nearer than any of those played by the other, the winning side scores two. At a certain distance from each tee, a line called the "hog-score" is traced across the ice. Any stone stopping short of that line goes for nothing, and is removed; but as a rule, when the ice is keen, the difficulty is to "hold the stones back." The players who open the game begin by playing short of the tee; those who follow either knock them off, "promote" or guard them, according as they are friends or enemies. Sometimes the stone nearest to the tee appears to be so effectually blocked or guarded, that it is hopeless either to remove or beat it. But the stranger who judges so rashly is ignorant of the resources of the curler's craft. It is then that the skip shows his gifts of leadership by deciding what is best to be done. It is then that the player in obeying instructions must skilfully rise to a great opportunity. He directs his stone either to the inside or the outside of some other one, either cannoning off himself, or cutting another stone in towards the tee, which is defined in curling speech by making an "inwick" or an "outwick." Moreover curling has another point of affinity with billiards, inasmuch as the player may give side to his stone. He lays it down gently; at last it shoots straightforward, but he has delivered it with a dexterous twist of the wrist. Gradually the handle is seen to "wobble," the stone deflects itself gently from the direct line, and possibly may wind inwards, threading channels through the labyrinth till it actually rests upon the tee, which had seemed to be absolutely "guarded." That is curling, properly so called; the *finesse* that has given the name to the game. And in the event of so triumphant a shot, strangers may be startled by the wild clamour of approbation that rises from the ice. The proud but bashful performer is patted on the back with blows that ought apparently to shiver his shoulder blades; and

> Even the ranks of Tuscany cannot forbear to cheer,

for his opponents are nearly as loud in their approbation as his friends.

But, in fact, from the delivery of the first stone to the dusk that drops a curtain on the lively scene, curling is emphatically the roaring game. The air may be so still that the softest whisper might easily be heard a hundred yards away. Yet each man thinks it needful to bellow with the full volume of his lungs; and each pair of lungs is as powerful in blast as the bellows of the blacksmith's forge. So noise breeds noise, and gives assurance of the curlers' enjoyment to their wives, daughters, and sweethearts in glens many miles away. Besides, there is generally brisk business going forward. Each player is equipped with a besom, cut from the broom—on which, by the way, he sets his foot, to prevent slipping, when he is playing his heavy stone. But the main use of the besom is to sweep the ice, should the stones seem to "want a little more powder"; and the skips have often infinite trouble in repressing their followers' superabundant energy. It is a sight in the cities to see elderly gentlemen, built very much on the lines of Mr. Pickwick, toddling after the stones, with besoms flourished in the air, as Mr. Pickwick ran at the slide on the pond at the Manor Farm; and sometimes, like that light-hearted veteran, coming to signal grief in their excitement. Then, usually, when the games of the day are over, the second stage of the fun is only beginning. The supper is to come off—the curlers' feast. There can be no doubt beforehand as to the *menu*. Beef and greens go as naturally to the bill of fare as oysters used to go to a night in the theatre gallery before the prices of the bivalves became prohibitory. And as beef and greens furnish the invariable fare, so whisky toddy is the invariable beverage. Nor in moderation can the toddy do strong men the slightest harm who have been working hard to "discount" its effects, and who are probably besides in prime condition. What moderation may be in each individual case must be a matter between themselves and their consciences. But as a rule, we must say, they seldom transgress beyond the bounds of decent propriety. The minister himself may ask a blessing on the meat, and be by no means averse to mixing the steaming tumbler afterwards. The parish schoolmaster, who is probably in orders, is pretty sure to be there on the watch for an occasion of airing his eloquence; and, though the local and more secular dignitaries may insensibly relax towards the small hours, they are unlikely to countenance disorderly mirth.

MR. BRIGHT AS A MORAL SUPPORTER.

IT is a great point in the character of the present Home Secretary that he is nearly always amusing. Sometimes he means to be amusing and sometimes he does not, but so unmistakably has Providence marked him out as an *amuseur* that he is very often most recreative when he least means to be so. Not even that charming grey goat which has for these last few weeks communicated to Piccadilly a rustic elegance which need not envy that of Lothbury and Cheapside in Wordsworth's poem—not even the ineffable M. de Blowitz when he is discoursing of *Macbeth*, that powerful but unpleasing work of Shakspeare's genius—can have given greater pleasure to the contemplative student of human nature recently than Sir William Harcourt at the National Liberal Club. Sir William's comments on the Opposition did not constitute the most really humorous appeal of his speech. "Was this the sort of party?" said Sir William, and so on. He must surely have forgotten, or perhaps remembered too well, De Quincey's delightful essay on "Whiggism in its Relations to Literature," and a story there related of Dr. Parr. "Oh! what a pince!" said Dr. Parr; "oh! what a thegent! Is it a thegent, is it a pince that you call this man? Oh! what a sad pince! Did anybody ever hear of such a sad, sad thegent?" "Oh! what a party!" says Sir William Harcourt. "Oh! what an Opposition! Is it this that you call a party? Is it this that you call an Opposition? Oh! what a sad party! Oh! what a sad, sad Opposition!" This sort of eloquence is perhaps effective with sympathizers. But when Sir William dealt eulogistically with Mr. Bright, and by implication far from eulogistically with some other esteemed members of his own party, he was much more generally recreative, much more like the grey goat and M. de Blowitz. Sir William began by spoiling one of Mr. John Morley's jokes. Mr. Morley did not talk about the "Brigade of Candid Friends," but the "Society of Candid Friends." Quakers, Sir William Harcourt will be glad to hear, call themselves a Society, but do not call themselves a Brigade. And then he contrasted the wicked candid friends with the good friends—who, apparently, are not candid. There was Mr. Bright, for instance. "*His* principles had constrained him to leave the Government [it is impossible to quote this speech of Sir William's without scoring it as Thackeray would have done]; but, instead of becoming the *enemy* or the *bitter critic* of his former *friends*, he had never ceased to give them the *value* and *advantage* of his *moral* support." Now, as it happened, the casual observer of men and things, attentive to the gambols of the Piccadilly goat, and not neglective of M. de Blowitz, had marked this "moral support" of Mr. Bright's, even before it was so triumphantly pointed to by the Home Secretary. The pleasant anticipation of a Saturday morning with Mr. Bright has been with us for the greater part of the week, but we had not anticipated the additional pleasure of Sir William Harcourt's company. This, therefore, is better than well. But perhaps we owe some apology to Mr. Bright for keeping him so long waiting. It must be remembered, however, that Cabinet Ministers in *esse* necessarily have the *pas* of Cabinet Ministers in *paulo ante fuisse*, even if the latter have ceased to be Cabinet Ministers on conscientious principles, and continue to give the most moral of moral supports to those former colleagues whom they left because of bloodguiltiness and other unspeakable crimes.

Mr. Bright has been for some time unable to appear in his place in Parliament, a circumstance for which, owing as it has been to ill health, all Englishmen must be heartily sorry. To tell the truth nearly everybody likes Mr. Bright, who is the most English of un-English politicians, and concerning whose Radicalism we have had very ample experience of the truth of the Scandinavian proverb, "Seldom comes a better." When Mr. Bright points out that the mistake David made in that celebrated instance when he said something in his haste was merely that his tongue slipped "men" for "Tories," and when he volunteers the opinion that all people who object, let us say, to the Channel Tunnel are irredeemable idiots, it must be an intensely stupid Tory, a remarkably unintelligent anti-Tunnellite who feels in the least aggrieved. Who quarrels with a nice black terrier for ejaculating "Yap! yap! yap!" at a nice black cat, or at the nice black cat for depressing his head into the likeness of a serpent and expanding his tail into the likeness of a bolster at a nice black terrier? It is their nature to (which, by the way, is a *falsa lectio*), and all right-minded people would think very badly of them if they didn't do it. So with Mr. Bright. Both he and Mr. Gladstone are always, by their own account, in the right; but then they are in the right in such a very different way. However, Mr. Gladstone is not the present concern. Mr. Bright, to return, was not in the Vote of Censure division, for which we are very sorry, partly because Mr. Bright's absence was due to illness, and partly because twenty-nine votes would have done the Government very little more good than twenty-eight, and partly because Mr. Bright's speech would have been almost certainly delightful to hear, read, and comment upon. Mr. Bright wrote a letter next day to Mr. Agnew, M.P.; how or why he selected his correspondent we do not know. Mr. Agnew himself, who in his extra-Parliamentary character is a very useful person, is remarkable for some of the fewest and foolishest Parliamentary utterances attributable to any member of the present House of Commons. There is said to be a man who when he feels low-spirited puts on his hat and goes and sits on a bench opposite the Albert Memorial for some minutes, alleging

that this contemplation of *la bêtise humaine*, æsthetically embodied, is infallibly curative. It has, however, been objected to him that in wet weather or east winds this is dangerous, and he has, it is said, arranged for a collection of the speeches of Mr. Agnew and Mr. Thesiger as an occasional alterative. This is not irrelevant, for it may partly explain why Mr. Bright wrote to Mr. Agnew as he did. "It is strange to me," says Mr. Bright, "that any men on our side should have had a difficulty to vote with the Government. Even had they doubted the wisdom of what Government had done, they might have refused to vote a censure upon them, and have said 'No' to the motion of the Opposition." This, on the testimony of Sir William Harcourt, who as Home Secretary is a kind of *ex officio* authority on morality, is moral support, this is. After the divine wrath of the Lord Chief Justice with somebody who made light of the Prime Minister, it may be rather perilous work to play tricks with the Home Secretary. But at the call of duty not even Lord Coleridge has any terrors for a man of spirit. Let us look a little closer at the morality of this support and the support of this morality.

It is necessary in the first place to remember exactly what the issue presented to the men on our side was. It was extremely precise and narrow. The House was asked to say whether it thought the conduct of the Government had conduced to the success of General Gordon's mission or not. And this precise and narrow issue was accepted directly by the Government. They would not have the previous question, they would not have side issues such as those provided for them by some more zealous than judicious (but no doubt very moral) supporters. They asked the House, the men on our side and the men not on our side, to say whether they did or did not think "our" conduct favourable to the success of General Gordon's mission. Now what does Mr. Bright, the moral supporter, say about the proper conduct of our men in this trying position. "Even," says he, "if they doubted the wisdom of what the Government had done [that is to say, if they thought, with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, that the conduct of the Government had not conduced to the success of Gordon's mission], they might have refused to vote a censure on them." At first sight this looks as if Mr. Bright meant that our men might have refused to vote at all, as, in fact, Mr. Forster and Mr. Goschen and others did refuse. This is not exactly having the courage of your opinions, but it is a recognized course of proceeding in such cases, and no one can throw the slightest doubt on its morality. But, even before going on with Mr. Bright's words, it becomes pretty clear that this is by no means what Mr. Bright meant. Certainly the Home Secretary would not have been grateful to him if he had meant it, for it is notorious that such a course on the part of our men would have meant the defeat of the Government by an enormous majority. If every one of our men who doubted the wisdom of the conduct of the Government had refused to vote, the Government would probably have been hard put to it to get a hundred men into the lobby, if indeed they could have got a score. But our moral supporter by no means backs his friends in this awkward manner. "They should have said 'No' to the motion of the Opposition," says Mr. Bright sturdily. That is to say, they should have said "No" when, by Mr. Bright's hypothesis, they thought "Yes"; and that there may be no mistake about it Mr. Bright gives his reasons, as examinees are bidden to do when they express disapproval of the conduct of Charles I. or are favourable to the genuineness of the Casket Letters. "A defeat of the Government would be a catastrophe the magnitude of which no man can measure," says Mr. Bright, wherein, indeed, we agree with him, though perhaps from a different point of view. That, however, does not matter. This disaster which Mr. Bright thinks immeasurable (and we, too, because as a disaster it would have no magnitude at all, and therefore could not be measured) is, Mr. Bright thinks, sufficient to justify a man in saying "No" when he means "Yes," in practically perjuring himself, in telling, in short, what Mr. Bright would have no difficulty in describing forcibly and monosyllabically, but which our more modest tongue prefers to indicate afar off. This is what Sir William Harcourt calls moral support. If you think "Yes," you ought to say "No," says Mr. Bright, for it would be such a dreadful thing if our men were turned out. And so Mr. Bright is left morally supporting Mr. Gladstone.

Oh! idle tongues of poets and prophets and suchlike folk! Silly constancy of martyrs! Idiotic resolution of the little boys in the tracts of our youth, who used to let themselves be maltreated rather than tell—what, again, Mr. Bright shall be left to say! Foolish, foolish Poet Laureate for writing that

> Because right is right, to follow right
> Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

How hard was the fate of Ananias and Sapphira! What *could* have been the difficulty which those Ebrew Jews felt when Nebuchadnezzar the King asked them whether a certain thing was true in answering "Certainly not, oh King! we will say anything that thou sayest and worship any image that thou settest up"? Who was that impertinent Greek who dared to hint dislike of persons who thought one thing and said another? Mr. Bright knows several things that all these foolish sages of sacred and profane history did not know. He sees no difficulty in our men thinking that Mr. Gladstone has not helped General Gordon's mission, and voting that Mr. Gladstone has helped it. Voting is a means of averting catastrophes, and Mr. Bright, like the lover in the essayist, when he is asked, "Has the conduct of the Government tended to assist General Gordon's mission?" replies, "Mr. Gladstone is exquisitely beautiful." This is support; there is no doubt of that; but it is barely possible that if Sir William Harcourt had not told us, we might not have thought of calling it moral support.

WYCLIF.

WHILE few Englishmen have made so great an impression on the men of their own day as Wyclif, none have been treated with more undeserved neglect in later times. Several of his most important works still remain unedited in the Palace Library at Vienna, and even his translation of the Bible was not printed until 1850. The first professed Life of Wyclif was published by Lewis in 1720, and no further advance was made until Dr. Robert Vaughan's praiseworthy attempts (1828–1853) to illustrate the Reformer's life and opinions from some of his unpublished manuscripts. While Dr. Vaughan's books form the largest contribution to our knowledge of Wyclif as yet made by any Englishman, his imperfect acquaintance with many of the greater works leaves much to be desired. A plan for a complete edition of the English treatises was formed by Dr. Shirley, and his preface to the "Fasciculi Zizaniorum" in the Rolls Series shows how much we might have gained from his labours had they not been so sadly cut short. Since Dr. Shirley's death the English works have been published partly by the Oxford Press and partly by the Early English Text Society. Important as these works are both as regards the history of our language and as illustrations of popular thought, for they are appeals to the people, Wyclif's place as a philosopher and as a theologian must be determined by his Latin treatises. Our lack of knowledge has been largely supplied by Dr. Lechler, of Leipzig, whose book *Johann von Wiclif und die Vorgeschichte der Reformation* has been well translated, with the addition of some valuable notes, by Dr. Lorimer. Dr. Lechler has also edited two of the Latin treatises, and the whole of Wyclif's writings against the clergy, monks and friars, have lately been brought out in two volumes by Dr. Buddensieg, of Dresden. It has, however, been little to our credit idly to allow the industry of Germans to do what we as Englishmen should have done for the works of one of our most famous men. To take away this reproach the Wyclif Society was founded in 1882. Dr. Buddensieg's volumes have been adopted and issued by the Society, and others are in course of preparation both by Englishmen and foreigners, so that this year, the five hundredth since the death of the Reformer, sees a vigorous effort to repair our past neglect by producing a complete edition of his works. A circular from Exeter Hall announced recently a commemoration of another kind under the management of Lord Shaftesbury and a number of vice-presidents and committee-men, including many leading Evangelicals and Dissenters. Wyclif died on December 31, but the Exeter Hall season and the Health Exhibition suggest the present month as more suitable for the "Quincentenary Commemoration," and the 21st inst. has been seized on "as the anniversary of the condemnation of the Reformer's doctrines at Blackfriars." Archbishop Courteney's Council was held in 1382, and the earthquake felt throughout England at 2 P.M. on St. Dunstan's Day (May 19), which happened almost as soon as business began, and nearly put a stop to it, certainly connects the "Synod of the Earthquake" with this year more nearly than chronology. "A Special Religious Service"—we presume a liturgical service—was held "in the Church of the Parish in which Wyclif's doctrine was condemned"—does the Committee imagine that the Black Friars worshipped in a parish church?—but evidently meetings have formed the chief attraction. We are glad of any honour done to one of the greatest of our English clergy, though we regret to observe that these meetings have not been marked by that absence of party feeling which the Wyclif Society declares to be one of its guiding principles.

Born of an old Yorkshire family, Wyclif had all the shrewdness and perseverance characteristic of the men of his native county. As one of the "Boreales," the northern nation of the University of Oxford, he was probably a scholar of Balliol Hall, where he afterwards became Warden. He passed through the full course of Oxford education, spending four years in the study of the "Arts," and a period of not less than five years more in the School of Theology, which included the reading of the Canon Law. Nor was he content with this; for in one of his sermons he tells us that he loved science, and that in his younger days he prepared himself for scientific study. But his life was not to be that of a mere student. Great scholar as he was, the tall spare Yorkshireman, quick of temper, of ready wit and winning manners, was made for active work. In all things an Englishman, Wyclif first came before the world as a politician rather than a theologian. It is indeed scarcely too much to say that his political career did much to determine one side at least of his theological opinions. From 1366 to 1378 he stands out as the great champion of English independence against the claims of Rome. As the vast sums of money annually collected by papal agents in England went to enrich popes who were virtually the creatures of our enemy of France, while the system of "provisions" pursued in defiance of our law left parishes destitute of priests and trampled on the rights of patrons, Wyclif's position was fully in accord with the national spirit. He defended the refusal of parliament to pay the feudal tribute claimed by Urban V.; he attended the conference held at Bruges to remonstrate with the papal agents on the

subject of "provisions"; and, having been consulted by the Great Council on some fresh claims made upon the kingdom during the infancy of Richard II., he pointed out in plain words "the asinine folly" of helping our enemies. Dr. Lechler believes that Wyclif's pamphlet of 1366, which purports to be, and probably is, a report of the speeches of seven lords on the claim of tribute, makes it probable that he was then a member of parliament. If, however, he had been present at the debate as a proctor of the inferior clergy, he would have sat with the Commons in the Painted Chamber. His own description of himself as *peculiaris regis clericus* seems to explain his presence in the Lords' Chamber; he was probably in attendance on the King as his private chaplain or secretary, an office to which his opponent Cuningham appears to refer in a taunt about "the household of Herod." It is said, however, that a Vienna MS. proves him to have been in parliament some ten years later. In his defence of our national independence Wyclif did not hesitate to declare that the pope was capable of sin. Nor did his ideas on the subject of ecclesiastical property stop at the rights of the nation as against the pope. Surrounded by the abuses of a feudalized hierarchy, he looked on the wealth of the Church as an evil, and, following in the steps of William of Occam, commended the practice of the Mendicant Orders—for his quarrel with the friars belongs to a later stage of his life—as more befitting the followers of Christ. An early conflict with the monks cost him the Wardenship of Canterbury Hall. The bishops attacked him in 1377, striking through him at his patron, John of Gaunt. The fierce words of the duke and the earl marshal, who stood by Wyclif in St. Paul's, for the moment turned the Londoners against him, for they were indignant at the insults offered to their bishop. When, however, on a like occasion in the next reign the Princess of Wales interfered on his behalf, the Londoners were again on his side. Wyclif's vigorous protests against the worldliness of the Church and the violence of some of his followers gave occasion to his enemies to represent his teaching as a cause of the revolt of the villeins, and even some modern writers have attributed the close of his political career to that event. Dr. Lechler has conclusively shown that the charge is groundless as regards Wyclif personally. His political career, indeed, was terminated by the papal schism of 1378. The contest between the rival popes changed for a while at least the attitude of the nation towards the papacy. Instead of simply hating the pope, Englishmen hated Clement VII., the claimant whose cause was espoused by France, and upheld his opponent, Urban VI., who became, as even Wyclif calls him, "papa noster." On the other hand, the scandals of the schism brought Wyclif to a more decided mind. With him there was no longer a pope who was "peccabilis"; both alike were "monstra." His disagreement with the popular sentiment brought his political career to an end.

As a philosopher, Wyclif was no unworthy successor of the line of great English schoolmen—of Duns Scotus, William of Occam, and Thomas of Bradwardine. His system was independent and eclectic. While adhering to the Aristotelian method, he followed Plato and the Fathers in holding the objectivity and reality of universals, and, holding with Aquinas creation to be an act necessarily determinate, arrived at the conclusion that every creature being an intelligible nature is eternal as coincident with the mind of God—a doctrine which, as he felt, held him perilously near pantheism. Upholding the freedom of man's choice, and finding God in a certain sense to be everything, he accounted for evil by denying, with St. Augustine, that it had any substantive existence, being in itself a defection. Of greater historical interest than these abstract speculations is Wyclif's theory of "dominion," unfolded in the *De Dominio Divino*, a kind of introduction to his great *Summa in Theologia*. Considering dominion in its highest sense as belonging to God alone, and naturally treating of it in a feudal spirit, he argues that they only have a right to exercise it who are in a state of grace, mortal sin breaking the condition on which it is held from God. At the same time, he upholds the duty of obedience to the civil power in all cases, propounding the startling maxim that "God must obey the Devil." He strikes at the feudalization of the Church by pointing out that the spiritual office is a *ministerium* not a *dominium*, and by declaring that kings may lawfully confiscate the temporalities of ecclesiastics who abuse them, theories which form an interesting link between the struggle of the Franciscans with John XXII. and the policy of Henry VIII., who in 1530 sent to Oxford for Wyclif's "articles." The papal schism was probably an indirect cause of the growth of Wyclif's opinions on religious matters; at all events they became more decided in his later years. He reached the fullest conception of the headship and sufficiency of Christ, "the priour of al his religioun and the abbot, as Poul seith, of the best ordre that may be," condemning in one of his sermons for saints' days all devotion to saints save as leading to a higher reverence towards the Lord, while at the same time he strictly limited the benefits of Christ's work to the elect—"He redeemed not all men to His kingdom." During these later years also he upheld the absolute authority of Holy Scripture and maintained that the work of interpretation belonged to the Holy Ghost. In his sacramental theory, propounded in its most advanced form in his *Confessio*, and laid before the people in the vigorous English tract entitled "The Wicket," he anticipated the future position occupied by the Liturgy of the Church of England, being, as Dr. Lechler points out, nearer to Luther than to Zwingli or Calvin. He maintained the doctrine of a true and objective presence, rejecting in the *De Apostasia* the error of Berengar as against Scripture and the Four Doctors, while at the same time he refused to allow the presence to be local or corporeal.

During Wyclif's later years his teaching was laid before the people by his "simple priests." Clad in their long russet gowns, often ignorant and themselves men of the people, they went from place to place, preaching where they could in church or street or field. In his last days, probably as his priests were suspended and he found it impossible to supply their place, it is evident that he sent out laymen in their stead. He also appealed to the people by writing English tracts containing his opinions in a popular form. But his most powerful weapon was his translation of the Bible, a work never before attempted in its entirety, which he carried out in conjunction with Nicholas Hereford, and which was afterwards revised partly by Wyclif himself and partly, after his death, by John Purvey. Towards the close of his life his University stood by him against the attacks of the clergy. But Archbishop Courteney was too strong for Oxford; Wyclif's opinions were condemned, and his friends forced to recant. He himself was neither molested nor brought to submission. It may be that he was saved by his popularity with the Londoners, or possibly the clergy were conscious that the Commons resented the attempt to legislate against the heretic preachers without their consent in 1382, and were afraid to proceed to extremities against so famous a man. Be this as it may, Wyclif died, on December 31, 1384, as he had lived, a priest of the Church of England, in possession of his benefice, and in full communion with the Church Catholic. His influence while he lived can scarcely be exaggerated. It was not merely that his name was a word of terror to them that were at ease and neglectful of their calling, or that his words reached the council of the nation, or that even his enemies spoke of him as "the first theologian of his time, second to none in philosophy, and without a peer in scholastic exercises," but his influence extended over every class, and during the momentous social revolution of the latter part of the fourteenth century men learnt the lessons, not of religion only, but of freedom and of noble living from his Bible and his English treatises. Though he was not primarily a moral reformer, a story told of the effect of his teaching on the Londoners shows that its true tendency was not mistaken, though unfortunately the zeal of the mob took the form of ill-treating some women of loose life. Nor did his influence die with him. For though Wycliffism was strictly repressed during the fifteenth century, there are manifold signs of its existence, especially at Oxford, and it is impossible to doubt that Wyclif's tracts, and, above all, his Bible, prepared many minds for the changes of the Tudor times. His influence, however, was not confined to England. Dr. Loserth, in a short volume of great interest (*Wiclif and Hus*. By Dr. Johann Loserth. Translated by Rev. M. F. Evans. Hodder & Stoughton, 1884), has traced the intimate connexion between Wyclif and the Hussite movement. Beginning with a description of the state of the Church in Bohemia in the fourteenth century, he gives a brief sketch of the various attempts at reform before the time of Hus. Considerable light is thrown on the growth of Eucharistic controversy, which in its earliest phase was concerned, not with the right of laity to the cup, but with the lawfulness of frequent and even daily celebration. A full account is given of the influence of Wycliffism in Bohemia, and in the second part of the volume the subject is illustrated by a comparison in parallel columns of extracts from the writings of Hus with passages in Wyclif's works, from which in many cases Hus copied word for word. Dr. Loserth has been unfortunate in his translator, who labours under the disadvantage of an imperfect acquaintance with the idioms of his own language. But this is a small matter compared with the mass of information the book contains. We notice one curious mistake about the English movement. The name of Lollards was not bestowed on the adherents of Wyclif *after* his death (p. 64), for Rugge, the Chancellor of Oxford, who mightily favoured Wyclif and his friends, in 1382 suspended one Henry Crump, a Cistercian monk, "quia vocavit hæreticos Lollardos." Dr. Loserth, who, we are glad to see, is working for the Wyclif Society, has made a valuable contribution to ecclesiastical literature in illustrating the close connexion of our English reformer with one of the great crises in European history.

THE PEN AND THE STICK.

THE Lord Chief Justice has had during the last week or ten days to try a remarkable case of libel and an amusing case of assault. The two trials relate to very different branches of the law, and represent very different degrees of delicacy and complication. Most people would no doubt feel disposed to say that libel was a very difficult subject, and assault a very easy one. That a man must not strike another, except in self-defence, sounds and looks like one of the primary articles of civilized jurisprudence. What, on the other hand, is the limit of permissible criticism is an inquiry which at once suggests almost innumerable shades of doubtful disputation. Yet it is not very long since twelve or fifteen judges met to decide what an assault really was, and succeeded only in putting us all to ignorance again; while every text-book on the law of torts or crimes will glibly inform the inquisitive reader that a libel is a writing, printed matter, picture, or sign which holds any one up to hatred, ridicule, or contempt. The intrinsic obscurity of the two themes, so far as it

may be inferred from the hesitation of the Bench and the confidence of legal authors, has been reversed in the history of the two actions to which we have referred. Signor Foli, or Mr. Foley, has only shown that, if a man will thrash another, he must pay for it. Dr. Johnson, on the contrary, has induced "the palladium of British liberty" to set its heel, if it has one, upon the freedom of the press. It would be difficult, indeed, to exaggerate the loftiness of the position which "twelve men in a box" have assigned to Dr. Johnson. They have elevated him above criticism, and made it, if not a Star Chamber, at least a Queen's Bench Division matter, to find fault with him. Dr. Johnson, whose very name we write with fear and trembling, is the Coroner for Canterbury; and it is, as we now gather, the function of the Kentish newspapers, if they presume to mention him at all, to speak of him in the language of unqualified eulogium. "Please let it be *all* praise," said the very sincere lady to Mr. Hayward when she asked him to review her book. "Mind it is nothing but praise," says Dr. Johnson to the journalists of Kent; and his opinion is approved and sanctioned by the unanimous verdict of a special jury. If Dr. Johnson is about to hold an inquest, the press must say "Il aura raison." While he is engaged in that solemn task, it must mutter, if it presume to break the silence, "Il a raison." When he has finished, it must say, as a sort of grace, "Il avait raison." The *Kentish Observer* either did not understand, or refused to follow, this latest version of "Crowner's Quest Law." It presumed to suggest that Dr. Johnson was fallible, and even to maintain that he had occasionally erred. "It is evident," said this audacious print, "that Dr. Johnson likes to pose as a Coroner," and, "puffed up with the supposed importance of the position he holds, is determined that the world shall see how ridiculous it is possible even for a professional man to make himself when vanity takes the place of common sense." Exception might easily be taken on literary grounds to this lucid and melodious sentence. The derivatives of the verb *ponere* are as conspicuous by their presence as simple and straightforward English is by its absence. That, however, was not the question which the jury had to decide. Dr. Johnson is a public official, and the manner in which he discharges his duties is a matter of general concern. No doubt a coroner is a very great man, especially in his own estimation. But the kind of sacrosanctity which he claims for himself, and which a jury has by implication admitted that he possesses, is something new in English law. "Terrible things, and the strongest of all," says the Greek poet, "yield to authority." The English press, since the days of the *Areopagitica*, has had a chequered and a troubled history. It has successfully defied the Court, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, the judges of the land, to curtail its privileges or weaken its power. Is the "liberty of unlicensed printing" destined to fall before the attack of the Coroner for Canterbury and Deputy Coroner for West Kent?

Dr. Johnson seems to be one of those Coroners who think that they ought to know all about it. Another Coroner held an inquest not long since in the neighbourhood of London to ascertain whether a medical man had committed suicide, and, as there was no doubt about the fact, proceeded to spend the public time in inquiring what had been the poor man's relations with his partner, and what was the truth about a charge against his moral character. Dr. Johnson had to investigate the cause of a poor woman's death who had declined to enter the workhouse, and had been refused outdoor relief. He thought the opportunity favourable for a denunciation of the Poor-law, and for some good sound rating of the Canterbury Guardians. The Guardians not unnaturally objected to this, and their objection was supported by the Town Council, which memorialized the Lord Chancellor, who would not interfere. In these circumstances the *Kentish Observer* took up the matter, and exhorted the impenitent Coroner with so much force that he brought his action for libel. The opinion expressed by the *Kentish Observer* was that Dr. Johnson is unfit for his post. That may be an erroneous view. Similar strictures were often passed upon the late Lord Beaconsfield, and are constantly being directed against Mr. Gladstone. Yet actions of libel did not and do not ensue. The famous instance of the statesman who was described as "a political cheap-jack, only anxious to obtain a public appointment," was mentioned by Lord Coleridge. That was held to be fair criticism, though certainly much more severe than anything said by the *Kentish Observer* of Dr. Johnson. "Ridicule," said Lord Ellenborough with sense and truth, "is often the fittest weapon that can be employed to expose the follies and errors of another. A man may make use of ridicule in such cases; where would be the liberty of the press if it were the ground of action?" Lord Ellenborough was not the man to lay undue stress upon popular rights; quite the contrary. But he was a robust, sound-minded Englishman who hated cant, and despised the querulous mawkishness that resents plain speaking as a grievance. Sydney Smith expanded with characteristic irony the meaning of Lord Ellenborough. "There is nothing," says that worthy Canon in the third of his immortal Letters to Archdeacon Singleton, "there is nothing pompous gentlemen are so much afraid of as a little humour. It is like the objection of certain cephalic animalcula to the use of small tooth-combs, 'Finger and thumb, precipitate powder, or anything else you please, but for Heaven's sake no small-tooth-combs.'" We hesitate to say it after what has occurred, but surely Dr. Johnson's fitness for his post is, after all, like the fitness of Mr. Gladstone for his, a matter of opinion. In the opinion of the Lord Chief Justice, who is, we believe, Chief Coroner of England, Dr. Johnson has "certainly shown great ignorance of the duties of his office." Yet for saying so, the *Kentish Observer* has to pay Dr. Johnson a hundred pounds, besides all the costs of the trial.

The case of Foli *v.* Bradshawe is of a refreshingly simple character. There are in it, if we may adapt the language of a great critic on a more august theme, "no fine riddles of the human heart to read, no theories to propound, no hidden causes to develop, no remote consequences to predict. The character of the hero," if we may thus describe the defendant, "lies on the surface. His exploits are brilliant and picturesque." Signor Foli, of whom Lord Coleridge did not profess respectful ignorance, is the well-known operatic singer, and no more an Italian than Signor Campobello or Signor de Reszké. Mr. Bradshawe is a barrister, whose mode of action is a little less ceremonious and sedate than the laws of his country warrant in these degenerate days. Mr. Bradshawe has a mother, and Signor Foli has a wife, and the two unfortunately had a quarrel at Monte Carlo, where both nature and art invite to more peaceful pursuits. The two ladies, however, chose to wrangle on the important and exciting subject of peacock's feathers, and high words were used. This, according to Mrs. Bradshawe's account, made her very ill. It preyed upon her mind, and when she came home she told her son. Mr. Bradshawe then became very much enraged, and resolved to have Signor Foli's blood. He began the attack by applying to several police magistrates, and asking that something should be done to the offending songster. But he soon discovered that a London magistrate has something else to do than to compose disputes or avenge insults waged or offered in the principality of Monaco. So Mr. Bradshawe was driven back upon his own resources, which are not in all respects identical with the resources of civilization. Having in vain suggested to Signor Foli the propriety of pistols for two and coffee for four, he waited for the popular performer outside St. James's Hall, and struck him in the eye with a stick. The assault was savage, brutal, and wholly inexcusable. If Mr. Bradshawe had possessed a particle of discretion, he would have come to terms with his victim, and declined to defend the action. But then, if that quality had been vouchsafed to him in the smallest measure, there would have been no action to defend. In cases of assault, says the Lord Chief Justice, the jury may give any damages they please. In this case they gave three hundred and fifty pounds, and it cannot be said that in all the circumstances this was too much. The position of the unfortunate singer on his return to England may well arouse universal commiseration. Wherever he went he was pursued by the Bradshawes, though, as he says, he never desired to see Mrs. Bradshawe again, and had probably no very ardent longing for an introduction to her son. Yet they hunted him down from police-court to police-court, until they ran him to earth in Piccadilly. There the *argumentum baculinum* was applied, of which pecuniary damages are but an inadequate refutation. Much in this case will perhaps never be cleared up, though in these days of appeals and new trials one can never be sure. Did Signor Foli, for instance, say, with reference to the explosion at the Local Government Board, "I wish they had blown up old Gladstone"? It would not appear at first sight to matter much, so far as this case is concerned, whether he did or not, though, as he says he did not, he is certainly entitled to be believed.

THE OPERA.

SIGNOR BOÏTO'S *Mefistofele* has lately been twice presented at Covent Garden, to the apparent surprise of the critic of the *Times*, who informs his readers that the opera "belongs to the class of works for the universal success of which it is difficult to account." We must confess that we do not share this difficulty. On the contrary, it seems to us perfectly easy to account for the success of a work which appeals alike to all who have ears to hear and to those who have the rarer quality of appreciation. This critic certainly does admit that "the score is by no means devoid of examples of beautiful Italian *cantilena*"; and this might have gone some way towards resolving his difficulty. It is, indeed, in the highest degree probable that successful operas of the future will belong strictly to that class of works of which *Mefistofele* is an admirable example—of works, that is to say, which are compounded of pure and always expressive melody, more or less in the nature of Italian *cantilena*, where such melody is possible, and for the rest of what is known as dramatic music—that is to say, of scoring which serves to illustrate and interpret the sentiments and emotions of the drama. It is pleasant to find that the *Times* is delighted with something, though the something is not perhaps a source of universal delight. The Walpurgis Night scene, the journal declares, was a model of picturesque stage-management, and "reflected equal credit on M. Lapissida, the stage-manager, and M. Hansen, who is responsible for the ballet." This scene struck us as being a very ordinary affair. It is odd that of all the critics he of the *Times* should alone have discovered the merits of M. Lapissida and M. Hansen. But such little compliments, no doubt, smooth the business of arranging the new opera, which the same authority says is "in active preparation." The first performance of Signor Boito's opera necessitated a call upon two substitutes for artists who had been announced. Mme. Albani was replaced by Mme. Durand, and Signor Monti was the Mefistofele in the enforced absence of Signor Novara. On both occasions Mme. Trebelli and Signor Marconi completed the quartet. Both casts

did their work creditably; the second, as was natural, with more finish than the first, a result of practice together; but neither was wholly admirable. The Margherita and Faust in the opera the success of which puzzles the *Times* so much have great opportunities for touching the emotions of an audience. The music is susceptible of extraordinary expression, notably perhaps the quartet of the Garden scene, where what it is not too much to call inspiration has enabled Signor Boito to make his melody, with its broken, sobbing rhythm, seem almost to speak. By Mme. Nilsson only has the hysteric passion, the supreme exultation of rapturous love, the sudden entrance into a new and enchanting world the delight of which almost takes away the breath, been truthfully rendered. Mme. Albani sings well where something far more than mere singing is wanted. The artistic qualities of Signor Novara are not perhaps adequately appreciated. There is purpose in all he does, and this is rare on the operatic stage. Mme. Tremelli and Signor Marconi are scarcely more than agreeable vocal machines. *Mefistofele* is a very beautiful and powerful work, and its popularity will no doubt remain a problem to puzzle the *Times*.

The representation of *L'Etoile du Nord* was of unequal merit where merit was perceptible. The critics have perhaps made too much of the circumstance that Signor de Reszké, a bass, was set to play the part of Pietro, usually assigned to a baritone, particularly as it is hard to see where a more promising Czar is to be found in the company. The original Pierro at the Opéra Comique in Paris, 1854, M. Bataille, was what is technically known as a *basso cantante*. Meyerbeer himself conducted the first performance of the work at Covent Garden: it may be assumed that he was consulted as to the cast, and he was content to entrust the part to Herr Formes, the possessor of an unwieldy bass; so that Signor de Reszké, whose voice is of considerable compass and unusual flexibility for an organ of such calibre, would surely have satisfied the composer himself. The new Pietro sang with taste and effect, and might have been esteemed successful as an actor—in comparison, at least, with the average operatic actor—but that the memory of M. Faure is not to be displaced. In the striking scene at the end of the second act, where the Czar reveals himself to the conspirators, Signor de Reszké fell a little short, perhaps because he is a player who always awakens expectation, perhaps also because his surroundings were wooden. Mme. Sembrich is an artist for whom we have much respect and admiration; but the companionship of a stiff and awkward Gritzenko, and a general looseness and want of life about the whole representation, except so far as she and Signor de Reszké were concerned together, interfered with her efforts. She sang as she always sings, with beauty of voice and marvellous precision in the most elaborate passages. Her shake is closer and more even than it used to be; but a perfect shake is very rare, and she is not always quite irreproachable. M. Dupont showed that his command of the band is not so complete as that which Signor Bevignani exercises.

We cannot conclude without a word of acknowledgment of Mme. Lucca's Leonora—the Leonora of Verdi. In some respects Mme. Lucca stands alone. Her voice is surprisingly fresh, for history records that the lady sang a prima-donna part at Vienna in 1856, when, however, let us hasten to add, she was a girl of sixteen. The most hackneyed of operatic heroines becomes in her hands a really impressive personage. There is something about her which commands attention whenever she is on the stage; a dramatic spontaneity which makes the spectator watch, never certain to what her impulse—or what seems to be her impulse—will lead her. The operatic stage has no truer and more original artist.

THE ETON MISSION.

ETON, which is the oldest but one of our great public schools, and will in very few years be entitled to celebrate the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, is just beginning to enter under its revised code of statutes on a new stage of existence. And it must be the hope of all old Etonians, or rather of all who value the public school system which is so closely identified with English character and English history, whatever they may think of the particular changes introduced, that its future may be no less glorious than its past. But many probably are unaware that the original scheme, as planned by Henry VI., included not only a College of secular priests and a school for boys, but also—as is supposed through the suggestion of Cardinal Beaufort—an almshouse for twenty-five poor men. The Almshouse was suppressed during the founder's lifetime, and the College of priests is at this moment in process of gradual extinction, the Clerical Fellows, who are dying out one by one, being succeeded by a mixed and non-resident body of Governors, who inherit their name and their office in the supreme control of the school, but not their revenues or their status as an ecclesiastical corporation. Of the threefold division of the original design therefore the school alone—which no doubt held from the first the most prominent place in the founder's mind—alone survives. The College Chapel however continued till comparatively recent years, when a new church was built for the purpose by the authorities, to serve also as the parish church of Eton, of which the Provost was *ex officio* Rector, though in fact his parochial duties were discharged by proxy by one of the "conducts" or chaplains employed for the performance of the daily services. The very first step taken by the Royal Founder towards the execution of his design had in fact been to purchase the advowson of the parochial Church, which was vacated through the promotion of the rector—one Payn Barghill—to a prebendal stall at Windsor. It will thus appear that, in theory at least, the foundation had all along something of a parochial, or what might now be called a missionary character. It was not designed solely as a great centre of education, but was intended also to stretch out a helping hand for the spiritual and bodily needs of the poor and suffering. In one sense it may be said that the directly religious character of the establishment has been swept away by the revised code of 1872. Neither Provost nor Fellows are bound henceforth to be in holy orders, nor is the foundation any longer confined to members of any one communion; the pastoral charge of the parish of Eton had already by the College itself been transferred to other hands. A movement has however sprung up of late, partly due to the great religious revival of the day, partly to the increased interest awakened among the upper classes in the condition of the people—of which "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London" suggests one obvious example—which has found a recognition, as elsewhere so also in our public schools and universities. The "Universities Mission" to the heathen is one expression of the idea, and when some forty years ago Bishop Selwyn, himself a distinguished and popular Etonian, was going out to New Zealand, as one of the earliest of the now constantly increasing band of colonial bishops, he appealed successfully as well to his old school as to his university for sympathy and aid. Some years later, when he came home to look for a zealous and congenial coadjutor in his work, he said to another distinguished Etonian, the late Judge Pattison, "Will you give me Coley?" And Coleridge Pattison, who had been both as an Eton boy and in after life the hero of his schoolfellows, followed his father's old friend to the distant scene of his labours, to find there the work of an untiring evangelist and a hero's martyr grave. If therefore the "Eton Mission," which held its annual meeting last Wednesday at St. James's Hall, under the presidency of Lord Chelmsford, is but one of many signs, as has been remarked, that the higher classes are becoming really and deeply interested in the condition of the poor, there is at all events a peculiar fitness—whether we look to the ancient traditions of the school, or to recent experience—in such a call eliciting a prompt and energetic response, on the same "playing fields," where the Duke of Wellington said, or is reported to have said, that "Waterloo was won." And in point of fact the Eton Mission—which has now been some years at work—was, we believe, the first of these attempts to enlist the sympathies of our richer youth in the moral and physical welfare of their less favoured fellow-countrymen. Harrow, Winchester, and other public schools have since followed so honourable an example, but Eton may claim the credit of having set the fashion, if such it is to be called. And in this at least Henry VI. and Waynfleto would feel that their great design was not discredited.

The meeting on Wednesday last, unlike some of the May Meetings with reports of which the columns of the religious press have for the last few weeks been deluged *usque ad nauseam*, had at once a practical and what may almost be called a jubilant character. The Duke of Westminster was unfortunately prevented by domestic anxiety from presiding, but Lord Chelmsford took his place, and he had the pleasant task of pointing out from the statistics given in the report how considerable a measure of success had already been attained since the mission at Hackney Wick, in the extreme East of London, was first opened, under the charge of the Rev. W. Carter, a son of the Fellow and Bursar of Eton of that name, who was for many years prominent among the Assistant Masters of the school. It appears that, through the liberality of old Etonians, aided by the munificent gift of 1,000*l.* from an anonymous donor, four class-rooms have already been built, and a hall containing 600 persons, which is soon to be followed by the erection of a mission church. The hall is at present, we presume, used for church purposes, though this was not expressly stated. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the work is carried on solely—perhaps not even chiefly—by the aid of old Etonians. One of the characteristic and most conspicuous merits, here as in the other public school missions which have been started on the same model, must be sought in the fact that it is very largely dependent for support on the contributions, and even to some extent on the personal services and sympathies, of the boys actually in the school; and there can be no doubt that such a bestowal, whether of money or of personal service, may be most truly said to bless him that gives as well as him that takes. It is Mr. Carter's habit to pay periodical visits to Eton, where he has an opportunity of addressing the boys in the different houses on the subject, and thus directly arousing and sustaining their interest in the work, besides visiting Oxford and Cambridge with a similar object of interesting Etonian undergraduates in the progress of his work at the East End. Mr. Warre is the treasurer of the fund, and he took occasion to dwell, in his speech last Wednesday, with much satisfaction on this aspect of the movement. While it was of course one object of the meeting to ask for more funds—and there is at this moment a pressing call for 750*l.* for immediate use—he was careful to insist that "he had a by no means bad account to give" of what had been already done, and there was no diminution in the spirit and interest with which the work had been taken up at Eton on its first commencement. One strong evidence of this he quoted in the fact that a sum of about 400*l.* is annually collected in the school by purely voluntary contributions, though great care is taken—and very properly—to guard against any risk of the subscription degenerating into a virtual tax. It is also not unusual, as we in-

timated just now, for boys to give their personal aid by singing at Concerts at Hackney Wick and in other ways. It appears also from what Mr. Carter stated, that lay help is supplied him by Etonians or old Etonians who take up their quarters for awhile in the neighbourhood, and thus, as he expressed it, "they were laying the foundation of an Eton settlement in East London." It is some proof of the success which has already attended these vigorous efforts that there are already 600 children in the Sunday school, and that the mission room is full at all the services; the more so as a region was purposely selected for the experiment where the ground was before quite unbroken, lying as it does, so to speak, at the extreme outskirts of civilization.

There was a fitness in the Bishop of Chichester, who is himself one of the oldest of living Etonians, appealing to his old schoolfellows for the support of the mission. And the other prelate who took part in the meeting, the Bishop of Bedford, had the best means of knowing from personal observation the importance and many claims of the work on which he spoke. Mr. Kekewich, while his immediate aim was to urge old Etonians to contribute to the building fund, was "proud of the work now being done in East London by Eton men with Eton funds," and touched on the root of the matter when he insisted on the great advantage accruing to the boys at Eton themselves in having it thus practically brought home to them, that there were other and nobler aims in life to be sought after than "the glories of the cricket-field and the river." Great indeed is the direct importance, alike from a religious and from a social and philanthropic point of view, of increased missionary effort among the "outcast" masses of London and our other great cities. But hardly less is the indirect importance of such efforts, from every point of view, in helping to bridge over the chasm which separates one class from another. The work done, for instance, among the poor of East London by such men as the late Mr. Green, whose name will be familiar to many of our readers, in this as well as in his literary capacity, has a value of its own beyond any immediate result that may be attained. Or take the following from the report of a member of the London City Mission, whose theology may perhaps be narrow enough, but who had hit the right nail on the head in perceiving that a genuine manifestation of interest in the moral and physical well-being of those he desired to benefit would not in the long run fail of its reward. Many similar instances might easily be cited from other quarters.

> After several years of unceasing effort I gained entrance into many rooms and into most of the dens. My care for the sick and the children disarmed opposition, and then in room after room attention was secured to the readings of the Bible. A few became rightly impressed, and were induced to attend the little meeting I had established. A few years more and a real friendship was entertained for me by most unlikely people. For instance, I was once in great danger from a number of roughs and thieves who surrounded me with threats. A tall, stout Irishwoman, one of the most desperate characters there, rushed forward, and, striking at my foes, fairly seized me by the coat collar and dragged me out of danger. That very evening she was apprehended for a robbery and transported for five years; but I saw her immediately upon her return, and thanked her for the kindness performed so long ago.
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> By this time the people were brought into control, as nearly all would listen to me. The ragged-school I had established was crowded with the children, and my meeting was increasingly well attended. Soul after soul was brought under conviction, and many were gathered into the fold of Christ.

If this sort of result is being accomplished—and on what many will consider a sounder religious basis than that of the City Mission—by the Eton and other Public School missions, of which two or three at least are already at work in different parts of the metropolis, and others elsewhere, it may well be matter of rejoicing to those who are interested in the future whether of our public schools, of the outlying masses of our population, or of the Church.

CALLED BACK.

THE process of adapting Mr. Hugh Conway's story *Called Back* for theatrical purposes involved a difficult dramatic problem. As a narrative the tale of the blind Gilbert Vaughan's presence when a mysterious murder was committed, and of Pauline March's loss of reason through the terrible shock occasioned by the crime, was very well told. The personages of *Called Back*—an infelicitous title, by the way—are skilfully contrasted and individually interesting. There was excellent material in the book for a play; but it was so arranged that, without considerable transposition and alteration, nothing that could possibly prove effective on the stage was to be contrived. The blind man of the novel, groping his way down a street and accidentally finding himself in the house where the Russian spy Macari murders young Anthony March, nephew of the conspirator Dr. Ceneri, could not have been represented to an audience. The story had to be treated with much boldness, and great credit is due to Mr. Comyns Carr, if—as is understood—he be responsible, for retaining the full strength of the composition after a complete regrouping of the figures. By this time no doubt the one source of weakness, apparent on the first night, the curious prolixity of the dialogue, is removed.

The authors have perceived the necessity of opening with a chain of interest, instead of forging link by link as the novelist may do; so here we find that before blindness overtook him Gilbert Vaughan had seen, and loved Pauline. It is she who takes him to Ceneri's house where the murder is committed; and waiting in the grounds outside, he hears Pauline's shriek, evoked by the sight of her brother falling under Macari's dagger. That he should have supposed it was Pauline who fell is by no means unnatural. The passing of the candle before his glazed eyes, the test by which Ceneri proves the sincerity of his prayer for sight, is one incident of a highly exciting scene which is very adroitly arranged. The rapid business of the action, young March's wrath at Macari's sneer, the blows with the glove which the angry lad strikes, and the instantaneous lull of Macari's ready knife, with the cry of Pauline and the bursting into the room of Gilbert, bring the prologue to a notably effective end. Another telling scene is where Gilbert and his brother-in-law, Arthur Kenyon, track the conspirators to their garret, and see the deserted and now demented Pauline, whom, it must be remembered, they believe to be dead, slowly enter. The manner in which moonlight is made to flood the chamber just before the girl walks in has too clearly the air of preparation; but this is a mere question of stage management. Good scenes succeed each other. The meeting of Vaughan and Macari in Paris, where the spy is sent by his chiefs to give the Englishman what information he can supply about Ceneri, is sound dramatic work. The audience know the truth—that it was Macari himself who committed the murder—and they can the more thoroughly appreciate the ingenuity of his plausible tale that Ceneri slew the man who had betrayed Pauline, and who refused to make her reparation. As in the book, Vaughan starts off to Siberia to find Ceneri, whom his treacherous associate has denounced to the police. This Siberian episode would be very much more valuable if there were very much less of it. An attempt has been made to realize a picture drawn by Prince Krapotkine of the horrors of Siberian exile, an attempt which is somewhat ambitious, but by no means unsuccessful. The novelty of all this may be held to justify the slowness of the development of the plot; but there is no excuse for the extreme protraction of Ceneri's death scene. The wretched prisoner's legs give way beneath him, he falls prone, but he does not die. He is an unconscionably long time in dying, and having fallen he gets up again to fall once more. When he is finally disposed of, the play is practically over; for Vaughan has learnt that Pauline is innocent of the offence charged against her by Macari. The last act in the villa on the Lake of Geneva is the weakest. A better excuse for the reappearance of Macari should have been devised. The shock to Pauline is afforded by a vision of her brother's murder as it was committed; and of course Gilbert enters opportunely from Siberia. On the map it is a long way, and trains are uncertain; on the stage, however, a hero must be punctual to his cue. But we must not leave the authors of *Called Back* with words of satirical comment on our pen. The play, as already stated, is very good. It is so sound and strong that the absence of comedy for what is called relief is never felt. No relief is needed; except, indeed, from the superfluity of verbiage.

The acting rises from very fair to very good. Miss Lingard has a trying task in the portrayal of a mad heroine who is to be sympathetic in her madness; but, on the whole, she succeeds in retaining interest for the witless heroine, and that is much. If the precise method by which the mental disturbance was quelled is not very plainly shown, it may be that it was impossible to show it. Mr. Kyrle Bellew has earnestness to recommend him as Gilbert Vaughan. That Vaughan should be given to set tricks of attitude and movement is unfortunate. The actor is growing into mannerisms, which are things to be checked. If mannerisms are natural and unconquerable, they must be excused; but Mr. Kyrle Bellew is gradually adopting peculiarities which, if not checked, will presently tend much to mar his otherwise intelligent efforts. Great praise has been awarded to Mr. Beerbohm-Tree for his performance of Macari, and the praise is deserved. We can well believe that it is a study from life, not, it must be understood, a copy of any particular personage—the lowest form of study from life the stage presents—but an amalgamation of natural characteristics welded by the ability of the actor into a homogeneous whole. Perhaps the part is somewhat over-elaborated, but it should not be forgotten that Macari is an Italian, with the vivacity of his race accentuated by the circumstances of his daily life. Coming after the vacuous curate of *The Private Secretary*, Mr. Beerbohm-Tree's Macari is a very noteworthy piece of acting. Mr. Anson was less to the point as Ceneri. Dr. Ceneri is an older man than Macari, and could not be expected to possess all the ardour and energy which Macari affects; but there is little evidence of deep-set purpose in him. He is always in trouble himself, instead of being bent on troubling others. On the whole, he is a very weak-kneed conspirator. There are clever touches in the part; at times Ceneri arrests the attention; but he does not retain command over it, and he it is who will not die. Most of the minor parts are carefully filled. *Called Back* promises to be a great popular success. It also, however, as is not always the case with popular successes, amply fulfils artistic requirements.

THE BATTLE OF LA HOGUE.

"RINGING of bells all day, and bonefires all night," is the entry in Narcissus Luttrell's diary for May 23rd and 24th, 1692. And this went on for many days. This ebullition of national joy meant something more than pride for that signal victory known in our annals as the Battle of La Hogue. On that ground, indeed, England had good cause to rejoice; for not only was this, as Macaulay points out, the first

great check given to the arms of Lewis XIV., and the first great victory won by the English over the French since the days of Agincourt; but, if it could not efface, it at least gloriously atoned for, the disgrace of Beachy Head. The disgrace was England's that day; two years later the atonement was hers. On June 30, 1690, the Dutch bore the burden of the fighting, while Torrington lay ingloriously by out of gunshot, till his brave allies had done all that even the countrymen of De Ruyter and Van Tromp could do against an enemy near four times their strength in numbers and weight of metal, and then slunk away up the Thames, leaving the Channel free from end to end to the triumphant French. On May 19, 1692, the position was reversed. The work on that day was done almost wholly by the English, not from any backwardness on the part of the Dutch, but solely through the perversity of the wind, which for the most part of the time enabled the French to engage the English squadrons alone. But this was not all. The victory of La Hogue meant something more to England than a check to the arms of the Great Monarch. When at noon of the 24th of May the English fleet slowly drew out of the bay on an ebb tide with the flower of the French navy in flames under the helpless eyes of James and the great captains who were to have brought England once more to his feet, the last chance of the Stuarts being restored by foreign arms and foreign gold vanished with the smoke of the burning ships. Twice had the attempt been made; twice had it failed. If a King of the race she had rejected was to sit again on the English throne, he must be recalled by English voices and upheld by English arms. That issue, too, was tried. The retreat from Derby and the slaughter on Culloden Heath was the last word of the great lesson the Stuarts had learned twice before on the banks of the Boyne and in the Bay of La Hogue.

From the beginning of the year it had been known that great preparations were astir in France. The one man who had persistently opposed an invasion of England was no more. Louvois was dead, and with him vanished, as the exile flattered himself, the last barrier that lay between St. Germains and St. James's. He died at the close of 1691, and early in the following January Lewis had consented to an expedition from which he possibly expected to gain as much as James. Macaulay, following Burnet, says that the real designs of the French Government were unknown even to William when he sailed for Holland on March 6. But it is difficult to reconcile this statement with the many paragraphs in the *Gazettes* for January and February which show that the French preparations were no secret in London. The muster on the coast of Normandy of all the Irish troops then in France under the command of Sarsfield might not have troubled William much; but one can hardly suppose him to have been ignorant that with these Irish battalions was camped Bellefonds with ten thousand Frenchmen. It was certainly known, too, in January that the Toulon squadron was fitting for sea; in February, that all privateers had been recalled, and an embargo laid on all merchantmen; while in the dockyards of Brest, Rochefort, and Port Louis the carpenters were at work night and day. It may not have suited the English King, in the then feverish States, to have made all his information public; but the letter to Heinsius quoted by Macaulay hardly warrants our belief that it was not till April that he really saw whither all these preparations tended. However, whatever he may have suspected or known, on March 6th he sailed for his own country, leaving, as usual, full power in the hands of Mary, with Nottingham again at the head of the Council.

Meanwhile, England had not been idle. The *Gazettes* which announce the movements of Lewis are full of indications of our own activity. All persons trading in naval commodities were entreated to apply to the Commissioners sitting at the office of His Majesty's navy "in Crutched Fryers." Six weeks' pay by way of bounty was offered to all able seamen who would enlist, and these gentle inducements were supplemented later by a sterner call. In April three new men-of-war were launched, the *Cornwall* and the *Devonshire* of eighty guns each, and the *Breda* of seventy. The *Prince*, of a hundred guns, and the *Dunkirk*, of seventy, both of which had been renewed almost into new vessels, were ready in the same month; and some idea of the pace at which the work went forward may be gathered from the fact that the former of these, which, under its new name of the *Royal William*, had been launched at Chatham on the 21st, was manned, fitted, and ready for sea by the 30th. The same activity was observed in the land forces. The regular troops were concentrated between Petersfield and Portsmouth. Several regiments were recalled from Flanders, and others stopped on the march. All the militia were called out; and the Queen herself reviewed in Hyde Park six of the City regiments, thirteen thousand strong. In the southern shires of Scotland all capable of bearing arms between the ages of sixteen and sixty were bidden to hold themselves in readiness, and a few of the most trusted of the Highland chieftains received a sort of dictatorship over the rest. All Papists, or reputed Papists, were ordered to remove ten miles from London. The houses of all suspected persons were searched, and Lord Huntingdon, in whose stables horses enough were found to mount a whole troop of cavalry, was sent to join Marlborough in the Tower. Nor were the Dutch behindhand. The presence of William lent a spur to their zeal. The Amsterdam squadron, of fourteen men-of-war, three of ninety-two guns each, and three fire-ships, was the first to put to sea. The Meuse squadron, of five men-of-war and two fire-ships, followed; the North Holland and Zealand squadrons were not long behind. By the end of April the whole fleet, thirty-six ships, carrying about thirteen thousand men and two thousand four hundred and ninety-four guns, was anchored in the Downs under the command of Van Almonde.

On the 21st of April James left St. Germains for Normandy. As usual he was firmly convinced that his coming was anxiously expected in England, and that the officers of the English navy were with him almost to a man. In this last belief there was, indeed, more reason than in most of the foolish notions James carried in his head. So far as he can be said to have been popular at any time and with any class of people, he had been popular with the fleet. He had proved himself when Duke of York a brave and a skilful sailor, and this rare instance to his credit had not been wholly forgotten. Moreover, it was no secret that his agents had been busy in that quarter, and especially with Russell, and James, as usual supremely ignorant of the man's real nature, had been persuaded that the English Admiral was heart and soul with him. But Russell, though he had little love for his present sovereigns, had a great love for his profession. He would have had little objection to seeing James again on the English throne, but he had the very strongest objection to seeing an English fleet strike its flag to the Frenchmen. In all his correspondence with St. Germains he was resolute on one point, that the two fleets should not meet. "If I meet them," he said, "I fight them, were his Majesty himself on board." One of his chief officers, Carter, whose support had been confidently promised to James by his agents, had reported their every word to Nottingham.

Still there was an uneasy feeling in London. That Russell had been in correspondence with the enemy was pretty well known, and no man could dare to say what part he would play when the pinch came. He had taken leave of the Queen on April 30th, and by the end of the second week in May the whole of the allied fleet was anchored off St. Helen's. No mightier armament had ever assembled in an English port. If every man was true, there could be little doubt of the result. But of that fact there was much doubt, and in London these doubts were freely expressed. Again the good sense and courage of Mary showed themselves. On May 15th all the English officers were summoned on board the *Britannia*, Russell's flag-ship, to hear a dispatch from Nottingham, conveying the Queen's disbelief of all the stories that had been circulated to their discredit and her unshaken assurance in their loyalty. The wisdom of this course was as clear as the folly of James's Declaration. An address was hastily prepared in answer, thanking the Queen for her confidence, and vowing to defend her rights and the freedom and religion of England with their lives against all Popish invaders. Every officer present pressed forward to sign it, and there is no doubt that at that moment they signed the truth.

Meanwhile the French fleet had left Brest, and was making its way up Channel towards La Hogue, where three hundred transports were waiting his escort to convey James and his army to the shores of England. Tourville was in command. His orders were positive—to find out the English fleet, and fight them, in order to clear the way for the transports. But both Lewis and his Ministers had been strangely misinformed of the strength of that fleet. That the Dutch could have had time to join forces with the English was thought impossible. Of the latter, only Delaval's and Carter's squadrons were believed to be at sea; and of these, even if they showed fight, there could be no doubt that Tourville would be able to give a good account. Russell was supposed to be still in the Thames, or beating somewhere about the Downs; moreover, in him James, despite all that had passed, still professed the utmost confidence. At three o'clock on the morning of the 16th Nottingham was waked from his sleep by an express, who had ridden up from Weymouth in eleven hours with the news that the French squadron was in sight. Another posted off along the coast to Russell. On the following morning the allied squadrons weighed anchor from St. Helen's and stood off down Channel.

Their whole force was ninety-nine ships, carrying between forty and fifty thousand men, and close upon seven thousand guns. Russell's flag flew from the *Britannia*, a fine three-decker of one hundred guns. His vice- and rear-admirals were Sir Ralph Delaval, in the *Royal Sovereign* (which famous ship was then nearly sixty years old), and Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in the *London*. Sir John Ashby commanded the Blue Squadron in the *Victory*, with Rooke and Carter for his vice- and rear-admirals. Almonde was in command of the Dutch, with Callemberg as his vice-admiral. The accounts of Tourville's force vary. Macaulay puts it at forty-four men-of-war; others at fifty or sixty, or even more, exclusive of fire-ships and smaller vessels. It is certain, however, that it was his squadron only that was engaged, for a lucky wind still kept the Toulon fleet in harbour, and that, had our whole force been able to come into action, he would have been outnumbered nearly two to one. The French van was commanded by D'Amfreville, their rear by Gabaret. In the centre Tourville's flag flew from the *Royal Sun*, boasted by the French to be the finest ship ever yet launched on any waters, carrying one hundred and four guns, and adorned with a gorgeous device representing Lewis in triumph, with a crowd of kings and princes in chains at his feet. The Dutch led the English van; Russell, with the Red Squadron, lay in the centre; Ashby, with the Blue, was in the rear.

At daybreak on May 19th the two fleets came in sight of each other, Cape Barfleur, about six leagues off, bearing south by south-west of the English line. The morning was hazy, and Russell could not clearly see what tack the French were on. The

wind, too, which was from the south-west and light, was with them. Tourville could have declined an engagement; and when the immense superiority of the force opposed to them was observed, his officers pressed him to do so. But he flatly declined. Orders to fight were in his pocket, and he had no mind to run the risk of another sneer about men "who carried the white feather in their heads if not in their hearts," with which he had been greeted at the French Court for not having burned the English shipping in their harbours after the battle off Beachy Head. By ten o'clock his line was formed, and bearing down upon the English centre. Russell signalled for the Dutch and the Blue Squadron to weather the French if possible, but the wind had now fallen almost to a calm, and it was not till late in the afternoon that his orders, and then but partially, could be obeyed. It was no idle boast of his, therefore, to Nottingham that for the greater part of the day he was engaged with a force practically superior to his own. Tourville stood on his course till he had come within musket-shot of the *Britannia*, and then, hauling up to windward, the *Royal Sun* opened fire about half-past eleven, and the fight began.

At first it was a little more than a duel between the two admirals, but gradually others came into action, and for four hours the firing was heavy. But the French were out-manœuvred and out-fought, our ships, it is said, firing three broadsides to their two. About four o'clock Tourville, who had played his part as became the captain of the *Royal Sun*, found himself in such a plight that he shifted his flag to the *Ambitious*, while the *Royal Sun* made off to the coast of Normandy, nearly all her rigging shot away and "all her scuppers" spouting blood, says Macaulay, dexterously appropriating a grandiloquent touch from a contemporary ballad. At six a breeze sprung up, which enabled the Blue Squadron to get into action. Carter's ship was the first to break the French line, and Carter himself, struck by a splinter from his own yard-arm, was one of the first to fall. Till ten the firing continued, and then the wind fell again, and in a thick fog both fleets anchored for the night. Our loss was severe. The *Eagle* alone had seventy killed and one hundred and fifty wounded, but besides Carter, Captain Hastings, of the *Sandwich*, was the only English officer who fell.

The morning of the 20th broke foggy and calm. Only thirty-eight of the French ships were in sight about three leagues to the westward. Russell gave signal for chase, his own ship being far to the eastward in consequence of her foretopmast having gone by the board during the night. All through that afternoon and until past ten in the evening the chase continued, and early the next morning the English brought up near the Race of Alderney in fifty fathoms. Twenty-eight of the French ships followed suit, but much nearer the Race, and fifteen others further to the westward. Soon the flood tide came up strong, and some of the French began to drive. Three managed to get into Cherbourg, and the rest into the Bay of La Hogue. For those who kept their anchors a luckier fate was in store. Every one knows Mr. Browning's gallant ballad which tells how D'Amfreville, with a part of the French fleet, was steered through the rocks and shallows of the dangerous Race by a Breton pilot. Whether the poet has followed history exactly or not, it is certain that about twenty ships managed to get safe into St. Malo, and that Ashby, with the Blue Squadron, having no pilot who could take him through those intricate channels, made sail to join Russell off La Hogue.

Meanwhile Delaval was after the ships who had got safe, as they hoped, into Cherbourg, the luckless *Royal Sun* and two other first-rates of ninety and eighty-four guns. They were hauled up too close inshore for Delaval to follow them in till he made sure of his soundings. As Nelson did more than a hundred years later in the Baltic, Delaval saw to this himself and under a heavy fire. The next morning he sent in three fire-ships, putting himself on board one. "I hope I may say, without vanity," he wrote to Nottingham, "that the service was warm, yet effectually performed." Two of the French ships were burned at anchor: the third ran on shore, and, being deserted by all her crew, shared the same fate. One of ours was sunk, but our loss was very slight.

At noon on the 23rd the allied fleets were together again off La Hogue. Thirteen of the French fleet were anchored in the bay, as far inshore as they could be drawn. They were covered by the forts De Lisset and Saint-Vaast. Platforms had been hastily run up on which all the guns of the army had been mounted. The shoals were lined with boats filled with soldiers. On the shore were drawn up Bellefond's French and Sarsfield's Irish, and on a height commanding the whole was James himself, with the Duke of Berwick, Bellefond, Tourville, and other high officers of both arms. James was uneasy. He saw that the French sailors were disheartened, and what English sailors were he knew well. He advised that a strong force of soldiers and artillery should be sent on board the ships; but his advice was disregarded. Tourville would not consent to such a slur upon his men's courage, and even the rest thought that things must needs be well enough as they were.

Russell gave charge of the expedition to Rooke, who shifted his flag to the *Eagle*, as drawing less water than that which had hitherto carried it. But he soon found that the work must be done by boats alone. His orders were simple. The boats were to advance, he said, and board or burn as best they could. The boats advanced under a heavy fire from the shore. Not a musket answered; oars were the only weapons used till the men got aside, and then, scrambling on board with loud hurras, they set to work with a will. Some cut the rigging, others set fire to the vessels, others turned the guns upon the shore. Six ships were burned on the first day; on the next the work was finished. There was little resistance. As fast as the English scrambled up one side, the French scrambled down the other, and as the ships and not their crews were what our men aimed at, there was little loss of life, and but few prisoners were taken. Including those destroyed by Delaval in Cherbourg, seventeen first-rates were burned to ashes, besides several transports. Our own loss after the first day's fighting was ten men killed. And throughout the two days James stood on the heights above the bay, gazing in helpless despondency at the destruction of all his hopes. One exclamation he could not help. As he saw the English sailors swarming up the huge sides of the French ships, having thrown away their muskets to leave their hands free, and cheering as though they were at play, he cried out, "Ah, none but my brave English could do so brave an action"—words natural to an Englishman, even though that Englishman were James, but hardly politic in the circumstances. Then, when all was over, he muttered that Heaven fought against him, and withdrew sullenly to his tent.

So glorious and complete a victory was received in England in a manner worthy the occasion. Solemn prayers and a thanksgiving were ordered by Russell throughout the fleet. Rochester, Portland, Sidney, and Galloway were sent down to Portsmouth with fifty thousand pounds to distribute among the sailors. Each of the captains of the fire-ships received one hundred guineas, and the same sum was given to three who had brought the first news of our success to England. Every officer who had distinguished himself in any way was presented with a gold medal. Carter was buried at Portsmouth with all military honours. The body of Hastings was brought to London, and, escorted by the Royal Guards, and followed by four Royal carriages, laid in St. James's Church. Nor were the wounded forgotten. Forty surgeons were sent down to Portsmouth. The hospitals of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew by the Queen's orders opened their doors to all patients from the fleet at the public charge. A more lasting memorial of Royal gratitude was not wanting. The building which Charles II. had begun at Greenwich for a Royal palace was continued by Mary to commemorate the victory gained over her brother, and many an English sailor owes to-day the comfort and happiness of his declining years to the battle of La Hogue.

SCULPTURE IN 1884.

IT is a matter of congratulation to us to see year by year that our repeated prediction of better things in store as to an English school of sculpture was not a mere expression of optimism. But while we cannot but be pleased at this definite progress, we are not blind to the shortcomings of the English school. We do not permit ourselves to say, as more than one of our contemporaries have said this year, that English sculpture is now ahead of English painting at the Royal Academy. To justify such a statement as this the general average of merit should be higher among the sculptors than among the painters. This is far from being the case. We have several examples this year which hold their own against the very best of the paintings; there are about two dozen works which are up to the average of the paintings; but below these we sink suddenly to an abyss of mediocrity and false taste. That we have so many brilliant exceptions is highly creditable and encouraging; but we must not flatter ourselves that we have a school of sculpture until such contributions as Nos. 1708, 1691, and 1775 are naturally and obviously excluded.

The exhibition at the Royal Academy is especially rich this year in large imaginative groups and figures, mainly by outsiders, for neither Mr. Armstead nor Mr. Boehm nor Mr. Brock is a contributor in this department. The most striking piece of sculpture of the year, and that which is properly set in the place of honour in the Lecture-Room, is Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's "Mower" (1856). This is the fourth statue of heroic size which Mr. Thornycroft has executed, and it proves that his powers have not been thwarted or deformed by the rapidity of his success. He has shown a fine ambition in declining to repeat in another classical figure the antique poetry of his "Artemis" of 1880 or of his "Teucer" of 1882. In his statue of this year Mr. Thornycroft, who has been steadily approaching nearer and nearer to the realists, but without ever relinquishing his hold on style, deserts antiquity for the England of to-day. He gives us the statue of a young English mower, not idealized, but only selected, in his country dress, without modification or falsification of any kind. It is a happy memorial of country life in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. There is no attempt to make too much of the subject; the young man is not doing one thing with his right hand and another with his left, but stands in the simplicity of his strength, gazing forwards and downwards at some passing object with concentrated and stolid attention. The modelling was never more learned or beautiful in any previous work of Mr. Thornycroft's, nor the flesh more finely contrasted against the various textures—the leather, the cotton, and the felt.

Another figure, smaller, but not less beautiful, is the "Icarus" of Mr. Alfred Gilbert (1855). The young athlete stands ready to take flight; his artificial wings are bound to his arms with thongs, and still droop in fine curves along his flanks. His head is swathed and bound with cloths to avoid the disturbing rush of

air. His feet, which, however, are the least satisfactory part of the figure, touch the ground as if ready to abandon it. The whole statuetto is full of grace and poetry and of a pathetic sense of the fallacy of the hopes of Icarus. It is this imaginative touch of lassitude in the body and anxiety in the face which completes the charm of the whole. In passing from the study of this statuette to that of Mr. George A. Lawson's "Ave Cæsar" (1809), we traverse the space that divides a masterly work, fully carried out in every part with the artist's utmost ability, from a spirited and ambitious sketch by a sculptor who can never be persuaded to carry his work far enough. Mr. Lawson's Retiarius is brandishing his three-pronged fork with exaggerated vehemence, while his net, by an unlucky subterfuge, is drawn up at his side so voluminously as to form an obvious support to the figure. These things are evidence of haste in composition, of too great readiness to be satisfied; but the statue has excellent qualities, nevertheless. Mr. Onslow Ford's "Linos" (1680) is unfortunately placed. It is difficult to say what there is about this statue which fails to impress the eye. We examine it, and we find it to be marvellously well modelled, full of evidence of patient study from the life. But it is too purely a portrait of the body of some particular model, imperfections are slavishly reproduced rather than finer forms selected. This is the result of the neglect of style, and the pursuit of realism without imagination. Mr. Onslow Ford is technically so clever, and his work as a handicraftsman has so much improved of late, that we believe he will see, from the comparative failure of his figure this year, that more is needed than mere portraiture of the body. Mr. Browning, with his crude and fleshy statue of "Dryope" at the Grosvenor Gallery, is probably beyond the power of seeing this. We should like to commend both Mr. Ford and Mr. Browning to M. Rodin's exquisitely finished statue in bronze, "L'Âge d'Airain" (1667); M. Rodin is quite as determined a realist as they are, but he throws over his work that veil of imagination which we call style, and thereby gives the figure a charm which has power to retain the attention.

Mr. E. Roscoe Mullins is an outsider who is rapidly coming forward into the front rank. His works this year, both at the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor, give him a greater claim to notice than he has ever shown before. In the Central Hall of the Academy his strong and spirited group (1682), "Bless me, even me also, O my father," attracts the eye at once. Esau has crept along the ground towards Isaac, and presses up towards his father in an agony of suspense; the solemn blind face of the patriarch suggests his doubt and inward trouble. This group is not merely nobly conceived; it is executed with a virile force which was till lately a quality unknown in our English sculpture. In the Grosvenor Mr. Mullins exhibits two statuettes (408, 420) which possess great beauty; the marble one is a charming specimen of carved work. Mr. C. B. Birch has expended great pains on his huge group of "Lady Godiva" (1823), but he leaves us unimpressed. Mr. Pinker's large "Britannia" (1669), with a lion, shows advance upon his previous work; but as a group it is too flat. Mr. Calder Marshall's ambition is as great as ever; but his sentimental statues make a poor show among the vigorous younger work. Mr. G. Natorp, a new name, signs a massive and graceful bronze statuette of "Hercules" (1746), leaning on his club, an excellent and very promising piece. We lament to see Mr. Walter Ingram, whose work in the past has often possessed great merit, sinking to such depths of trickery as he reaches this year in his so-called "Ariel" (1783). One of the prettiest statuettes in the Royal Academy is Mr. Paul de Vigne's "Poverella" (1800), a girl with a fiddle on her knees, leaning back asleep; this is in marble exquisitely carved, and the composition is as fortunate as it can be, broad and simple, and held within close limits.

The Academy possesses some good reliefs this year. Mr. Woolner's bronze "Water Lily" (1700), a bathing-girl stepping delicately among the lily-leaves, is full of poetic charm. Mr. Henry Bates, the student whose bas-relief in the schools this spring caused quite an emotion, exhibits it here for general inspection. This "Socrates Teaching in the Agora" (1712) is without question a remarkably sound and vivid piece of work, full of qualities that are both sculpturesque and picturesque, as relief should be. We hope to see it again when Mr. Bates has translated it into marble. Another student, Mr. Henry Pegram, exhibits a version of the same theme which is very gracefully conceived. All these younger men are, we are glad to see, following the example of Mr. Thornycroft—whose influence is evidently very great among them—and are avoiding the old nerveless fashion of modelling. The Academic sculptors themselves seem to be trying to catch the new manner of touch, sometimes with rather naive results.

Iconic sculpture, in the form of important monuments, is not largely represented at the Royal Academy this year. The best portrait statue is that of "Sir Richard Temple" (1686), by Mr. T. Brock, a very spirited production; the worst is that of "Lord Frederick Cavendish" (1678), by Mr. Bruce Joy. We regret the steady decline of this artist, who in the early part of his career exhibited some graceful works, which brought his name before the public, but who has lately persisted in following the old-fashioned path that leads to mediocrity. Busts are, of course, numerous and of very varied merit. The Royal Academy contains a superb "Lord Wolseley" (1722), in bronze, and an excellent "Mr. Herbert Spencer" (1784), in terra-cotta, both by Mr. Boehm, and satisfactory in every way, full of life and character, treated with simplicity, and delicately finished. Mr. Boehm remains our best portrait sculptor, when he will give himself the trouble to put his own individuality into his work. Mr. Alfred Gilbert has never surpassed his "Study of the Head" of an old man (1699), evidently an Italian model, with flapping ears brought forward, little shrewd eyes pursed up, and thin, humorous lips drawn back in a kind of sly smile. In mere technical skill, in masterly treatment of surface, this is the most accomplished head in the Academy. We observe the beautiful exactitude with which every plane of the old wrinkled skin is reproduced without exaggeration, flatly, every atom laid on in its right place with unaffected mastery. Mr. Armstead is not fortunate this year; he is represented by a queer little figurine called "Egypt" (1688), and a still more queer "Henry III.," a marble bust of a very old-fashioned gentleman, who "the semblance of a kingly crown has on." Mr. Onslow Ford exhibits a remarkably fine bust of the Archbishop of York (1793) in the Royal Academy, and in the Grosvenor an exquisitely refined and sprightly bust of a little girl (425). What has happened to Mr. T. Nelson MacLean? He seems to have formed a fresh conception of the size and proportions of the human head. His busts this year have the brightness of touch which belongs to his work: but in every case the skull has the appearance of having been pinched and the sides pressed together. He is surely not enamoured of the eccentricities of Mr. Conrad Dressler, who comes over from Berlin to enlighten our darkness with a number of strangely sensational heads. Mr. Birch is always a conscientious artist in portraits; his head of "Mr. Wilson Barrett as Wilfred Denver" is careful and praiseworthy. Mr. Thornycroft's best bust is his "Mr. Walter Prideaux" (1720); his "Coleridge" (1788), like Mr. Brock's "Longfellow" (1786), labours at the Royal Academy under the disadvantage of work which has been executed to stand within the gloom of Westminster Abbey. At the Grosvenor, in the centre of the large room, Mr. Thornycroft exhibits an extremely graceful and poetical portrait-statuette of a lady with a book of music on her knees (411), a work full of charm and originality. Other busts demanding praise at the Royal Academy are Mr. Brock's "Rev. S. H. Booth" (1726), Mr. Pinker's "Professor Rolleston" (1730), Mr. Richmond's "Dr. Pusey" (1787), and Mr. Fontana's "Sir Moses Montefiore" (1690).

A few words in conclusion with regard to such miscellaneous works as have not been already considered. Mr. Henry Holiday's "Jacob's Ladder" (1743), a tall narrow composition in relief, like a stained glass window come to life, is decorative and accomplished. Mr. Thornycroft's "Cat" (1701), in a noble position of repose, in bronze on a slab of green Irish marble, would be a delightful household acquisition, and shows the versatility of the artist. Mr. Poynter's bronze medals (1777–1781) are interesting; they are less rough than those Professor Legros exhibited two years ago, and seem to us to be more independent of the prestige of the fifteenth century. Mr. George Simond's life-sized "Sketch of a Lion" (1776) will not pass muster, we are afraid. This is not how Barye or Hachnel modelled animals.

M. PASTEUR'S RESEARCHES ON HYDROPHOBIA.

THE results obtained by the experiments of M. Pasteur with the poison of rabies, or canine madness, bid fair, if corroborated, to be of the highest scientific and practical importance. In his recent communication to the Académie des Sciences, based on work extending over four years, M. Pasteur makes the hope reasonable that a certain process of inoculation will succeed in averting the consequences of a bite from a mad dog, and thus free humanity from one of its greatest terrors and curative medicine from one of its oldest reproaches. Following the same methods as in his experiments with the poisons of other diseases, M. Pasteur has found that the poison of rabies loses in virulence by being successively inoculated into several monkeys. By this means, after a few transmissions, the poison becomes so "attenuated" that its inoculation into dogs is harmless, while a dog so inoculated is rendered thereby proof against the original disease.

Though vaccination for small-pox has now become a quite familiar example of preventive inoculation, it is but recently that there has been any scientific extension of the underlying principle. M. Pasteur especially has been working along this line with earnestness; and in more than one instance his researches have led to definite and practical results. In the present case the importance of the experiments is obvious, not only because the disease called hydrophobia is quite common enough to be a real source of terror, but also owing to the very favourable conditions that are here presented for coming to some more definite conclusion than heretofore on the subject of preventive inoculation. The disease is so clearly conveyed from animal to animal by inoculation that the experiments made are in close conformity with the mode of natural transmission, and when the efficacy of the new "vaccination" is proved in dogs we may fairly conclude that the process is likely to succeed with men. The matter is not complicated here as it may be in the case of many other diseases, such as consumption and cholera, with the question as to how far the animal and the man are similarly affected. Rabies in the dog and hydrophobia in the man may be assumed to be due to one and the same poison, its transmissibility from the one to the other being open to no reasonable doubt. Although, as M. Pasteur says, the time may still be distant when canine madness will be extinguished by this process of vaccination,

there seems to be good reason for hoping, should his results be established, that the consequences of a bite from a mad dog may be prevented. For, though it would be of course unlikely that men would submit themselves to inoculation to forestall the risk of such an accidental disease as hydrophobia, there is ground for believing that, owing to the long period of incubation after a bite, the patient bitten by a mad dog may be rendered insusceptible by inoculation before the mortal malady has had time to declare itself.

Whatever may be the result of further investigations, and the testing of these experiments which is to be carried out by a Government Commission at the request of M. Pasteur, it cannot be denied that the methods followed are strictly philosophical, and that the objects in view are of the greatest scientific and practical value. The French Government is to be congratulated for so promptly appointing a Commission of scientific men of indisputable authority to assist and check these interesting experiments, the names of Villemin, Vulpian, Bert, and Bouley lending no small weight to the prospective results of the inquiry. The test experiments proposed by M. Pasteur consist (1) in causing twenty unprotected dogs and twenty "vaccinated" dogs (presumably protected thereby from the poison) to be bitten by dogs in a rabid state; and (2) in artificially inoculating with the virus of rabies two other sets of twenty dogs, respectively vaccinated and unvaccinated. "The twenty vaccinated dogs," says M. Pasteur, "will resist the poison, and the other twenty will all die of madness." The results of these trials can hardly fail to be largely decisive of the question one way or the other, and will be an unequivocal illustration of the value of experimental pathology. It is to be hoped that at some no distant date an English Government may be found to extend the same kind of aid to all-important researches of this nature as has been so lately given in Germany to the work of Dr. Koch in relation to the cholera-poison, and now again in France to the brilliantly conceived investigations of M. Pasteur. We are yet but on the threshold of new inquiries into the nature and causes of disease which may turn out to be of a value beyond all present expectation.

THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

THE International Health Exhibition is gradually assuming something of the unity of design its promoters anticipated, and is arising beautiful out of chaos. There is still, however, much to be effected before the show can be pronounced finished. Such important features as the water exhibit and the section devoted to China are far from complete. What is, perhaps, more to the purpose, there already exist attractions self-sufficient and powerful enough to render the success of the Exhibition beyond all doubt. In the bewildering maze of galleries and annexes, full of multitudinous and varied objects of interest, two features of the show are so prominently and indisputably admirable that alone they should assure popularity. These are the representation of old London and the gallery of historical costumes illustrated chronologically by means of wax figures. The larger portion of Mr. G. H. Birch's reproduction of old London inns and houses is now externally complete, and the result is certainly a most felicitous realization of a romantic conception. Nothing can be more delightful, more perfectly illusive, more full of charm and interest, than this admirable work. The buildings, which are most accurately reproduced, are so happily disposed and contrasted that the aspect of the street, from whatever point of view, is ever charming; the solidity of the work, the clever simulation of age, and the wear of weather, the successful tone of the whole, the cunning carving, are all surprising, and contribute to the harmonious *ensemble*. Just now the shops are unoccupied, save one, where, in the shadow of All Hallows Church, the workers in iron pursue their craft; when, however, all is completed, the scene will be one of increased charm and animation. Outside the church may be seen a veritable specimen of the stocks, a very pleasant touch of realism. One great source of interest in these quaint buildings lies in their fidelity to the originals, all of which were of more or less historical fame; and the stroller in the street, particularly if he be not one of a crowd, must be dull indeed if he do not feel his imagination quicken by the suggestion and store of poetry about him. If he be fortunate enough to pass the portal of Bishopsgate when the street is nearly free from visitors, he will feel the full beauty and quiet of the scene and note the happy effect of the young green of the tree against the iron-workers' shop, and observe and bewail the anachronism—the telegraph-wires high overhead against the blue sky; or, standing by the church, he will have over against him the famous house of Dick Whittington, once in Crutched Friars, which is here so excellently reproduced that, though shorn of its carving and gilding, it is a marvel of craft and deft handiwork. Adjoining this stately dwelling is a remarkable interior, a fine reproduction of the Hall of the Brotherhood of the Holy Trinity, Aldersgate Street, with its old stained glass and noble roof excellently copied. The manifold allurements of the scene might even detain the enthusiastic disciple of the newest notion in hygiene, the earnest but errant pilgrim whose aim is the vegetarian dinner, the most preoccupied scientist, or the most indefatigable sightseer. The work is infinitely creditable to Mr. Birch's knowledge and taste, to the builders employed, and to the City Companies at whose cost it is undertaken.

The scope of the Exhibition is so immense, its aims so comprehensive, that literal people who love exactitude and absolute definitions will certainly, after a patient survey, address to themselves the query, What is health? and also what has this picturesque presentation of old London to do with health? And the natural answer is that it has as much relation to the subject as the wax-figures, the open-air fêtes, the glove-making, mustard manufactory, and a hundred other sights of a great popular show. To the serious person, possessed of one or more crotchets, and bent on proselytism, many are the stumbling-blocks and causes of offence in the Exhibition. If the father of a young and tender family, he will not consider the public display of the making of sweets, with its inevitable sale, conducive to health; if a vegetarian of pronounced views, he will scarcely regard the frozen New Zealand mutton with equanimity; or if a total abstainer, the show of beer-barrels and wine samples in the Food Gallery will exercise his mind. Another class of inflexible minds will, it is feared, fail to perceive the subtle connexion with the subject of the collection in the Science and Art Department, the aquarium, Mr. Rowland Ward's case of stuffed poultry, tobacco, dried vegetables, wall-paper, aërated drinks of wonderful nomenclature, and a hundred other incongruities. Liberal, however, as is the accepted interpretation of the term, the Health Exhibition might have been even more comprehensive without affording reasonable ground of complaint. Contiguous to the reproduction of old London, for instance, we might have enjoyed the advantage of an accurate copy of modern London that would offer practical and pungent illustration of defective drainage and the evils of overcrowding; and what the young lady in *Punch* calls "such a sweet slum" would undoubtedly prove highly attractive. It should of course be absolutely isolated, and encircled if possible by water, across which boat-loads of earnest reformers might be conveyed on due receipt of toll. Road-watering and cleansing, and paving, the vagaries of dust-contractors, the influence of barrel-organs and church-bells upon the nervous system, and other cognate matters interesting to the townsman, might also be illustrated. These suggestions are made in no carping spirit, but rather in commendation of the scheme of an Exhibition which many will think far too comprehensive.

Every day visible progress is made towards desired completeness, and in a few weeks the quality and importance of the Exhibition may be accurately estimated. The adequacy with which it illustrates the progress and present condition of sanitary science may then appropriately be considered, together with the numerous hygienic appliances exhibited, the multifarious and elaborate systems of ventilation and drainage, and other subjects of equal importance. At present the more popular aspect of the show is most prominently presented, and the Executive and Committee may be congratulated on the wisdom and discretion of their endeavours to gratify popular instincts and prepossessions without imperilling the integrity of their special object—the practical illustration of the science of health.

MR. S. WARD.

THERE are some men widely known and valued for their social power of whom the public in general hears little. They do no one piece of work which gives them a place before the world; but in their daily life they exercise an influence which, as years go by, increases constantly. In the death of Mr. Sam Ward, of New York, there has passed away from among us—for Mr. Ward was as well known socially in Europe as in America—a man of great sweetness and kindliness of nature. Mr. Ward had had many experiences, and had lived among all sorts and conditions of men. Many different versions are current as to his life and character, and most of them are true. By some he would be spoken of as the best of good fellows; by others, as one of the justest and honestest men they had ever known; by others, as the most faithful of friends and the most genial of hosts. According to the point of view from which people regarded him, and to the relation in which they stood to him, the accounts which they gave varied; but all accounts agreed in having a pleasant word to say about him. His life was a curious and a chequered one. Born of wealthy parents in New England, he inherited a considerable fortune, and by his own exertions greatly added to his already ample means. Family and business connexions increased his wealth, till, by those changes of fortune not uncommon in America, it passed away. Before he had passed middle life he found himself a poor man. In America such changes are not unusual, and a man who has not succeeded at first may easily and honourably recover his position as years advance.

In his time Mr. Ward was a little of everything. He tried finance in California during the early days of what was then only a settlement; but found nothing there but failure and disappointment. He lived among the Indians, and made himself a name as a mighty hunter. He dug gold in the Sierras. He became an expert "lobbyist" at Washington; and those who know how "lobbying" is managed will be best able to appreciate his talents in this respect. His ready tact and wide knowledge of human nature in all its aspects enabled him to fulfil this function with the dexterity which the task requires. He knew, in dealing with each individual, which was the right string to touch. He was an attractive and, as some people put it, a "magnetic" nature. Among the roughest of men he never failed to win good will or to impart a

sense of confidence in him to them. He was able to see the good in others with whom he had to deal, and, at the same time, to see and to use their defects. It was this keen and, at the same time, kindly understanding of his fellow-men which enabled him to become the social power which he was, both in America and in Europe. Notwithstanding his many occupations and scanty leisure, he found time to cultivate his mind. He read much, and had learned the art, invaluable to a busy man, of sifting the wheat from the chaff in what he read. In studying literature he added much to his already practical knowledge of mankind. He had friends scattered all over the world. There was hardly a State in the Union where the name of Sam Ward was not known, and where his introduction was not a passport to all the pleasantest society in the State. In Europe he was equally well known in social circles, and he may be said to be one of those who have, of late years, contributed not a little to foster the good feeling between England and America which exists, and which, we hope, may long continue to exist and increase. In the entertainments which he gave at his own house he showed always a quick and rare sense of the fitness of people to meet one another. Nobody there found himself near somebody whom he would rather not have anything to do with. The result was that wherever, whether in Europe or America, his friends came to visit him they were sure of a pleasant and harmonious meeting. Although he was a good American, he was one of that class of Americans who, so to speak, bridge over the Atlantic—who help to make the New World intelligible to the Old, and the Old to the New. We have often expressed an opinion that this cannot be done by the American putting off from him what is characteristic of his own nationality, and trying to be (what he is not, and cannot become) a European. But it can be done, and in the simplest and most natural way, by the free intercourse of Europeans with Americans. One of the most hopeful of the signs of the time is that large numbers of Englishmen, and among them not the least distinguished, are reciprocating the interest which America has long felt towards Europe, and especially towards the mother-country. Social reciprocity is, in fact, only another term for political reciprocity. Personal relations, constant, mutual, and friendly, between large numbers of families on both sides of the Atlantic, are a perpetual and an increasing guarantee of political harmony between the two great English-speaking nations. When Americans come to feel themselves at home in London and Englishmen in Boston or New York, it will be hard to create a serious quarrel between the two countries. Few Americans have done as much as Mr. Sam Ward to foster good feeling in social life between the old and the new country, and his death is an event which may be regretted by more persons than those who have had the happiness of knowing him personally.

THE THEATRES.

THERE is a strange disagreement between the English version of the popular vaudeville *Mamzelle Nitouche* at the Opera Comique and its representation; the one is fairly faithful and intelligible, the other a perversion compacted of caricature and coarseness. It is but just to Miss Lotta, who impersonates Denise de Flavigny, to concede that when she unreservedly abandons her *rôle*—which is pretty frequently—and favours the audience with her original American notion, she is decidedly amusing. After her first serious attempt, in the opening scene, to represent the young lady of the convent, she abandons herself to expressing her own wayward individuality; she is full of trick and fun and antic; she dances with spirit and agility, sometimes with grace; she displays a vast capacity for facial pantomime and the humours of burlesque, and, in short, does everything but sing, and is anything but the ingenuous Denise. Miss Lotta's singing is distressingly colourless and thin, and the physical disability of her vocal powers is unredeemed by any charm of expression or sweetness of tone. Her failure to realize the piquancy of the part she undertakes, its agreeable blending of the devout *ingénue* and the merry-hearted schoolgirl whose pent-up vivacity finds sudden vent, is more remarkable than her defective vocalization. Of acting, properly so called, there is nothing in her performance; Denise de Flavigny is always Miss Lotta.

The piece is very unequally presented; the convent scene is mounted in curiously primitive fashion, and is absurdly ineffective, while the Pontarcy theatre is admirably displayed, considering stage limitations. Throughout the representation the strong comic element of the vaudeville appeared to be in constant conflict with the spirit of burlesque, with which in the original it has nothing in common. The airs and graces of Corinne, the star of the Pontarcy company, are prettily displayed by Miss Woodworth; and the director of the theatre is capitally played by Mr. John Phipps, whose horror and dismay at the defection of Corinne, just before the rise of the curtain, are well rendered. Mr. Robert Pateman undertakes the irascible Major with efficiency, and sings with excellent effect his humorous ballad of the Masher on horseback. The Celestin of Mr. Wyatt is a bright and droll conception, and his dance in the first act is clever and individual. Mr. F. Darrell does full justice to his songs as Champlatreux, and the minor parts of the officers are filled by Messrs. Barton and Chudleigh.

M. Hervé's music seems to be undergoing a revival just now, with *Nitouche* and *La Cosaque* and *Chilpéric*; and what was once the only form of opera-bouffe that successfully competed with Offenbach appears still to possess popularity and attraction. At the Empire, however, where an arrangement of *Chilpéric* by Messrs. Hersée and H. B. Farnie is performed, the opera is regarded as a means to spectacular display, and is justly entitled by the librettists "a grand musical spectacle." The theatre itself is an important addition to the sights of London, and a powerful attraction; it is not less remarkable for sumptuous display, excellent design, an agreeable impression of space and air, than for the substantial convenience and comfort of its arrangements.

The production of the opera accords thoroughly with the house's extraneous attractions. Some of the scenes are masterpieces of craftsmanship, of pictorial power, of ingenuity and illusion. In the first act the scene of the Mistletoe Grove, in which the pretty pastoral ballet occurs, with the famous *ensemble* of umbrellas, the grey old oaks and a charming distance of bosky dell are admirably realized with an effect of sunshine we have never seen paralleled except in the final tableau of the piece. Another remarkable scene represents Chilpéric's throne-room, from the balcony of which is obtained a most vivid and realistic view of a ravine in the mountains; still better is the night scene of the Gothic camp, save that the moon might be more luminous, when fifty Amazons enter, each of whom carries three electric lamps of various colours. The manœuvres of the ballet are carried out with wonderful precision and with brilliant effect, the peculiar star-like radiance of the moving lights being equally novel and charming. The change from this scene to the ramparts of the castle is one of the best mechanical scenic effects ever realized. The ballets are excellently devised, and the dancing very good, and more attention than usual is given to the arrangement and grouping, the colours and tone of the costumes being well harmonized. In the Spanish ballet of the second act Signorina Emma Bessone's exquisite dancing is calculated by its grace and delicacy and individual charm to revive the declining interest in the ballet; her style is full of fascination, singularly free from mannerism, and undebased by mere gymnastic feats.

Mr. Herbert Standing acts with becoming dignity and spirit as Chilpéric, and gives good effect to the music; Mr. Harry Paulton fills the pauses in the music with a number of topical references delivered in his dry sententious manner; M. Paulus, as the jester Rigolboche, sings his gallant and audacious songs with abundant verve and vivacity. Miss Camille d'Arville is an admirable Fredégonda in appearance, but her singing is deficient in animation occasionally, as in her tame rendering of the air "Canst thou recall thy words of promise?" when she throws the jewels at Chilpéric's feet. Miss Sallie Turner has too slight scope for her humour as Doña Tuberosa. Miss Madge Shirley fills the part of Galsuinda efficiently and agreeably.

SOME PROBABLE CONSEQUENCES OF THE NEW YORK PANIC.

THE panic in New York has been stayed by the action of the Clearing House Banks and the Secretary of the Treasury; but it is by no means certain that there may not yet be several serious failures. In the meanwhile, the publication on Saturday last of the weekly return of the Clearing House Banks reveals to us the steps by which the panic was brought about. The banks all over the country had lent enormous sums to promote all kinds of enterprises, very many of them exceedingly risky; and when the drain of gold from New York set in during February, the banks of that city found their reserves ebbing away. In consequence they had to take measures to contract the volume of their loans; and they therefore called upon borrowers to repay to them part of the advances made. In the week ended May 10 the reduction in the loans made by the Clearing House Banks amounted to 1¾ millions sterling, and last week the reduction exceeded 1¼ millions sterling. In the fortnight, that is, the reduction exceeded 3 millions sterling. In reality the calling in of loans was much greater. On the day the panic broke out the presidents of the Clearing House Banks met together and pledged themselves to stand by one another, and also to help solvent banks outside the Association. It is admitted that in the two following days they lent 3 millions sterling; and, if we assume that during the two other days of the panic they lent only half as much more, their total loans last week would have amounted to about 4½ millions sterling. Yet, in spite of these immense advances, the total of their loans, as we have seen, decreased during the week more than 1¼ million sterling. Consequently the calling in in the first two or three days of the week must have amounted to nearly 5 millions sterling. Unfortunately the borrowers were unable to repay the sums due by them. To fulfil their engagements they threw vast masses of stocks upon the markets, and by so doing they lowered prices so greatly that all holders of securities got frightened. Everybody feared that his turn would come next to be called upon by the banks to repay; and everybody, therefore, was anxious to accumulate with his banker as large a balance as possible. All at once, therefore, all the world became sellers, and nobody would buy. Several failures were the result; and, had it not been for the decision just referred to of the Clearing House Banks and for the intervention of the Secretary of the Treasury, the failures would have been very much more numerous and for immense amounts. As it was, it is admitted that the Clearing

House Banks had to assist six banks, besides numerous private bankers, savings banks, and stockbroking and other firms. Moreover, the branches of the Canadian banks in New York lent very largely, and the agents of English, Dutch, and German houses are reported to have advanced on a most liberal scale. The commercial community was thus reassured, and the panic ended. But it is quite evident that the market is still in a state of unstable equilibrium. The banks, as we see, have lent immense sums, which the borrowers for the moment are unable to repay. No doubt, the banks hold security which in the long run will prove to be amply sufficient; but for the moment there is no market for this security, and consequently, to use the accepted phrase, the resources of the banks are "locked up." Provided depositors are content to leave their money with the banks, and that no untoward accident happens, all will come right in the end. But an accident might renew the crisis at any moment. In any case it is clear that the consequences of so great a shock to credit must be grave, and must continue for a considerable time.

The go-ahead portion of the community (the men who construct new railways, found new works, open out new districts, establish new trades, and extend old businesses; the men, in short, whom their admirers describe as the pioneers of industry, and their detractors denounce as speculative promoters) have been crippled by the panic. They are deeply indebted to the banks and cannot meet their engagements, and therefore their credit for the time being is gone. The banks on their side, even if they were willing to aid new enterprises, are hardly in a position to do so. They have lent so much already that they will not part with any more of their resources except upon security that can be realized at any moment. Their inclination, rather, will be to diminish by every practicable means the loans they have made. Consequently, there will be no new enterprise for some time to come. The check to trade will thus be increased, and the tendency for some time to come will be to close works that have hitherto been kept open, and to reduce the number of persons employed. The people who have suffered particularly by the panic are those who in America live most luxuriously. They make fortunes rapidly and they spend them liberally. Consequently, they will be compelled to sell equipages, to move into less palatial residences, and altogether to live upon a humbler scale. The result of this will be that all who are employed in ministering to luxuries will suffer considerably; the profits of those trades will be greatly reduced, and very often will disappear, while wages also will fall. Furthermore, it is known that several railways are seriously embarrassed. Some of them are old and have never really been out of difficulty; others are new and have not yet obtained enough remunerative traffic. As long as times were good the directors of these Companies were able to borrow to pay their current liabilities; but immediately after such a shock to credit, it is very improbable that they will be able to continue this borrowing process. The likelihood is, therefore, that over several of these lines receivers will have to be appointed; and it may be expected that when these Companies are unable to pay the interest on their debts, and have to pass into the hands of receivers, there will be a further depreciation of railway property, and consequently that the trade depression will in this way be further increased. In the long run, of course, all this will right itself. The United States still contain immense tracts of unoccupied land, and the workpeople who are thrown out of employment in the older parts of the Union will settle down upon this land, will enlarge the cultivated area, and after a while will add considerably to the wealth of the country. In this way a resident population will be formed in the districts where the new railways have been built, and traffic will grow up over them; but in the interval it is reasonable to expect that there will be a good deal of distress throughout the country.

One of the reasons why the depreciation of railway property has been so great is that the demand for agricultural produce in Europe has fallen off. The competition of other countries with America has increased so greatly that the prices of raw produce have fallen lower than they have ever been known to be before. In consequence, the American farmers have been unwilling to sell their corn and cotton, and the railways have lost the traffic. The probability is that the increased depression likely to be caused by the panic will diminish also in the older States of the Union the demand for Western produce; wages will be lowered by all the methods already described; workpeople will be thrown out of employment; and, in consequence, the population will consume less than it has hitherto done. In another way, too, this will be brought about; for the Railway Companies—even those that are perfectly solvent—will be under the necessity of reducing their working expenses, and the readiest way of doing that is to lower wages and to lessen the number of persons employed. Altogether, then, there will be a smaller demand for the produce of the West both in Europe and in the older States of the Union; there will consequently be a fall of prices in America itself, and the prosperity of the agricultural classes will thereby be reduced. It will be in the recollection of our readers that about ten years ago a somewhat similar state of things existed. Then the farmers of the West and North-West found themselves so seriously distressed that they formed a great association, which was chiefly directed against the Railway Companies. A series of good harvests in America and bad harvests in Europe practically put an end to the Granger agitation. The farmers became more prosperous, and with prosperity they ceased to grumble. But now that adverse times are coming upon them again, it is reasonable to expect that the Granger movement will spring into life once more. Doubtless it will be partially directed, as before, against the Railway Companies; but it is also likely to add greatly to the movement in favour of Free-trade, or, at least, of a great reduction in the Customs duties. The West and South are little interested in manufactures; they are purely, or almost purely, agricultural, and their interest clearly is to promote the freest intercourse with all other countries. Since the beginning of the Granger movement there has been a very marked progress of Free-trade ideas in the West. The last elections to Congress show that conclusively. And recent events are likely to stimulate still more the Free-trade movement. When farmers are unable to sell their crops remuneratively, they will listen more readily to those who tell them that the necessaries of life are made dear to them for the purpose of subsidizing the great manufactures of the Eastern and middle States, and that thus their own markets in Europe are closed against them. Even in the Eastern and middle States it is remarkable that the agitation against the high Customs duties is spreading. An important meeting of merchants and manufacturers has just been held in New York in aid of the movement for the reduction of duties; and even some of the New England manufacturers themselves are declaring in favour of the abolition of all duties upon raw materials. The manufacturers, in fact, are beginning to see that the imposition of duties on raw materials is not an advantage even to themselves. No doubt there is still a very strong Protectionist party in the United States. The iron industry particularly is wedded to Protection, and so also is the woollen manufacture, while the Railway Companies are almost universally opposed to a reduction of the present duties. The old railways were built at a time when iron and steel were made artificially dear by high protective duties, and they fear that if iron and steel are made cheap by the abolition of these duties, a stimulus will be given to the construction of new railways which by their competition will injure themselves. The Protectionist party therefore is very strong, and may be expected to make a hard fight; but, if the depression continues and deepens, the probability is that the movement in favour of a considerable reduction in the Customs duties will become irresistible, all the more because the rapid redemption of the debt is in itself an unanswerable argument against the existing system.

REVIEWS.

FOLK-LORE AND MYTHS.*

BOOKS on folk-lore and myth now come in battalions. We do not know whether a wide public is interested in these topics. Probably as "none but minstrels like of sonneting," so none but active folk-lorists care for folk-lore. Of active folk-lorists, however, there is no lack in England, France, America, Spain, Italy, and Greece. Miss Emerson's book on the myths of the Red Indians has an alluring title. Only people who have tried to "blaze" a path through the forest of the mythology of the West know the intricacies and difficulties of the subject. Our evidence is scattered in a myriad books of travel, most of them unhappily rare. We have to be on our guard against the bias of the reporters, which takes Protean shapes. Our chief early authority for Mexico, Sahagun, was an intrepid Euhemerist. When he speaks of Aztec gods as if they had once been real mortals, is he stating his own inference, or giving us Mexican popular opinion, or the view of learned Aztec priests and philosophers? Old Bernal Diaz has a sturdy belief that the strange gods were "devils," and that is enough for him. Missionaries have been eager to find traces of "primitive monotheism" among the Red Indian tribes, and have very probably altered their wild cosmogonies and their rude system of dualism into close conformity with the Biblical narrative. The enthusiasts who see Jews and Welsh and Aryans everywhere have all to be tackled, and many other theorists too, before we can get at all a clear view of American mythology. To our minds, the beliefs of the Continent show their earliest extant shape in the Zoomorphic legends of the least cultivated peoples, Ahts and Thlinkeets. Among the comparatively settled Iroquois and Algonquins the anthropomorphic element grows more powerful; and, finally, among the semi-civilized empires religion and myth present the same state of savage survival and priestly allegory and symbol as we find among races like the Egyptians. This, at least, is a system which permits of an orderly arrangement of myths. We advance historically from the fables of the races of the sparsest culture to those of races almost civilized. Unluckily, Miss Emerson's book is almost without system. She begins with conceptions like "The Thought of the Infinite," "Antecedent God," and the like highly abstract conceptions which could not be reached in the beginnings of thought and speculation. Her theory appears to be that, from a conception of the Infinite, men advance or rather retreat to a personification of the Wind, and to representations of "The God of Air, Breath Master." "Within and embodied by 'this homogeneous ether which may have been the germ of the world,' is the Indian's Great Spirit, the Soul of Lives." The Great Spirit is probably a post-Christian reflection

* *Indian Myths.* By Ellen Russell Emerson. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.
Folk-Lore of Modern Greece. By E. M. Geldart. London: Sonnenschein & Co.
The Trojan War. By Professor C. Witt. Translated by Miss Younghusband. London: Longmans & Co.

of missionary teaching, and it is surely an anachronism to fancy that the early fathers of the tribes conceived of "the homogeneous ether which may have been the germ of the world," a text borrowed from Mr. Everett's *Science of Thought*. A vast gulf divides Mr. Everett from the primitive pow-wow. The truth is that Red Indian myths should be studied, first, in comparison with other savage myths, which they closely resemble. Where Miss Emerson finds parallels in Assyrian or Vedic lore, these parallels are due to the survival of barbaric ideas (everywhere very similar) among comparatively civilized peoples, not to any "Aryan" influences of language or race among the Red Men. For example, the story of Ymir, and the story of Chokanipok, and of how the world, or things in the world, was made out of their bodies, is the story of Purusha in the Rig Veda, and occurs again in Berosus, and has parallels in Greece and in Egypt, and in Mangaia. But it would be quite a mistake to hold that the Indian was borrowed from the Scandinavian tale; nor does Miss Emerson actually uphold that opinion. But she does compare "the Indian word Yowah, or Yohowah, and the Hebrew Jovah, or Jehovah," and even seems inclined to drag our old friend Dyaus into the medley, though Yowah appears to be no more a "sacred name" than our "hurrah." Again, speaking of Michabos, the Great Hare God, she can write, "The association of ideas in the name of the vegetarian animal *wabos*, and that of the vegetable *wah ah*, together with that of the sun, is apparent"—and yet we do not see it. All the mysticism which derives the Hare God from names of the Light, or from the fire of his angry eyes (a queer theory enough), neglects the fact that almost every known animal is a god somewhere, and that surely all their names cannot have been unconscious puns on the name of the Sun, nor all their eyes or coats suggestive of Fire or Dawn. Sometimes Miss Emerson is obscure, if not unintelligible, as in this sentence:—"From this fact" (the use of a mystic name for the Bear in the magic chant), "and the belief in an elder brother Manitto, or spirit guardian of its species, it may be concluded that *totem* names were given animals which were of similar sacred import to those given the chief of clans, and this was the name of invocation." We have read this passage again and again, because Totemism is so specially important in American religion, and yet we can make no sense of it. Miss Emerson is still in the gall of bitterness; for she says Totem is "correctly *do-daim*," whereas Mr. Max Müller knows a scholar who declares that *otem* or *ote* is the real word. But when Miss Emerson adds that the Totem was "always some animated object," one comes reluctantly to the conclusion that she does not understand her subject at all. In the very next paragraph she disproves her own assertion, if it *is* her own, for it is printed in unleaded type. Miss Emerson's book, in short, is of little or no value as a reasoned account of American myths. Her extracts from books are often useful; we have derived from her much information, and heard of many sources of knowledge. For this reason her work should be on the shelves of anthropologists. But her references, as a rule, are perfectly vague; she sends one to "Schoolcraft" or "Tanner," or whoever it may be, or to the *Relations*, often without naming the volume, date, or page of the work she has in her mind. Müller's well-known work does not seem to have been much consulted by Miss Emerson, yet his general ideas are rational and deserve attention. Miss Emerson prints some sacred chants of the Red Men in their own picture-writing. The Deluge myth thus stated on pp. 351, 353 deserves attention. The similarity of Deluge myths all over the world can hardly be accounted for as the result of missionary teaching. There is so much useful matter in Miss Emerson's book that we may recommend it, with due caution, to every one interested in the obscure religious notions of the Western races.

Mr. Geldart has done a kindness, we think, both to folk-lorists and children in publishing his tales from the modern Greek. It is true that some of these *märchen* retain so much of savagery that sensitive parents will doubt whether they "should be placed in the hands of the young." The cannibalism, especially, seems quite as marked a feature, and is dwelt on with quite as much relish, as in stories from the Zulu or the Bushman languages. But children prefer these tales; "tell us a story, a story where somebody was eated up," says a very young and artless friend of the reviewer's. People are "eated up" at a great rate in these stories from modern Greece, and Thyestes would have found himself quite at home among his cannibal descendants. Nay, two parents propose to eat their own children, which the Zulu lady cannibal only attempted (without success) when she had devoured the whole neighbourhood. The tales were already known in Von Hahn's book, but Mr. Geldart has gone to original Greek texts. He has been obliged to omit much, and the parts he has left out are just those most useful to the student of early manners and ideas surviving in popular tradition. Mr. Geldart's short preface deals little with theory, though he recognizes "solar signification" in the adventures of Scabpate. "His tumbling in the mire, his horses of various hue, his javelin wherewith he slays his rival .... are so many ways of representing the struggle of the sun with clouds and darkness, and depicting its final triumph over storm and gloom." Why? Cannot the hero of a story fall in the mire, and own several horses and a magical javelin, without the sun being concerned in the matter? Men must always have been more interested in human affairs than in solar phenomena. Even when they attributed human adventures to the sun the interest was human first, solar afterwards, and they did not need, having raised a mortal to the skies, to bring him down again, in order to construct a story. In the tale referred to by Mr. Geldart we have the usual Drakos who pervades Greek folk-lore. Things are told of him which are told of "the last of the Pechs" in Scotland. Here he has either succeeded to a myth about Minos and his magical hair, or else Minos, in classic myth, had ousted an earlier Drakos. The idea of the separable strength, or soul, is very common in savage myth and household tale (*Primitive Culture*, ii. 153; Maspero, *Contes Egyptiens*, "Les Deux Frères"). The notion is found among the Samoyeds. The tale of "Starbright and Birdie," which begins with the most horrible and "endophagous" cannibalism, has as wide a circulation as any in the world. Two children are about to be eaten by their parents; the dog warns them to run away; they are pursued by the mother; throw a comb behind them, and it becomes a thick forest. By other magical means they delay pursuit. The boy is turned into an animal, the girl is wooed by a prince; after hard adventures both are turned, "by God's pity," into stars. In classical myth the earlier part becomes the tale of Prixus and Helle. They are to be sacrificed, not eaten, and are helped, not by a talking dog, but by a talking ram. A Samoyed version is given by Castren (*Eth. Vorles.* p. 164). The Kaffir shape is in "The Bird that made Milk" (Theal's *Kaffir Folk-Lore*, p. 30). Again, in Kaffir ("Demane and Demazana") comes a combination of two of Grimm's German variants, which very closely resemble the Greek story translated by Mr. Geldart. The incident of throwing down the comb which changes into a forest is found all over the world, in Samoa, Japan, Lithuania, among the Samoyeds, and so forth. In short the tale is a typical tale, a test case. It is all men's property—not merely what Mr. Geldart calls *Indogermanisches Gemeingut*. How did this happen? If we knew, the secret of the diffusion of myths would be unriddled. Mr. Geldart's volume is very prettily got up, and we think it will be a favourite with readers in the nursery.

Miss Younghusband has rendered, out of the German of Professor Witt, a good, clear, steady version of the tale of Troy, from the wedding of Peleus to the sack (complete or incomplete) of Ilios. There is no modern sentiment, and, we are truly thankful to say, no modern solar theory in this useful little book. The charm of Hawthorne's and Kingsley's classical tales is absent, but misleading and vexatious hypotheses about the dawn being everybody in general, and Helen in particular, are absent also. Professor Witt "tells a plain tale" very plainly; the fancy of children will supply the glamour of romance. The book will be useful in the lower forms of schools.

FIVE NOVELS.*

THE three books which head our list have certain marked features in common. From internal evidence they are apparently all first novels, indeed the author of *Torwood's Trust* acknowledges as much in her dedication. Then all the authors have a profound belief in disguise, in "making up" as a common and successful practice in modern society, and they are all about on a level as regards character drawing and style. There is nothing "fast," though much that is criminal, about any of the *dramatis personæ* of these novels. The gentlemen and ladies, when not the ordinary well-conducted individuals of humdrum daily life, are desperadoes and villains of the old type, to whom fraud and murder are as the air they breathe. This is particularly the case in *The Violinist of the Quartier Latin*. We begin with a florid description of Government House at Singapore, where the Governor, Sir Arthur Hildyard, is awaiting the return of his daughter Ethel from England. This young lady, whom an experienced reader soon suspects of being another young lady, had a tendency to turn pale and faint at the sight of letters addressed to herself in "a cramped and uneducated hand." Under pressure, she at last revealed to her father that they came from a young artist, Louis Osborne by name, who first rescued her from drowning in the river close to her former home in Berkshire, and, a short time later, proposed to jump in with her unless she would swear then and there to become his. The river is probably the "mountain stream" alluded to later. Sir Arthur naturally suggested that the man was a lunatic, but Ethel was not to be quieted till she received another letter, this time written in "a bold masculine hand," informing her that her tormentor was dead. From that moment she started on a career of social triumph, unequalled both in Asia and Europe. It culminated in Paris; where one evening, when "faultlessly attired" (why cannot novelists say "beautifully dressed"?), she accepted the proposal made to her in the following terms by Prince Ivan Suwaroff (vol. i. p. 100):—

"Ethel Hildyard, ask me not to relinquish this hand; it is the one thing I most covet, and without it life will be valueless to me. Loveliest of the lovely, and peerless among women, accept the devotion of my life. You are the exquisite embodiment of my fairest dreams; become the sharer of my fortunes; bind yourself to me indissolubly by the sweetest and tenderest of ties, and reign henceforth as mistress of my destiny; even as you are already mistress of my heart's best affections."

* *The Violinist of the Quartier Latin.* By G. Curzon. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.
Torwood's Trust. By Evelyn Everett Green. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1884.
Down the Way. By Hope Stanford. 3 vols. London: Maxwell. 1884.
Her Washington Season. By Jeannie Gould Lincoln. Boston: Osgood. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.
Soldier and Servant. By Ella M. Baker. Boston: Lothrop. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

But, alas! not even the devotion of a prince who spoke in such elegant language, in several elegant languages, could keep trouble from her, and events fell out in this wise. Ethel's fascination and musical talents may be gauged by the fact that one evening she "played a few solemn chords, and then sang the *Stabat Mater*, while Sir Arthur listened spell-bound." Not content with this difficult and prolonged musical feat, Ethel composed an opera called *La Sorcière*, which was performed at the house of a great lady in Paris, the composer herself undertaking the heroine's part. The opera was an entire success, as may be gathered when we mention that the heroine, "whose drooping form" was supported by her lover, while "her head rested upon his shoulder," sang the song which she "knew instinctively would immortalize her," and "moved all present to tears." It was soon however Ethel's own turn to weep, or rather to faint, for on the way she caught sight of the gentleman who wrote the uneducated hand and whom she believed to be dead. After this the *dénouement* was not long delayed. The letter-writer and his brother sought an interview with Sir Arthur, explained that the real Ethel Hildyard was dead, and the young lady passing under that name was their cousin Adrienne St. Clair, daughter of an Austrian Ambassador, and granddaughter of an American President; that Sir Arthur's brother and Adrienne's father had concocted this scheme, and that Adrienne (as she had stated) had promised to marry the elder of the two accusers, Louis Osborne or Onslow. Ethel, or Adrienne, on hearing that all was discovered, fainted, positively for the last time, and departed in the night, and not all the skill of the detectives could find her. Where were M. Le Coq, Pédouche, Jottrat, or even Milord? We shall expect the whole body of officials in the Rue de Jérusalem to rise up in indignant denial at this imputation! However, of course Ethel betook herself to the Quartier Latin in the disguise of a University student (a male student), and combined good works with playing the violin at a theatre. One day she overheard a gang of desperadoes plotting to rob Prince Suwaroff's villa on the Seine and murder the inhabitants. As a rule, even the most hardened villains prefer, for their own sakes, only to resort to murder in extremity; but these miscreants determined that an Englishman visiting at the villa should be "slaughtered" with the rest. One might have thought that by this time Ethel would have been hardened to surprises; but she was much startled on peeping from her hiding-place to discover that the leader of the brigands was her father. He, too, had not been idle during the three years since they parted. He had thrown Louis Onslow over the cliff, and left him for dead, and had then embarked in an emigrant ship, in which Louis Onslow (in disguise) was a passenger. The ship was set on fire by Louis Onslow as a somewhat risky and clumsy pretext for forcing Robert St. Clair to make a raft, and then accompanying him as a passenger on it, previous to carrying out his revenge. The raft was made, and the two men embarked on it; but it was Robert St. Clair who got the best of the fight and murdered Louis Onslow, after which he joined the brigands with whom his daughter found him. Ethel now assumed a fresh disguise, that of a priest, warned the Prince of his peril, and was shot by her own father—"a pretty kettle of fish," as the learned Hindoo said when describing the death of a friend. Whatever shortcomings Mr. Curzon may have, want of invention cannot be laid to his door, and no one can say that he is dull. He has put far too much, as novelists will, into his first book.

The impersonations in *Torwood's Trust* spring from motives quite unlike those in *The Violinist of the Quartier Latin*. There it was a case of every man for himself, here it is every man for somebody else, in all senses. Torrington Torwood and Philip Debenham were devoted friends, who, when the story opens, had spent eighteen years of their lives together, the first eight at a foreign school, the last ten in travelling. Torwood was rich, Debenham penniless, through the suspected roguery of an uncle, one Bellasis. When the friends were twenty-eight, things were changed by the death of Debenham's great uncle, who left Phil all his property. Unluckily at the time the announcement reached them, Debenham was lying unconscious from the combined effects of sunstroke and a fall, in a little German town, and the letter was opened by Torwood. By the same post came one from Debenham's sister Maud, entreating to be delivered from her uncle, who had made her life a burden for many years. Torwood knew that on Maud's twenty-fourth birthday, now close at hand, she was bound by her father's will to accept the uncle's son as her husband, or lose two-thirds of her fortune. It therefore occurred to him that, as his friend was in no condition to fight his own battles, let alone other people's, and not likely to be able to do so for many months to come, the only thing was for him to personate Debenham till he recovered. This was not difficult; for his relatives had not seen Phil for eighteen years, and Torwood was well up in the family history. The way in which he succeeded in his attempt is told in a lively and amusing manner. He easily managed to inspire Phil's relations with terror, and to gain the love of his sister Maud, a gushing young thing of twenty-four, who always alluded to him as "a[n] angel-boy," or "a dear boy," or as some other kind of "boy." Miss Green is perhaps a little too generous with her incidents. Not content with a very narrow escape from bigamy on the part of Bellasis, who also committed felony and did his best to steal and destroy a will, the author gives us a second edition of the elderly parent who arranges marriages, in the person of a blind old bore, Meredith by name, who told the false Debenham that it had been the dream of his life to marry him to Miss Meredith. This put every one in a very awkward position, and things were made worse by the arrival of a young Italian named Tagliadini, who fell in love with Meredith's daughter. In this Italian the reader at once recognizes Phil Debenham in disguise; but in spite of having lived with him for eighteen years, and having seen him with a beard grown only a fortnight before, Torwood was not so sharp. Phil had gradually come to his senses, and not unnaturally supposed his friend had been robbing him. He was afraid to present himself under his own name, for Torwood had taken great care to leave no compromising papers behind while Phil was under the care of a German doctor; but, of course, Phil's reappearance sets everything right. If abundance, and even redundancy, of incidents promise a great novelist, we shall expect something of Miss Green in the future. She must, however, learn to correct such phrases as "He was a wealthy man, your father" (vol. i. p. 144); "He is much improved on what he was" (vol. i. p. 147); and "He is very fond of me, is young Philip Debenham." She must also be careful in watching her printers, and not call a lady "Descarto" twice in one paragraph (vol. i. p. 155), and "Descartes" all the rest of the time.

Has Miss Hope Stanford, one wonders, ever read a work written early in the century, called *Pride and Prejudice*? Not that *Down the Way* (which, in spite of its sound, has nothing to do with the downward path) contains any one half so lively as Lyddy, or half so entertaining as Mr. Bennett. But it is the history of five sisters, of whom two are placid and sensible, like Jane; one heavy and disagreeable, like Mary; and one clever, and her father's favourite, like Elizabeth. There is also a cousin—Peter Hilton by name—who, like the immortal Mr. Collins, proposes to the three eldest girls in succession; and, being rejected by all, transfers his attentions to their friend Mary Verney. Mr. Collins was, however, more fortunate than Peter Hilton, who has to encounter a fourth refusal. His perseverance is finally rewarded by a wealthy widow, when (more like Mr. Collins than ever) he wrote the following letter to the father of his three first loves, if the expression may be allowed us:—

> My dear Wedgewood,—As my nearest kinsman, I feel that it is both pleasurable and appropriate that I should make to you the first announcement of my felicity, and I therefore take an early opportunity of informing you that on Tuesday, 26th ult., I was espoused to an amiable and charming lady, whom I had the good fortune to encounter during my stay at Homburg last autumn. . . . To the charms of physical and mental maturity she joins an elegant wit and cheerful manners, which cannot fail to recommend her to all who make her acquaintance; and I cannot but feel my young cousins, who have laboured under somewhat of a disadvantage in seeing so little of the world, may derive much benefit from her society and intimate knowledge of circles from which they have unfortunately been hitherto debarred. Not that I wish to cast any reflections upon your excellent management of your family, my dear cousin, and I consider that your elder daughters have made most respectable marriages; but it gives me satisfaction to reflect that, in consequence of my happy union, the younger members may enjoy the advantages of a less circumscribed acquaintance, previous to embarking on a life-long partnership.

Miss Austen differs widely from Miss Stanford in one respect. Whereas the former left Mary to enjoy a life of single-blessedness, the latter intends the chief interest of her novel to centre in the loves of the cross and disagreeable Laura, and her unpleasant wooer, Poland. It would be well if novelists—and other people, too—laid to heart the observation that, as a person sows, so shall he reap. When a person persistently snaps and sulks at his or her family circle, it is not to be expected that he or she shall be much sought after. Miss Stanford does not sufficiently recognize that Laura did not at once turn into an angel at the first care and consideration shown her by Geoffrey Poland, but that she never had been rude to him, which makes all the difference. We do not take much interest in the popular and commonplace Edith, her father's right hand, and ultimately heiress to the family estate; and it is not made at all plain why Poland, after having been bored by her, and in love with Laura, should suddenly have fallen a victim to Edith's charms. This he does, indeed, to such an extent that, after a year's absence, he absolutely comes back in disguise, to ascertain before disclosing himself which sister he prefers. There is something very grotesque in this incident, though Miss Stanford does not perceive it. The book, in spite of its faults, is pleasant enough reading, and the characters on the whole true to life, if they have not much originality.

Even in America, it appears, young ladies have marriages arranged for them by their fathers, and wills are made depriving the natural heir of the property in case of refusal to wed the right person. One hardly sees how it was that, even under such circumstances, two people violently in love with each other should never find it out, and separate on their wedding-day, and depart, one for Egypt, and the other for Washington. But it is not the object of Miss Lincoln to give an exhaustive analysis of the feelings of the unhappy pair, but to draw a picture of life in Washington during the season. We had always thought that life in London, to a fashionable lady, was a tolerable whirl; but, if what Miss Lincoln says is correct, London cannot hold a candle in this respect to its sister over the water. This is a description of one of many such days spent by Miss Dolly Oglethorpe and her cousin the "grass widow":—"We began operations by driving down to the Marine Barracks for a dance at eleven in the morning, and came back to a breakfast of sixteen at Kitty's at one o'clock; made twenty-four visits in the afternoon, and attended a dancing reception at Mrs. Vandeleur's at five; dined, went to some private theatricals from eight to ten, and then to a german at Marini's, where I danced untiringly until nearly one o'clock in the morning! There's a real Washington day

in the height of the season for you!" Life in Washington does, indeed, seem to be a perpetual Commemoration, and the ladies who lead it are not so much "buds" as full-blown peonies. The book is written in letters, and is full of the "bright" talk, to use their favourite word, which seems as natural to an American woman as her elegant garments. English people, who are born with slower wits and under duller skies, are bewildered by the brilliant war of words and the perpetual motion. We are dazzled often, it is true, but at the same time we long for repose and a little less self-possession. It is a pity, too, to introduce the names of real people into fiction, even though what is said is complimentary. Lord Lorne may be gratified at being told that he is "a very charming unaffected young man"; but it is just possible that he would have been even more gratified at not being mentioned at all.

Soldier and Servant is a religious tale without any pretensions to the name of a novel, for it does not contain the most distant approach to love-making. There are quantities of girls who make their appearance in a casual fashion all up and down the book, and nobody seems to belong to any class in particular. The natural result of this is some remarkable English. For instance, it is rather odd that a professor should send his daughter to stay with a lady who, aunt and excellent woman though she was, talked in this way, "I don't know but my motherhood would hold out if I had a child that was all levels." Fine writing is one thing, but ordinary intelligible grammar is another. Is it the custom in America, we should like to ask, to call an officer in the navy a soldier? Because Hal Kennard speaks of himself in p. 17 as "a soldier's son," while in p. 31 we are told that his father was "in the naval service." The book calls for no special notice. There is much religious conversation, but no power is shown in any direction. However, no person in this book is some one else in a dexterous make-up—which is an agreeable relief after dozens of travesties.

GARDINER'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

THE new edition of Mr. Gardiner's *History of England* has in its brisk progress now reached its sixth volume, which closes with the assassination of Buckingham. The whole of his narrative of two very interesting and very humiliating chapters of English foreign policy is therefore now before his readers; and the opportunity seems suitable for commenting upon what beyond all doubt forms one of the strongest sides of his work, more especially in its present shape. There is indeed but little that is new in the revised account of the years during which Buckingham's ascendency was established in our foreign affairs, when his headstrong blunders almost palliated the failures due to the self-entranced impracticability of his old master. In Vol. V. some touches have been added illustrating the desperate efforts of the Spanish Ambassadors in London during their final struggle with the favourite—at that time the favourite of the people almost as much as of the King and the Prince, and the idol of the very Phelipses and Cokes. But Inojosa and Coloma could not conjure with the wand of Gondomar, and the resolution taken at the last moment in Madrid to send Gondomar himself back to England was never carried out; for it was not long afterwards that the French marriage treaty was signed. The third, and more particularly the fourth, volume contain some new matter of significance, and in any case the narrative of the European relations of England in the first eleven years of the great war is best read in its entirety. The lowest point in the history of the foreign policy of Charles I. is not reached even here; nor had his position yet come to resemble, while he still occupied his throne, that of a suppliant exile. But enough of folly and of failure is told within the compass of the volumes now before us to bear out such an estimate of Stuart foreign policy as that with which one of their number closes. At the end of Vol. IV. Mr. Gardiner is only comparing the Spanish marriage scheme of James I., carried on as it was by ordinary diplomatic means, with the "hopelessly insane" project of a visit to Madrid formed by the Prince of Wales and Buckingham; but it may be said of the foreign policy of James in general, that it was built on the quicksands of self-delusion, while the schemes of Buckingham and Charles were a mere succession of bubbles inflated by unreason.

In view of Mr. Gardiner's long and patient exposition, as well as of the manifold labours of a similar nature by the late Mr. Spedding, one cannot but consider James I., whose sayings and doings have lent themselves so readily to the caricatures of scandalmongers and of moralizing essayists, fortunate at least in his more recent historians. Mr. Gardiner's account of the King's peace policy, and of the motives which actuated him in pursuing it, is free from that touch of defiance which gives a flavour of pungency to the laborious disquisitions of Mr. Spedding; but never was there a narrative more unaffectedly fair. It is allowed, of course, that James usually chose the unfittest means for gaining his end; that he went the whole length of conciliation when a firm demand would have been in place, and that he made himself laughable by threats when all fear of his really resorting to force had passed away. It is further allowed that James shifted his position with a promptitude unequalled even in Parliamentary politics; first treating the invasion of the Palatinate as an impossible event; then when it had actually occurred, representing it to himself as merely designed for a diversion; then when it had proved a real invasion, at first showing signs of accepting even this. Lastly, it is shown how, even where James chose the right course, he generally chose it on the narrowest ground, exerting himself for the religious independence of the Palatinate because on its fate depended the fortunes of his daughter's family. Yet, with all this, the historian concedes to James what is nearly, though not quite, the highest credit which an historian can give—that his views as to the relations between nations in political, ecclesiastical, and even in commercial matters were in advance of the views of his age. In these respects he misjudged everything except the future. Very justly, however, the professorial type of statesmanship is held to be irreconcilable with monarchical power such as James still possessed and was intent upon exercising. While, therefore, Mr. Gardiner's history of the foreign policy of James leaves untouched the prevailing impression as to the strength of the King's character and as to the depth of his insight into human nature, it does not, like so many previous narratives, bewilder the reader by conveying the impression that the policy in question was devoid of a very definite and very intelligible aim. The mainspring of James's European statesmanship was the desire to uphold the peace of Europe, if possible by diplomatic means; and it was quite in accordance with the notions of the age that of these means the marriages of his children, and more especially the projected Spanish marriage of Charles, were to be the chief and central. That his position was unique, and that he might have used it most effectively, is indisputable. But the peace of Europe was broken by the action of his son-in-law, the Elector Palatine, who, after his flight from Bohemia, endeavoured to pose before the world as the injured representative of the pure religion and of German liberty. This was not the fault of James; and had Frederick even now been willing to renounce what he had lost, the Palatinate might have been preserved to him by the policy of his father-in-law. But it was the folly of the latter to persevere, long after that policy had become impossible, in the belief that he could restore peace to Europe and avert the consequences of Frederick's foolhardiness, by attaching Spain to himself and detaching her from Austria. When at last he awoke to the impossibility of accomplishing this, his rule was virtually at an end, and that of younger and giddier brains had begun.

There are virtually but two kinds of cavil which might be effectively urged against such a view of the foreign policy of James I. as we have roughly indicated. Of these the one is that which was loudly enough uttered at the time, which found its expression in the streets, on the stage, wherever men congregated, in Parliament, even in the Council Chamber, and which has been echoed by many a worthy Protestant historian as a matter of course. England's natural side was the Protestant side; her natural foe was Spain; and the only true course for James was to identify himself with the cause of the King and Queen of Bohemia and of the Protestant Union. Among other assumptions this popular view involves a judgment of the whole origin and history of the Thirty Years' War, which is open to the very gravest question. Mr. Gardiner has not shrunk from an inquiry into what might be called the premisses of the conclusion—premisses which many holding it take very little trouble about examining. Thus these volumes form a most valuable contribution to the history of the war itself, which in England at least nobody would be so competent to write as Mr. Gardiner. We observe with regret that in a very remarkable passage he speaks of the latter part of the Thirty Years' War as a chaos of brutal conflicts, of which it would be difficult with patience either to write or to read the record. Such a description is in more senses than one true enough; and many a conscientious student has found his efforts collapse when endeavouring to trace the thread of cause and consequence through such a labyrinth of wickedness and woe. Ordinary guidance is here at default; even Mr. Gardiner's own excellent little handbook of the war here furnishes but partly satisfactory assistance. Yet much was gained for the progress of mankind, while much was lost; nor are the clues wanting by which a historian of Mr. Gardiner's sure grasp and imperturbable distinctness of vision might find his way through the darkness. He asserts that German Protestantism had failed to comprehend the question to which England was ready to respond, whether liberty might not be reconciled with law, and absolutism avoided without the triumph of anarchy. This is true; but it is also true that in Germany the issue of the struggle marks a step forwards in the direction of a toleration which was wholly unintelligible to English Puritanism, and to which the life and tendencies of our English polity remained strangers even after the Revolution of 1688 had established among us the rule of "ordered liberty."

But even if this be so, it remains not the less certain that the Thirty Years' War, in those stages with which Mr. Gardiner's present narrative is directly concerned, was essentially a struggle between anarchy claiming a right which was virtually no other than the right of the strongest, and that adherence to law and order of which what remained of the Imperial authority could not but be regarded as the representative. Frederick V., in accepting the Bohemian crown, was seeking to aggrandize himself in the teeth of his assurance that his only end was "to serve God and His Church," and doing his utmost to break up "the foundations upon which law and order had hitherto rested, alike in Bohemia and in the Empire." It is therefore in a sense unnecessary to examine the

* *History of England, from the Accession of James I. to the Outbreak of the Civil War*, 1603–1642. By Samuel R. Gardiner. 10 vols. Vols. III.—VI. London: Longmans & Co. 1883–4.

merits of the quarrel between Ferdinand and the Bohemians, or to inquire into the justifiability of his deposition, or even to go over the much-trodden ground of the religious condition of the Empire since the days of the ill-fated *reservatum ecclesiasticum*. Some exception might perhaps be taken to Mr. Gardiner's necessarily brief reference in his second volume to the Religious Peace of Augsburg as incomplete, and therefore unfavourable to the Protestant side, inasmuch as it does not sufficiently account for the bitterness of feeling left by a compact neither fairly settled between the parties nor including in it a concession actually made to the Protestants (concerning members of their faith resident on ecclesiastical lands). And in arguing that the settlement was, considering the time at which it was made, not unfair, Mr. Gardiner is hardly on safe ground when he hazards the generalization that "it was better to be persecuted in a State of which the frontier was only ten miles from the capital than in a huge kingdom like France or England." Augustus of Saxony, for instance, found his electorate quite large enough to prevent the Crypto-calvinists from escaping his tender mercies. Again, we cannot profess ourselves satisfied, in the face of the evidence duly cited from Gindely by Mr. Gardiner, with the view taken by the latter of the proceedings of Matthias at Klostergrab and Braunau. But whatever may be thought of these and similar points, the action of Frederick would not be justifiable even had the famous "defenestration" at Prague appropriately crowned a course of perfectly legitimate self-defence on the part of Count Thurn and his associates, and had it been the clear duty of Protestant Germany, after all the Catholic encroachments which it had undergone, to unite in support of the perpetrators of the deed. Mr. Gardiner points out that it probably would have been the best policy for Frederick and his advisers at this time to seek a close alliance with the Elector of Saxony, who had good reason to interest himself in Bohemian Protestantism. Elsewhere the Duke of Bouillon is mentioned as observing that it would be better for Frederick to carry on the war as head of the Union and chief captain of the Protestant forces than as a mere anti-King; and, indeed, the failure of Frederick to bind down the Union to the maintenance of whatever enterprise he engaged in is a conspicuous proof of his political incapacity. But, as Mr. Gardiner truly, if bluntly, says, it was not a mere error of policy of which the reckless Elector Palatine and his advisers made themselves guilty. "The really unpardonable offence which they committed was, that in the face of the gravest difficulty which any German prince had ever been called upon to solve, they dared to look upon the troubles in Bohemia as a band of pilferers might look upon a fire in the streets, which, however serious it may be to others, is to them a good opportunity for filling their pockets at the expense of the sufferers and spectators." The best defence that can be offered for Frederick—if it be worth the name of a defence—is probably this: that a weaker mind naturally gives way before a stronger, and that Anhalt pressed for haste, urging what is always a potent argument with the feeble, that the Elector had already gone too far to go back.

Your case no tame expedients will afford

was one of Achitophel's most convincing assurances to Absalom.

As is known, Frederick did not before accepting wait even for the advice of his father-in-law, who of course had been in no haste about his answer. Shortly before the fatal step was taken James had been invited by Spain to offer his mediation in the Bohemian quarrel, which it seemed very unlikely that the two chief Protestant Electors and the two Catholic princes named by Ferdinand would succeed in settling. About the time when James thought himself called upon to undertake a task thoroughly after his own heart, he was at the height of his prosperity; and Mr. Gardiner pauses to illustrate the situation very picturesquely, referring to the stately Banqueting House which was then intended to form the beginning of a new Whitehall, but which was to survive in isolation as "the fitting memorial of a King whose whole life was unfinished." It was indisputably in no ignoble spirit that, notwithstanding the pressure put upon him by the Dutch, and by anti-Spanish feeling at home, James was fain to come forward as mediator; but while Doncaster's mission fell perfectly flat in Germany, the Spanish Government itself was secretly promising aid to Matthias, and sending to England Gondomar, whose real opinion as to the English mediation was that it sprang from and would end in vanity. With the death of Matthias came the crisis, for which James was in every respect unprepared. But he was misjudged by his contemporaries almost as much as he has been by later times. The Bohemians had no doubt expected that he would support their cause, or they would not have elected his son-in-law. Quite as erroneously Gondomar predicted that he would be found on the strongest side, which, under the present aspect of affairs, was not the side of Spain. His irresolution was pitiable; but we thoroughly agree with Mr. Gardiner that there was no reason, and that there would have been no excuse, for his going to war at this juncture. His error lay in not taking up a distinct position as to what he would do in the future, instead of professing that the legality of Frederick's title first needed investigation. At home he fell upon the imbecile expedient of allowing his subjects to subscribe for a cause which he had not made up his mind to support. His rambling talk enabled Gondomar once more to take the length of his foot, and to furbish up for his amusement the marriage scheme. Thus while the greater part of the year 1620 was worse than wasted in Bohemia (Mr. Gardiner justly remarks on the inappropriateness of the sobriquet "the Winter-King," as applied to Frederick by historians), James was drifting further and further into the unsafe waters of Spanish diplomacy. To this period belongs the monstrous scheme, born of a suggestion from Gondomar to Buckingham, but apparently revived by James on two subsequent occasions, in 1621 and in 1623, of partitioning the Free Netherlands between England and Spain. Meanwhile France had been acting in the interest of Austria, and had negotiated the Treaty of Ulm, which left Maximilian of Bavaria free to march his troops upon Prague. When a few months afterwards like news came that all was over in the Bohemian capital, James's first comment was, "I have long expected this." He was at last, as Mr. Gardiner puts it, out of a false position.

More than this; for not only could there be no doubt as to the *locus standi* of James in any endeavour he might make for the preservation of his grandchildren's inheritance, but Spain was anxious for peace, almost as anxious as the Dutch were for the prolongation of the war. This was inevitably neither known nor guessed in England, and hence the angry impatience with which so much of the King's diplomacy as revealed itself to the public at home was regarded. And it is at this point that the second of the cavils to which we adverted above might conceivably be put forward by an adverse critic of Mr. Gardiner's general conception of James's foreign policy. Was there, it might be asked, ever any time at which there could be any reasonable "hope of Spain," as of a Power willing to co-operate for a place which should preserve the Palatinate for Frederick—or, at all events, for his children?

If ever there was such a time, it was most assuredly the early part of the year 1621, when the Union had been dissolved, and when not only the Spanish Government (now carried on in the name of the new king Philip IV.), but the Saxon Elector and the spiritual Electors of Mainz and Trier, were averse to the proposal of transferring Frederick's electorate to Maximilian of Bavaria; so that even the Emperor Ferdinand's own Council recommended at least the postponement of the scheme. No doubt James had attached an altogether excessive value to the promises of goodwill made to his ambassador by the new Ministers at Madrid; and even the fact that the temporary suspension of hostilities by Spinola in the Palatinate was expressly declared to have been granted at the request of the King of England was really worth very little. But Spain, for financial reasons, if for no others, was really desirous for peace; and we are, on the whole, disposed to agree with Mr. Gardiner that, had Frederick early in the year signified his readiness to renounce the Bohemian crown, and to offer guarantees for his future good conduct, reasonable terms would have then been granted him. In this event, the mediating policy of England might have been crowned with a modest success. But the period of time during which such a solution was possible can have been but short, and must be supposed to have come to an end when in the spring Mansfeld was appointed by Frederick to the command of his armies in Bohemia. Such a step was altogether irreconcilable with the prospect of any rational conduct on the part of the lack-land King and head of the dissolved Union. The situation had therefore already changed when Digby started on his mission to Vienna, with instructions to secure the Emperor's consent to the retention of the Palatinate by Frederick in return for a renunciation of the Bohemian crown, and, in the event of a refusal, to pass on to Madrid with the same terms, and, if refused there also, "to fix the quarrel as well upon the King of Spain as upon the Emperor." James was now using brave words, and, as Mr. Gardiner well shows, announcing a policy at once straightforward and temperate. But "unfortunately his intervention went no further than words," and was therefore of that contemptible sort which the historian has refrained from illustrating, like its opposite, by modern parallels. The statesman whose unenviable task it was to be the bearer of these terms, possibly formulated by himself, may almost be called the hero of this History. So careful is Mr. Gardiner, as a rule, in the choice of his expressions, and so unimpassioned is the tone in which he usually distributes either praise or blame, that the commendations again and again bestowed by him upon Digby, afterwards Earl of Bristol, stand forth with all the more striking prominence. Readers of the *Fall of the Monarchy* will remember how, on two occasions—once when Strafford's Attainder Bill was before the Lords, and again on the very eve of the Impeachment of the Five Members, Bristol unsuccessfully urged a compromise intended to avert the worst. There can be no question as to the devotion any more than as to the intelligence of this faithful servant of the Crown, who already before the outbreak of the Civil War was named as an "evil counsellor" in the Long Parliament. The old view, according to which he was Spanish at heart, is, moreover, manifestly incorrect; and we are glad to notice that in popular aids to historical study Mr. Gardiner's vindication of his favourite politician is already accepted. He was not even, we believe, one of those diplomatists who too readily take their colour from the Court to which they are attached or the country in which they are placed. "I know not," he wrote to Calvert from the Spanish Netherlands in 1621, "what I may be held in England; but I am sure here I shall hardly ever be held Spanish hereafter, for I assure you I have dealt very plainly with them." At the same time he was, in our opinion, a diplomatist by nature, as well as by training, and his mind moved within the limits which usually beset diplomatic action. Though both clear-headed and plain-spoken, he seems to have addressed himself to the impossible, as well as to the possible, with the same calm sense of duty, as if everything were (to use a colloquial expression) in the day's work. And occasionally one seems to notice in him that tendency to carry through a scheme *quand même*, to push a negotiation to its desired close on

any terms, which is characteristic of the diplomatic temper proper. When, in December 1622, he received the amended articles of the Spanish marriage contract, which he could not but suppose to be the final offers of the Spanish Government, and which included the concession to Catholics in England of free private worship, while nothing but a general promise was given as to the Palatinate, Bristol recommended the acceptance of these proposals. The articles, when brought to England by Endymion Porter with a secret message from Gondomar, gladly accepting the offer of a visit to Madrid by the Prince of Wales, were at once signed by James and Charles, who thereby, as we thoroughly agree with Mr. Gardiner, "were signing away the independence of the English monarchy." But if so, what follows? Bristol may be absolved for not having penetrated Gondomar's fanatical hope that the conversion of Charles would set everything straight for Spain, and the insidious intention of Olivares to obtain the arrangement as to the Palatinate really desired by Spain without concluding the English marriage at all. But, if the diplomatist pardonably failed to see through the Ministers of the Government to which he was accredited, is the English statesman equally excusable for having so completely misunderstood English feeling? Bristol, says Mr. Gardiner, "had risen to a position from which the two parties" in the German war "could be regarded with an equal eye." In the struggle of politics it is not such men as this who master their age, or who even contribute appreciably to the determination of its destinies. It is their fate, as they know it to be their duty, to play a secondary part. Thus, without in the least denying the element of truth which the tributes contain, we cannot but find a touch of grandiloquence in Mr. Gardiner's descriptions of Bristol as a man who, though "of no party, shared in all that was best in every party," and as one who, "raised above the passions and prejudices of the world, looks serenely down upon the strife of men."

No task would have been more interesting than to follow the historian through his patient but far from tedious account of the long endeavour of English diplomacy to tie Spain down to a satisfactory promise about the war. The chief fault of Bristol, as Mr. Gardiner says in his fifth volume, was that he "attempted to impose terms at all upon those who were unwilling to assent to any reasonable compromise whatever"; and it was this radical flaw in the very conditions of the negotiation, rather than even all the folly and all the misconduct in the visit of Charles and Buckingham to Spain, which vitiated the entire transaction. It is well known that it did not come to an actual close even with the return of the travellers; nor was it for some time that the King's eyes were at least partially opened. The breach with Spain was not, as Mr. Gardiner shows, mainly owing to the ascendency of Buckingham. It would not have been brought about unless James, as he told the Spanish Ambassador's secretary, had at last perceived that "the King of Spain had given him no reason to suppose that he intended to assist him in the forcible recovery of the Palatinate." There can hardly be a parallel in the history of diplomacy to the length of time during which the Spaniards had succeeded in keeping up the delusion in King James's mind. Perhaps this is the reason why the episode which forms the climax, though it does not include the catastrophe of the drama, has been so much of a favourite with writers and readers who have both patience and wits enough to enjoy the comedy of intrigue. But the English people had no opportunity for following the incidents of the protracted game, and was therefore ready to anticipate its conclusion. The turn had now come for Bristol's triumphant rival and adversary, Buckingham, of whose foreign policy the last chapters of Mr. Gardiner's fifth, and his sixth, volumes contain the narrative. But on this equally interesting and even more lamentable story we have no further comments to offer.

PROPERTY AND PROGRESS.*

IT is a pity that Mr. Mallock, who is unquestionably an able, and in matters political a well-intentioned, person, so often forgets that, in the language of one of the characters in an edifying romance of his own, he is "getting a big boy now." In a little boy, especially a clever little boy, the peculiar weakness familiarly known as teaching your grandmother is pardonable, though even very little boys, if they have any brains, can be cured of it. Once upon a time (Mr. Mallock himself likes to beguile serious discourse with agreeable illustration) there was a little boy who took, or thought he took, a great interest in matters theological, and to whom it seemed that he had discovered some admirable arguments for the English as against the Roman view of a certain great mystery of the Christian faith. So he went to his father and he said, "Papa, I want a large sheet of paper, for I am going to write a treatise on transubstantiation." His father, who was a very sensible person, merely said "Very well," and presented him with a sheet of blue demy of the old fashion, with uncut edges. It looked very nice, but there was a terrible deal of it to fill, and as the little boy marshalled his arguments it occurred to him that they were not quite so novel as he had thought, and were remarkably like something he had seen in one of the books on his mother's table. So he folded up the large sheet of demy with uncut edges and put it in the fire. Some time afterwards his father asked him how the treatise was getting on, and thereupon he said, "Papa, the treatise was very much like what the man says in mamma's book, and I didn't think it was worth writing over again."

Now this little boy, though no doubt he never became half so clever as Mr. Mallock, seems to us on the whole to have had a larger share of practical understanding. The ingenious author of *A Romance of the Nineteenth Century* is always propounding with enormous gravity, with liberal rebukes to frivolous contemporaries, and with great promise of new and valuable evangelization, things which every one who has the slightest knowledge of the subject knows perfectly well already. Not very long ago we had the pleasure of reviewing a book in which Mr. Mallock, discussing the doctrines of the co-operative Socialists, stated with immense flourish of trumpets, and as a totally new discovery, the remarkable axiom that wealth and progress are due to emulation, to the desire of saving, and, in short, to the principle of private property. It was admirably true; it was most valuable doctrine for the times; but it was about as original as the enunciation of the Rule of Three. Here David again takes up his sling and his scrip against the Philistines, and in essays reprinted from the *Quarterly Review* plants the smooth stone of the brook in the foreheads of Mr. Goliath George and that man of great economic stature, Mr. Hyndman of the Democratic Federation. This is very well, and, if Mr. Mallock had been contented to do it in a modest fashion like David, we should have had nothing to do but to pat him on the back. Unfortunately he does it in a manner very far from modest, and, out of pure wantonness of conceit, involves himself in all sorts of paralogisms and absurdities of which Mr. George and Mr. Hyndman could, if they chose, and had the brains, make very good dialectic use.

Mr. Mallock begins after his old fashion with a general information to all those whom it may concern on his own side, that they are terribly foolish persons, as, indeed, they must be if they have missed the excellent but extremely obvious arguments which Mr. Mallock himself afterwards uses. "There has been," he says, "a strong disposition among certain English critics to regard Mr. George as if he were only a charlatan, and to think on that ground that a passing sneer will dispose of him." Both these views seem to Mr. Mallock terrible mistakes. Mr. George is not a charlatan; he is not even "crack-brained"; he is "a vigorous thinker"; he has "all the terseness and more than all the truth of Hobbes" (Heaven save us!). Moreover, even if Mr. George were as contemptible as his supercilious critics assume, "the wildest errors in modern politics are grave if they are only sufficiently popular." The classes that "have learnt to reason, but have not learnt to reason rightly, are the most dangerous of all," and to them a book like Mr. George's is particularly attractive. Therefore Mr. Mallock, by way of showing that he can reason rightly, proceeds to convert these dangerous classes by an orderly argument in the *Quarterly Review*. Does he think they will read his argument? That, however, is nothing; for, as Mr. Mallock correctly says, some people, at any rate, who ought to be capable of reading and following the arguments of the *Quarterly Review* have espoused, or at least countenanced, Mr. George's cause. But let us give a little more attention to the laudatory descriptions of Mr. George and his book quoted above, descriptions meant to imply grave rebuke on the supercilious critics, of whom we may, without much vanity, suppose ourselves to be *pars non minima*. We find them uncommonly hard to reconcile with certain of Mr. Mallock's own later expressions. He tells us, when he has got into the thick of the fight with Mr. George, that the Georgian errors, put into brief and comprehensible form, "will sound to any sane man like the ravings of a lunatic." Pretty well this for an author who has just expressly freed Mr. George from the charge of being crack-brained! He tells us that "an extravagant falsehood underlies the main argument of this mischievous book." Pretty well that for an author who has paid Mr. George the compliments quoted above! In another place there is, as far as Mr. Mallock can see, "no meaning to criticize" in Mr. George. Finally, the book "does not appeal to thinking men." Then Mr. Mallock may be asked, in all politeness, what is the use of treating it as if it did?

The truth is that Mr. Mallock's mania for posing as Sir Oracle has led him to decorate, and, like many decorators, to spoil his work by these flowers of speech, altogether unnecessarily. Probably for a similar reason he is as unnecessarily rude to Mr. Hyndman as he is unnecessarily polite to Mr. George. Mr. Hyndman's facts are almost always inaccurate and his reasonings ludicrously paralogistic. But to dismiss him, or rather introduce him, as a person "apparently destitute of any literary ability" is, in the first place, impolite; in the second, unwise, for a man does not devote a long essay to demolishing a personage who has no literary ability, and of whom, as Mr. Mallock afterwards says, he has "a low opinion"; and, in the third, incorrect, for Mr. Hyndman's literary ability, if you grant him all his premisses, and never examine any one of his arguments, is far from small. Elsewhere Mr. Mallock kindly informs his readers that M. de Laveleye's review of Mr. George is "insufficient and careless" on the very same page in which he also informs them that the economist of Liège is "a complete master of the subject." No doubt some people think that they speak as with authority in speaking after this fashion, but they are pretty certainly wrong. And it is particularly unfortunate that Mr. Mallock, after setting all the world right, commits himself to a ludicrous blunder of a very damaging kind; for he is apparently ignorant of the meaning of the word "pockets" in Mr. Chamberlain's now somewhat famous phrase. "Pockets," Mr. Mallock may be glad to learn, are sudden and unexpected agglomerations of mineral, lying apart from regularly distributed

* *Property and Progress.* By W. H. Mallock. London: John Murray. 1884.

veins, and have nothing in this sense to do with buttons or trousers.

We have taken this trouble with Mr. Mallock, because it is really an unfortunate thing that a young man of ability, which in politics at least he is willing to devote to the right side, should fritter away its effect by the childish faults of arrogance, of bad taste, and of posing as a discoverer of new and wonderful truths which so frequently mar his work. But there is also another fault to be found which is perhaps of even greater practical importance. We are very far from undervaluing argument, though we prefer it in a somewhat more unmixed and less pretentiously stated form than it is Mr. Mallock's wont to give us. But, if Mr. Mallock, or anybody else, thinks that argument will move a democracy, he makes a very great, a most pernicious, and we fear a far from uncommon mistake. Instead of considering, like Mr. Mallock and the *Times*, Mr. George as a vigorous thinker, we consider him an absurdly feeble one; and we very shrewdly, though uncharitably, suspect that contrary opinions come chiefly from the same sentiment as that which has sometimes prompted generals in war to magnify the strength of their enemies. But, if he were a vigorous thinker (and Mr. Mallock here practically admits our point), it is not his vigorous thinking that will influence, or has influenced, his disciples. It is the bribes he offers, his garish flow of language, his habit of setting off his conversation by appeals to his intimate knowledge of the private intentions of the Deity, and the like. To meet this sort of thing by syllogisms in Barbara and statistics out of Blue-Books is hopeless; to meet it even by counter use of the same weapons of strong language is not very possible. It can only be met by ridicule in the case of those who have some intellectual capacity, and by practical measures in the case of those who have not. So long as the Haves are prepared to enforce the opposite theory to Mr. George's by lead and hemp, property will be safe; the instant that their determination falters, all the arguments that even a much better logician than Mr. Mallock could apply to the easy task of showing up Mr. George's fallacies will be simply vain breath. The most discouraging sign of the times is the apparent disinclination of the upper and middle classes to face the fact that the whole matter comes to a willingness to fight in case of need, or to the absence of such a willingness. If order does not directly rest on the executioner, which was one famous way of putting the thing, it certainly rests on the potentialities of a whiff of grape-shot. This is perhaps an unpleasant truth, but it is one which in these mealy-mouthed days it is a public service to speak. It is because it is not oftener spoken, because it has become fashionable not to speak it, that anarchic agitation has got bolder of late. It used to be, and still is, rather the fashion to laugh at the special constables of the Kennington business; it is somewhat singular that, after their manifestation, Chartism died away at once. In the same way, many as are the apparent openings for anarchy in America, there are but few serious disturbances, and, as was seen the other day at Cincinnati, what there are are promptly put down, simply because the defenders of order are in earnest, and show themselves in earnest, after a fashion comprehensible to the meanest intellect. On the other hand, in every country where a revolution has succeeded there has been hesitation and half-heartedness in applying cold steel, warm lead, and well-twisted ropes when wanted. The most beautiful argument in the world (and Mr. Mallock's, though very fair of its kind, is not quite that) will not supply the want of this determination, and the determination will make the beautiful argument merely an agreeable ornament. "Talk as much you like, appeal as much you like to the Deity or to the late Karl Marx, to the laws of nature, or the laws of Martha's Vineyard, but directly you try to put your ideas in practice up you go to the nearest and most convenient gallows, unless it happens to be more convenient to shoot you." That is the right way of treating Mr. George, and Mr. Hyndman, and Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Davitt, and all the rest of the motley and mutually contradictory apostles of plunder.

SOUTH AMERICA.*

MR. WATSON comments in his preface, and with very just cause, on the absence even in educated English circles of the merest elementary acquaintance with South American geography and politics. On his appointment in 1866 as second Secretary to Her Majesty's Legation in the Argentine Republic, Mr. Watson was unable to find any work giving anything like a complete account of the several States of South America. A residence of a year at Buenos Ayres and another at Rio de Janeiro, during which Mr. Watson was employed on missions to Patagonia, Uruguay, Paraguay, and the inland province of Minas Geraes in Brazil, afforded him opportunities of seeing different parts of the continent. On his return to Europe Mr. Watson's diplomatic duties in other countries have until recently not allowed him the leisure necessary for the composition of a work of the kind mentioned. The materials at his disposal were so voluminous that he felt it necessary to content himself with writing an historical review respecting the several Spanish and Portuguese colonies in South America; and Mr. Watson expressly states that "he does not desire it to take the place of the more elaborate and original works referred to in it, but rather to serve as an index to the contents of these various works." After this disclaimer it may seem ungracious to quarrel with the scope of Mr. Watson's book. He has undeniably brought together within a handy compass a quantity of information on his subject not readily accessible elsewhere; but he displays a lack of method and of the value of proportion, while the usefulness of his work as a book of reference is seriously impaired, or indeed almost nullified, by the absence of an index. These defects are the more to be regretted because Mr. Watson evidently has it in his power to have produced better work. His narrative is easy reading, and he has evidently been at great pains to consult and work up every possible source of information. But apparently he must have got tired of his subject, or else was in so great a hurry to publish that he did not give himself time to throw it into shape, and at the end to gather up the various threads and thus bring it to a fitting close. Mr. Watson had a grand opportunity; for, as a complete whole, the tale of the discovery and colonization of South America can hardly be said to have been told before; but he has not made the most of it. To begin with, exception must be taken to an important omission in the scope of his work. Mr. Watson has tied himself down too literally to the geographical limits of South America. No account of the colonization of the New World by Spain and Portugal can be complete which leaves aside the conquest of Mexico. A general history, such as this purports to be, of the expansion of Spain and Portugal should pay a certain regard to the dramatic unity of the subject, from which the largest viceroyalty acquired by the Crown of Castile cannot reasonably be excluded; while, even from a geographical point of view, Mexico belongs rather to the Southern than to the Northern division of the continent. History is not merely a chronicle of events, however faithful and exhaustive; nor is it simply a brilliant series of pictures reproducing past scenes and portraying the actors with their motives and designs. It should deal with large conclusions, and show general tendencies, working through a long series of years, and shaping the development and mutual influence of States, all unknown perhaps to the actors themselves. Professor Seeley says that the true test of the historical importance of events is their *pregnancy—i.e.* the greatness of the consequences likely to follow from them. Applying this test, Mr. Watson might have made out of the development of the South American colonies a connected narrative, and have given historical as well as dramatic unity to his subject by showing how they necessarily tended to a climax, the attainment of which was marked by the celebrated boast of Canning. This Mr. Watson has failed to do. His two volumes are a series of unconnected essays, not leading up to any general conclusion; and his work closes so abruptly, so absolutely without any finish, that one is almost led to expect another volume.

While taking exception, however, to Mr. Watson's general treatment of his subject, full credit should be allowed to him for what he has accomplished. He has succeeded in the somewhat limited aim with which he set out—namely, that of giving an account of the colonies from which the States of South America sprang. Commencing with the discovery of the mainland of South America on the third voyage of Columbus, Mr. Watson traces the course of the early navigators, but finds himself, even at the outset, debarred by his self-imposed geographical limits from pursuing the narrative of Columbus's last voyage to Panama and Veragua, which eventually led up to the discovery of the Pacific. The first settlement on the mainland still retains the name of Venezuela, given to it by Ojeda from a fancied resemblance in the lacustrine dwellings of the inhabitants to the Queen of the Adriatic. It is interesting to find that, even at this early period, there is some trace of English navigators in these waters; for Ojeda, in his report of his voyage of 1501, states that he met English voyagers off this coast. No other record has been brought to light of this occurrence. Mr. Watson then recounts the settlement of the isthmus and adjoining territories by the two rival governors, Ojeda and Nicuesa, each of whom perished miserably, together with most of their companions; "but two humble followers survived, who were each destined to climb to the highest round of the ladder of fame. These were Vasco Nuñez de Balboa and Francisco Pizarro." No more dramatic incident can be found in the history of discovery than that of Vasco Nuñez commanding his followers to halt, and then climbing the mountain-top alone, in order that he might be the first European to gaze on the Pacific Ocean, of which he then, by spurring his horse into it, proceeded to take formal possession in the name of his Castilian sovereigns. His achievement merited a better fate than that of falling a victim to the treachery of the jealous Pedrarias. To the two great originators of discovery—Columbus and Prince Henry of Portugal, each of them profoundly religious—Mr. Watson points as having each, also unhappily, originated a new form of slavery; Columbus by his system of *encomiendas*, or partitions of Indians among the Spanish settlers, and Prince Henry by the enslavement of negroes. The feeling of the age, that all outside the pale of Christendom were unworthy of protection and were simply beasts of burden, has been urged in palliation of the remorseless and short-sighted cruelty of the Spaniards towards the natives; and some writers have laid the guilt of these excesses to the charge of a few ruthless and unlettered adventurers, such as Pizarro and Almagro, rather than to the Spaniards as a nation. Mr. Watson sweeps aside such excuses; he shows that the charges apply equally to all ranks and grades of the adventurers; and that wholesale depopulation, such as occurred in Hayti and Cuba, cannot be chargeable

* *Spanish and Portuguese South America during the Colonial Period.* By R. G. Watson. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co.

merely to one or more governors, but must be due to the colonists in general. Here and there occurs a noble example to the contrary; Isabella amongst rulers, Las Casas and Gasca among ecclesiastics, lifted up their voices in favour of the oppressed, and procured some mitigation of their sufferings.

Brazil was discovered by both Spaniards and Portuguese, independently of each other, in the same year, 1500; the former under Pinzon being the first to land and to explore the waters of the Amazons; while a few months later the Portuguese Cabral sighted the Brazilian coast, and in the following year an expedition from Lisbon under Amerigo Vespucci sailed along it as far as the 32° of southern latitude. From this voyage he got the credit of discovering the mainland of Brazil, and his name, at first applied only to those regions, was afterwards extended to the entire continent. The Portuguese planted a colony at Bahia in 1504, while the Spaniards, sailing further south, in hopes of finding an opening into the Pacific, took possession of the Rio de la Plata under De Solis, and Sebastian Cabot explored the upper waters of the Paraná to a distance of more than a thousand miles from the sea. Buenos Ayres was founded by Mendoza in 1534, and Asuncion on the Paraguay three years later. Shortly after Cabeza de Vaca completed the exploration of the country between that river and the Atlantic. The colony of Paraguay was the only one in which intermarriages between Spaniards and the natives were encouraged, the result being a singular mixture of outward civilization and primitive simplicity, which paved the way for the subsequent spread of the Order of Jesus in that country. Meanwhile the Portuguese navigator Magalhaens, sailing under the Spanish flag, had found the Straits which bear his name, and was the first to sail from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Such had been the ardour of discovery, that within about thirty years from the first voyage of Columbus the entire eastern coast of the American continent from Labrador to Tierra del Fuego had been explored. Within the same period, too, had been effected the discovery and overthrow of the only two civilized States of the New World, Mexico and Peru, and the establishment of Spanish vice-royalties in their stead. The conquest of Mexico, as we have seen, is passed over by Mr. Watson; that of Peru, though a twice-told tale, is clearly narrated in two interesting chapters by him. He compares the exploration of South America with that of Africa to-day, and remarks that, though the consideration of civilized peoples towards weaker races has become somewhat greater, there is still much room for improvement. From Peru the Spaniards overran Chili, and founded Santiago before the middle of the sixteenth century. The revolt of the colonists against the authority of the Spanish Crown was nearly anticipated by two centuries and a half. Blasco Nuñez, the first Viceroy of Peru, attempted to enforce some obnoxious ordinances, but was resisted by the colonists under Gonzalo Pizarro, and slain in battle. The latter was in a position to have founded a dynasty of Pizarros had his force of character as a politician equalled his ability as a military leader; but the revolution was averted by his lack of decision and the timely repeal of the obnoxious ordinances by the Crown. The royal authority was consolidated by the judicious proceedings of Gasca, the agent sent out single-handed to cope with disaffection by moral means alone, very much as General Gordon to the Soudan. The Portuguese possessions in Brazil were not considered as being of real importance to the mother-country until the lapse of half a century after their discovery, when De Sousa was sent out as Governor-General, and took with him Nobrega and some other Jesuit fathers, the first of their order who proceeded to South America; they began their missionary efforts with children, and made considerable progress in converting and civilizing the native races. In addition to these works of peace, Nobrega aroused his countrymen to the dangerous rivalry of the French, and succeeded in driving them out of Rio de Janeiro, where they had endeavoured to make a permanent settlement. The Portuguese had not like the Spaniards merely come to search for gold; they were legitimate colonists in a country where there was ample room for them as well as the native tribes. By the year 1580 Brazil was stocked with European fruits and cattle, while the industry of the settlers had created a considerable trade. They were obliged to defend their possessions against the attacks of various enemies, and succeeded in holding their own against Spaniards, French, English, and Dutch.

The most interesting and perhaps the least known episode in South American history is the Araucanian war, to which Mr. Watson devotes three chapters. The country of this brave people lies to the south of Chili, between the Andes and the sea; such was their love of liberty and power of endurance that for ninety years they resisted all the efforts of the Spaniards to enslave them, and, alone of native races, eventually secured the recognition of their freedom and independence. Much better known is the story of the establishment of the Jesuit Missions in Paraguay, which Mr. Watson discusses with the advantage of personal knowledge of the country. Acting on the principle that it was better to attach than to weaken or exterminate the native tribes, Philip III. sent out the Jesuits for that purpose in 1608. Their scene of action was on the frontier territory between the Spanish and Portuguese settlements. While allowing that their early success in converting the natives was very remarkable, Mr. Watson observes that it may be as well to remember that it is the Jesuits themselves, and not independent writers, who have chronicled the fact. Moreover, Portuguese rapacity in slave-hunting frightened many refugees into the Spanish missions. In Paraguay, too, there were no mines, and servitude within the *reductions* was disguised under the name of labour for the common good. The Jesuit policy, however, produced a mental and moral imbecility which at length, under the tyrants Francia and Lopez, resulted in the extinction of the Paraguayan race.

The most serious rivals with whom the Portuguese had to contend were the Dutch, who during the first half of the seventeenth century disputed with them the possession of Brazil. The latter made themselves masters of the capital, Bahia, and the Brazilians were astonished to find that the Hollanders meant to keep possession of what they had taken. They built naval arsenals, so as no longer to be dependent on Europe for the repairs of their fleet; and proceeded to establish themselves at Pernambuco, under the governorship of Maurice, Count of Nassau. In the year 1639 they held six provinces in Brazil. The ambition of the Dutch, however, was out of proportion to their resources, while their policy was far from conciliatory. Conspiracies were formed to shake off foreign rule, and their non-observance of a truce recoiled on their own heads. The war lingered on till 1661 before they were finally expelled from Brazil; the marriage of our Charles II. with a Portuguese Princess hastened the conclusion of a treaty between the belligerents. The Dutch left few traces of their occupation behind them; difference of religion had proved a barrier to any amalgamation of races. Holland retained her possessions in Guiana, in which part small settlements had also been effected both by the English and French. The latter gave some trouble towards the close of the seventeenth century, and claimed all the country to the north of the Amazons; but complications in European politics prevented France from making good her claim. Bahia remained the principal city until the discovery of the gold and diamond mines in the early part of the eighteenth century, which soon led to the exploration of the interior of the country; the seat of Government was then transferred to Rio de Janeiro on account of its proximity to the mining district. Mr. Watson's book must be consulted for an account of the progress of the various colonies, if they can be said to have progressed under the jealous and exclusive colonial system, and the imbecile commercial policy of Spain. Buenos Ayres, to-day a place of first importance in South America, had until the collapse of the narrow repressive policy of Spain no history beyond that of its foundation. The chief event in South America during the latter part of the eighteenth century was the expulsion of the Jesuits; they had done their work as far as it could be of benefit to those under them; their further stay would only have hindered real progress. Mr. Watson, as has been said above, does not trace the history of the colonies to its legitimate close in their assumption of independence, but finishes abruptly with an account of the ill-fated English expedition to La Plata in 1806-7. In spite of its fragmentary treatment of the whole subject, the book is valuable as the only comprehensive historical work on the whole of South America; and it would be well for the diplomatic service if all its members would turn their opportunities to as good an account as Mr. Watson had done.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

THE fourth and fifth volumes of Bishop Ellicott's Commentary on the Old Testament fulfil the promise of its earlier portions. It is called a Commentary for English Readers, and it will give them probably as much information on the subject as is at hand at present; but, while carrying out its avowed object, it has the further merit, in many places, of special interest to readers of the Hebrew, the Septuagint, and the Vulgate. To ensure the success of such an undertaking it was necessary not only to select able men, but to adapt their subjects to their peculiar gifts, and an instance, though not the only one, of this happy selection is the assignment of Isaiah and Jeremiah to the Dean of Wells. Dr. Plumptre has not only the requisite learning for a commentator on these books, but the poetic instinct to appreciate the epic grandeur of Isaiah and the intensely *personal* character of the outpourings of the "weeping prophet," which makes so much of the charm of his prophecy.

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* *An Old Testament Commentary for English Readers.* Vols. IV. and V. Edited by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. London: Cassell & Co., Limited. 1884.

The Greek Liturgies. Edited, for the Syndics of the University Press, by C. A. Swainson, D.D. London: Clay & Son. 1884.

Ancient Religion and Modern Thought. By W. S. Lilly. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1884.

The Ideas of the Apostle Paul. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

Sermons preached at Ibrox. By Joseph Leckie, D.D. Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons. 1884.

Christian Opinion on Usury. By W. Cunningham, B.D. Printed for Macmillan & Co. at the Edinburgh University Press. 1884.

The Churchless and Poor in our Large Towns. By the Rev. Robert Milne, M.A. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1884.

Not of Man, but of God. By the Rev. J. M. Manning, D.D. Boston: Lothrop & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

Right to the Point. From the writings of Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D. Selected by Mary Storrs Haynes. Boston: Lothrop & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

Jesus the Comforter: a New Imitation of Christ. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1884.

The Churchman's Family Bible—The New Testament. London: The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

Christianity and Churchism. By Patrick Allan-Fraser. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

It is a sign of the times that in a commentary with the imprimatur of Bishop Ellicott there should be so much freedom of comment, and that the writers should cut themselves so definitely adrift from many traditional interpretations and conventional views. Dr. Stanley Leathes, for instance (with whose conception of Satan, however, in the Book of Job we do not agree; he seems to be represented there rather as "advocatus Diaboli" than Diabolus, and as one of "the Sons of God"), seems to make no attempt to claim a Messianic character for the famous passage xix. 35, and there is an absence of definiteness in Mr. Deane's allotment of the four beasts in Dan. vii. which inspires confidence in his caution and knowledge. The same remark is true generally about Dr. Gardiner's comment on the mysterious imagery at the opening of Ezekiel. In his note on Jonah i. 17 Mr. Aglen leaves it an open question whether the book is "a parable pure and simple," and Mr. Jennings on Haggai ii. 7 ruthlessly destroys a favourite text, "The desire of all nations shall come," by his rendering "and the precious things of all nations shall come"—*i.e.* costly offerings shall be brought to the Temple. We by no means intend to impute the slightest want of reverence to the commentators; their names protect them, as well as their work to those who do not know their names. We have pointed out these instances of comparative freedom of treatment in a book animated and pervaded by a reverent spirit to show the possibility of this kind of comment, and as a distinct enhancement of its value. We have seen nothing better at present than this attempt to supply a felt want, and we are glad to add that what may be called the whole "get up" of the volumes is worthy of the matter and of the names of the contributors.

Canon Swainson's learned and careful edition of the Greek Liturgies demands and deserves a more critical and lengthened examination than can be given to it among the short notices on Books of Divinity. It contains, besides a very interesting introduction of more than fifty pages, the Liturgy of Alexandria, otherwise St. Mark, from three different MSS., the liturgies of the eighth century—namely, of St. Basil, St. Chrysostom, and the Liturgy of the "Presanctified," *i.e.*, of the bread consecrated before it was offered; the Liturgy of St. Chrysostom (eleventh century), of St. Basil (eleventh century), of the Presanctified (eleventh century), the Liturgies of St. Peter, of Palestine, of St. James, and a very interesting appendix in the shape of the Canon of the Mass after the use of the Coptic Church, with an English translation in columns opposite the Coptic character, with the rubrics distinguished by italics. The editor's aim has been to reproduce these liturgies from MSS. still existing; he has been indebted, besides his special knowledge of the subject, to good luck and to the kindness of friends for some of his treasures, notably for a MS. of the Liturgy of St. Mark, found in the Vatican, and the result is a goodly quarto marked no less by care and scholarship than by the admirable printing which might be expected from the University Press. Complete as the edition appears, it is evidently not a final product of liturgiological learning. For the earliest Christian liturgies have their origin in liturgies earlier still, and they have affinities with Jewish forms of worship. The "rite" of the Jewish Church in the time of our Lord is an almost unexplored region of knowledge, and until more is known about it there will remain much in Christian liturgies that is inexplicable. The apparent references to Jewish usages are frequent enough to justify the belief that the later are very largely indebted to the earlier forms. But, as expressing the latest information in a form that for accuracy, exhaustiveness, and mode of execution leaves nothing to be desired, the present volume may be heartily commended to all students of liturgiology.

Mr. Lilly's volume is a reprint, with additions, of articles published in the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly Review*, the *Contemporary* and the *Dublin Review*, and it bears traces of its composite origin. We take some exception to his title, unless he includes Christianity among ancient religions. He has many pages on Buddhism, and a chapter on the religions of China, of the Magi, of the Hindoos, and of Mahomet; but the real drift of the book is the struggle between naturalism and supernaturalism. Regarding "Modern Thought" as equivalent to the "reasoned pessimism" of Schopenhauer, he asks, "Is religious faith any longer possible?" and his final word, put into the mouth of one of the speakers in a dialogue on this inexhaustible subject, is:—

> Plurima quæsivi; per singula quæque cucurri;
> Nec quidquam inveni melius quam credere Christo.

The pages and chapters group themselves round this issue; but there is a good deal of incidental learning and illustration which will help the reader through an argument he knows beforehand to be endless and hopeless, and are a considerable justification of Mr. Lilly's contribution to the controversy. To many minds his arguments will be vitiated throughout by the supposed obligation of a member of the Roman Church, as the writer appears to be, to believe in and to champion its infallibility; but his creed gives him, at least, the advantage of illustrating faith and pessimism in the persons of Cardinal Newman and Arthur Schopenhauer. If a creed or theory of life could be proved by its observed effects on the life and character of its holder, Roman theology could find no better argument than to point to John Henry Newman; and pessimism would stand condemned by the selfish and, it is hardly too much to say, repulsive life of Schopenhauer, as portrayed by Miss Zimmern, "a professed admirer." Mr. Lilly's papers were worth collecting, and they form a volume which will interest those who will take the trouble of abstract thinking.

In turning over the pages of Mr. Freeman Clarke's *Ideas of the Apostle Paul*, a student or theologian might be disposed to wish that he had remembered "the vast library of works which have this Apostle for their subject" *before* he wrote his preface. But it is probable that there are many readers and more hearers of St. Paul's writings who have little idea of the breadth and largeness of his Christianity, and there is little doubt that there are many church and chapel goers who, from want of any power of independent inference, would be simply shocked to hear some of his liberal utterances translated into social English and applied to the circumstances of the day. To such persons this volume will be useful, novel, and interesting. To those who are familiar with even the most recent literature on the subject, to read again of St. Paul's physical characteristics, of the impression made on him by the death of Stephen, of the meaning and purpose of his retirement into Arabia, of the intensity of his struggle with sin, of the affectionateness of his nature, is to go over too familiar ground once more. Nor do the author's discussions on the abstract questions arising out of the Epistles strike us as more original than his treatment of the personal narrative. Such questions as Justification by Faith, Inspiration, the Second Coming of Christ, "Children of wrath," and such like, invite the examination of the thoughtful reader; but we are bound to say that we have found nothing in the author's discussion of them but what is obvious, and little in a closer reading of the volume to remove our first impression that, though likely to open the mind of the general reader, judged by a higher standard it was commonplace.

To say of Dr. Leckie's *Sermons* that they are above the average may be thought not to be saying much, but if they were all equal to the best of them, it would be possible to say more. His prevailing weaknesses are a tendency to be run away with by his illustrations, and an indulgence in a too abstract treatment of his subject, and here and there he sinks into prosiness. The sermons on "The Everlasting Yea" and on "Speech and Silence before God" illustrate both of these faults. The reader, however, who has the patience to read the volume through will gather something as he goes, and will be rewarded by coming to a really good sermon at the end of the volume on "Present Phases of Unbelief." It is an unfortunately threadbare pulpit-topic nowadays; but Dr. Leckie has something to say upon it which is worth reading, and he has read enough of modern literature to know what he is talking about. Of course the sermon suffers from the inevitable want of the check of a "reply," as when he says that the assertion that "man cannot know God is not Agnostic, but a claim to exhaustive knowledge of man and God"; this is surely playing with words, and in his argument for the "disinterestedness" of Christian benevolence he seems to miss the point that, in a benevolent action which involves any sacrifice, the resulting pleasure is out of sight for the time and not regarded; only the pain of the sacrifice is in view. But he makes two points in his argument for Christianity as the only religion which has ever provoked controversy, and in his exposition of the mutually destructive tendencies of its two great rivals, Positivism and Agnosticism. The sermons are clearly expressed, the subjects of several of them unconventional, the language that of an educated man, and the general result of reading some of them is that time has not been wasted.

Mr. Cunningham's learned and interesting little book covers a good deal of ground in a few pages. He divides the opinion and practice in matters of lending and borrowing into three periods—the early Christian, the mediæval, and the modern. The evil of usury assumed different forms in the different periods. In the form of sin, or un-Christian motive, among "the brotherhood," it was the object of vigorous protest from Christian teachers; in the middle ages the ordinary course of financial transactions was modified by ecclesiastical teaching; and after the Reformation public opinion on the subject shared in the revolution of all opinion, and principles and practice in financial concerns were adopted which it was hard to justify by the law of Church or Scripture. In early times, when money was scarce, a loan was generally not of money, but of some article of use, as a horse, a weapon, or a boat; it was enough at first that they should be returned in as good a state as when borrowed; this was *locatio*, and the transition would be easy from it to the *mutuum*, the loan of articles like food, which could not be returned, but became wholly the property of the borrower, and for which an equivalent only could be repaid. Another result of *locatio* was in time the payment of hire for an article; and from this arose the payment of hire for the use of the equivalent of the article—namely, its worth in money. But the Christian and ecclesiastical theory was that the lender was no worse off for the loan of money, as he might be for the wear and tear of horse or boat, and that therefore to make profit out of his neighbour's need was wrong; a not unnatural inference when there could be no investments. The growth of opinion and legislation accompanying these developments of view and of social conditions is traced with clearness and knowledge by Mr. Cunningham, but he is not content with history. In his last two or three pages he contends that Christian principles about usury should be applied to the government of India and of Ireland, which he says should be governed, not according to Indian or Irish, but according to Christian ideas; and this appears to mean that Christians should lend money without interest to the ryots and the cotters to pay their rent. Whether the reader agrees with this conclusion or not, he will, we think, be pleased with this attractive little epitome of the learning and legislation of an interesting subject.

It is probably due to Mr. Milne's "isolated position" that he has written another "Bitter Cry." Though his problem is the "Churchless and Poor," he has devoted most of his space to the churchless because he thinks that "the condition of the lapsed population . . . . has not been yet fully dealt with in its many-sided aspects by any previous writer." We who live in less "isolated positions" feel as if hardly any other subject had been dealt with for months past. He thinks "endowed territorial work" the best agency for meeting the spiritual wants of the masses; but that the work is so overwhelming that co-operation of all the *Evangelical* churches, the introduction of new agencies, and the multiplication of individual missionary effort, are necessary for "the complete solution of the problem." It is hard to see the need of the limitation implied in Evangelical and to guess what the new agencies are.

Mr. Milne ascribes the physical degradation of the poor to drink and overcrowding, and he looks a good deal too much for a real reformer to the State to remedy these evils. The only way, of course, in which the State can check overcrowding in towns is by making the country more attractive and profitable as a residence for a poor man; but Mr. Milne does not go to this depth in his suggestion, nor, when he complains that the State draws a revenue out of the vice (*i.e.* drinking) of the poor, does he appear to see that, if the State did not draw the revenue, drink would be much cheaper and drunkenness a good deal worse. One cause of the degradation of the poor, the saddest to all who work among them, he ignores altogether—namely, the habits and character of the poor themselves, the extent to which having things done for them, from the Poor Law upwards or downwards, has contributed to make them what they are. Once begun, the vicious see-saw of the action and reaction of persons and surroundings is endless, and no one can say which element is most to blame for the present state of things.

Dr. Manning's *Not of Man, but of God* is another American book of divinity. In so far as such books are apologetics they have the common defect of not seeing the point of our difficulties. It is the Bible that is "not of man, but of God"; and Dr. Manning states as his thesis that God has spoken to man, and that our Bible is such a record as we need of what he has said. He goes on to prove this on *à priori* grounds—such as the power and desire of God to reveal himself, the need of inspiration, &c.—and on such *à posteriori* arguments as the witness of uninspired men, the testimony of prophecy, the power of the Bible among men, what it says about God, moral order, and redemption. But his proofs do not meet the case either of those who deny the possibility of any communication between man and the absolute, or of those who approach the Bible from the view-point of the critic and undermine its authenticity in detail. It is no answer to either of these objectors to attempt to prove that the Bible, one and indivisible, is the word of God. Dr. Manning's book is written in homely style, and is apparently addressed to working-men. It may bring comfort and assurance to the devout among them, but is hardly calculated, from the author's somewhat narrow range, to conciliate the more thoughtful, or to strengthen the hold upon them of a book which is destined to gain in influence, not by undiscriminating defence, but just in proportion as its essence is seen to resist the higher criticism, and, after all deductions, to remain what it professes to be, a Revelation and a Guide.

Such titles as "The Spare Minute Series" and *Right to the Point* may perhaps prejudice fastidious readers against these extracts from the writings of a worthy and accomplished and exceptionally energetic man. Dr. Cuyler is well known as a preacher and journalist in America and in England; he has contributed one thousand articles to the New York *Evangelist*, and probably a thousand more to other journals; the number of his sermons can hardly be calculated if, as he says, he "never lost but two Sabbaths from sickness in his life" (he was born in 1822), and he seems to have been a frequent platform speaker during the week; so that he has furnished a vast amount of material for the affection of his friend, Mrs. Storrs Haynes, to select from; but it may be doubted whether it is not rather a cruel kindness to present 343 cuttings out of any man's writings in 264 small pages of large and wide print. Few men have the gift of putting so much in such small compass, and when the arrows do not go "right to the point," they darken the air by their bewildering shower. It is possible to read Coleridge's and Seldon's Table-talk, but we are bound to confess that the extracts from Dr. Cuyler are just good enough to make the reader feel that they do him an injustice, and not good enough to make him read very much of them. The admirer has mistaken the strong point of her hero, and has made a book which to Dr. Cuyler's personal friends will, no doubt, have the charm of an *ἀνάμνησις*, but which will not hold the general public. From what Dr. Newman Hall says in his preface, we would rather have heard the American orator preach a sermon than read this volume of clippings.

There is no disposition to criticize a little book of devotions like *Jesus the Comforter*. Except in its second title—"A New Imitation of Christ"—it makes no pretension, and is a tribute of affection to the memory of a departed friend or relation. Its structure is simple and uniform; at the head of every page in large print is a verse from the Gospels, beginning with St. John i. 1, and ending with "Ecce Homo"; beneath this in smaller type is an explanation, and at the foot of the page some personal and ejaculatory reflections. It would be impossible, therefore, to give a fair specimen of the author's style without copying out a page, for which we have not space, but we are doing him no injustice in saying that both the explanations and ejaculations are for the most part sufficiently obvious, because the aim of such writing is not so much to say what is new as to remind readers of what they know already.

The only passage in the volume which we cannot understand at first sight is the announcement of a "Key" to it, to be shortly issued by "Theozeton," as we can find no mystery to unlock. If it had not been called a *new* "Imitation," respect for its *piety* and devotion would have sheltered it from comparison; but it is difficult with such a challenge not to add one more to its many texts, and say "The old is better."

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge have crowded the whole of the New Testament portion of *The Churchman's Family Bible* into one by no means bulky quarto. To accomplish this they have been obliged to have recourse to very thin paper and very small type. A more acceptable mode of keeping down its dimensions would probably have been to reduce the length of many of the notes, and to do away with most of the woodcuts. It is not always remembered by commentators that a note, to be read, must be short; a solid paragraph of small print in a footnote is repellent to readers of "family" editions of anything, and we are obliged to confess that more than one of the bishops and clergymen who are commentators of this edition of the Bible seem to regard a note often rather as a short sermon than an index to a meaning. Notes should be explanatory, not devotional or didactic. "Rem acu tetigisse"—is the praise of Bengel, and the maxim should be ever present to the annotator. It would be invidious to point out the worst offenders in such a reverend company; but there can be no offence in saying that the Bishop of Rochester, as might be expected, approaches most nearly to the ideal note-writer. Another and a serious fault to be shunned is that of treating readers like children; of shirking difficulties; of keeping back what the writer knows or thinks; of saying nothing about various readings or mistranslations which alter the sense of classical passages. To be abreast of the time a Family Bible should give the best results of research up to date, or it injures the cause it is issued to promote.

We think, too, that the woodcuts are hardly up to the mark; they are not numerous enough to make the volume that children's treasure, a Picture Bible, nor refined and artistic enough to please people who would study the notes. So much for detailed criticism. On the whole this edition of the New Testament is an advance on anything yet issued with the same aim and at a similar price, and will be a pleasure and help to devotional students.

The most surprising thing about this surprising little tirade of Mr. Allan-Fraser's against the clergy and the capitalists is the announcement on its title-page that it is the second edition. That he should have re-read his composition and deliberately re-issued it is an argument against that "soundness of mind" in the author which he regards as the sum of Christian virtues. Within the narrow limits of fifty pages he manages to repeat and contradict himself more than once; he foams at the mouth, and runs amuck against all professional teachers of religion, from the established clergy to the Salvation Army. But he is not the less a Christian, though he contends that oral supplication and dependence upon supernatural aid belong not to Christianity but to Churchism. It is hard to guess where he has been living. A man who can write even as well as he does must know that the best of the clergy are actually found fault with for preaching too much about obedience to laws of nature; that they repeat to weariness that public and private worship are the merest aids to obedience and not the substitute for it; that they are fervent in enforcing sanitary laws and in improving the condition of the poor.

But a writer who tells us that Christ's teaching was materialistic, and yet that true Christianity consists in men being, "in the figurative language of Scripture, born again" by the natural means of obedience to divine laws, is past arguing with. After such an instance of the confusion of thought which runs through the volume it seems a trifle to find the author arguing in one page for bringing up (apparently) every child to manual labour, and in the next inveighing against the overcrowding of workrooms, and later on ascribing the miracle of Elijah (who was a man of science it seems!) on Carmel to his knowledge of chemistry, and the preservation of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the furnace to their "coats, their hosen, and their hats" being made of asbestos. If Mr. Allan-Fraser is not in earnest in writing this book it is a poor joke; if he is, let him take it back and re-issue only the positive truths in it, for there are some, and cut out the negations, the repetitions, the contradictions, and the exaggerations.

RECENT DISCOVERIES AT JERUSALEM.*

IT is perhaps difficult to write an account which shall be both popular and short of the researches which have been conducted during the last twenty years in Jerusalem. Mr. King confines himself, in his title-page, to the Temple Hill, but as he includes the Royal Quarries, which are not on the Temple Hill, one naturally asks why he does not include other parts of the city where Warren, Conder, Clermont-Ganneau, Schick, Guthe, and others have excavated and made discoveries. By the suppression of some of the lengthy reports and unimportant details which fill out his

* *Recent Discoveries on the Temple Hill at Jerusalem.* By the Rev J. King. London: Religious Tract Society. 1884.

paper, the author might have found room for many of these valuable researches. For instance, the finding by Ganneau of the scarp of what is believed to be the first wall, the recovery of the beautiful and interesting church on the Muristan, the ancient Jewish tombs beneath the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the course of the ancient wall on the Zion Hill, Captain Conder's ingenious identification of the real Holy Sepulchre, Warren's examination of the so-called Gate Gennath, the ancient cemetery north of the city found by Ganneau in 1874, the bearing of the rock levels on the controversy, and the nature of the controversy itself, without a knowledge of which the whole work appears to be conducted in idle curiosity and without aim or purpose—all these points should be considered in a book on recent discoveries in Jerusalem. Again, if the compiler says that his scope only permitted him to speak of the Temple Hill, why does he put in the Royal Quarries? And why does he leave out altogether the Dome of the Rock? Surely he cannot be ignorant of the discovery of the round arches made when the walls were stripped some ten years ago. We are still waiting for some English architect of authority to speak of this beautiful edifice; but, meantime, it is a most amazing omission in a book, however small, written on the subject of the Temple Hill to find no account whatever of the controversy which has been raging round its principal building for thirty-seven years—since the day, in fact, when Mr. Fergusson first put forth his famous heresy in the face of history, tradition, and, as students of architecture of reputation equal to his own have considered, in the face of architectural history itself. If, however, as we hope will be the case, the interest in the subject carries the book to another edition, we trust that a chapter may be inserted, before the author begins with the walls, treating of the Temple Hill itself, what now stands upon it, what is supposed to have once stood upon it, and what are the various theories on the position of the Temple. The moment for the production of the book seems also singularly ill chosen when we are waiting, and expecting daily, the appearance of Sir Charles Warren's great work on Jerusalem, with the plans and sketches never yet given to the world, and the complete account, not only of his own work, but also of all the researches in the city before and after his own.

This premised, we may proceed to give Mr. King credit for industry in putting together this book. In the first place, he has apparently visited Jerusalem, and speaks as an eye-witness. No one ought to write upon the subject who cannot do so. Next, he appears to have read with great care a long paper which appeared in the Journal of the Exploration Society some four years ago on the masonry and walls of the Haram Area, by Sir Charles Wilson, as well as the reports sent home in 1868 by Captain Warren. And if he does not perceive the bearing of the facts, and therefore fails to make his hearers understand their importance, at least he states them. For instance, he shows that the so-called Castle of Antonia is part of the main east wall, but does not tell us what that means, or what may be deduced from a fact which to most readers appears absolutely unimportant. Then he jumps too hastily at conclusions, as, for instance, when he says that "immense deposits of rubbish must have been made to raise the vast platform of the Haram Area to its present height," forgetting that it is most probable that the place was built up, and that there are vaults and passages below vaults, such as that found by Warren under the Single Gate. Yet in his account of "Solomon's stables" he hints at the possibility of such vaults. Again, in speaking of these "stables," he accepts the theory of Fergusson that the masonry is Justinian's work, and ignores altogether the discovery of Warren that the vaults are reconstructions of older works. Yet this is most important, because it entirely knocks away the ground from Fergusson's further argument about the weakness of the arches. When Mr. King goes on to say that the Church of St. Mary was, "according to the same authority," erected at this place, his language is singularly unscientific. How can a man be an "authority" when he is advancing a theory? The theory may be sound, but it rests principally on conjecture, and there can be no authority about it.

The best part of Mr. King's little book, which must not be taken as even a concise, far less an adequate, account of the Society's labours, are the pages in which he speaks of the Partition Wall in reference to Ganneau's discovery of the inscribed tablet from Herod's Temple. As for the rest of it, we can only repeat that it is incomplete and unsatisfactory within its own limits, and that the compiler does not apparently understand the controversy. In fact, there can be nothing but regret felt that the Religious Tract Society has been so ill advised as to adopt and publish it.

THE DUMAS MEMORIAL.*

THE unveiling of Doré's "Dumas" in the Place Malesherbes gave rise to the delivery of a certain number of speeches and the composition and recitation of a certain number of pieces of verse. These the Committee have gathered together, and M. Jouaust, of the Librairie des Bibliophiles, has issued them in a good-looking *plaquette*, with subscription lists and inscriptions, a preface by M. Dumas *fils*, a reprint of his funeral oration over Gustave Doré, an etched portrait of Doré, and an engraving by Abot of one aspect of the monument, which, by the way, is a little disappointing. The ordinary edition is limited to five hundred copies; the *édition de luxe*, in Dutch paper and in Whatman, consist of but twenty and fifty copies respectively. There is evidently a superabundance of Doré, and perhaps a little too much of M. Dumas *fils*; but the book is well worth having for all that, for its rarity and its intrinsic interest alike.

The story of the memorial, as sketched by M. Dumas, is a singularly pleasant one. The idea originated with M. Théodore Villard, the engineer, a member of the Municipal Council of Paris. Living much and working hard abroad, M. Villard had read Dumas for years. Whenever he had to expatriate himself for any length of time, he took Dumas with him; and in Spain, in Russia, in Italy he laboured at making railways all day, and at night he went off with D'Artagnan and Chicot, and "alla stoccata carried it away," and he rested and was happy. What is more to the purpose, he was grateful as well, and in his own mind he determined that one of these days he would honour his poet with a statue. This idea he at last communicated to the late Victor Borie, manager of the Comptoir d'Escompte; and in his turn Borie related how he had found George Sand on her death-bed reading the *Quarante-Cinq* for the fifth or sixth time, and how she had told him that when she was "ill, perturbed, miserable, tired, discouraged even," she found a Dumas her best remedy against the ailment, whether moral or physical. That, as M. Villard knew, was the way in which everybody talked of his hero; and he at once proposed to Borie that they should form a Committee and start a subscription. The Committee—which included MM. Augier, Daudet, Feuillet, Gounod, Legouvé, John Lemoinne, Paul de Saint-Victor, Regnier, Sardou, Vitu, De Neuville, Emile de Girardin, and Albert Wolf—was duly constituted, and the subscription duly set on foot. For some time, it would seem, money came in but slowly. It is everywhere a far cry from the heart to the pocket; and, as M. Dumas, who passes for an authority on the question, is pleased to note, "Le Français est, plus que tout autre, visé dans cet axiome." At last, however, the Cercle de la Presse took the matter up, and gave a performance which brought in a good round sum; the Administration des Beaux-Arts gave 12,500 francs; M. Halanzier whipped up the actors; M. Perrin brought forward the Théâtre Français; M. Larochelle gave a benefit performance at the Gaîté; the Société des Dépôts et Comptes lent offices; the Société de la Marbrerie Nationale offered marble; Doré volunteered to design and model the whole memorial; the Municipal Council contributed a site; architects, builders, founders all put their hands to the work, either for nothing or for next to nothing; and in due course the monument was achieved. It is a result of which M. Villard may well be proud. To have taken the initiative in the glorification of Dumas—Alexander Maximus—is to have deserved well, not only of the arts, but of humanity.

M. de Leuven, a friend of fifty years' standing, spoke for the Committee; M. Albert Kaempfen for the Directeur des Beaux-Arts; MM. Camille Doucet and Jules Claretie for the Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs Dramatiques; M. About for the Société des Gens de Lettres; M. Halanzier for the Société des Artistes Dramatiques; M. Sénard, Mayor of Villers-Cotterets, for the great writer's fellow-citizens. These orations vary a good deal in worth and style. But they are alike in this—and in this they differ vastly from the general run of such things—that they are animated by a sentiment, not merely of admiration and respect, but of the heartiest affection. "C'est un bon enchanteur," says M. Kaempfen, "qu'on se prend tout naturellement à aimer"; and he goes on to note that few or none will ask who was the original of Doré's work, for that every one knows him already, and every one will salute the statue "comme l'image familière d'un bienfaisant ami." "Captivé déjà par la toute-puissance de cet enchanteur de génie," says M. Camille Doucet, his thoughts reverting to the brave days of *Antony* and *Richard Darlington*, "j'ai tout vu de l'homme et de son œuvre; j'en ai tout admiré, tout applaudi, tout aimé." M. Claretie is still more eloquent and exact. For him Dumas is "ce géant sans orgueil, ce grand homme qui fut un bon homme, ce Titan doux comme un enfant, fort comme un taureau, et tendre comme une femme." To him it is plain that Dumas the dramatist cared nothing for "le rire qui se moque de l'homme," but stood, on the contrary, "pour tout ce qui ennoblit la nature humaine"; so that in his vast achievement, "la bravoure, la générosité, la pitié, le pardon auront tenu la plus grande place." He painted humanity in his own image—better, that is to say, and more generous than it is; and in so doing "il a vécu populaire, il est mort populaire, il est demeuré populaire." M. Halanzier, speaking for the actors, told how Dumas "découvrait parfois en eux des qualités qu'eux-mêmes ne soupçonnaient pas," and how "de ces ressources latentes il faisait jaillir des effets prodigieux," so that in return they not only admired him enthusiastically, but loved him with all their hearts. As for M. About, he made the most affectionate and charming speech of all. Busy as he is, he has often forgotten his engagements over the *Chevalier de la Maison Rouge* or the *Mohicans de Paris*: he has heard his children quarrelling over the volumes of *Monte-Cristo*: he remembers how at school with himself and M. Sarcey, at the Pension Massin, there was a poor little Spaniard, who could neither eat nor sleep, who was supposed to be dying of home-sickness, and who turned out, on examination, to be pining for his father's house, not because he loved it, but because it contained a book which he had begun in his holidays and which he wanted bitterly to finish, the said book being a work called *Les Trois Mousquetaires*. Of course M. About had known the man, and like everybody else had loved him deeply, and of course he bears most eloquent witness to his admirable and delightful nature.

* *Le Monument d'Alexandre Dumas.* Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles. 1884.

What perhaps is more to the purpose is that he takes occasion to speak with admiration and authority of the writer. "Nous avons eu parmi nous d'aussi grands écrivains," he says, "jamais un type d'homme de lettres aussi parfaitement accompli." On the still-vexed question of Dumas and his borrowings his words are golden. He points out that, whoever complained of Dumas, it was certainly not his assistants. On the contrary, they rejoiced to work for him in life, and in death the proudest of them are glad to have served in such a school, while M. Maquet, the first and best of all, is wont to talk of his master and friend "avec une véritable piété." On this subject, we may add, M. About is entitled to speak with all authority, for on one occasion it was his to catch Dumas "en flagrant bienfait de collaboration." It was in '58, at Marseilles. M. About was on his way to Italy, when he was seized upon at the station by "un colosse superbe et bienveillant," who whirled him off to his hotel, cooked him an incomparable *bouillabaisse*, took him to the theatre for the *première* of *Les Forestiers* (which they had forced him, he said, to write in three days), obliged him to share in the speeches and serenades which ensued, carried him off to a tremendous supper, brought him back at three or four in the morning dead with sleep and wanting nothing in the world but bed, lit his candles for him, and then, "frais et dispos comme un homme qui sort du lit," sat down to write three feuilletons for that day's post, and, "if he had time," to "bâcler pour Montigny un petit acte dont le scenario me trotte par la tête." When the astonished guest awoke next morning, the "irresistible being" was singing as he shaved himself; and there on the table were three thick envelopes addressed to the *Patrie* and two other journals and a roll addressed to Montigny. The "petit acte" was *L'Invitation à la Valse*, which is, M. About says, "tout bêtement un chef-d'œuvre." One of the novels was the *Compagnons de Jéhu*. M. About saw the first version of it on the hotel table. It was a thick volume of coarse white paper, "couvert d'une petite écriture fort nette, une excellente ébauche mise au point par un praticien distingué d'après la maquette originale du maître." Dumas, in fact, was accustomed to produce a careful first sketch; this he handed on to one or other of his assistants, who filled it up and developed it on the lines he had laid down. Then it came back to him in the form of the "first version," seen by M. About; and all he had to do was to copy it. This he did, with his own hand, "d'une belle et lumineuse écriture, sur un grand papier azuré et satiné"; and in the process the "first version" became organic and alive. "Il copiait à sa manière, c'est à dire en y semant l'esprit à pleines mains, chaque petite feuille de papier blanc sur une grande feuille de papier bleu." That is how the novels were written. The ghosts of Gaillardet and Co. may rise as they will, and protest as they may. Dumas is not the less Dumas, and there is no more to be said about it.

THREE BOOKS ON INDIA AND ONE ON CEYLON.*

ON all questions where "Oriental experience" is desirable Sir Richard Temple has a full right to be heard. His latest publication is not perhaps equal in value to his description of *India in 1880* or to *The Men and Events of My Time*, but it deals extensively with history, geography, and political and social economy. Any one essay can be read without reference to what goes before or after, by persons who care to know how China was overrun by the Moguls or the Manchus; whether the establishment of Sailors' Homes at Bombay and Calcutta has had the effect of promoting temperance; how the rise of the Mahrattas to power was favoured by the geographical features of Western India; and what Candahar looked like when the late Governor of Bombay galloped up to it in November 1879, and like Hannibal after Cannæ, would have been quite prepared to hurl a hog-spear at its old walls and ride off at score. Sir Richard's cohorts, however, were not *madidæ a tempestate*, like those of the great Carthaginian, but were nearly stifled, he tells us, by a dust storm which he had seen coming down on his party from a distance of sixty miles. A critic or reader must be hard to please if he cannot select something to satisfy him out of the writings of an administrator who has governed the most jungly and backward as well as the most civilized provinces, who has helped to decentralize finance, who has laid down a rough-and-ready railway at the rate of a mile a day, and who has choked off a huge famine, or as captious critics assert, fed the inhabitants of Tirhoot so lavishly in 1874 that they appeared to the ordinary eye fatter and healthier after the expected calamity than they were before it. The style, like that of the Thames in Denham's poem, is full without overflowing; and graphic sketches, a good index, and some useful maps enhance its value. Here and there Lord Lawrence's pupil pens a sentence which in an official draft would have called for one of the late Viceroy's pithy and pregnant remarks. Without reviving a bitter controversy, we may fairly ask how any real statesman, Liberal or Conservative, can ever have looked on Afghanistan as the "promised land." Most administrators and writers have considered it as a problem full of difficulties and promising little else than a choice of evils. At p. 261 a curious distinction is drawn between fires "which are partly accidental and partly intentional," and, "when they are accidental, they present some of the most magnificent spectacles you can possibly figure to yourselves." Are we to understand from this that an intentional fire, the work of the class called *ghurramies* who set a large bazaar alight in order to be employed in building it up again as fast as possible, is a mean sight? It is also quite safe to prophesy in regard to certain distressing events that, bad as they were, "worse things might possibly happen if England were to fall asleep. But if she remains wakeful, they may, under Providence, be prevented." Sir Richard Temple would have better consulted his own high reputation by not reprinting an essay that appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for March 1883, on Local Self-Government in British India. Never did a weaker defence of an abortive and yet mischievous measure come from the pen of one who would vigorously set forth in past times the imperative necessity of personal, prompt, and almost despotic action on the part of district officers whether to purify bazaars, make roads, build bridges, arrest criminals, or inspect schools. We prefer to listen to the author on "Forestry," for instance, or on the "Monetary practice of the natives." On the first subject he gives due credit to Lord Dalhousie, who reserved Rukhs, or "grass preserves" in the Punjab, and prevented the reckless cutting of fine trees in the hills. No one is more wasteful in these matters than the Asiatic, who has recently been credited with a wonderful power of managing "his own affairs." Rich natives cram an acre or two so full of fruit-trees that the date and the cocoa-nut, the jack and the mango, the plantain and the leecheo, jostle each other out of existence. The poorer classes of agriculturists will sacrifice a whole hillside of splendid timber in order to grow rice for a couple of years only, on one or two plots, amidst charred roots and fertilizing ashes. A Forest Department has been in existence for the past twenty years, and measures are taken to prevent the destruction of immature timber, to replant vacant spaces, and to restrict the privilege of pasturing vast herds in the jungles within reasonable limits. The account of the uses to which timber is put by natives is instructive; but surely at p. 151 the bamboo should be read for the babul-tree, as one employed for "almost every purpose that can be useful in the daily lives of the natives." The babul is much too hard except for solid cart-wheels and other implements. The bamboo can be turned to anything; it forms the posts of the hut; split, it makes excellent wickerwork; in its joints the Ryot keeps his store of oil; and the wild bamboo becomes the spear of the hunter and the watchman or the offensive weapon of the Lattial and Dacoit.

The speech or lecture read to the Institute of Bankers in London will not solve the problem of the loss to India by exchange, but we see from it how silver is absorbed into India and hoarded, which is often another term for its being lost indefinitely to sight. We do not quite understand the data on which Sir Richard lays it down that, out of thirty-three millions of adult agriculturists, twenty-six millions are cultivators and only seven million proprietors. But his remarks on money-lending, interest, and the good faith of Sahukars or Shroffs, are instructive; and we do not quite share his despair of assisting peasant proprietors by advances from the State or from savings banks. The Tour in Palestine takes us over familiar ground, but here Sir Richard writes like an artist accustomed to much vivid contrast of light and shade, the glow of the sunset or the bursting of vegetation in the early spring.

Mr. Keene is known as the author of some eloquent poems published under the title of *Ex Eremo—i.e.* the jungly districts of Upper India—and as a writer on the Decline and Fall of the Mogul Empire in the last century. He is also a contributor to reviews and magazines. His present work is no new history of the Sepoy mutiny, but a supplement to it. We mean that he has no idea of treating of those momentous events which were turning points in that terrible struggle. The fall of Delhi, the relief of Lucknow, the final capture of that city, the march of Sir Hugh Rose right across India, are barely noticed. But he says truly that there were several districts in which our authority was never wholly lost, or, if lost, was very soon recovered, and where active civilians with a mere handful of Englishmen or raw levies were enabled to disperse predatory bands, and to send rebellious Rajas and treacherous sirdars to an early and a merited doom. The achievements of such men were, at the time, dwarfed by the gigantic proportions which the contest assumed elsewhere at ancient seats of Empire, but they are not the less worthy of commemoration; and there are divers political lessons to be learnt from the behaviour of whole classes of the community suddenly cut adrift and called on to think and act for themselves. Some epochs of history never weary us. Stories of the first French Revolution, of Napoleon's Russian expedition, of the battle of Waterloo, false or true, are always attractive. The Indian Mutiny has similarly furnished materials for more than one novel, and some of Mr. Keene's episodes are better reading than a story in which a crafty Mohammedan or a rascally Mahratta slays the white-haired colonel of sepoys, and carries off his daughter

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* *Oriental Experience.* A Selection of Essays and Addresses delivered on various occasions. By Sir Richard Temple, Bart., G.C.S.I., C.I.E., D.C.L., LL.D., late Governor of Bombay, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and Finance Minister of India. London: John Murray.

Fifty-Seven: Some Account of the Administration of Indian Districts during the Revolt of the Bengal Army. By Henry George Keene, C.I.E., M.R.A.S., Author of the "Fall of the Mughal Empire" &c. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

India and Tiger-Hunting. By Colonel Julius Barras. Vol. II. Tiger-Hunting and other Adventures.

Ceylon in 1883. The Leading Crown Colony of the British Empire. With an Account of the Progress made since 1803, under successive British Governors, and the Present Condition of its Agricultural and Commercial Enterprises, &c. By John Fergusson, Co-Editor of the "Ceylon Observer" and "Tropical Agriculturist," Life Member of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, &c. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington.

to the harem, whence she is rescued just in the nick of time by a dashing young captain at the head of a mixed force of Highlanders and Sikhs. Let us take, for instance, such districts as Saharunpore and Muzaffarnagur. It was of the last importance, geographically and politically, that some semblance of British authority should here be maintained. Saharunpore was at the head of the Doab. Muzaffarnagur touched Meerut. Both districts were on the line of march from the Punjab to Hindostan; and by Saharunpore communication was kept up with the Deyrah Doon and the Hill stations beyond it. In the district of Saharunpore there were few landholders of importance, but there were any number of cattle-stealers and raiders, and many of the agriculturists had heard of, if they had not participated in, the lawlessness of the old time just before Lord Lake's campaigns. Yet the civil officers were enabled to put down *émeutes*, to prevent the plunder of treasuries, to secure the gaols, to free the residents in the Doon who were shut off from the outer world, to detect a head policeman in correspondence with the rebels at Delhi and to hand him over for deliberate trial and execution by the Commissioner, and generally to maintain authority without establishing a reign of terror. In a disorganized population of more than a million, not one hundred were executed, though there was plenty of occasional fighting in bazaars and near forts. The same thing may be said of the districts of Meerut and Bulandshahr, though by the extraordinary remissness of the military authorities at the former station Meerut had to be recovered and not merely retained. It is not very easy to make out why, in the distribution of rewards and honours, the magistrates of Meerut and Bulandshahr deservedly received the honours of the Bath, and the magistrate of Saharunpore was only thanked by the Secretary of State. The late Sir Henry Lawrence used to say that, after a campaign, it was quite a toss-up whether a captain or a major became a C.B. or had to stand a court-martial. Agra and Rohilcund present features of interest of a different kind. Rohilcund was for months completely lost to us; and readers of the Life of Lord Clyde may remember that it was a question between the Commander-in-Chief and the Governor-General whether Oudh should be abandoned after the first relief of Lucknow and Rohilcund be cleared of rebels and regained. We never had the slightest doubt, then and since, that Lord Canning was right in insisting that Rohilcund, which we had lost after fifty years' peaceful possession, ought to be recovered before Oudh which we had annexed only fifteen months before. But surely Mr. Keene is in error in saying that the native ex-judge known as the Khan Bahadur of Bareilly made good his escape, though while in receipt of a pension for judicial services he had presided at a mock trial when some Englishmen were formally sentenced to death by the mutineers. To the best of our recollection, this white-haired and treacherous old scoundrel was subsequently apprehended and hanged. The condition of Agra was only one degree more satisfactory than Rohilcund. The whole English population was shut up in the fort till the middle of September and after the fall of Delhi; and the district itself, with those of Mathura, Aligarh, and Mainpuri, were practically lost. For the able defence of the gaol at the latter place by Mr. John Power, and for an amusing and characteristic letter written by him to the old Sudder Court, we refer readers to Mr. Keene's pages. The bulky records of criminal trials were at Mainpuri made available as shelter against the fire of the mutineers; and it is not often that documents stuffed full of perjury, forgery, and rascality have in India been turned to such excellent purpose. Mr. Keene, whose narrative is clear, concise, and in perfect good taste, draws some just conclusions from the Mutiny. He says that we cannot predict what Asiatics will do when we judge their conduct according to our own notions of what it is their interest or duty to do. Again, we should never trust such men as the Nana who owe us a grudge. A third is that the smallest education might have taught the predatory classes that England for one Englishman killed could supply fifty others. He might have added a warning against the grave error committed by Lord Ripon, his Council, and some of his lieutenants, in conceding to natives, unwatched and uncontrolled, the entire command of the resources, communications, and internal government of populous districts and towns. Whatever means may be employed to encourage native talent, to feed native vanity, and to discourage English unofficial enterprise, the supreme authority in every district, whether as regards its criminal classes, its roads and ferries, its gaols and its schools, its supplies and its sanitation, should for the next century, if we are to keep India so long, never wholly pass out of the hands of the English civilian, the successor of men who kept down Benares and recovered Etawa, Azimgarh, and half a dozen more such tracts.

If the second volume of Colonel Barras's adventures is inferior to the first, this impression may be due to the sameness of the subject. The most stirring adventures with roaring tigers, runaway elephants, and well-trained *Shikarries* have always a sort of family likeness. But Colonel Barras is never dull or pedantic. There is a frankness and simplicity in his style. Here and there, too, we have anecdotes not connected with sport. Many persons imagine from descriptions about the camp life of the Commissioner or the tourist that a tent pitched under a fine clump of trees or by the side of a noble river, must be the very poetry of Indian life. The exigencies of the public service, the inspection of police stations, ferries, new roads or new kutcherries, can be judiciously combined with recreation and sport. There is usually some subordinate agency in the neighbourhood of a jungle swarming with all kinds of game, that must be inspected. There is no necessity to strike the tents every day, nor any desperate hurry to be off for the next camping ground at 3 A.M. Everything can be done in a leisurely, gentlemanly fashion. The tents are struck after an early breakfast, at 8.30. Perhaps one has been sent on over night with the heavy baggage; but when the last camel, bullock cart, or elephant, has got off at 10 o'clock, the civil officer mounts his horse and takes a favourite marsh or preserve *obiter*, so as to give the servants plenty of time to reach the next post, to prepare the dinner, and to reproduce the comfort of the preceding encampment. All this is practical and pleasant. But it is not so with regimental officers on a march. Every military station is not yet accessible by rail, and Colonel Barras gives a correct and vivid description of the sufferings of his comrades on a long march from one large cantonment to another. Everything is done under rigid and inexorable rules. Officers and men retire to bed at a very early hour. The reveillé is sounded at 3 A.M. The subaltern shivers in the clear sharp air of the cold season. Hot coffee is hastily swallowed, and amidst groaning camels, creaking bullock carts, irascible masters, and shouting natives, the cortège gets off at 4, and reaches its halting-place by 9 A.M. It is not every man who, after an early rise and a wearisome trudge over a dusty plain, has the pluck to spend the remainder of the day in scouring the neighbourhood in search of grey and black partridges and antelope. Yet this is what Colonel Barras and men of his stamp were quite ready to do in the absence of a committee or a court-martial to occupy the halt. This sort of life, though conducive to health and activity, is apt to be monotonous when continued for two and three months at a stretch. Colonel Barras was present at the great Durbar at Delhi in Lord Lytton's time, when the Queen was proclaimed as Empress of India; but we regret to say that the Colonel made his appearance on a country-bred horse of a mealy colour, with abnormally long legs and, we doubt not, a queer temper, like most of those animals. At this historical event coursing jackals and foxes with greyhounds had more attractions for him than pageantry and pomp. His eye deceived him as to the height of the famous Kootub Minar, eleven miles from the present city. What seemed to him a height of eighty feet was in reality one of 240. The Kootub, we believe, is the tallest pillar in the world. A story of the Mutiny is ghastly and significant. A certain havildar or sergeant was sentenced to be blown to death. When the gun was fired and the wretched man was scattered to pieces, the spectators were seen scrambling and fighting, like the dogs in the dream of Athalie in Racine's tragedy, over the *lambeaux affreux*. It turned out that the criminal had died with 300 rupees tied to his waistband in the hope of being pardoned at the last moment, and from sheer inability to find some one to whom he could entrust his savings. These, of course, are mere incidents, the bulk of Vol. II. being devoted to accounts of tracking tigers to holes in rocks, digging out a couple of hyenas, the terror of the station of Ahmedabad, and slaying panthers by the aid of two paria or village dogs named Baja and Buchi. There is also a very good story of an absconding elephant that took fright when some blank cartridges were fired, and was only recaptured by the exertions of a mahout who followed the fugitive for days, through scrub and corn-land, jungle and tank. A story or two of the famine, when the Ryots had not time to wait until dough could be flattened into cakes and toasted, is a sample of hundreds of other instances. But one of the saddest events in the book is the mishap that befel the author in the jaws of an enraged panther. It required all the coolness of his friend Sandford, who himself did not come off scatheless, to put a ball into the animal at the right time and place. But, though severely mauled, Colonel Barras owed his recovery to pluck and a sound constitution; and he actually promises us an account of Afghanistan and wolf-hunting.

Parts of Ceylon, in products and temperature, may be very like some of the southern districts of India. But it is quite right that the two countries should be separately administered. Mr. John Fergusson has had a close and long connexion with the press in that island, and has undertaken, not, indeed, to write a Cinghalese history, but to give an account of our administration for the past seventy years. It is, in fact, a year-book with several very good photographs and a capital map. No one need refer to the book for information as to the rise and spread of Buddhism, or to discuss whether Ceylon has claims to be the Ophir of sacred history. But for a capitalist and planter it will be most useful. The appendices are rather superfluous, but perhaps the story of an elephant kraal was unavoidable. Allowing for some enthusiasm as to the climate and attractions of the island, there is a good deal here to tempt unemployed young men of energy and education to try the life of a planter. We should not say that such a career is much preferable to one in Cachar, Kangra, Kumaon, or Darjeeling. But there are more openings than coffee. Ceylon is happily free from cyclones, typhoons, earthquakes, and "north-westers." The temperature in the low grounds is equable, ranging, say, from 75 to 84 in the twenty-four hours for a large portion of the year. The climate on the hills is, at times, delightful, though the rainfall is excessive and the inconvenience of living in a mist or a shower-bath during the rainy season is under-estimated. But the author is quite justified in pointing to the advance made in every department of administration during the last thirty years. Since the trumpery rebellion of Tickery Banda in 1847 there has been no one to give trouble. Revenue has increased from less than half a million to more than one million and a quarter. A population of nearly three

millions requires only twelve hundred soldiers to keep the peace. The exports have vastly increased. Though a large proportion of the inland must always remain hill and jungle, some four millions of acres might be brought into cultivation. The chief reliance has hitherto been on coffee; but, while fortunes were made by proprietors with well-chosen gardens up to 1870, a horrible disease then made its appearance in the shape of a small fungus, blighting the leaf, ruining the berry, and attacking "old and young, vigorous and weak trees, with absolute impartiality." The remedy for this unhappy state of things is the introduction of new products—chinchona and tea, and possibly cocoa and india-rubber. All this enterprise has been aided by the formation of new roads. A railway lines part of the shore and runs up to Kandy and some stations beyond it. In Ceylon, as in India, there is no real advancement in any department without roads; and Mr. Fergusson gives the greatest praise to the late Sir Henry Ward and his successors for facilitating intercourse, for cheap postage, telegraphs, and steamers. The usual inconveniences of tropical climates—snakes, mosquitos, and leeches, to say nothing of fever and dysentery—are rather minimized. But we see no reason why independence should not be achieved by twenty years of expatriation and with no more danger or discomfort in Ceylon than in Queensland. And those who like sport and can stand heat, may shoot anything except tigers, from snipe and jungle fowl to leopards and elephants.

SURVEY MAPS.*

THE great enterprise which is producing these maps is that of a private Company, working mainly in the interest of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, to determine the natural features, and especially the value of the timber and metals and the agricultural advantages, of the territory about to be open to competition. As a large proportion of the territories of Dakota, Montana, and Washington has hitherto remained unsurveyed, it was necessary to institute a very complete exploration, beginning with the most elementary triangulations, and thus determining altitudes, on which trustworthy maps might be founded. Specimens of these topographical maps, filled with contour-lines showing every 200 feet of height, exhibiting parts of the gigantic territories of Montana and Washington, are already engraved. The scale is four miles to the inch, which will ensure all desirable detail, and render the maps thoroughly satisfactory in exhibiting all the valleys, watersheds, and courses of streams with such accuracy as intending settlers will require. Other series of maps, on half the scale of these, are also being prepared, coloured so as to indicate respectively—1, the minerals; 2, climate, rivers, and irrigation; 3, soils; 4, forests; 5, economic botany. We have seen specimens of the third and fourth of these divisions, which will compare favourably with the best existing maps of the kind. The work is proceeding at a rapid rate; and one guarantee of its intended efficiency is to be found in the fact that the maps already printed are treated as only tentative (and not, we believe, for sale), and bear the inscription, "Photolithographed preliminary sheet, for the use of the parties in the field, and subject to revision." Professor Pumpelly is the Director of the Survey, and its headquarters are at Nowport, R.I. He has a considerable force of scientific men working at the objects indicated above, with the aim of producing the maps with the utmost rapidity. Never before, surely, were the requirements of emigrants so well understood and so liberally provided for. Settlers in these remote regions will now be furnished with accurate details of the character of the lands they purchase, which ought to prevent their meeting the fate of poor Martin Chuzzlewit in his Eden, and being landed in a Dismal Swamp.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

MADAME DE WITT has done many pious services to her father, and her present collection of letters (1) is not the least of them. She has been remarkably frank, printing Guizot's triumphant description of the Spanish marriages (the pen had nearly run into the adjective "infamous" before Spanish) as "une grande et belle chose" which would cause France to grow greater and greater in Europe, and emphasizing the folly of the boast by the close juxtaposition of his account of his exile and of the downfall of the dynasty which he had served. But, on the whole, Guizot will gain, not lose, through the reading of this book (as it is likely to be read) by a new generation. His political faults are matter of history, and will remain matter of history; his literary merits, never of the highest, weakened by his want of style, and watered down by the immense voluminousness of his work, are already, short as is the time since his death, disappearing from the general remembrance. But his private virtues (marred chiefly by a certain schoolmasterishness and by a serenely narrow conviction of his own rectitude and infallibility, which he shared with a certain living statesman on this side the Channel) deserve commemoration, and such a book as this is better fitted to keep them in mind than any laboured memoirs. A very rigid moralist may ask whether it was quite consistent in Guizot to take credit in a private letter to Lord Aberdeen for a "politique bonne" for both countries in July and in November to take credit in a private letter to a French lady for a policy which had outwitted England and aggrandized France. But these little inconsistencies will happen. Guizot's untiring and conscientious faculty of work, his domestic affection, his freedom from personal greed of money or rank, the simplicity of his manners and thoughts when at the height of political prosperity, come out very well here.

The faithful and industrious M. Reinach has followed up his elaborate edition of his master's speeches with a closely-printed octavo volume of six hundred pages, giving the history of that master's Ministry of seventy days in the winter of 1881–1882 (2). The proportion of pages to days is perhaps excessive, and if the world's history were written on this scale it might be difficult to read it. It is needless to say that the author does not achieve this effect of disproportion without the intermixture of a very great deal of "doctrine" with no very large amount of "histoire." In fact, M. Reinach has improved the brief and rather disastrous Ministry of his chief into a kind of Gambettist "course," using that word in the sense which we believe it possesses in some religious circles. The character and purport of the volume are thus rather hagiological than historic.

We do not know that we can promise old admirers of the *Poèmes antiques* and the *Poèmes barbares* any very great delight in the pieces which M. Leconte de Lisle has collected in *Poèmes tragiques* (3). The reprinted *Erinnyes*, a shortened and very much weakened version of the first two plays of the Orestein, is really not much more than a parade-ground for the display of M. Leconte de Lisle's affected system of transliteration. Of the poems proper, "Le Lévrier de Magnus" is perhaps the best among the longer, "Sacra Fames" among the shorter. But the poet has not anywhere recovered the note of lyrical truth and beauty which he struck many years ago in "Requies," and has rarely, if at all, rivalled the graphic painting of the "Sommeil du condor" and the sombre tragedy of "Le jugement de Komor" and "Les Runoias." It would seem that the long course of translation to which he has since subjected himself has dried up his old vein without opening a new one. This is a pity, for M. Leconte de Lisle is one of the few living French poets whom it was possible to regard as something more than dabblers in verse.

M. Arsène Houssaye's *La comédienne* (4) appears to have been received with favour, for the eighth edition is before us. Had the demand depended upon our verdict, it would hardly have been very vigorous. The book is a kind of history of Rachel, "en forme de roman," as the author says. We do not love histories in the form of romances, and M. Houssaye's book does not convert us. As for the style, that is sufficiently familiar, and to us at least it is not attractive. M. Victor Hugo is reported as having said the other day, in an interchange of compliments, that M. Arsène Houssaye was not only a prose writer, but a poet. If he had said that M. Houssaye is as good a poet as he is a prose writer, we should have had the extreme pleasure of finding ourselves in (at any rate literal and grammatical) agreement with him.

Among reprints we have to chronicle the appearance of the third volume of M. Jouaust's *Faublas* (5) and of *Pour une épingle* (6) in the pretty little pocket library of M. Charpentier. The conjunction is humorous.

Two revised editions of technical manuals in Messrs. Hetzel's useful series of such things have appeared. The Jeweller's Guide (7) is perhaps more to the taste of the general reader than the Brewer's (8), not so much because of the subject as because that subject is handled in a less severely scientific spirit. The chemistry of beer and beer-making is exhaustively treated, but the history and the interesting subject of existing varieties of the product receive in comparison hardly any attention.

Two monuments of M. Vivien de St.-Martin's ability in directing large geographical works lie before us; one a fine Map of France (9), in four sheets, on a scale of about seventeen miles to the inch, and with the elevations of the ground admirably indicated by angular shading; the other the second volume of Messrs. Hachette's great Geographical Dictionary (10). The latter contains the letters D to J.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MRS., or Miss, or perhaps Mr., Emelyn W. Washburn had no need to insist in a preface that a history of Spanish painting might innocently be written. A field of this nature is never fully occupied, and every critic who can see and think for himself or herself has a manifest right to work on it anew. It is even a probable opinion that, as good books on the subject are not easily accessible, an honest compilation of reasonable proportions in readable English deserves to be welcomed. Let it be remembered, however, that a compilation is always a compilation, and at best a

* *Maps of the Northern Transcontinental Survey of the United States.* Newport, R.I.

(1) *Lettres de M. Guizot à sa famille et à ses amis.* Recueillies par Mme. de Witt. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *Le ministère Gambetta; histoire et doctrine.* Par Joseph Reinach. Paris: Charpentier.

(3) *Poèmes tragiques.* Par Leconte de Lisle. Paris: Lemerre.

(4) *La comédienne.* Par Arsène Houssaye. Paris: Dentu.

(5) *Les amours du Chevalier de Faublas.* Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(6) *Pour une épingle.* Par J. T. de Saint-Germain. Paris: Charpentier.

(7) *Bibliothèque des professions—Guide du Joaillier.* Paris: Hetzel.

(8) *Bibliothèque des professions—Guide du Brasseur.* Paris: Hetzel.

(9) *Carte de France.* Par Vivien de St.-Martin. Paris: Hachette.

(10) *Nouveau Dictionnaire de Géographie universelle.* Par Vivien de St.-Martin. Paris: Hachette.

second-rate kind of literature. *The Spanish Painters* (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a fair specimen of the class. The author has diligently read and excerpted the standard work of Stirling-Maxwell, and has used Head and Ford. The originals, Cean Bermudez and Palomino, have not been neglected. More than that cannot fairly be said. Where these guides fail the author stops short. He or she sees with their eyes, and judges with their judgment. Besides, a history of Spanish painting in 1884 ought to have something to say about Fortuny and the recent revival. Now our author draws rein at Goya, where Stirling-Maxwell also stops. The Spanish quotations are generally accurate. Auto-da-fés must be passed as a barbarism which has become naturalized, and the printer is probably responsible for the statement that Velasquez was the friend of Philip II., who died before the painter's birth.

Mr. Nimmo has brought out a very handsome edition, in four volumes, of the tales and poems of Edgar Allan Poe. Beyond the attraction of clear print, fine paper, and really good and appropriate illustration, the edition is remarkable for containing the fragment called "The Journal of Julius Rodman," hitherto unpublished in any collection. It certainly does not take rank with Poe's best work, but as certainly has a unique interest. Furthermore, it should be stated that in the new edition the works are for the first time intelligibly classified. We look forward to Mr. Nimmo's promised volumes of translations from Hoffmann, and trust they may be found to contain "The Majorat" and the weird story entitled, in *Tales from the German*, "The Elementary Spirit."

The genial subject of tippling has obviously an attraction for the Rev. R. V. French, D.C.L., LL.D., F.S.A., Rector of Llanmartin, and Rural Dean. We learn from his title-page that he has already written a *History of Toasting*, and now he enriches historical literature with a study bearing the inebriating designation of *Nineteen Centuries of Drink in England* (Longmans & Co.). In this fat volume Dr. French tells us all about the bibulous habits of our very early ancestors, who drank mead and metheglin—which suggests methylated spirits, not unknown as a beverage to the French-polisher—and piment. Then he proceeds to the generations which drank beer and French wines. Then, after giving the history of port-drinking, he reaches our times, when we have come round to French wines again. Modern reform, according to Mr. Freeman, is often a return to the earliest constitutional practices; and so it is with drink. All things hang together in this world.

The humours of the House of Commons have long been the food of the daily press, and have been the subject of innumerable articles of the "Under the Gaslit Roof" and "In the Lobby" kind. Mr. David Anderson has collected some of his contributions to this rather tittle-tattling kind of journalism into a volume called *Scenes in the House of Commons* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) The early chapters contain some useful information about Parliamentary procedure. The rest of the book is devoted to twice-served cabbage about Mr. Gladstone's treatment of his collar and coat-tails, Lord Hartington's way of placing his feet, and matters of equal importance.

It is very difficult to find a title for a volume of essays, and so Mr. B. A. Hinsdale's *Schools and Studies* (Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.) is as good a name as another for a volume of papers on questions more or less related to books and education. Mr. Hinsdale is far too fond of scientific-seeming writers on sociology, who tell you that heredity is the something which causes us to inherit qualities, and that sometimes we do and sometimes we do not, and that the method of the thing is a puzzle, and other equally instructive truths. On the whole, however, he is very sensible; and is, for an American, creditably free from the itch for making imposing-looking generalizations out of scraps of second-hand evidence.

Nowadays, when so many superior persons find Christianity insufficient, and are taking up with Theosophism, the Worship of Humanity, Esoteric Buddhism, and Mumbo Jumbos of that kind, books on the religion of Buddha are naturally in demand. Now demand, though the fact is not generally known, has an influence on supply—argal, books on Buddhism appear, and the authors make contradictory statements about it, and abuse one another after the manner of Oriental scholars. The Rev. S. Beal publishes an account of *Buddhism in China* (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), where, it seems, the religion has a great influence, because it does not exist. Surely Buddhism is the funniest ghost of the many ghosts of this generation.

Ranch Notes (Longmans & Co.) is the name given by Mr. Reginald Aldridge to a brief account of the cattle-raising industry in Kansas, Colorado, the Indian Territory, and Northern Texas. It is fairly well written, and his instances point the old moral. Be strong, industrious, and not too fastidious if you wish to get on in a new country; also a little capital is very useful.

There have been great men in the Cape also, as may be seen from Mr. Theal's *Chronicles of Cape Commanders* (Cape Town: Richards & Son). The reader who wishes to learn of the deeds done in ancient days by Jan van Riebeek, Zacharias Wagenaar, Cornelis van Quaelberg, and others of equally euphonious names, may consult Mr. Theal if they are not frightened by the weight of his book, both material and literary. It is terribly pestered with small details.

Because they are all of the same class, we mention the three following works together without pretending to criticize them:—The Rev. T. T. Carter has published a memoir of Harriet Monsell (J. Masters & Co.) which will doubtless be welcome in her own section of the religious world. A volume of *Biographies of Celebrities for the People* (J. & R. Maxwell) is edited by F. Banfield, M.A., and "personally revised" by somebody unnamed, probably the victims. In their portraits they appear to a man to be grinning or whimpering at the hideous caricatures of them presented to "the People." The reader and the reviewer pant in vain after Mr. Grant Allen, who, if it were not for Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, would be the champion maker of books of this generation. After exhausting science and art he has "commenced biographer," and publishes a volume of lives of discoverers, men of science or politicians, under the catch-penny title of *Biographies of Working Men*, in the "People's Literary Series" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge).

To this same People's Series Dr. B. W. Richardson contributes a work with another catch-penny title, *The Guild of Good Life* (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). It contains a certain amount of good sense on the subject of sobriety, cleanliness, &c., and the usual Richardsonian percentage of fussy regulations of hygiene which would bore to death anybody not a hypochondriac who tried to carry them out.

Mr. Malcolm Guthrie, who makes a point of interpreting Mr. Spencer, publishes a treatise *On the Data of Ethics* (The Modern Press). Mr. G. H. Browne's *Notes on Shakspere's Versification* (Boston: Ginn, Heath, & Co.) is a schoolbook suggested by the author's experience. We note with approval that it is interleaved with blank pages.

Mr. Spencer L. Holland publishes a *Summary of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commissions Report* (Oxford: Parker & Co.), and Messrs. R. S. Wright and Henry Hobhouse *An Outline of Local Government and Local Taxation* (Maxwell & Co.)—both dry and technical, but doubtless useful. Books of the merely useful kind are also *Thrift and Independence*, by Rev. W. L. Blackley, M.A. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge); *The Complete Guide to Company Drill*, by Captain W. C. E. Serjeant (W. Clowes); and *The Annual Register for* 1883 (Rivingtons). The *Sketches by Boz* are reprinted in ruinously small type by Messrs. Goodall, Backhouse, & Co., of Leeds. *A Painting Book*, by Kate Greenaway (Routledge & Sons), is a collection of outlines of some of her drawings, which children may fill up with colour if their parents let them spoil anything so pretty. The same firm publish a *Common Objects Alphabet*, an illustrated book for children of a very different kind; it is gaudy in colour and vulgar in drawing and idea. We have also received *A Bird's-Eye View of London*, published by the *Graphic*, the work of Mr. Wyllie, and executed with his usual vigour in the management of black and white.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

FRANCE.

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FINE ART SECTION of the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Pictures contributed by the French Government having arrived, and the general arrangements of the Fine Art Section being completed, the Galleries are now open to the public from Ten A.M. to Seven P.M.

The Exhibition consists of upwards of 2,500 works contributed by various Continental Governments, Academies, and private Collectors, arranged according to their respective nationalities, and forming altogether the most representative Collection of Art-Works ever seen in this country.

JOHN FORBES-ROBERTSON, *Fine Art Commissioner.*

LONDON LIBRARY, 12 St. James's Square, S.W.—The FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Members will be held in the Reading-Room, on Thursday, May 29, at Three P.M.

Lord HOUGHTON in the Chair.

May 7, 1884. ROBERT HARRISON, *Secretary and Librarian.*

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY and QUEEN'S COLLEGES GRADUATES' ASSOCIATION, LONDON.—The ANNUAL MEETING of the Association will be held at the Café Royal, Regent Street, on Friday, the 30th inst., at 6.30 P.M. Dinner at 7 P.M. Dinner Tickets to be obtained of

S. J. MACMULLAN, M.A., *Hon. Secretary,* Dalriada, Blackheath, S.E.

ROYAL HOSPITAL for INCURABLES—The VOTES and INTEREST of the readers of the "Saturday Review," for the Election on the last Friday this month, are earnestly solicited on behalf of Mr. CHARLES BRUCE, who has been deformed and a cripple from his birth. A self-made and self-educated man, he has managed to support himself in very modest circumstances by his pen, and has written between twenty and thirty books, all of a good tendency. His volume of Sea Ballads is as complete as anything of its kind. He finds his physical powers giving way, and his friends are trying to obtain for him the shelter of this admirable Institution. References may be made to, and votes will be gratefully received by, Mr. BENJAMIN CLARKE, General Editor, Sunday School Union, 56 Old Bailey.

UNIVERSITY of SYDNEY.—CHAIR of CLASSICS.—Applications are invited from gentlemen, qualified by high academical position and educational experience, to fill the office of PROFESSOR of CLASSICS in the University of Sydney, vacant by the death of Dr. Badham.

Full particulars relating to salary, tenure of office, &c., may be obtained from the Agent-General for New South Wales, 5 Westminster Chambers, Westminster, S.W., to whom applications stating candidate's age, and accompanied by testimonials, should be sent before June 30 next.

Sir Charles Nicholson, Bart., LL.D., D.C.L. (late Chancellor of the University of Sydney),
F. L. S. Merewether, B.A. (late Chancellor of the University of Sydney),
Professor Max Müller, M.A., Oxford,
Professor Munro, D.C.L., Cambridge,
William Smith, LL.D., D.C.L.,
Sir Saul Samuel, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for New South Wales,

Have been requested to act as a Committee to select the most eligible Candidate and recommend him to the Senate of the University, with whom the final appointment will rest.

Candidates are requested not to apply personally to separate members of the Committee.

Offices of the Agent-General for New South Wales,
5 Westminster Chambers,
Victoria Street, London, S.W.

May 20, 1884.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, BRISTOL.—GILCHRIST SCHOLARSHIP.—A Scholarship of the value of £50 annually, tenable for three years, will be awarded at this College in September, 1884. Intending Candidates must forward their names for approval to the Principal before June 10, previous to entering for the Matriculation Examination of the University of London, held in June 1884; and the one who passes highest in the Honours Division will obtain the scholarship, conditional on his studying at the College, with a view to graduation in the University of London.

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CLIFTON COLLEGE CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS.—Nine or more open to Competition at Midsummer next, value from £15 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £80 a year in cases of scholars who require it. Further particulars from the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY, the College, Clifton, Bristol.

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RADLEY COLLEGE.—ELECTION to SIX SCHOLARSHIPS, four of £50, one of £30, one of £20, on June 20. For Boys under Fourteen on January 1, 1884.—For further particulars, apply to THE REV. THE WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

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FREEHOLD BUILDING GROUND, City of London.—The Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City, on Tuesday, June 10, 1884, at half-past Twelve precisely, to receive Tenders for taking on Building Leases for a term of 99 years, Two Plots of very valuable Freehold Ground situate in Bream's Buildings, Fetter Lane.

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HENRY BLAKE, *Principal Clerk.*

Sewers' Office, Guildhall,
April 25, 1884.

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—BERMONDSEY.—At a SPECIAL MEETING of the VESTRY of BERMONDSEY, held to consider the London Government Bill, it was moved by Mr. GRAGG, seconded by Mr. VIGAR, and resolved:

"That this Vestry gives its unanimous support to the Metropolitan Board of Works for the purpose of opposing the Bill.

"That the Vestry present a petition to Parliament against the Bill, and oppose the passage of the same as they may be advised, and that the Clerk be instructed to take all necessary steps in that behalf.

"That this Vestry is of opinion that it is desirable there should be one Central Municipal Government with jurisdiction over the whole Metropolis, and that there should be a readjustment of the districts into which the Metropolis is at present divided for the purpose of local self-government, but regrets that Her Majesty's Government should have brought in a Bill which, if passed, would, while creating a unified central governing body, be utterly subversive of that local self-government of the several parishes and districts of the Metropolis which has been of essential service in improving the health and comfort of its inhabitants."

"The Vestry is of opinion that the proposed District Committees, having no independent power, but acting only under delegated authority, would fail to command the confidence of the ratepayers, and would be quite unable satisfactorily to fulfil the duties cast by existing statutes upon the elected representatives of the ratepayers.

"That this Vestry is of opinion that no measure for reforming the Government of the Metropolis will be satisfactory and effective which does not provide for the retention of local self-government in the several parishes and districts into which the metropolitan area after revision of its boundaries may be divided, the duties of such local authorities being clearly defined by Statute, each local authority being in federal connection with a central authority having jurisdiction over all those matters of Municipal Government which pertain to the Metropolis as a whole.

"That these Resolutions be communicated to the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the local authorities of the Metropolis."

J. HARRISON, *Clerk.*

Town Hall, Spa Road:
May 13, 1884.

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—BOARD of WORKS for the LIMEHOUSE district, comprising the Parish of LIMEHOUSE, the Hamlet of RATCLIFF, and the parishes of SHADWELL and WAPPING.

At a meeting of this Board, held to consider the London Government Bill, the following Resolution was applied:—

"That, in the opinion of this Board, the Bill now before the House of Commons, and known as the 'London Government Bill,' is calculated to increase and aggravate the evils of centralization, and thus vastly increase the financial burdens of the ratepayers, and is a direct violation of the principle of local independence and self-government; and that a petition be presented to the House of Commons not to pass the said Bill into law."

THOS. W. RATCLIFF, *Clerk to the Board.*

May 19, 1884.

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—At a MEETING held at the Committee Rooms of the ST. LUKE'S RATEPAYERS' PROTECTION SOCIETY, Finsbury, on Monday, May 19, 1884, to consider the London Government Bill, it was resolved:—

"That this meeting of ratepayers desires to enter its emphatic protest against the London Government Bill, creating, as it will do, a gigantic system of centralization, with its attendant evils, extravagances, mismanagement, and greatly increased rates, removing local affairs from direct local control, and adding to local burdens large sums now paid out of the Imperial Exchequer; and hereby empowers the Chairman to sign a Petition to Parliament against the Bill."

W. BISHOP, *Chairman.*

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—At a PUBLIC MEETING of RATEPAYERS of BRIXTON, held at the Brixton Hall, on Monday, May 19, 1884, Mr. A. DODSON in the chair, it was resolved:—

"That this meeting views with extreme displeasure the manner in which it is attempted to rush through Parliament a measure of so sweeping and revolutionary a character as the London Government Bill, by which it is proposed to destroy existing municipal machinery, the usefulness of which has been admitted by the Home Secretary, and supersede it by a purely experimental body, likely to lead to greatly increased taxation."

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—ST. JAMES'S, WESTMINSTER.—At a MEETING of the VESTRY of this parish, held on the 14th May inst., specially convened to consider the London Government Bill, it was resolved:—

"1. That whilst admitting the desirability of extending Municipal Government to the Metropolis at large, by a measure that shall embrace the duties, powers, and privileges of the City Corporation and the Metropolitan Board of Works, this Vestry is of opinion that the London Government Bill now before Parliament is of an unsatisfactory character, inasmuch as it would practically abolish the existing system of local self-government without making proper provisions for the administration of purely local affairs by duly-elected Local Councils, and is objectionable in several other respects. This Vestry is neither of opinion that any scheme for the Government of London should simplify and unify the system of local management, the various districts, by abolishing obsolete, conflicting, and overlapping bodies, and providing for the administration of local affairs on the same lines throughout the Metropolis, by elected local authorities possessing precisely similar functions within their respective districts.

"2. That a copy of the foregoing Resolution be forwarded to the Home Secretary, every member of Parliament representing a Metropolitan constituency, the Corporation of the City of London, the Metropolitan Board of Works, and to every Vestry and District Board of Works in the Metropolis."

HARRY WILKINS, *Vestry Clerk.*

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—CHARTER for GREENWICH.—At a MEETING of RATEPAYERS held in the South Ward, BROCKLEY, on Friday, May 15, 1884, ALEX. MUNRO, Esq., in the chair, the following Resolutions were passed unanimously:—

"1. That this meeting of ratepayers having thoroughly considered the Bill now before Parliament, for the reform of the Government of London, signifies its disapproval of its principles, and enters its protest against the investment of any central body with alarmingly dangerous power, and the abolition of all local self-government that it would entail. It further expresses its great alarm at the increase of taxation, in a locality already too heavily burdened, which would follow the passing, and submits its determination to employ all constitutional means at its command to prevent the passing of the said Bill in its present form.

"2. That this meeting of inhabitant ratepayers of Greenwich and its vicinity, in the interest of local self-government, now so dangerously threatened, pledges itself to do all in its power to obtain a charter of incorporation for the historic and important borough of Greenwich, and desires that this claim shall be earnestly pressed upon Her Majesty's Government, and requests the Chairman to forward copies of these Resolutions to the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary, the Borough and County Members, the Town Clerk of the Corporation of the City of London, and to Her Majesty's Privy Council."

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—WHITECHAPEL.—At a PUBLIC MEETING of RATEPAYERS of the MIDDLE WARD, held on Tuesday, May 13, 1884, Mr. Churchwarden JAMES in the Chair, the following Resolution was carried unanimously:—

"That this meeting of ratepayers of the Middle Ward, assembled for the purpose of electing Representatives for the ensuing three years, desires to thank the Members of the Vestry past and present for the able manner in which the local affairs of the Parish have been administered.

"That, as a Bill has been introduced into Parliament called the London Government Bill which, if allowed to pass, will destroy local self-government, will remove local control from those locally interested, will allow a Central Council to raise and apply funds from local ratepayers for local purposes (that ought to be raised and applied by those who have local knowledge of local necessities), and which must, in the opinion of this meeting, greatly increase the cost and decrease the efficiency of the administration of local business, that this meeting resolves that the Bill be opposed, and that copies of the Resolution be forwarded to the Home Secretary, the Borough and County Members, and that the Chairman sign a petition to Parliament against the measure."

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—At a PUBLIC MEETING of the RATEPAYERS' ASSOCIATION, No. 7 (Portland Place) Ward, MARYLEBONE, held on Thursday, May 15, 1884, it was resolved:—

"That this meeting of ratepayers desires to enter its emphatic protest against the London Government Bill, creating, as it will do, a gigantic system of centralization with its attendant evils, extravagance, mismanagement, and greatly increased rates, removing local affairs from direct local control, and adding to local burdens large sums now paid out of the Imperial Exchequer, and hereby empowers the Chairman to sign a Petition to Parliament against the Bill."

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THE CONFERENCE.

FEW more extraordinary instances of the sublime unreason which characterizes believers in the present Ministry have been seen than the reception in some quarters of the statements of the PRIME MINISTER and of Lord GRANVILLE on Tuesday. It is true that some of those persons who were at first deluded seem to have recovered their senses; but the marvellous thing is that any one should have been deluded at all. Mr. GLADSTONE, with immense parade and formality, summed up the previous attitude of the Government, and the advance upon that attitude which the Government was prepared to make. By one of the exercises of what may permissibly be called sleight-of-tongue, in which Mr. GLADSTONE has no rival, he presented two identically similar sets of propositions to the House, representing set number two as an important improvement on set number one. By Mr. GLADSTONE's own account, Government, when he rose, stood pledged to communicate certain results of communications to Parliament, and by Mr. GLADSTONE's account Government when he sat down stood pledged to present to Parliament certain results of communications. Between the two there was no difference whatever, except that the words "before the Conference meets" were inserted, and that insertion was made entirely nugatory by the fact that the announcement, though made before the Conference met, would be made after the arrangements with France and other Powers were concluded. Nothing that was drawn from Mr. GLADSTONE in his subsequent cross-examination in the least explained, improved, or further defined this position. Lord GRANVILLE was even less explicit; and in his cross examination took refuge in absolute silence on more than one point on which the greatest interest is felt in the country (for instance, the employment of Turkish troops), and on which, if reports on the subjects are ill founded, there could be not the slightest difficulty in giving satisfactory assurances, inasmuch as such assurances could in no way affect those purely financial *pourparlers* which, according to the Government, are going on with France.

So far then from rising with any comfortable assurance, Parliament has risen with no assurance at all, except the very uncomfortable one that some afternoon it may be informed of the conclusion of arrangements between an English Government and the European Powers by which the entire fruit of the expensive and anxious occupation of Egypt will be surrendered. That even the rumoured international audit would, in fact, amount to such a surrender is perfectly clear. But there is no security that the mysterious preliminary communications are limited to financial affairs. With a consistency which they have scarcely shown in any other matter, HER MAJESTY'S Ministers have declined to give any such assurance, and to contradict the disastrous rumours which are spreading all over Europe. To discuss those rumours in detail is an unnecessary, and perhaps a mistaken, proceeding. For, in the first place, it gives the Government the easy triumph of pointing out that in the event this or that particular step has not been taken, and in the second the particulars have but little effect on the general question. Any one who has taken the very slightest pains to ascertain the feeling of the country (not in the sense in which that phrase is constantly misused on all sides, but in the true sense—the feeling not of Conservatives merely, still less of Jingoes merely, but of the great body of reasonable and patriotic Englishmen of all political faiths) can be ignorant of the bent of that feeling as far as Egypt is concerned. Few men wish for a nominal annexation; not many care about a declared protectorate; the great majority are perfectly willing that Egypt shall, if it can, be put in the way of managing its own internal affairs. But almost all are agreed that "neither Parma, nor Spain, nor any "Prince in Europe" should be allowed again to meddle with Egypt. It is nearly impossible that such negotiations as the Government, by its own confession, is carrying on, can end without the admission of such meddling; they may very probably end by the admission of it to a degree which will make England impotent, instead of paramount, on the Nile and the Canal. M. DE LESSEPS's victory over his shareholders rather intensifies than lessens the awkwardness which would result in regard to the Canal from a multiple control, inasmuch as the new relations of England to the undertaking will be peculiarly subject to interference and disturbance by adroit representations of foreign Powers. If Ministers sympathized in this respect with the country, there can be no possible reason why they should not declare their feeling, inasmuch as by so doing they could only strengthen their own hands and save foreign Powers the risk of making a troublesome, not to say dangerous, blunder. The impossibility, therefore, of any reason, except a sinister one, for silence, makes that silence (which, let it be repeated, has yet been in no important respect whatever broken) alarming in the highest degree. That the Government is not wholly bent on surrender may perhaps be inferred from the unusual length of the negotiations, which otherwise might have been easily concluded; and this is almost the only cheerful inference which is reasonably possible in face of the fact that secret negotiations are going on about a matter where foreign Powers have or ought to have no concern beyond a purely business guardianship of their subjects' private interest. And it may be added that some Government partisans would do well to be chary of reference to other negotiations supposed to have been carried on secretly. The parallel is in many ways inexact, but it is most inexact in this, that the negotiations of 1878 ended in the modification to the advantage of England of an advantage gained by England's rivals, while the negotiations of 1884, if they have any result at all, can only end in the modification to the advantage of England's rivals of a great advantage gained by England. We are in Egypt; no Conference is needed to continue us there; a Conference may very probably result in our being turned out. Or rather it may so result if the people of England, like those of Paraguay, decide to continue idiots.

Against all these uncomfortable considerations the supporters of the Government make head or attempt to make head in a fashion which of itself shows their ignorance of the intentions of Mr. GLADSTONE, and their disquiet as to those intentions. They declare that Mr. GLADSTONE'S statements are perfectly satisfactory, and at the same time they appeal almost pathetically for an implicit trust and confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE, which, if his statements are satisfactory in themselves, it is superfluous to demand. But this attitude of despairing faith is sufficiently justified by the news from Egypt itself. Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD has given up the unequal combat with Egyptian obstruction, French *crocs-en-jambe*, and English faintheartedness. Whatever the wisdom of his original appointment may have been, whatever faults of detail he may have himself committed, his retirement is a defeat for the Government, and a

disaster for its projects of reform. Colonel Scott Moncrieff's note as to the internal condition of Egypt is one of the severest criticisms ever passed on the dealings of one country with another. From Nubia the Mudir of Dongola, who seems to be a person possessed of some humour, telegraphs that he has subdued the rebels, not by persuasion, but by thoroughly defeating them. The uniform contention of the Government (the consistency of which has indeed been a little broken down by such incidents as Teb and Tamasi) is that the rebels are to be subdued or brought into new and peaceful relations with Egypt, not by thoroughly defeating them, but by persuasion. Everything goes to show that the rescue of the interior garrisons cannot be effected except at great cost and difficulty, and it is at least credibly reported that the Powers which Mr. Gladstone is going out of his way to admit to a share in the management of Egypt by no means understand or approve the abandonment of the Soudan to anarchy and the Mahdi. In short, in every instance where the policy and the results of the Government are open to inspection and criticism, they are proved to have lamentably failed, or to be succeeding only in proportion to the violence which has been done to the Government principles. It is something of a paradox, to say the least, to claim confidence in the unseen actions of those whose seen actions have proved almost uniformly unsuccessful.

WOMEN VOTERS.

THE proposal to admit women to the electoral franchise excites little general interest, although the question may hereafter perhaps assume a certain importance, and it already furnishes matter for exciting controversy. The arguments in favour of the feminine vote are plausible, and they admit of full and candid statement. The reasons or motives of the other side are partly instinctive, and they sometimes bear an invidious appearance. The defects of logical faculty which may be observed in the arguments of the ladies who promote the movement are not perhaps conclusive objections. Existing constituencies are seldom guided in their choice of candidates by inferences from admitted principles, but prejudice and passion need no additional reinforcement. There is some ground for the contention that women who pay rates and manage independent households are often more intelligent and trustworthy than the lowest class of present and future electors; but the admission of women to the municipal franchise has not elevated the character of the local constituencies or increased the purity of elections. Mr. Bright, when he announced his intention of resisting the female claims which he had at one time supported, thought that the result of the municipal experiment had not been satisfactory. There is an apparent anomaly in the exclusion of an educated woman from political activities while the roughest workman in her employment may be entitled to vote; but women of the higher classes will in any case share the practical disfranchisement which awaits their equals of the dominant sex. Few among them desire the privilege which is claimed on their behalf, though a simple-minded Correspondent of a newspaper lately assumed that the division of opinion among women corresponded to the proportion of the speakers and writers who have taken a public share in the controversy. As in all similar cases, indifference and dislike to change are represented by abstention and silence. It is not surprising that women who disapprove of publicity and agitation should remain quietly at home.

It is possible that the comparative strength of political parties might not be greatly affected by the addition to the electoral lists of a number of names which is loosely estimated as equal to a seventh or an eighth of the whole. That the innovation would be advantageous to the Conservative cause is an expectation which will probably be disappointed. There is no doubt that women are more amenable than men to ecclesiastical influence; but clerical agency would not be all on one side. Modern experience also proves that anti-religious fanaticism is as unreasoning as the strongest sectarian propensity. There are women who now persuade themselves that they believe in Positivism, Agnosticism, and even in the fantastic theories which are attributed to the Buddhists. Controversies on such subjects are not likely to determine the political course of the less enthusiastic sex. In matters of more practical urgency ladies who have engaged in public movements have almost uniformly been subject to a bias in favour of objects to which they unconsciously attach a kind of moral reverence. The great majority among them are passionately opposed to the consumption of liquors containing alcohol; and they are almost unanimously bent on sacrificing sanitary considerations to their own limited conceptions of propriety or of humanity. If feminine zealots had their way, there would be no precautions against the spread of the terrible diseases, and scientific inquirers would be summarily prohibited from the prosecution of the valuable and necessary experiments. The ratepayers whom Mr. Woodall and his allies propose to enfranchise might, perhaps, on questions of this kind be numerous enough to turn the scale against robust morality and masculine common sense. The fundamental changes of the law which have been introduced in late years for the protection and benefit of women furnish a sufficient answer to the complaint that the sex requires additional securities against legislative injustice.

No answer has been attempted to the obvious objection that the proposed state of the electoral law would be more anomalous than the present. The distinction between men and women is more natural than the arbitrary preference of widows and spinsters to married women. Indeed the more candid among the female advocates of the amendment now entrusted to Mr. Woodall have never affected to disguise their consciousness that the limitation of the claim to ratepayers is little better than a practical joke. Having once succeeded in giving mistresses of independent households a right to vote, they believe, on intelligible grounds, that it would be impossible to maintain the disabilities of wives, if not of single women living with their families. In an age which regards apparent inconsistencies as more intolerable than grave public dangers the argument would probably prevail in the first instance, though experience of the preposterous consequences might ultimately provoke a sweeping reaction. It is impossible to leave out of consideration the probability, or rather the certainty, that the Franchise Bill, whether or not it includes the enfranchisement of women, is neither destined nor intended to be final. The two or three millions of new electors, having owed their own admission to the aid of their agents and natural allies within the present constitutional pale, will not fail to open the door in turn to those who may still be excluded. The promoters of the present agitation are fully convinced that the immediate enfranchisement of female ratepayers will, when the next Franchise Bill is introduced, inure to the benefit of the entire sex. The majority, or at least the half of the total electorate, will then consist of women, who, according to the theory of their rights, will, if they think fit to combine, absolutely control legislation. The equality of women with men having been once conceded will by unanswerable logic lead directly to the absurdest conclusion. At this point, indeed, the real rulers of the community will stop short; and it is highly probable that they will reverse a course which has ended in a practical paradox. It is of the essence of representative government that the electorate should have a certain degree of uniformity; and, at least in political life, men and women are neither similar nor equal. If female voters formed two-thirds or three-fourths of the constituency, they would not be allowed to govern the country. The experiment of giving political power to a class which was not strong enough to exercise or defend it was tried under favourable circumstances by the victors after the American Civil War. Through the exceptional machinery of a constitutional amendment the whole negro population of the South was invested with the electoral franchise. In some States the new voters formed the majority; and under the lead of Northern adventurers they obtained for a short time the control of the Government and the Legislature in several States. When the superior race exhibited discontent and attempted occasional resistance, the Federal troops were employed, especially during the Presidency of General Grant, to protect the State authorities. The result, which was attained in some degree with irregular violence, but in ordinary cases by lawful pressure, has been the recovery by the white inhabitants of their natural supremacy. Although the coloured population still prefers its Republican patrons, it is anticipated that in the Presidential election the South will as a solid mass support the Republican candidate. It would be equally unjust and discourteous to place Englishwomen on the level of emancipated negroes; but they have in common the quality or disqualification of inferior strength.

It is true that the inevitable failure of ambitious schemes for the political elevation of women diminishes the importance which might otherwise attach to a doubtful experiment; but it is not justifiable to introduce a questionable innovation

on the ground that it will ultimately fail. Notwithstanding repeated reductions of the suffrage, the choice of those who are to govern the country is still an important function. Unwilling submission to the decision of an irresistible majority furnishes no reason for concurrence in a further injury to the Constitution. It is not certain that the House of Commons, when its title to respect has been gravely impaired, will retain the supreme power which it has possessed for several generations. Indifference to the character of the electorate can only be justified by despair; and it is possible that some redeeming element may be found to qualify the natural effects of democratic change. The proposal to enfranchise women may be regarded either as a serious project or as a measure which is doomed to ignominious failure. In either case it will not commend itself to the general judgment. The agitation in favour of the plan is intrinsically weak; nor, indeed, has it been ascertained whether any considerable number of women wish to obtain the franchise. It is easy to understand the reasons which induce some eminent converts to tolerate a change which is not, like other schemes for extending the franchise, merely an advance to pure democracy; but even when representative government has degenerated into its lowest form, it will still be desirable to maintain the doctrine that the suffrage is not a right, but a fiduciary duty. Schemes for doubling hereafter the numbers of the constituency imply a certain contempt for the franchise.

MR. TREVELYAN'S BILL.

IT has been said, with perfect justice, by persons of the most opposite casts of political thinking, that it is impossible at present to criticize the details of the Bill which Mr. TREVELYAN has brought in for transferring the soil of Ireland from landlord holders to peasant proprietors. Such criticism will no doubt be forthcoming in ample measure, and we shall not be backward in contributing to it. But the printed details must be studied before any such criticism can be given with propriety, and a very great number of side issues must be considered before their bearing can be properly estimated. Some points, however, there are which can be dealt with fairly and profitably at once, and it so happens that those points are the points of most importance in estimating the conduct of the men who have by their own confession made such a measure desirable in their own opinion, and also in estimating the probable result of the measure, supposing that it is brought into working order. It is proposed, in short, to judge Mr. TREVELYAN, his Bill, and the Government which is responsible both for him and for it out of Mr. TREVELYAN'S own mouth. We shall not here criticize the construction, the probable delivery, and the quenching powers of the fire-engine. We shall confine ourselves to the description of the fire by those who have caused it and have proposed to put it out, and we shall try to form some idea of the state of the building when, if ever, the fire has been got under.

In the first place, Mr. TREVELYAN'S speech is, in fact, an elaborate apology for the Land Act. It is very well known that that measure, as proposed, was to be a final remedy for the woes of Ireland. It was to cause no loss to landlords; it was to bring about no form of financial, no new form of agrarian, difficulty. So far from rendering land unsaleable, it was at once to put the whole Irish land question in working order. Meeting the demands of the tenants for security and saleableness of their interests, it would in general render them indifferent to the remaining burdens which would be once and for all adjusted by an equitable tribunal. Defining once and for all the extent of the landlord's interest and powers, it would make that interest and the negotiable value of those powers as easily and directly realizable as the interests and values represented in the stock of a State loan or the debentures of a wealthy corporation. If there were any tenants to whom the burdens of tenancy were in themselves objectionable, if there were any landlords who disliked the new form of limited landlordship, the purchase clauses would fully meet these minor difficulties. Such was the contention of the advocates of the Act; and, in defiance of the arguments of those who here, as elsewhere, pointed out that these expectations were not only not reasonable, but in the highest degree unreasonable, the Act was passed. Mr. TREVELYAN has come forward to tell us what are the results of its passing. According to this witness, certainly not a witness prejudiced against the Land Act, the land of Ireland is now "practically unsaleable." To buy from a limited owner, such as the great majority of Irish owners are, under the Act of 1881, "might frighten the boldest," and Mr. TREVELYAN further hints very broadly that even the boldest buyer may be further hampered by the uncertainty "how far the Government would go"—that is to say, whether the partition of landlord and tenant interest under the Act of 1881 was final or not. Yet, again, Mr. TREVELYAN tells us that, though the Land Commissioners have "laboured hard" and are well on with their primary work, the burden of appeals is in a state "which "cannot remain any longer without a remedy." We make the slightest possible comment on this picture, which has been drawn from Mr. TREVELYAN'S outlines with the most scrupulous moderation. We need do no more than remind our own readers at least that every point—the unsaleableness of land, the hesitation of tenants, the certainty of an unmanageable throng of appeals, the impossibility of leaving matters as they would stand after the passing of the Act—was urged long before the Bill passed, and scornfully denied by the advocates of the Bill. There is exceedingly little credit due to us. We only saw that two and two made four, and said so. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues only said that two and two did not make four, and now come forward to observe, with no very obvious contrition, that unluckily they do.

The general character of the means by which Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues propose to redress this trifling miscalculation remains to be briefly considered. There will be, as has been remarked, much to be said about the particulars hereafter; we deal here only with the general result. A possible total of twenty millions is to be advanced by the State (that is to say, the taxpayers of England and Scotland; for Ireland, as already receiving more than it pays, does not come into the calculation) to buy the Irish tenant's holding for him, say at twenty years' purchase, and let him have it on payment of five per cent. for thirty-three years. We leave these terms entirely undiscussed from the point of view of finance and of land value for the present. We pass over the very obvious reflection that twenty millions will not buy the whole landlords' interest of Ireland on such terms or anything like it. Let the plan be supposed in a state of accomplishment to-morrow. The State will then be for a third of a century landlord of Ireland, and defaulting tenants will, according to the scheme, be proceeded against by local authorities. Nobody, though with the prospect of being a freeholder in the next generation, will pay much more than he pays now; some holders will pay less, but the payment will be absolutely rigid. It will not be alterable at the fifteen-year periods of the Land Act; there will be no abatements, and the charity of the landlords, whose last reason for residing in Ireland will be done away with, will disappear altogether. The scheme, if carried out, will be an *experimentum crucis* for Mr. GEORGE in one sense, though Mr. GEORGE'S soul will be racked by the thought, first, that the money will for a time go into the landlords' pockets, and, secondly, that at the end of that time the hated principle of private property in land will be established more firmly and defended by more interests than ever. For these sorrows of the Prophet of San Francisco the moan will here at least be small. But during these thirty years the State will be exposed to two new and formidable dangers. The landlord buffer will be taken away, and the State and the rent payer will be brought face to face. The agitator will no longer have to encounter even such small difficulty of the moral and sentimental kind as besets him at present. He will no longer have to recommend the people to hold the harvest from a man like themselves, who, as at intervals they probably feel, must eat bread and drink whisky, must bring up his children and pay his tradesmen even as they. The screw will only have to be put on an abstraction, and on the particular abstraction—the Government—which all Irishmen are wont to look on as intended to supply their wants. We go no further in indicating consequences. It may be that the conditions just pointed out may influence favourably, instead of unfavourably, the chances of a system which has, without those conditions, notoriously failed in Germany and Russia, and which has only partially, and in quite unreproducible circumstances, succeeded in France. It may more reasonably be argued that, whatever the dangers or difficulties of the scheme, it has been made inevitable by those mistakes in the Land Act which Mr. TREVELYAN and his colleagues once denied so stoutly and now admit with such edifying

frankness. On these, as on other matters, there will be plenty of opportunity for discussion. To whom the Government are indebted for this scheme, how the detail of a mixed court for ascertaining values will work, what is likely to be the influence on the plan of the threatened extension of Irish local self government and of the Irish franchise, with what eyes it is likely to be looked on by the great but rarely consulted or remembered body of Irishmen who are not tenant farmers—all these matters may be left aside the present. The first point of importance is, if possible, to prevent the repetition of the mistake which was committed three years ago—the mistake of blundering into huge projects of legislation with eyes obstinately shut to the inevitable consequences of those projects. The preamble—the unwritten preamble of course—of this Bill is a distinct confession that its predecessor is a failure; that most things evil which its opponents said of it have come true; that most things good which its advocates said of it have not come true. So frank an acknowledgment deserves to be met frankly, and the provisions of the Purchase Bill shall be criticized strictly on their merits. But in any part of such criticism which deals with consequences it is well to record beforehand the fact that in respect of such criticism the introducers of the Land Act of 1881 are by their own confession convicted of incompetency. Their intentions are no doubt excellent, their judgment may perhaps have been corrected a little by the course of events. But it is not entirely a recommendation to a physician who is in charge of a difficult case that he has by his own avowal brought the case to its present pass by mistaken treatment.

ROWDY RELIGION.

THE daily papers continue to be filled with letters complaining about the doings of the most noisy of recent additions to the copious and variegated *hortus siccus* of dissent. From day to day somebody writes to ask whether this last growth of vanity and vulgarity is to be allowed to obstruct traffic and endanger life in the streets. For the benefit of people who require to have everything written out for them in large capitals, we may observe that we are speaking of the Salvation Army. It is just as well to avoid any risk of being misunderstood, or else we might speak of these latter-day flagellants as this hideous nuisance or this blasphemous buffoonery without calling them "out of their "name." What the correspondents to newspapers have to say about them is always one of two or three things. Now it is an account of how carriage-horses are terrified and the lives of the lieges endangered by a howling mob headed by a big drum. Then it is somebody writing from a quiet neighbourhood to ask whether the inhabitants must submit indefinitely to be invaded every Sunday by a heated and gabbling mob, who collect and yell round a preaching cheap-jack, with musical accompaniments in the form of brayings from brass instruments blown by players who have received their only instruction from "the Spirit." Occasionally the tale is varied a little. The *Standard* has published a series of letters, from which it appears that an unfortunate omnibus driver has been imprisoned for furious driving because he could not stop his horses in the middle of a swarm of these ignoble fanatics.

All this is doubtless an old story. We have had the Salvation Army with us for many a day, and perhaps that may seem to some a good reason for continuing to put up with it. To our mind this prolonged toleration fully entitles us to insist that the pretence or even the reality of religious enthusiasm shall no longer be allowed to protect a common nuisance. The direct or indirect encouragement of the thing has been from the first one of the ugliest proofs we have seen of this generation's ready toleration of vulgarity. Even the Church of England has condoned the Army's fussy vanity and profane use of names which are sacred to every right-minded Englishman for the sake of advertisement, because the wire-pullers of the speculation profess to be moved by zeal for religion. It is not, however, necessary to suppose that they are otherwise than sincere to find a reason for regulating their public manifestations of enthusiasm. Such zeal is only felt by the stupidest of mankind, and is an insult to all religion. Indeed, this regard for uncouth piety is not itself without a dash of hypocrisy. If a foolish Roman Catholic priest were to court a mild martyrdom by carrying the Host through the street to a dying parishioner, or if Cardinal MANNING (we only suppose such a thing for the sake of illustration) were to degrade the ceremonies of his Church by marching a Corpus Christi procession through the Borough, the bray of Exeter Hall would be heard throughout the land. It would be much if we escaped a "No "Popery" riot. But we may find an even apter parallel. If the devotees of some Oriental religion—and in these days of Esoteric Buddhism we may expect anything—were to raise a holy place to some big-bellied and many-armed god, and were to provide it, as it would be easy for them to do, with the necessary staff of sacred hetaeræ, the pretence of religion would not protect them from the ordinary police measures taken against disorderly houses. The most scrupulous defenders of religious liberty would soon make necessary distinctions between freedom of worship and licence to commit a nuisance. Now, with a full recognition of the wide difference between the open practice of immoral indecency and mere rowdy disturbance, we think it is time that the same discrimination should be shown in dealing with the Salvation Army. Since there are people so coarse and ignorant as to think that they propitiate their GOD by bawling gibberish to music-hall airs, and by flourishing fusty pocket-handkerchiefs about on their knees, in the sacred name of human folly let them do these things—within four walls. When the mechanical operations of the Spirit, however, lead to disturbances in the streets, the professors should be promptly required to choose between fine and imprisonment. No sophistry about religious liberty can do away with the fact that a noisy mob rambling after a banner and a band, with a reformed housebreaker or converted potboy performing antics in front, is a nuisance. When a quiet neighbourhood is invaded every Sunday by a rabble of this sort, it is subjected to a cruel infliction. The national sense of decency is degraded by the spectacle, and by the rather cynical toleration which allows it to cover itself with fine names. The thing has been allowed to go on unchecked long enough to show that there is no wish anywhere to limit anybody's religious liberty, and now the mere public noise of the Army should be stopped on the purely mundane ground that it is a nuisance. If the necessary legal means do not exist they should be provided, and it is the duty of everybody who is not ready to submit to every vulgar imposition to exert himself to see them supplied.

THE STATE OF BUSINESS.

THE present state of business in the House of Commons is probably not regarded by the Government with sanguine hopes of successful legislation. The Franchise Bill will still occupy some time, although the remaining amendments will all be rejected by overwhelming majorities. In the early part of the Session it seemed possible that the gross mismanagement of Egyptian affairs might detach a certain number of the supporters of the Government from the Ministerial ranks. The prevailing dissatisfaction has since been greatly aggravated; but Liberal malcontents, though some of the most eminent among them from time to time speak against the Government, vote with scarcely an exception in its favour. They would probably have pursued the same course even if the Opposition had not provided them with an excuse by more than one mistake in tactics. As a rule, Liberal members cannot afford to oppose their local patrons, and the Caucuses know nothing of foreign affairs, and care little for the honour of England. For any exceptional display of independence mutinous Liberals hasten to atone by voting with the Government on strictly party issues. The great majorities on the Franchise Bill are partly composed of penitents who are anxious to obtain absolution for unwelcome criticisms on the marvellous blunders perpetrated in Egypt, of which the list is not yet exhausted. The majority on the remaining divisions on the Bill will perhaps also be swelled by a dozen deserters from the Conservative side. To the Government it can matter little whether amendments are defeated by a hundred or a hundred and fifty. The only doubt which remains as to the progress of the Franchise Bill in the House of Commons is whether it will be passed in a fortnight or in a month. The reception in the House of Lords will attract more eager curiosity.

It seems to be understood that the Merchant Shipping Bill will be dropped for the present Session. The suspicion that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN wished for a postponement is probably unjust, though it was naturally suggested by his speech. A reference to a Select Committee would shelve the measure for the present year, and it will be useless to

read the Bill to the Standing Committee on Trade, unless some previous understanding can be established with the shipowners. It is not yet known whether Railway Commission Bills will be exposed to similar difficulties. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN showed in his speech on Mr. SAMUELSON'S outrageous proposal that he was not disposed to regard Railway Companies as objects of public hostility and licensed plunder, and the Bill is in most respects moderate and reasonable. It has consequently disappointed some of the freighters, who hoped that the Commission would be empowered to reopen the Parliamentary bargains under which railways have been made. If both the larger bodies of traders and the representatives of the railway interest agree to the principle of the Bill, the details may perhaps be arranged by the Standing Committee without interference with other business. The Metropolis Government Bill can scarcely be read a second time before the Franchise Bill is disposed of. No measure of equal magnitude has at any time received less support from public opinion. At the meetings which are from time to time held in its favour, Mr. FIRTH and Mr. BEAL still take prominent parts. A much abler advocate, Sir CHARLES DILKE, lately found it expedient to minimize the proposed changes by a hint that the District Councils might perhaps be allowed larger powers of local administration. To the objection that the metropolis has no real unity Sir CHARLES DILKE replied by reference to the Metropolitan Board of Works and to the Asylums Board, which already provide for wants common to the whole district. He might have cited many instances in which neighbouring urban districts combine, as in the case of the Nottingham drainage, for definite purposes without need of municipal amalgamation. There is not the smallest reason to expect that the proposed Common Council will discharge more efficiently the duties which are now performed by the Board of Works. Even the warmest supporters of Sir W. HARCOURT'S Bill must admit that there is no considerable external pressure to counteract the probable indifference of the House of Commons. The Opposition, though it may perhaps care little whether the experiment is tried this year or the next, cannot be expected to offer the Government any extraordinary facilities for carrying an unwise and unnecessary measure.

The conventional fiction that a Local Government Bill might possibly be passed during the present Session has by this time been tacitly abandoned; and, even if the London Municipal scheme is also dropped, the legislation of the year will have been sufficiently ambitious and comprehensive. It is not desirable to multiply and accelerate projects of universal change at a time when a majority of members of Parliament, and probably of electors, scarcely affects to consider the gravest political question on its merits. The Bradford Caucus, when it denounced Mr. FORSTER'S alleged disobedience to the PRIME MINISTER, was apparently unconscious that the policy of the Government in Egypt had any bearing on the Vote of Censure. It is impossible to estimate beforehand the time which may be occupied in debate on matters more urgent than almost any scheme of legislation. In a short time it will be known when the evil-boding Conference is to meet, and what are the limits of its functions. Both Lord GRANVILLE and Mr. GLADSTONE have promised to give Parliament an opportunity of expressing an opinion before the conditions of the Conference are finally determined. In the too probable contingency of a sacrifice of English interests it will be absurd to complain of Parliamentary criticism. Up to the present time Mr. GLADSTONE has provided abundant excuse for preliminary warnings and provisional protests. The declaration that English interests in Egypt, and also in the rest of the world, would be regarded as paramount was conceived in his happiest vein of oracular sophistry. In exactly the same sense it might be argued that cruelty to human beings is objectionable because animals ought not to be cruelly treated and because man is an animal. It is possible that other foreign complications may require Parliamentary notice. The wholesale slaughter in Zululand, for which the English Cabinet is responsible, cannot be indefinitely tolerated. The proposed treaty with Portugal as to the Lower Congo, and the negotiations of the International African Company with France, may also furnish subjects for discussion. It is not satisfactory to know that whatever the Government may do will be supported by the votes of a disapproving but unalienable majority.

The few members who take an intelligent interest in finance will apparently allow Mr. CHILDERS'S measures to pass without prolonged opposition; but it is possible that some expression may be given to the general doubt as to the prudence of meddling with the currency. There would be no difficulty in meeting the expense of restoring the gold coinage by the issue of a temporary loan of moderate amount. A mere shade of distrust in the soundness of the currency would cost the country more than the moderate outlay which must by some means be provided. Contrivances for disguising necessary expenditure involve a waste of ingenuity; but it is doubtful whether Mr. CHILDERS'S device may not be passively accepted. His threatened augmentation of the Succession Duty, which is much more important than the adulteration of half-sovereigns, cannot be properly discussed during the present Session. The measure will perhaps be reserved to a Parliament which will regulate taxation according to the convenience of constituents who will themselves be exempt. The vast majority of the new electors will contribute neither to the Income-tax nor to the Legacy and Succession Duties. The dissociation of taxation from representative power has long been foreseen. Democratic innovators are well advised in postponing the introduction of their financial theories till they have secured the monopoly of electoral power.

It is still uncertain whether Irish affairs may not in the latter part of the Session resume the prominence which they enjoyed in former years. Mr. TREVELYAN'S measure for encouraging the sale and purchase of land must necessarily have been unpalatable either to the Land League faction or to the owners of property, and it will impose a very heavy burden on the public revenue. Mr. PARNELL has naturally reserved to himself the right of opposing a measure which is extravagantly favourable to his clients. Neither he nor his followers pretend to regard justice in their dealings with landowners. It may, perhaps, be impossible to counteract their advice that tenants should refuse to purchase, in the hope that they may obtain the fee-simple of the land on easier terms. Their attitude during the debates on Mr. TREVELYAN'S Bill will be determined by the same considerations. During the present Session the HEALYS, the O'BRIENS, and the BIGGARS have scarcely found a sufficient vent for their energies. Even the pleasure of worrying Mr. TREVELYAN by vexatious questions must sometimes pall; and the familiar processes of obstruction could not have been revived with advantage. The Liberals, who consider themselves loyal, have voluntarily done the work of the Irish agitators. The transfer of nearly the whole representation of Ireland to the enemies of the Crown and the Empire will have been accomplished without the need of any exertion except two or three votes in favour of the Franchise Bill. The Home Rulers share with the MAHDI and his followers, excepting, indeed, the few thousands who were slain in battle, Mr. GLADSTONE'S sympathy for patriots "who are rightly struggling to be free."

THE CHANTREY BEQUEST.

NO one who has made a personal inspection of the pictures deposited at South Kensington by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest would be likely to guess at the terms of the great sculptor's will. So far as the general public can judge, the fund exists for the purpose of assisting the families of deceased artists; of encouraging young painters, especially if they chance to be Scotch, there being apparently a "favoured nation" clause for that purpose; of buying something from every year's exhibition of the Royal Academy, the fund being evidently intended exclusively for the benefit of Academicians and their pupils. Strange to say, there is nothing whatever of this kind in the will. It provides that, after the death of the testator's widow, which happened in 1878, an addition of 300*l.* a year was to be made to the salary of the President of the Royal Academy and 50*l.* to that of the Secretary, and that the interest of the residue should be employed in collecting a gallery "of "works of fine art of the highest merit," whether by a native or a foreigner, who has worked exclusively in Great Britain. The Trustees were further enjoined to buy only works of the "highest merit," and were expressly forbidden to think of anything else in making their selection. The exact words of this part of the will are as follows:—"My "will is further that such President and Council, in making "their decision, shall have regard solely to the intrinsic "merit of the work, and not to allow any feeling of sym-"pathy with an artist or his family, by reason of his or "their circumstances, to influence them." They were expressly forbidden to give a commission; but the price paid

was to be liberal, and entirely at the discretion of the President and Council. The works thus bought were to be exhibited for a month, either at the Academy or elsewhere. It was further provided that no part of the fund was to be employed in erecting a gallery, as Sir FRANCIS CHANTREY expected that a suitable building would be provided by the State. The State has fulfilled this expectation by allowing the pictures to be hung in a chamber at the South Kensington Museum, where they are very well seen. CHANTREY intended that his trustees should have the occasional advantage of larger funds at their disposal, and permitted them to accumulate the annual interest for a period not exceeding five years; and desired that they should never think it necessary to spend all, or any, of the money in hand. How far the Council of the Royal Academy has carried out the spirit of the will must be judged by an examination of the collection, and by observing the way in which the money has been laid out. Attention has been very pointedly called to the subject this year, and the idea of the highest art shown by the Trustees has been found to differ somewhat widely from that of the general public and the art critics.

The pictures exhibited at South Kensington are twenty-one in number. Four pieces of sculpture are in the same room. It cannot be said that more than four or five of the pictures are of "the highest art." One of them is the "Venus and Æsculapius," by Mr. POYNTER, which was the best picture of its year and is now the best in the Chantrey Collection. Mr. WATTS's "Psyche" is admired by those who understand this phase of Mr. WATTS's art. Mr. BRETT's "Britannia's Realm" is unquestionably his masterpiece. Very far behind these three is Mr. ORCHARDSON's melodramatic "Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon*." Mr. YEAMES's "Amy Robsart" is a large, but hardly a great, work. Mr. W. L. WYLLIE's view on the Lower Thames is good in its way, as is, in a very different way, Mr. ROOKE's "Ruth." Mr. JOHN COLLIER's "Hudson" is very powerful if painful. The rest of the pictures seem to have been chosen only to set off those we have named. No straining of the words will make out a water-colour by Mr. WADE to be "a work of art of the highest merit." Mr. DICKSEE has since belied the moderate promise he gave when he painted "Harmony." The great HILTON is certainly not of the "highest merit," and is the only old picture in the collection. How far did its purchase fall in with the "sympathy" clause quoted above? There are works by Mr. REID, Mr. FARQUHARSON, Mr. J. KNIGHT, Mr. JOHNSON, Mr. CLARK, and others, of which we can only say that they will hold their own with Mr. PETTIE's "Vigil" and Mr. MURRAY's landscape from this year's Academy. Of the sculpture, Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON's "Python" and Mr. THORNEYCROFT's "Teucer" are worthy to stand by Mr. POYNTER's "Venus," and may in their own style be reckoned works of high art, which cannot honestly be said of the two statues associated with them. When Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS's "After Culloden" comes from Burlington House, it may fairly match Mr. ORCHARDSON's "Napoleon"; but it is impossible for even the most leniently disposed critic to say that the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest would not have been better advised if, instead of buying twenty-eight works, they had been content with, say, eight, and had saved their money to add perhaps a REYNOLDS, perhaps a GAINSBOROUGH, perhaps a TURNER, to the collection. The present exhibition of the Royal Academy is not a very good one—indeed, some judges say it is a very bad one—but the Trustees of the fund might unquestionably by a little seeking near the ceilings of the different rooms have found at least one figure-picture and at least two landscapes better worthy of selection than those they have purchased. Their administration of the trust should be watched very jealously and carefully by the public. It is not, as Mr. GLADSTONE oddly contended, a private affair. Mr. GLADSTONE would be the last to allow such a plea if it was put forward by a London Alderman or an Irish Churchman. Possibly it is a gratifying thing to a member of an artistic body to have it within his power to recommend a "work of art" which but for such recommendation might have a slender reed to lean on in its own merits. Sympathy of a not purely artistic kind may be suspected by the profane as the reason for some recent purchases. This may or may not be the case, but certainly such a method is hardly what Sir FRANCIS CHANTREY intended to encourage by the terms of his will. The members of the Royal Academy should resolutely set their faces against what outsiders coarsely designate as "jobbery." We cannot go so far as this; but if we visit the Chantrey Gallery at South Kensington, remembering the terms of the bequest, and remembering also the very similar, but of course much larger, collection at the Luxembourg at Paris, it is impossible to think that the trustees have fulfilled their duty to the public. They may, of course, and according to Mr. GLADSTONE they do, repudiate any obligation to the public; but that it exists is not to be explained away by such a denial. The Academy is not a private association. If it is, let it drop the title of "Royal," and take lodgings for itself. But as long as it enjoys its charter it is bound by the same laws, and must perform its duties with the same regard to public opinion, as if it were governed by a Minister of State, and called a "department."

THE ART OF FICTION.

THE rule (so familiar to disappointed authors) that criticism is written by the fellows who have failed is not without its exceptions. In a pamphlet published by Messrs. CHATTO & WINDUS we have Mr. BESANT, one of the fellows who have succeeded, writing on "The Art of Fiction." Few things are more interesting to all who care for any art than criticism by an artist. It may be said, as a general rule, that all discourses on the theory of any art, on æsthetics of every degree, are practically useless. But so are metaphysics and moral philosophy; yet these studies have an undying attraction, though they neither make us more moral nor more wise. Mr. BESANT's remarks on an art which he practises with such success will make no one a better novelist, though they may perhaps prevent some persons from attempting to write fiction. Yet they are full of interest to all lovers of fiction, from the housemaid with her *London Journal* to the learned judge or weary statesman, who are often as confirmed and indiscriminate novel-readers as the housemaid.

We have sometimes wished that every one who lives by criticism could be made to write (not to publish) at least one novel. That would show reviewers (as TURNER said of his own art) "how difficult it is," and would perhaps take the self-confidence out of them. Yet the process might fail. The late Mr. GEORGE LEWES had written *Ranthorpe*, and, not the less, was the author of a letter of critical advice to CHARLOTTE BRONTË, in which he seemed to think that he knew more about her art than the author of *Jane Eyre*. Mr. BESANT's essay will at least show some people "how "difficult it is," how laborious a task is the composition of romance. We may pass over his theories about the place of fiction among the other arts and his theory concerning amateur novelists. "These we give our daily dreadful life "to," as Mr. BROWNING says about DANTE. The novelist, Mr. BESANT says, must have sympathy, must have the enthusiasm of humanity; but it by no means follows that Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, or any other eminent Comtist, would make a good figure if he penned a romance. The enthusiasm of humanity is not the one thing needful, and Mr. BESANT notes its absence in DE FOE, we do not quite see why. Next the novelist must have the gift of selection, like the painter, like TURNER for example, who would raise a tower some hundred feet, and introduce a lake where none was visible, in the interest of his picture. It is not easy to make out what Mr. BESANT's attitude towards such a novelist as FLAUBERT may be. He wishes the artist in romance to choose all humanity for his province and to be untiring in minute observation. No one is less squeamish in recording all emotions, even the most obscure and discreditable, of humanity; no one is more unwearying in the collection of facts and in study by actual experiment; no one, again, is more deeply convinced that his works have a moral mission than the author of *L'Assommoir*. Mr. BESANT believes in this universality of interest, this personal observation, this moral purpose, yet (in his recent lecture) he spoke with extreme severity of M. ZOLA. The reason is not far to seek, as much of that author's work is an abomination to the cleanly British mind. But, if we can imagine M. ZOLA without his delight in things unclean, and with a jollier mental habit (for Mr. BESANT thinks the artist should have "a hearty manner"), then the Frenchman would almost be the critic's ideal romancer. He probably agrees with Mr. BESANT "that everything in fiction "which is invented, and is not the result of personal ex- "perience and observation, is worthless." Here, perhaps,

Mr. BESANT's own practice differs from his precepts. "In "some other arts the design may be fanciful, unreal, or "grotesque; but in modern Fiction, whose sole end, aim, "and purpose is to portray humanity and human character, "the design must be in accordance with the customs and "general practice of living men and women under any "proposed set of circumstances and conditions." Yes; but if the proposed circumstances and conditions be as fantastic as in *The Case of Mr. Lucraft*, or *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, there is more room for "the unreal, fanciful, or "grotesque" than Mr. BESANT seems disposed to allow. So much the better, of course, for the art of fiction. He who practises it, in any case, must have sympathy, humour, observation, power of description, power of selection and of dramatic presentation, and, above all, a story to tell—a story which will fill his book, as its idea fills a sonnet, without padding. Let the ambitious lady (or gentleman) about to stain foolscap ask herself or himself as to the possession of these necessary qualities, and whether the gift of style accompanies them. But the beginner is more likely to reflect that he will be no worse than most of his neighbours, which, so far, is true. His real merits he will find out when he tries to get his book published, *not* on commission—a thing, says Mr. BESANT, which should "*never*, "NEVER, NEVER" be done.

POLITICAL ELUCIDATION.

ON Saturday last the supporters of the London Government Bill assembled in the Town Hall of Kensington to consider the measure in question. The meeting, as we read in the papers, was crowded. Had it not been so, the fault would not have lain with those who manage the Liberal cause in the borough which Sir CHARLES DILKE represents in Parliament. The peculiar method of elucidating political questions which consists in packing meetings and punching heads is well understood in Chelsea, and it has been pleasantly said that it is to its powers of "elucidation," and not to any connection with mysteries, that the Eleusis Club, to which Sir CHARLES DILKE owes so much, is indebted for its name. It is known to all persons in London, and to most in the country, that the Bill excites the smallest possible amount of popular enthusiasm. Indeed it has often been said, and with absolute truth, that London is against the Bill. Nobody is better aware of the fact than those who have brought the Bill in. When, therefore, there is no genuine public opinion in favour of it, and a very strong and genuine public opinion against it—of which fact the introducers of it, living in London, are fully aware—it becomes necessary to get up something which, to the eyes of persons not living in London, may simulate public opinion.

With this object the meeting of Saturday last was convened. We are able to state positively that this was a packed meeting. Printed circulars were freely sent round in the borough begging the supporters of the Liberal members to appear early, lest those on the other side should get in first. And the letters which have since appeared in the papers show that the private applications made beforehand had been most effective. A large number of persons responded to the Liberal call, and those people who came in later on the understanding that the meeting was a public one in the ordinary and honest acceptation of the term found themselves deceived. We have before now had occasion to show how spiritless, in spite of the best of causes, the Conservative organization in Chelsea is compared with that of its Liberal opponents. The whip by which the supporters of Sir CHARLES DILKE were brought together mentioned particularly the hour at which the doors would be opened, and begged them to *attend early* (the italics are those of the circular); and it further added that, as there was reason to believe that opposition might be made, the Honorary Secretary trusted "that you will do "all in your power to contribute to the success of this "important meeting." The reports of the proceedings show that this appeal was not made in vain. A correspondent, writing to the *Standard* of Tuesday, states that he and a crowd of other people had assembled at the front entrance of the Kensington Town Hall by half-past seven, at which hour the doors were opened. Now in the circular sent round to the supporters of Sir CHARLES DILKE, which we have before us, *a quarter past seven* was mentioned (underlined) as the time to be present; and, when the hall was opened at the half-hour, the general public found that it was already partly filled by those who had not entered in at the door, but had climbed in by some other way. The meaning of the circular becomes thus at once apparent, and the truth of our statement that the meeting was a packed one still more evident. The subsequent events of the evening make this truth so palpable that the members for Chelsea themselves would not now dispute it anywhere in public without a playful wink at their friends. A correspondent writing to the *St. James's Gazette* relates how four well-known roughs attempted to enter the hall, but were repulsed by the police, till the latter were told by a well-informed Liberal that the four in question were "all right" and "our men." He goes on to relate how they proved the earnestness of their political convictions by assaulting many persons and, in particular, by knocking down, kicking, and dragging along the floor an elderly gentleman, who was at last rescued by the intervention of the bystanders. Another correspondent writing to the *Standard* says that, notwithstanding all the packing and all the roughs, there were so many persons present opposed to the Bill that the name of Lord SALISBURY whenever mentioned was loudly and longly cheered, and that a gentleman on the platform at this so-called "public" meeting was assaulted and turned out of the Hall for being one of the cheerers. We have both the name of this gentleman and the mode of his ejection on the independent authority of other eye-witnesses. The meeting, in short, was a fraudulent one, intended to convey to country constituencies the notion, which everybody in London knows to be untrue, that a majority of Londoners are in favour of the Government Bill.

It is difficult sometimes for well-informed persons to write gravely on a subject which is nevertheless one of the gravest in modern politics. And this is the power which our present civilization puts into the hands of party managers to manufacture, adulterate, and falsify public opinion. Mean and laughable as it is when viewed in some aspects, the subject is one of the highest public importance. It is now possible, as it was not in former days, for a handful of adroit persons, backed by adequate funds, to create the false impression that they stand as the representatives of popular feeling. To pack meetings; to meet the figures and facts of opponents, not with other facts and figures, but with a positive and untruthful denial; to send round deceptive circulars; to organize resolutions of country "Hundreds" (who are alike ignorant and careless of metropolitan life) as to the way in which our affairs can be best administered—all this is, as we have often said, nothing more or less than the deliberate manufacture of a spurious public opinion. And the result of this system applied to all political questions is to degrade and dishonour public life, and to force out of it all those who value, above any other consideration, the sense that they are gentlemen and men of honour.

FRENCH POLITICS.

THE French Senate and Chamber of Deputies are settling down to work after their holidays with a pleasant feeling that their country has scored a distinct success in Tonquin, and is in a fair way to do something striking elsewhere. The Republican majority of the legislators may further reflect with pleasure that the Bonapartist and Monarchical parties have been doing their very best to make themselves consumedly ridiculous. M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC has hit upon a grand plan for upsetting the Republic and ruining Prince JEROME BONAPARTE. According to this notable scheme, all the Monarchical Oppositions were to have patched up an alliance by the admission of direct contraries for the purpose of destroying the existing form of government, and then when it was done they were to see what they should see. In the meantime the redoubted editor of the *Pays* was not perhaps averse to temporary and local alliances with the anarchists, who form the extreme of his enemies, the Republicans. It is M. DE CASSAGNAC'S opinion, apparently, that a Republican is only thoroughly hateful when he possesses some remains of moderation and good sense. This league, as might have been expected, was scarcely even stillborn. Here and there a Monarchist partisan may have fallen in with M. DE CASSAGNAC'S egregious proposal; but, as a rule, the party declined to start on such an exceedingly vague course of adventure under such a leader. While the fighting men of the Empire were scheming in this serio-comic fashion, their dynasty has been setting all Paris

laughing by a family quarrel of a most commonplace character. It has been a matter of solemn debate and angry public squabbling whether Prince JEROME was or was not going to allow Prince VICTOR, his son, heir, and rival, to have lodgings for himself and a sufficient allowance. The great question was further complicated by curious stories about legacies and unknown benefactors, and doubts as to whether the whole quarrel is not a piece of amateur theatricals got up for the benefit of such persons as are easy to be led by the nose. While the enemies of the Republic are proving to demonstration that they can do nothing singly, and distrust one another too much to unite, the Chambers can turn with a quiet mind to the business of legislation. The Senate works with a distressing sense that something unpleasant for it is brewing in another place; but for the present it has a task of its own to dispose of. This is M. NAQUET'S Divorce Bill, a measure designed to deprive the large and flourishing body of French novelists of a considerable share of their daily bread. The merits of the question are simple enough on the surface. The Senate has to decide whether a country in which 2,800 judicial separations are granted yearly can or cannot allow complete divorce without shaking the basis of social order, and ruining the institution of the family.

While the Senate is trying to distinguish between the sense and the sentiment—often very mawkish and unwholesome—of the divorce question, the Chamber of Deputies is at work on the Army Bill, and is preparing to set about the revision of the Constitution. The French army has notoriously been in a state which can be satisfactory to its enemies only for a long time past. The Chamber will have to deal with difficulties which are common to most European nations, and with others peculiar to France. The system of mobilization is known to be confused; the staff, the cavalry, and the artillery are deficient in many respects. Since France has taken up an active Colonial policy it has become a matter of pressing necessity to organize a stronger special permanent force than the existing marine infantry, for prolonged service on distant stations. These, however, are comparatively minor difficulties, and could be overcome by better management, or the outlay of more money. The want of officers, and especially of non-commissioned officers, is a far more serious defect. France has not educated men enough to officer the army on a war footing; and the difficulty of finding non commissioned officers is increasing every day. Owing to the growing distaste for military service, and the general prosperity of the country, it is found impossible to tempt men to remain long content with the position of sergeant. The want is exaggerated by the French system of promoting a large percentage of sergeants to the higher ranks, by which all the best men are taken away from the discharge of humble but most necessary duties. It is obvious that the first remedy to be tried should be an increase of pay; but the Ministry, under severe pressure from its supporters, has preferred another and very French method. By the existing military law, which was copied from the Germans, young men who have received a certain degree of education, and who can afford to pay a sum of money, are allowed to serve for one year only. This has struck the severe Republican virtue of M. FERRY'S majority as an odious social privilege, a thing to be abolished. The new Bill, therefore, makes military service obligatory for three years, and declares all exemptions illegal. In this way it is hoped that educated men who find themselves doomed to three years in the ranks will be driven into filling the positions of sergeant and corporal, and the French army will be amply supplied with intelligent non-commissioned officers. The specious air of impartial justice in the measure covers its real iniquity. No importance is allowed to the contention that three years' service represents very different things to a lawyer or a man of business and to a vine dresser. The majority has shut its eyes to the obvious fact that France cannot support all the men who will be called out under the provisions of this Bill. It winks at the equally obvious truth that some exemptions will be necessary, and that they will be given underhand if they cannot be given openly. The protests of commercial bodies and the learned professions are set aside as claims for a privilege, and the clause making the three years' service obligatory has been voted. It will establish a system which cannot work, and has sacrificed the French army to a pedantic theory of social equality. Meanwhile, the consciences of the Deputies are clear. They have once more declared all men equal on paper.

The Revision Bill has this much in common with the Army Bill, that it also is to a large extent a matter of sentiment. To a foreigner there does not seem to be any reason why the Constitution should be revised at all, and many why it should be left as it is. It prevents nobody in France from having his say, and it certainly does not leave the Government unduly weak. To revise it merely because it was drawn up by Monarchical party leaders who hoped to use it for the defeat of the Republican party seems the merest pedantry, if it is not small personal spite. It is, however, the origin of the Constitution rather than its form which displeases the Republicans of the moderate party who are now in power. They are not content to know that the dangerous game played by the Duc de BROGLIE and his friends proved, as it deserved to prove, a complete failure. They will not be content till they live under a Constitution made by themselves. Apparently, however, they will be content with changing as little as possible. M. FERRY'S revision is the work of men who feel they must do something because they have talked themselves into it. He is thoroughgoing in one thing only. Public prayers are to be abolished *sans phrase*. The rest of the revision deals with the French institution which comes next in weakness after the Church. The powers and the form of the Senate are to be pared and pruned. Life Senators are no longer to be elected, although those who are already elected are to remain in enjoyment of their privilege. In the future, too, the communes will have votes for the election of Senators in proportion to their size. The Senate's power of amending money Bills sent up from the Chamber of Deputies is to be restricted. In short, it is less a revision of the Constitution than a revision of the Senate that seems necessary to M. FERRY. At the bottom of his heart he thinks, to judge from the Bill as far as it is yet known, that nothing need be done at all; but he is bound by his own words, and the promises made by his party when it was in Opposition and needed a cry. It is characteristic of French politics that the Revision Bill starts with a declaration that the Republic is immortal. A Bill of this kind is manifestly not calculated to please the extreme Republican party, and that is without peradventure the best thing that can be said in its favour. It was scarcely worth while revising at all if so little needed change; but changes are sometimes imposed by the necessities of parties, and then it is wise to do as little as possible. M. FERRY probably has good reason to know that there is no Conservative party to fight for the Constitution in its present accidental form.

CRICKET.

THE match between M.C.C. and the Australians is now matter of ancient history. One or two remarks, however, may be offered on an event which, though ancient, is not the less historical. In the first place, the Club were extremely fortunate to have the first innings on a wicket far more perfect than most things in a universe which is far from being complete or equal to our desires. Again, the Club was lucky in the decision of the umpire, who gave Mr. GRACE not out (on an appeal for stumping) when he had made only about a dozen runs. The bowler was Mr. COOPER, who tosses an extremely slow ball, that gets up and gets in very rapidly from leg; and Mr. GRACE did not at first seem at home with his deliveries. Mr. COOPER bowls almost exactly like Mr. CRAIG, who puzzled the Colonists a good deal at Edinburgh two years ago. After that let off, we only observed one apparent chance given by Mr. GRACE, a hard one to the bowler. He took the edge off the Australians' bowling, and the spirit out of it, wherein he was aided by Mr. STEEL. Out of practice as he probably was, Mr. STEEL played as well as we have ever seen him do, and it is impossible to beat his best. BARNES'S century was also got in his best manner; he is an exemplary bat when he has confidence. The best Australian bowler was Mr. SPOFFORTH, who never tired or grew indifferent. The fielding was far better than that of the English team. The innovation of leaving the ground in a body, during play, for refreshments was to be regretted, though palliated by the extreme heat of the weather and length of the innings. The cricket in the two Australian innings partook of the nature of skittles. BANNERMAN, Mr. MURDOCH, and, in the second innings, Mr. SPOFFORTH played cricket. Several of the others apparently went in

to hit at everything, and seemed to have made up their minds to lose the match. Mr. McDonnell did, indeed, hit over the Pavilion and out of the ground in all directions. Quite undaunted by his wonderful swiping, Mr. I. D. Walker kept on Mr. C. T. Studd, in spite of many missed catches. Mr. Grace had a bad hand; but that was a reason for not putting him out for catches in the long-field. The high wind also made "skyers" difficult to judge, and Mr. O'Brien let one chance fall behind his head, though he held another admirably. Mr. C. T. Studd showed much judgment in a catch at cover-point, where the fielding of Mr. Steel was an example to all. Never before, perhaps, in such a match did a man give four chances in three consecutive balls, get missed thrice, and caught the fourth time of asking. This feat, which appears impossible, was performed by the batsman being let off in the long-field, at point, at wickets, while the ball was held by slip after it had bounded from the hand of the wicket-keeper. It was a great pity that Midwinter could not play; in fact, the Australians had all the worst of the luck.

The cricket at Birmingham scarcely counts, and a grassless wicket caused a scratch team to be disposed of for 82 and 26, while the Australians had much difficulty even then in winning. Mr. Christopherson's bowling has won him a place in the Eleven of Gentlemen who play the Australians at Lord's. But at Lord's there is grass on the wickets.

At the Universities, Cambridge has shown a lack of bowling in the match with Yorkshire, which scored three centuries in one innings. The batting, too, did not reveal very much promise. At Oxford Mr. Hine Haycock played a very long and faultless innings for Perambulators (men from the six public schools) against Et Ceteras. Mr. Whitby, who bowled so successfully against the Australians, quite failed against the Perambulators. On a very good wicket he appears to lose his sting, and he ought certainly not to be hacked about bowling in college matches. A swift bowler, especially when very young, should not take too much out of himself.

In the match between Australians and Gentlemen of England, at Lord's, one Eleven is not representative. Mr. Lucas is not playing, nor Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, nor another excellent bat and wicket-keeper, Mr. Kemp, who has again scored so freely for Oxford. Mr. Christopherson, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Bush, none of them batsmen, are in to bowl and keep wicket; while Mr. Forbes, Mr. Evans, and Mr. Rotherham are absent, and Mr. O'Brien is pursuing his studies in collegiate cloisters. In the first innings Mr. Grace and Lord Harris played well; Mr. Ridley still better, when he overcame his horror at Mr. Giffen's deliveries; and Mr. Vernon, as usual this year, was in great force. The bowlers played bowler's innings, except Mr. Steel. Australia made a bad beginning before their wicket-keeper began to hit. On the whole, the match, as far as it has gone at the time we write, shows the strength of amateur batting and the feebleness of amateur fast bowling.

THE PARK RAILWAY SCHEME.

THE Report from the Select Committee on the "Park Railway and Parliament Street Improvement Bill" was presented to the House at the beginning of the week. It is of the mildest and most inconclusive character, and we are not surprised to hear that the promoters of the scheme intend to try again next year. The Committee refuse to sanction the Bill for various reasons, but, on the whole, admit its principle. The wording of the Report is very vague and even obscure, but, so far as we can gather from it, the question of ventilation was considered the most serious one, and that of "a physical junction or an interchange "station" as next in importance. The Committee did not consider it "within their province" to offer any opinion as to the limits within which the principle of connecting a public improvement with a concession to a railway should be confined. This is a pity; the point is one on which such a Committee might have spoken strongly; and they would assured have had public opinion with them if they had expressly condemned the mischievous practice of allowing the employés of a Government department to meddle with the schemes of engineers and the professional promoters of Companies. They appear, however, to have had more than a suspicion as to the designs of the Great Western Company to which we adverted last week. Some of the witnesses "clearly "contemplated the use by the Great Western Railway of "the proposed terminus" at Westminster; and the Report draws attention, therefore, to the recommendations of an earlier Committee—that of the House of Lords in 1863—in which it is expressly stated to be undesirable that the main stations of the principal long lines of railway should be brought further into London, while it was suggested that new lines should be constructed "for carrying pas-"sengers from different parts of London to the main "stations of the long lines," and that these shorter lines should not be in the hands of the great Companies.

The question of junctions is much insisted upon. Sir Edward Watkin promised, if this Bill was passed, to apply for leave to make a junction with the District Railway when the District Railway had obtained leave to double its line. If the District Railway did not obtain this leave before 1886, then Sir Edward undertook that a junction should be made between the Westminster terminus and the Thames Embankment by means of a subway. This very disjunctive and hypothetical proposition does not satisfy the Committee, who are of opinion that the obligation on the District Railway to double its line "would be of so "onerous a nature as to be practically prohibitive"; that a physical junction with the inner line would be attended with delay and inconvenience, if not with danger; that an interchange station would be best, but that a subway of the nature and length proposed would not answer. They further observed that a physical junction would involve a diversion of the line, and would interfere with the proposed arrangements between the First Commissioner of Works and the Railway Company. Put into plain English, this seems to mean that, though Sir E. Watkin was at first willing and happy to accede to the views of the First Commissioner and his subordinate, he was quite as willing and happy to throw them overboard when he had got all he could out of them. So far, then, it is clear that the Committee refused to sanction (1) the intrusion of the Great Western; (2) the widening of the District Line; and (3) the junction of the District Line and the Parks Line. On the other hand, the Committee made no difficulty as to the introduction of the line into the Parks, conceiving this to be the province of the First Commissioner, which it undoubtedly is. But it does not seem to have occurred to the Committee that, when the First Commissioner fails to fulfil his duty in this respect, it was quite within their province to say so. The First Commissioner should not "in his province" have sanctioned the scheme, and the failure to point this out otherwise than by suggestion or implication is a very unsatisfactory feature of the Report.

With regard to the ventilating shafts the Report is scarcely more explicit. "Your Committee," it says, "do "not feel in a position to express any very decided opinion." The system of ventilating the tunnels as explained by the promoters was wholly and admittedly experimental only. Widely different views were expressed by the practical men examined, and a doubt clouded the minds of the Committee as to "whether the cost of working such ventilation "effectively would not be exceedingly heavy in proportion "to the traffic of the line." Several witnesses expressed their opinion that in a few years the Railway Company would apply "for power to make openings or 'blowholes' "in the Parks, an application which it might be difficult to "resist." There was an equal diversity of testimony as to the effect which would be produced by the ventilating shafts "and as to whether in certain states of the atmosphere "considerable nuisance might not be experienced from the "concentration at three points only of vitiated air proceed-"ing from tunnels of such length, on lines worked under "the conditions proposed." The Report is evidently an attempt to reconcile divergent views; for, after the above sentence, comes this one, which to the ordinary reader will appear wholly inconsistent with it:—"It is fair to state "that in our view such inconvenience has been greatly "overrated by many of the witnesses."

The last paragraph of the Report is, perhaps, the least satisfactory of all. The absence of any demand on the part of the public for such a railway, and the very outspoken opposition to the scheme which was revealed by those persons most to be affected by it, are passed over in a brief clause of a longer sentence, and are only used, so to speak, to round a period. They think a railway through the Parks is not, in itself, a very objectionable thing; but they think permission to make one should only be granted "when a public want of such communication has been "clearly proved. In this instance, beyond the undis-

"puted assertion that new lines create new traffic, little "or no direct evidence of any such want was brought "forward." This is by no means strong enough. There is not a word as to the opposition to the scheme which was offered by the inhabitants of Edgware Road and its vicinity. The principle conceded is a most dangerous one, and will undoubtedly be taken advantage of by Sir EDWARD WATKIN and his supporters. Unless a very much more decided report appears on the next occasion that the scheme crops up, we shall unquestionably have a railway across the Parks. The people locally affected, both in Edgware Road and at Westminster, should occupy the respite granted them in organizing a vigorous opposition, and should leave no stone unturned to defeat the scheme. Sir EDWARD WATKIN is a very determined antagonist. His conduct in the matter of the Channel Tunnel shows that even Parliament cannot always restrain him; but forewarned is forearmed, and if the next application succeeds, it will be the fault, not of the present vacillating Report only, but also of those who should have showed a more decided face and made a more determined stand.

RUSSIA AT SARAKHS.

AS usually happens nowadays on the arrival of one of the Parliamentary vacations, the Government have gone away for their holidays, leaving as many as possible of the questions which they alone have, or ought to have, the means of answering unanswered. To do them justice, however, we must admit the probability that it is only in respect to a certain number of these inquiries that they are wilfully withholding information. There is not much doubt that they could have told the House of Commons a good deal more about the negotiations for the Conference, if they had chosen to do so. No one supposes that there is any lack of matter to be communicated, if there had been the will to communicate it, or that its disclosure could possibly have embarrassed or compromised any European Cabinet but our own. When Ministers declare that there is "no "precedent" for having this, that, or the other detail of the Anglo-French "colloquings" before Parliament, they do not mean much more than is meant by the judge who reminds us that there is no rule of English law which compels any man to criminate himself. Their reticence in such matters as these is well known to be deliberate enough; but it is not so with all the questions which are at present exciting public curiosity. The Ministerial reason for not informing us exactly of what is going on in Egypt is simply Dr. JOHNSON'S reason for having misdefined one of the words in his Dictionary—"Ignorance, madam; pure ignorance." And it is almost as candidly confessed. Lord GRANVILLE and Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE cannot tell us the precise truth about Russia and Sarakhs, because they really do not know it; and the second of these two Ministers cannot tell us, to a country, where the Russian flag is flying at this moment in these regions, on the same all-sufficient ground. For there are two Sarakhs, look you, on opposite sides of the same river—to wit, Old and New Sarakhs; and, while one of these Sarakhs is undoubtedly in Persian territory, the other, according to Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE, may or may not be Persian. The position, consequently, of the English Foreign Office is this—that Russia has either certainly obtained a foothold in the territory of the SHAH, or has perhaps done so; and in that attitude, apparently, the mind of the UNDER-SECRETARY contentedly reposes, as there are some men who might be backed to sleep even on a bicycle. It would be too much, no doubt, to expect that the officials of our Foreign Office should endeavour to ascertain the precise facts of the matter by inquiry either at St. Petersburg or Teheran; but where, we would ask, is the Secretary of the Geographical Society? Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE has not hesitated on previous occasions, at the call of duty, to supplement the deficiencies of Whitehall maps by reference to this authority, and it is to be hoped that the unthinking mirth which his last appeal of this kind excited in a frivolous House of Commons has not deterred him from again resorting to the same instructor.

It would, at any rate, be advisable that he should employ the recess in filling the gap in the Foreign Office geography at so important a point as this. One of the old-fashioned "holiday tasks," upon what used to be called the "utrum" and "necne" formula, might with advantage be set to him during the coming week. In place of a dissertation on the theme "Did CÆSAR "act rightly in crossing the Rubicon, or did he not?" Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE might be requested to bring back with him to the House of Commons next Thursday a more or less carefully prepared essay on the question whether Russia has or has not crossed the Perso-Afghan river-boundary, and established herself at a point from which she will be able, with indefinitely greater ease than before, to threaten India through Afghanistan? Is it or is it not the fact that she has grasped a position which, while it enables her to overawe and to control the action of Persia, at the same time renders her practically independent of the connivance of that Power in an Indian campaign? Is it, in short, or is it not the fact that the occupation of Sarakhs by Russia has wholly, or almost wholly, abolished the zone of territory which had hitherto separated the Trans-Caspian railway from the frontier of Afghanistan, and has given Russia a direct, an easily passable, and for the most part a well-supplied road from the Caspian to the Afghan frontier? These are cases of "utrum" and "necne" in which this country must be admitted to take something more than an academic interest; and we confess that we would rather hear Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE'S elucidation of the facts than Mr. CROSS'S comments upon them before he knows, any more than we do, what they are. The UNDER-SECRETARY for INDIA had nothing apparently to tell his Lancashire audience last Thursday as to the actual position of Russia. He was, however, himself in a position to assure them that there was nothing to be disturbed about; that between us and Russia "there was a considerable country, "the country of Afghanistan"; that we were on "terms of "strict alliance with the AMEER of that country," and had given him a promise of support against unprovoked attack (which of course is a complete safeguard against his being "squared"); and that, this being so, the British public need not, any more than the holder of a promissory note signed "WILKINS MICAWBER," be under any apprehension whatever. Such grindings of the official tune, however, absolutely unvaried as is their form—for Mr. CROSS is far too unimaginative as well as too conscientious a performer to attempt improvisation on the barrel organ—have become a weariness to the ear. One may be pardoned not only for not criticizing, but for not even listening to, them. Their first note, in fact, is enough. We know what to expect when an official apologist begins by saying that "There surely is room enough in Asia for both Russia and "England." So there surely is in the House of Commons for both the Opposition and the Government. If both parties would only be equally content with their present position, there is nothing whatever in the laws of space and extension which would make it necessary for one of them to endeavour to displace the other.

Mr. CROSS, however, is only like most other of our prophets of smooth things in these days. It is one of the most ominous signs of the situation that these fair-spoken counsellors are being driven more and more into exclusive reliance upon generalities, and show a growing reluctance to grapple with facts. The veiled pundit, for instance, who undertakes to instruct us on "England's "Foreign Policy" in the new number of the *Fortnightly Review* displays a truly astonishing dexterity in discussing the concrete in exclusive terms of the abstract. In its extraordinarily skilful avoidance of almost every fact, phrase, and even word which it would have been thought impossible for the writer to exclude from his remarks, his article almost resembles one of those feats of composition for which "Society journals" offer a prize. As an exercise of ingenuity it is interesting; but any one who can extract from it a single sentence of definite, helpful counsel will be more fortunate than ourselves. An adviser who recommends us as the two cardinal objects of our policy to "disarm the hostility of Russia" and to arrive at "an amicable understanding with France," and who contrives in doing so to avoid the use of the words "Merv," "Sarakhs," and even "Afghanistan," in the one case, and of the words "Dual Control," or their equivalents, in the other, might carry off the guinea prize in many a weekly competition. Considering, however, that the first step towards disarming the hostility of Russia must surely be to ascertain whether the point of her weapon is or is not at our breasts already; considering that the "amicable "understanding" with France must at least await the settlement of our renewed and more obstinate struggle for supremacy in Egypt; and considering that upon both these points "G" has not a word to say, it must be admitted that, whatever his prowess as a "solver," as a counsellor he leaves much to be desired.

BASEBALL.

So far as outdoor sports are concerned, the true American has very little heart for anything but baseball. In the cold weather, when the game cannot be played, he turns his attention, in a lesser degree, to football; but even in this, as Mr. Hamerton might put it, he preserves the baseball frame of mind. There are a few Americans who play cricket, but they are not numerous enough to deserve more than a passing mention, for investigation always discloses the fact that most of them were born in England. Rowing is deservedly popular, but attracts much less attention; and in the colleges many of the boating men also handle the base-ball. Yachting has great favour among the wealthier classes; but the most devoted yachtsman of them all admires the national game, often goes to see it, and not infrequently is a good player himself. Every one who has any taste for outdoor sports loves the national game, and the visitor to America in the summer time would certainly be led to paraphrase Addison, and exclaim, "Good heavens! even the little children here play baseball!" The enormous popularity of this pastime can hardly be comprehended here. A final game between the Boston and Chicago clubs for the League championship, or the deciding contest of the College championship series, usually a desperate struggle between Princeton and Yale, is sure to draw out twenty thousand enthusiastic spectators, every one of whom can appreciate all the delicate points of play in this intricate game. It is to-day the only field sport which can draw so large an audience without the aid of betting and pool-selling.

It must be admitted that the game of baseball is not easy to learn. The American boy grows up with it, and it becomes a part of his existence. But the American girl, who likes to see the hard hitting, the running, and the fielding, spends many a long day under her escort's kind tuition before she begins to comprehend the spirit of the game. The Englishman has naturally even a worse chance of learning the game, yet, with his innate love for all that is muscular and manly, he wants to know what it is. If he visits America and does not like to betray ignorance, he always pretends to know something about the sport, and usually ends by proclaiming his belief that it is nothing more or less than the good old game of rounders. The truth is that, while it sprang from rounders, it has in the past twenty-five years developed into a great deal more—and less. Every year since professional ball-playing came into vogue in America the rules have been elaborated. Each season's experience has shown weak spots in the permissible methods of play, and these have been strengthened by new rules. Now the League-book contains seventy-two rules, some of which are subdivided into as many as fourteen sections. The rules are divided into eight classes, covering the materials of the game—field rules (treating of betting, selling of liquors, &c.), the players and their positions, definitions ("high ball," "low ball," "fair ball," &c.), the game, umpires, scoring, and construction and amendments.

Let us see, then, what this game is and how it is played. A good ground can be laid out on a piece of well-trimmed turf, 400 feet long by 300 broad, though the American grounds are much larger in order to admit spectators. Ninety feet out from the fence is the home base. Directly in front of this, 127 feet distant, is the second base. First base is 90 feet distant diagonally to the right, and third base in a similar position to the left. The four bases are placed so as to form a perfect diamond, first and third bases being the same distance apart as home and second. It is 90 feet from home to first, from first to second, second to third, and third to home. A line is distinctly marked with lime between each two bases, and along this line the player goes when making a run. Directly in front of the home base, 50 feet distant, is the pitcher's position, 4 feet wide by 6 feet long. It is marked out with lime, and the pitcher may stand anywhere within the lines when delivering the ball. The home base consists of a marble or iron plate, sunk to a level with the surface of the ground, and securely fastened. The other three bases are canvas bags, 15 inches square, filled with sand or sawdust, and fastened by straps to short stakes firmly driven into the earth. Positions for the batsmen are marked out on either side of the home base, for the accommodation of right- or left-handed strikers. They are 6 feet long, 3 feet wide, and 1 foot away from the base. The field should be in the same condition as for cricket.

Nine men on each side are required to play the game. They are assigned to the following positions—pitcher, catcher, first, second, and third basemen, short stop, left, centre, and right fielders. The catcher plays behind the home base, and returns the ball to the pitcher after the latter has delivered it. The pitcher's position has been defined. His duty is to deliver the ball for the batsmen to strike at, and, just as in cricket, his object is to deceive the striker as much as possible and make him strike at dangerous balls instead of easy ones. The first baseman covers his base and a portion of the field adjoining. The second baseman, in addition to his base, has to cover most of the in-field between first and second. The in-field, be it understood, is that portion inclosed within the lines running from one base to another. It is also called the diamond. Third baseman covers his base and a small portion of the in-field. The short-stop covers most of the field between second and third. This extra man in the in-field becomes necessary because, from the position of the batsmen, players hit the majority of the balls to that side of the field. Three fielders cover the out-field, or all that portion beyond the diamond. The left fielder plays behind the short stop, at a considerable distance, the centre fielder behind the second baseman, and the right fielder nearly behind first base. We are now ready for the game, except—two very important things—the ball and the bat. The ball is made of yarn wrapped around a small sphere of solid rubber, the whole covered with white leather. The bat is made of ash or willow, round and diminishing in thickness from the outer end to the handle. The rules declare that the ball must weigh not more than 5¼ ounces, nor less than 5, and must be not more than 9¼ inches in circumference, nor less than 9. The bat must not be longer than 42 inches, nor more than 2½ in diameter at its thickest part.

The game of baseball is played in nine innings, and of course the victory goes to the side making the most runs. A run is a complete circuit of the bases, from home to first, thence to second, thence to third, and back home. The runner need not run further than from one base to the next at a time, though he may go all the way round if he can. The striker is allowed to make three strikes at the ball, only being required to strike at good balls. A bad ball is called a "ball," and counts against the pitcher, seven of them delivered to one batsman entitling that man to take first base. If the batsman does not strike at a good ball, the umpire calls a strike against him just as if he had struck at it. When three strikes have been made, the player must run to first base. If, however, the catcher holds the ball struck at the third time on the fly or the first bound, the striker is out. If the catcher does not hold the ball, he must throw it to the first base-man. If that player catches and holds it, while touching his base with any part of his person, before the striker reaches the base, the striker is out. All these possibilities occur when the ball has not been hit. If it is hit, it becomes at once either a fair or a foul ball. A fair ball, not to enter into the delicacies of the rules, is one which is driven forward inside the lines leading to first and third bases. Flags, called foul flags, are placed well out in the field on the continuation of these lines beyond the bases, so that in case of a long hit the umpire can at once tell whether the ball is fair or foul. A foul ball, naturally, is one which goes outside or behind the lines mentioned. The striker may not run on a foul ball. The only kind of hit that counts in baseball is a forward drive, though the ball may be cut slightly to one side without going behind the foul lines. Though the striker may not run on a foul, he may be put out by its being caught on the fly. If he hits a fair ball, he must at once run to first. If the ball is hit sharply along the ground, it is nearly always stopped by one of the in-fielders, who at once throws it to first base, just as the catcher does in the case of a third stroke. If the striker fails to reach first base before the baseman has the ball, he is out, as before described. If successful in reaching the base, he must run to second at the first chance, and so on round till he reaches home again. He may be put out after once reaching first base by being touched with the ball when not having his foot on some one of the bases. A fair ball caught on the fly, of course, puts the striker out, and no person who may be going round the bases at the time may run on a fly catch. Neither may any player on a base run on a foul ball. Long high hits are usually caught by the out-fielders. The safest kind of hits in baseball are hard low hits, which go over the heads of the in-fielders and fall short of the fielders. As soon as one striker has gone to first base, the next one steps up to his position. Three men on each side must be put out to close the innings. Twenty-seven men are put out in a nine-innings game. If at the end of nine innings the scores of the two sides are even, they must play on till one side or the other gets a lead, which finishes the game.

It will be easily comprehended that the better the play in this game, the fewer are the runs. With thoroughly effective pitching, catching, and fielding, it is rarely that many runs are made. The scores of some well-played games in the season of 1882, the brightest in baseball annals, show the average:—

October 7, Chicago *v.* Cincinnati	2 to 0
April 10, Detroit *v.* Eclipse	4 to 3
April 17, Cleveland *v.* Cincinnati (11 innings)	7 to 4
May 10, Yale *v.* Brown	4 to 2
June 24, Princeton *v.* Yale	8 to 7

The model game of ball, so far as runs are concerned, would be won by a score of 1 to 0. In one of the games of 1883 this score was made in a game of 15 innings.

This gives, we believe, in the briefest possible space, an outline of the pastime. We have purposely avoided touching upon any of the finer points, as they would only serve to confuse the reader. There is a small army of rules covering the pitching, which any old cricket-player can at once see is the chief point in the game. Most of these relate to the delivery of the ball, though this year much greater latitude is to be allowed, so that a man may throw a ball in pretty nearly any way he likes. If the pitcher makes a movement as if to deliver the ball and does not do so, a "foul ball" is called by the umpire, and all runners on bases are entitled to advance one base without being put out. Three "foul balls" forfeit a game. The pitcher in a game of baseball must be a man of nerve and intelligence. He must use his head, just as a good bowler does, studying the peculiarities of each striker, and endeavouring by varying the methods of his delivery to deceive the batsman, and make him strike at poor balls. At the same time he must watch any runners who may have reached or passed first base, and endeavour to avoid giving them any opportunity to make a base. Again, he is directly in front of the batsman and close to him, so that he frequently has to face balls hit straight at him with force enough to send them to the other end of the field.

Coolness, pluck, and never-failing presence of mind are the requisites of every good ball-player, but of the pitcher most of all. Good pitchers can deliver a ball with great speed or very slowly with apparently the same movement of the arm. They have learned a twist which causes the ball to take a laterally curved course likely to deceive all batsmen of small experience. They can send a ball from a low point of delivery so that it will rise, or from a high point so that it will fall, without diminishing its speed. By a judicious alternation of these different tricks, they render it difficult for a batsman to make a good hit. Next to the pitcher in importance comes the catcher. The difficulty of his work consists in this:—when the striker has made two strikes, or when he has reached first base, the catcher must stand up close behind the batsman, and catch the balls on the fly. In the case of a third strike good players never risk taking it on the bound, for a great twist or an uneven bit of ground may cause it to bound out of his reach, and thus give the striker his first base. After a man has reached first base, the catcher must "play up," as it is called, in order to return the ball quickly to the pitcher with a view to prevent the runner from making a base while the ball is going from pitcher to catcher and back again. The catcher must have hard hands—for gloves afford small protection—a quick eye, and must be a sure and swift thrower. The basemen and short stop must all be good hands at stopping swift grounders, and catching sharp line hits, high short flies, and swiftly thrown balls, and must all be good throwers. The fielders must be sure catchers of long-fly balls, either running or standing, and powerful throwers. The fielding in a game of baseball would probably impress an Englishman unacquainted with the game more than anything else. The most swiftly hit ball, if it goes anywhere within the reach of an American in-fielder, is almost certain to be stopped. It will then be thrown to the proper base with such speed and accuracy that it will describe an absolutely straight line as it passes through the air. To see a catcher throw accurately to second base, fully 135 feet from where he stands, is a very pretty sight; and a catcher who cannot do this is sure to be out of employment very quickly. The third baseman has the greatest number of long throws to make in a game, and must be a good general player. To watch a good game of baseball is to see a good exhibition of strength, activity, nerve, and decision. There are so many combinations of circumstances in the game which require sudden and radical changes in the methods of play that it is no exaggeration to say that a ball-player must have wits in every part of his body. Even to one who knows little about it, the game is a pretty sight. The closely-cropped green turf, marked over with the white lines, the pretty silk foul flags waving on each side, the picturesque costumes, the bustle of intelligently directed activity that follows every hit, and the enthusiasm of the assemblage of spectators combine to form a really stirring picture. The usual costume for the game consists of a flannel shirt, with a shield on the breast bearing the name of the club, or its initial letter, flannel knee-breeches, woven hose, cricketing shoes, and a flannel cap or hat. Each club has its own uniform. The chief mark of distinction is the stockings, every club having its own colour or pattern. This was carried to such an extent at one time that the various clubs were known by the colour of their hose, the Boston men being called the "Red Stockings," the Chicago club the "White Stockings," and other clubs the "Blue Stockings," "Brown Stockings," and so on through a whole artist's catalogue.

The extent of professional baseball-playing in the United States is great. Every prominent city has its club, and some have two. There are, in round numbers, four hundred men who earn their living by this popular game. They are well paid, moreover. A good pitcher gets 600*l.* per year. Catchers, base-men, and short-stops receive from 400*l.* up. Fielders earn from 240*l.* to 400*l.* There are three important associations of professional baseball clubs known as the National League, the American Association, and the North-Western League. The leading clubs of the National are the Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, New York, Philadelphia, and Providence; of the American—the Alleghany, Athletics, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Metropolitan (of New York); of the North-Western—the Bay City, Fort Wayne, Grand Rapids, Quincy, and Springfield. These associations control all matters relating to the eligibility of players, the contests for the championship, and the rules of the game. Each organization has its own set of rules, which are amended according to necessity during the winter. Each has its regular championship series of games for handsome trophies, which are held by the winning club until the following season, when they are again contested for. The season begins on April 1, and terminates on October 31. The men are then put under the care of a trainer, and kept at gymnasium work and outdoor athletic training all winter. Club-swinging and throwing at a mark are important parts of their exercise. Full records of their work at the bat and in the field are kept throughout the season, and at its close averages are struck which have an important bearing on the player's salary for the next season. A club very seldom succeeds in keeping the same nine men together for more than one season, as bidding for good players is spirited. Improper conduct of any kind renders a player liable to expulsion from the League. If expelled, no club in the League may again employ him. The skill which is attained by the American professional baseball player is little short of marvellous. Some of them have been in the business for more than twenty years, and at more than forty years of age are still agile as cats—a fact which speaks much for the physical value of their training.

Amateur baseball clubs are practically innumerable in the United States. Every village of 3,000 inhabitants has at least one, and frequently two. The skill of the amateur players ranges all the way from the worst that is possible up to a level almost, if not quite, equal to that of the professionals. Every little boy who has a spark of animation in him begins to play at the game as soon as he can hold a ball in his hands; and it is no uncommon thing to see the game very respectably played by boys of from twelve to fourteen years of age. The city of Brooklyn has the largest number of amateur clubs. This is owing to the fact that the city provides them with a magnificent ground—a perfectly level, smooth, and close-cropped piece of turf, half a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide, known as Prospect Park Playgrounds. Here on a Saturday afternoon in summer a dozen baseball matches and half a dozen cricket matches can be seen in progress at once.

The best amateur clubs in the country are the College organizations. Yale University has had the finest nine for several years, with Princeton a close and exceedingly troublesome second. There is a League of college clubs known as the American College Baseball Association. Its members are Amherst, Brown, Harvard, Princeton, and Yale. A regular series of matches for the College championship is played every year, and each game is attended by an enormous audience. The final game is nearly always between Princeton and Yale on the Polo Grounds at New York, and is always witnessed by from 20,000 to 25,000 people. The College coaches, gaily decked with colours and provided with strong-lunged guards, add colour and noise to the scene. The College clubs play often against the professionals, and always make a good struggle; and it is not unusual for the College team to win such a match.

"THE STAKE IS TOO GREAT, SIR."

WHEN we are appointed to that Chair of Moral Philosophy we shall take as a thesis for our first prælection the position "that the virtues called gratitude and philanthropy are possessed in perfection only by the people called cynics." Among the amiable and virtuous of this world examples of ingratitude and dislike of their species are but too frequent. Even Mr. Gladstone, the best of men, used sometimes to speak of the late Lord Beaconsfield as if he did not altogether like him, and Mr. Bright (who, to adopt the phraseology of Southey's glover, is almost better than the best of men) sometimes speaks with less than warmth, at least affectionate warmth, of Tories. Dr. Parker, another pattern good man, does not like bishops, and, in short, we might go on *ad tedium*. Now the cynic likes everybody who is ridiculous—that is to say, almost everybody who is human—and does not dislike those who are not. When he puts his hand in the pie of human folly, and, as he can rarely fail to do, draws out a plum, he does not say, like that pharisaical Jack, "What a good boy am I!" he says, "What a nice plum this is!" and "How kind of it it is to be so nice!" He can never be unhappy till the supply of fools runs short, and if he is of the right breed he can never be cross with his fool. The fools pass and other fools succeed, but they are green (very green) in the grateful memory of the true humourist who has once enjoyed them.

The first comers in the lucky bag of the present week are Mr. Auberon Herbert, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Mr. J. B. Firth, and, above all, Mr. Walter J. Stanton, a member of Parliament of no very widespread fame, who has written an immortal letter to the *Daily News*, and furnished a title to this article. Of Mr. Auberon Herbert we shall not say much. It would appear that he is in the stage of convalescence from the political malady that has long weighed on him, and it is always well to be tender to convalescents. His affectionate wrestlings with the Bradford Caucus and the defenders of the Bradford Caucus are, indeed, sufficiently comic; and the genuine surprise with which he discovers that New Radical is only Old Tory writ large in all the worst senses of Old Toryism, and not in any of the good ones, has a certain simplicity about it which is mighty refreshing. Why it should have taken Mr. Herbert so long to find out what many people doubtless not Mr. Herbert's superiors in natural abilities have known all along, and why Mr. Herbert should take the trouble to read parables not destitute of some literary elegance to the crass stupidity and the more crass dishonesty of Caucusdom, are indeed curious problems. But Mr. Herbert has always been conspicuous for a certain childlike habit of taking things very seriously, and it is just possible that he takes Caucus-mongers for honest men—a noble and memorable exaggeration of the most chivalrous and wildest delusions of Don Quixote. Mr. Herbert, however, is chiefly interesting to us, in so much as he has begotten (spiritually speaking) Mr. Stanton, and thereby given us the title and the staple of our article. Neither with Mr. Firth do we purpose to deal longer than a Chicago pigman deals with a Chicago pig. The simple mention of the simple fact that Mr. Firth has been writing to all the papers threatening to make the opponents of the London Government Bill pay the expenses of their opposition *in propriâ persona* when the Firthian Municipality reigns, and that Mr. Firth evidently thinks this sort of thing likely to advance his cause, is quite sufficient. A certain bear story is something musty, but the heroes of that story did not endeavour to induce the bear to come down by threatening him with the elaborately painful manner in which they were going to skin him. Nor, to change

the order of thought, is Mr. Firth's very astute colleague likely to approve the foretaste which Mr. Firth has here given of the methods of procedure of the new Municipality. But that is quite enough for Mr. Firth, who is evidently not acquainted with the history of Rehoboam.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone may detain Democritus a little longer. Mr. Herbert Gladstone has been talking about the House of Lords, and praying that "the fiery cross of agitation" may, in certain events, go forth against that wicked House. Mr. Herbert Gladstone's particular utterances were of no importance; they seldom are of any. But that very fact makes it very pleasant for the humourist to lean back in his chair and contemplate Mr. Herbert Gladstone attacking the House of Lords. The head and front of that House's offending in the view of Mr. Herbert Gladstone and his fellows is that its members enjoy their position and influence as sons of their fathers, and as nothing else. It is not true of the House of Lords, as it happens, but it is very remarkably true of Mr. Herbert Gladstone. If Mr. Herbert Gladstone were not his father's son, he might be an assistant-master at a public school, or a clerk in the City, or a curate, or a barrister with no very vivid prospects of briefs. Being his father's son, he is a member of Parliament; he has his speeches reported at considerable length, and he has repeated opportunities of showing how absolutely destitute of talent he is. His modest assurance and his perfect readiness to hear himself speak distinguish him, no doubt, from the herd of merely sheepish young persons. But his other distinctions come solely from the fact that he is his father's son. Which things being so, Mr. Herbert Gladstone is shocked that we have a House of Lords. It is painful to find this obvious obliquity of vision in one so young.

The minor butterflies duly fixed on their cork and admired, we come to Mr. Walter J. Stanton, a kind of Purple Emperor, who cannot be handled too lovingly or admired too much. Mr. Stanton finds fault with Mr. Herbert for finding fault with the Bradford Caucus, and delivers his thoughts on the subject. Now the great charm of Mr. Stanton is his complete ingenuousness. There is no need, there is no excuse, for attributing motives to him. He is not like the journalists who fall foul of other journalists for objecting to tricks with the marriage law because they have themselves taken up with a deceased wife's sister; like the dramatists who pick holes in Shakspeare because Mr. Irving fills the Lyceum better than their managers can fill other theatres with their plays; like the other dramatists who forget to inform the *Pall Mall Gazette*, among details of *facture*, as to the shop at which they buy their copies of Scribe and Labiche and Dennery; like the black-balled candidates for clubs who betray the secrets of the ballot-box by perpetually sneering at those clubs in print. Mr. Stanton is downright Dunstable, or shall we say straightforward Stroud? It appears to Mr. Stanton that "an independent representative is an anomaly." Other people may hold their backs and heads up, but Mr. Stanton is "a' for booin'." The Caucus, the genesis and constitution of which are pretty well known, is to Mr. Stanton "the accepted indicator of the views of the constituencies." But Mr. Stanton is not yet at his climax. "What would Mr. Herbert have?" he says; "Lord Salisbury, with an unknown policy on all vital questions?" "The stake, sir, is too great." And having made this delightful, this pyramidal confession that his view of his duty depends on the amount of the stake, Mr. Stanton observes sagely that "on Votes of Censure members of Parliament must take deep counsel with their consciences." He has already taken deep counsel with his, and its answer is "The stake, sir, is too great."

Now let us grant at once that Mr. Stanton has here made (or perhaps announced, for it has often been made privately before) one of the greatest moral discoveries of this or any age. "What is the criterion?" Our pastors and masters used to drone into our ears—"What is the test of conduct?" "How are we to know what we ought to do, and what we ought not?" How many million reams of paper have been blackened, how many lungsful of breath have been drawn and emptied, how many heads and hearts have ached in deliberation over such questions? At last the master-bowman, Mr. Stanton, of Stroud, has cloven the mark. Look, says Mr. Stanton, at the stake. Have you only been able to lay a few hundreds against your horse? By no manner of means give directions to pull him. Have you been successful in standing to win some thousands, a good many thousands? Who, if a sensible man, would then dream of not giving suitable directions to the intelligent jockey? "The stake, sir, is too great." It is impossible to conceive greater sternness than that with which (except in the case of players of very small fortune) a censor on Mr. Stanton's principles would deprecate intentional revoking at sixpenny points. "The stake, sir, is not great enough." But with ponies up, and the long odds both sides, in what Mr. Justice Hawkins delicately calls "the other animal," and plenty of casual bets scattered about and nobody looking over your hand, what fool would refuse to make the winning trick when he knew that his opponents would throw down their cards and all chance of detection be lost? "The stake, sir, is too great." You must take deep counsel with your conscience and ask it whether, on the whole, it is not better that good men like you and your partner, who will make the best possible use of it, should have all these monies rather than bad men with an unknown policy on all vital questions. And if your conscience is a healthy one, it will not, according to Mr. Stanton, have any difficulty in the matter. "The stake, sir, is too great." It is quite unnecessary to point out what a thoroughly comfortable doctrine this is. In the witness-box especially it makes all the rough places smooth, all the nasty little casuistical points that bother men invisible. Is the stake big enough or not big enough to warrant your swearing what you know not to be truth; giving as your opinion what you know is not your opinion? In some cases an exact parallel to Mr. Stanton's case appears between Carey Street and the Strand. A friend, one of the best of men, is charged with misconduct to a client or mismanagement of a patient. Your evidence is called for as to the propriety of the treatment. If you say what you think, misfortune will happen to the good fellow your friend, and profit will probably accrue to some ruffian of a rival whom you hate. "The stake, sir, is too great." You swear that in your opinion Smith's treatment has been all that it ought to be, when in your heart you not only think, but know, that Smith has bungled the case as a hospital dresser ought to have been ashamed to bungle it. The Rev. Mr. Stanton, S.J., assures you that you have done quite right. "The stake was far too great, sir," and it was out of the question to do harm to an excellent fellow, and perhaps do good to a pestilent rascal.

If Mr. Stanton thinks these applications rather ugly, if he would not (as no doubt he would not) run foul because "the stake is too great, sir," pop a harmless heart on a suit of clubs, of which he has plenty, to secure the long odds in "monkeys," or perjure himself in the witness-box to benefit a friend and keep a foe from benefit, what does he mean by his "Stake is too great, sir"? Mr. Forster was asked to vote that the Government had acted in a certain way; he refused; he is censured; Mr. Herbert protests against the censure, and Mr. Stanton protests against Mr. Herbert, not because Mr. Forster did not really follow his conscience, but because the stake being so great, the conscience ought to have held its tongue.

SIR BARTLE FRERE.

MR. THACKERAY once published something like a defence of what probably appeared to his fine taste the pomposity of having used the classic name of Proconsul to describe the great officers who have built up and ruled our Indian Empire. The indiscriminate use of Greek and Roman titles out of their proper places is almost uniformly a foolish pedantry; but in this case the exception to a good rule was fully justified. To find a parallel for the men who created our Indian Empire we must go back to the soldiers and statesmen who conquered the ancient world. The type, too, has been peculiarly English since the time of Dupleix and La Bourdonnais. In the space of less than a century and a half, the list of Englishmen and Scotchmen who have shown the highest qualities of statesmanship in the direction of the Indian government has grown so long and so illustrious that all Europe could not show another to match it. Sir Bartle Frere, although in his later years he was associated with other and less worthy scenes, will probably be best remembered because he won a high place on that roll of honour. He did not reach the highest rank. He will not stand by the side of Cornwallis and the Lawrences, but a man may do much less than they and yet do great things.

The career of Sir Bartle Frere had in it two heroic moments, but in its details there is so much that is common to all distinguished Indian officials that they can have little special interest unless told by a competent biographer. The history of nearly all of them has to begin by saying that they were born gentlemen of a good stock, that they entered the service of the East India Company young, and rose through subordinate ranks to govern kingdoms, and, finally, that in the hour of trial they showed the cautious daring, that sagacity which sacrifices or risks the less for the sake of the greater, which is the highest quality of a statesman. Sir Bartle Frere's trial was met in Scind in the midst of the great crisis of the Indian Mutiny. What he did as an administrator can only be justly estimated by the few who have a full knowledge of the conditions amidst which he worked; but all the world can appreciate the wise courage of his general policy. He saw, as John Lawrence and his fellow-Commissioners in the Punjaub saw, that the fate of India was being decided at Delhi. With the courageous sagacity of a man who could look to the interest of the whole, he risked our possession of Scind to feed the army in Central India. He saw that, as long as we were not defeated there, the outlying provinces would remain quiet, or, if they revolted, could easily be crushed provided our army was victorious in the heart of the struggle. Truths of this kind are easy to see after the event, and even at the time are obvious to men far away from the scene of danger. To see them and act on them at the time and on the spot at the risk of failure and death is a proof of rare courage and insight. That so many men were found to do the bravest and wisest thing in the crisis of the Mutiny is one proof among many of the admirable training in the arts of government given by service in India.

The last part of Sir Bartle Frere's public career has somewhat overshadowed the earlier. He has been chiefly thought of lately as the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope who hurried on the Zulu War. Apart from the fact that these years lie nearer us, it is only natural that this should be so. In Africa he stood by himself; his policy was the subject of a controversy which is not yet quite ended, and part, if not the beginning, of a series of events still in progress. His position was in many ways exceptional. He

was probably the last of our Colonial governors who were able to act free from the telegraph and the slavery it imposes—free from the hesitations and timidity of Ministers who are necessarily compelled to think first of domestic politics, of their popularity, and of what the Opposition can say on the stump. In South Africa he found a struggling colony menaced by a barbarous and well-armed native Power. With the instincts of a ruler trained in the school of India he met the danger half way. It was inevitable that he should have brought a high sense of the benefits conferred by English rule on savages from the scene of his own early services, and he acted accordingly. An almost accidental military disaster checked the development of his policy; but, in view of the present condition of Zululand, only those who think fine phrases more sacred than human life will be inclined to deny that it was essentially wise and humane. The great mistake Sir Bartle Frere made in choosing to do as Lord Dalhousie would have done under the circumstances was his omission to calculate on the chance that his work would be undone by his masters in England. At this moment Zululand, which would have been at peace under English supervision if his plans had been resolutely carried out, is in a miserable welter of anarchy and bloodshed, and the English Government is at last, and when it is wellnigh too late, being forced to do what he long ago pointed out was inevitable. The latter end of his administration coincided with the beginning of a new colonial policy which consists in yielding to the strong, betraying the weak, and deserting the representatives of England when they are thrust into difficulties by orders from home. The creators of this new method began by trying to worry Sir Bartle Frere into a resignation by a course of petty persecution. He refused to confess himself in the wrong; and at last, after the tergiversation and logic-chopping which form an essential part of Mr. Gladstone's measures of administration, he was dismissed. His government of South Africa was, if judged by the results, a failure; but so would his administration of Scind have been if he had worked under the same conditions. It would have been impossible for him, or even for Lord Dalhousie, to carry out a consistent policy under continual interference from Ministers in England who were always terrified by the last danger, and who could not see the end because of the details. The lives of Sir Bartle Frere, and all the men of his generation in India, should be well written, and carefully read, for they did not work under those conditions, but in the old state of things, when our method was to pick out an officer who had given proof of ability, and set him to deal with a difficulty free-handed, on the understanding that he was to be supported.

DRESS AND SANITATION.

THE important subject of dress and its relation to health and its mutations, fashionable and statutory, are adequately illustrated at the Health Exhibition. The collection of wax figures arrayed in complete historical costumes, prepared from drawings by Mr. Lewis Wingfield, is as successful in its way as the reproduction of Old London, and not inferior in suggestion. Viewed in connexion with the show of modern dress and the designs of the various reform associations, it cannot but awaken curious reflection. Few can affect to regard the exhibition with absolute indifference save, perhaps, those who possess a primeval sense of the discomfort of all garments, who are philosophically tolerant of all fashions and representative of none. To most people the subject as presented at South Kensington must prove of the most absorbing interest, and is calculated to revive one aspect at least of the pregnant question, the proposition of which by the Academy of Dijon first aroused the dormant genius of Rousseau. The conclusions deducible from a dispassionate survey are, that either the popular theory is baseless that regards the application of sanitary science to dress as peculiarly modern, or that there is some occult connexion between the artistic and scientific ideal, the perfect sanitary idea and the beautiful. It is inconceivable otherwise how, in ages that are usually termed barbarous, the perfect union of these desiderata in dress should have been so nearly effected. Some of the mediæval costumes in the collection strikingly exemplify this truth. The twelfth century, as Mr. E. W. Godwin has elsewhere practically illustrated, was distinguished by the beauty and refinement of its dress, and it was not until civilization progressed and science invaded the domain of art that the acme of stupidity and ugliness was attained. From the East our Early English costumes derived their beauty of form, and Greek influence, doubtless modified and debased, permeated the Orient. While Mr. Wingfield's designs are interesting as showing the origin of certain domestic garments, such as the smock-frock, they are even more interesting as evincing the general decadence of taste since the Crusades. At the present time fashions are more multiform and more hybridized, less distinct and individual, than ever. The improver and the reformer, they are the enemy. What the former is capable of was seen in that singular perversion of the most perfect form of dress ever devised which Miss Mary Anderson displayed as Galatea, and which a glance at the Parthenon sculptures serves to correct; the efforts of the latter are signally illustrated in the present exhibition.

It is perhaps hopeless to expect unprejudiced views of the question from the majority concerned. Certainly the casual exclamations overheard in the crowd of sightseers are not encouraging. The expressions of complacency that we are not, in the matter of dress, as were our ancestors, are almost universal. Contempt and horror and surprise are mingled with gentle respirations of satisfaction, which are too evidently genuine not to savour of unconscious humour. The prevalent scorn is not confined to the ladies, for the men will refer disdainfully to the white ducks and blue coat of the Regency dandy as a proof of our continual progression towards the beautiful. In mere justice to the Georgian buck it should be noted that the straps of his white nankeen trousers should be buckled, his yellow silk gloves should fit, his neckcloth should be readjusted, and his coat set off on a good figure; yet, even if these defects were remedied, it is doubtful if many would recognize the obvious comfort and elegance of the dress. Leaving for awhile the historical effigies, and turning to the show-cases of the Rational Dress Society, we may all feel our hearts warm towards the Georgian exquisite, even the prodigious Macaroni, while we may positively adore the stately figure of Mrs. Pritchard and the spheric harmony of her hoops. The so-called "American lady's mountain dress" is a favourite example of scientific zeal, amazingly ugly and epicene. It is true that this appalling costume is stated to have been worn by that enterprising traveller and vivacious writer, Miss Bird; but it is obvious that even so rational a dress may be inconspicuous when relieved by the magnificent scenery of the Rocky Mountains or considerably mitigated in effect by the eccentricities of Salt Lake City. Whether any lady, thus habited, may snatch therefrom a genuine but fearful joy is known only to those who love the ways untrod by man, like the American ladies who not long since traversed the Virginian mountains, a rational society. Another astonishing production, also rational, is an evening dress that purports to be an adaptation of "the Eastern trouser," and is indeed most expressively singular. It very successfully illustrates the dangers of compromise, and transforms the *dégagé* grace of the costume which bewitched Lady Hester Stanhope into a grotesque hybrid. "A fancy mountaineering dress" is an alliance between a tight Zouave jacket and a very modern skirt, with rational adjuncts, the skirt apparently designed to make mountaineering impossible. Of the divided skirt the naturalistic poet will perhaps some day sing with unstinted praise; at the Health Exhibition it is unlikely to awaken either rapture or conviction.

From the creations of reason and reform it is a far cry to the era of the Plantagenets and their immediate successors; yet the transition to those dark ages is not unpleasing and is richly suggestive. Here among Mr. Wingfield's designs we have a reproduction, from a drawing in the Aschaffenburg Library, of the time of Henry I., a costume, not sumptuous certainly nor elaborate, but unaffectedly charming. Still more beautiful is one copied from a window in Fribourg Cathedral of Edward I.'s reign; while even the Norman dress from the Cotton MSS., illustrating the fashion during the Conquest, is thoroughly agreeable. Absolute quaintness, sincere and undebased by eccentricity, appears in the present collection to have departed from our national dress early in the Tudor period, though several examples of good taste and felicitous harmony are exhibited later, particularly in the portraits. These latter are, of course, of the highest historical interest, and some are admirably reproduced, particularly those from originals in the Garrick Club. The Mrs. Pritchard, in *The Suspicious Husband*, the Hogarth, the Commonwealth figures, after etchings by Hollar, the Lady Chesterfield and the Earl of Bristol, after Van Dyck, and the imposing Lady Bacon, in all the glory of the Elizabethan costume, are all remarkable for finish and excellent realism. It is curious, by the way, to note that the origin of the elevation in the shoulders of ladies' dresses which M. Worth is credited with initiating is distinctly observable in the Georgian dandy. Several other costumes are notably harmonious in colour and charming in design, such as the lady after Holbein, with a dress of dull purple and grey trimmed with grey fur, the Queen Anne costume of purple figured chintz or dimity, and cap and ribbons corresponding, the Georgian lady's dress, with sack and coal-scuttle bonnet, and the pretty rural dress of George II.'s time. The collection is worthy of prolonged investigation; but the aims of the promoters of the Exhibition are not likely to be realized if these interested survey it in a perfunctory manner or regard it as of mere archaic value; seriously studied, in connexion with the efforts of reformers and the precepts of Paris, it may tend to avert a revolution. *Simplex munditiis* should be the motto of the true friend of dress reform, and the phrase comprehends all sanitation.

PROPOSED NEW CREATION OF CARDINALS.

IT is always difficult to gauge the exact value of the current gossip in Rome on ecclesiastical affairs which "our own Correspondent" believes, or affects to believe, worth the attention of his readers. Death has indeed been busy in the Sacred College during the six years of the reign of the present pontiff. When the *Catholic Directory* for 1884 made its appearance twenty-seven Cardinals were recorded to have died since the accession of Leo XIII.; four more have since passed away, and there are now fifteen vacancies, a larger number according to the *Times* Correspondent than at any period since 1877, the last year of Pius IX. But three years before that, in 1874, there were twenty-eight vacant places, and the promotions under that *régime* were almost entirely of Italians, and of course always of persons supposed to be in the interests of the extreme ultramontane party, then in the

ascendent at Rome. The result proved, as in the case of the nominations of the previous pontificate, how little possible it is for a Pope to exercise even any indirect influence over the election of his successor. Gregory XVI. was a Conservative ecclesiastic of the straitest type with less than no sympathy for any phase of Liberalism in religion or politics. He had been induced under strong pressure to raise Mastai Ferretti—then reputed an advanced Liberal by friend and foe alike—to the purple, but he had done so with undisguised reluctance, and was said to have predicted that, if the new Cardinal should ever become Pope, he would destroy the temporal power, and terribly compromise the spiritual welfare of the Church. Certainly Pius IX. was the last man his predecessor, had he had any voice in the matter, would have desired to see invested with the triple tiara; nevertheless, through a curious series of accidents it would take too long to recount afresh here, he was almost immediately elected by a Conclave chiefly composed of the "creatures" of Gregory XVI., and still more curiously he did—though not perhaps exactly in the way Gregory had anticipated—fulfil almost to the letter his predecessor's ominous prediction. During the unprecedentedly long reign of Pius IX. he had the opportunity of pretty well filling up the Sacred College twice over; there were only, we believe, three or four of Gregory XVI.'s nominees in the Conclave which elected Leo XIII. Yet here again the election fell—and after a still shorter interval of deliberation—on one of the very last of its members whom Pius IX. would himself have chosen as a successor. According to the old proverb "man proposes and God disposes," but it is not difficult to discover reasons of a very human and intelligible kind why all previous designs or conjectures about the *papabile* should so generally be frustrated by the event. The simple fact is that the rules of Conclaves, on which we have before now taken occasion to enlarge, and an admirably clear exposition of which will be found in Mr. Cartwright's little work on the subject, are framed, whether purposely or not, with an elaborate and complicated ingenuity which can hardly fail to baffle any previous calculations about the result. It would hardly be a paradox to say—and many historical examples might be adduced in support of such a proposition—that *credo quia impossibile* is the most plausible vindication that could be offered of any conjecture on the subject. The unlikeliest candidate, according to all ordinary tests of likelihood, has again and again been elected, the likeliest hardly ever. There have been occasions in the remote past when a Pope was allowed and even urged to nominate his own successor. Hildebrand named the three who were next to succeed him. But the age and the man were alike exceptional. The Papacy was recovering, partly through German intervention, from a long and disastrous agony of moral degradation, and Hildebrand was one of the greatest rulers of men who ever sat on the papal or any other throne. In ordinary times a Pope has one means only of exercising—indirectly—a posthumous influence on the fortunes of the Roman See. He can name many—in some cases most—of the Privy Council, so to call it, whom his successor will be bound to consult, and who in the first place have the exclusive privilege of electing him. But as regards, we do not say the person but the character and policy of that successor, this influence, for causes already indicated, is a very slender and precarious one.

But still, after making all deductions, it remains true that the College of Cardinals is a body which cannot fail to exert a considerable control over the action of the reigning pontiff, whatever may be his own individual opinions. There can be no doubt, for instance, that the present Pope was during his earlier years, and to some extent still is, seriously hampered by the opposition of the very uncongenial council of advisers his predecessor had saddled him with. No doubt Leo XIII. finds this inconvenience aggravated from his own honourable but rather self-denying resolve, announced from the first, to govern on strictly constitutional principles, and do nothing by his own mere arbitrary will—the one point on which his departure from the example of his predecessor must meet the hearty approval of the Cardinals. But it would be impossible for any Pope to carry out with success a policy in which he was habitually thwarted by them. "The Catholic Church," as M. About rather oddly phrased it, "is governed by a Pope and seventy Cardinals, in memory of the twelve Apostles." We may drop the twelve Apostles, and there are seldom or never seventy Cardinals at any given moment, but the statement is substantially correct. It is true that the cardinalitial dignity is in reality a secular, not a sacred, one; Cardinals may be, and sometimes have been, laymen. The distinction of Cardinal Bishop, Cardinal Priest, and Cardinal Deacon is a technical one, and does not indicate their rank in the ecclesiastical hierarchy. In these days the Cardinal Deacons are generally in priest's orders, though Antonelli during the greater part of his life was not, and many Cardinal Priests are in fact diocesan bishops, like Cardinal Manning, while on the other hand there have been Cardinal Priests and even Cardinal Bishops, who were not in priest's orders, and Cardinals have in several instances been allowed to resign their dignity and marry. When Cardinals not in sacred orders are created they are appointed for twelve months only, with an obligation of being ordained deacons within the year, but their appointment can be renewed *toties quoties* by papal authority, and the regulation in a Bull of Pius IV. that Cardinals below the grade of deacons should not vote in Conclave has been ruled to be liable to papal dispensation. Pius IX. wished all his Cardinals to be in priest's orders, and there are none of the members of the present College who are not priests. However their speciality is to be the great officials of the Papal Court, and in that capacity they enjoy a controlling power over the whole administration of the Church in communion with Rome. It has been characteristic, as we pointed out on a former occasion, of the nominations of the present Pope that a larger proportion of them than has been usual for a long time past have been non-Italian. Nearly half of the Cardinals created by him are foreigners, and considerably over a third of the present College are therefore of other nationalities than the Italian. It would indeed be easy enough in the bestowal of the fifteen Hats now vacant to equalize the numbers. This alone would give a peculiar interest and importance to the next creation, and we observe that of the thirteen names put forward in the current rumours, of which the *Times* Correspondent has made himself the mouthpiece, six are of non-Italians. Some of these names carry no special significance, but there are others suggestive of a line of policy which has come to be associated in general estimation with the present pontificate. And we should certainly not be disposed to attach much credence to the report retailed by "our own Correspondent" that "the Pope is wavering and waiting to see how political events may turn before deciding whether to choose prelates of violent or moderate views." That some contemplated appointments may still be in suspense is likely enough; that the alternative which presents itself to the Pope's mind is of the kind suggested is most unlikely.

As regards two of the prelates named the ground of hesitation is a sufficiently obvious one. It appears that the French Government desires to have Mgr. Place, Archbishop of Rennes, and Mgr. Bernardon, Archbishop of Sens, raised to the Sacred College, but that they last year suppressed the extraordinary allowance hitherto made to "national Cardinals," and as the position is one which necessarily involves additional expense, the Pope not unreasonably thinks that, if France wishes still to have Cardinals, she should continue to pay for them. But it is stated that otherwise his Holiness is favourable to these nominations. Of Mgr. Bernardon there is nothing particular to be said. But Mgr. Place, now Archbishop of Rennes, but formerly Bishop of Marseilles, like some other prelates already raised by Leo XIII. to the purple, signalized himself by taking a prominent part in the opposition at the Vatican Council. He is mentioned in the *Letters of Quirinus* as the French bishop who spoke most decidedly next to Dupanloup against the infallibilist dogma. When Strossmayer declared in the Council Chamber that "nothing could be imposed as a dogma on the faithful which had not a moral unanimity of the episcopate in its favour," and a violent tumult ensued, we are told that Bishop Place, "one of the boldest of the minority and the first to give in his adhesion to Dupanloup's pastoral (against the dogma) exclaimed '*Ego illum non damno!*'" And he retained to the last the courage of his opinions, and voted *Non placet* in the minority. The other French candidate, Archbishop Bernardon, did not take so decided a line, but he voted *Placet juxta modum*, and was therefore unfavourable to the definition. And a still more conspicuous champion of the Opposition, indeed the leading spirit among them, Strossmayer himself, is also among those reported to be marked out for elevation to the sacred purple. No doubt Strossmayer, like the rest of his colleagues, has accorded a sort of tacit submission or acquiescence to the promulgation of the dogma, though he has taken no active part in it. He is said to be mainly interested and occupied at present in ecclesiastico-political schemes concerning his own diocese and country, and probably did not care to waste his energies on what may have seemed to him as to others a barren and unprofitable strife about "words and names" with no corresponding realities. Archbishop Darboy told one of his clergy after his return from Rome that, while the decree must be considered as having official validity, it was "un dogme inepte" and had no substantial force or meaning. Strossmayer is probably of much the same mind. That he has really abandoned the convictions he set forth with such wealth of argument and impassioned eloquence in the elaborate address delivered in the Council Chamber on June 2, 1870, is what nobody who knows anything of him is likely to imagine, and what we may pretty safely assume that Leo XIII. does not believe to be the case. He then began by "declaring that papal infallibility was against the constitution of the Church, the rights of the Bishops and Councils, and the immutable rule of faith." And after expounding, emphasizing, and vindicating this thesis from a copious review of Church history, he concluded by repeating that "the divine rule (of ecclesiastical tradition) would be completely overset by the personal infallibility of the Pope, to the great injury of faith"; that "the definition was desired by the worst enemies of the Church, who openly assert in writing and by word of mouth that it is the best means for destroying the infallibility of the Church"; and, lastly, as regarded his own Croatian flock, that "not only would the return of their separated brethren (of the Eastern Rite) be barred, but it might be feared that the Catholic Croats would be driven out of the Church." That the man who said all this, and much more to the same effect, in the most public and solemn manner, has become a genuine believer in the doctrine he so fervently denounced, it would be difficult to credit on his own assurance, and we are not aware that he has ever intimated anything of the kind. Haynald indeed, Archbishop of Kalocsa, if a man of less commanding mental and moral power than Strossmayer, spoke no less vehemently, and with more pungent and incisive bitterness, against the dogma; and Haynald is already a Cardinal. It will not therefore be surprising if a still greater champion of the same cause should take his seat beside him in the Sacred College. There is one more name among those included in the rumoured list of future Cardinals which deserves a passing notice

here. Capecelatre, now Bishop of Capua, was not a bishop in 1870, and therefore of course took no part in the Council, but there can be little doubt which side he would have espoused if he had been there. He is, we believe, regarded by those most capable of judging as *facile princeps* among the Italian clergy of all ranks for his learning, his ability, and his large and liberal views, and historical study, in which Leo XIII. has manifested of late so active an interest, is said to be his speciality. He is in all respects the sort of man the present Pope would be likely to single out for promotion, and the prevalent rumour therefore, so far as he is concerned, is very likely to be well founded. The other Italian names mentioned in the report are not generally known to fame, but it would probably be thought improper not to include an Italian contingent in any fresh batch of Cardinals, and the men of distinction among possible Italian nominees are few and far between.

ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS.

IN the great exhibitions of the London season from that at the Royal Academy downwards, the spectator is harassed by the constant change in the attitude of mind he has to assume in order to appreciate the works of art presented in succession to his eye. At each change there is a mental acrobatic feat performed, which after an hour or two leaves him in the very worst condition of mind for appreciating pictures. It is however with a real feeling of pleasure that we can go round the rooms at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. The collection is not too large to be enjoyed in a reasonable time; and, above all, there is method in the selection and arrangement. As no limit was made either as to time or country in the selection of the drawings, we have before us a series including examples of almost every style which has been developed in the civilized world; indeed for those who can read aright, there are the materials almost complete for a universal history of architecture. In the styles of treatment too there is the utmost variety. Some of the drawings have been made by the architects themselves in designing their own work; some are sketches quickly done in order to note an invention as it passed through the mind; some are the records of the wanderings of English architects in foreign lands; some are portions of series of views of particular groups of buildings made with a view to engraving; whilst perhaps the most beautiful are those of great pictorial artists, such as Turner, who have found in architectural subjects the colour and form, and the groupings of light and shade, necessary to satisfy the requirements of their art. To the public these latter will certainly be the most attractive, whilst to all they will seem the most beautiful. But the student of architecture will no doubt take the greatest interest in those examples which will enable him to see to some extent into the actual working of the mind of the great architects of the past.

Many of the drawings by pictorial artists are of very great beauty. That those by Turner are so is a matter of course. Cotman is represented by one very beautiful example of a Norman tower on a flat shore. Amongst others of this class we find Prout, W. L. Leitch, Roberts, and Mackewan. But it must also be observed that both professional architectural draughtsmen, such as Nash, and architects themselves, such as Sir Charles Barry, Wyatt, and Street, do not fall far behind these in the purely pictorial qualities of some of their drawings of buildings. Of the sets made for illustrations to books, those by James Stuart and C. B. Cockerell are perhaps the most interesting; but the works of Nash and Billing deserve an almost equal attention. If the visitor, however, goes with the intention of studying architecture, rather than the picturesque representation of architecture, he will find both the collection of the Inigo Jones drawings and those of Wren's St. Paul's attract a large part of his attention. It is most unfortunate that the Committee were unable to avail themselves of the generosity of the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral of the metropolis, in order to exhibit a set of drawings which would have illustrated clearly the changes which the designs for that building underwent before the present form was finally decided upon. Two large drawings, however, lent by the Royal Institute of British Architects, by F. P. Cockerell and J. E. Goodchild, give a very interesting representation of one of the early forms of the interior of the dome. The small selection of the drawings in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, some by the hand of Inigo Jones himself, and others from his sketches, combined with the two extremely important finished designs for Whitehall Palace, lent by Her Majesty the Queen, form a group well worth study. The palace is well known from many published works and from the one fragment of it which was built. But even in Kent's book there is no engraving of it which gives nearly such a grand idea of its dignity and finish of detail as these two, which are no doubt by the hand of the master. Amongst the Duke of Devonshire's drawings are some finished in Indian ink, in order to be engraved in Kent's design of Inigo Jones. But by far the most interesting are those which are undoubtedly Inigo Jones's own sketches. Some of these are purely architectural, and show a power of drawing continuous firm lines very like what we find in the leaves of the Album of Villars de Honecourt, but with greater power of elaboration. Several are designs of the scenery required for the Court plays, and arranged by him as Master of the Revels, in which capacity it was that he quarrelled with Ben Jonson. Many of these show a variety and brilliancy of imagination which in actual building he found himself obliged to restrain. The Club may certainly be complimented for having collected together a set of drawings which will be admired, not only by those interested in the technique of architecture, but also by the lovers of exquisite draughtsmanship and connoisseurs in the English school of water-colours.

TELPHERAGE.

IN these days of discovery and mechanical invention we are apt to forget the first experiments and attempts to bring the processes to a practical issue. Although many people still living well remember the day on which the first locomotive carrying passengers was run, yet the large majority look upon railways as matters of course, and, if they think at all on the subject, wonder how our ancestors could do without them. It is the same with the telegraph. Many of us are old enough to know with what interest the laying of the first Atlantic cable was watched, and the effect produced when the first message from America was received. Ocean cables are no longer wonders, and long ones are now laid without attracting much attention, so that it sometimes is almost a matter of surprise when we hear of places to which a telegram cannot be sent.

We now hear of an invention just brought to a successful issue, and only waiting to be put to practical use. Without predicting for telpherage anything like the extended applications that railways or telegraphs have received, yet it gives good promise of being of great value in many districts. This is another of the many applications of electricity for which the last quarter of the nineteenth century will be famous. There are many places where transport is necessary, but in which a railway or even a rough tramway would not pay, firstly, in consequence of the difficulties of constructing the line, and secondly, because of the small quantity of traffic. A railway necessitates the construction of a permanent way on ground which must be level or only on a comparatively slight gradient; it requires land to be purchased, and in hilly districts cuttings, embankments, bridges, and tunnels, and, when these are completed, expensive rolling stock; and, lastly, many officials to work the trains.

Professor Fleeming Jenkin proposes to substitute for these appliances a suspended rod or thick wire on which a number of light trains can be run, the wire which supports the train being also the conductor which transmits the necessary current of electricity. Electric railways and tram-cars have already been constructed in which the usual double rails are employed; wire-rope trams are also in use; but the system of telpherage is a combination of the two. In the new system strong posts are erected at distances of about seventy feet, the posts being provided with cross-heads, to the ends of which are attached steel rods about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, one set of rods acting as the up- and the other as the down-line. The ends of the rods at each post are electrically insulated from one another, and the end of one rod on, say, the down-line is connected by a conducting wire to the end of the next rod on the up-line, and so on, the two extreme rods at one end of the line being connected to the terminals of the dynamo-electric machine which generates the current. It results from this that the consecutive spans of the rods on each line are alternately in a different electrical condition, so that if connected by a conducting wire, the electric circuit will be completed and a current would flow through the wire. On these rods run pairs of wheels, from which the trains consisting of an electric locomotive in which the Professor's very ingenious system of nest-gearing is employed, and five or six buckets for carrying the goods, are suspended. The carriages are connected to one another by means of stiff rods, so that they are held at a convenient distance, ten or fifteen feet from one another, and are thus prevented from coming into collision in running downhill or when swinging from the action of the wind. The train is made of the length of one whole span, so that when part of the train is running down an incline, owing to the bending of the suspending rod, the other part is going up, one part thus helping the other and diminishing the traction required; this length of train is also necessary for the arrangement of the electrical connexion; for, as the leading and end wheels of the train are resting on sections of the line which are in different electrical conditions, the current passes in at one of the end wheels of the train, through a wire to the motor, then along another wire to the wheel at the opposite end of the train, where it returns to the line. Each train will carry a useful load of 15 cwt. or 1 ton; but, as a number of trains may be run at distances of about one-fifth of a mile apart, the lines can be employed more usefully than an ordinary railway track; in addition to this, no attendant is required for the trains, the line being worked entirely from the stations, at one of which the electricity is generated by a dynamo-machine, driven by a steam-engine or by water-power where available. The lines may be run on a somewhat steep incline; in fact, a gradient of one in ten has not been found excessive. Again, very sharp curves may be used; one described with a radius of little as six feet having been found quite practicable. The posts may be of such a height as is convenient for the locality traversed; shorter posts will suffice when the line passes over fields than when crossing roads. In hilly country, where roads are difficult to construct, the telpher line might be eminently useful for the conveyance of minerals and produce, especially where water-power can be obtained for driving the dynamo-machine.

As the speed proposed is only four or five miles an hour, it is obvious that telpherage cannot compete with railways; it is only intended as a substitute for cartage; one train, in fact, will do the work of a horse and cart, and that without the employment of a driver, and also at a lower rate. Professor Fleeming Jenkin has estimated the cost of erecting and working a line extending five miles from the station, the double line being therefore ten miles in length. On this line twenty-five trains could be run at once, and, at the rate of four miles an hour, would be capable of carrying in each direction sixty tons in a working-day of eight hours. The total cost of the line, including steam-engine, dynamo-machine, trains, &c., would be about 8,000*l.*, and the expense of working, including interest on first outlay, depreciation, &c., would be about twopence per ton per mile. In this estimate it is calculated that only one-third of the energy developed by the steam-engine is transformed into tractive force in the electric motors; possibly improvements in the apparatus may ultimately increase their efficiency. This compares favourably with road traffic. A road of five miles in length may be estimated to cost 5,000*l.*, and the cost of cartage, not including first cost and maintenance of road, may be put down at one shilling per ton per mile.

Many applications of this system of telpherage readily suggest themselves. Professor Fleeming Jenkin proposes to employ the lines as feeders to railways bringing materials from the interior of a country to the main line passing through the district, also for the carriage of grain, coals, minerals, gravel, sand, meat, fish, salt, manure, fruit, vegetables. In many factories, materials have to be conveyed from one part of the works to another, and for this purpose tramways are now generally used, occupying space on the ground which might be more profitably employed if overhead carriage could be substituted. It is perhaps too much to expect that the parcel post will be conveyed by these means, for the objection to overhead telegraph wires would be much intensified in the case of telpher lines. Again, for transporting war material and stores it is not difficult to imagine that the erection of a telpher line from the sea, when this is made a base of operations, might be quite possible, the dynamo-machines being worked by engines on board the ships. Whatever applications the system may ultimately receive, we may wish success to the endeavours of the inventor.

In the foregoing description many important scientific details are necessarily omitted, and for these the reader must be referred to Professor Fleeming Jenkin's lecture recently delivered before the Society of Arts, a report of which, with explanatory figures, is printed in the Journal of the Society, but perhaps enough has here been said to show that the scheme is well worthy of consideration.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.—IV.

LANDSCAPE art in the present exhibitions of the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, the Royal Society, and the Royal Institute is marked by one almost universal characteristic. There is a very general absence of any attempt to compose. The pictures are mere sketches from nature. A fine composition, such as Turner's "Carthage" or "Crossing the Brook," or Gainsborough's "Watering Place" or "The Market Cart," hardly exists. About nine-tenths of the landscapes shown in these four great gatherings are neither better nor worse than coloured photographs of ordinary views. The few exceptions, such as Mr. Henessey's "Twixt Day and Night" (87) in the Grosvenor, or Mr. Fulleylove's "Three Graces" (596) in the Institute, stand out in the recollection of visitors. Mr. Henessey represents a pale scene, when the sun has gone down and the moon is rising, when everything is toned away by the white mist and the absence of positive colour, and when the three figures, two Norman peasant women and a child, look strong and dark in the whitening evening air. In catching and fixing a mood of nature, and in treating his theme delicately, we had almost said poetically, Mr. Henessey has earned the gratitude of lovers of well-thought-out, well-composed, yet truthful and accurate landscape. Mr. Fulleylove has given us an old-fashioned garden scene. "The Three Graces" are marble statues in a fountain surrounded by green lawns and yew hedges. He is so much pleased with the scene—and no wonder—that he has sent to the same Gallery two variations of it (612 and 709), the last putting our old friend the blackamoor from Clement's Inn into the place occupied in the first picture by the "Graces." There is good work of this kind to be found also at the Academy, but very little of it. Mr. C. P. Knight's "Falmouth Harbour" (547), unfortunately, like so much other good work, skied by the Hanging Committee, is an excellent example of the use which a real artist, as distinguished from a sketcher, may make of shipping. Mr. Knight's only other work is more of a sketch. The "Upper Waters of Loch Fyne" (741) are not filled, like the mouth of "Falmouth Harbour," with shipping, but the artist has used a sweet tranquil Scotch sunset to give effect to his picture. Another fine landscape at the Royal Academy is Mr. Bernard Evans's "Fern Hall, Cannock Chase" (1104), in the Water-Colour Room. It is very badly hung, and we failed to observe it in our first survey of this room. Yet it deserves better treatment, being, with a single exception, the only landscape among the water-colours worth looking at twice. Cannock Chase is an old hunting-ground of this charming painter, and he has here brought out its characteristics with a loving hand, and yet with evident power of that composing kind which is so often wanting. The exception mentioned is immediately underneath. This is Mr. Walter F. Stock's "In the Golden Eventide" (1102), a very sweet and warm view of a river, a bank of trees half in shade, and a few accessories calculated to raise his work from the rank of a sketch to that of a picture. Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Bed of Water Lilies" (201) is in the Grosvenor, and, in spite of rather too much heaviness in the clouds, will satisfy his most ardent admirers for its silvery tone and delicate gradations. His best picture at the Academy is in the Great Room, and is called "A Gleam of the Setting Sun" (257). It shows a high bank crowned with trees, a river in the foreground, and a finely-drawn, well-rounded mass of cloud behind. The "Gleam" is, however, too brown and not sufficiently sunny to please us. He exhibits another "sunset," "The Scene of Sir Walter Scott's 'Rokeby': a Gleam of the Setting Sun" (417), in which the ruddy glow we are accustomed to associate with the idea of evening is wholly absent. This is of the three the least pleasing of Mr. Halswelle's works, being, in fact, only a transcript from a natural scene. Sir Robert Collier sends nothing to the Academy, but in the Grosvenor he has two fine sketches—"A Wounded Giant" (126) and "A View from Baveno" (244)—both fine specimens of the grand style of landscape so finely dealt with by this eminent amateur.

Mr. Brett's pictures at the Royal Academy labour, with one exception, under the same defect. It is impossible, for instance, to admire "Macleod's Maidens" (395), in spite of the faultless painting of sea and sky. If the rocks could be taken out, or rocks which are not "natural sculpture" substituted, it would be easier to like the picture. As it is, geological curiosity does duty for the picturesque. His "Granton Pier" (852) is more satisfactory; but we never like Mr. Brett's stormy seas as well as his sunny ripples like those in "Britannia's Realm." A fine example of this manner is in Gallery XI., "A Summer Day in St. George's Channel" (1574). Another painter of the sea is Mr. Henry Moore, who appears in great force with two pictures in the Royal Academy, three in the Grosvenor, and six at the Royal Society's gallery. Another artist who paints the sea with ease and brightness is Mr. Hamilton Macallum. His "Coral Fishing in the Gulf of Salerno" (170) in the Grosvenor, and a very similar scene in the rooms of the Institute (407), are full of Southern warmth and brilliancy. At the Grosvenor one of the best sea pictures is "Off the Coast of Portugal" (313), by Mr. Tristram Ellis. Some pilot and fishing-boats are lying to in the track of the ocean steamers. Although a water-colour, this is fine solid work, thoroughly learned and composed as well as truthful. Mr. Ellis has several charming views, both here and in the Institute, chiefly taken at Cintra and in the neighbourhood of the "Castle of the Penas" (862, Royal Inst.) He thus breaks entirely new ground. It is strange, indeed, that English lovers of the picturesque should so persistently neglect Portugal. Its very nearness seems to be against it. A picture by Mr. Napier Hemy in the Grosvenor some years ago showed what might be made of Oporto. Lisbon is scarcely less worthy of the artist's regard. The people, as Mr. Ellis shows in these sketches, are quite as interesting as to costume as Spaniards, or even Italians.

The remaining landscapes worth noticing in the Royal Academy are not many. Mr. Peter Graham has two very woolly pictures (27, 216), harsh and crude in colour, and, like so many other works by the Academicians, far below the mark. Mr. Whipple's "Summer at Streatley-on-Thames" (82) is in every way admirable. The shadow of the trees against the sunlit sky is most delicate; and, on the whole, this must be classed among the best landscapes of the year. Mr. Adrian Stokes represents an avenue in a wood, with a female figure in the middle and a male figure in the extreme distance. To this spotty, weak, and disappointing picture (188) two lines of poetry are appended. Some of Mr. Graham's faults, and especially his woolliness, are apparent in Mr. Davis's "Hill Side" (286), but the colour is much more harmonious. Mr. Colin Hunter's "Herring Market at Sea" (389) is the least hard of his contributions to the exhibition, but there should be a note in the Catalogue to explain what are the strange blue birds flying about in the foreground. "A Wintry Dirge" (411), by Mr. Alfred East, has a look of Ruysdael, but the comparison is fatal. Miss Clara Montalba's Dutch study, "Middelburg" (505) is very sunny and warm, and seems to kill everything near it. Mr. Ernest Parton's "Vale of Light" (558) must divide with Mr. Whipple's "Summer," mentioned above, the honour of being the best landscape in this year's Academy. The birch-tree is exquisitely painted. Nearly as good is Mr. Walton's "A Dappled Sky" (745), a fine Surrey view, with a low blue distance. Mr. MacWhirter used to do better and—as some tree studies in the Institute show—can do better than in anything he shows at the Academy. "The Windings of the Forth" (491) is poor to the last degree. The distance is as strong as the foreground, and the touch feeble and hesitating. "The Home of the Grizzly Bear" (846) is a study in black and blue, and is very incomplete. Mr. Leader's "The Ploughman homeward plods" (902) is very like a picture by Herr Heffner in the French Gallery. We cannot give it greater praise. Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Barges Shooting Rochester Bridge" (1539) is very fine, and will enhance the artist's great reputation, as will also his "Close of a Winter's Day" (1589), which shows an old hulk being broken up by convicts.

With these notes we close our review of the least interesting exhibition of the Royal Academy that most of us can remember. The number of poor pictures by Academicians placed on the line,

the systematic ill-hanging, the cynical disregard of the claims of foreign artists, coupled with the ungenerous treatment of critics by the authorities, spoil any pleasure we might otherwise derive from the sight of nearly fifteen hundred pictures. That we are not overstating the case will be seen when we remind our readers of the treatment received by M. Emile Wauters, which the Academy has done nothing since the exhibition opened to rectify, and by a further fact which has been made public—namely, that a great work by M. Jules Breton was refused. This is scarcely credible, but strictly true. Since the Royal Academy a few years ago rejected a Corot and skied a Daubigny they have done nothing like this.

The landscapes which remain to be noticed at the Royal Society's rooms in Pall Mall are many, and we must make a small selection suffice, taking the pictures in the order of the Catalogue. Mr. Marshall's "Hyde Park Corner" (30) is very powerful; it shows, looking westward, a group of horses at the drinking-troughs on the right, with the bare trees of the Park looming large through the yellow fog. Overhead is one of the grand red sunsets so often seen in London, and especially last winter. "A Deserted River Bed" (36) is the most vigorous of Mr. Hunt's ten contributions. The dark sky, the half-hidden sun, the white birds rising in the middle distance, produce on the mind an effect like that produced by a poem. Mr. E. A. Waterlow sends a large and brightly-coloured "Ramble on the Cliffs" (48), which irresistibly reminds us of Mr. Hook at his best. Mr. T. M. Richardson is very conventional as usual in his large and showy "Glencoe from Rannoch Moor" (120). In a coast scene of very rugged character, "King Ida's Castle" (270), Mr. Hunt has contrived to give an admirable representation of sea-spray. To notice all the good landscapes here would be to notice a full half of the pictures exhibited.

At the Institute Mr. Elgood vies with Mr. Fulleylove in painting garden scenes. "My Lady's Garden" (8) is very pretty with its brick wall and old-fashioned flowers. There are two or three other sketches of, apparently, the same scene, by Mr. Elgood in the exhibition, all of which will repay the seeker. Mr. Brodley's "Hayfield" (37) is a fine study with a rising moon. Mr. Weedon's "Mountain Mist" (50) is a careful work. A large sunset view of "Rouen from Bonsecours" (61) is by Mr. J. H. Scott, and is full of detail without any loss of strong effect. Passing by some pretty pictures by Mr. George Lucas, Mr. Hine, Mr. Moxon Cook, Mr. Harry Goodwin, and Miss Greenish, we come to a pure water-colour study in "Donington Park" (153), in which Mr. Orrock vindicates the old style of work with a very satisfactory result. There are several other pictures by Mr. Orrock in the Gallery, and all equally meritorious and conscientious. Mr. Knight's "Evening Glow" (167) looks more like an oleograph than a water-colour. It is, however, very strong and effective. Mr. Holloway appears to great advantage, though with a somewhat hackneyed subject, an old hulk, "The Wellesley" (176). There are one or two Oriental sketches by Mr. W. L. Wyllie. Mr. Wimperis is at his best in a pure water-colour, "Llyn Pen Craig" (218). But the best landscape in the first room seems to be "Summer Time: a Sussex Landscape" (235), by Mr. Hampson Jones, a charming view, apparently of the eastern side of old Winchelsea. The shadow of the hill creeps over the marshes, and the glow of the sky deepens. We do not often feel inclined to praise a picture so unreservedly. There is great depth in Miss Swan's "Cool Nook" (238), a brook among dark trees. "Chill November" (255), by Mr. H. C. Fox; "Flow on, thou shining River" (280), by Mr. Grace; "Mount's Bay" (284), by Mr. Aston; a bright Mediterranean view (313), by Mr. Robinson; and Mr. Claude Hayes's hunting-scene at "Horsham" (318) are all worth looking at. Mr. Arthur Severn's moonlight view, "From the Casino, Monaco" (332), is rather empty compared with his much more satisfactory "Venice" (962). In the Middle Room Miss Martineau's "River Spey" (367) is a cloudy midday scene, cool and pretty. Mr. Ammonier's "Sussex Village" (392), and several other pictures by the same artist, are very pleasing. Mr. Thomas Collier is as satisfactory as usual in his pure water-colour in the "New Forest near Lymington" (427). "The Old Guard House" (442), by Mr. Bell, betrays the influence of the French school, with its high tall houses and windy wet street. Mr. C. W. Wyllie sends one of his fine sketches, "Down the Thames" (485). Mr. Peter Ghent illustrates very charmingly some lines from Gray's *Elegy* (615). Mr. John O'Connor's "Italian Fishing-Boats" (656) shows powers of composition as well as of painting. An Italian landscape by Mr. Carl Werner (735) is pleasing; and there is grand sunset effect and great breadth in another foreign view, "The Acropolis of Athens from the Pnyx," by Mr. Harry Johnson. Mr. Syer's "Devonshire Stream" (822) is strongly painted in pure water-colour. Mr. Alfred Parsons shows a beautiful view, beautifully painted, "The Duddon Valley" (828). "Alfriston, Sussex" (948), is a showery scene, very fine and bright, by Mr. Thorne Waite. "Notre Dame de Paris" (1069) is a large and important architectural picture, painted with great power and skill by Mr. John Varley. On the whole, considering the immense number of water-colour pictures here brought together, we must pronounce the average quality very high, though, as we have observed, there is here as elsewhere by far too great an absence of any attempt at composition. Had we space unlimited, we might notice almost as many more from among the thousand works exhibited.

Mr. Whistler has opened an exhibition at Messrs. Dowdeswell's in Bond Street. He calls his works "Notes—harmonies—nocturnes." Most of them are charming exercises in colour, delicate as flowers; but, for all they have of form, they might be hung upside down.

Another minor exhibition, the Ladies' Amateur Art Society, shows a small collection of oils and water-colours at 23 Baker Street. The "lady amateurs" do not advertise sufficiently, and their little exhibition will have closed before many people have heard of it; yet among the painters who contribute are such well-known names as those of Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, who sends three of her brilliant studies of colour; Miss E. J. Harding, whose "Chapeau Noir" is very pretty; Miss Fraser, who sends a charming allegorical drawing; and Lady Harris, Lady Phillimore, Mrs. Marwood Tucker, Mrs. Frank May, and Miss Barclay Sandeman, whose still life "Study" of a green jar on a red velvet shelf is extremely good.

YACHT-RACING.

JUST seven years ago a memorable yacht-race took place on the ocean course along which the racing fleet, or so much of it as is at present fit for action, will sail to-day in the first great match of the season. The interest of the contest on this occasion was in no way due to the weather; for, though there was at the time when the yachts started a strong breeze, and a dark and lowering sky, which gave every possible promise that it would continue, it unfortunately was fair for all but the very last bit of the course; and a run is generally thought but dull sailing. Nevertheless, the Southend to Harwich match of 1877 was a very remarkable one, and is likely to be remembered until steam-yachts have extinguished sailing-yachts, and until fundamental ignorance of seamanship is a necessary condition precedent for enjoyment of the sea. In this race the famous *Jullanar* made her first appearance, and by coming in ahead of everything, and taking the first prize on a day by no means well suited to a yawl, showed what wonderful speed she possessed, and how well considered had been the daring innovations of her designers which had moved the mirth of grave sailors and yacht-builders. In this race also the *Miranda*, best of all modern schooners, made her maiden effort, and made it in very vigorous fashion, as she beguiled the tedium of the run by gybing all standing—a proceeding which had disastrous results, for her main-boom went outside the strop on the second or third gybe. Keeping well up with her and with the two hundred ton *Australia*, which had great speed before the wind, the *Jullanar* tore along, showing wonderful power of running for a yawl; and when, at the elbow of the course close to Harwich harbour, she had to haul her wind, she showed that she could, to use a nautical expression, look up very high, and would have fetched right into the harbour had she not been put about by the *Australia*. The instant, however, this vessel had crossed her she went about again, and, forging marvellously to windward of the other, came in the easy winner of a race so fast that the steamers had been distanced. The *Miranda* would very possibly have won if she had not carried away her main-boom and spinnaker-boom, but nevertheless the reputation of the new yawl was made. Struck by her strange appearance and admirable performance, a thoughtful yachtsman christened her the Ugly Duckling; but the sailors, who were not so well read in Hans Christian Andersen as the School Board might have wished, changed this into the Duck, seeing some resemblance between the hinder part of that bird and her counter. If, however, still jeered at, the *Jullanar* was henceforth feared, and was from that day recognized as a very terrible antagonist in strong breezes.

This of course is ancient history, for events move fast in the yacht-racing world; but like other ancient history it is worth attention. The yawl and the *Miranda*, which was to a certain extent modelled on her lines, proved themselves two of the best racing yachts that had ever been launched. In some respects, indeed, the *Jullanar* was the best vessel of her kind that ever had been or has been launched. By no reviler could she be called a racing machine. Moderately sparred and canvassed, she could not always vie successfully with other vessels in light winds, but in a breeze and a sea she was invariably admirable. In fact she was at once a racing-yacht and a true sea-going vessel as capable of making an ocean voyage in any weather as of sailing over a Solent course. On one occasion she performed the extraordinary feat of beating against a gale of wind from the Longships to Falmouth, and handsomely defeating a steamer which was making the same voyage. Now to what were the good qualities which put her in some respects so far above her predecessors due? To good designing, or at least in great part to good designing; to improvements on the existing type, and to careful study and thought; certainly not simply to ballasting, albeit she was a well-ballasted vessel. The great success of the *Miranda*, which, as has just been said, was modelled on the *Jullanar*, and which, having survived all the yachts of her day, still flies her racing-flag, proved still further that an advance had been made; and in no long time this fact was recognized. It would be entirely wrong to speak of the fastest yachts which have been produced since her day as having been copies of her; but there can be no doubt that to her peculiar design a considerable change in the modelling of yachts has been due, and that in essentials some of her features have been followed.

Now this advance was a most legitimate one, being an improvement in the model of a small fast sailing-ship such as, in former days, would have been of great importance. Has there been any such advance or any similar advance since? To give even the faintest affirmative in answer to this question would certainly

argue very great boldness. A considerable advance has been made, no doubt, in the valuable art of bolting a great mass of lead on to a vessel's bottom, but it would be hard indeed to say that there has been any real improvement in designing beyond the improvements which were suggested by the Ugly Duckling. After her triumphant appearance it was discovered that the plan of putting heavy ballast very low down, which, within reasonable limits, was adopted in her, could be carried much further, and that, under the rule of measurement, great advantages would be gained by lead keels. The *Jullanar* and *Miranda* were followed at intervals by vessels on which more and more lead was fastened outside, until the extraordinary proportions which have recently attracted so much attention were reached. Through no fault of their own, naval architects have had to employ their energies in the work, more suited for mechanics than for scientific designers, of attaching lead to a yacht's keel and garboards. Of course, when such a method is followed, the production of vessels somewhat faster than any vessel which has gone before means very little. There is a great entry of cutters for to-day's race, and amongst the names set down is that of a yacht recently built in the North which carries more outside lead than any vessel of her tonnage afloat, with the exception of the *Irex*, not yet ready for sea. If she wins, as very likely she will, her victory will have nothing like the significance of the *Jullanar's*. Owing to no fault, as we must repeat, of designers, yacht designing has become a purely mechanical art, and the triumph of a vessel means nothing more than that bolts and ties have been adroitly adjusted.

Now, to use a famous expression applied to a very different subject, this will never do. A system which encourages the production of racing machines and confines a sport, not merely to rich men, but to exceptionally rich men, must either be put a stop to, or it will effectually put a stop to yacht-racing. How the evils complained of can best be done away with we do not now propose to consider, but assuredly they can be done away with if an earnest effort is made. The general adoption of the length and sail area rule of the Y.R.A. may have good results. At all events, the experiment might well be tried, and to getting it tried the pundits of the Association, who have been rather lethargic of late, may usefully apply themselves. Otherwise they may find that they are relieved from all necessity for future effort, and that their occupation is gone. There is a goodly muster of vessels for the great opening match, as there has been in previous years, but in all probability lead will assert its irresistible supremacy before the season is far spent, and there will be dull racing, such as has already caused so much discontent. No sport can long endure which has become monotonous and slightly ridiculous, and unless lead keels are checked yacht-racing must needs become monotonous and somewhat absurd.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE STOCK MARKETS.

THE natural tendency of the panic in New York is to depress the prices of all kinds of Stock Exchange securities. American railway securities are of vast amount, and are held largely by investors all over Europe, but more particularly by investors in the United Kingdom, Holland, and Germany. The great fall that has taken place in the prices of these securities has therefore inflicted heavy losses upon great numbers of people in Europe as well as in America, has at the same time, as we have often explained, diminished their borrowing, and consequently their purchasing, power, and has seriously alarmed them for the future of their properties. The losses have at the same time compelled many speculative buyers of these securities to sell other securities, such as English railway stocks and foreign bonds, to fulfil the contracts into which they had entered; and thus the fall in prices in one great class of securities has led to a fall in prices generally in all classes of securities. But it is the effects in the United States which will chiefly tell upon the future of the markets. There the shock given to credit has been very severe. The last weekly return of the New York Associated Banks shows that, in spite of their efforts to bolster up the stock markets, the banks were obliged last week to reduce their loans by nearly 2¾ millions sterling. They had to do this because of the large withdrawals of their deposits, alleged to be by savings banks in the West, upon which there was a very general run. Should this run upon the savings banks and other credit institutions throughout the Union continue, the banks generally will be deprived of their resources. They will in consequence be compelled to force borrowers to repay them what they owe, and in doing this they will bring about such large sales of Stock Exchange securities as will still further lower prices. It is possible, of course, that the run upon the banks may be nearly at an end, and that therefore there may be no further large calling in of loans; but in any case it is clear that the power of the banks to lend largely is crippled for some time to come, and therefore, except in the case of such great speculators as Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Gould, there will be little speculative activity in New York. It is quite true that there was a rise of prices in New York at the beginning of this week, but it did not last, and such as it was, it was partly due to the efforts of these great speculators, partly to the buying of speculators for the fall, who think that the decline in prices for the present is sufficiently great, and therefore they are realizing the profits they have made, and partly it is ascribable to purchases by European investors. It is hardly probable, however, under the circumstances, that these causes will long suffice to support markets. The likelihood, rather, seems to be that in New York we shall see for some time to come great stagnation in the stock markets, with, perhaps, a further slow but persistent fall. Another cause unfavourable to the stock markets is the fear of an estrangement between this country and France. Members of the Stock Exchange and speculators generally fear that the Government may enter into engagements with France which will be so displeasing to the public that the Government will have to do as it did in the case of the convention with M. de Lesseps, and that the result may be a coolness between the two countries which would certainly depress markets generally. Lastly, the proposal of the Prussian Government to tax heavily all Bourse transactions has caused a fall upon the German Stock Exchanges. The German Stock Exchanges for some time back have been leading the movements for a rise in prices, and there were symptoms that we were about to see in Germany a considerable speculation; but this proposal of the Prussian Government has checked the movement and threatens even to create such an alarm as may lead to a considerable fall.

But while these several causes tend to depress the prices of Stock Exchange securities all over the world, there are other causes with a very opposite tendency. The immunity with which the London Stock Exchange has passed through the crisis engendered by the New York panic, as well as previously by the Paris panic, shows that in this country there has been of late very little rash speculation. The speculation that existed in 1880 and 1881 was chiefly carried on by Frenchmen and Americans. There was, of course, a certain speculation in England also, but that it was kept within bounds is proved by the fact that there have been so few failures on the Stock Exchange here. There have, indeed, been some very bad ones, of which the Blakeway scandal is the worst, but, in comparison with the number of members of the Stock Exchange, the failures and frauds have been exceedingly few. It is evident, then, that the members of the Stock Exchange are still wealthy and in good credit, and it follows that the clients for whom they do business must have escaped very serious losses. That their losses were considerable, of course admits of no doubt; but if they had been very serious the clients would have been unable to meet their requirements, and the members of the Stock Exchange would have been in consequence embarrassed. That there have been so few failures then is evidence that the losses suffered in this country have been so moderate that those who incurred them have been able to pay up all their liabilities and yet retain their credit, with some few signal exceptions. In the meantime the wealth of the country has been growing, and the savings effected have been large. Trade, it is true, is less profitable than it was, and agriculture has been depressed; but still the profits of business generally are large enough to admit of considerable savings, and these savings therefore are waiting for investment. It was known for a long time that a crisis of some kind must occur in New York. People generally, therefore, were keeping their resources well in hand lest the crisis might turn out to be very formidable. It was also known that the Oriental Bank was in such difficulties that its suspension was not improbable, and nobody could foresee what would be the result of a suspension. Now that the panic has occurred in New York, and that the Oriental Bank is being wound up, people feel relieved. They know the worst, or very nearly, and therefore they are able to see how they stand, and they are reassured as regards the future. With every future fall in prices, therefore, there will be a greater readiness to buy than there has been for the past two or three years. Now that good American railway bonds can be bought to pay from 5½ to 6½ per cent. per annum, and that good railway shares can be bought to pay nearly 7 per cent., and in some cases more, it is certain that buying throughout Europe will be continuous, and will grow larger and larger whenever there is a further fall. The knowledge that the banks and great speculators in New York have been obliged to buy from insolvent speculators vast masses of securities which they do not intend to keep, and therefore which they will sell at the first opportunity, will, as we have said above, prevent any early considerable rise; but as the sales go on and depress prices, investors will be tempted to buy, and in this way it is probable that any further considerable depreciation will be prevented, and that after awhile a recovery of prices will set in.

The disposition to invest which has been manifesting itself here in England since the beginning of the New Year by the success of the numerous colonial loans brought out and by the rise that has taken place in all sound securities, such as railway debenture stocks and municipal bonds, is also found to exist in Germany. The Germans, like ourselves, were not carried away by the speculative mania that prevailed in France from 1879 to the end of 1881. They consequently did not suffer very heavily by the crash that followed the failure of the Union Générale. Since then they have been cautious in their operations, and they have been very fortunate in large beetroot crops. When discussing the crisis in the sugar trade a few weeks ago, we showed how great had been the growth of the beetroot sugar industry in Europe of late, and the principal growth has been in Germany. Indeed, the last beet crop in that country has been unprecedentedly large. At the same time a succession of improvements and of chemical discoveries has so reduced the cost of manufacture that the profits resulting to Germany have been very large. The Germans, therefore, are prosperous at present; and, having saved much, they are inclined to invest liberally, and also to speculate. Now that their country has become the leading political State in

Europe, they desire to make its capital the leading financial centre. Paris having lost some of its financial importance since the late panic, the great capitalists of Berlin wish to attract to themselves the foreign loans and financial operations which used to centre in Paris, and they have been favoured by the reconciliation which has lately taken place between the Courts of Germany and of Russia. There has in consequence been a very considerable rise of prices in Germany during the past few months, and the tendency was towards a further rapid rise. This has been checked, as stated above, by the proposal of the Prussian Government to lay a heavy tax upon all Bourse transactions, speculative and otherwise. At the first announcement of this proposal there was something like a scare on the German Bourses. The proposal, especially that all speculators must enter their transactions in a book which should be open to official inspection, should be regularly stamped, and should be heavily taxed, caused a great outcry. It is said that it will have the effect of driving away all financial business from Germany. Of course the outcry is greatly exaggerated. The Germans have less ingenuity than they are generally credited with if they do not find some means of evading the law, supposing that the proposals are ever accepted by the Federal Parliament; and in any case a heavy tax will not put down speculation or prevent financial business. Of course Government interference of every kind does check business, as does likewise heavy taxation; but a check is one thing and a total driving out of capital is another. Besides, the proposals as yet have been only laid before the Federal Council. They have to be approved by it and then accepted by Parliament. They are not likely therefore very soon to come into effect, and in the meantime the probability is that speculators will recover from their scare and that the speculative movement will soon recommence. As regards the apprehended estrangement between this country and France, it is hardly probable that, whatever may happen, there will be war, and although a coolness and ill-feeling between the two countries would undoubtedly depress the prices of foreign stocks generally, it would not have such serious effects as are feared by the Stock Exchange. One other cause tends strongly to favour a recovery of prices. It is the abundance and cheapness of loanable capital. In consequence of the dulness of trade and of the absence of speculation, there has been going on for a couple of years past a great accumulation of unemployed capital in the great centres of business throughout the world. The Bank of France, for example, holds nearly 41 millions sterling in gold, the Bank of England holds over 25 millions sterling, and the United States Treasury holds about 39½ millions sterling of the metal. The owners of this vast capital find no profitable employment for it. Hitherto they have preferred to keep it unemployed because they foresaw difficulties which have now occurred, but they will be hardly likely to keep it unemployed much longer. The investment of these large sums will necessarily tend to a rise of prices. It is further to be recollected that commodities generally are exceptionally cheap just now, as well as Stock Exchange securities. Consequently, merchants are able to carry on the same amount of business as usual with a much less amount of money, and the capital which is thus set free they have either to keep entirely unemployed or to invest in Stock Exchange securities. Of course they will invest it in Stock Exchange securities which are perfectly safe, and yield a reasonably good interest. Their purchases will cause a rise in the higher classes of securities, which will lower the interest yielded by those securities, and the rise in the higher class of securities will almost inevitably be followed by a rise in all classes of securities. Lastly, the rapid reduction of debt by our own Government and by the Government of the United States tends to force up prices in spite of all obstacles. Those who are paid off must invest their capital again somehow, and the investment tends to raise prices.

THE RICHTER CONCERTS.

HERR RICHTER continues faithful to his mission. Thanks to him, it is possible week by week to study Wagnerism in its highest expressions and week by week to compare the master's work with the work of greater men. That this is an advantage is unquestionable. If Wagnerism is a fashion merely, then the more we have of it the sooner we shall have done with it. If, on the other hand, it really signifies a new departure, and embodies a new æsthetic principle, then the more we consider it and the better we are able to understand it the sooner will it be recognized for what it is and become the influence it should. Wagner believed, and absolutely, in the art he had invented—in the new art, that is, he had pieced together out of the old ones; he believed no less absolutely in the theory he had discovered—which in other words he had adopted, with exaggerations of his own, from the principles expounded by his predecessors—by Gluck and Weber, Bach and Berlioz, Beethoven and Spontini, and Meyerbeer. But he also believed in his music as music; and he not only sanctioned its production at concerts, but arranged a good deal of it for current use. On these arrangements Herr Richter chooses this season to depend for the better part of his material. As programme music they are presented, and as programme music they must be considered and sentenced. That with so much to select from we should be so rigorously restricted to the productions of Wagner and his school is, as we have argued, a little hard. Still, as we have shown, the restriction is not without its advantages.

At the Fifth Concert, with an overture of Marschner's rather feeble as to its force, and rather tame as to its romance, Herr Richter gave us an excerpt from the *Ring des Nibelungen*, adapted by himself, on Wagner's instructions, from *Siegfried* and the *Götterdämmerung*, and depicting, at great length and with any amount of ingenuity and accomplishment, the whole course of Siegfried's adventure with Brynhilda, from the moment when he starts in quest of the rock where the Valkyr sleeps her enchanted sleep to his journey down the Rhine and his entry into the hall of the Sibrichungs. It may, says the programme writer, "be defined as a mosaic of motives"—the "Walsungen" motive, the "Voice of the Bird," the "Glow of the Brightoning Glare," the "Slumber" motive, the "Fate" motive, the "Horn" motive, the "Love of Roving" motive, and, "by way of insisting on the advantages of the married state, the melody ascribed to Fricka, the protectress of marriage vows," with many others too numerous to mention, all "woven into a wondrously continuous (and shapeless) web." It was followed by the "Trauermarsch" from the *Götterdämmerung*, which, as everybody knows, is no mere funeral march for the death of a hero, like Beethoven's or like Handel's, but an oration somewhat in the manner of Bossuet, compacted of motives signifying Siegmund, "Siegfried's Death-blow," "the Sword Nothung," the "Recognition of Siegelinde and Siegmund," "Alberich's Victory," and a crowd of well-known facts and circumstances besides. And this in its turn was succeeded by the famous "Ride of the Valkyrie." At the Sixth Concert the master was represented by no more than two excerpts—the trio from the *Rheingold*, and an adaptation, familiar enough to Herr Richter's audiences, from *Tristan und Isolde*. The trio was excellently sung by Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Damian, and Fräulein Friedlander, who were recalled with enthusiasm. The excerpt was admirably played by Herr Richter's orchestra.

At the Fifth Concert the Symphony was Beethoven's Seventh in A, that masterpiece of invention and inspiration and accomplishment. Save for a certain weakness in the horns (a fault habitual to Herr Richter's orchestra), it was admirably rendered. At the concert of last Monday the anti-Wagnerian element was represented by Weber's delightful fantasy, the *Ruler of the Spirits* Overture; by Beethoven's violin concerto; and by Brahms's Third Symphony. The concerto introduced us to a new violinist, Herr Hugo Heerman; his technique is phenomenal, his taste is delicate and correct, his emotional capacity is inconsiderable, his tone is often wiry and thin.

THE DERBY.

IT would be impossible to tell the story of the Derby without noticing for a second time several races which we have described in recent articles; but we will do so as briefly as possible. At the Newmarket Craven Meeting the Biennial, which was the very first race, was won easily by Royal Fern, but he had nothing of importance to beat except Wickham—a colt that had been backed at 14 to 1 for the Derby early in the season and afterwards had turned roarer—and Zadig. Too much was made of this performance, and the subsequent victory of Zadig in the Great Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom helped to mislead racing prophets, by inducing them to over-estimate the merits of Royal Fern's running in the Biennial. During the same meeting at Newmarket, the Craven Stakes was won by Scot Free with ridiculous ease, and these two colts started first and second favourites for the Two Thousand, Scot Free being the most fancied of the pair. Harvester, for whom 8,600 guineas had been given a couple of days before the Two Thousand, was understood to have run badly in a trial on the intervening day, and after being backed at 4 to 1, he eventually started at 20 to 1. Scot Free won in a canter by five lengths, St. Medard was second, Harvester was third, only a head behind St. Medard, and Royal Fern was last but one. Harvester, however, had sweated so much before the race, that his running was not considered genuine, and he became rather a better favourite for the Derby after the Two Thousand than he had been before it, being first favourite at 7 to 1, while 8 to 1 was taken about St. Medard. The last-named horse is wiry and fast, but he was considered by many people to be too small, light of bone, and wanting in muscular power for a Derby horse. Two days later, in the One Thousand, Queen Adelaide ran within half a length of Busybody after a fine race, and in consequence of this performance she became first favourite for the Derby, going up in the betting until she stood at 5 to 2. At the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, another race was run which again altered the Derby betting. This was the Payne Stakes, for which both Scot Free and Harvester started. Scot Free was giving 7 lbs. to Harvester; but on the strength of the Two Thousand running, nearly 2 to 1 was laid on Scot Free, and nearly 3 to 1 against Harvester, while 12 to 1 was laid against Royal Fern. There were also three other starters. The course for the Payne Stakes is more than a quarter of a mile longer than that for the Two Thousand. The finish is the same for each race; but for the Payne Stakes the horses start close to the Gap, where the Cesarewitch course runs through the Ditch and turns sharp to the right into the straight. The two favourites lay near each other for the first half-mile, a little behind the horse that was making the running, and then Harvester took the lead. As they came down

the hill, Scot Free's head was at Harvester's girths, and after a short struggle as they came up from the Dip, Harvester won, with something in hand, by three-quarters of a length. These first earnings of Harvester under his new master were worth 1,040*l.*, and the performance was considered so good that he was backed after the race at a fraction under 3 to 1 for the Derby. He was afterwards first favourite, alternately with Queen Adelaide, until the Saturday before Epsom races, when he was reported to be taking walking exercise only, and he gradually declined to 40 to 1. Talisman was one of the leading favourites, and it was argued that his two-year-old form was almost equal to that of Harvester; but there was much to be said against his running of last year. In the first place, he had never won a race, and although he had run within a length of Superba, half a length of Harvester, and a head of both Sandiway and Spring Morn, he had on other occasions run very indifferently. His admirers maintained that he had never been fully trained in any of his races last year, that he had improved during the winter, and that he was one of the best-looking colts that would run in the Derby. Another horse that had been beaten every time he ran was Beauchamp. When Talisman ran Sandiway to a head, Beauchamp was the same distance behind Talisman; so on this form there was not much to choose between the two colts. Beauchamp was unplaced for the Two Thousand; but it was said that he was not fit at the time, and there could be no question as to his good looks. Richmond had won three races, in one of which he had given St. Medard 13 lbs. and beaten him by a head; but he had run very badly on several occasions. This spring he had been unplaced in the City and Suburban Handicap, but it was said that he had been shut in at an important part of that race, and that he was making up his ground in a marvellous manner at the finish. When this became known, he went up to 12 to 1 in the betting. Shortly afterwards there was a report that he had hit his leg, and he did not appear at exercise with the other horses from his stable. Down he went to 33 to 1, but it was then discovered that, instead of doing his work as usual with his stable companions in the mornings, he had been taken out in the afternoons, and that there was nothing whatever the matter with him. He then went up 10 to 1. St. Gatien had won all the three races for which he ran last year, but he had beaten nothing of exceptional merit. Still, no horse can do more than win all his races. Although rather narrow, he shows plenty of quality with power, and he had a large number of admirers and backers. We have now noticed all the starters which had shown even moderate public form. A week before the race Sir John Willoughby's apparent chance of winning the Derby was almost without precedent. The ring, and perhaps the owner himself, scarcely seemed to know, at one time, whether to make Harvester or Queen Adelaide first favourite. Sir John has been spoken of as an extravagant buyer of horseflesh. When he gave 3,500 guineas for Queen Adelaide as a yearling, people said that very high-priced yearlings rarely won many races, yet this filly won but little short of 3,000*l.* as a two-year-old, and as she ran Busybody to half a length in the One Thousand, a couple of days after that filly had been sold for 8,800 guineas, she would probably have fetched something like double her original price at public auction a fortnight before the Derby. Again, when Sir John gave 8,600 guineas for Harvester, wise people laughed, especially after that colt had been beaten in the Two Thousand; yet when Harvester was sold, he stood at 9 to 1 for the Derby, and before the day of the race he went up to something under 3 to 1, so that two or three weeks after his purchase he was practically appraised by the ring, as far as the Derby was concerned, at a much higher value than on the day of his sale. After doing nothing but walking exercise for four days, Harvester was cantered on the morning of the Derby day, and as he was sound when pulled up it was determined to start him. When he was seen in the paddock he went up considerably in the betting, and he started at 14 to 1. St. Gatien was scarcely in so good favour as he had been two or three days before the race, and he started at 12 to 1. Queen Adelaide fretted a good deal before coming out for the race, and she seemed inclined to kick. Her small feet and light fore-legs did not please all the critics, but still she remained a very steady first favourite at 5 to 2. Her near relation, St. Medard, was a good second favourite at 6 to 1, and Talisman was third favourite at 7 to 1. There was an excellent start, and Queen Adelaide, St. Gatien, and Richmond were some of the first horses to break the line to go to the front. Richmond made the running until half-way down the hill, with the exception of a few moments when a horse called Woodstock took the lead. As they were descending the hill towards Tattenham Corner, Richmond gave up his forward position, and a party of horses, composed of St. Gatien, Borneo, Waterford, and Loch Ranza, led the field round the turn, while Harvester, Queen Adelaide, Beauchamp, and Richmond headed the second division. Of these, Richmond was already beaten, and Queen Adelaide was rather shut in against the rails. St. Medard and Talisman were done with as they came into the straight, and Loch Ranza was also soon beaten. Half-way up the straight St. Gatien took the lead very resolutely; Borneo and Waterford were in close attendance; Harvester was making up ground, but still waiting; and Queen Adelaide, although going very well, was somewhat blocked in. At the distance Borneo was beaten, and Waterford gave way almost immediately afterwards. Queen Adelaide then got an opening, but she had to go round a little and lose some ground in doing this, and then she began to dash bravely towards the front. In the meantime Harvester had been improving his position surely and steadily, but just when he seemed to be about to overtake St. Gatien, he blundered in his stride and lost ground. It was only for a moment, however, and he was soon by the side of St. Gatien, fighting out a desperate race. Queen Adelaide was also making up ground at every stride. Wood had now almost reached the winning-post with St. Gatien, and, although S. Loates rode Harvester with both judgment and resolution, all he could do was just to catch St. Gatien on the post, and the race was declared to be a dead heat. Queen Adelaide was a couple of lengths off. Mr. Hammond and Sir John Willoughby agreed to divide the honours of the Derby between them; so Harvester and St. Gatien were not brought out again to decide their merits. This caused some disappointment; but, after such a magnificent race, perhaps it was better to leave well alone. Many people think that Harvester would have won if he had not made that unfortunate "peck" at a critical moment; while others believe that Queen Adelaide would have secured the victory if she had had a clear berth; but in racing there must always be some risks and mischances, and it cannot be denied that the Derby of 1884 was a splendid race. We have often noticed the breeding of Harvester, who is by Sterling out of Wheatear. St. Gatien is by Rotherhill or The Rover out of St. Editha. If he is by The Rover, he has a treble cross of Birdcatcher's, a double cross of Touchstone's, and a double cross of Newminster's blood in his veins. People of a speculative turn of mind may naturally ask themselves whether Harvester would not in all human probability have won both the Two Thousand and the Derby if he had not undergone a change of stable a couple of days before the former race, and if he had had Archer on his back in the latter.

The French Derby, which took place on the Sunday preceding the English Derby, was considered almost a certainty for Mr. Lefevre's Archiduc. This colt had been first favourite for the Epsom Derby, until the death of Count Lagrange had rendered his nomination void, and he had won the French Two Thousand in a canter by two lengths from Little Duck. Great, therefore, was the surprise when Little Duck beat him by exactly the same distance for the French Derby on Sunday last. Nearly three to one had been laid upon him at the start, and he was considered so good in this country that the official handicapper estimated him at equal weights with Busybody, and 3 lbs. above Harvester. Little Duck is by See Saw out of Light Drum, and he belongs to the Duke de Castries. The Duke won the French Derby last year with Frontin, and both his victories were very well received by the racing public, but considering the inconsistent running of Little Duck and Archiduc, either the French Derby or the French Two Thousand must have been a most unsatisfactory race.

REVIEWS.

DR. STEPHENS ON RUNES.*

IN his poem on the Grande Chartreuse Mr. Matthew Arnold draws, in three lines, a vivid picture of a Greek standing "in pity and mournful awe" before "some fallen Runic stone." Runes are but rarely read in England, and Dr. Stephens's Handbook of the Monuments is a most welcome introduction to the study of monuments that still touch us with "pity and mournful awe." The runes, whether inscribed on grave pillar, on amulet, on sword-belt, on drinking-horn, or idol, or brooch, are the oldest lettered documents of our own ancestors. Faint, but audible still, these whispers come from the remote centuries, and we seem to hear with reverence the most ancient accents of a speech which is still our own. It is needless at this time of day to praise the learning and industry of Dr. Stephens, and his contempt for the linguistic charlatanism which dubs itself by the name of science. Facts, studied with earnestness and interpreted with modesty, are the basis of Dr. Stephens's readings. He is never ashamed to confess it when an inscription baffles him, he does not cling with conceited self-confidence to readings at best tentative, and he is no friend of conjectural emendations, or theories that runes must be magical, or gibberish, or written by a slave who did not know the tongue, merely because at present they are not decipherable.

We propose to give a summary of Dr. Stephens's ideas about the old Northern inscriptions, and then to examine the historical revelations about the life of the past which are contained in some of his more interesting examples.

Dr. Stephens first maintains that the values of the runes, as laid down by himself, are correct. Here the question turns chiefly on the meaning of a rune which distantly resembles a three-pronged fork, and is still more like archaic forms of the Greek Ψ. This old Northern stave Y was always A, no consonant, and certainly never M nor R. In his preface, and again in a chapter styled "The Word-Hoard" (p. 214), Dr. Stephens makes fierce and successful war against the adoption of R as the equivalent of the three-pronged rune. Assuming this trident to be R, then most of the inscriptions are unreadable, or can only be read by the aid of "desperate archaisms or unknown constructions," or they must be explained as gibberish or as inscriptions in a speech

* *Handbook of the Old Northern Runic Monuments.* Now first collected and deciphered. By Dr. George Stephens, F.S.A. London: Williams & Norgate. 1884.

invented by the rune-cutter, or as magic. One is reminded of the famous Bath inscription on a leaden plate. One philologist interprets this to mean that some doctor of the period cured a man's wife, and received "five hundred thousand pounds in copper" for his skill. The proper names are read as names of witnesses to the deed. Another child of science makes out that the names are those of men suspected of stealing table-cloths, and devoted (by the owner of the linen) to all the Furies. The readings are really too funny in their diversity to be lost, so we offer extracts. One runs:—"Q(uintus) has bathed Vilbra for me with the water. Along with Cliquati's he has saved her by means of *quin . . tael* (or *tale*). His pay is 500,000 pounds of copper coin." Then follow the names of the witnesses. A learned German prefers:—"May the man who stole my table-cloth waste away like water unless he restores it." Then come the names of some suspected persons. There is another reading, not less droll than the first. Now the opponents of Dr. Stephens and of the letter A seem to produce decipherments of the runes as incongruous and nonsensical as two of the three interpretations of the Bath inscription. Dr. Stephens, on the other hand, usually gets sense out of the staves, not improbabilities like the hypothesis that a physician's fee was 500,000 pounds of copper. We are thus humbly anxious to hope that Dr. Stephens is right, and that his reading of the runes so as not to make gibberish may be received, as he says, "with reasonable satisfaction, if not with perfect certainty." By the opposite system, scarcely two out of sixty inscriptions can be even plausibly translated.

Dr. Stephens next goes on to demonstrate that the first outflow of the Scando-Gothic tribes, the Germans, knew nothing of the art of writing, that the Saxons, or Flemings, or Low Country men were equally ignorant, and that the art was either brought to Scando-Gothic Europe, or learned or developed there by the third "clan-wave," the Northern or Scandinavian. As one out of many proofs, Dr. Stephens asserts that no runic stone, no inscription on any permanently fixed object, has ever been found on German or Saxon soil. "Germans of the better sort" admit this. The runic inscriptions in Germany are all on objects like jewels and other portable things, which might, for all that we can see, have reached Japan in the course of early commerce, but could not prove that either Germans or Japanese had possessed the art of writing runes. Again, in Northern lands fresh runic stones are always turning up in diggings or in old buildings. Not one has ever come to light in Saxon or German territory. The language, once more, in all Runic monuments is never German nor Saxon, but one or other dialect of Old Northern. Yet, shadowy as is the case for German runes, Dr. Stephens declares that pedantry has employed these non-existent objects as a weapon of Teutonic Chauvinism. In a sentence where honest indignation mixes her metaphors, he writes, "These archæological fictions and cobwebs have already been used for hounding on to the Germanization and annexation of North and South Jutland."

What is the date and origin of the art of rune-writing? The evidence of desecrated graves shows, Dr. Stephens thinks, that it is older than Christianity. He holds, as we understand him, that the "iron-wielding clans" reached Scandinavia after a march "from Northern or Central India." We confess that this idea, like all theories about the migration of the "Aryan race" and its members, appears to us very fanciful. The latest German notion (we do not assume that the latest German theory is any better than any of its brethren) makes Northern Europe, not Central Asia, the "cradle of the Aryan race." Dr. Stephens says "lore-men" should begin their researches in India, and examine graves northwards and westwards till they come on runes. He is certain that runes are not a modification of Roman letters. In a brief note he observes that "the birth of the runes has been cleared up by the Rev. Dr. Isaac Taylor." According to Dr. Taylor, the runes are an independent offshoot from the old Greek alphabet in Scythia (from Thrace and the Black Sea and the Crimea and Dnieper up towards the Vistula). According to this system, Greek letters were differentiated into runes perhaps seven centuries before Christ. But what will Mr. Paley say to a theory which makes Greek the fruitful mother of the Futhorc, at a period when Greek writing was still undecipherable by readers of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and (therefore) must have been of very little practical use? Without dwelling on Dr. Stephens's ethnological inferences, we may agree with him that the art of writing shows "a very high degree of barbaric civilization and technical skill" in our ancestors, who, had they been less advanced in culture, could never have invaded and renovated Europe as they did.

We may now turn to the examination of a few out of the many inscriptions which are admirably engraved in Dr. Stephens's volume. He gives, in many cases, not only modern representations of the monuments, but copies of the sketches made by the old antiquaries of the seventeenth century. Sometimes, as in the case of the great golden horn, these sketches and copies are all that survive. This horn, which weighed eight pounds, was found at Galehus, in North Jutland. The conjectural date of 300-400 A.D. is assigned to it. The metal was decorated, apparently in repoussé work, with very remarkable designs. Here we see barbaric figures of men armed with round shields and short leaf-shaped swords. Another man holds a boomerang (?) in one hand, a staff in the other, and wears horns. Men on horseback and centaurs also occur, saddles were in use, and figures of dogs and deer are common. The art (in the sporting scenes) is just between that of Red Indian picture-writing, and lentoid gems from the Greek islands in the second stage of their development, after they ceased to be absolutely savage. A representation of a man with a boar's head recalls the familiar "serving man" of Winchester. A row of grotesque men, beasts, serpents, and fishes looks extremely like picture-writing. The horn, however, has a runic inscription, thus interpreted by Dr. Stephens:—"To the ever to be feared Forest God, Echleu dedicated this horn." The golden horn was found in 1734, and a still longer one had already been found in 1639. In 1802 both were stolen, and probably went straight to the melting-pot. Both were deeply interesting examples of ancient skill; and would be more interesting yet if we could accept the translation of the runes, not only "with reasonable satisfaction," but "with perfect certainty."

The most common staves are sepulchral inscriptions. Occasionally nothing but the dead man's name is given. The heathen Northmen had all the heroic Greek desire to be remembered, by aid of their barrow and pillar, after they had long departed. "Over thy dust did we pile a great and goodly tomb, we the holy host of Angive warriors, high on a jutting headland over wide Hellespont, that it might be far seen from off the sea by men that now are and by men that shall be hereafter." So says the ghost of Agamemnon to the ghost of Achilles; and we may compare the words of the dying Beowulf:—

> build me a *low*
> fair after fire-heap
> At the flood dashed headland.
> A *minne* shall it stand there
> to my mates and landsmen,
> high looming
> on Hronesness.
> So that seafarers
> sithence shall call it
> BIOWULF'S BARROW
> As their beak carved galleys
> out of hazy distance
> float haughtily by.

So Dr. Stephens translates the "noblest English epic," and the parallel between heroic Greeks and heroic Northmen is very striking. The maker of *Beowulf*, it will be observed, says nothing about inscriptions, any more than the poet of the Odyssey in the case of the burial of Elpenor or of Achilles. Yet we know that the heroic Northern grave-stones had their runic staves, and why not the heroic *stele* of Greece? But time "has rent the pillar from the tomb," and we have no examples of Homeric grave-steads. Dr. Stephens prints one runic mortuary inscription which must have been carved from the deck of a war-galley on the sheer face of the sea-cliff. Generally the staves merely name the hero and the place where he died, and tell us that "he slew many warriors." That was the brief record of a well-spent life. More touching are the runes on a sword-hilt which prove that a lady gave it to a man, her lover or brother, or lord or champion. An amulet is doubtfully read, "I bid thee go, O snake, against Æla," a "sending" of mischief after the ancient Icelandic fashion. The longest and most interesting inscription of all cannot here be given in full (p. 33-36). The height of the stone is 13 feet, the breadth 4 feet 8 inches. "This stands alone as a runish stone book." The "book" tells, in the name of a father, concerning the prowess of his son, a stripling, in battle. He

> bides now, belted,
> Battle steed holding,
> Shield on his shoulder,
> That shoot of the Marings,
> Rest he so in his galley.

The old King Warin, "a great lay-smith," bade Biar cut this dirge on the rock, and has raised an enduring monument. As interesting, in its way, is an inscribed small bronze figure, perhaps of Freya (p. 59) an example of barbaric art, not quite untouched by better influences, and conjecturally dated in the fourth century. Dr. Stephens's volume is full of similar treasures and of sound learning, expressed in his own quaint English.

THE MAMMALIA OF INDIA.*

MR. STERNDALE, whose *Seonee* is, or ought to be, a well-known book, has produced a volume on the natural history of the Indian fauna which makes very pleasant reading. We do not propose to review it from the merely scientific point of view, though Mr. Sterndale arranges his orders and his genera and gives technical as well as vernacular designations with all due pomp, if on a somewhat old-fashioned system. The book, however, is much less of a scientific treatise than of a collection of agreeable beast-stories, fascinating descriptions of fascinating animals, and illustrations to match. The author frankly acknowledges his indebtedness to other writers; but few of them, with the exception of Sir James Emerson Tennent, are writers much known to the ordinary English reader, and the material gathered from them is supplemented by abundant results of Mr. Sterndale's own observations. He seems to unite in a happy combination the characteristics of the sportsman, of the fancier or pet-keeper, and of the zoologist; and, if he seems to enjoy keeping the beasts and playing with them even more than putting ounces of lead into them, and then drying their skins and cutting up their carcasses, we do not know that we feel much less well disposed to him on that account.

Mr. Sterndale begins in the most approved fashion with the order Bimana; but he does not profess to devote much space to

* *Natural History of the Mammalia of India and Ceylon.* By Robert A. Sterndale, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., &c., Author of "The Denizens of the Jungle" &c. Illustrated. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co. London: Thacker & Co. 1884.

them. The order Bimana are, after all, and everywhere so exceedingly "bimanous"—if we may be permitted an adjective—that perhaps it is as well. Thus Mr. Sterndale, quoting another authority, informs us that the Andamanese women, "though affectionate to their children, are ruthless to the stranger." It is perhaps unnecessary to visit Port Blair in order to discover this peculiarity; we can study it with great accuracy and in numerous examples at London, England. But a mongoose is quite a different animal from a weasel; and, though the English cat is a very charming beast, it is inferior in beauty to *Felis diardii* and *Felis marmorata*, which latter, by the way, must be one of the loveliest animals in existence. Therefore we are not sorry when Mr. Sterndale at about his seventh page makes his bow to man—proud man.

He then becomes interesting at once, and describes a gibbon he had (not an historian nor a book, but a specimen of *Hylobates hooluck*) who must have been wholly delightful. This engaging anthropoid used to put his arm through Mr. Sterndale's, was extremely clean in his habits ("which," says Mr. Sterndale thoughtfully and truthfully, "cannot be said of all the monkey tribe"), and would not go to sleep without a pillow. Of course he died of consumption. The gibbon, however, as a pet has one weakness, that of "howling in a piercing and somewhat hysterical fashion for some minutes till exhausted." Less interesting personally than the gibbon, but an animal of very developed social instincts, is *Semnopithecus entellus*, otherwise the Bengal langur. The Bengal langur fights for his wives according to a custom not unheard of in other cases; but what is peculiar to him is that the vanquished males "receive the charge of all the young ones of their own sex, with whom they retire to some neighbouring jungle." Schoolmasters and private tutors will read this with interest, as showing the origin and early disabilities of their profession. Passing over many scores of intensely humorous bats, whom, alas! most people have only seen stuffed on neat little stands in museums, and scarcely fewer creatures of the molo kind (among these Mr. Sterndale chivalrously speaks a word for the musk-rat, who is nearly as much maligned and ill treated in India as his brother the shrew is, or was, in England), we come to the Carnivora, of whom it may be said that all animals would be Carnivora if they could. How bountifully India is provided with these every one knows vaguely, but few people, perhaps, accurately till they have refreshed their memories by looking at a book of zoology, taking India in the sensibly generous sense which Mr. Sterndale attaches to it—that is to say, as including the Himalayan regions, Burmah, &c. All bears are nice; but, as even careless visitors to the Zoological Gardens know, there are few bears so nice as the Indian sun-bears, as they are called—for what reason we never know, any more than we know who told some naturalist that "helarctos" was Greek for "sun-bear." Sir Stamford Raffles had a sun-bear, which refused to eat any fruit but mangosteens or to drink any wine but champagne; there once was a cat in the United Kingdom which cared for no fish but red mullet and for no game but woodcock, if that is any parallel. The only occasion on which Sir Stamford's bear was ever known to be out of humour was once when no champagne was forthcoming. This, too, can be paralleled from the human race in these luxurious times. "What does the fellow mean by asking me to dinner," &c., that sun-bear thought to himself, no doubt. Another sun-bear, "left to itself" in more senses than one, began with a bottle of cherry brandy, and proceeded to one of blacking. Very similar cases are recorded of miners and of the late Professor Porson; so is the whole world one. *A propos* of bears, Mr. Sterndale "would like to set an old she-bear after the persons who lead bears about with rings." It would indeed be good sport.

The siluropus of Thibet is as yet an uncaptured beast, at least alive. It is, or is said to be, a cross between a bear and the quaint but much smaller ailurus, of which the Zoological Gardens have, or had, a specimen. From those funny beasts, through the badgers (who seem to be very much like an English badger, but more splendid), we come to the immortal ratels, whom to see is to love, though affection may perhaps not be increased by the exercise of another sense; and the wolverenes, who shade their eyes with their hands like Christians; and the martens and the weasels (by the way, Mr. Sterndale speaks of the pine-marten as "becoming scarce" in England; we thought it had almost entirely disappeared) and the polecats (Mr. Sterndale says ferrets are stupid; but we have heard trappers in England express a different opinion) and the otters, (the Canadian otter invented tobogganing; but Mr. Sterndale does not say whether it is practised by his Indian congener)—we come at last to tiger tiger burning bright, and the rest of the cats. Of the lion Mr. Sterndale says little, and that little on hearsay. There seems to be little doubt that it is dying out in India. Not so the tiger; and in regard to him we must commend some very sensible remarks of Mr. Sterndale's on the absurd nose-and-tail measurement of large game. As he justly says, the actual measurement is inaccurate and delusive, and rarely gives the same results when tried twice on the same subject, besides which the length of the tail and the size of the feet are in anything but a constant ratio. With respect to the tiger's non-human enemies, Mr. Sterndale corroborates the statement that not only packs of wild dogs but even the bear will "go for" tigers and beat them, while he has a really wonderful buffalo story which we must quote:—

> Buffalos in herds hesitate not in attacking a tiger; and I saw one instance of their saving their herdsman from a man-eater. My camp was pitched on the banks of a stream under some tall trees. I had made a *détour* in order to try and kill this man-eater, and had sent on a hill tent the night before. I was met in the morning by the *khalasi* in charge, with a wonderful story of the tiger having rushed at him, but as the man was a romancer I disbelieved him. On the other side of the stream was a gentle slope of turf and bushes, rising gradually to a rocky hill. The slope was dotted with grazing herds, and here and there a group of buffalos. Late in the afternoon I heard some piercing cries from my people of "*Bagh! Bagh!*" The cows stampeded, as they always do. A struggle was going on in the bush, with loud cries of a human voice. The buffalos threw up their heads, and, grunting loudly, charged down on the spot, and then in a body went charging on through the brushwood. Other herdsmen and villagers ran up, and a charpoy was sent for and the man brought into the village. He was badly scratched, but had escaped any serious fang wounds from his having, as he said, seen the tiger coming at him, and stuffed his blanket into his open mouth, whilst he belaboured him with his axe. Anyhow but for his buffalos he would have been a dead man in three minutes more.

On the vexed question whether there are two kinds of panthers or only one, Mr. Sterndale is on the side of the Chorizontes, and holds the pard to be distinct from the panther. Whether the fact that a pard once killed a panther that lived in the same cage, and ate part of it, is an argument on that side may be doubted; *homo homini lupus* and why not *panthera panthoræ*? Of the famous pardanthropic panther of Kahani (a most unpleasant *bisclaveret*, who began with his own wife and finished about three hundred people before he was shot by accident) others besides Mr. Sterndale have told, but Mr. Sterndale saw him, which is something. The tiger cats are of course delightful, and, as was said above, *Felis marmorata* (of which the Zoological Gardens do not seem to have ever had a specimen, though they had once a clouded panther, of which it is a kind of miniature) is the handsomest of all. Mr. Sterndale tells a very curious and characteristic story of a less uncommon wild cat. She became so tame that she would of her own accord climb on his knees when he was writing, and lie there. But she would never let him stroke her without at once snarling and spitting. English or rather Scotch wild kittens are said to behave in much the same manner; but we never heard of any one who was bold enough to take a full-grown Scotch wild cat in his lap. A page or two further the history of two kittens of *Felis rubiginosa* is very agreeable. *Felis manul*, a grey cat with a black shirt and markings, must be rather an uncanny-looking beast, but it seems to be rare. Again we may note a curious detail of the education of cheetahs. "Women and children are told off to sit all day close to the animals and keep up a conversation." The cheetahs, it would appear, rapidly become tractable; anything, they probably think, is better than this. Of mysangs and mungoose (though that is not the proper plural) who shall speak in detail? But Mr. Sterndale had a mungoose which went for a large greyhound, and the greyhound bolted. We can only allude to the curious stories here told or quoted about the odd results of the similarity between wolf-dog and fox in India, which is such that a wolf will sometimes join a pack of dogs in hunting a fox, the Indian Isegrim evidently wishing to revenge the misadventures of his French or Flemish brother. Of the delights of the King of Oude, who sits and reads placidly in his cockatoo-house while half a hundred throats scream round him, and observes pleasantly, "The birds are singing a little this morning," of a famous rat-hunt on a polished marble floor, and of two mice who used to climb a parrokeet's perch at dinner-time, and sit in the food-boxes eating the parrokeet's provender, Mr. Sterndale must be left to tell himself. But it is necessary to observe that the parrokeet was wanting in proper pride, or those mice would assuredly not have done it twice.

We can find no more room for Mr. Sterndale, except to direct attention to an exquisite though not original sketch in the appendix, which represents a loris standing up for all the world like a small bear or a very hairy baby, and preparing to plunge at a cockroach. But it did not get the cockroach, which served it right for the coarseness of its taste in trying for anything so nasty.

THOUGHTS ON SHAKSPEARE'S HISTORICAL PLAYS.*

MR. CANNING must surely be jealous of the parsons. He has been to church, and has watched how a long sermon grows out of a short parable. He has thought that he, as well as the best of the preachers, could feebly tell in many words what had been already forcibly told in few. He has succeeded admirably, and has blown as big soap-bubbles as perhaps any that we have ever witnessed. He has not been troubled with modesty, but has chosen the greatest of all poets on whom to practise his art of expansion. There are writers whose brevity might have been some justification for such treatment as Mr. Canning ventures to use towards Shakspeare. Our nursery rhymes, for instance, are always brief and sometimes obscure. Beneath them there has been supposed by more than one ingenious commentator often to lurk political allusions. We could have patiently borne *Thoughts on Old Mother Hubbard*, or *The Philosophy of Little Jack Horner*. The rise and fall of Humpty Dumpty affords a legitimate subject for all the thinking that Mr. Canning could give to it. But Shakspeare's historical plays he should have left alone. About them he has nothing to say, though unfortunately he says it at great length. He leads his readers about just like the cobbler in *Julius Cæsar*, but without his excuse; for it is only their patience and not their shoes that he wears out. Thereby most certainly

* *Thoughts on Shakspeare's Historical Plays.* By the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning, Author of "Macaulay, Essayist and Historian," "Philosophy of Dickens," &c. &c. London: Allen & Co. 1884.

he does not get himself into more work. Let any one who would see the dulness of which poor human nature is capable compare the striking opening of that play with the first lines of the sketch of it as given by Mr. Canning:—

> This play does not describe any of Cæsar's extensive and wonderful foreign conquests. It begins in Rome, whither he returns after his victorious campaigns to be congratulated, applauded, and praised by his fellow-countrymen, many of whom wish to make him sole Ruler. He is offered the imperial crown, amid general acclamation; but two distinguished Romans, Brutus and Cassius—both sincere republicans—form a conspiracy, and eventually murder him. They are mistaken, however, in expecting general approval.

Antony, he goes on to tell us, was the middle-aged lieutenant of Julius Cæsar. He was an able general. Cicero was a celebrated orator, and was executed soon after Brutus and Cassius had committed suicide. "His fate is not recorded by Shakspeare." When we read this we were ready to exclaim, almost as Brutus exclaimed to Messala when the news of the proscription had arrived, "Therein our letters do not well agree." Six pages further on, indeed, Mr. Canning himself stumbles on the truth, though he forgets to turn back to blot out his blunder. In describing the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius—"one of the most favourite passages," he informs us, "for modern declamation"—he writes:—"Cicero, their most illustrious ally, had been executed previously by Antony or his followers." By this time our author thinks it high time to give his authorities, and he refers us to "Tacitus, Suetonius, and *Student's History of Rome*." We shall next expect to find some village theologian defending his positions by quoting St. Paul, St. James, "and the Rev. Mr. Jones, our minister." Passing on, we are told that "to a man of Julius Cæsar's patriotic mind and civilized ideas it was doubtless a grievous disappointment to perceive so many superior men among his foes." *Civilized ideas* is strange English for a student of Shakspeare to use, and *superior* is a strange term to apply to Roman conspirators. Let Antony's speech be henceforth amended, and let him say, even if the verse shall halt for it—"So are they all, all superior people." *Superior*, at all events, is English. As much cannot be said for *talented*, which mongrel adjective Mr. Canning applies to Octavius, Cicero, and Brutus. Further on he tells us that "Shakspeare makes Brutus anticipate Antony's suicide, or untimely death, with pleasure, which seems inconsistent with his kindly, generous nature." We thought that we knew the play fairly well, but we could not call to mind the lines on which this statement is based. They are the following:—

> If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
> Is to himself, take thought, and die for Cæsar;
> And that were much he should; for he is given
> To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Mr. Canning's paraphrase of the last two lines, apparently, would be after the following fashion:—"As this middle-aged lieutenant was given to dissipation, it would be a very happy thing, for all superior and talented people, if he were to commit suicide." But our author does worse than misunderstand Shakspeare; he misquotes him. He has so many words of his own that he has not room for the poet's. So, in one passage, quoting merely the words of the second citizen, he puts them in the mouths of the citizens in general.

He is not content with telling us what Shakspeare did write; he lets us know also what he might have written. "Cæsar might," he says, "in Shakspeare's hands have made most interesting and instructive allusions to his foreign conquests and campaigns, especially in Britain." As Cæsar was a man of what is called universal knowledge, he might, no doubt, without any violation of historical probability, have been made to give a lecture on cookery. Whether the play would have been the better for it is another question. When we reflect, not on what Cæsar might have said, but on what Mr. Canning might have written, we may be thankful that he is contented with adding only one more to his list of curious epithets. He describes Octavius and Brutus as "the comparatively civilized associates" of Antony and Cassius; and in a few lines more brings his essay to a conclusion. In his sketch of *Antony and Cleopatra* he returns to his epithets. Cæsar is called Antony's "late revered master." Perhaps we should congratulate ourselves that he is not called "the late lamented Julius." Antony and Cleopatra are described as "this unscrupulous pair." But we have written enough to show our readers of what kind of stuff this volume is made. Wherever we have dipped into it we have found the same folly and the same wordiness. It is a book that should not have been written and that cannot be read.

HISTORY FOR THE YOUNG.*

UNDER the name of *Stories from English History*, Mrs. Creighton has produced a pretty little book, "intended," as she says, "to serve as an amplification of the ordinary child's history." The narrative is pleasantly written, in a style which is clear and simple, without falling into the common error of becoming affectedly childish, and the subjects are for the most part well chosen. The endeavour to interest her young readers in the life and death of Sir Thomas More is praiseworthy, but we fear not very likely to be successful. More's greatness is not of the kind that a child can well appreciate, nor is the cause for which he suffered sufficiently definite and comprehensible to appeal to a child's sympathies. The latter objection equally applies to the case of William, Lord Russell, whom Mrs. Creighton persistently styles Lord William Russell, an inaccuracy which she did not learn either from Burnet or Macaulay. In the story called "A Scottish Raid," she makes as it were an inroad upon the domain where Sir Walter Scott reigns supreme; but there is some freshness in the attempt to awaken sympathy for the plundered Northumbrians as well as for the plundering Scots. We should like to know whence she derives the statement that the Scots "rode on strong little ponies called Galloways," because the term, as at present accepted in equine literature, denotes a large pony—between thirteen and fourteen hands high—and the pure-bred galloway of old days is said to have been sometimes more than fourteen hands. In the legend of the Battle of Stamford Bridge it would have been well to point out distinctly where the details of the Saga are manifestly untrustworthy. That English horsemen bore the brunt of the battle is inconsistent with everything that we know of the composition of English armies in the eleventh century; and the horses "covered all over with armour" are a sheer anachronism, for we have the evidence of the Bayeux Tapestry that even the Normans, much as they relied upon cavalry, had not advanced to the point of armouring their horses. "The conversion of the English," familiar as the tale is, deserves praise as being gracefully re-told; and the biographical sketches of Lady Jane Grey and Bishop Latimer, the episodes of Sir Philip Sidney's death, Raleigh's first expedition to Guiana, and the stirring incidents of Sir Richard Grenville's fight in the *Revenge*, are all good. Coming down to later times, the stories of Clive, Nelson, and Sir John Moore are quite the kind of thing to rouse the interest of children. The illustrations claim credit as being "from authentic sources," in which case it would have been well always to indicate the source. No date or any other information is attached to the frontispiece of "Knights tilting"—delightfully grotesque figures, but of a drawing only to be excused in a mediæval artist. In the "old print" of the Powder Plot, the representation of the all-seeing Eye of God (with a long and solid ray of light like a spear proceeding from it) will, we should think, puzzle children, unless they should be so old-fashioned as to be acquainted with the awful history in *The Fairchild Family* of Emily's vision after she stole the "damascenes"—in which case it may frighten them. The sketches of well-known portraits of Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh deserve praise, and "The Seven Bishops going to the Tower" reproduces what is evidently a good contemporary print, and probably true to life.

Of the Fifth Series of Miss Yonge's *Cameos*, which cover "the period of the great struggle between England and Spain," there is no need to say much more than that they have the merits and the blemishes of the preceding volumes. Most people will probably be inclined to think that in history as in fiction Miss Yonge is apt to overcrowd her canvas, and that the effect is sometimes a little bewildering. At the same time there is no doubt that girls in their teens—for whom we take these *Cameos* to be especially intended—are, when they like their author, much more patient readers than older people; and whatever exception may be taken to Miss Yonge's method, few living writers have done so much to inspire a taste for history in young people. The period treated of in this volume is one with which she has already dealt in two of the most pleasing of her historical stories; and as it calls up reminiscences of the *Chaplet of Pearls*, we forgive what a stern critic might consider a waste of space over the ballet which preceded the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Perhaps the supposed daughter of Mary Queen of Scots and Bothwell would hardly have been mentioned had not the author already made her the heroine of *Unknown to History*. On the question of the guilt or innocence of Queen Mary Miss Yonge will not commit herself: but, though she is inclined to reject the "Casket letters," she says:—"We fear that only by forcing stubborn facts and denying much contemporary evidence can Mary be supposed a guiltless victim." The volume ends with the death of Mary's great rival, Elizabeth, which is well and pathetically described, but without the usual exaggeration of its painful side; for, as the author observes, "compared with such scenes as took place at other royal death-beds," it does not appear that the dying hours of Elizabeth were darkened by neglect or lack of loyal affection. Miss Yonge has satisfied herself of the truth of the story about Essex and the ring, and consequently believes that the Queen did, at least in the popular sense of the term, die of a broken heart—that is, that grief and remorse left her no power of rallying against her "casual ailment" of a sore throat. We observe that the author repeats—in this case without suggesting any doubt—the story, which of late years has been somewhat discredited, of the Bishop of Lisieux preventing a massacre of the Huguenots. And we should like to know whether she has authority for saying that in Elizabeth's time the recusant laity were sometimes put to the *peine forte et dure* for refusing to give evidence. One ordinarily connects that punishment with a refusal to plead.

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* *Stories from English History*. By Louise Creighton, Author of "A First History of England," "Life of the Black Prince," &c. &c. With numerous Illustrations. London: Rivingtons.

Cameos from English History—England and Spain. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." Fifth Series. London: Macmillan & Co.

Blackwood's Educational Series. Edited by Professor Meiklejohn. First Historical Reader. Standard IV. *Britain and England; from before Christ to* 1154 A.D. Second Historical Reader. Standard V. *England from* 1154 A.D. *to* 1603 A.D. Third Historical Reader. Standards VI. and VII. *England from* 1603 A.D. *to the Present Time*. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

The three anonymous "Historical Readers" edited by Professor Meiklejohn are designed "to meet the requirements of the New Code and the instructions to H.M. Inspectors," and are adapted respectively to Standards IV. to VII. Without entering into the mysteries of the New Code, we may say that these books, albeit with many attractive features, just fall short of the standard which we should set up for a school-book. We acknowledge the unusual excellence of the paper and the printing, and the clearness of the numbered paragraphs with their headings in "Clarendon" type, after the fashion of the well-known school series published by Messrs. Macmillan. We like the pleasant and easy style of the narrative, and the tone of real interest in, and feeling for, the greatness and welfare of England—witness the little exhortation to patriotism with which the third volume concludes. Poetical pieces, for the most part not ill chosen, are intermixed with the prose; and there are genealogical tables and maps for use, and pictures for pleasure. But the maps stand in need of some improvement; for in that of the Danelagh, King Alfred has been done out of all his territory between the Thames and the Ouse; and in those of the Continental dominions of Henry II. and Edward III., the map-maker has been seized with a perverse fancy for locating Guienne where Gascony should be, and he has omitted to mark Edward III.'s possessions of Calais and Ponthieu. Of the pictures, many are pretty; but we are again distressed by horsemen fighting at Stamford Bridge; also by the conventional moustached portrait of William the Conqueror (though the author has only a few pages before described the Normans as "clean-shaven"), and by a Joan of Arc in female attire on an occasion when she is known to have dressed as a man. A portrait which is recognizable as that of the younger William Pitt is placed opposite the first mention of the elder; a confusion for which the writer's failure to mark any clear distinction between the two Pitts is perhaps responsible. To begin at the beginning, from which the pictures have diverted us, it is exasperating to come upon nearly a whole chapter devoted to the Druids, the Arch-Druid, the mistletoe, the sacred knife, the rites practised within Stonehenge—in short, all the stage business of *Norma*. Everybody by this time—except the compilers of school-books—is aware that our knowledge of British Druidism is of the smallest, and that there is no authority whatever for such a statement as that "The Arch-Druid was the greatest man among the British people." When we get to the English period, we find ourselves confronted with the barbarism of "Witena-gemote" for Witenagemot; and sheer carelessness only can account for the statement that Æthelstan was succeeded by "'six boy-kings,' who had very short reigns, and no one of whom did very much good to England." This is the way in which the author disposes of the hero Eadmund, conqueror of the Five Boroughs and of Cumberland, and of Eadred, whose reign is marked by the submission of Northumberland. Of Eadgar he gives an account sufficiently full to show the absurdity of his previous statements; and though the sixth of his list, Æthelred, certainly did little good, his reign of thirty-seven years cannot well be called "very short." Æthelred's wife Emma is said to have been the sister of a "Northman who had made himself Duke of Normandy"—which would be a more accurate description of her great-grandfather Rolf than of her brother Duke Richard. Her son, Edward the Confessor, is represented as having been half-brother to Harold I., with whom he had not a drop of blood in common. The legendary parentage of Hereward, whose family is in truth unknown, is given as an undoubted fact; and, in describing the events of Stephen's reign, the author speaks of "Robert of Caen, who was afterwards created Earl of Gloucester." In fact he held that rank long before Stephen ascended the throne. In the second "Reader," the subdeacon Pandulf is, in defiance of Lingard, described as Legate at the time of John's famous submission; and Philip of Valois is made to announce himself as "the fortune of France"—an expression now admitted to be founded upon a misreading of Froissart. The story also of Queen Philippa's marching in person against the Scots is now so discredited that it ought not to be repeated in elementary histories; and by this time instructors of youth should be able to distinguish John Tyler of Dartford—he who in defence of his daughter slew the tax-gatherer—from Wat Tyler of Maidstone. The introduction of the lines on the death of the Black Prince which Scott, probably not thinking them good enough for any one else, attributed to young Frank Osbaldistone, is injudicious. Without going as far as Osbaldistone *père*—"Why, the bellman writes better lines,"—we may say that their merit is not high enough to atone for their conveying the false notion that the hero from his deathbed saw

> The splendour of the setting sun
> Gleam on thy mirror'd wave, Garonne,
> And Blaye's empurpled shore.

"*Garonne* and *sun*," again to quote Frank's stern parent, "is a bad rhyme"; and if Mr. Osbaldistone's studies had lain in a historical direction, he would no doubt have gone on to point out that the Black Prince actually died on the banks of the Thames. However, we refer even *Garonne* rhyming with *sun* to some of the directions laid down in this and the preceding "Reader" for the pronunciation of French names. Mantes, we are told, is to be pronounced "Maungt"; Caen is "Caung"; Tenchebray "Tong-shĕbray"; Blois is lengthened into "Blō-ā," and Poitiers into "Po-ā-ti-eh"; Anjou is "Angzhoo," and Angevin "Ong'-jĕ-vang"—an admirable reproduction of French "as she is spoke" by the ordinary British tourist. The idea of appending to each section explanations of hard words is good in itself; but many of the explanations actually given could surely be as well, and in some cases better, given by any intelligent teacher. *Awkward* does not seem so abstruse a term as to need a note, nor is "curious and unfortunate" a very satisfactory equivalent. *Laymen* are said to be "men not belonging to the Church," as if all laymen were Jews, Turks, infidels, or heretics. In reference to Thomas Becket's austerities, the annotator uses the term "Roman Catholic priests," which is entirely out of place at that period. He is very precise in his information about King Arthur, who, he states, "became ruler of Britain in 516 A.D.," "instituted the order of the Knights of the Round Table," and "died in 542." This is the more noteworthy because the author of the preceding volume, to whose period Arthur properly belongs, has judiciously refrained from fixing a single date in the life of that prince. The third volume is the best of the set; but it is unjustifiable to introduce as history an abridgement of the scene of Raleigh and his cloak from *Kenilworth*, giving the dialogue between him and the Queen, and even her blushes, without a hint that they are taken out of a novel. It is new to us that Cromwell's troops marched to battle at Dunbar chanting the Psalm "Let God arise," though undoubtedly Cromwell himself was heard to quote it. The Psalm that was sung was the CXVII. The information that "The King of Bavaria is an under-king of the Emperor of the Germans, and his army is therefore at the command of his overlord," is not apposite as a note on the battle of Blenheim; for there was no King of Bavaria then; and wherever the Elector of Bavaria's army ought to have been, as a matter of fact it was fighting for the French. And it is enough to make the Wesleys turn in their graves to read that "in this reign three great men, John and Charles Wesley and George Whitefield, *left the Church of England*." Every one who knows anything of early Methodism knows that as long as its founder lived he maintained its connexion with the Church. The meaning of "hereditary" is certainly not made plainer when it is interpreted as "handed down as an heirloom from father to son." It is possible for "a plain man"—to use one of Macaulay's favourite expressions—to know what is meant by "hereditary," but it takes a lawyer to define an heirloom. We must give the writer credit for understanding the true meaning of the "Three Estates"; but from his saying that "the archbishops and bishops of England" "are elected by the Sovereign," it would seem that he is not acquainted with the mystery of a *congé d'élire*. Also he should not class "royal dukes" as a distinct rank of nobility.

It will be seen from what we have said that these "Readers" cannot be unreservedly recommended. The authors show undeniable narrative power, but there was need of more thorough historical training and more careful editorship.

SOME AMERICAN BOOKS.

PROFESSOR J. E. NOURSE'S book on *American Explorations in the Ice-Zones* (Boston: Lothrop & Co.) is one that can be read with advantage by those interested in the subject. The part which America has borne in the work of Arctic exploration fully justifies the appearance of such a book. If the manner in which the story is told is somewhat heavy, the interest which attaches to the story itself, and the free use which its nature compels him to make of the narratives of others, render the book an interesting one. It is copiously illustrated, and a good deal that lacks vividness in the narrative is made up for by the pictures. The chief impulse to American research in this direction was given, Professor Nourse tells us, by the voyages of Sir John Franklin. The author gives a list of twenty-nine expeditions, English or American, undertaken either in the hope of relieving him or of finding fuller traces of his last expedition. The accounts of Arctic travel, though such voyages are of the highest interest and importance, are in their nature somewhat monotonous. Icebergs and icefloes, snow and frost, play so great a part in all of them that (apart from the greater importance of Arctic investigation) one feels as if one had been wading through the last dozen numbers of the *Alpine Journal*. The book begins with full accounts of the travels of Grinnell and Kane, and, among other narratives of interest, gives a touching account of the untoward fate of Hall and of De Long.

Mr. Arthur Gilman's *History of the American People* (Boston: Lothrop & Co.) figures with propriety in a "Library of Entertaining History." It is profusely illustrated, and contains pictures of an Indian papoose, of the house in which Mr. Whittier was born, of a house in Concord from which the wife of the Rev. W. Emerson watched the fighting, and of the monument on Bunker Hill. The latter recalls to our mind a story of an Englishman who was taken by an American friend to see this memorial. "It was here, sir," said the American, "that General Warren fell." The Englishman, not being familiar with all the names and incidents of that period, imagined that his friend referred to some recent accident, and, glancing at the height of the monument, said he feared that General Warren must have been hurt. One little fact will show that Mr. Gilman's love of his own country does not always allow him to be fair to others. In giving an account of the war which began between England and America in 1812 he can find space for a notice of the sea-fight between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*, in which the Americans were victorious, but none for the not less important one between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, in which they were defeated; nor does he mention the fact that the weight

of metal carried by the American ships in that war was much greater than that of the English. Perhaps this is mere carelessness; for in the account of the Virginian campaign between the Federals and Confederates in the year 1862, he makes the seat of war pass at once from the neighbourhood of Richmond into Maryland, without noticing the intervening battles at the end of August in the neighbourhood of Manassas. If the Federal forces had not been wholly defeated in these battles Lee would not have been able to invade Maryland. The book is readable and popular in its tone, but has no pretension to historical value. Indeed, no such claim on its behalf is put forward.

Dr. Taussig writes an interesting little book on *Protection to Young Industries* (New York: G. B. Putnam's Sons). Starting from the remark of Mill that in certain cases such protection is justifiable, he proceeds to examine whether the system adopted in the United States has really attained its object. He examines in succession the history of the cotton, the woollen, and the iron manufactures in America, and shows that in these three main branches of industry, as, in all probability, in nearly all others of less importance, the protective system was not the cause of their rapid development. With or without protective laws, these industries could not fail to have flourished and grown. There is a great deal of curious and important information condensed into this little book. Few people have any clear notion of the vast difference between international trade a century ago and the same trade now. In 1740 we were importing bar-iron from the American colonies. The changes in American as well as European industries caused by new mechanical discoveries and new industrial methods are clearly shown by Dr. Taussig. Thus the use of coke instead of charcoal in blast furnaces, which became general about a century ago, gave England at once a pre-eminence over those countries, like Sweden or the American colonies, which depended for their supply of fuel on wood. The beds of anthracite in America could not then be utilized. The so-called protection of young industries, when brought to the test of fact in the United States, turns out, according to Dr. Taussig, to be a mere mystification. The book treats of one side only of the question, and attempts no more. But the writer is fully alive to other aspects of it. The present arguments for protection in America take a different form, the main argument being based on the cheapness of foreign as compared with American labour. And, as the writer acutely points out, during and after the war with England in the early part of this century (when American manufactures were imperfectly developed), the desire arose among Americans to make themselves, in the event of war, self-sufficing. No doubt this feeling has much to do with Prince Bismarck's protective policy.

Mr. E. J. Lowell's *The Hessians in the Revolution* (New York: Harper Brothers) is a narrative, carefully worked out, of the part played by the German auxiliaries of England in the war between the mother-country and the colonies.

Mr. Church's *Stories of the Old World* (Boston: Ginn, Heath, & Co.) is a book published in the series of "Classics for Children." It seems to us much too elaborate for the purpose, and much too full of Homeric and Virgilian speeches boiled down into prose. Children want to read of action more than of talk. Kingsley's "Heroes" would touch a child's mind with ten times as much power as this book.

The Story of a Country Town, by E. W. Howe (Atchison, Kas.: Howe & Co.) is a tale of Western life in America. There is a good deal of vigour in the plan of the story, but it cannot be said to be well told.

Pictures and Stories from American History, by Uncle Ned (Springfield, Mass.: Milton, Bradley, & Co.), conducts the childish mind from the discovery of America to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. Not to speak of the British defeats here depicted, there is a flaming representation of General Scott's entry into Mexico, with which the American youth might with advantage compare some of *The Biglow Papers*.

ARCHER-HIND'S PHÆDO.*

IT is not without a feeling of anxiety, of apprehension even, that we take up an edition of the *Phædo*, bearing a name not yet familiar to readers of Greek literature, nor, perhaps, of assured significance in the narrower circle of students in Platonic philosophy. This is, we believe, the first time that Mr. Archer-Hind steps out of the respectable seclusion of the *Journal of Philology*, and brings his contribution to the public table. His official position at Cambridge proves him a sound scholar, in the ordinary sense of the words, and academic rumour has long represented him as having higher claims. No one, indeed, could have read what he has previously published, small as it is in amount, without discovering that he is both careful and original, and that an exposition by him of a dialogue of Plato was likely to repay curiosity. But this did not guarantee a good, or even a tolerable, edition of the *Phædo*. There are Greek scholars of the most extensive learning, there are metaphysicians and moralists of the greatest power and acuteness, whom we cannot without something like a shudder imagine laying expository hands upon that book. Of all human writings—we fear no misunderstanding—the *Phædo* of Plato is perhaps the most sacred. There is one tragedy, and only one in the world's history, which has stirred the hearts of men more profoundly, which has soothed and encouraged a greater number of nobly-spirits than the death of Sokrates. The dialogue in which the narration of this death is used to frame an argument upon soul in general and the human soul, and to set forth the doctrine "that the wise and virtuous man will meet death with cheerfulness," is in theme almost without a rival in literature, in art incomparable. We give to the present editor, not indeed all the praise that he deserves, but the praise which in such a matter we should rate most highly, when we say that he is worthy of his subject, that he has printed no sentence, we may almost say no word, which should not have been found within the same covers as the text.

One advantage Mr. Archer-Hind possesses over the majority of those who undertake to re-introduce great works to the reader—it will scarcely be said that the time does not call for the exercise of such a function. Mr. Archer-Hind is the colleague and, as appears from his preface, the intimate friend of Mr. Henry Jackson, and acknowledges his assistance—we had almost said his collaboration—in the strongest language. Now upon the development of Plato's philosophy "an entirely new and most important light has been thrown by Mr. Jackson in a masterly series of essays recently published in the *Journal of Philology*, Vols. X. and XI." Whatever may be the ultimate judgment upon Mr. Jackson's theories, this friendly sentence cannot be disputed. They are borrowed from no one, either in this country or elsewhere, they concern no less vital a question for the history of human thought than whether the writings of Plato record the growth and maturity of a consistent scheme or the shifting phases of a controversy determined mainly by artistic motives, and they have been set forth with at least such *primâ facie* probability as, whether they are accepted or not, will render it impossible to ignore them. For the promised edition of the *Philebus* by Mr. Jackson we are waiting, and the present book is the first continuous exposition of a Platonic dialogue as seen under the new doctrines. A few brief quotations must here suffice to indicate their surprising interest. Mr. Archer-Hind, after stating (p. 34) the principle of Sokrates, "that knowledge is of universals," and describing the development from this of Plato's ideal theory, in which the universal becomes an essential idea prior to the particulars of which it is the cause, while "between the primal unity and the infinite multitude of particulars" we have "a definite number of classes . . . and each of these classes represents an idea," continues as follows:—

> This is the stage of the middle Platonism; as yet the ideas are simply hypostasisations of every logical concept. . . . The particulars in every group derive their nature and existance from the immanence, *παρουσία*, of the idea. The *Republic* is the chief exponent of this phase of Plato's metaphysics . . . its main distinguishing characteristics are the assumption of an idea for every group of particulars, and the inherence of the idea in the particulars. . . But Plato presently finds reason to be dissatisfied with this expression of his theory; the difficulties and deficiencies he sees therein are stated with overwhelming force in the earlier part of the *Parmenides*. The points which chiefly demanded correction were the contents of the ideal world and the relation between ideas and particulars. . . instead of an idea corresponding to every group of particulars, we now have only an idea for every group which is naturally and not artificially determined; thus all ideas of *σκευαστὰ* are abolished. Next relations are reduced from the rank of ideas to that of universal predicates . . . so that we no longer have ideas of great and small. . . Finally, ideas of negations are abolished, such as evil, unjust, &c. Therefore one great criterion of the stage to which a dialogue belongs will be the nature of the ideas that are assumed in it.

Again:—

> In the middle period the idea exists (*α*) transcendentally; (*β*) immanent in the particulars. In the period to which we have now come, the transcendental existence of the idea alone is allowed; the particulars no longer participate in the idea, but are regarded as copies, *μιμήματα*, of the ideal type, *παράδειγμα*. . . . The later metaphysic is unfolded in the *Parmenides*, *Sophist*, and *Philebus*, and consummated in the *Timæus*.

It is needless to say that this, with its noticeable "consummation," is a very different view of Platonism and the history of Platonism—a very different view of the *Philebus* and *Timæus* from that which will be found in the common text-books; still more different from the notion, if there be any definite notion, which is carried away by those who study Plato in popular translations. The mere possibility that it may be true, and that "guided by these landmarks we shall find it no hard matter to determine the bearings of" a Platonic dialogue, must be sufficient to awaken the highest interest in students of ancient philosophy, and this edition of the *Phædo* will show how much light may be derived from it. But, in order that it may be properly judged, we must have expositions by the Cambridge Platonists at least of the all-important *Philebus* and *Timæus*. Mr. Jackson has promised the *Philebus*. Will not Mr. Archer-Hind commence upon the *Timæus* at once?

No position can be more important to those who look in Plato for a philosophy than that defended by the editor (Introduction, § 4), that the famous tripartite division of the soul (in the *Phædrus* and elsewhere) is metaphorical, and as such does not contradict the serious doctrine of Plato, that "the soul is essentially simple and incomposite." This doctrine, obvious as it may soon appear, is, we believe, entirely due to the editor, and is, in our judgment, already made out, which it would perhaps be premature to affirm of the striking theory sketched in the last paragraph. Not less new, and scarcely less interesting, is the clearing up of Chap. XLVIII. in the *Phædo*, part of the narration by Plato's "Sokrates" of the history of his own mind.

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* *The Phædo of Plato.* Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Appendices, by R. D. Archer-Hind, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co.

The editor holds that the study of "concepts" (λόγοι) which "Sokrates" proposed to himself was a substitute not, as commonly represented, for the study of nature by the methods of the physicists, but for the study of "the eternal ideas" and in particular of "τὸ ἀγαθὸν as the ultimate cause working in nature." In short, "Sokrates" made an essay at Platonism, and failing fell back upon the "concepts." Here, again, the editor has completely satisfied us, and this is but one among many points to which we would gladly direct attention, did space permit. We hope, however, that we have said enough to send the reader to the book itself. We recommend it, in particular, to those who may have persuaded themselves or others that "English scholarship is chiefly borrowed from the Germans." A consideration of those views only which are here *reproduced from English sources*, and of the dates of their first production, should suggest some wholesome reflexions upon the true causes of this curious belief.

Apart from his original discoveries the editor has done his work thoroughly well. The English style is clear, and, as a rule, singularly graceful, and, whether upon the arguments or the language of the author, he is, speaking generally, a safe guide. As we put this statement so widely, it may not be impertinent to add that we have studied minutely the whole of his introduction and commentary. We like him least in some of his remarks upon the reading of the text. He seems a little impatient of these questions, a feeling with which we can thoroughly sympathize, while we deprecate it. Chapter XLVIII. will again serve for an example. We have already said that his exposition of this chapter seems to us perfectly sound. A certain clause, however, is likely, thinks the editor, to be made the basis of objections. No just objections can be founded upon it, and we are glad that the editor has carefully avoided the appearance of staking his exposition upon the strength of his criticisms against the genuineness of this clause, which appear to us quite unsubstantial. It is curious that the only place in which we find the editor confused in thought is in a passage which he suspects of interpolation. The notes on ὑπόθεσις and τὰ ὡρημένα (to D, E) are inconsistent, and if the true interpretations of the second note be extended to the former, "the most serious objection of all" falls to the ground. The text remains faulty, but the editor's treatment of it is arbitrary, or at all events inadequately supported. And so in some other places. On the other hand, we entirely agree in the rejection of the glosses in 75 B and 76 E, which betray themselves by misuse of Platonic language. As glosses they are highly interesting, and the probable origin and motive of them would be a suggestive theme.

As we have demurred to a few of the editor's textual criticisms, we propose to give him what he may perhaps consider an excellent opportunity for retaliation. At page 66 B Sokrates observes that the genuine philosopher will regard death as the short cut to the goal of his life's endeavour—namely, the withdrawal of the soul from its embarrassing communion with the body. With the editor's explanation of this passage we agree. But what of the text? For the sense that "*death* is a short cut, &c." we find simply *κινδυνεύει τοι ὥσπερ ἀτραπός τις ἐκφέρειν ἡμᾶς*, that is to say, the word "death," the point and subject of the sentence, is omitted. The editor thinks that "possibly something like *ὁ θάνατος*" is still missing, and this assumption is surely indispensable to his view. Now, that this excluded "something" was in letters "like *ὁ θάνατος*" is on scientific grounds utterly improbable. We, therefore, aid the editor (though we are not sure of his recognition) when we offer the explanation, that as Plato in another part of the dialogue avails himself of the unforeseen meaning (*τὸ ἀειδές*) to be detected in the popular phrase (*εἰς Ἅιδου*) for the place of the dead, and as elsewhere he often delights to quote the undesigned witness of language to the truth he would enforce, so here he is pointing out that the philosophic view of death as the path straight home was unconsciously foreshadowed in popular speech when, among other names, Death was called and figured by the name of Ἄτροπος. Thus the missing thought is found; and, whether we leave the text as it stands, taking *ἀτραπὸς*, as it were, in both senses, or whether we write *κινδυνεύει τοι ὥσπερ ἀτραπός τις ἡ Ἄτροπος ἐκφέρειν ἡμας*, restoring the words *ἡ Ἄτροπος* to a place whence they would have easily dropped, is a subordinate and not important question.

We have almost filled the space at our disposal, and yet we have not half represented this pleasant and valuable book. Like all good books, it cannot be represented, it must be read. We return finally to our first judgment—the commentator is worthy of his text. Nowhere does he better approve his tact than in his comment on the conclusion—*ἥδε ἡ τελευτή, ὦ Ἐχέκρατες, τοῦ ἑταίρου ἡμῖν ἐγένετο, ἀνδρός, ὡς ἡμεῖς φαίημεν ἄν, τῶν τότε ὧν ἐπειράθημεν ἀρίστου καὶ ἄλλως φρονιμωτάτου καὶ δικαιοτάτου*. Innumerable must have been the tearful eyes which have spelt doubtfully the words of this simple sentence. We are glad that Mr. Archer-Hind protests against a single omission or alteration which would mar "the sad music of this solemn close."

CAVE-HUNTING IN SOUTH POLAND.*

THE pursuit which Professor Boyd Dawkins has happily designated "cave-hunting" has rendered such valuable results to science that we gladly welcome any account of fresh labours in the same field; especially when, as in the present instance, the work was carried on in caves the privacy of which had not been invaded since the far-off days when the last human successor of the cave-bear discarded flint flakes and bone ornaments, and, exchanging his hill-side fastness for a cottage in the plain, became a tiller of the earth, instead of a hunter of beasts only a trifle more savage than himself. The nine caves of which Professor Römer describes the exploration in the volume before us are situated near the village of Ojcow (pronounced Oizoff), just within the Russian frontier, a few miles to the north-west of Cracow. They all occur in a white limestone of the oolitic formation—the prevailing rock of the district—which bounds the narrow valleys trending in a south-easterly direction towards the main valley of the Upper Vistula. The author admits that "the character of the caves is exactly like that of other caves in limestone rocks," and that they "more particularly resemble those of the Franconian oolite in the district of Streitberg and Muggendorf," which have yielded such wonderful rewards to their explorers; but, though the general result of the investigations of these caves may not present any novel features, we quite agree with him that it was well worth while to have undertaken it, as they are the most easterly of any European caves north of the Carpathians, and it is important to determine the conditions under which mammalian life was developed in all parts of the world where it is possible to study its evidences.

The caves began to be explored in 1872, for the purpose of removing the earth with which their floors were covered to the depth of several feet. It was expected that, as it was full of bones, it would form an excellent manure; but the expense of removal was too great, and the scheme was soon abandoned. In the course of the works a few bones and prehistoric flint implements were discovered and sent to Professor Römer, at whose instance the Royal Prussian Ministry of Instruction, and afterwards the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, granted funds for a thorough scientific investigation of the caves. So far as we can make out the history of the proceedings, the Professor first visited the caves in 1874; but matters moved so slowly that the grant of funds was not made until 1878. It is not, therefore, surprising that many valuable specimens had been lost in the interval, during which we may suppose that the removal of the earth for agricultural purposes was still going on; but it will hardly be credited that, even after two scientific bodies had taken the work under their imperial protection, it was conducted so carelessly that the author admits that it cannot be always positively stated from which bed in the caves the specimens found were taken. In all work in caves this is the most important point; for, as they were occupied successively by different inhabitants, whose remains lie in distinct and separate beds, it will be at once recognized that our knowledge of the relations of one set of occupants to another must depend on the exact notation of the objects discovered. One of the caves, however—that of Wierszchow, called Mammoth Cave, from the number of remains of that animal found in it—was fortunately explored with the greatest care between 1873 and 1879 by a private gentleman, Count Johan Zawisza, of Warsaw, who has recorded his observations separately in a series of papers contributed to various scientific journals. If we may assume that the condition of this particular cave did not differ essentially from that of the others near it, we are in a position to estimate with tolerable accuracy the value of the evidence obtained throughout the district.

In the most ancient times to which the investigations conduct us the caves were evidently the dens of bears (*Ursus spelæus*). If we take the largest of the caves—that of Jerzmanowice—as an example, we meet with the following account (p. 5):—

> The remains of this animal were by far the most abundant. Bones, skulls, and single teeth occur in all parts of the cave in great abundance, and in fact both in the upper and lower beds; they were most plentiful in the lower beds, at a depth of five metres. No perfect skeleton was ever found, but only single bones and skulls. The number of individual animals buried in the deposits of the cave is extraordinary, and may be reckoned by thousands. Although only a very small portion of the floor of the cave was excavated by us, yet the bears' canines collected by us formed a heap a foot high. Besides this, a very large number of teeth of this description must have been found and given away in the country by the labourers when digging the brown earth for manure; the regular form and shining smooth crown of the tooth must have attracted their attention. My belief is that we should not be far wrong in estimating the whole number of canines of the cave-bear found in the cavern as at least 4,000; so that, as each animal had four canines, this would make the number of individual bears 1,000. But, as only a third of the floor of the cave has been hitherto excavated, the whole number of animals ought to be reckoned much higher. We cannot, of course, imagine that so large a number of those animals lived at the same time in the cave, or even in the surrounding district; but there was doubtless a period of extraordinary length during which a long series of many succeeding generations of these animals lived in the cave, and, when they died, their remains were covered by the *debris* of the rock. If we could venture to imagine that, like recent bears, only one family could live at the same time in the cave, and that the lifetime of the cave-bear was of the same duration as that of the brown bear, to which it is so nearly allied, we should have some kind of data on which to found the length of the period when the cave was inhabited by bears.

The observations of Count Zawisza led to the same conclusion in the Mammoth Cave, where the remains of bears "were especially abundant in the lowest bed of the floor"; and the number of their bones found in the remaining caves renders it more than probable that their destination was the same. A remarkable fact was, however, established by the exploration of these caves, and more especially that of Jerzmanowice—namely, that man and the bear had certainly been co-existent. Bones of bears were found among those which had evidently been split for the purpose of extracting the marrow, and were charred by the

* *The Bone Caves of Ojcow, in Poland.* By Professor Dr. Ferd. Römer. Translated by John Edward Lee, F.G.S., F.S.A. London. 1884.

action of fire and mixed with charcoal and pieces of pottery; and "a bed of solid stalagmite lying several feet deep contained a vertebra of the cave-bear firmly imbedded, and also an undoubted flint implement made by human hands." It is probable therefore that after this cave had been occupied by many generations of bears it became a human habitation, and that its new inhabitants fed upon the bears which were still living in the neighbouring caves. Another proof of this was afforded by the cave of Kozarnia, which yielded a bear's tooth bored with a small hole, as though it had been worn as an ornament upon a string. The cave-hyæna (*Hyæna spelæa*), which was evidently so plentiful in other parts of Germany and in Britain, at what we may take to have been a corresponding period, was here extremely rare; and so was the great cat of the caves (*Felis spelæa*). On the other hand, important evidence occurred to show that the mammoth (*Elephas primigenius*) had been contemporary both with the bears and with man in this district. The now classical explorations of the cave at Gailenreuth in Franconia, of which Dean Buckland has left so graphic a description, attested the former fact; and the latter has been amply proved by the examination of various caves in France; but we believe that this is the first time that the two facts have been brought together in such close juxtaposition. Five of these caves yielded bones of the mammoth, and in one of them, that of Wierszchow, five contiguous vertebræ belonging to the same animal were found together. Professor Romer considers that this fact proves that "the whole body had been brought into the cave and buried there." We cannot accept this conclusion, but would rather suggest that the discovery proves that either man or the bears had brought what would have been a dainty morsel to either of them into the cave, and there eaten it at their leisure. There is nothing in the habits of the elephant to indicate a wish to retire into a cave at the approach of death; and no one would have been at the pains of deliberately burying an animal of such a stature. Moreover, a rib of a mammoth, one end of which had been worked into a handle, and numerous ornaments of ivory, were discovered; especially some curious staves a foot long, the destination of which is very perplexing, which were found in the cave of Wierszchow, associated with rough flint implements, and with bones of the reindeer wolf, and Polar fox. These may, of course, have been made out of tusks of animals which had died long before, discovered on the hill-side; but we think it is more likely that a race of hunters, such as these men must have been, would carve them, as trophies, out of the tusks of animals which they had themselves slain. The other animals whose bones are usually found together in caves were nearly all represented here, but their numbers appear to have been comparatively small. Of the rhinoceros only a few teeth and some single bones were discovered; of the elk there were bones and antlers in abundance; the reindeer and the urus (*Bos primigenius*) were both rare. It may be conjectured that all these animals had been killed, and their bones gnawed to pieces by the bears. The fragments would become gradually decomposed during the long period which must have elapsed since the bears were in existence, and help to form the bed of earth which first attracted explorers to the caves. We cannot agree with Professor Romer's theory that the discovery of a reindeer's antler attached to the skull proves that the animal died a violent death. Such a condition of the bone merely shows that the animal died at a time of year when the horn was attached to the skull.

The articles of human workmanship do not present any peculiarity. The most important of them are figured in the plates. There are flint flakes, flint knives, spindle-wheels of baked clay, boring instruments of bone, bone needles and arrow-heads, and various ornaments. It must not, however, be supposed that these are all of the same date or belonging to the same race; but, as in one of the caves a coin of Antoninus Pius and a bronze fibula were discovered, it may be presumed that the caves were used as places of sepulture down to historic times. The human skulls have been examined by Professor Virchow, who decides that none of them indicate a very remote antiquity, or a marked difference from those of the present inhabitants of the district.

MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE'S LIFE.*

MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE landed in India some ten years after Warren Hastings had left it, and he lived long enough to know that the Sepoy Mutiny was at an end. He had served in confidential positions under the Wellesleys, and some of his latest correspondence is taken up with the policy of Dalhousie and Canning and with the elements indispensable for a Council intended to fill the gap of the Court of Directors. His career in its main incidents is linked with the most remarkable diplomatic and military events that took place in Central India and in the Western Presidency between 1800 and 1818. His early years were passed at Benares in the Judicial Department; and then, by one of those fortunate chances of which young men of ability know how to avail themselves, he was brought down to Calcutta with the view of perfecting his knowledge of Oriental languages in the College of Fort William lately established by Lord Wellesley. But he was only a few months at the Presidency when he was transferred to the diplomatic service and acquired valuable experience at Poona and Hyderabad. Then he joined General Wellesley as a sort of political secretary in the field, and actually witnessed the engagements of Assaye and Argaum and the capture of Gawilghur. When not ten years in the service he was made Resident at Nagpore. In 1808 he was deputed on a special mission to Cabul, but it is important to note that he never reached the capital at all, or saw more of the Khyber Pass than its entrance. It is interesting to find in his journals the names of such places as Kohat, Hassan Abdal, Rawal Pindi, and others, then *sine nomine*, but now familiar to scores of civilians and military men. The envoy to Afghanistan next became the Resident at Poona. Here he detected native intrigues, anticipated Mahratta treachery, and may be said to have directed the movements of troops which resulted in our victory over the Peshwa at Kirkee. When the campaign against Mahrattas and Pindarries was followed by a large territorial increase to the Bombay Presidency, no one had a better claim, not even Sir John Malcolm, to the post of Governor. In that capacity he remained for eight years, controlling our relations with native States of which he knew everything, and supervising Settlements of which he knew little or nothing, but leaving behind him the reputation of a wise, paternal, and far-sighted administrator. At the close of 1827 he left India, never to return to the East again, though he was once offered the post of Minister at Teheran, and twice that of Governor-General of India. The remaining thirty years of his life at home were passed in travel, in society, in the pursuit of literature, and in the production of his well-known *History of India*. For Parliament he thought himself unfitted; but he was more than once consulted on important Indian questions.

The above is a summary of a political career which deserved a biographer from its mere connexion with the splendid feats of English captains and with the collapse of native thrones. If Elphinstone had been no more of an administrator than old Sir Colin, Lord Clyde, or if his idea of the Balance of Power had been taken from Sir John Shore, some record of his adventures, his diplomatic skill, his hairbreadth escapes, his appreciation of native character, would have been perfectly justifiable. But there is so much of political wisdom and warning in his minutes and journals; his training and qualifications were so peculiar; his readiness in emergencies so conspicuous; and his forecast of the perils and contingencies of Indian administration so clear, that the gallery of national portraits would have remained incomplete had it not been for the labours of Sir Edward Colebrooke. A memoir of Elphinstone's life and services had already been published in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society in 1861. But, not to say that he was distinguished as a politician rather than a Pundit, the biographer has since had access to more copious and valuable materials than when he wrote his first sketch. A very wise discretion has been shown in dealing with a "large collection" of "private correspondence" arranged and docketed, but clearly never intended for publication. Such letters have not even been opened by the editor, and will not in this generation at least ever be seen by the public. There is quite enough in the journal and the despatches to satisfy all legitimate curiosity. And we are spared anything that might offend the living or cast a slur on the dead. In all other respects Sir E. Colebrooke has discharged what has doubtless been a pleasure as well as a duty, with excellent judgment and perfect taste. The labour of deciphering the manuscripts could not have been slight. Many Indian statesman have been excellent penmen. Lord Canning's was a fine bold hand. Lord Lawrence's character might be read in his handwriting. It was occasionally rough, but always legible, firm, and distinct. Lord Dalhousie's longest minutes hardly contain an erasure and are as beautiful as copper-plate. But Mountstuart Elphinstone would never have made his livelihood as a copyist, or in Anglo-Indian phraseology, as a section-writer. Even his English was a scrawl, and though his classical quotations are accurate, his scraps of Persian, whether based on Gilchrist's plan of spelling or his own, were not always consistent. Some valuable aid has been afforded to the biographer by competent Oriental scholars and Indian experts, and Sir Edward Colebrooke had himself the advantage of an early training in the Bengal Civil Service at Allahabad. But he may thank us for pointing out some errors and suggesting some explanation of doubtful words and places. "The Mount" is a familiar term for St. Thomas's Mount, near Madras. *Jomanes* for *Jumna*, *Gore* for the *Gaur* or Bison, *Glab* for *Gharáb* an Arab vessel, *Kaukee* for *Kaukoon* a Mahratta clerk or inferior revenue officer, *Kanir* for the *Kaira* district, and a few others are obvious mistakes owing to the printer or to Elphinstone himself. A *Cherry Fouj* is rather a puzzle. *Fouj* is, of course, an army, and *Cherry* may be meant for *Chaoni*, the cantonment. By a Zillah *Reyship* is obviously meant a Zillah or Civil and Sessions *Judgeship*. Sir John Kaye is spoken of by the Editor throughout as Sir W. Kaye. And the Judge of the Supreme Court at Bombay, who came into collision with that Government and was denounced by Lord Ellenborough then President of the Board of Control, as "the Wild Elephant between two tame ones," was the late Sir J. P. Grant. There was a Sir R. Grant at Bombay, but he was the brother of Lord Glenelg, and was sent out afterwards as Governor and not as Judge. *Russa* seems to have perplexed the biographer, but we have no doubt that Elphinstone meant Russapagla, south of Alipore near Calcutta. In the last century it was often the residence of Anglo-Indians who preferred a country house with a large garden and groves of trees to a mansion near Tank Square or on the Esplanade. Subsequently

* *Life of the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone.* By Sir T. E. Colebrooke, Bart., M.P. 2 vols. With Portraits and Maps. London: John Murray. 1884.

for years it was the seat of Prince Ghulam Mahommed, the son of Tippoo, and his tribe of nephews and grandnephews.

Readers, whether familiar or not with the outlines of Indian history for the first thirty years of this century, ought to find in Elphinstone's letters and journals an unfailing source of delight. We scarcely remember any public man who read so much without allowing literature to usurp the place of politics. Macaulay and Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and one or two others, are not quite in point. They were men of letters rather than statesmen. Elphinstone was a politician of the highest rank. In action he was resolute, prompt, and decisive. His conjectures and warnings were often sound and sometimes prophetic. Native character and its good and bad qualities he had gauged accurately. Yet he was always turning to his books for refreshment and consolation. In spite of imperfect early training at the High School of Edinburgh, and at a school in Kensington of "some repute," he managed to become a very fair classical scholar. He was a proficient in more than one Eastern language, and his Persian quotations are invariably pointed and apt. It is amusing to find in his letters to his friend Strachey how he flies from Oriental intrigues to classic studies; from hawking and hog-hunting to Thucydides and Tyrtæus; from Bernier's Travels to Babur's Memoirs: from Blacker's Mahratta War to Jain inscriptions; and from Trimbakji Danglia who assassinated Gungadhar Shastri, to apply a sentence from Xenophon's Hellenics to the downfall of Buonaparte. No wonder that when he gave up the Government of Bombay he spent more than a year on what was then hardly known as the Overland route, felt the scholar's emotion at the sight of Athens and Ithaca, and visited the birthplace of Ovid and the scene of Hannibal's greatest victory.

It may be conceded without any disparagement to him, that Elphinstone failed in his mission to Cabul. In the first place, as we have mentioned, he never got there at all. And in the second he could not convince the Afghan Wali and his Sirdars that an English alliance or treaty was worth having. But his account of the court of Shah Shujah, of the limited power of the ruler, of the rival factions, and of the independence of the remoter clans, would fit the state of the country at this hour; while it is remarkable that in 1808 he contended that "to defend Afghanistan against an invasion from the west, it was essential that we should come in as allies, and not as conquerors." The late Lord Ellenborough was fully justified in asserting that, had Elphinstone gone to India as Governor-General instead of Lord Auckland, we should have had no Afghan War and no Cabul disaster. We doubt whether Elphinstone fully appreciated the soundness of all Lord Dalhousie's splendid measures, but in 1816 he clearly foresaw the necessity of "establishing an ascendency over the whole of India," and he was disinclined to have all the "odium without the energy of a conquering people, and all the responsibility of an extensive empire, without its resources or its military advantages." Others, in many ways inferior to Elphinstone, have either misapprehended or scoffed at the doctrine of the Paramount Power. But it is our true policy for India, and Lord Canning's mixture of control and conciliation to lesser chiefs was only possible because Lord Dalhousie had conquered or annexed the greater States. Readers familiar with the early experiences of Munro in Madras and of Lawrence in Upper India will not fail to detect in Elphinstone a want of experience of such tough questions as Revenue, Settlements, and Rent. He himself was quite conscious of this omission in his career. He had been reared as a diplomatist and not as a district officer. More than once he laments his possible inability to grapple with the details of civil government. A good deal of this anxiety was needless. But it led him to put the cart before the horse, when he was contemplating the pacification of the Provinces taken from the Peshwa after the war of 1817. In administering a ceded or conquered province, he says truly that the two main points are the "manner of administering justice, and the rights to be recognized in the different classes, including the Government, entitled to share in the produce of the soil. The first of these is the most important of the duties of the Government." And then he goes on to talk of codes and institutions, native Punchayats, and Hindu law. Had he served for a cold season in tents with Munro he would have exactly reversed the above order of duties. Things go on when justice is administered with venality and oppression, and villagers may be left to settle their own feuds by arbitration or the stick and spear; but the first and paramount duty of the conqueror is to say when, how, and to whom the Government land-tax or revenue is to be paid. Other reforms can wait. Nothing will be done until the new master has informed the agricultural community whether they are to cultivate their fields and to pay their dues under a Zemindary, a Ryotwary, or a village coparcenary system. But we do not blame Elphinstone for not adding to his political experience that of Thomason or R. M. Bird. And here, by the way, one of Sir E. Colebrooke's coadjutors has failed to give him the right rendering of such a phrase as *dustoor-al-Amal*. In a footnote we are told it is "instruction." It is something much more, being the rough-and-ready set of rules for the conduct of business—judicial, police, or revenue—which precede the compilation and issue of a regular and formal Code.

It will never do for advanced thinkers to reckon on Elphinstone when they wish to sweep away anomalies and invidious distinctions. He was sadly behind the Ripon and Ilbert age. When the territories of the Peshwa were annexed and became "Regulation Provinces," it was found that a set of chiefs known as the Sirdars of the Deccan were perfectly horrified at the prospect of being placed under the ordinary courts of law. To please and pacify them, a special officer was appointed to decide their disputes, and in the case of the highest chiefs an appeal was given them to the Governor of Bombay in Council. With the lesser potentates an appeal lay to the old Sudder Court at Bombay, but the jurisdiction of the local Civil Courts in all cases was barred. Sir E. Colebrooke may find some little difficulty in making it clear to his Liberal friends and supporters that this privilege, so far from being "invidious," "offensive," or "inconvenient," was, as he shows to us, universally popular and was accepted as a boon by all classes. But we fear much that Elphinstone would have thought the English merchant at this day as fully entitled to exceptional consideration as any Mahratta chief in 1818.

When in the fulness of his powers he surveyed an empire at peace, as it was between 1818 and 1838 with the exception of the campaigns in Burma and Coorg, the real dangers did not escape his keen glance. He was for keeping up such States as Mysore and Gwalior, if they behaved themselves decently, but he foresaw trouble if some dashing leader ever gathered a predatory host round his standard; and a few pages further on we have this significant warning:—"If our Indian Empire escapes the Russians and other foreign attacks, I think the seeds of its ruin may be found in the native army, a delicate and dangerous machine, which a little mismanagement may easily turn against us." The ability of natives to govern themselves he put at an "immeasurable distance"; and he was fully aware of the dangers and difficulties of any so-called colonization or settlement by Englishmen. But, while he deprecated a rush of English adventurers who would offend native prejudice and monopolize native employment, and while he rated rather too highly the state of the country under the old Mahratta rule, he had no hesitation in resorting to the sternest measures when British supremacy was threatened. Certain conspirators who would have murdered Englishmen at Poona and surprised local fortresses were summarily tried and blown from guns. And Elphinstone scorned to ask for an indemnity when he had only done his duty. Though, as we have shown, he was no Revenue officer, his remarks on the Cornwallis policy have a special value at this time. He was not democratic enough to insist on a Ryotwary system. He was for keeping up an aristocracy whether made up of Heads of villages or Heads of Zemindaries, but he would have defined and defended the rights and privileges of these classes as well as the "opposite rights" of the tenants. In fact, there are very few points which he did not handle with an acute perception of their immediate and eventual bearing on the permanence of our administration and the contentment of the community. The gradual employment of natives in positions of trust and responsibility; education in all its branches; the claims of the classical languages of the East and of European science; the retention in our own hands of military and political power; the difficulties of an unfettered press; the danger of acquiring territories beyond India Proper; the preparation of a code of law, and the deciphering of ancient inscriptions—on all these subjects Elphinstone, if not absolutely convincing, is full of leading and light. By way of attaching natives to our rule he suggests endowing them with lands as well as pensions. Under proper financial and administrative safeguards, a grant of lands at a quit rent, say for thrice ninety-nine years, to meritorious Rajas or eminent public servants, might be well worth a trial. It is far better than hoisting Young India into Commissionerships or flooding the Civil Service with Chettys and Modeliars from Madras, Cursetjees and Muckatjees from Bombay, and Ghose, Bose, and Mittra from Bengal. Elphinstone's character is outlined and sketched rather than coloured by his biographer. A portrait, a statue, and a College, to this day attest the gratitude of a past generation for eminent services in council and in camp. Ancestors of the house of Elphinstone fought at Flodden and at Pinkie and filled with credit high offices of State. Their reputation will certainly not suffer by the talents and character of more than one of their name displayed in an Empire which Scotchmen have done so much to create and maintain.

PRACTICAL GAME PRESERVING.*

THE sportsman opens such a book as this with mingled sensations. How much longer, in an age of confiscation, will the preservation of game be permitted, and how long will game survive the repeal of the law by which it is protected? There is too much reason to apprehend the day when what is now known as trespass will be a thing of the past (the attack has already been made in Scotland), when the landowner, if he be permitted to retain any interest in what had been once regarded as his own, will not be allowed to exclude the sovereign people from the parks and coverts. Who can say that the time will not come when holiday-makers will be at liberty to hire guns and to shoot what and where they please? That they would do more mischief to themselves and their companions than to the partridges and pheasants is highly probable, and this reflection will not grieve believers in the rights of property. We fear that Mr. Carnegie's book is born out of due season, but can only hope that honesty will linger in the land for a few years more, and that the valuable

* *Practical Game Preserving; containing the Fullest Directions for Rearing and Preserving both Winged and Ground Game, and Destroying Vermin; with other Information of Value to the Game Preserver.* By William Carnegie ("Moorman"). Illustrated. London: L. Upcott Gill. 1884.

hints contained in the volume will have good results. We have one ground of complaint against Mr. Carnegie, and will get it over at once. He constantly dwells on the necessity for good feeling among neighbours, and between masters and dependents on estates, and here we are warmly with him; but in one particular the author recommends, and announces that he practises, a course of action which is assuredly not calculated to make a man popular in his neighbourhood or to promote that good feeling the extension of which he professes to seek. On the question of foxes Mr. Carnegie gives currency to views which we are glad to know are not shared by many country gentlemen, even when they are keen game-preservers—men, that is to say, who shoot, but do not hunt. "Some, we know, want both pheasants and foxes," the author writes, "and these should have their wish; but what we see no reason for is the preservation of foxes by those who never take part nor interest in the hunt. . . . Why should we dwellers in hunting countries be compelled to foster, or appear to foster, the vermin whose existence in our coverts we most dread, or whose entrance into our poultry-house is most destructive? For our part, we fail to see a conclusive reason; and when we catch a fox, that fox either goes to a distant part of the country, from which it may be no easy task to return, or is despatched to a 'happy hunting-ground,' the entrance to which is through a noose of cord." If Mr. Carnegie "fails to see a conclusive reason" by the light of nature, he will probably fail to recognize it when it is pointed out to him; but the reason nevertheless exists, and it is directly connected with generosity, unselfishness, and the desire to promote the amusement of others which does so much to establish that good feeling concerning which the author is eloquent. We know equally well the annoyance of finding no birds where there has been good reason to expect a good show, and of drawing covert after covert blank; but whereas in one case we share our disappointment with two or three friends, in the other case a hundred men or more are deprived of their sport. If foxes are troublesome in a hunting country, a note to that effect sent to the nearest M. F. H. will receive prompt attention; and it must be furthermore insisted upon that many sins are laid to the fox's charge of which he is not guilty. We do not mean to say that he has not a taste for game, and that he will not save himself the trouble of hunting a rabbit, which he much prefers if it comes in his way, by snapping up an incautious pheasant; but it is certain that the fox is very frequently suspected of destruction which is committed by stoats, weasels, cats, polecats, birds, or by human agency. The fox is a standing excuse with the lazy, dishonest, or incompetent keeper, while the ravages committed by other vermin, notably perhaps by the stoat, are generally under-estimated. He and his loathsome congeners kill for killing's sake, and they are so wary and so numerous that, unless battle be unceasingly and most vigorously waged against them, they multiply in a marvellous manner, and game suffers correspondingly. If at the same time a keeper whose preserves are infested with the smaller vermin be careless in the matter of poachers, if it be within his conscience to help himself, or to let his friends help themselves, to a few birds now and again, a man finds about a tithe of the game that should be found; and the keeper vows and maintains that the foxes are alone to blame. We remember on one occasion, when the chicks were running about, congratulating a keeper on his show of birds, and being told that he had lost forty-five since the day before. Their heads had been bitten off in every case, and of course it was those "foxes that master would have." We felt certain that foxes were not guilty, and suggested to the keeper that he should watch the run. He did so, and at length observed his mistress's dachshund trotting towards the place. The little brute suddenly turned aside, and snapped off a chick's head. He had killed four or five before he could be stopped, and was undoubtedly the culprit. Mr. Carnegie is too well acquainted with country life not to know all this perfectly well, and let us do him the justice to say that in the chapter on "Fox Preservation" he writes in the strain that might be expected from a country gentleman. Chapter xxxvi. and chapter xlix. are contradictory in tone, and we should have liked the book much better if the passages we have quoted from the former, and a few others, had not been written.

The author begins—we have been forced to unburden our minds on the fox and bird question first of all—with chapters on the natural history, the breeding, rearing, maintenance, and increase of pheasants; and he at once succeeds in making it clear that he has a sound and comprehensive practical knowledge of his subject. All that he says points chiefly to the urgent necessity of finding a really good keeper, but there is nothing superfluous in his remarks, as it is his object to instruct readers how to become competent amateur keepers themselves. Of the prepared pheasant foods for young birds he speaks coldly, though he suggests the use of two or three manufactures "as an occasional change." We distrust all these preparations, believing that ample variety of food can be easily obtained without having recourse to any of them; and if no prepared food is used, a man knows precisely what the birds have to eat. All that Mr. Carnegie says of the necessity for cleanliness in the vessels out of which the young pheasants feed, of the dangers of foul water, and the risks that arise from standing coops in damp places will, if his instructions are followed, make a considerable difference to the entries in the game-book at the end of the season, supposing always that men shoot straight. There are few poachers' devices with which the author does not show an intimate acquaintance, and he insists upon this axiom, which cannot be insisted on too strongly, "To destroy vermin is to preserve game; if you don't do the one, you can't the other." With regard to partridges, as a rule—a very general rule—the assertion is correct that "where partridges already are they can be increased, and an occasional covey or two in a given locality may always be taken as a proof that it is a suitable one whereon to attempt their introduction." Yet we know districts where the occasional covey is to be found, and yet all attempts to provide good sport in September are disheartening failures. The partridge has many enemies. Vermin, ground and winged, are sources of danger. During the nesting season it is easy for the dishonest labourer to steal eggs, or for the malicious one to set his foot in a nest. Wet weather, want of warmth, and sometimes of food, are fatal to innumerable chicks. Mr. Carnegie very properly dwells on the need of beating clover and meadow-grass, so that the position of nests may be ascertained, and when the fields are mown they may be spared. Of grouse disease the author has little that is new to say. The remark is very pertinent, however, that "over-preservation includes over-stocking and bad food." As an illustration of the dog's sagacity in the demoralizing profession of poacher, the following description of the proceedings of a lurcher, an old sheep dog, or an unbroken pointer, as it happens, may be quoted:—

> We will suppose that we have arrived at the gate of a field opening out on the road or avenue leading up to the house; in this field there are several hares, either still feeding or retired to their forms for the night; the evening is fine, a heavy mist is rising, and it is just getting as dark as it ever becomes on a fine summer night. The gate is carefully opened and put back, and one of the men produces from his inside pocket a large net, which he proceeds to extend across the gateway, making the lower part lie on the ground about six inches, on the side next the field. The other now brings forward the dog, which, in the uncertain light, seems to be of no breed at all, or of every breed combined. As soon as the net is ready a sign is made to the dog, and off he goes. Meanwhile the men crouch on each side of the gate, one inside and the other outside the field. Now let us endeavour to follow with our eyes this intelligent dog; making a start, he goes off at a gentle, silent trot, keeping about 5 yds. out from the hedge and working in zig-zag form round the field. Having found nothing by the time he returns to the gate, he turns and goes back, keeping this time about 15 yds. out from the hedge, but still working in a zig-zag. This he continues to do, covering all the ground that he has passed until at length a hare is found. It is then that we see the wonderful sagacity of the animal, that is if it be not too dark. Let us mark him closely: he approaches the hare, until at length with a bound he puts it up. No vain endeavour is made by the dog to catch the hare; no! all that he has to do is to drive it to the net, and prevent it from escaping at any other point of the field. First he is on one side of the hare and then on the other, until at length, after turning her several times, he considers that she may be chased into the net. Being now tired of trying to escape by the hedges, she notices that the gate is open, and accordingly makes a rush for it, but just as she goes to leave the field some invisible substance bars her further progress, two of her long-legged enemies jump up, and before she has time to give one cry, poor puss is caught, seized by the hind legs, and then "does not remember anything more." A look round is made to see if all be right, and the dog starts once more. Again a hare is found, but this one is more determined to escape than the other, for she has some faint notion that all is not as it should be, and she accordingly makes headlong for the hedge. In vain our dog tries to turn her, but in vain does she try to get to the hedge. Why? because "Jeup" keeps edging her gradually parallel with it until at last she sees no chance but the gate, and an unhappy chance she has there.

The author has collected much information about ground vermin, the polecat, the stoat (which, as he points out, is the veritable ermine, a fact not generally recognized), the weasel, the martens, and the wild cat. That stoats and weasels have a habit of hunting in small packs is mentioned. A record that as many as fifteen stoats have been observed in one pack is quoted, but the authority is not given. The author of *The Gamekeeper at Home*, however, observes that stoats "hunt in couples, seldom in larger numbers." Mr. Jefferies had seen three, and thought it exceptional; but he once saw five weasels in a pack, and heard of eight. We never happened to see more than a couple of either stoats or weasels; but Mr. Carnegie relates how he once came across three stoats in a state of great excitement on the branch of a tree, while four more were on the ground, a squirrel on the highest part of the tree being the cause of their animation. The best ways to capture these offensive little brutes are fully described, and the peculiarities of many traps are explained. With Mr. Carnegie's views on traps we are in the most hearty accord:—

> As trapping animals is beset in itself with a certain amount of cruelty [he says], such care as may be necessary to lessen the pain caused is well expended, while carelessness is . . quite unpardonable. We once saw a fox which, after having dragged about a trap for nearly a week, had laid down to die of starvation and disease, virulent mange having followed the loss of food and exercise to which it had been subjected.

It is strange that any one who has ever heard the pitiful cries of a trapped hare can set another gin. It is most melancholy to think of the hare, the rabbit, or even the fox, with all his felonies on his head, struggling or lying for hours—in the case quoted it was for days—in agony and terror. The very least that can be done, if humanity be considered, is to use some of the "mitigated" traps—as few of them as possible—and to visit them frequently. We are speaking in this connexion rather with regard to hares and rabbits than to vermin, as to which there are difficulties which we cannot at this moment pause to consider. The latter, the badger—a creature with some very gentlemanlike instincts, by the way—and the tribes of winged vermin, ravens, crows, jays, magpies, and hawks have full attention paid to them. Rooks and wood-pigeons are also included in a very liberal definition of vermin, with which we should not have been inclined to class either. Amongst other subjects discussed is the question how foxes hunt, and the author says there has been some argument as to whether they do so by

sight or by smell. There surely need have been no argument about this, as it is certain the fox utilizes not only his eyes and his nose, but his ears in addition.

The book is described as "illustrated," but the illustrations merely consist of a few diagrams of traps, with plans of hatching-houses, a fox earth, and suchlike designs, which scarcely come under the head of what is understood as illustration. The sketches, however, are serviceable in their way. On the whole, although we regret to find that Mr. Carnegie is not sound on the question of his neighbour's fox, *Practical Game Preserving* is a book which may be studied with great advantage by every resident in the country. Few who have an interest in sport will fail to derive instruction from its pages, for the author is an exceedingly shrewd observer. Those who are in no way sportsmen, and have not an intimate acquaintance with country life, will gain a knowledge of the habits of the birds and beasts around them which will add a new pleasure to their rambles in the fields and woods.

CHURCH'S BACON.*

DEAN CHURCH'S treatment of Bacon shows with curious exactness how much Mr. Spedding's lifelong work has effected, and how far it still is from having produced its full effect. Macaulay's glittering antitheses and commonplace indignation are indeed for ever discredited. We have learned that Bacon as a statesman is not to be judged from the point of view of the Reform Bill, nor Bacon as a philosopher from the point of view of the Learned Friend and the Useful Knowledge Society. Macaulay put himself at exactly the wrong point of view for both purposes, and brought out results which were not only erroneous in detail—such things can always be set right, and perhaps Mr. Spedding laid too much weight on some of them—but fundamentally perverse. It is no longer possible for a scholar like the Dean of St. Paul's to follow Macaulay as an authority for Bacon's life. The *Edinburgh* Reviewer's indictment has been conclusively shown to be bad in substance and in form. But the refutation has not yet sunk into men's minds. A cloud of suspicion and prejudice remains, and the prevailing opinion, even among competent people, seems to be that where there has been so much smoke, and for so long, there must be real fire.

So it is that Dean Church's estimate of Bacon, though a very different thing from Macaulay's, is, in its result, as a whole nearer to Macaulay than to Spedding. Bacon's life, we are told, was a poor life. He was not true to what he knew; he cringed, he sold himself, he shut his eyes to evil. His character had the deep and fatal flaw that he was a pleaser of men. All this reads very well; it is an excellent setting forth of the legendary Bacon, much more delicately touched than Macaulay's monster. The only drawback is that it does not apply to the real Bacon as shown in his authentic words and acts. The legendary Bacon cringed. The real Bacon addressed persons of high rank in the language which in his age was required as a matter of common courtesy. The legendary Bacon sold himself. The real Bacon thought it better to serve his country with and even under men inferior to himself than not to serve it at all. The legendary Bacon was a pleaser of men. The real Bacon knew very well the arts which pleasers of men cultivate; one need only open the "Essays" to be sure of that. But in his own person either he tried to please men and failed (which does not look probable in a man of his capacity), or he preferred something else to pleasing them. Certain it is that for the best years of his life he pleased great men, on the whole, rather ill than well. The slowness of his promotion is notorious and common ground. What has the Dean of St. Paul's to give by way of explanation? Only a series of speculative questions.

The crucial point in Bacon's career, with regard to his character, is no doubt the fall of Essex. And whether Essex entered on the fatal Irish expedition with Bacon's encouragement or against his warning is a matter of some importance in the events leading up to the catastrophe. The Dean of St. Paul's thinks that Bacon deceived himself, if not others, in after years, when he maintained that he had disliked that enterprise and warned Essex of its dangers. At the time, he says, "Bacon wrote only in the language of sanguine hope." This refers to the "Letter of Advice to my Lord of Essex, immediately before his going into Ireland." We can only say that the language is of hope indeed, but to our mind nothing like sanguine hope, and that the general colour of the letter is to us that of grave anxiety. Remembering that the expedition was then finally decided upon, and that Bacon was not in a position to speak to Essex as an equal, much less a preceptor, we fail to see what stronger warning he could have given. The time for dissuasion was past. All that could be done was to indicate the chances and the perils, the just path of honour to be followed and the false path of ambition to be shunned. And this Bacon did with perfect sincerity. He told Essex that the opportunity was one of splendid promise for the retrieving of fame and fortune, if rightly used. And surely this was true. But he feared, and did not conceal the fear from Essex himself, that it would be used no better than former opportunities. And the fear was only too well grounded. Then we have the question of Bacon's conduct in the proceedings against Essex afterwards. The Dean of St. Paul's hardly disputes that it was in itself dignified and moderate. But Bacon, it is said, ought to have refused to appear against Essex. In whose interest? It would have ruined Bacon, without doing Essex any good. Nay more, the conclusion of Bacon's first speech looks very much as if, until the last moment, he were doing what he could to hold out to Essex a way of safety, or, at any rate, a possibility. "Methinks it were best for you to confess, not to justify." So it would have been, and to say it then and there was the best thing Bacon could do for Essex. These words are, in truth, the keynote of the whole speech. If even then Essex had frankly thrown himself on the Queen's mercy it might not have been too late. There was still a slender chance that Bacon, as an independent and trusted public servant, might have some influence in saving Essex from the extreme consequences of his unwisdom. It may have been a better one than we can now know. In any case, Bacon, if he had not "sacrificed his friend and his own honour," as Dean Church calls it—in other words, if he had made himself the discredited and powerless partisan of an avowed rebel—would have thrown away the last chance, better or worse, of shielding his friend in any way. It was Essex who ruined his own cause at every stage. Not that Bacon was of the stuff that martyrs or leaders of revolutions are made of. A man of that stamp would have acted differently, though it is by no means clear that his action would have been better; but then such a man could not have been a public servant in the England of Elizabeth at all.

We have nothing to say against the treatment of Bacon's philosophical work. The Dean of St. Paul's is there in a more congenial element. But it is curious how much discussion there is about the nature and extent of Bacon's influence on the scientific advance of the seventeenth century, and how little trouble has been taken to ascertain what the men of science thought of it themselves. It is worth knowing that such masters as Descartes and Huygens really studied Bacon, and, widely as their practical experience often compelled them to differ from him, differed with respect. Christian Huygens wrote thus in 1687 concerning the future of the problems of physics (his purpose was to moderate the sanguine expectations of his correspondent Tschirnhausen):—"In quibus ego tamen summam difficultatem restare existimo, nec aliter eam superari posse quam ab experimentis incipiendo . . . deinde hypotheses quasdam comminiscendo ad quas experimenta expendantur; qua in re egregia mihi videtur Verulamii methodus, et quæ amplius excoli mereatur." He adds, with a light but sure hand, the important qualification which the knowledge of later generations has confirmed to the full:—"Sed ita quoque permagnus labor superest, *nec solum sagacitate insigni opus, sed sæpe et felicitate aliqua.*"

* *Bacon.* By R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's, Honorary Fellow of Oriel College. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884. ("English Men of Letters" Series.)

RECENT VERSE AND TRANSLATIONS.*

COLLECTIONS of English poetry are already so numerous that it might be thought there was no demand for more. There exists in America, however, a very genuine interest in our poetry, and the volumes of *English Verse*, edited by Messrs. W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard, though published here, are apparently issued from New York and intended for a young and susceptible people. It is a defect in their editing that they are prefaced by no statement of aim or standard of excellence by which the whole collection may be judged, such as Mr. Palgrave sets forth in his admirable *Golden Treasury*. The selections from early English poetry evince considerable research and excellent taste; but the excessive representation of contemporary verse is as extraordinary as the editors' neglect of eighteenth-century poetry. Mr. Stoddard's introductory essays are occasionally agreeable and even picturesque, but his criticism is without distinction and often unhappy, as when he says, "No reader of English verse need be told that every Elizabethan poet of note except Spenser was a writer of lyrics," as if the author of the *Four Hymns* and the *Epithalamion* was no lyrist. He is habitually unjust to Dryden. His remarks on the influence of the Restoration are entirely misleading; it is not merely vague, but inaccurate, to speak of "the Restoration which turned the grandest drama in the world into opera, the blank verse of Shakspeare into the rhyming couplets of Dryden." Mr. Stoddard's observations on the anomalous position of Gray's

* *English Verse.* Edited by W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard. 5 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

Poetry of Modern Greece. Translated by Florence M'Pherson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

Plays from English History. By Charles Grindod. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

The Stranger's Story; and his Poem, "The Lament of Love." By Charles Grindod. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Anima Christi. By J. S. Fletcher. Bradford: Fletcher & Co. 1884.

Ilaria; and other Poems. By Ernle S. W. Johnson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

The Lily of the Lyn; and other Poems. By H. J. Skinner. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

Four Pictures from a Life; and other Poems. By the Hon. Mrs. O. N Knox. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

Under a Fool's Cap. By Daniel Henry, junior. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

Select Poems of Catullus. Translated by Arthur P. Howell. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co.

The Alcestis of Euripides. Translated by H. B. L. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1884.

Cabal and Love. By F. von Schiller. Translated by T. C. Wilkinson. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1884.

Elegy and the more striking and reactionary instance of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, would have acquired some force if he had not omitted to make in connexion with them any reference to the far more phenomenal Rowley poems; this would also have effectually corrected his view of our eighteenth-century poetry being an imitation of the topiarian art of Boileau. He actually speaks elsewhere of "the dearth of good contemporary poetry in the seventh decade of the eighteenth century," thus ignoring that pregnant epoch which produced the sublime ode in *Goddwyn* and the exquisite lyrical faculty of Chatterton. In the volume of *Dramatic Scenes* the reader passes from Shirley to Landor without a single scene from the characteristic Restoration drama, which Mr. Stoddard regards as a distortion of the Elizabethan drama, instead of a novel growth of peculiar originality. When such poor stuff as Keats's *King Stephen* is considered worthy of association with the Elizabethan drama, we might reasonably expect a scene from Dryden's *All for Love* or *Aurengzebe*. It is difficult, too, to appreciate the editorial subtlety that admits Landor's *Dialogues in Verse*, which their author considered closet plays, and rejects works of such genuine dramatic power as Coleridge's *Remorse* and Byron's *Sardanapalus* and *Werner*. When, however, the volume of *Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century* is considered, the aims of the editors are very forcibly divulged. A large portion of this volume of *English Verse* is occupied by American verse, and, with a strong protest against this strained interpretation of the title, we think it would have been well if some frank indication of the contents had appeared on the title-page. We cannot detect in the majority of the numerous extracts from more than thirty American poets the slightest justification for their publication. It is of course very pleasant to be associated in a century anthology with such lyrists as Shelley and Coleridge, and such Americans as Poe and Longfellow and Whittier; but these agreeable diversions should be confined to the private press of a provincial coterie and not be permitted to mar the continuity and representative character of a series which includes volumes of such genuine value as the *Chaucer to Burns* and the *Ballads and Romances*.

It is perhaps owing to the decay of the Byronic legend that the wealth of modern Greek poetry has attracted so little attention in this country, and Miss M'Pherson's pretty volume, which reflects so much of "the glory that was Greece," should remedy a most unmerited neglect. The beauty and glowing inspiration of many of the poems by writers of the present century are strikingly displayed in these translations, which are scarcely less eloquent of the genius of the originals than the skill and poetic gifts of the translator. If the difficulties of poetic translation appeared insuperable to so accomplished a poet as Shelley, the excellence of much of Miss M'Pherson's work shows she possesses something beyond the mere linguistic qualification. The beautiful "Death Song" of Valaóritès, the extracts from *Kyra Phrosyné* and *Euthymios Vlachavas*, and the spirited version, "Demos and his Musket," successfully reproduce the delicate fancy and patriotic ardour of the Leucadian poet. The translations from living poets, such as Mr. Rhangabès, Mr. Achilles Paraschos, and Dr. Aphentoulès, are full of interest; the extract from the Τὰ Κρητικὰ of the latter poet admirably expresses the spirit that animated the Cretans of 1866. In addition to specimens of Solomos, Zalakostas, and others who gave brilliant lyrical expression to the enthusiasm of War of Independence, the volume contains examples of the older popular ballads which are so full of touching lament, so richly compacted of folk-lore, and so deeply imbued with the primitive attributes of poetry.

Although there have been educational reformers who would lure unwilling youth into the rigid paths of Hume by advocating the early study of Shakspeare's historical plays, the expedient is of doubtful value. History is seldom attractive in the garb of poetry or fiction, and nothing less than genius of a high order can render its dramatic presentment tolerable or profitable; even in Shakspeare it is the poetry and humour and pathos that delight, and not the historical transcript. Lear and Othello are not less, but rather more highly endowed with actuality than are the historical Richard II. and Henry V. Mr. Grindod has dramatized a considerable portion of English history with too little attention to characterization. To read one of his plays is to make the acquaintance of all; the persons of the drama are not boldly projected in the stirring atmosphere of their times; they are deficient in colour and force, and speak one language; one king is much like another; Mortimer is own brother to Montfort, and the sole exception to this monotony is the sketch of James I., the distinction of which is, however, very superficial.

The sixty spurious sonnets which were so romantically entrusted to Mr. Grindod by the Stranger of Malvern Hills were written, according to the author, "All at once, at the dull height of my grief," which perhaps accounts for their dreary sameness, in which particular they strangely resemble Mr. Grindod's plays. They illustrate the danger to the amatory poet of dallying with the hour of inspiration; passion dies, and with it the poetic afflatus, and there is nothing left but the dull height of grief, which is apparently more fatal to eloquence than the marsh of stupor, and far less inspiring than the depths whence often have arisen divinely-attuned *suspiria*.

Anima Christi portrays the passage of a soul from the material assurance of Agnosticism into the bosom of the Church through the interposition of the *ewigweibliche* influence. A certain rude vigour distinguishes the expression of the Agnostic's gradually awakened doubts; but the poetic conception is treated with too little subtlety. The poem is coarse and rough in execution; there is much strenuous wailing, yet the infinite longings of a soul in pain are but faintly delineated; the conversion is too melodramatic, and the final state of ecstasy occasionally suggests mental prostration rather than the pure and delicate exaltation of the regenerate spirit. This result is due to deficient refinement and finish, and a want of skill in harmonizing the three phases of experience depicted; the verse, too, is not free from terribly prosaic lapses, that shock the sensitive ear not less than the defective unity of the poem offends the artistic sense. Mr. Fletcher's conception is, however, worthy of realization; and his work contains sufficient indications of the poetic faculty to make us hope he may attain to more adequate and perfect fulfilment of future conceptions.

Daria is a romantic tale, prettily told, of a noble Italian girl, who, for her love's sake and the pity of it, surrenders a life of luxury to become one of the people. Amid the glory of her high estate she pines for some free existence beyond her castle walls, and Love, ever ready to aid distressed damsels, delivers her. Let her unselfish enthusiasm plead for her that she married her gardener; nor let it be forgotten that the poet has a precedent for her conduct in the *Duchess of Malfi*. Among Mr. Johnson's other poems is one that celebrates the loves of Daphnis and Lyce with considerable grace and charm, and with a simplicity that well accords with the beautiful fable.

Mr. Skinner's verse is decidedly Tennysonian. Not only does he indite "Stanzas to Maud," which, in spite of his declaration that the young lady is his own and not Tennyson's Maud, are undoubtedly inspired by the Laureate's poem, but, also, a lengthy blank-verse poem, "A Song of the Sea," which is scarcely a less obvious self-impeachment. It contains some passages of vivid description, and the story is related with tolerable skill and facility. In the *Lily of the Lyn* occurs the following singular simile:—

> Ribbed and grim,
> The little church roof, like a martyr's back,
> Bared to the bitter thong of bigotry,
> Quiver'd from lash of branches in the storm.

The Hon. Mrs. Knox's *Four Pictures from a Life* is a vague little poem without the picturesque elements attributed to it; some of the lyrics are superior to it in feeling and execution, and possess the excellent quality of unaffected sincerity. The translations from Goethe—though of songs very familiar and frequently translated—fairly reproduce the spirit of the original.

The quaint nursery rhymes and jingling verses of Mother Goose form the *motif* of Mr. Henry's volume, and these old humours are elaborated to suit our wiser and sadder days. In their masquerade dress such old friends as "How does my lady's garden grow?" "Hark! hark! the dogs do bark," and others of the motley company, are presented in very pretty and piquant fashion. "Daffy-down-dilly" is an attractive version of the text; so also is "Cock-a-doodle-do," with its graphic picture of the departed Carnival. Some of Mr. Henry's modern versions would perhaps cause Mother Goose more surprise than satisfaction, as when he inculcates moral lessons in "Humpty Dumpty" and "Little Boy Blue," or is satirical, as in "Margery Daw."

Many of the specimens of Catullus translated by Mr. Howell successfully realize his ideal of presenting with some approach to exactitude the impression conveyed to the student by the original; others, not less certainly, suggest the vexed question as to what extent a literal translation is preferable to one more free, which yet catches the volatile spirit of the original. Leigh Hunt's well-known translation of the poem "De Acme et Septimio," for instance, is exceedingly loose and verbally inaccurate, yet it reproduces, it seems to us, the Catullian charm and elegance more happily than Mr. Howell's more scholarly version. Mr. Howell occasionally expresses the *juste milieu*, however, with effect, as in the poems to Lesbia, the "Conversation with Varus," and in the poem "Ad Colonium," in which, however, he strangely—perhaps ironically—translates *ponte longo* by "big bridge." The longer poems, the "Peleus and Thetis," with the prophetic hymn of the Parcæ in particular, are rendered with considerable spirit and intelligence; and the translations generally evince taste and discernment.

The translation of the *Alcestis* of Euripides by H. B. L. is a metrical experiment which, while not without interest, is more likely to repel than attract the English reader. The attempt to give the original metres and to indicate the Greek inflections by arbitrary accents, renders the version almost grotesque in appearance, an impression which reading only deepens. As a crib the translation will doubtless be appreciated, while the introductory matter is carefully compiled and copious of information.

Mr. Wilkinson's translation of Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe* is a tolerably effective version of that strange compound of conflicting passions, the powerful and painful *dénouement* of which is vigorously rendered.

PROGRAMMES AND MUSIC.

OF the making of analytical concert programmes it may now be said there is no end. Our forefathers had to be contented with the bare announcement of the name of the work which they were called upon to hear; and in most cases they were fortunate if the concert impresario vouchsafed to indicate the key in which the piece was written. "Symphony—Mozart," or "Symphony—Beethoven," or even such misleading headings as "New Grand Overture—Haydn," when one of the symphonies produced at Solomon's concerts was intended, was considered sufficient information for the enthusiastic amateurs of the latter half of the last

century. "It is not until the fifth season" of the Philharmonic Society "(1817) that the number or the key indicates which works the audience might expect to hear," says Sir George Grove, himself one of the masters of the art of analytical programme-writing; and it was not until 1859 and the establishment of the Monday Popular Concerts that a concert audience could revel in the luxury of the little blue-covered programme, with its fund of technical and biographical lore. At first, no doubt, the analytical programme was "caviare to the general"; but its possession was accompanied with a sense of superiority in those who were able to follow the musical references therein contained, a pleasure which was not lightly to be foregone by those who were not able to do so; and thus, if only for the sake of appearances, every one patronized the programmes, and their success was forthwith insured. The advantage of having the words of the songs which were sung, it must be remembered, was also no small benefit. In the early days of these programmes it was a source of considerable amusement to watch the eagerness displayed by some in following the fragmentary musical quotations; and it has happened that, after repeated efforts to accomplish his purpose, the bewildered searcher after technical musical knowledge has given up the task with a look of despair most pathetic to witness. But time and, let us hope, increased knowledge, has changed all this, and now no concert is complete without its special analytical feast. The "Wagner Handbook," to give it its short title, is a volume of "analytical programmes with English texts, biographic and critical essays," designed to enlighten the audience at the Wagner Festival Concerts lately given by Mr. Theodore Thomas in New York. A large octavo volume of 128 pages, it is typographically a work of art, embellished with wood engravings illustrating scenes in Wagner's different operas, and giving a very fair portrait of the composer, and we suppose an equally good one of the conductor of these concerts. Although not overburdened with technicalities, it gives in a series of short essays a very succinct and popular analysis of Wagner's method and theory of music-drama, and the biographical portions are sufficiently interesting. Mr. Theodore Thomas is undoubtedly a very energetic and efficient conductor; but we think the writer of this programme would have shown better taste had he "puffed" him somewhat less enthusiastically. Certainly a man who "conducts a Bach fugue, a Mozart symphony, a Strauss waltz" (observe the gradation), "a Handel oratorio, or a selection from Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, with the same technical finish and the same sympathetic realization of the composer's intentions," and who "last summer gave seventy-four concerts within as many days, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific," is a remarkable personage, but we think hardly even for these achievements deserves double the space allotted to Mme. Nilsson, Frau Materna, or Herr Winkelmann, in these pages. On the whole, however, this gigantic programme is very well done, and will have been useful to those who require aid in forming a judgment of the music presented to them at these concerts—a vast majority, doubtless—for we still believe with Puff, in *The Critic*, that "the number of those who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed."

How to Excel in Singing and Elocution is the title of a very valuable little *brochure* on the art of singing, by Miss Jessie Murray-Clark. Although it bears the second title of "A Manual for Lady Students," it will be found to be useful in its general remarks upon the education of the voice for male as well as female aspirants. Miss Murray-Clark does not pretend to originate any new method of instruction; but endeavours in a short and lucid treatise "to place before the student those principles which have been advocated by musicians of eminence, and on which the best methods of teaching singing are based." Her authorities she frankly acknowledges in her modest preface to the work, and places deservedly much trust in Herr Emil Behnke's *Mechanism of the Human Voice* as a guide for the non-technical reader. In ten short chapters the author deals in an eminently practical way with all the various departments of voice-production, and though it may be said that she does not perhaps develop any new methods, there is not a chapter that does not in some way or other place the known practice in a new and practical light. Above all, we are glad to hail in Miss Murray-Clark another denouncer of the pernicious habit of straining the voice and an advocate of "the extension of the compass through the exercise of the notes which are well within its natural limits." It is all very well to say that every practical singing-master or mistress is aware of this fact; but, owing to the ignorance of the students or their friends, teachers are obliged to practise an opposite method for their credit's sake, and in ten or a dozen lessons to add a note or two to the already impoverished voice by hook or by crook, to what advantage to art may be better imagined than expressed. If intending students will carefully study the principles laid down by Miss Murray-Clark, the teacher's task will be lightened and the student will advance in her art proportionately. The author's remarks upon "Elocution" are exceedingly clear and much to the purpose; and her insistance on the golden rule of keeping the mouth firmly closed, except to sing, to speak, to eat, and to drink, is one of those simple but all-important points which are too often passed over as trivialities. As a valuable vade-mecum to the art of singing Miss Murray-Clark's little book may be highly recommended. There is much humour also in the choice of the stanza from Byron and the epigram from Coleridge which stand as mottoes to the little work.

Of sheet music we have six songs from Messrs. Stanley Lucas & Weber. "Bygone Days," by Mr. Halfden Kjerulf, is a pleasing setting of words by Robert Burns, in which the composer has attempted, with some success, to reproduce the peculiar Scotch rhythm; and "When all around is still," by Mr. William Harold, is an effective song simply treated, but displaying considerable originality. Lady Benedict's "Castles in Spain" has a singular charm in its simplicity and straightforwardness, and is a type of the genuine English ballad which, while thoroughly artistic in treatment, depends much more upon the powers of the singer than upon any extraneous effects of the accompaniment. "Fetter'd yet Free," by Signor Antonio L. Mora, is a graceful song which will doubtless become popular, while Miss E. J. Troup's two songs, "Spring Showers" and "Portuguese Love Song," both display high artistic power, the latter being remarkably characteristic and effective. Mr. Theodore W. Barth has written a very effective song called "The Carver," which we have no doubt Mr. Santley, to whom it is dedicated, will make popular; and another to the words of Cardinal Newman's hymn "Lead thou me on," which is both musicianlike and impressive in treatment. Both songs are published by Messrs. Weekes & Co.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE publication of the letters of George Sand (1) pursues its way with remarkable slowness. Nearly two years have passed since the first volume appeared, and this present (the fifth) only brings us to the year 1870. As the editorial work is almost infinitesimal, as the difficulty of arranging all obtainable letters in exact chronological order would apply to the first volume as well as to the last, and as in any case it would be met, and must be met, if new material came in during publication, by the obvious expedient of an appendix, the delay is not very intelligible. The interest of the volumes continues to be very uniform. The letters are bright, excellently written after an easy fashion, and full of many-sided sympathy. But they never display very deep thought; in which respect, if George Sand's worshippers will pardon us, they exactly resemble her other work.

Somebody has said (or, if somebody has not said it, he ought to have) that a clever man never does a clever thing without more or fewer not clever men proceeding to do the same thing not cleverly. MM. Renan and Havet exemplify the axiom. We can tolerate M. Renan without much difficulty; we leave the toleration of M. Havet to those who are by nature tolerant. When he tells us that "the foundation of all criticism is to strike the supernatural out of the life of Jesus," we know what to expect from him in point of matter; and as he does not tell us this till his ninth page, we already know what to expect from him in point of form. A Life of Jesus (2) with the supernatural struck out of it can have no possible interest except as a well-written romance; and of a well-written romance M. Havet is evidently not capable. As for his remark that "les croyants" can do nothing with Strauss except abstain from reading him, that also tells a tale as to M. Havet's grasp of the merest elements of the matter. But this is not a review of theology, and we may content ourselves with recommending M. Havet to anybody who likes dull and conscientious unorthodoxy, which somehow or other busies itself with problems interesting only to the orthodox.

It is indeed difficult to know what to do with well-intentioned dullards, and among this class we fear that we must also count M. d'Ursel (3). He has filled nearly three hundred pages with the most estimable platitudes as to the characteristics, the dangers, the advantages of democracy, and this is his conclusion:—"Plus le citoyen a de droits et de pouvoir, plus il importe qu'il ait de mérite." True, O Viscount! it imports very much indeed. But it was, perhaps, hardly worth while to write three hundred pages to tell us this; and it would be well worth while to write three thousand if we could be told how this most desirable and important dead-lift to the "merit" of the human race is to be given.

Mme. Olympe Audouard (4) protests in her preface against being accused of "pretention." Far be it from us to do anything so rude in respect to any lady. Mme. Audouard, regarded as a writer of travels, has sometimes struck us as being a little imaginative, and we venture to take her "spiritist" experiences with a few—a very few—grains of salt. But she has been an adventurous person—which is by no means the same as an adventuress—and in some ways a successful. We do not see why any woman who has started and managed successful newspapers, and has been kissed (on the forehead, of course) by Lamartine and M. Victor Hugo on the same day, and has hobnobbed in "bocks" with Said Pasha, and has cured herself of chronic complaints by drinking ten dozen and three bottles of champagne, and sleeping for the greater part of a month, and has gained the confidence of Communists by administering to them "hot and well-sugared tea," should not write memoirs. Indeed, we see many reasons why she should. The book has a portrait in red ink which is full of character.

In a little book Baron Ernouf (5) has given a patriotic account

(1) *Correspondance de George Sand.* Vol. V. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *Le Christianisme et ses origines; le Nouveau Testament.* Tome quatrième. Par E. Havet. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(3) *La democratie et ses conditions morales.* Par le Vicomte Philibert d'Ursel. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Voyage à travers mes souvenirs.* Par Olympe Audouard. Paris: Dentu.

(5) *Histoire de quatre inventeurs français.* Par le Baron Ernouf. Paris: Hachette.

of some French inventors, with Sauvage at their head. Of course Sauvage did not invent the screw, as Baron Ernouf thinks he did. But he did a great deal of good work in connexion with it, and received even less than the usual amount of encouragement from his own country. He himself, it may be observed, anticipated and laughed at the absurd charge that "the English engineer Smith" sent "a very correct and intelligent Englishman" to pick his brains. The less known names of Heilmann, Thimonnier, and Giffard complete the list of Baron Ernouf's inventors.

M. Jouaust is becoming more and more enterprising in his reprints; and it is well, for literature gains by the issue of good books in pretty shape. He has now made a new start with *Sacountala* (6), the first of a series of "Foreign Classics for French Readers."

M. Reinach ought to bring a blush to the foreheads of the partisans of more than one religious and political dogma. His Gambettism knows no weakness and no falling off, and one scarcely ever takes up a parcel of French books without finding him at his post. His latest contribution to the literature of the Gambettist faith is a little book in the "Bibliothèque utile" (7), containing the legend of his master, put with all due conciseness and fervour.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MR. J. E. HODGSON, R.A., has added another to the shelf-full of published lectures which he informs us adorn the library of the Royal Academy. These works, it seems, moulder away in neglect; and Mr. Hodgson cheerfully faces the prospect that this will also be the fate of his *Academy Lectures* (Trübner & Co.). We will not prophesy; but it is at least possible that he is right. His lectures do not seem to be directed to any class of readers in particular. They are not technical enough for the art student, and the reader who likes talk about art may perhaps not find them eloquent enough. There is very little profit to be got out of vague generalities about the state of Greece in the great artistic time and the condition of mediæval Europe. When it is all read we are as far as ever from understanding how it affected painting and sculpture. Mr. Hodgson's practical knowledge has not, apparently, made it easier for him than for the mere literary art critic to tell in words what is the essential artistic quality in a statue or a picture. Now, if talk or writing about art cannot do that, what does it avail?

In these days, when American literature is so carefully studied, we all know to what an unpleasant place Texas is the alternative. It has always been suspected that this is an American joke, and so it appears from a little book edited by Mr. T. Hughes. *G. T. T.: Gone to Texas* (Macmillan & Co.) is a collection of letters from various young men who have gone to the dreaded State, and have not made such a bad business of it. They were Englishmen and gentlemen; but they did not object to hard physical work, which completely explains the mystery. Mr. Hughes, who edits these letters of his nephews, is a little inclined to overrate the novelty of what they have to tell. As a matter of fact, one newly-published book out of twenty taken at random gives very much the same story and the same moral. They begin by asking what is to be done with our boys, and then proceed to prove by example that they had better emigrate—if they possess the necessary qualities. Unluckily, that is just the difficulty. The number of young men who are gentlemen by birth and yet fitted to be emigrants is small. Probably they are not more numerous than the young men who are able and energetic enough to succeed at home.

"Nothing is more remarkable than the carelessness and apathy of Londoners concerning all that appertains to the organization and arrangement of the sanitary machinery of their great city, and this is more especially the case with regard to the water supply, upon which the daily health of every family in the metropolis depends." These are the words with which Mr. G. Phillips Bevan, F.L.S., opens his treatise on *The London Water Supply* (E. Stanford). For our part we incline to think that the said "carelessness and apathy" do not exist at all, but that Londoners are simply conscious of the fact that they live in one of the healthiest cities in the world. Mr. Bevans' treatise, however, is not the less useful because the abuses of the sanitary reformer's imagination exist nowhere else. It ought to be welcome to anybody who wants to know the facts, and it is illustrated by an instructive map.

Whoever is not fastidious about looking into human vulgarity, stupidity and brutality, may find a certain pleasure in reading *How Shakespeare's Skull was Stolen and Found*, by a Warwickshire Man (Elliot Stock). Whether the story be true or false, or partly one and partly the other, it is equally disgusting.

All sorts and degrees of centenaries produce their crop of books. The Wyclif Quincentenary is naturally no exception to the rule, and accordingly a neat little white bound volume on the Reformer has duly made its appearance, under the title of *John Wyclif, Patriot and Reformer*, by Rudolf Buddensieg (T. Fisher Unwin). It is uniform with the same firm's edition of *Luther's Table Talk*.

The excellent *Academy Notes*, No. X., and *Grosvenor Notes*, No. VII. (Chatto & Windus), are by this time in everybody's hands.

"A Friend" has made a fat volume of quotations from the numerous works of the author of *The Schönberg-Cotta Family*, under the title of *Thoughts and Characters* (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). Dr. Barry, Bishop of Sydney, has yielded to human weakness, and published a volume of *Sermons preached at Westminster Abbey* (Cassell & Co.). The *Miscellaneous Essays* of Mr. W. R. Greg (Trübner & Co.) in his second series range in subject from the state of France in 1848 down to the employment of our Asiatic forces in European wars—an article contributed to the *Fortnightly Review*.

Political satire of the allegorical kind is a tempting but difficult branch of literature. Whoever would succeed in it has need of very much more than excellence of intention. *The Immortal Schoolmaster*, by G. T. Lowett (London: Kerby & Endean; Windsor: William Clarke), is full of good intentions, but they are not adequately carried out. The story tells how a Dr. Bledstano, a great reader of Homer and most worthy man, came to be head-master of his old school, and how he tried to govern it on principles of justice. His method was to relax discipline and trust to the moral elevation of the boys to keep things straight. The consequences may be guessed. It is clever and bright, but the applications are not always obvious. "The Round Table Series" is the title of a new course of pamphlets designed to give the "views of a number of writers who, while representing divers and even antagonistic schools of thought, desire to give temperate and reasoned statement of their beliefs." It opens with a sketch of Emerson (Edinburgh: William Brown), which is doubtless temperate, but just a little bit hazy. Perhaps that only makes it in better keeping with the subject.

From Grave to Gay (Longmans & Co.) is the title chosen by Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell for a selection from his poems. It is nicely printed on delightfully crumby paper and adorned by an etching of the author, who looks the very ideal of a bard in a fur-coat. *The Charities Register and Digest* (Longmans & Co.) is republished in a second edition brought down to 1884, with an introduction by C. S. Loch. Mr. J. R. Lutin, member of the Wordsworth Society, has compiled another *Wordsworth Birthday Book* (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.). Messrs. Cassell & Co. have published a cheap illustrated *Paris Guide*. The number of *L'Art* for the 15th of May is most remarkable for a paper on Old Brussels, illustrated by drawings from the sketch-book of a certain Paul Vitzthumb.

Three well-known novels appear, one of them at least not for the first time by any means, in cheap and portable form. The evergreen *Cranford* (Smith, Elder, & Co.) comes accompanied by a selection from Mrs. Gaskell's smaller prose tales. *Ben Milner's Wooing* (Smith, Elder, & Co.) reproduces one of the pleasantest of Holme Lee's quiet and unpretentious, but excellent, stories. *No New Thing* (same publishers) was, at its first appearance, perhaps more popular than any other of Mr. Norris's books, and it exhibits his style fairly, if not quite to so much advantage as *Matrimony*.

A thoroughly satisfactory County Atlas is an impossibility while the survey of England is in its present incomplete or antiquated state. Messrs. Letts, however, have judged wisely in doing what can be done with present appliances, and issuing a desirable appendix to their popular Atlas. Each number of the *County Atlas* contains four maps, and is issued for one shilling, the maps being on the scale of four miles to the inch, clearly printed and neatly coloured. The specimen before us includes the Eastern Counties, and the localities of the recent earthquake in Essex have been carefully marked on it.

(6) *Sacountala*. Traduit par A. Bergaigne et P. Le Hugeur. Paris: Libraire des Bibliophiles.

(7) *Bibliothèque utile — Léon Gambetta*. Par J. Reinach. Paris: F. Alcan.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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May 26, 1884.

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The Preliminary Examination is open to all persons who have Matriculated; the other Examinations only to those who have attended prescribed Courses of Study in a College of the University.
The Entrance Examination in Arts (Faculty of Medicine) will also be held in June, commencing on the 16th. This Examination is open to all who purpose pursuing Medical Studies, on production of a certificate from the last instructor and payment of an Entrance Fee of £1.
The Examinations for Degrees in Medicine and Surgery will be held in July, commencing on the 16th.
Matriculation and Examination Fees can be paid at the Office of the University Registrar (in the Owens College, Manchester), on June 10, 11, and 12, between the hours of Ten A.M. and One P.M., or Two P.M. and Four P.M.
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Total Funds	£3,002,005
Total Annual Income	£333,188
Total Amount of Claims upon Death	£2,257,381
Amount of Profits divided at the last Quinquennial Bonus	£137,347

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,493, Vol. 57. June 7, 1884. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6d.

THE CONFERENCE.

IT is a position not perhaps entirely unexampled, but certainly strange in English political history, that almost all Englishmen of sense and patriotism, no matter to what political party they may belong, are earnestly hoping for the failure of negotiations in which an English Government is engaged. If the joyful tidings which have been spread more than once during the last few days to the effect that the French Government has finally rejected the English proposals were to be confirmed, there are probably not thirty men even among the faithful majority which saved Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry the other day by less than that number who would not be heartily glad. It is needless to inquire into the exact truth of the story that certain Liberal members, like St. BONAVENTURA in a famous legend, have confidentially implored Mr. GLADSTONE not to do anything worse than he has already done in Egypt, "because "they will not be able to endure it." It is still less necessary to discuss the marvellous rumours which have apparently found favour with some serious politicians in France to the effect that English Ministers have actually pleaded for the acceptance of their proposals by French Ministers, because it would be such a very serious thing for France if they, the good French-loving servants of her English MAJESTY, were turned out, and bad men who preferred the interests of her English MAJESTY herself were to come in. Generally speaking, all rumours of this kind are false if taken as literal history, and most of them are true if taken as embodiments of current opinion. The recent policy of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government has been so obviously directed by disregard of English interests and respect for French susceptibilities, that the general estimate of it takes form—a grotesque form enough certainly—in such articles as that in Tuesday's *Débats*. The dissatisfaction of Englishmen—Liberals as well as Tories—with that policy is so unmistakable that it is formulated by report into a regular round robin. Meanwhile set persons say that Mr. GLADSTONE has already pledged himself to evacuation in two years. In that case even the proselytes of the Gladstonian "thorough" will probably experience some searchings of heart.

There is no real reason for feeling any regret at the falling through of the Conference, if it should fall through. It is true that, with the virtual withdrawal of all English attempts at reform in Egypt, the immediate results in that country might be somewhat disastrous, and might give any Continental Power which chose to be unfriendly the opportunity for awkward, and to England very humiliating, remonstrances. But it does not at present appear that any Continental Power is desirous of an open quarrel with this country, and short of an open quarrel England is still mistress of the situation on the Nile, shamefully as she has hitherto misused her opportunities. It cannot be too often repeated that, although, or rather because, the present distress of Egypt is mainly due to English mismanagement, English good management could in a very short time put an end to that distress. Although the financial part of the difficulty could be settled with more apparent ease, and certainly with less direct responsibility, by the proposed joint action, it will hardly be contended either that English credit is not good enough to set Egypt for the moment on her legs again or that Egyptian resources, if properly developed, are not sufficient to maintain and secure a healthy balance between receipts and expenditure, provided only that a reasonable system of internal and external administration is pursued. On the first point no argument is necessary to prove, even to persons unacquainted with the subject, that an English guarantee would produce at once money enough to float ten Egypts over shoals ten times more dangerous than those at present in question. Such a guarantee is, of course, open to objections, and is not to be advocated without restrictions. But it would have the threefold advantage of being at once applicable, of being certainly efficacious, and of stalling off yet further the pretended claims of any other Power on Egypt. Indeed, if Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry had had the slightest grasp of the principles of foreign policy, it would have availed itself of French recalcitrance long before this to repeat the *coup* of 1882, and once more to place France in the situation of the man who would not when he might. But that would have been statesmanship, and this is apparently sufficient reason why it has not been done. On the second point—the ability of Egypt to bear her own burdens—the vast majority of experts are unanimous. With a firm and at the same economical policy towards the Soudan, keeping hold of what is worth keeping and letting the rest go, and with a complete reform of the present internal *régime*, which has been described as consisting of an Englishman to do the work, a Frenchman to prevent its being done, and an Egyptian to coquet with both and fill his own pockets when he can, Egypt can certainly pay her way. But this last reform is the most important of all, and, on the principles of interpretation above laid down, not the least instructive of the myriad rumours recently set flying is the rumour which attributes to France a stipulation that the Egyptian (that is to say, the English) Government shall dismiss no European official not a subject of the QUEEN. This, again, may seem literally unbelievable, but it is simply a formulation of widespread opinion with the aid of tolerably well-known fact. The rumourmongers have seen what Mr. GLADSTONE had not seen up to the rising of Parliament, that a multiple control in Egypt means a multiple control of England. As for the attempts at reassuring public opinion made by some Ministerialists, they may be dismissed almost without comment. The apologists have not understood the simple facts that if the pending negotiations were so harmless as they pretend, there could be no reason for secrecy about them, even if there were any reason for entering upon them at all.

Apart from the question of the negotiations Egyptian news continues to present the same monotonous and dreary record of confusion, intrigue, and disaster. Souakim, the scene of General GRAHAM's bootless expedition, is now seriously harassed, if not seriously attacked. The state of Upper Egypt is "alarming"; the state of Lower Egypt calamitous. It seems now to be generally admitted that, with the single exception of the Egyptian army, which has not yet been tried, every institution springing from the DUFFERIN scheme has been abandoned or has failed. Every one who was not besotted with political commonplaces, and who could read between the lines, could see that Lord DUFFERIN himself pretty clearly foresaw some such result. Except for the discredit it throws upon England, the failure is not perhaps matter of great sorrow. If the scheme had succeeded, it could not (to employ a contradiction of terms more apparent than real) have come to good; and if it had not been tried, the incurable faith of some English Liberals in the party nostrums would probably have led to its being tried some time or other. There is now nothing left except an anarchy which is every day becoming more intolerable, a more or le

given in the *Daily News* by Mr. IRVING BISHOP. This genuine old English sportsman appears to think that pin-hunting and the detection of crime have something in common. As we understand Mr. BISHOP, his position is this—we must first catch a dynamitard. That is not always easy, though perhaps the Birmingham police have one or two under lock and key. Next we are to attach the dynamitard to Mr. BISHOP. Mr. BISHOP will then, by the exercise of his powers as a pin-hunter, hurry with the miscreant to the place where he has concealed his explosives. For success in this kind of detective work we fear it is necessary that the malefactor should kindly oblige by fixing his mind on his hidden materials. If he obstinately directs his attention to the Presidential election in America, the Manchester Cup, the prospects of the hay crop, or what not, then, we presume, Mr. BISHOP will not be so successful.

The meet at the Westminster Palace Hotel was duly held as advertised. There was a good deal of confusion and committee-meeting, and several gentlemen of the press made themselves conspicuous and had their names duly advertised. Mr. BISHOP then failed to find the number of a bank-note; but his failures were considered "highly "interesting." As the humblest of us can fail to find the number of a bank-note, it is pleasant to reflect that, as long as we have five pounds, this source of recreation and excitement is always open to us and our friends. If Mr. BISHOP is as clever as he thinks, a fortune is open to him in Italy. There an immoral Government weekly offers large rewards to any one who will read correctly the numbers that come out in the lottery.

Real sport began when Canon HARFORD thought of something outside the hotel. Mr. BISHOP now dressed in the traditional costume of the British pin-hunter or bust-hunter. His head was tied up in a black bag, his arm was attached by a copper wire to that of Canon HARFORD, and the pair ran out of doors and up and down the streets. Enemies of the Church (and who has not enemies?) must have been pained by the spectacle of this very canonical Canon spinning along at a merry pace, with a scent breast high, through street and court, in company with a person arrayed in evening dress and a black bag. It is by thus throwing themselves heartily into the amusements, however idiotic and puerile, of the people, that the clergy have acquired their remarkable hold over the working classes. Again, if we regard pin-hunting (and why not?) as a branch of psychical research, and carry our complaisance so far as to think psychical research a form of science, what can be more pleasing than to see the clergy in the van of progress, chevying pins and busts with Mr. DUNPHY and Mr. H. POTTINGER STEPHENS?

Mr. BISHOP jumped away on a false scent, and took Canon HARFORD to 5 Victoria Street, where the arrival of a clergyman, accompanied by an enthusiast in a black bag, must have alarmed the timid. After making a few casts in vain, Mr. BISHOP dragged his Canon into the library of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, where nobody wanted either of the sportsmen. Lastly, Mr. BISHOP placed his hands on a bust in this room, and the Canon admitted that this object was the one which had occupied his valuable thoughts. The hunt was now over, but some more attempts were made to read the numbers of bank-notes. Another meet was held for the purpose of testing Mr. CUMBERLAND'S powers of "muscle reading," and this entertainment, in which the object was the usual pin instead of the unusual bust, was not less successful than the sport shown by Mr. BISHOP.

We live in an uncommonly childish age. Our advice to householders intruded on by clergymen in black bags is to give the visitors in custody, and let them explain themselves to the police. They may be mere silly pin-hunters; they may be burglars taking advantage of the latest popular folly.

LORD SALISBURY AND MR. GOSCHEN.

BY a rather curious coincidence Lord SALISBURY and Mr. GOSCHEN have been heard almost together in important speeches several times of late. They are not in political agreement as far as party politics are concerned, but in not a few characteristics they are alike, and in others they are mutually complementary. Whatever Lord SALISBURY'S worst enemies may say of him, they will hardly accuse him of being given to gush or to cant; whatever those Radical-Liberals who are sorest at Mr. GOSCHEN'S candid criticism may say of him, they will hardly accuse him of being prone to fuss or to fad. Gush and cant, fuss and fad, these are the four main curses of English politics at the present day, and those who refuse and resist them, by whatever technical and nominal distinctions they may be separated, are in reality fighting the same battle, the battle of good government and good policy against bad policy and bad government. Both Lord SALISBURY and Mr. GOSCHEN have faults as practical politicians—faults which spring from a combination of the same intellectual superiority with different moral temperament. Lord SALISBURY often forgets the necessity of stooping a little to conquer a great deal, and the advisableness of humouring, or at any rate condescending to, the folly of fools. Mr. GOSCHEN'S constitutional timidity makes him occasionally prone rather to wash his hands of the madness of the people than to give the help of those hands in forcibly binding the madmen and keeping them from mischief. If, in the language of Euphuism, Lord SALISBURY and Mr. GOSCHEN could make a bargain on the terms "I will be your Valour and you "shall be my Discretion," the result would be admirable; but, even as it is, it is satisfactory that England possesses two public men, one of each party, whose theory of general politics is almost wholly sound, and their judgment on special points always independent and acute.

The greater part of Lord SALISBURY'S speech at Devonport on Wednesday (his subsequent speech on Thursday expressed a consistent theory of domestic policy, but, dealing almost wholly with the Franchise Bill, need not be handled here) necessarily dealt with Egypt, and it is unnecessary to follow it here in detail. But, if there were any finality in political disputes, it might be hoped that the Conservative leader's very clear and temperate exposition of the grounds on which the Opposition quarrel with the Government policy would put an end to the silly cavils which take the place of defence with Ministerial advocates. The Opposition have been charged with having no policy, and they have been charged with inconsistency in blaming such things as the bombardment of Alexandria and the slaughter of Teb and Tamasi while advocating a forward policy in Egypt generally. No one who combines political honesty with some intelligence and a little attention to the facts could possibly entertain these objections; but, unfortunately, it is possible in politics to make adroit use of the blind eye. In so far as the general policy of the Government has aimed at the establishment and retention of English supremacy in Egypt, it is good and to be approved; in so far as the particular acts of the Government have jeopardized that supremacy, or have been ill co-ordinated, or have in particular cases been unwisely designed and awkwardly executed, they are bad and to be disapproved. The distinction is not, one might have thought, so subtle that it should surprise or disgust admirers of Mr. GLADSTONE; while the subsequent reflection that, if all tales be true, the present policy of the Government is directly bent on the abandonment of our hold on Egypt makes the charge of factious criticism still more futile. But the point of most importance in Lord SALISBURY'S speech was not his exposition of the Egyptian question, nor his criticism of other political acts of the Ministry, but the clear and unhesitating manner in which he vindicated the necessity —the vital and absolute necessity—of an Imperial policy, as it is called; of "cultivating the garden," as it might be better phrased. The declared policy of many Radicals and of all Gladstonians pure and simple in respect of the foreign policy of England is that England has much goods laid up for many years, indeed almost more than she can manage, and that the sensible thing is to eat and drink and be merry with the remodelling of Constitutions and social systems, letting other nations prosecute their acquisitions as they best may. The policy which Lord SALISBURY formulated at Devonport, and which the great majority of Conservatives and a very considerable minority, perhaps more than a minority, of Liberals would approve, if the issue were laid before them as a matter of plain business, is directly the reverse of this. It is founded on the principle that national prosperity knows no stationary state; that a nation cannot be a mere *rentier*, a placid enjoyer of the dividends on the savings and gains of its forefathers; that the world and the good things of the world are to the active and the energetic; and that tinkering the franchise, and playing childish tricks with the management of private property, will never fill a single Englishman's mouth, and will probably leave several Englishmen's mouths with nothing to fill them. This, of course, is putting the thing in its hardest and least poetical

form. There are plenty of other reasons for advancing, for holding high and steadily the banner of England; some of them more inspiriting by far to some people. But this reason at any rate is solid political rock; unshakable by argument, giving standing room to all comers, and admitting of any superstructure. If the enormous population which England has raised and sustained on a forward policy is to be kept in existence and in prosperity, English policy must still be forward. If England is to escape the fate of Venice and of Holland, she must avoid the mistakes by which scarcely less than by their intrinsic weakness Venice and Holland became insignificant. The Empire abroad is the livelihood no less than the glory of the kingdom at home.

The excellent speech which Mr. GOSCHEN made at Reading only belongs in appearance to a different order of subject, though, as has been said, Mr. GOSCHEN is not a political friend of Lord SALISBURY's, and though he has somewhat publicly declared his want of confidence in him. On the two most important questions of the present moment—Egypt and the Franchise Bill—there is probably not much difference between the opinion of the Conservative leader and the opinion of the most distinguished Liberal who uses his own judgment, and follows its dictates. And, far apart as the subjects of the two speeches now referred to may seem to be, they have in reality very close bonds of union. Statesmanship not confined to one political party has this principle, that it is as active as possible in foreign policy, and as little active as possible in domestic policy. One form, at least, of Radicalism avowedly contemns and dislikes foreign policy, and is perpetually meddling with domestic affairs. The one course of conduct is that of a householder and man of business who sees that his household goes on in orderly fashion, that the bills are properly examined and paid, the house kept in repair, and so on, but who devotes his main energies to managing his business relations outside the house; the other is the conduct of the man who lets his customers or his clients go elsewhere, resigns his just claims, neglects the progress of his lawsuits, and devotes his whole time to moving the furniture of the nursery into the drawing-room, turning the orchard into a garden, reducing the wages of the coachman and raising those of the housemaid, interfering with the governess, turning off the chaplain, lecturing the butler, and teaching the cook. These latter occupations are, it is true, more harmless than those of our Radicals who will still be doing; but they are not wholly unlike them. Now Mr. GOSCHEN's protest against State meddling is applicable to a good many other things besides Friendly Societies, just as his very pointed allusions to the Colonies and the Empire have a far wider reference than to the geographical distribution of Oddfellows' Lodges. Workingmen cannot make for themselves new markets abroad, protect those which exist from the encroachments of foreigners, occupy the vantage places of the earth to the forestalling of possible rivals, secure English trade and the English Empire by maintaining the position of England among nations. That is what Government must do for them, and what it exists for doing. But they can look after their own earnings and savings at home, and they need no Government to filch a little for them from the rich, to protect them here and there against their own folly or vice, to tempt them into useless and mischievous meddling with party politics.

ZULULAND.

THE coronation by the invaders of Zululand of CETEWAYO's son, DINIZULU, furnishes a mortifying comment on the policy of the English Government. The new KING is, of course, dependent on the adventurers to whom he owes his elevation; and it may be assumed that he has already recognized their title to the lands which they already occupy. The Boers who have exercised the highest of sovereign rights are not an organized or independent community. The Governments both of the Transvaal and of the Orange Free State have in the first instance censured the aggression, which they may perhaps nevertheless regard with tolerant complacency. The district which has been occupied by the Boer invaders is exactly or nearly the same which was formerly the subject of dispute between CETEWAYO and the Boers of the Transvaal. The conflicting claims were, by consent of both parties, referred to the English High Commissioner, who ultimately gave an award in favour of the Zulus. It happened by a disastrous fatality that between the announcement and the execution of the award the Government of the Transvaal was induced to transfer the dominions of the Republic to the English Crown. Sir BARTLE FRERE, who, having soon afterwards succeeded to the office of High Commissioner, was now a party to the litigation, construed the award of his predecessor as applicable only to territorial sovereignty, and not to proprietary rights. The Boers, who had taken possession of the debated lands, were consequently confirmed in their occupancy; and if the patrons of DINIZULU are the same persons, they may establish a plausible claim to their former property. The unexpected, and probably unintelligible, interpretation of the award was the main cause of CETEWAYO's alienation from the English interest. His formidable military force had been organized in the expectation of hostilities with the Transvaal; but he now found that his enemies had become English subjects, and that, at the same time, he was deprived of the fruits of a regular and legal judgment. Having converted a friendly potentate into an antagonist, Sir BARTLE FRERE thought it prudent to anticipate a not improbable attack. There is no doubt that he was cordially supported by the public opinion of the English population of South Africa; and after the victory at Ulundi his policy appeared to be justified by success.

If the English Government had then declared a protectorate in Zululand, the subsequent anarchy and bloodshed, with much loss and discredit, might have been averted. The Zulus themselves appear to have regarded the previously reigning dynasty as the product and symbol of the military organization which was shattered at Ulundi. CETEWAYO as a prisoner and an exile had therefore no hold on the loyalty of his former subjects; and the chiefs who succeeded to fractions of his power would lose nothing by acknowledged allegiance to England. The modern prejudice against the extension of Imperial responsibility deterred the Government from assenting to the more or less direct annexation which was recommended by Sir BARTLE FRERE and by almost all competent authorities. The division of the country into thirteen provinces, under as many petty chiefs, was perhaps the best alternative for simple annexation. The Zulus, being naturally intelligent, doubted the sincerity of self-denying professions, and took it for granted that the provincial chiefs would be controlled and protected by the Power which had brought them into existence. If their reasonable expectations had not been disappointed, the petty quarrels among some of the chiefs would have been from time to time adjusted without resort to arms. Repeated experience has proved that it is cheaper and more convenient to manage warlike barbarians as subjects than as nominally independent neighbours. The rough-and-ready arrangement which was effected by Sir GARNET WOLSELEY might have been tolerable, and, if not permanent, at least moderately durable, but for a sentimental agitation which was directed to the restoration of CETEWAYO. He had been harshly treated, and the gallant defence of his kingdom could not be punished or resented as a crime; but the interests of the Zulus had become irreconcilable with his own. No politician could have anticipated that an English Minister would be found to receive a dethroned savage as an interesting pretender, and then, with romantic sympathy, to restore him to his throne. Sir HENRY BULWER, the experienced and judicious Governor of Natal, urged upon his superiors the expediency of securing a retreat for the chiefs who were to be capriciously dispossessed in a territory to be reserved for the purpose. Lord KIMBERLEY, apparently for the purpose of thwarting a too zealous subordinate, drew his pen through the middle of the district which Sir HENRY BULWER had marked for the proposed Reserve on the map. It is in this diminished space that JOHN DUNN and other loyal chiefs have taken refuge under the protection of an English Resident. But for Lord KIMBERLEY's arbitrary interference, nearly half of Zululand would now enjoy the benefits which might well have been extended to the whole.

The Boer adventurers have not hesitated to appropriate supreme authority, as it has dropped from the nerveless hands which now administer a once vigorous Empire. It seems that they have effected at least a temporary reconciliation among the native belligerents. But USIBEPU and OHAM were represented at the ceremony which accompanied the re-establishment of the dynasty of PANDA in a mutilated and dependent kingdom. Many years ago an English agent exercised at the coronation of CETEWAYO the right of investiture which is now assumed without dispute by a voluntary gathering of settlers from the Transvaal. The new KING,

or those who control his policy, may probably think it prudent to discontinue the menaces and occasional incursions which have placed the English RESIDENT on the defensive in the Reserve. Although the rule of hereditary succession is but capriciously observed among the natives of South Africa, there is no reason for objecting to the elevation of CETEWAYO'S son, except that he derives his title from the choice of lawless usurpers. If he keeps the peace, he will probably be recognized, after a reasonable delay, by the Imperial and local authorities. In the probable contingency of a revival of the struggle with the KING'S uncle OHAM and with his rival USIBEPU, the Boers will probably find an opportunity of occupying additional territory as a reward of intervention on one side or the other. According to their own convenience, the new settlers will either retain their political connexion with the Transvaal or set up a little Republic of their own, in accordance with the Stellaland precedent. Any attempt on the part of DINIZULU to restore the warlike organization which made his ancestors formidable will be summarily and sternly repressed by his new patrons; nor would such an experiment be regarded with favour by the English colonists. It is true that CETEWAYO during the height of his power always maintained friendly relations with the Government of Natal; but it is possible that his successor might rather incline to alliance with the Boers. Within a few years the military and political reputation of England in South Africa has been gravely impaired, and it is possible that native chiefs may exaggerate the decadence which better-informed politicians attribute to Cabinets at home, and not to provincial administrators.

The report that one of the ablest and most loyal officers of the Crown has tendered his resignation may possibly not be confirmed; but Sir HENRY BULWER has by a long course of public service fairly earned promotion. As Lieutenant-Governor of Natal he steadily protested against Sir BARTLE FRERE'S warlike policy; but he is not one of the pedants who regulate their conduct after the close of a war with exclusive reference to the original merits of the quarrel. When the Zulu dynasty was overthrown, Sir HENRY BULWER seems to have agreed with Sir BARTLE FRERE in the opinion that some kind of English Protectorate should be substituted for the despotism of CETEWAYO. The determination of the Home Government to reverse Sir BARTLE FRERE'S policy at all points must since have caused incessant trouble and anxiety to its unwilling agent. It would have been equitable, and perhaps it might have been safe, to avoid a collision with the Zulu King; but neither expediency nor justice required that no advantage should be taken of his fall. Soon after the end of the war Sir HENRY BULWER called the attention of the Colonial Office to the intrigues of officious philanthropists for the restoration of CETEWAYO. He must afterwards have been greatly surprised at the conversion of Downing Street to the sentimental theories of Bishopstowe; but he had perhaps become habituated to the rejection of his advice, when his proposed frontier line was capriciously shifted to the South. In the midst of danger and dishonour, arising from blind timidity, there is some consolation in the fact that English civilians and soldiers, removed from the influence of constituencies and Caucuses, are not inferior in capacity or courage to their predecessors. It was against the advice of the Commander of the forces that Mr. GLADSTONE capitulated to the insurgent Boers. The restoration of CETEWAYO was not recommended by a single competent and responsible advisor on the spot. It may also be observed that colonists who are exposed to the aggressions of savage tribes or of civilized neighbours seldom fail to urge on the Imperial Government an active and vigilant policy. The Australian Governments and Legislatures almost openly advocate the establishment of a MONROE doctrine in the South Pacific. The English inhabitants of South Africa for the most part approved of the Zulu war, notwithstanding the trivial nature of the alleged provocation. All the colonies from the Cape to Natal publicly express their regret for the death of Sir BARTLE FRERE, who was studiously neglected and disparaged by the dominant party in England. He may have made mistakes; but he was right in his fundamental conviction that the Empire would be best maintained by the bold and energetic policy to which it owes its existence. It is easy to sneer at a supposed devotion to "gunpowder and glory." If gunpowder means force and readiness to use it, the effect which it produces is with few exceptions pacific. "Glory" is not an ordinary English motive, and it assuredly had no influence on such a career as that of Sir BARTLE FRERE. Inglorious avoidance of responsibility is almost always dangerous.

M. RENAN'S MISSAL.

"THIS merriment of parsons," said Dr. JOHNSON, "is "mighty offensive." The Doctor, had he lived in our time, would probably have found something very distasteful in this piety of unbelievers. That a man should reject the doctrine of Christianity is his own affair; that he should regret and admire what he can no longer believe is very natural, for our instincts and sentiments endure after our opinions have altered. But when a sceptic continues to cherish, as poetical *bric-à-brac*, the notions which he declares to be false, and fondles the mysteries of religion as a China-maniac fondles Nankin porcelain, his conduct should be equally repulsive to believers and to people who, in losing their faith, have not lost the elements of good taste. Again to quote Dr. JOHNSON, SAINTE-BEUVE "could not think how "poor a figure he cut" when, in later life and in his letters, he explained the nature of his own new Christianity. He assumed his airs of being not far from the Kingdom, and of sentimental devotion, because he found that it made him acceptable to women, and, in his own words, "enabled him "to spin the thread of a more sentimental love affair." The love affairs of SAINTE-BEUVE were at no time pleasant to contemplate, and it is difficult to think of his confession without disgust.

Another queer unholy pose of sham piety and philandering religiousness has just been struck by M. ERNEST RENAN, in the preface to his new book *Nouvelles Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse*. We confess that M. RENAN'S devoutness has never been to our taste. There was some truth in the picture M. VEUILLOT drew of this priestly author, "with his pockets "still stuffed with ecclesiastical candle-ends." M. RENAN has tried, by no means unsuccessfully, to eat his cake and have it. He has revelled in the sentiment of religion, and got all the spiritual enjoyment that can be extracted from the most unctuous unction, without enduring one featherweight of the burdens of faith. Many people like to follow M. RENAN in his sentimental musings, and listen with pleasure to the church bells that chime in his emotional breast, like the bells of the city of Caer Is beneath the sea. To other minds good straightforward profanity seems a great deal less unpleasant, and they would rather laugh with VOLTAIRE than sigh and turn up their fine eyes with M. ERNEST RENAN.

In his new volume M. RENAN adopts almost SAINTE-BEUVE'S mixture of amorousness and true religion. If a French writer wishes to be popular, he must keep introducing women, in place and out of place. M. RENAN is a St. ANTHONY who does not resist the tempter, nor banish the beguiling siren from his thoughts in the hour of prayer and contemplation. Nay, M. RENAN rather presents himself as the tempter, and would fain insinuate his captivating personality before fair saints in their holiest moments. M. RENAN'S ambition is to compile a kind of Missal. He envies the fortunes of that work, and why? Because "choice beings press it with a fervent hand, and" (sly dog, M. RENAN) because they "sometimes bear it to their "lips." The lines of the Missal are lines "on which many "charming eyes are fixed." The volume has "the inestim-"able privilege of riveting the undivided gaze of a woman "at the moment that she believes herself alone with her "Creator." In the person of a good little book of his own pious fashioning M. RENAN would like to make a third in this company; he would enjoy being "borne to the lips" of the fair and "riveting their undivided gaze." "My "highest ambition would be satisfied if I could hope, upon "my death, to enter the Church under the form of a little "volume bound in black morocco, to be held between the "long tapering fingers of a finely gloved hand."

The most ferocious critic and satirist could not have more finely and happily hit off the characteristics of M. RENAN'S devotion. It is inextricably intertwined with his liking for fine eyes, fervent clasps, long tapering fingers, and finely gloved hands. This religiousness of sunsets, rose-colour, fine writing, and gloves is an eminently respectable form of the worship of Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S great Goddess of France. There is, happily, a kind of brutal humour in Englishmen which preserves them, as a rule, from joining the Church of the Quartier Bréda, and worshipping saints arrayed by M. WORTH. M. RENAN is not likely, even if ever he publishes his amateur Missal, to glitter in black morocco among the devotions of our women, whom his peculiar piety can scarcely tempt. One of them might answer him, as DORINE replied to TARTUFE, "Mais à convoiter, "moi, je ne suis pas si prompte," and aver that, even in black morocco, M. RENAN "ne me tenterait pas."

MOROCCO.

UNLESS all the preliminary signs are completely untrustworthy for the first time, the legitimate interests of France are again about to be defended by another extension of French territory. M. ORDEGA has had a question with the Emperor of MOROCCO. They have fallen out and made it up again about the nationality of the Shereef of WAZAN. The upshot of it all is that the EMPEROR has had to yield; and M. ORDEGA, who had come home flaming with patriotic indignation, is on his way back triumphant, while a French squadron is, it seems, to be sent to cruise off Tangier, to make the Maroquins bethink themselves. It is only surprising that some business of this kind did not happen before; and, unless the nature of things has suddenly changed, it will not end here. For many years Morocco has been a kind of Turkey on a small scale. It has escaped being swallowed by France because Spain has guarded it as a preserve for its hunting some day, when CHARLES V. comes back from the grave, and because England has been vigilant not to allow an unpleasantly strong Power to approach Gibraltar. For various reasons France has not thought it worth while to quarrel with Spain for a long while past; and England gave all the world to understand so plainly that it meant what it said in 1859 that Morocco has stumbled along on its old barbarous courses in peace since LEOPOLD O'DONNELL took a Spanish army to Tetuan, and then marched back again by order of Lord JOHN RUSSELL. This sort of security is notoriously fragile. It depends on the pertinacity of the three dogs who sit watching to see that none of them gets into the manger. Now, for reasons philanthropic, liberal, and Egyptian, one of the dogs shows signs of not caring, or not being able to prevent, what may happen. Of the other two, one is a big and pugnacious beast; the second would be pugnacious if it dared, but it is very little. If they are left to settle it between them, it will be one of the most astonishing things ever seen in the political world if the former does not walk in and take possession. The barking of the little dog will be loud and angry, but its bite is not to be feared.

The merits of M. ORDEGA'S quarrel with the dread EMPEROR are obscure in detail, but clear enough as to the main issue. Morocco borders on Algeria, and is full of barbarous tribes very fond of fighting and of booty, and also very fanatical Mahometans in a slightly heretical way. The EMPEROR has no control to speak of over his unruly subjects, and accordingly they are addicted to raiding over the French border. Now there is a potentate called the Shereef of WAZAN, who is a descendant of the Prophet, and exercises great influence over these pious moss-troopers. He acts, it seems, as a species of Warden of the Marches to the EMPEROR, and has done the French some service in keeping the raiders in order. To reward him for this M. ORDEGA has granted him the protection of France, which of course extends to his family and followers. Hence has arisen the quarrel with the EMPEROR. By a treaty made at Madrid barely two years ago, European Powers are entitled to extend their protection to a limited number of Maroquins who have rendered them services. It was never supposed that the protection was to be given to the head of a confederation of tribes occupying an important part of the EMPEROR'S territory, but then neither does there seem to have been any stipulation that it should not. France is therefore technically in the right, and if it has broken the spirit of its own engagements, that is only in keeping with its usual diplomatic methods, and should have been foreseen. There are the usual stories of bastinadoings, drownings in boiling water, and killings by poison. The correspondent of the *Standard*, who told his version of the story on Tuesday, asked his readers not to think that he had taken his facts out of the *Arabian Nights*. That was an unnecessary precaution. He told of nothing which is not a commonplace of Oriental justice and Oriental intrigue. Whether it was technically justified or not, the fact remains that France, by giving protection to the Shereef of WAZAN, has practically extended its sovereignty over a considerable part of Morocco. The step has perhaps been hastened by the discovery that Italy has been carrying on intrigues of precisely the same nature in the same region. It is the first measure taken to prepare the way for a general protectorate. It is also, and that is by far the most serious aspect of the affair, a part of that general policy of aggression on which France has re-entered within the last two years. Neighbouring nations have one more warning that whenever an opportunity presents itself for extending the influence of their country, French diplomatists and statesmen at once throw aside every other consideration and escape from their own engagements by any chicane. There ought to be no need for a repetition of the lesson now, but, if it was wanted, there it is for the guidance of whoever has any dealings with the Republic elsewhere.

UNDERGROUND LONDON.

IN the *Standard* of Tuesday last appeared a letter bearing the title given above. The writer, the Reverend D. RICE-JONES, dates his letter from St. Giles-in-the-Fields. Other letters bearing on the same subject have also appeared in the same journal and elsewhere, confirming what is known to all who have with their own eyes looked seriously into the condition of the poor, both in London and in other of our large towns. Yet Mr. RICE-JONES can say with absolute truth that the facts he states "are little known, even "among those who are interested in the condition of the "London poor." It is one thing to be "interested," as is just now the fashion, in their state; it is quite another thing to see a practical remedy for the evils under which they suffer. Many of those who now go to see the dwellings of the poor in the East End of London are moved by exactly the same curiosity which led people to go and see the embarkation of Jumbo, or which leads people to go and see the excellent exhibition of wild beasts on sale at the establishment of Mr. JAMRACH. The picture which Mr. RICE-JONES draws is as true as it is sad. The question is often and rightly put, how we can provide the poor with better dwellings. But there remains another question, how we can house that large class of persons who have no homes at all, however bad. "The truth," as he accurately puts it, "is that many of them are "real outcasts. They have been cast out of the only "homes they ever had by their own fathers, not necessarily "for misconduct, but simply because they were felt to be "encumbrances." These children, as he goes on to show, have not even the advantages which sometimes fall to the lot of orphans. Benevolent people are often ready to spend money and take trouble for the sake of those who have no natural protectors. But when the parents are alive and able, if sober and industrious, to take charge of the children, the case of such poor outcasts is far worse than if they were fatherless and motherless. No sensible man, however open-handed, will readily give money for the support of those who both morally and legally ought to be supported by others able to do so. The sins of the parents are thus most cruelly visited on the children; and the mere fact that the parents continue to live, and do not either die, abscond, commit suicide, get into prison for a long term, emigrate, or somehow make themselves invisible, is the one which stands in the way of the children's good. But they keep alive on such wages as they can earn, and turn the children adrift. The life of the father or mother thus means in nearly all cases the moral ruin of the child. If the child struggles, in spite of all adverse circumstances, into a respectable position, the father or mother, made worse by age and confirmed ill habits, come upon him for support, and may often succeed in dragging him back into the abyss out of which he has succeeded in climbing. But the chance is infinitesimal that he ever wins his way to respectability. He becomes a street wanderer, and in those years of his life in which the character and habits are formed lives, not even in decent garrets, but in ownerless cellars, or under the arches of bridges, or in rotten tenements where his non-human bedfellows are rats, pigs, and vermin.

There is a large class of children growing up among us who live as we have described. There is a far larger class who are growing up in a way little better. The School Board, which was to have wrought such wonders, has not met, and cannot meet, such evils. Mr. RICE-JONES says:—"One of the most hopeless *gamins* I know—"a boy who, if he did not look so young, might well be "taken for the Artful Dodger come to life again—has "passed the Fifth Standard, and snaps his fingers with "impunity at the School Board officers. And there "are hundreds like him. Those boys have a literature "of their own—a literature which panders to the vilest "tastes, and boldly advocates the most extreme doctrines "of Communism." This is also true; and it would be indeed wonderful if literature of any better kind could appeal to these forlorn outcasts. All of them who are

intelligent are, as they grow up, but too likely to look on society, according to their temperaments, either as a tyrant on whom to be revenged, or as a wealthy fool to be robbed. With a view to correct these evils, Mr. RICE-JONES urges, as others have done before him, that cultivated men should go to the East End, live there, and freely mix with those classes whose special home the East End is. We should be glad to see this done, whether by Oxford men, Cambridge men, or by any of the young men now living in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall who "belong," according to Mr. RICE-JONES, "to the upper classes who have nothing to do." They could hardly employ their leisure better than in proving to the ignorant the truth that the interests of the rich and the poor are not antagonistic, and by showing in their lives the common bond of humanity which ought to unite all sorts and conditions of men.

That much good may be done in such ways we do not doubt, and the good when done will be reciprocal. The "young men who have nothing to do in the neighbourhood "of Pall Mall" are not all of them refreshing specimens of mankind. Many persons might even prefer the society of a street arab to that of some among them. But there is undoubtedly now a widespread desire in the cultivated classes in England to aid those classes on whom fortune has not smiled. Putting aside all that may be due to the many forms of a fanciful philanthropy, there remains an abundance of genuine, modest, practical zeal ready to be used in this cause. The question arises how this zeal can be best employed. Suppose a young graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, or one of the young men who live in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall and who have nothing to do, were to go among the poor in the East-End, he would soon find specimens of two classes among them. He would find, to take an example, a capable and industrious foreman in a manufactory from whom he would assuredly learn more than he could teach. And he would find men and women so hardened in vice that nothing which he could say or do would make the least permanent impression on them. It is the latter class in England who offer the real and difficult problem. How are we to save those who seem past saving; those whose confirmed habits of evil seem to make precept, example, and self-interest all alike unavailing?

As a class, it must be confessed by all practical people that there is no hope for them. Some few may be reclaimed; some few may be bettered; but the mass will spend the second half of their lives as they did the first. But, though this is unhappily the case with those who are grown up, it is not so with their children. There only lies any true solution of the difficulty. Sever the children from their parents and former associations, educate them for a time, and then transplant them to those colonies where they will have a future, and where, even as children, they are welcomed from the mother-country. The only evil of emigration is, that in many cases it is just the most capable and enterprising men—those whom we most wish to keep at home—who leave us. The class which we want to get rid of has not the energy to begin a new life in a new country. The parent is past help, and the child, if left to his care, grows up like him. But, though the parent is a nuisance alike in England and in the Colonies, the child, though sure, if he grows up, to be a nuisance here, can be turned into the most valuable of colonists. The attempts hitherto made in this direction have shown it to be for the present the true line to work upon. The child is removed—the earlier the better—from the influence of the parents, is trained for a few months or a year (or, in special cases, for a longer period) in decent and orderly habits, and can then be taken out to Canada, and adopted or apprenticed to those who are only too glad to receive him. Both the people and the Government of the Dominion combine to aid those in England who are engaged in carrying out this work, which (small at present) is certain of a great future. It is not in London only that it is being carried out. In Birmingham, for instance, a gentleman has for ten years been engaged upon it. Devoting his whole time to the work, he has extricated from the criminal classes some eight hundred children, has trained them, has transplanted and settled them in Canada, where, with a very few exceptions, they are all doing well. His work is aided by the Canadian Government, and children who in England would certainly have turned out for the most part criminals are there prosperous and successful. In the case we mention the gentleman has given his attention almost exclusively to the children of the lowest and vilest classes, of whom some are now thriving men of property in Canada. The mature criminal, except in rare cases, cannot be greatly bettered. But the legacy of evil which, in his children, he leaves to England we can turn into a legacy of good for our Colonies. [illegible] children, rightly and wisely trained here, are, as experience shows, welcome and desirable colonists; and it is just in the fact that while they are still young the ocean is put between them and their old associations that the success of this method of emigration depends. We wish every good fortune to those young men who may go and labour for the benefit of East London; and we trust that their good intentions may not be frustrated by mistaken methods. But to meet the evil suggested by our title, and which prevails in all our large towns as well as in London, we can see no better remedy than that which we have suggested, and which already has been tried with signal success. We may hope that Town Councils and Parliament will think it worthy of serious discussion.

"THE HOUSE" AND THE HOUSE.

THE House of Commons does not belong to that rare class of holiday-makers who usually show to an advantage after an "outing." In too many cases it returns to its duties not refreshed, but apparently used up; and the first night after a recess is commonly remarkable either for the languor or for the ill-temper of the reunited Assembly. Everything, however, has its compensations, and if too many members come back from their holiday in a mood not conducive to the progress of public business, there are many more who are good enough to facilitate it by not putting in an appearance at all. A House which may be very willing to "play," and not very unwilling to wrangle, requires the support of members to get up a diversion of either kind; and in the absence of this support, if a judicious Government happens to have put down Supply for one of these first nights, they may hope to score what Ministers in our constitutional country regard as the greatest of triumphs—namely, the obtaining of a maximum of the national money at the cost of a minimum of criticism on the part of the nation's representatives. Their success in this respect last Thursday night was not so splendid as it has sometimes been, but it was respectable. The House got through over twenty of the votes on the Civil Service Estimates, to the tune of a good many hundred thousand pounds; and, in the absence of some of the most noted performers on the Irish benches, the business of the night was conducted without the interchange of any violently abusive language.

If traces of the late recess can be said to have displayed themselves anywhere, it was in the easy "lounging-coat" species of discussion which took place on that familiar subject "the accommodation of the House." It must be admitted, however, that the natural attractions of such a topic were, under the circumstances, considerable. There were not much more than a hundred members present even at question-time; their numbers underwent the usual reduction of from a half to two-thirds upon the SPEAKER leaving the chair. To rise, therefore, from a solitary seat on the deserted benches and gravely discuss the question whether the accommodation of the House was adequate must have felt to many members almost like a prolongation of their holiday. There was the same delicious sense of futility about it which constitutes the charm of flinging pebbles into the sea. Nor is there any knowing how long the handful might have persevered in their indignant demand for elbow-room, if the LORD MAYOR—like one of those practical men who interrupt pebble-throwing at the seaside with politics—had not interposed with a matter-of-fact reference to "the present condition of the benches on "both sides of the House." The grievance in question, he went on to observe with relentless common sense, is only felt at the beginning of a new Parliament. This is undoubtedly so. In a new Parliament members come up keen to their work, full of noble ambitions and of zeal for the public service, and fondly imagining that, save for the brief intervals of absence required by the needs of food and sleep, they will literally live in the House to which their respected constituents have returned them. Upon them, as upon other youthful illusions, Time soon lays [illegible] cynic hand; and hence it comes about that, as Parliament grows older, a large contingent of its members become less concerned about the insufficiency of the accommodation provided for them, rightly judging that it is not worth troubling themselves about their seats during the few hours per week which will

constitute the average duration of their attendance. After all, it does not much matter where one sits to listen to Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice on Central Asian geography; and Mr. Gladstone, on the "progress of negotiations," loses none of his interest as an intellectual study even for a hearer who is content to stand at the bar. As to Mr. Bradlaugh, due notice has always been given of each repetition of his celebrated conjuring performances at the table, and seats can in such cases be engaged beforehand. The idle member soon ceases, in short, to concern himself about the question of seats; and the House, as the Lord Mayor contended, may well, therefore, confine its consideration to the actual requirements of its really working members; which, he went on to argue, are sufficiently consulted already.

No doubt, however, it will be replied by those who are determined to give "le mieux" a fair field for its hostility to "le bien," that what the accommodation of the House does already should be done, and "the other not left undone." There should be room enough, these captious persons insist, for all the members of the House to take their seats there at once, and the working members would do their work none the worse if this condition were fulfilled. The sight of a few more empty benches during the time of real "business" would not depress the energies of men who, by the hypothesis, are superior to such discouragements. Nor would it be easy to contest this view of the case if it were merely a question of providing additional seats. But seats in the House, unlike greatness and goodness in Coleridge's stately lines, are means and not ends. They are intended to enable their occupants to employ their eyes and ears from a position of bodily ease; and in only a limited number of the existing seats can this be done. To increase them by the addition of others which must necessarily be in still worse positions would be merely suggesting fresh subjects of discontent. It would be the thin end of the wedge. Members newly provided with seats would next be demanding to see and hear; and it would then be useless to remind them that these are exceptional privileges even in the House as at present arranged, and that those who are anxious to secure them on any great occasion are accustomed even now to ascend in considerable numbers to the side galleries. It is even possible that, not content with the demand for the opportunities of seeing and hearing from any part of the floor of the House, we should have many members putting forward the much more formidable claim for facilities of speech from the new seats provided for them; and, unless the instinct of self-preservation should operate promptly for their suppression, we might as well go in for the "tribune" system at once. The truth, of course, is that, though acoustic requirements might doubtless be more adequately met in the present House of Commons than they are, the Chamber itself is not, and could not by anything short of a complete transformation of plan, be made a suitable place either for displays of oratory or for listening to them. There are not more than fifty seats in the House, including those on the Treasury and front Opposition benches, from which the Assembly can be addressed with combined comfort and effect; and, if one of the very best of these has fallen by good fortune to the lot of Lord Randolph Churchill, its counterpart on the opposite side of the House is occupied, *en revanche*, by Mr. Dillwyn. The number of seats from which a speaker can be seen and heard with ease and comfort is, of course, much larger; but, relatively to the whole, it is still but small. Nor, as we have said, could any mere enlargement of the House on its existing plan do anything to reduce the evil, if it be one. The "theatral" arrangement of a house of assembly is the only one which will satisfy the needs of orator and listeners alike. On the other hand, the plan of the House of Commons is infinitely better adapted to the "transaction of business," as distinct from the display of eloquence; and these are certainly not days in which the former of these considerations should be sacrificed to the latter.

PUBLISHING ON COMMISSION.

We find that in representing Mr. Besant last week as advising young authors unconditionally against publishing novels on commission we misrepresented him. Mr. Besant's real warning was, it seems, directed against publishing on the terms of paying a sum of money down beforehand to the publisher. There is, no doubt, a considerable difference between the two systems. On the commission system (which, it seems, Mr. Besant did not mention at all) the publisher at any rate takes his risk of great or small profit, according to the greater or less success of the book. On the other, the publisher practically declares that the risk is a certainty of loss, and that he declines to face it in any way unless covered. That is to say, the expert most interested in the matter and best qualified to judge prophesies failure.

BANJO AND BONES.

"I HAVE a reasonable good ear in music," remarks that typical amateur actor, Bottom the Weaver; "let's have the tongs and the bones." The tongs, though not obsolete, are now something archaic, but masters of the noisy art and mystery of bone-playing are still to be found disguised in black and set over against masters of the more dulcet tambourine, at the opposite ends of the semi-circle of sable performers known to the world at large as negro minstrels. It is, perhaps, more accurate to confess at once that the negro minstrel is practically known and loved only in those parts of the world where the English language is spoken. The burnt-cork opera of the Christy Minstrel is appreciated only in Great Britain, in Greater Britain, and in the United States of America—where, in fact, it had its rise some two score years ago. Where the English language is not spoken, the grotesque verbal dislocations of Brudder Bones somehow fail of their reward. Indeed nothing can be more humorously pathetic than the dignified and reserved attitude of the audience in a Parisian *café chantant*—the Alcazar or the Ambassadeurs in summer or the Eldorado in winter—when a pair of blacked-up and hopelessly *h*-less Cockneys are attempting an exact imitation of the sayings and doings of the American plantation negro, studied by them at secondhand from some Irish-American performer who had probably never in his life seen a cotton-field or a sugar-house. And the estate of the Germans is yet less gracious than that of the Frenchman; there is even a legend in circulation setting forth the absolute failure of an enterprising American manager's attempt to invade Germany with a resolute band of negro minstrels, in consequence of the perspicacity of the German critics in detecting the fraud of trying to pass off as negroes white men artificially blackened! Obviously, the imitation darkey of the negro-minstrel stage did not coincide with the genuine darkey as evolved from the Teutonic inner consciousness. Probably the German critics would have objected even to the conscientious display of misplaced zeal which it was our good fortune once to behold in America. At the huge summer hotels which make Saratoga one of the brightest and gayest of American watering-places, the attendants in the dining-rooms are generally negroes, varying in hue from the ebony of the full-blooded black to the tawny ivory of the octoroon. The waiters of one of these hotels sometimes obtain permission to give "a minstrel show" in the dining-room, to which the amused "guests" of the hotel are admitted for a price. It was one of these minstrel shows, given at a Saratoga hotel three summers ago by genuine darkeys, that we were privileged to attend; and when the curtains were drawn aside, discovering the row of sable performers, it was perceived to the great and abiding joy of the spectators that the musicians were all of a uniform darkness of hue, and that they, genuine negroes as they were, had "blacked up" the more closely to resemble the professional negro minstrels.

This personal experience is valuable in so far as it may show how firm is the rule of convention in theatrical circles, and how the accepted type comes in time to seem preferable to the real thing. It is useful also in suggesting that the negro minstrel is getting to be a law unto himself, and ceasing to be an imitator of the exact facts of plantation life. In the beginning of negro minstrelsy, when the first band of "Ethiopian Serenaders," as they were then called, came into existence, its sole excuse for being was that it endeavoured to reproduce the life of the plantation darkey. The songs sung by the early Ethiopian Serenaders, before the original E. P. Christy or his nephew, the late George Christy, came into prominence, were reminiscences of songs heard where the negro was at work, on the river steamboat, in the sugar-field, or at the camp-meeting—the hardest kind of labour to a negro was religion. These songs retained the flavour of slave life, with all its pathos, its yearning, its hopelessness, its mournfulness. To this period belongs Stephen C. Foster, who remains to this day the most truly American of all American composers. As the slave songs are the only indigenous tunes which America has produced, Foster availed himself of hints from them, and he borrowed from wandering negroes both the themes and the method of some of his best songs. The typical song of this period is "The Old Folks at Home," with its wailing refrain and its suggestion of unutterable longing. The actual melodies of the plantation slave have been made known to European critics by the various wandering bands of Jubilee Singers, who have travelled the world over singing their rude and effective hymns. Some of their songs have been borrowed by Mr. Sankey, and others, as we have said, have been taken by the negro minstrels. Their full beauty will not be recognized generally until America shall bring forth a composer with imagination enough and with skill enough to do for these rich themes what has already been done so brilliantly and so effectively for the folk-songs of Hungary and of Scandinavia.

The first negro-minstrel company was organized in 1843, and it consisted of four performers, who had each appeared singly as impersonators of the plantation negro. One of the original four, D. D. Emmett, who still survives, was the composer of "Dixie," which afterwards became the battle-song of the Southern Confederacy. In the beginning these performers gave their concert as an interlude between two plays in a regular theatre. The popularity of the new entertainment led to its expansion, until it could fill the bill of an entire evening's amusement. It was at a very early stage in its career that the programme of a negro-minstrel performance fell into three divisions—the "first part," the "olio," and the after-piece. The "first part" retains its name to the present day; it is the portion of the entertainment provided by a single row of negro minstrels seated on chairs, with the grave "Interlocutor" in the centre, while at the ends are Bones and Tambo, the "end-men," who are known in England, oddly enough, as the "corner-men." This row of negro minstrels consisted at first of four, but it gradually expanded to twenty, until the great Mr. Haverly suddenly declared that he had "forty—count them—forty." In the performances now given at Drury Lane Theatre by Mr. Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels—and the name is not ill chosen, for some of the merry jests retailed by Mr. Haverly's comedians are surely as old as the mastodon and the mammoth—there are nearly sixty performers visible, line upon line, rising in tiers nearly to the ilies. On the wings of this sable array are a score of end-men with tambourines and with bones; while the star end-men, the chief comedians, are so many and so important that they appear in relays, one replacing the other. This, of course, is a doing of things on a large scale, and certainly it succeeds in breaking up the monotony of a single line of performers quite as effectually as did the New York minstrel manager who scattered the actors in his "first part" through a handsomely furnished drawing-room in a vain effort to make the entertainment appear in the semblance of an evening party. The second part of a minstrel show is the "olio"—and this is only a variety entertainment, of banjo-playing, clog-dancing, and the like, by imitation negroes. Occasionally one of the sketches now and again performed really recalls the actual negro, notably the little charcoal outline of the "Watermelon Man" as presented by Mr. McAndrews. But in general the "olio" is as far away from the actual facts of plantation life as the first part; and when we say that two of Mr. Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels are sufficiently conscience-less to sing Irish comic songs, the full extent of this decadence is made visible. And, in like manner, the after-piece, which once attempted to reproduce dramatically the mingled simplicity and cunning of the negro, is now a parody of a popular play, a burlesque opera, or any other comic drama as far removed as possible from the ken of the dwellers on the old plantation. Nowadays any kind of a farce may be performed as an afterpiece. We have seen, with much amusement, a broadly comic play called the *Great Sheep Case*, in which we recognized a blackened perversion of the *Village Lawyer*, a farce of Garrick's day; and we happened to know that the *Village Lawyer* was a free rendering of *D'Avocat Pathelin* of Brueys and Palaprat, which in turn was a modernization of *Pathelin*, one of the oldest surviving farces of the French stage.

The entertainment now offered at Drury Lane Theatre by Mr. Haverly's American and European Mastodon Minstrels is emphatically a Big Thing after the most approved fashion of American Big Things. Mr. Haverly is, plainly enough, a manager with Napoleonic conceptions, worthy of comparison with those of the mysterious and mighty Mr. Barnum, whose Own and Only Greatest Show on Earth is hardly more astounding or more kaleidoscopic than this sable exhibition of Mr. Haverly's. We incline to think that Mr. Barnum's show is scarcely more unlike the primitive circus than Mr. Haverly's Minstrels are unlike the original Ethiopian Serenaders. And Mr. Haverly has a full share of the sublime self-confidence and of the marvellous knowledge of effect which combine to make Mr. Barnum what he is—one of the wonders of the world, far more remarkable and better worth the full price of admission than any of the Living Curiosities gathered into his Ethnological Congress. From the first part of Mr. Haverly's programme to the last part everything is done on a grand scale; there are six eminent end-men appearing in pairs in relays; there are eighteen other exponents of the bones and the tambourine; there are about sixty performers on the stage at once; there are sand-dances by a sextet of agile and ebony operators, and clog-dances by a score of glittering and airy apparitions, who appear in shiny mail to go through a Silver Combat Clog-Dance—which, indeed, must be seen to be appreciated. Above all, there is Mr. Frank E. McNish, one of the most quaintly humorous performers it has ever been our good fortune to see. Mr. McNish is primarily an acrobat, and he is an acrobat of very unusual skill and of a most delightful felicity and certainty of execution. But what gives zest to the merit of his performance is his odd dramatic assumption that he is in danger of interruption from some unseen bully of an overseer. Mr. McNish's extraordinary performance, as extraordinary in its humour as in its novelty, is beyond all question a thing to be seen. Among the other performers, Mr. William Emerson and Mr. William Sweetman are the most amusing, and Messrs. Sanford and Wilson are the most true to the negro character. In general, as we have said, there is but a bare pretence of the imitation of plantation life in any modern minstrel performance; and perhaps Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels are no worse in this respect than any other. But the sentimental ballads of the first part—not as many nor as delicately shaded as other minstrel companies have accustomed us to—have no trace of the real negro song, which is to be detected, however, in one or two of the comic ditties, notably in Mr. Morton's "I'm high-minded." In general, the comic songs of Mr. Haverly's performers are better than the sentimental; they are such, too, with better assistance from the chorus; and some of them are rendered with a certainty of effect, and indeed a multiplicity of effects, most amusing. In fact, of the entire programme of Mr. Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels—despite the melancholy fact that that programme is unduly long—we may say, with Abraham Lincoln, that "those who like that sort of thing will find this just the sort of thing they like."

The instruments of the four performers in the original band of Ethiopian Serenaders were the banjo and the bones, the violin and the tambourine—and for a long while the place of the stately Interlocutor (who sits in the centre of the semicircle and allows the humorous end-men to extract unlimited fun from the extremely complicated relations of the Interlocutor's numerous fathers and brothers and sisters) was filled by the banjoist, who repeated the conundrum propounded by Brudder Bones or Brudder Tambo, so that there might be no misunderstanding of its conditions, making the point clear to the dullest comprehension, much in the manner of the catechizing Sunday-school visitor. Of these four instruments most persons would at once pick out the banjo as most characteristic of the negro race, recognizing the Elizabethan existence of the bones, the Basque origin of the tambourine, and the wholly un-Ethiopian genesis of the violin. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, however, the creator of the always delightful *Uncle Remus*, and a very close student of the actual facts of negro life, wrote a paper last winter in which he declared that the banjo was not a negro instrument at all, and that the preference of the darkey was wholly for the violin. Mr. Harris, whose opportunities for observation, especially in Georgia, have been as well utilized as they have been ample, declared that "the banjo may be the typical instrument of the plantation-negro, but I have never seen a plantation-negro play it. I have heard them make sweet music with the quills—Pan's pipes; I have heard them play passably well on the fiddle, the fife, and the flute; and I have heard them blow a tin-trumpet with surprising skill; but I have never seen a banjo, or a tambourine, or a pair of bones, in the hands of plantation-negro." And, after specifying that his experience extends only to Middle Georgia, where, however, there were negroes from Virginia and from other parts of the South, Mr. Harris adds:—"I have seen the negro at work, and I have seen him at play; I have attended his corn-shuckings, his dances, and his frolics; I have heard him give the wonderful melody of his songs to the winds; I have heard him fit barbaric airs to the quills; I have seen him scrape jubilantly on the fiddle; I have seen him blow wildly on the bugle, and beat enthusiastically on the triangle; but I have never heard him play on the banjo." This iconoclastic shattering of tradition and convention was most tolerable and not to be endured; and the succeeding numbers of *The Critic* (in which Mr. Harris's pungent paper was published) contained letters from many correspondents, all of whom bore witness to the fact that the plantation-negro did sometimes play on the banjo. No attempt was made to show that the negro knew anything at all about the bones or the tambourine. But the use of the banjo by plantation-negroes in Virginia was established beyond all cavil. One correspondent aptly quoted a foot-note from the rare first edition of Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia* (1784) which supplemented an assertion in the text that the negroes have an accurate ear for music with the declaration that "the instrument proper to them is the Banjar, which they brought hither from Africa, and which is the origin of the guitar, its chords being precisely the four lower chords of the guitar." Mr. George W. Cable, the author of the fresh and subtle sketches of life in New Orleans, *Old Creole Days*, has had occasion to observe the negro in Louisiana as carefully as Mr. Harris has observed him in Georgia; and Mr. Cable has found a hundred times as many fiddles on a plantation as banjos. Mr. Cable agrees with Mr. Harris in asserting that the banjo is not a very common instrument on the plantation; but he asserts that he has often spent half the night listening to negroes "picking" the banjo in monotonous accompaniment to their songs. Mr. Cable quoted a little Creole song, in which the slave seems to take his banjo into his confidence as he describes a passing dandy:—

Voyez ce mulet-là, Musieu Bainjo,
Comme il est insolent;
Chapeau sur côté, Musieu Bainjo,
La canne a la main, Musieu Bainjo,
Botte qui fait crin, crin, Musieu Bainjo.

Mr. Cable, however, disagrees absolutely with Mr. Harris in the main issue. He says that the banjo is just as much a negro instrument as the barrel with the jawbone drumsticks which the negroes use in their dances. And all truly conservative lovers of tradition will rejoice that Mr. Harris has been overthrown. It is bad enough to deprive the negro of his tambourine and his bones; to rob him of his banjo is brutal.

THE POLITICAL NURSERY.

MR. AUBERON HERBERT appears to have been so much pleased with the position of the "eternal child" in politics which we gave him last week that he has determined to addict himself yet further to childish things. No house, a great Englishman once said, is complete without a kitten rising six weeks and

a baby rising two years or thereabouts. There are diversities of opinion as to this last point; but we, at least, have room in our political nursery for Mr. Herbert. With the engaging inconstancy of youth, he has changed his playground from the *Daily News* to the *Times*, perhaps because his play this week is so very, very naughty that the *Daily News* really could not give facilities for it. Last week he only defended Mr. Forster; now he goes so far as to attack Mr. Gladstone (*cet âge est sans vergogne*), and accuses the whole Ministry of political shabbiness. They were shabby about the Land Act and the Land League, shabby about the Boer War, shabby about the Indian troops in Egypt, shabby about Arabi, shabbiest about the Egyptian garrisons. All this is extremely true, though perhaps it has been said a good many times before, and by persons rather better qualified to speak than those who (as Mr. Herbert, to the best of our remembrance, did) used their efforts to seat this shabby Ministry in place. However, it does not do to quarrel with truisms, and it is a characteristic of infancy to enunciate them with great solemnity and imagine them to be new discoveries. In the very same number of the *Times* which contains what the *Times* itself has obligingly called Mr. Herbert's "spirited letter" a gifted reviewer indulges in the unanswerable statement that "it would be much to be lamented if Englishmen lost their interest in the bygone ages, with their wonderful wealth of poetry, of romance, and of heroic action." It would, there is no doubt of it; and the Government is shabby, there is no doubt of that. Even so when the Bennet family were in trouble by reason of the elopement of the flagitious Lydia did the studious Mary comfort her sisters:—"Unhappy as the event may be, we may draw from it this useful lesson, that loss of virtue in a female is irretrievable, that one false step involves her in endless ruin, that her reputation is no less brittle than it is beautiful, and that she cannot be too guarded in her behaviour towards the undeserving of the other sex." Mr. Auberon Herbert, Miss Mary Bennet, and the reviewer of the *Times* make a delightful trinity.

To return, however, to that one of the trinity with whom we have more particularly to do—our spirited political child, Mr. Auberon Herbert. He proceeds to improve the Egyptian situation at great length, observing, as if it were a totally novel comparison, that the Government arithmetic is as that of persons who say that two and two make five. Here also be truths. But, as Mr. Auberon Herbert himself seems after a time dimly to perceive, they are not extremely fertile or practical truths. What is to be done? says Mr. Auberon Herbert; and the first thing which he decides upon as by no means to be done is to call in the Opposition. No, no, cries Mr. Auberon Herbert, "I still shudder when I think of Lord Beaconsfield's Government," and he shudders still more when he thinks of Lord Beaconsfield's Government without Lord Beaconsfield. But, on the other hand, he cannot tolerate the Government as it is. "You must get rid of old crust-hardened politicians," and, it would appear, try a young man or two with an open mind, such as—but we pause. Why not, says Mr. Auberon Herbert, try a Government composed of Sir Charles Dilke as Foreign Secretary, Mr. Forster, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre? It is awful to think of the wrath of Birmingham when it finds that Mr. Ch-mb-rla-n is not in this selected team. So, however, Mr. Auberon Herbert is left constructing Cabinets.

Now, there is something delightfully childish in this cry of our spirited political child. When other children of the natural kind are ill, everybody is very sorry indeed for them; but it has been observed by the most humane spectators that their conduct is not invariably distinguished by the perfection of reason. "Oh, mamma," says the little sufferer, "I have got *such* a pain." Mr. Auberon Herbert has got a pain, and the name of the particular pain is Liberal Government. "Then, my dear," says mamma, "here is some medicine which will take it away." So do nature and reason, *almæ parentes* both, point out to Mr. Auberon Herbert that a Conservative Ministry will probably relieve him at once. "Oh no, mamma," rejoins the infant of fact, "not that *nasty* medicine—I can't take that medicine. Why won't you make some other medicine with sugar and spice and all that's nice." So does our infant of fiction yearn for a political remedy into which Mr. Forster (all compact of sugar) and Mr. Courtney (that nest of political spicery) shall enter. It is sad, and possibly useless, to point out to him that the medicine will not cure even if it could be got compounded by any known practitioner of pharmaceutics. "Give me the *nice* medicine, not the *nasty* medicine that I threw away the other day!" Such is the spectacle presented by our political child, and such his wail. It is a very interesting one, but trying to persons of short temper. In the nursery of fact and private life remonstrances of this kind are too often met with a short, summary, but very practical and effective method, which usually accomplishes a cure. In the political nursery, which unfortunately is often the largest and most populous part of the political house, these means are not available.

Yet it would appear that a not inconsiderable part of the nation is in Mr. Auberon Herbert's state of political babyhood and political gastralgia. With himself we have nothing more to do, except to thank him for the obliging frequency with which he gives us a text. We do not even inquire further why he dislikes old crust-hardened politicians. An intelligent art critic observed the other day that, "paradoxical as it may appear, the French, who live in small rooms, delight in large pictures." Any political writer of the same kidney may, if he likes, indulge in the kindred reflection that, "paradoxical as it may appear, Mr. Auberon Herbert, who lives in the New Forest, dislikes old politicians." But of him we speak no more, and need speak no more; for the wailings of infants like unto him are as frequent just now as those of other infants in the vestibule of the Virgilian Hell. Here is the *Pall Mall Gazette* acknowledging that Lord Salisbury has just spoken about Egypt after its own heart, and crying, like Mr. Herbert, "No Lord Salisbury! No nasty Conservative medicine!" Here is the *Manchester Guardian*, that most respectable organ of provincial Liberalism, at once declaring plumply that an international Control for Egypt might be a capital thing if France were kept out of it, and then abusing Lord Salisbury for abusing the Government which has by its own confession been negotiating with France for weeks on the subject of Egypt. The *Manchester Guardian*, of course, does not think that the Government have been proposing to France an international Control without France. But the cry "No Conservative Government! No nasty medicine!" breaks dolefully from its lips also. Somewhat more consistent is the *Scotsman*, the David Deans of Gladstonian orthodoxy, a journal far more free from right and left hand defections, far more elect a member of the lovely remnant than the *Daily News* itself, which, to tell the truth, has too often made short excursions in the direction of sense and heresy before once more involving itself in the gloom of impenetrable Gladstonianism. The *Scotsman* has blasphemously said that thoughtful men all over the country will have nothing to do with any policy that can in any way involve the surrender of our position in Egypt, and it seems (in this respect showing itself less childish than some others) to have a gloomy consciousness that the nasty medicine may have to be administered. It is not in the least grateful to the medicines or anxious to see them at work; but Scotch babies are never quite so childish as English ones.

The interest of this *vagitus infantum* is all the greater because it is extremely difficult to assign any exact reason for the dislike of the political infants to the medicine. The ordinary remedial drugs of private life are, it may be admitted, not nice. We have known a boy with an unnatural appetite for brimstone and treacle, and senna in its natural state is rather peculiar than positively nasty. But salts, magnesia, the powder of the accursed Gregory, and so forth, are frankly and immitigably (as Mr. Henry James would say) detestable. Except Mr. Bright and a few other amiable fanatics, few people can discern anything more intrinsically abominable in a Conservative Government than in a Liberal one. The proportion of politicians so keen that the mere idea of their own party being "out" makes them miserable is certainly not very large in the nation. Even Dr. Parker does not really think that a Conservative Government would make him renounce Congregationalism (whatever Congregationalism is) or be burnt; and there are probably not one million people out of the five-and-thirty who could honestly put their hands on their hearts and say that they care a button for Franchise Bills, London Government Bills, or anything of the kind. The mystery can only be explained by once more falling back on the analogy of the nursery. A Conservative Government, by the ingenuity of those indefatigable story-tellers Messrs. Gladstone and Co., has become a simple bogey. Mr. Auberon Herbert, we see, shudders without knowing why at it. "At Kilve [the Gladstonian Kilve] there is, at any rate, no weathercock, and that's the reason why," we suppose, what with the constant assertions of press and platform for five years past that the Government of Lord Beaconsfield did things so divers and so disgusting that no fellow really could stand it, though no fellow can tell what they were; what with the assertions of platform and press that Mr. Gladstone's Government is the best of all possible Governments (though it is candidly admitted that it has done little else than make blunders), a great myth appears to have been got up and solidly established in nursery credence. And it must be owned that Ministers make very good use of the myth. Sir Charles Dilke has just calmly informed a correspondent who questioned the accuracy of a statement of his that he, Sir Charles, never "makes statements in public which it is subsequently necessary to modify." This attitude probably pays—with children. And yet, as we see, the children are not happy. They already writhe very much, and they rub themselves piteously; but the political vindicator calling in that dreadful bogey of a Conservative Government Bishop of Rome, you know can't be thought of. Mr. Auberon Herbert sets the task of getting rid of the bare idea. The rise, progress, and extinction of this we enter on as always a pleasing phenomenon to the dispassionate observer; necessarily unfortunately government by bogey is rather difficult to procure. passionately when it involves the letting all the inferno in that sense country go to rack and ruin.

THE BATTLE OF DRUMCLOG.

THE battle of Drumclog, fought June 1, 1679, is more than a skirmish between a handful of the State has created torical summary:—"So rabble of ill-armed and undisciplined peasants the civil power, that reasons taken a place in history of more impl has not only given to cumstances seem at first to warrant. It is, perform and unity, but also remembered, when remembered at all, for their doctrine." It would be Scott with a striking scene in one of the co-existence of the Church, romances. But it also marks in the history independent spiritual body in first appearance of a name more fiercely a And the object of the paper than almost any other in our annals—the case as the verdict of history. of Claverhouse; and it is noticeable, m

The first negro-minstrel company was organized in 1843, and it consisted of four performers, who had each appeared singly as impersonators of the plantation negro. One of the original four, D. D. Emmett, who still survives, was the composer of "Dixie," which afterwards became the battle-song of the Southern Confederacy. In the beginning these performers gave their concert as an interlude between two plays in a regular theatre. The popularity of the new entertainment led to its expansion, until it could fill the bill of an entire evening's amusement. It was at a very early stage in its career that the programme of a negro-minstrel performance fell into three divisions—the "first part," the "olio," and the after-piece. The "first part" retains its name to the present day; it is the portion of the entertainment provided by a single row of negro minstrels seated on chairs, with the grave "Interlocutor" in the centre, while at the ends are Bones and Tambo, the "end-men," who are known in England, oddly enough, as the "corner-men." This row of negro minstrels consisted at first of four, but it gradually expanded to twenty, until the great Mr. Haverly suddenly declared that he had "forty—count them—forty." In the performances now given at Drury Lane Theatre by Mr. Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels—and the name is not ill chosen, for some of the merry jests retailed by Mr. Haverly's comedians are surely as old as the mastodon and the mammoth—there are nearly sixty performers visible, line upon line, rising in tiers nearly to the flies. On the wings of this sable array are a score of end-men with tambourines and with bones; while the star end-men, the chief comedians, are so many and so important that they appear in relays, one replacing the other. This, of course, is a doing of things on a large scale, and certainly it succeeds in breaking up the monotony of a single line of performers quite as effectually as did the New York minstrel manager who scattered the actors in his "first part" through a handsomely furnished drawing-room in a vain effort to make the entertainment appear in the semblance of an evening party. The second part of a minstrel show is the "olio"—and this is only a variety entertainment, of banjo-playing, clog-dancing, and the like, by imitation negroes. Occasionally one of the sketches now and again performed really recalls the actual negro, notably the little charcoal outline of the "Watermelon Man" as presented by Mr. McAndrews. But in general the "olio" is as far away from the actual facts of plantation life as the first part; and when we say that two of Mr. Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels are sufficiently conscience-less to sing Irish comic songs, the full extent of this decadence is made visible. And, in like manner, the after-piece, which once attempted to reproduce dramatically the mingled simplicity and cunning of the negro, is now a parody of a popular play, a burlesque opera, or any other comic drama as far removed as possible from the ken of the dwellers on the old plantation. Nowadays any kind of a farce may be performed as an afterpiece. We have seen, with much amusement, a broadly comic play called the *Great Sheep Case*, in which we recognized a blackened perversion of the *Village Lawyer*, a farce of Garrick's day; and we happened to know that the *Village Lawyer* was a free rendering of *L'Avocat Pathelin* of Brueys and Palaprat, which in turn was a modernization of *Pathelin*, one of the oldest surviving farces of the French stage.

The entertainment now offered at Drury Lane Theatre by Mr. Haverly's American and European Mastodon Minstrels is emphatically a Big Thing after the most approved fashion of American Big Things. Mr. Haverly is, plainly enough, a manager with Napoleonic conceptions, worthy of comparison with those of the mysterious and mighty Mr. Barnum, whose Own and Only Greatest Show on Earth is hardly more astounding or more kaleidoscopic than this sable exhibition of Mr. Haverly's. We incline to think that Mr. Barnum's show is scarcely more unlike the primitive circus than Mr. Haverly's Minstrels are unlike the original Ethiopian Serenaders. And Mr. Haverly has a full share of the sublime self-confidence and of the marvellous knowledge of effect which combine to make Mr. Barnum what he is—one of the wonders of the world, far more remarkable and better worth the full price of admission than any of the Living Curiosities gathered into his Ethnological Congress. From the first part of Mr. Haverly's programme to the last part everything is done on a grand scale; there are six eminent end-men appearing in pairs in relays; there are eighteen other exponents of the bones and the tambourine; there are about sixty performers on the stage at once; there are sand-dances by a sextet of agile and ebony operators, and clog-dances by a score of glittering and airy apparitions, who appear in shiny mail to go through a Silver Combat Clog-Dance—which, indeed, must be seen to be appreciated. Above all, there is Mr. Frank E. McNish, one of the most quaintly humorous performers it has ever been our good fortune to see. Mr. McNish is primarily an acrobat, and he is an acrobat of very unusual skill and of a most delightful felicity and certainty of execution. But what gives zest to the merit of his performance is his odd dramatic assumption that he is in danger of interruption from some unseen bully of an overseer. Mr. McNish's extraordinary performance, as extraordinary in its humour as in its novelty, is beyond all question a thing to be seen. Among the other performers, Mr. William Emerson and Mr. William Sweetman are the most amusing, and Messrs. Sanford and Wilson are the most true to the negro character. In general, as we have said, there is but a bare pretence of the imitation of plantation life in any modern minstrel performance; and perhaps Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels are no worse in this respect than any other. But the sentimental ballads of the first part—not as many nor as delicately shaded as other minstrel companies have accustomed us to—have no trace of the real negro song, which is to be detected, however, in one or two of the comic ditties, notably in Mr. Morton's "I'm high-minded." In general, the comic songs of Mr. Haverly's performers are better than the sentimental; they are sung, too, with better assistance from the chorus; and some of them are rendered with a certainty of effect, and indeed a multiplicity of effects, most amusing. In fact, of the entire programme of Mr. Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels—despite the melancholy fact that that programme is unduly long—we may say, with Abraham Lincoln, that "those who like that sort of thing will find this just the sort of thing they like."

The instruments of the four performers in the original band of Ethiopian Serenaders were the banjo and the bones, the violin and the tambourine—and for a long while the place of the stately Interlocutor (who sits in the centre of the semicircle and allows the humorous end-men to extract unlimited fun from the extremely complicated relations of the Interlocutor's numerous fathers and brothers and sisters) was filled by the banjoist, who repeated the conundrum propounded by Brudder Bones or Brudder Tambo, so that there might be no misunderstanding of its conditions, making the point clear to the dullest comprehension, much in the manner of the catechizing Sunday-school visitor. Of these four instruments most persons would at once pick out the banjo as most characteristic of the negro race, recognizing the Elizabethan existence of the bones, the Basque origin of the tambourine, and the wholly un-Ethiopian genesis of the violin. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, however, the creator of the always delightful *Uncle Remus*, and a very close student of the actual facts of negro life, wrote a paper last winter in which he declared that the banjo was not a negro instrument at all, and that the preference of the darkey was wholly for the violin. Mr. Harris, whose opportunities for observation, especially in Georgia, have been as well utilized as they have been ample, declared that "the banjo may be the typical instrument of the plantation-negro, but I have never seen a plantation-negro play it. I have heard them make sweet music with the quills—Pan's pipes; I have heard them play passably well on the fiddle, the fife, and the flute; and I have heard them blow a tin-trumpet with surprising skill; but I have never seen a banjo, or a tambourine, or a pair of bones, in the hands of plantation-negro." And, after specifying that his experience extends only to Middle Georgia, where, however, there were negroes from Virginia and from other parts of the South, Mr. Harris adds:—"I have seen the negro at work, and I have seen him at play; I have attended his corn-shuckings, his dances, and his frolics; I have heard him give the wonderful melody of his songs to the winds; I have heard him fit barbaric airs to the quills; I have seen him scrape jubilantly on the fiddle; I have seen him blow wildly on the bugle, and beat enthusiastically on the triangle; but I have never heard him play on the banjo." This iconoclastic shattering of tradition and convention was most tolerable and not to be endured; and the succeeding numbers of *The Critic* (in which Mr. Harris's pungent paper was published) contained letters from many correspondents, all of whom bore witness to the fact that the plantation-negro did sometimes play on the banjo. No attempt was made to show that the negro knew anything at all about the bones or the tambourine. But the use of the banjo by plantation-negroes in Virginia was established beyond all cavil. One correspondent aptly quoted a foot-note from the rare first edition of Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia* (1784) which supplemented an assertion in the text that the negroes have an accurate ear for music with the declaration that "the instrument proper to them is the Banjar, which they brought hither from Africa, and which is the origin of the guitar, its chords being precisely the four lower chords of the guitar." Mr. George W. Cable, the author of the fresh and subtle sketches of life in New Orleans, *Old Creole Days*, has had occasion to observe the negro in Louisiana as carefully as Mr. Harris has observed him in Georgia; and Mr. Cable has found a hundred times as many fiddles on a plantation as banjos. Mr. Cable agrees with Mr. Harris in asserting that the banjo is not a very common instrument on the plantation; but he asserts that he has often spent half the night listening to negroes "picking" the banjo in monotonous accompaniment to their songs. Mr. Cable quoted a little Creole song, in which the slave seems to take his banjo into his confidence as he describes a passing dandy:—

Voyez ce mulet-là, Musieu Bainjo,
Comme il est insolent;
Chapeau sur côté, Musieu Bainjo,
La canne a la main, Musieu Bainjo,
Botte qui fait crin, crin, Musieu Bainjo.

Mr. Cable, however, disagrees absolutely with Mr. Harris in the main issue. He says that the banjo is just as much a negro instrument as the barrel with the jawbone drumsticks which the negroes use in their dances. And all truly conservative lovers of tradition will rejoice that Mr. Harris has been overthrown. It is bad enough to deprive the negro of his tambourine and his bones; to rob him of his banjo is brutal.

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The interest of this *vagitus infantum* is all the greater because it is extremely difficult to assign any exact reason for the dislike of the political infants to the medicine. The ordinary remedial drugs of private life are, it may be admitted, not nice. We have known a boy with an unnatural appetite for brimstone and treacle, and senna in its natural state is rather peculiar than positively nasty. But salts, magnesia, the powder of the accursed Gregory, and so forth, are frankly and immitigably (as Mr. Henry James would say) detestable. Except Mr. Bright and a few other amiable fanatics, few people can discern anything more intrinsically abominable in a Conservative Government than in a Liberal one. The proportion of politicians so keen that the mere idea of their own party being "out" makes them miserable is certainly not very large in the nation. Even Dr. Parker does not really think that a Conservative Government would make him renounce Congregationalism (whatever Congregationalism is) or be burnt; and there are probably not one million people out of the five-and-thirty who could honestly put their hands on their hearts and say that they care a button for Franchise Bills, London Government Bills, or anything of the kind. The mystery can only be explained by once more falling back on the analogy of the nursery. A Conservative Government, by the ingenuity of those indefatigable story-tellers Messrs. Gladstone and Co., has become a simple bogey. Mr. Auberon Herbert, we see, shudders without knowing why at it. "At Kilve [the Gladstonian Kilve] there is, at any rate, no weathercock, and that's the reason why," we suppose, what with the constant assertions of press and platform for five years past that the Government of Lord Beaconsfield did things so divors and so disgusting that no fellow really could stand it, though no fellow can tell what they were; what with the assertions of platform and press that Mr. Gladstone's Government is the best of all possible Governments (though it is candidly admitted that it has done little else than make blunders), a great myth appears to have been got up and solidly established in nursery credence. And it must be owned that Ministers make very good use of the myth. Sir Charles Dilke has just calmly informed a correspondent who questioned the accuracy of a statement of his that he, Sir Charles, never "makes statements in public which it is subsequently necessary to modify." This attitude probably pays—with children. And yet, as we see, the children are not happy. They writhe very much, and they rub themselves pitcously; but as for calling in that dreadful bogey of a Conservative Government, that you know can't be thought of. Mr. Auberon Herbert shudders at the bare idea. The rise, progress, and extinction of bogeys is always a pleasing phenomenon to the dispassionate observer. Unfortunately government by bogey is rather difficult to regard dispassionately when it involves the letting all the interests of the country go to rack and ruin.

THE BATTLE OF DRUMCLOG

THE battle of Drumclog, fought [illegible] 1679, [illegible] more than a skirmish between [illegible] rabble of ill-armed and undisciplined [illegible] which [illegible] reed [illegible] ough little [illegible] ons and a [illegible] for various reasons taken a place in history of [illegible] n than its circumstances seem at first to warrant [illegible] st generally remembered, when remembered at [illegible] hed Walter Scott with a striking scene in one [illegible] s historical romances. But it also marks in as [illegible] ingdom the first appearance of a name more [illegible] than almost any other in our [illegible] in Graham, of Claverhouse; and it is noticeable, moreover, as the [illegible] sole occasion

in which soldiers under his command were forced to show their backs to an enemy. Lastly, it is memorable as the turning-point in that long and bitter conflict between Episcopacy and Presbyterianism which, practically dating from the first of the great Scotch Covenants in 1557, saw only the beginning of the end in the Toleration Act of 1689. Previous to the day of Drumclog the resistance of the Covenanters, though always stubborn and persistent, had been, save for a few isolated cases, and for the abortive rising which ended in the Pentland Hills, strictly defensive. Some historians, Hume among the number, and the late Mr. Burton, have thought that the "vague bullying," as the latter has happily styled Lauderdale's early policy, was from the first designed to drive the Whigs (as they then began first to be called) into open rebellion, and so pave the way for more violent measures. It is clear that such a suspicion existed at the time in Scotland, and it certainly seems to receive some colour from the concluding sentence of the despatch in which Claverhouse sent the news of his defeat to Edinburgh; "this may be counted the beginning of the rebellion in my opinion." At any rate, whether the issue was foreseen or not, it was at Drumclog that the Covenanters first really took the war into their own hands, to reap three short weeks later the fruits of their victory in the rout and slaughter of Bothwell Bridge.

It is as well to remember that these men had by that time come to be very far indeed from the simple heroes and martyrs that certain writers, other than their own chroniclers, have delighted to represent them. The memory of their wrongs for a long while made it easy for later ages to forget how large a share they themselves by their unreasonable and violent conduct had in making those wrongs possible; while the savage and unrelenting persecution they suffered in the closing years of the struggle has, as usual in such cases, drawn a veil over the fearful vengeance they were never slow to take when chance threw it into their power. The deaths of John Brown and some others have set the seal of martyrdom alike on the ignorant and harmless peasants who wished only to worship God after their own fashion, and on the arrogant and bigoted fanatics who would not allow that He could be worshipped in any other; alike on the victims of James and on the murderers of Archbishop Sharpe.

It is a more common and yet greater error to suppose that these men represented the national feeling of Scotland, or were universally regarded by their countrymen as the champions of their liberty and religion. There is about as much reason for this belief as there would be for a historian a hundred years hence to represent the noisy and indecent mobs who infest our streets under the banners of "General" Booth as a national protest against the irreligion of the age. These men were the survivors of the Solemn League and Covenant of 1638, of which the bulk of the Scotch people, lay and clerical alike, had grown heartily weary in 1660. Ever since the "Manchline Testimony" of 1648, and the abortive "Whigamore's Raid" which followed, the Western Lowlands had been the head-quarters of the extreme party, or Sectaries, as they were known among the more moderate. In the mountainous districts where the counties of Ayr and Lanark meet, a stern and uncompromising band of fanatics had been for some years preaching their wild crusade against all who were not prepared at all hazards to stand by the letter of the old Covenant, or rather by its spirit as interpreted by them. The toleration they demanded they would not stoop to give. No man should be free to worship God as he pleased; every man must worship Him in the way which seemed good to them, and in that way only. The moderate Presbyterians were as hateful to them as Charles himself and all his bishops, and they in their turn were as obnoxious to the bulk of their own countrymen as to the English Government. These "wild Western Whigs" stood between Scotland and peace. The great part of the nation, even of the clergymen, was loyal. They were weary of the endless squabbles which had vexed their Church since the days of Knox. The religious tyranny of the Puritans had grown as odious to them as to Englishmen, and the Restoration was welcomed with as much joy in Edinburgh as in London. It may be going too far to say, as some have said, that at that moment it would have been possible, by gentle measures, to persuade Scotland to accept a moderate form of Episcopacy; but there is no doubt that there was a very strong party then in the country anxious for a compromise between the two Churches, and willing to make all reasonable advances towards one. Unfortunately Charles, who no doubt had no very pleasant recollections of it, had conceived a violent antipathy to Presbyterianism. It was not, he said, "a religion for gentlemen"; and his Ministers were quite ready to agree with him. Gentle measures were the last to be adopted by such men as then held the destinies of Scotland in their hands. Professor Sidgwick and Lauderdale, both seceders from the Covenanting party, and Mr. McNish against it with all the bitterness of renegades; but with all the unusual skill and savage old soldier who lives in history as "Muscovite" dramatic assumption roasted men"; Sharpe, in whom the Presbyterian unseen bully more than in any other man, and who rewarded by performance, as cepting the bishopric of St. Andrew's. Compromise beyond all questio me all reasonable lengths to ensure those who mers, Mr. William fairly met, would have done more it, and w most amusing, and than all the Royal troops, now to keep to the negro charac openly joined their cause to those either st but a bare pretence of ves unjustly classed. Affairs now with wh minstrel performance The oath of the Covenant, once marched re no worse in this r rles himself, was proclaimed unsolemnly ballads of the first par uderdale had now brought into lawful. T

complete subservience to the King, passed Act after Act, each one more arbitrary and oppressive than the former. Nor did "the Indulgence" of 1669 mend matters. The "King's Curates," as those who accepted its terms were called, became soon even more hateful than the King himself; and the falling away of the weaker brethren served only to inflame the zeal and fury of the stronger. A body of troops under Sir James Turner were quartered on the peasantry of the disaffected shires, and the rising provoked by the insolence and brutality of his dragoons only brought upon the poor wretches the still heavier hand of Dalziel. A host of savage marauders was let loose on them from the Highlands, to return, when the outcry of their victims became too loud even for Lauderdale's indifference, laden with plunder, as though, says a historian, "they had been at the sacking of some besieged town." The appointment of James as Lord High Commissioner put the last touch to the tale of folly, misrule, and cruelty.

It was at this juncture that Claverhouse appeared on the scene. He was then thirty-five years old. Born in 1643, a cadet of the noble house of Montrose, he had followed the fashion of most young men of good blood but poor fortune, and gone over sea to learn the art of war. First under Turenne, and then under William himself, he had served with distinction, and is said to have saved the latter's life at Seneffe. In 1678 he returned to Scotland, bringing with him a high character for courage and capacity, and, according to one account, a recommendation from William himself to the Duke of York. He was warmly welcomed. The young Marquess of Montrose, grandson of the "great Marquess," who had just received the command of the Royal Horse Guards, pressed on his kinsman a commission in his own regiment, as "a step to a much more considerable employment." The offer was accepted, and the employment was not long coming. In the autumn of that year three new regiments of cavalry were raised for service in Scotland, and one of these was at the King's express desire given to Claverhouse.

The first few months of his command were passed in patrolling the disaffected districts, dispersing Conventicles, examining suspected persons, and sending such as could not give a good account of themselves prisoners to Edinburgh or Glasgow. The work must have been singularly distasteful to one who had seen war under such great captains as William and Turenne. Yet it was performed as efficiently as circumstances allowed, and with as much moderation as was consistent with a soldier's obedience to orders. The crimes which have been laid to his charge, if committed at all, belong to a later period. It was soon clear to him, however, that he had to deal with very different men from the rabble which his predecessors had cowed. The cause of the persecuted had been taken up by a small body of men as savage and ruthless as the worst of their persecutors; men in whom all ideas of liberty of conscience or of religion had become merged in one overmastering thought of vengeance; men in whose mouths was day and night but one text from that book by which they professed to be guided—"an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Chief among these was David Hackston of Rathillet, a gentleman of family and fortune, who had been a free-liver in his youth, but was now one of the most bigoted of fanatics; Robert Hamilton, also of gentle blood, but a gloomy fatalist as savage as Dalziel himself; and John Balfour of Burley, Hackston's brother-in-law, whom Scott has immortalized. Even Wodrow, the author of that History of the Church of Scotland which has furnished Macaulay with his ideal portrait of Claverhouse, was forced to own that "about this time matters were running to sad heights among the armed followers of some of the field-meetings." One of Claverhouse's soldiers, who had been left sick at a farmhouse, was murdered in cold blood. Two others were fired at as they sat at breakfast in an inn-parlour. On May 3 the brutal deed on Magus Moor roused all Scotland into horror. The Covenanters had now thrown down the gauntlet, and they determined not to be idle. The 29th of May, the King's birthday, had been appointed by the Estates a day of general rejoicing for his restoration. It was chosen by Hamilton and his party as the day for some signal act of defiance. Glasgow was originally designed for the scene, but a day or two previously Claverhouse had marched into that city from Falkirk, and the little town of Rutherglen, lying about two miles to the west, was selected instead. On the morning of the 29th, Hamilton, Hackston, and Burley, at the head of some eighty horse, rode into the town, extinguished the bonfires lit in the King's honour, and kindled one of their own, in which they burned all the Acts of Parliament and Royal proclamations they could lay hands on. They then affixed an insolent and seditious declaration of their own to the town-cross, and, after singing a psalm, withdrew unmolested and at their leisure.

Claverhouse was quickly after them. His patrols scoured the country round, while he himself with the main body of his regiment held south towards the Ayrshire borders, where he had news that a large gathering of the insurgents was to meet on the following Sunday, June 1. Some few prisoners were taken; three men of the Rutherglen party, and an outlawed minister, one King, famous for his eloquence at the Conventicles. With these the troops reached Strathavon early on Sunday morning, and after a short rest continued their march towards Loudon Hill, where the Covenanters were reported to be gathering in force.

The report was true. Two miles to the east of the hill, an abrupt and craggy eminence which marks the meeting of the three shires of Ayr, Lanark, and Renfrew, lay the little hamlet and farm of Drumclog, a barren stretch of swampy moorland even

now but sparsely covered with coarse meadow grass. South and north the ground sloped gently down towards a marshy bottom through which ran a stream, or dyke, fringed with stunted alder bushes. Towards the foot of the southern slope the Covenanters were drawn up, and the practised eye of Claverhouse saw at a glance that they had gathered there not to pray but to fight. Their position was a strong one, and their numbers, badly armed as the most of them were, made them no contemptible foe, even for the King's dragoons, on ground where cavalry could with difficulty be brought into action. As usual it is impossible to estimate with any exactness the force on either side. Wodrow, whose business it of course was to magnify Claverhouse's defeat as much as possible, puts the strength of the Covenanters at two hundred fighting men and about forty horse, and this number has been accepted by Mr. Burton. According to Hamilton, however, six days after the battle they mustered between five and six thousand men, and it is reasonable therefore to suppose that they were considerably over two hundred on the day. It is probable that the report Scott makes Lord Evandale bring into his chief is about correct. Claverhouse's own despatch—that one which Scott says was spelled "like a chambermaid"—puts them at four battalions of foot and three squadrons of horse, which would go near to tally with the thousand men reported by Evandale. They were drawn up in three lines; those who had firearms being placed nearest to the dyke, behind them a body of pikemen, and in the rear the rest armed with scythes set on poles, pitchforks, goads, and other such rustic weapons. On either flank was a small body of mounted men. Hamilton was in command; Burley had charge of the horse; and among others present that day was William Cleland, then but sixteen years old, who ten years later was to win a nobler title to fame by a glorious death at the head of his Cameronians in the memorable defence of Dunkeld.

Neither of Claverhouse's force is there any precise record. His command is in the writings of the time indiscriminately styled a regiment and a troop. The strength of a regiment then was very much less than what it is, or should be, now, and seems from a passage in Macaulay's famous third chapter to have numbered not much more than two hundred men. Scott puts the King's troops at Drumclog at two hundred and fifty men, and, as Claverhouse had left a detachment behind in garrison at Glasgow, this is probably over rather than under the mark. The only officers he mentions by name are Captain Blyth and Cornet Crawford, or Crafford as he spells it, both of whom fell at the first discharge. The episode of his nephew's death, while parleying under a flag of truce, is one of the felicitous touches with which Scott knew so well to heighten history; though he only followed an old ballad in reckoning a kinsman of Claverhouse's among the killed. Claverhouse himself rode that day, not the famous black charger tradition has assigned to him and invested with supernatural powers, the "war-horse black as night" on which Aytoun has mounted him in his fine ballad of "Killiecrankie," but a sorrel, according to Scott; according to his own letter a "rone."

The description of the fight in *Old Mortality* is an admirable specimen of the style in which the great novelist could work the scantiest materials to his will. All contemporary accounts of the fray are singularly meagre and confused, including Claverhouse's own despatch, which has other faults than those of spelling, of which he seems himself to have been sensible by his apology to his correspondent Lin[illegible]thgow for being "so wearied and so sleapy that I have wryton this very confusedly." It began with a sharp skirmish of musketry on both sides. In this the dragoons—who were distinguished then from the regular cavalry, holding much the position of our mounted infantry of the present day—got much the best of it. The Covenanters answered with spirit; but both in their weapons and their skill were naturally far inferior to the royal troops. Meanwhile Claverhouse had sent out a detachment on either flank to discover a passage by which the stream might be crossed. This they could not do; but, unable to manœuvre with ease in the swampy ground, found instead their saddles emptying fast. The Covenanters, seeing that they were no match at long bowls for the dragoons, and observing the confusion in the cavalry, resolved on an advance. By crossings known only to themselves, Burley led his horse round on one flank, and young Cleland, with the bulk of the foot, followed on the other. Claverhouse attempted to recall his men; but in the deep and broken ground the footmen had all the best of it. The scythes and pitchforks made sad work among the poor floundering horses. The roan charger itself was so badly wounded that, in the rider's forcible language, "its guts hung out half an elle," and yet the brave beast "caryed me alf an myl." The cavalry began to fall back, and Burley, coming up on sound ground with his horse, flung himself on them so hotly that the retreat became something very like a rout. Claverhouse did all that a brave man could, but his men had now got completely out of hand. "I caved the standarte," he says, and "mad the best retraite the confusion of our people would suffer"; but he makes no attempt to disguise his defeat. He owns to having lost on the field eight or ten men among the cavalry, besides wounded; "but the dragoons lost many more." As they galloped pell-mell through Strathavon the townsfolk drew out to cut them off; "but we took courage and fell to them, made them run, leaving a dousain on the place." The Covenanters seem to have lost only five or six men, among whom was one of Sharpe's murderers. This does not speak very well for their opponent's fire; but it must be remembered that we have only their own historians to go by. Claverhouse himself could say no more than that "they ar not com easily af on the other side, for I saw severall of them fall before we cam to the shok." Several prisoners fell into the victors' hands. Of these five were spared before Hamilton returned from the pursuit. His orders had been strict that no quarter should be given that day; and, furious that any of "Babel's brats" should be let go, he slew one defenceless wretch with his own hand, to stay any such unseasonable spirit of mercy, lest "the Lord would not honour us to do much more for him"! It is tolerably clear that, even had Claverhouse been the "rapacious, violent, obdurate, and profane" monster of Macaulay's History, the "Hell wicked-witted, blood-thirsty Graham" of a contemporary chronicler, it would not have been hard to match him among his victims.

DR. HATCH'S ERASTIAN PARADOX.

MANY of our readers will be aware that four years ago the Bampton Lectures at Oxford were preached by Mr. Edwin Hatch, Vice-Principal of St. Mary's Hall, who took for his subject the *Organization of the Early Christian Churches*, which he treated rather on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, as his main object was to prove that they had no regular organization or ministry of their own at all. Dr. Hatch, who has now become Rector of Purleigh, discoursed on much the same theme three weeks ago in the Jerusalem Chamber, taking for his text the recently discovered *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*, which he used, according to his reporter in the *Guardian*, to illustrate or confirm the "Hyper-Arnoldian" theory of the Bamptons, and in order to emphasize the force of its testimony, he fixed the date half a century earlier than that generally adopted by critics. It would be obvious at the first blush to remark on this that, if any inference against what Dr. Hatch calls "sacerdotalism" is to be drawn from the confessedly imperfect sacramental teaching of the "Διδαχή"—which the *disciplina arcani* would abundantly explain—the entire omission of any reference whatever to the Atonement and "the doctrines of grace" must present a still graver perplexity to the great majority of Christians of every school or Communion. And in fact this has led some critics to attribute the treatise to Ebionite authorship. Meanwhile we are told that, as regards the Sacraments generally, "the tendency of the lecture was to minimize the importance, almost to deny the necessity, of any means of grace," while "it was more than hinted that the Eucharist was but a social meal, in which people were to be physically well filled, though he painfully laboured to explain away the word Sacrifice, which herein (in the *Teaching*) is applied to it"—with direct reference, we may add, to the prediction in Malachi i. 11. But with his Bamptons and his comments on the *Teaching of the Apostles* we are not here immediately concerned. He has returned to the charge in an article on "The Historical Assumptions of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission" in the *Contemporary Review*, which strikes, if not a bolder, a shriller note, traversing as it does with a point-blank denial "the assumptions" which have been generally accepted, by friend and foe alike, as obvious and fundamental axioms of Church history from the beginning. He starts indeed by telling us, with a frankness which leaves nothing to be desired, that he is directly and purposely challenging the fundamental principle of Anglicanism. "The Church of England exists . . . by virtue of an appeal to antiquity. Professedly basing its doctrine and organization on Scripture, it bases them in fact on early interpretations of Scripture and early institutions which are conceived to be in harmony with Scripture. Its great divines have given to this appeal an elaborate form." And "the movements which began in 1834 [1833?] has been a succession of appeals to history," and "has been thought, on the whole, to have made good its ground." It is this fundamental principle, which one might have supposed would be at once admitted as an evident truism, alike by those who do and those who do not accept the Christian revelation, that Dr. Hatch sets himself to controvene.

We have no intention here of reopening the question of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission Report, which has already been discussed in our columns, or of reviewing the historical vindication appended to it, further than to observe that the Bishop of Chester may safely be assumed to be quite equal to the task of defending himself against Dr. Hatch. Still less shall we enter on the controversy, which some part of his argument necessarily involves, between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. The main issue raised is a purely historical one, and in that sense only will be dealt with here. The writer's view of the matter, if we rightly understand him, is closely akin to the late Dean Stanley's. He does not so much argue that the Church is, or ought to be, subordinate to the State, as that it has not, and from the nature of the case cannot have, any authority or corporate existence apart from the State; it has neither creeds, officers, rules, nor principles of its own, except so far as the State has created and sanctioned them. To quote his own historical summary:—"So far from their having been independent of the civil power, that power has been the means by which God has not only given to the Christian communities an external form and unity, but also shaped for them their discipline and their doctrine." It would be difficult to formulate the absolute non-existence of the Church, or any part of the Church, as an independent spiritual body in clearer or more emphatic language. And the object of the paper is to establish this estimate of the case as the verdict of history.

We cannot of course pretend to do more, within our present limits, than touch on a few salient points of the argument; to examine it in detail would be to write a complete Church history. And we notice at the very opening a strange contradiction. The leading fallacy of the Report—which, but for the high character of the Commissioners, would more than suggest, as is broadly hinted, "the suspicion of disingenuousness"—is their assumption that the ecclesiastical system of the middle ages is based on that of the early Church. Such an assumption is, to say the least, not an unnatural one; but the odd thing about Dr. Hatch's criticism is that, on his own showing, the Commissioners find more support for their views of ecclesiastical independence in the example of the early than of the mediæval Church, and he ends by roundly asserting that it is the condition of the early Church, before the conversion of the Empire, to which "the sacerdotal party" really desire to return. Of course he has his own explanation of this comparative independence of the early Church. It was independent, not because it was a self-governed Society, but because it had no government, and was in a state of pure anarchy, or at least pure Congregationalism, till the State came to the rescue. "In matters of discipline each community seems to have been at liberty to act for itself"; and they had no creeds. "It was not until the Christian communities acted in concert with the State that there is any evidence of their having combined as a single body for united action, or of their having had either common rules of discipline or a common formula of belief." Yet the one fact cited from Church history before the time of Constantine—because it involved an appeal to the secular arm—which Dr. Hatch even calls "the governing case," tells directly against this view of the facts. We are reminded how, when Paul of Samosata in the third century refused to recognize the verdict of the Synod which condemned him, and retained possession of his church and see-house at Antioch, the Bishops appealed to the heathen Emperor Aurelian, who accepted the decision of the Bishop of Rome in the matter and ejected him. This looks very much as if the Church had both a discipline and doctrine of her own, so well ascertained that the civil power could hardly decline in matters affecting property rights to give effect to it. As to the appeal to the Roman and Italian bishops, it was natural enough that the Emperor should take the Bishop of his Imperial city and his Suffragans as the best exponents of Church doctrine, and their sentence in fact simply reaffirmed that of the local Synod.

But after the conversion of Constantine, when "the Catholic Church"—itself a mere creature and "denotation of Roman law"—first began to act in concert and to have a common rule of discipline and faith, for this she was indebted wholly to the beneficent intervention of the State. And here again two crucial cases are cited, which to any one moderately familiar with the history of the period will appear to prove just the opposite of what the writer's argument requires—the Council of Nice, and the Donatist Schism. As to the former, it is true that the first Œcumenical Council was summoned by Constantine—according to some at the suggestion of Pope Silvester, according to others by the advice of Hosius—in any case certainly acting under episcopal guidance. It is also true that he pointedly disclaimed at its opening all right to interfere with the doctrinal decision of the controversy, and that it in fact decided in a sense exactly opposite to what he desired and had strongly urged beforehand in his letter to the Bishop of Alexandria, preserved by Eusebius, where he treats the question at issue between Arius and Athanasius as a mere quarrel about words, and wishes it to be arranged on the modern Broad Church plan of "agreeing to differ." What the Council did was to excommunicate Arius, and to formulate the Nicene Creed; and when for half a century afterwards the civil power took the Arian side, and actually persecuted the orthodox, the Church held to her decision and the Arians had eventually to succumb. That hardly looks as if "the civil power shaped the doctrine" of the Church. As to the Donatist Schism, the statement—it is a mere statement without attempt at proof—that "the question formally raised was formally decided *by the State*" is so marvellous that we hardly know how to deal seriously with it. Readers who know little more of theology or Church history than may be gained from Dr. Newman's *Apologia* will be familiar with the famous dictum of St. Augustine, *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. It was the Synods of the Church which condemned Donatism, though it is unfortunately true that their authority was for a time vindicated by an appeal to "the *ultima ratio* of the sword," which however the murderous violence of the Circumcellions had provoked. Passing over for want of space the case of St. Ambrose and Palladius, which prove less than nothing for the Erastian argument, we come to the notorious *Henoticon* of the fifth century, of which Dr. Hatch thinks it enough to tell us that "the Emperors themselves *sometimes* promulgated doctrines, and anathematized those who declined to accept them." We doubt if he could point to any other instance of this, and the single exception is just of the kind which clinches and confirms the rule. Zeno did what Constantine vainly sought to induce the bishops of his day to do, but did not venture to do himself; he slurred over by an imperial edict—composed by or under the direction of Acacius, Bishop of Constantinople—a dispute held to concern matters of faith. The immediate result was, in Milman's words, "without reconciling the two original conflicting parties, to give rise to a third." Meanwhile the edict was at once condemned by Pope Simplician, and the first act of his successor, Felix, next year was to condemn it afresh at the head of a Synod as "an audacious proceeding of the Emperor who dared to dictate articles of faith, and seedplot of impiety," and to anathematize Acacius and all the bishops who had subscribed it. The Patriarch of Constantinople for awhile adhered to the Emperor, and a schism of East and West followed, but it was only through the abandonment of the Henoticon that it was eventually healed. Neander speaks in the same sense as Milman. As to Dr. Hatch's idea that, "supposing the support of the State had continued to be given to the decisions of the Council of Ephesus"—by which he means the *Latrocinium* of 449—"and the Council of Chalcedon (which condemned it two years later) had never been held, there is strong reason for believing" that Eutychianism would have become the dominant creed, it is enough to observe that the discussion of such arbitrary hypotheses, as to what would have happened if the course of Church history had been wholly different from what it was, are about as profitable as the discussion of the problem, once raised by an Evangelical preacher, as to "what would have happened to the four vast continents of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, if Eve had never eaten that fatal apple."

Dr. Hatch admits that with the fall of the Roman Empire a considerable change came over the state of things, but he endeavours to show that "the control of the civil power over both doctrine and discipline does not diminish as we approach the threshold of the middle ages,' which is true, as no such control as he supposes had ever existed. He naturally makes the most of the influence exercised by Charlemagne on ecclesiastical legislation, but is of course obliged to allow that the whole Carolingian system "depended on the personality of the Emperor" and very soon fell to pieces after his death. And when he dwells on the legislation of mixed parliaments—like some of the Councils of Toledo—in which both laity and spirituality took part, he seems to forget that this means something very different from the ecclesiastical legislation of mixed assemblies of the kind in our own day. With very few exceptions the only educated class of the community in that age were the clergy, who therefore exercised a preponderant control even over civil legislation, and would be pretty sure to have the practical decision of all spiritual questions debated in such assemblies left in their hands. A skilful but very inaccurate use is made of the Isidorian decretals, compiled about the middle of the ninth century, which did in truth form "the historical beginning of that enormous change in ecclesiastical judicature which distinguishes the middle ages from earlier Christian times." But the change did not consist, as is here intimated, in the transformation of an Erastian into an ecclesiastical system of Church government, but in the consolidation of the Papal monarchy by a gradual subordination or extinction of the hierarchical, metropolitan, and synodical rights which had previously counterbalanced and limited it. Dr. Hatch's "historical argument," in short, is not that a true Church system was gradually corrupted into a false one, but that there was never, properly speaking, any real Church system at all; the Church never had any corporate life, except as a fraction of the civil administration. Of this view, which might be subjected to a far more searching exposure than we have room for here, we must be content to say, in the author's own words, "with such a theory the facts of history are altogether inconsistent." It may further be doubted whether such a Church as is here sketched out, apart from its unhistorical basis, would, if it existed, be of any greater practical service for religious purposes than "the Church of Humanity," which has of late been so assiduously preached to us.

THE PARIS SALON.

ALTHOUGH the average quality of the work displayed is no worse than usual, this year's exhibition is in many ways disappointing. This is especially the case with the "Salon Carré," where the most important pictures, with two exceptions, are placed. Here we find the most ambitious picture which M. Bouguereau has hitherto painted. The subject chosen is "La Jeunesse de Bacchus." A more carefully balanced composition it would be impossible to find, and the figures, nineteen in number, are fitted into the canvas with matchless dexterity; but, in spite of these merits, and of the amount of academic learning displayed in the drawing of the figures, the result obtained is anything but agreeable. The cunningly contrived contortions of the figures convey no impression of movement, and, as usual, M. Bouguereau's colour is suggestive of wax and butter rather than of flesh. In the same room hangs a picture of heroic proportions by M. Cormon, painted for the pre-historic museum at St. Germain, the subject chosen being the return from a bear-hunt in the Age of Stone. This is a grievously disappointing picture, and shows a marked falling off from the "Cain," of which we spoke at some length on a former occasion. The general effect is terribly heavy, and the manner in which the work is conceived is rather worthy of an operatic scene-painter than of a great imaginative artist such as M. Cormon has proved himself to be. Few men, indeed, could cope with the technical difficulties which such a work presents; but this does not prevent the work itself from possessing a distinctly ludicrous side. The group of stalwart ruffians who have brought home the bear in triumph is distinctly French—we had almost said Parisian—and its members appear from the melodramatic attitudes which they assume to be familiar with the "Porte St.-Martin." At the door of a large rude hut sits an old man somewhat resembling Mr. Walt Whitman, who is apparently much disgusted at being diverted from his occupation of whittling

a thick stick which he nurses on his knees. It is an inexplicable circumstance that the women, whose costume is as scanty as that of the sun-browned men, should be represented with white skins. M. Raphael Collin's "Été" is a work of considerable charm, very delicate, though perhaps a trifle lifeless in its scheme of colour; there is an indefinable grace in the distant figure of the woman half wading, half swimming, in the river, which, with its thick border of trees, forms the background of the picture. There is a delicious group of three figures on the bank—those in the foreground are perhaps not quite free from the charge of affectation and a tendency to incorrect drawing. They show, however, a feeling for beauty of line which is rarely to be met with. One of the most admirable and powerful works in modern French art is the "Vengeance d'Urbain VI.," by M. Jean-Paul Laurens. The picture represents an "oubliette," in which the Pope stands feasting his revenge on the sight of the bodies of certain cardinals who lie in their red robes at the foot of the wall before him. The scene is carried out with great dramatic force, and with that highest form of technical ability which makes one forget the means employed in the end attained.

Another very powerful picture is M. Aimé Morot's "El Bravo Toro," an incident in a bull-fight rendered with scrupulous fidelity. The bull has charged an unlucky horse up against the barrier where another horse lies dead. The perfect drawing of the group, and the contrast between the furious movement of the bull and of the horse falling backwards, with the impassive pose of the picador standing in the stirrups with lance directed downwards to the bull's neck, and the carefully-studied expressions of the crowd behind, would have delighted Théophile Gautier's heart beyond measure. There is much beauty in M. Jules Breton's picture of "Les Communiantes," although it is far from ranking with the exquisite work he exhibited last year. "Sur la Route en Hiver," by the same artist, is flimsy and affected. It is with no small satisfaction that we can assert that the foremost place in landscape in this year's Salon is taken by an Englishman. The works exhibited by Mr. Harry Thompson show an alliance of poetic genius with thoroughly sound execution which makes one think of the greatest names of landscape art while looking at what he has produced, although we must add that his pictures are thoroughly original both in selection of subject and in manner of execution. The titles of his pictures are "Un Vieux Chemin—Picardie" and "Un Calvaire—Moutons." Of the two, we prefer the last, which has the sea for background. The cross from which the picture takes its name has fallen against the boughs of a tree which occupies the right-hand corner of the canvas; a few sheep, followed by the shepherd, whose eyes are directed to the cross, stray among the long grass; the remainder of the flock has taken refuge under the lee of a steep bank sloping towards the sea. We can attempt no further description of a work of which the truthfulness far above mere realism springs from a highly poetic nature. The companion picture displays one of those grand sweeps of hill, with a heavy mass of cloud on the horizon, which Mr. Thompson knows so well how to render. The sheep in the foreground are admirably treated. M. Nozal's "Etang de la Mer-Rouge à Bronne" shows a remarkable feeling for the beauty of nature—it is a work of great promise. M. Nozal also exhibits two pastels of very high excellence. A picture of the sands at Grandcamp at low tide affords a good example of M. Pelouse; the drawing and perspective are faultless, and the construction of the sky is thoroughly workmanlike, but we wish that this artist would abandon the chocolate-like scheme of colour in which he has indulged for the last few years. M. Adrien Demont exhibits a landscape, "La Nuit," of singular beauty—an expanse of undulating hills, with a pool formed by the waste water from a stone cistern in the foreground. Land and clouds are bathed in a soft luminous atmosphere, admirably felt and rendered. With a very few other exceptions the landscapes exhibited this year are wofully commonplace, and somewhat below the usual level of workmanship. Among these exceptions we may mention "La Sieste," by M. Durst; "Marécage," by M. Yon, and Montenard's "Village de Sixfours," which may fairly rank with his best productions. The unlading of a cargo of oranges and lemons at Toulon, also by M. Montenard, is a brilliant piece of colouring. We have already said that the general effect of this year's exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie is unsatisfactory. We must add that we are more than compensated for this disappointment by the magnificent decorative work of M. Puvis de Chavannes. "Le Bois sacré, cher aux Arts et aux Muses," is, in our opinion, the finest work the master has yet produced. The noble simplicity of the groups of figures and the broad grandeur of the landscape are beyond all praise. The reflection in slightly troubled water of a brilliant yellow sky and a crescent moon has a majestic splendour of colour that we have rarely seen approached. If we have any fault to find in this great work of imagination, it must be with two figures of boys in the right-hand corner, which seem unfortunately weak in drawing and perhaps somewhat wanting in intention. "La Maladie; la Convalescence—diptyque," by M. Besnard, shows decorative qualities of a high order, and a power of draughtsmanship far above the average. In a Salon which, it must be confessed, is singularly poor in portraits, M. Besnard takes a foremost place with his admirable portrait of M. Francis Magnard, which displays extraordinary vitality and precision of modelling, and (in water-colour) of M. Legros, looking round from the etching-table at which he is seated. The perfect resemblance and the life that abounds in the face and hands, and in the sudden movement which is indicated in every fold of the coat, make this the work of an artist of genius. The accessories are dealt with in masterly fashion, and the simplicity of the means employed is beyond all praise. We may also call attention to a portrait of M. E. Bock, by M. Henry Rachou, which is alike excellent in the power of seizing character which it betrays and in its truth of colour and sterling honesty of execution. Mr. Sargent's portrait of a lady is the most disquieting object that eyes ever looked upon. The hideous colour and the fantastic drawing which Mr. Sargent has brought together in this strange work fairly puzzle the will. Mr. Whistler's portraits of Carlyle and of Miss Alexander are probably familiar to our readers. We may state that the portrait of Carlyle appears to have gained much from time. M. Ribot's "Portrait de ma Fille" is worthy of his great reputation, and is very impressive in effect. M. Henner is seen at his best in "Nymphe qui pleure," a kneeling figure, with M. Henner's usual conventional background. The colour of the flesh and hair is of unapproachable brilliancy, and the transitions from light to shadow are exquisitely subtle. His "Christ au Tombeau" is painfully mannered. To M. Bompard honour is due for exhibiting the "Frenchiest" picture in the Salon. In his "Boucher Tunisien" we have livers, lights, and all manner of viscera, besides the amorously wrought print of a bloody hand on a wall.

To turn to more engaging subjects, M. Heilbuth sends a deliciously fresh river-scene entitled "Promenade," with ladies in a boat in the foreground. One of the marked successes of the year is "A la salle Graffard," by M. Jean Béraud. The picture represents a revolutionary meeting. A joyously disreputable orator, with hand uplifted and the inevitable glass of sugar-and-water by his side, shouts from the "tribune," to the huge delight of a crowd of men and women enveloped in tobacco-smoke, while a group of imperturbable reporters write at a table. The execution is wonderfully dexterous, and the various types of character are portrayed with rare felicity. Altogether, we suspect that M. Béraud would pass a very bad quarter of an hour if the Commune were to regain power in Paris. M. Benjamin Constant contributes the best work he has hitherto produced. "Les Chérifas" is, in fact, a *chef d'œuvre* of Oriental painting. The flesh painting of the figures of the women who lie listlessly on the gorgeous divan against the wall of the harem is admirably rich, and the figure of the woman sitting with her body sharply upright and arms down is wonderful in its *allure*. The flash and colour of the jewels she wears are marvellously rendered, and the treatment of texture is throughout fairly astonishing in its perfection. The picture is perfectly enveloped in a rich half-light, while two brilliant sunbeams strike the wall above the figures, and broad daylight streams on the figure of the guard at the door in one corner. M. Lefebvre is not seen to advantage in a vaporous chalky female figure, entitled "L'Aurore"; neither can we see anything to admire in M. Dagnan-Bouveret's "Hamlet et les Fossoyeurs." His Hamlet is an unmistakable Frenchman of rather an objectionable type, and there is an offensive spruceness about the whole picture. His portrait of M. Courtois has many good qualities. M. Van Marcke's absence is keenly felt among the painters of animals, although we find a fine picture of cows—"Pâturage—environs de la Haye," by M. Mauve. M. Vuillefroy sends two good pictures of cattle, and M. Guignard exhibits a clever study of a calf being fed. The most powerful animal picture exhibited is that by M. Dupré, "La Prairie Normande"—a girl with two cows in a Normandy meadow—a work which shows great vigour and power of technique. Mr. Dannat sends a remarkable picture of a Spanish interior entitled "Un Quatuor," and Mr. Hawkins shows a marked advance in "Pauvres Gens," a subject taken from a poem by M. Coppée. There is a great refinement of feeling in this picture. M. Comerre's "Pierrot" is an elaborate study in white, showing wonderful facility of execution. "La Rentrée," by M. Israels, is fully worthy of his name. We conclude by calling attention to two beautiful and original little pictures by M. Ménard, "Les premiers Astronomes" and "Ruth et Booz," and to a conscientious study of a head, "Une Vénitienne," by Mr. Bottomley.

SOUTHWELL AND LICHFIELD.

ON Wednesday and Thursday of last week there were functions in two adjacent Cathedrals in the rolling woody midlands which had, formally speaking, nothing to do with each other, but which could hardly be dissociated in thought by those to whom the rapid and general development of the Cathedral system in England is a matter of great interest as much for its practical utility as for its artistic attractiveness. Out of the two counties which make up the fresh diocese of Southwell, Nottinghamshire is a clear gainer by the new creation which has set up the see-town in its midst. In ancient times the county was a spur of the north, projecting into midland England as a member both of the province and of the diocese of York, boasting of old days of its Archbishop's palace at Southwell, and proud of its collegiate church at the same place. Southwell Minster was a collegiate church, in the size and beauty of the structure as well as in legal incidents and in its remote antiquity, but it had been afflicted with a constitution which seemed as if intended to reduce the theory of corporate churches to an absurdity, for it had sixteen prebendaries, but no dean or other head, and its statutes only demanded quadrennial residence.

In the innovating days of 1840 and the following years

the Chapter of Southwell, which might have been made useful, as the collegiate churches of Manchester and Ripon were in being constituted seats of new bishoprics, was doomed to gradual extinction, and Notts itself was carried over to the province of Canterbury and diocese of Lincoln, near which it lay conveniently, but to which it had been from the earliest days of English Christianity a perfect stranger. Abortive projects of a Bishop of Southwell were breathed from time to time and died away, till Sir Richard Cross arose to make them a reality. We cannot say so much as to the advantage which has accrued to the other county which has helped to make up the see of Southwell. Derbyshire had never had a bishop of its own, but it had for twelve hundred years belonged to what Dr. Ridding picturesquely called the imperial see of Lichfield, and now it continues to have no bishop of its own and to be involved in the moil and toil of organizing a new ecclesiastical community. Still we believe that the sacrifice is for the present a necessity, as we are convinced, and as we have taken occasion to say, that Southwell is the only possible see-town for the diocese which includes Nottingham and Derby.

The diocese of Southwell having by great munificence been constituted, and Dr. Ridding having been consecrated first Bishop, he was enthroned in the old minster, now transformed into a cathedral, on Wednesday in last week with general contentment. The church, full as it is of ecclesiological interest and beauty, looked its best, the altar in its seemly appointments was a landmark of progress, the day was fine, the ceremonial was decorously and solemnly ritual (not ritualistic), the gathering of clergy was multitudinous, and lay folk thronged, the one defect being the shortcoming of territorial magnates. The Bishop's sermon was in excellent English, and not incapable of being glossed according to the hearer's prepossessions As, however, the upshot seemed to be no persecution, persons were in general well content.

This is not the time to describe the minster. We need only say that it enters the ranks of English Cathedrals with very distinct characteristics. The broad and massive Norman nave, with the flat pilaster-like shafts to the triforium, and the circular clerestory lights, form a type of the style which is not Durham, or Ely, or Waltham. The Early Pointed choir is less distinctive, but is beautiful; while the Middle Pointed octagonal Chapter-house with its carvings of foliage, while much smaller than those of York, Wells, and Westminster, is of a like artistic quality. The conical cappings have been replaced on the two western of the three Norman towers, and in place of the ruined Palace at the west end, the generosity of Bishop Trollope and of others is raising hard by a new pile, of which a very successful hall designed by Mr. Bodley, has been completed.

The function at Lichfield was more elaborate in its details, although of a less exceptional character than the one at Southwell, and it was linked with the permanent embellishment of the structure. Between a quarter of a century and thirty years back Lichfield, then ruled by Dean Howard, under the advice of Sir Gilbert Scott, took an early lead in the now universal work of Cathedral restoration, and we remember that we called attention at the time to the phenomenon, then less a matter of course than it has since become, of the ceremonial of the reopening having evoked an external demonstration of popular favour. Since that day Lichfield has gone on, with various changes of Bishop, Dean, and Canons, holding, and more than holding, its own among cathedrals that work and are felt until the present Dean, Dr. Bickersteth, resolved upon an effort to supply the feature still most chiefly wanting towards the old completeness of the pile. The interior had been carefully and richly restored, whitewash had given way to the delicate rose-coloured stone, a series of modern monuments of unusual merit had gradually thronged the east end; while outside the three spires stood up far and near a unique landmark. But the western façade, which had in the middle ages vied with Wells and Salisbury in its well-grouped ranges of effigies, now only showed a crumbling mass of grimy plaster shams and a few battered figures. This was what the Dean resolved upon setting right, and he has carried through his bold intention. The west end, under Mr. J. O. Scott's care, is now of red sandstone, and most of the effigies have been placed on their renewed pedestals. These, without being of the highest art, adequately and congruously make up a telling architectural picture. A large proportion are the handiwork of Miss Grant. A rather less pronounced action in some of the figures would have been preferable.

With a restored west front came a restored organ and elaborate services, while processions and thronging congregations celebrated the double incident. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached one of the sermons, and again took the opportunity of expounding that theory of the place of cathedrals in the economy of the Church of which he has so firm a grasp, and which, as enforced by one in his position, is likely to bear good fruit. During the present week Lichfield Cathedral has become the scene of another experiment in the practical working of the Cathedral system, for its Bishop held there a Diocesan Synod, the first since the Reformation, of its clergy, now reduced to Staffordshire and half Salop. This Synod was not merely one of clerical delegates, which was all that Bishop Phillpotts attempted at Exeter in 1851, but of all the clergy of the diocese.

A WINTER WALK IN GERMANY.

THERE is a great difference between the serious student and the mere collector of folk-lore. If the work of the former is to possess any value, he must be a man of wide reading, of large linguistic attainments, and of considerable critical ability. None of these things are requisite in him who is content simply to record the songs, the legends, and the superstitions of the people, as Sir Walter Scott did, long before they were supposed to possess a scientific value or the earliest of his published poems was planned. The wider the collector's knowledge is, the greater his pleasure, both in acquiring and arranging his materials, will doubtless become; but the only gifts the pursuit demands in him at starting are a facility in conversing with country people of all classes, and a strict accuracy in noting down what they say. It is only fair to add that in Northern Europe he is not likely to find much that is absolutely new. Earlier writers have borne away the rich sheaves of the harvest, and he must be content to glean after them. Besides this, the beliefs and usages of which he is in search are rapidly dying out, and it must be confessed that the survivals of the spirit-world display a lamentable want of originality; the same tale is told of a dozen haunted castles, and the ghost of one churchyard has usually contracted the idiotic habits of his kinsman in the next. Such treasures as those contained in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* and Grimm's *Fairy Tales* are no longer to be found in the countries that once yielded them so freely. The collector is as unlikely to discover a new fairy-tale as a new butterfly; he must be content with variations and comparatively unimportant superstitions. But the search for these has a charm; it may prove the motive of many a pleasant ramble, it adds a zest to more distant excursions, and enables him to pass not unpleasantly one of the rainy days which are the chief annoyance of those who travel on foot. Above all, it brings him constantly into contact with the simplest and most healthy forms of human life; and this in itself is an advantage. He learns to love the company of old people and little children, and is pretty certain never to become an admirer of M. Zola.

Though Germany has been more fully explored in this direction than almost any other country, it still possesses peculiar attractions for the collector. The peasantry in the Centre and the South are more easily accessible than English farm-labourers, and their minds are more richly stored with the wisdom and foolishness of the past. Not that they are more superstitious; the ancient rite has become a mere game, and the charm a jest; the old story is told oftener than not with an incredulous smile; but even the middle-aged are not afraid that you will laugh at them for talking about such matters, and the aged love to dwell upon them, together with the other memories of their youth. Every district, too, has its own peculiar character. In East Friesland the legends are dark, stern, at times tragic; even when heathen in their origin, they have been remoulded by the spirit of a firm Protestant faith. In Central Germany they are brighter and more humorous, occasionally more grotesque; the deepest note they touch is a certain pensive tenderness, and hardly a trace of conscious Christianity is to be found among them, though here and there the memory of a saint now forgotten in the district may be found in a strange combination with other materials. In the Austrian Alps, again, they are more graceful, imaginative, pathetic, and almost invariably strongly coloured by Catholicism. Thus the Frau Berchta or Frau Hohle of other districts here becomes the Wife of Pilate, to whom popular fancy has assigned a sad but not ignoble fate in the other world. As she confessed the truth and yet was not baptized, her spirit is doomed to wander through the earth till the Judgment Day, and to her the souls of all unbaptized children are gathered. Of summer nights she leads them through the corn and flax fields, where they pluck off the mildewed ears and the harmful insects, and bear them away in their little pitchers; but in winter, particularly about Christmas-time, the strange procession will sometimes pass through a village in which an inconsolate mother dwells, and then a little hand will tap at the window, and when the mourner looks out she will see her child, no longer the baby they carried to the churchyard six months ago, but a little bright-eyed thing who, if it had a living body, one would take to be three or four years old. Yet she knows at once that it is her own, and it says, "Mother, you must stop crying, all your tears fall into my pitcher, it has grown so heavy that I can scarcely carry it, and they drip down on my clothes and make them so cold and cumbersome that I can't keep up with the rest." If the mother glances down the street she will see a form so bright "that you might have taken it for Our Lady's," with a throng of little children crowding round her, "as if they loved her."

If you chance upon a young wife who has lost her first-born within a few minutes of its birth, you may hear such a story as this even on a summer excursion, and if you have once heard it from such lips you will not be likely to forget it; but the collector's true harvest-time is winter, when the nights are long and little can be done in the fields. You can allow yourself a week or ten days' holiday, and await the first frost that promises to be permanent as eagerly as the fox-hunter expects a thaw. As soon as it comes, you pack your knapsack with what comforts you believe to be indispensable, and a quantity of paper cut in the form you habitually use, so that on your return you can slip each leaf into its proper portfolio without trouble. You carry your note-book in your pocket where you can reach it at any moment, and are prepared to start. You are living in Central Germany, let us say, and far

away among the hills there is a village with a good country inn—not an hotel—which is to be your headquarters. The railway passes within some fifteen or twenty miles of it, and you take your place so as to arrive at the most convenient station in the evening of the first day. Here you probably dine ill and sleep worse. The bedroom, which seems an ice-house when you enter it, has grown intolerably close and hot before it is time for you to rise; yet you dare not open a window. The outer air is too keen for any constitution to bear the change of temperature which the smallest opening would suddenly cause. You get up therefore with a sick headache, and loathe the breakfast you ordered overnight. Still it must be eaten if the cold is to be faced. As soon as you issue from the house where you have left your rugs, every uncovered part of your body tingles as if it had been beaten with stinging-nettles; but the sun is shining brightly from a cloudless sky. There is no sign of snow which might afford you an excuse for returning at once to your comfortable rooms. It is with some despondency you feel that the adventure has been begun and must be carried out to the bitter end. For an hour or so your path leads you through an open plain, which is in fact the bottom of a broad valley. It is utterly wearisome. The fields are not yet clad in the garment of snow which lends a glimmering charm to the most prosaic landscape. Everything is stark, and black, and dead; the withered leaf hangs motionless from the bough; for there is no stir in the air, and it is well for you that there is none, for a wind would render it almost impossible for you to take your walks abroad while the thermometer stands as it does at $-16°$ R. But suddenly the scene changes, the road takes a sharp turn into a narrow gorge, thickly wooded with fir. What in summer was a wild and noisy brook is now a silent mass of ice. Wherever there is a comparatively quiet space it glitters with white crystal blades, out of which the great frost flowers rise. From the road these might almost be mistaken for water-lilies, but on nearer inspection they are found to consist of larger crystals, about an inch in diameter at the base, and from an inch and a half to two inches in height, grouped in a circle and marked by the most delicate tracery. Round them the ice is quite bare, and generally of a brownish black. The little waterfalls by the wayside, too, are all changed into Elfin grottoes with fantastic ice porticoes. All these things interest you, and you walk quickly, and yet somehow you seem to get forward but slowly. It is not the chilliness of the air, so much as the weight of your winter clothing, that makes the miles seem so long, and you are glad when the gorge opens, and after a steep ascent you reach the village in which you intend to lunch.

There is not much life in the inn; but the landlady—a good, kindly, shiftless creature—is glad to have an opportunity of chatting with a stranger in this quiet season of the year, and so she seats herself with her work at the end of the table. After satisfying her curiosity by telling her you are travelling for pleasure, to see the mountains in winter, which she evidently thinks rather absurd, you turn to other subjects. There is a cross-bill in the room, confined in a wooden cage so small that it can hardly turn in it. You ask her why she keeps it, and she tells you it has a wonderful power of attracting to itself every disease that would otherwise prey upon the household, in such a way that it dies and the children remain well—"at least, that is what they say, and when one has children one cannot be too careful of them." The old Northern story, which is best known to Englishmen by Longfellow's little poem, will at once occur to you. Was this the blessing that was pronounced upon the bird—that it, too, should be able to suffer and to die for men? There is something pleasing in the thought, but the reader will be more successful than the writer if he is able to find any authentic trace of the legend in districts where the superstition is universal.

In the meantime other guests have arrived who have been to a neighbouring market-town, and want a dram to keep out the cold. As your lunch is finished, and you are going in the same direction, you join them; their company makes the way seem shorter, though you are not likely to pick up much to suit your purpose from them, except some such remark as this:—"You know why Providence didn't give the goat as long a tail as the cow?" "No." "Because he would only have switched his own eyes out with it." In about an hour your ways part; your own leads up a somewhat toilsome ascent. First, you pass a beech wood, every sprig of which is hung with long, delicate pointed crystals, thin and dainty as the frost flowers on a window. The trees are so thickly covered that it is difficult to understand whence the diamond fragments which lie scattered round your feet have fallen, though you soon notice that it is the birds that knock them down. The afternoon sun is shining brightly on your right, and the whole wood is ablaze with a splendour such as summer cannot rival. When you issue from it you come upon a piece of open ground, which is probably marshy in summer; the only trees before you are a few mountain ash scattered here and there along the road, each of which, as you approach it, you find to be clamorous with the birds that are eagerly stripping it of its berries. By the time you reach the watershed you are glad that you will have no more climbing to do to-day, and shortly afterwards you overtake the carrier-woman. She looks old and infirm, and you hope it is genuine pity that induces you to unbuckle your knapsack, to throw it upon her hand-cart, and to offer to drag the whole to the next village; but it is true that the straps have been galling your shoulders for the last few hours, and the change of motion is a relief. If you expected any pleasant conversation you are disappointed; the good lady who trots along by your side is evidently one of those who are constantly sacrificing themselves for the children and grandchildren whose lives they render unbearable by their constant complaints. Even to you she shows at least as much peevishness as gratitude, and the only remark of the slightest interest which she makes is that the new clergyman does not believe in the Devil, "but then he is young, and never had the rheumatism."

The sun has set when you leave her at her own door, and the road, which once again enters the pine forest, becomes dark and gloomy, though wherever the boughs part you catch a glimpse of the brightening stars. The cold, too, becomes more bitter than it has seemed since the first hour of your walk, but you do not much care, as you are now within a measurable distance of your dinner. On the bridge you pause a moment to cast a glance at the black water-wheel, studded over with huge icicles, which stands motionless on the solid mill-run; it looks strangely "uncanny" in the first rays of the rising moon. Then come the warm, cosy lights of the cottage windows, and in five minutes more you are in your inn. Your arrival is an event. You find the clergyman seated in the place of honour, the chief foresters, the head-gamekeeper, the proprietor of the saw-mills you have just passed, and a few of the richer peasants; all the aristocracy of the village, in fact, are grouped round the table. In summer this circle would rather avoid than seek your acquaintance, but a winter tourist is at least as rare as a black swan. They make room for you at once, and are eager to hear your adventures, or anything else you may have to say. In these circumstances it will be your own fault if you have not established friendly relations with all of them before the evening is over.

A QUADRANGULAR DUEL.

THE Metaphysical Society is dead. It died two or three years ago. But since it was, during its lifetime, a virtuous entity which promoted the welfare of mankind, the work it did still constitutes a factor in the progress of things in general. It has no longer any conscious existence, but its posthumous activity is still with us, and its posthumous activity consists chiefly of the magazine somewhat clumsily entitled the *Nineteenth Century*. Thus it happens that when the metaphysicians who made up the Society (and who are, most of them, still happily alive) feel constrained to make any observations, they can do so much as before, the principal difference being, that whereas formerly such observations were made for the edification of only a select circle of acquaintances, they are now published for the instruction of the world at large. During the first half of 1884 a controversy of an unusually picturesque and gratifying kind, upon a matter of the greatest possible interest to everybody, has been carried on chiefly under the editorial auspices of Mr. Knowles, the four combatants, each of whom has delivered himself of one dischargo, being men whose opinions and modes of thought differ, each one from all the others, about as widely as possible. The four are Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, and Sir James Stephen, and the subject of their disputation is the prospect of religion in the near future.

Mr. Spencer may be regarded as the original challenger. At the beginning of the year he stepped into the arena and fired off an article called "Religion; a Retrospect and Prospect." The substance of it was, briefly, that all religions were in their origin identical with ghost stories, and were more deserving of the attention of Mr. Myers and Mr. Gurney than of the readers of the *Nineteenth Century*. As to religion, it had been reserved for Mr. Herbert Spencer, in the year 1884, to say the last word about it. This last word is that we are "ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed"; that we do not, and never can, though perhaps some quite different and very superior sort of people, if there were any, could, know anything more about this Energy than the facts already stated, and that cultivated persons often derive some amount of satisfaction from their knowledge of these facts. This was the profession of faith of the self-appointed champion of Agnosticism. This blast having been blown, the challenge was not immediately taken up. February came, and the monthly reviews were published, but as far as the ultimate result of religious speculation was concerned there was silence. Every one appeared to be willing that Mr. Spencer should be left undisturbed in his probably solitary ecstasy of contemplation of the Infinite and Eternal Energy. But this forbearance could not endure. The prospect of tearing Mr. Spencer in pieces, and exposing his *cui bono* in all its naked deformity, was too alluring to be resisted. Accordingly, as when, in a languishing debating society, somebody has laid himself open to obvious retorts, and his resumption of his seat is followed by a pause, some veteran of the club rises modestly, and prefacing his observations with "Having waited, Mr. Chairman, in the hope that some worthier member, &c.," proceeds to dance upon his victim, so on the 1st of March did Mr. Frederic Harrison, the chosen champion of latter-day theology, and the hero of innumerable similar conflicts, stride into the well-known lists, and join issue with the presumptuous foe. Mr. Harrison is a person of much humour, and he is accordingly by no means ashamed *ab hoste doceri*. Ten of the twelve pages contained in "The Ghost of Religion" might, not to say have, with the slightest alteration of specific terms, been addressed to Mr. Harrison himself. "Worship the Unknowable?" exclaimed Mr. Harrison; "pray to *X* to

lighten the burdens of life? Find a base of belief and duty in an Infinite and Eternal Energy so neutral and impersonal that even its worshippers can only call it 'it,' and not 'He'? Expect to satisfy the craving common to all men for some unseen sort of a something to compensate for the existence of evil by presenting them with such a boneless abstraction as this? Preposterous!" And Mr. Harrison was even so far carried away by the torrent of his lively criticism as to laugh at "the Unknowable" for "getting itself spelt with a capital U," and generally to make as much fun of the lavish use of capitals as Thackeray did in the parody which gave so much offence to the author of *Maltravers*. But in one thing Mr. Harrison quite agreed with Mr. Spencer. It was quite true that the day of Christianity and its contemporary religions was past, and quite true that some substitute was required, though it could not be found in an Infinite and Eternal Energy, any more than in the discarded speculations about ghosts with which Mr. Spencer credits our simple forefathers. This was the opportunity to bring in Charles I. We must have a religion, and since we cannot worship an "it," our religion must be anthropomorphic. What, then, remains? Why, of course, "Humanity is the grandest object of reverence within the region of the real and the known, Humanity with the world on which it rests as its base and environment." Mr. Harrison concludes his paper, the iconoclastic part of which is admirable, with this brief but fervent assurance to all whom it may concern that Codlin is their friend, not Short. This was Mr. Harrison's shot, fired at Mr. Spencer with, it must be admitted, sufficiently destructive effects, and then it was Mr. Harrison's turn to receive the fire of Mr. Wilfrid Ward, the champion of the older form of religion which Messrs. Spencer and Harrison had agreed in treating with such lordly contempt. As might be expected, Mr. Ward, whose article appears in this month's *National Review*, is very merry and very amusing over his two predecessors. He begins by likening his immediate adversary, Mr. Harrison, to a most entertaining lunatic, who showed a sane visitor over the asylum in which he was confined. Everything he did and said was perfectly reasonable until he came to show off his last specimen of a monomaniac. This poor fool, he said, actually supposed himself to be Alexander the Great, in which he was "quite wrong, for I am Philip of Macedon, and my son was a much taller man than that." Similarly, Mr. Harrison was quite sane as long as he was exposing the absurdity of Mr. Spencer's Energy, and only showed of what stuff he was made when he began to sound the praises of his own Humanity. The difference between Mr. Spencer and Mr. Harrison was the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The one thing on which they were agreed, and which was therefore true, was that you must have a religion of some kind, from which Mr. Ward had no difficulty in proving that the only possible one was Christianity. It is a pity that Mr. Ward did not publish his article sooner. He was so long taking aim that Sir James Stephen, who had to fire the concluding shot, got tired of waiting for him, and in the event the two last weapons went off simultaneously. Owing to this hitch, Sir James Stephen covers a good deal of the same ground as Mr. Ward. He likens his two victims to the well-known pot and kettle, and proceeds to demolish them both. By dint of being a lawyer as well as a metaphysician, Sir James has acquired a disagreeable habit of inquiring into the meaning of words, and this enables him to demonstrate in a convincing manner that Mr. Spencer's disquisitions about Effort, Force, and Energy have no meaning at all, and might as well have been left unwritten. He then insists upon the exceeding flimsiness of Mr. Harrison's deity with a force and freshness which are really surprising, considering that he is doing it, as he himself candidly observes, "for perhaps the fiftieth time." One of his sentences is so refreshing to the healthy mind that we cannot refrain from reproducing it:—"Mankind is the object of our worship—mankind, a stupid, ignorant, half beast of a creature, the most distinguished specimens of which have passed their lives in chasing chimæras, and believing and forcing others to believe in fairy tales about them—a creature made up mostly of units, of which a majority cannot even read, whilst only a small minority have the time, or the means, or the ability to devote any considerable part of their thoughts to anything but daily labour. For my part, I would as soon worship the ugliest idol in India, before which a majority of the Queen's subjects chop off the heads of poor little goats."

By these and similar expressions is Mr. Harrison's own poor ghost of a religion made mince-meat of. So far Sir James Stephen and Mr. Ward to the same effect, each applauding Mr. Harrison for his destruction of Mr. Spencer, and each turning Mr. Harrison's guns against himself, and taking cruelly complete advantage of the weak point Mr. Harrison had left in his own lines. But after this comes the part of Sir James Stephen's paper which is really a reply upon Mr. Ward, and which ought therefore, if the combat had been fought out upon strictly chronological principles, to have succeeded it instead of accompanying it in publication. For whereas Mr. Ward concludes that the Agnostic and the Positivist, having failed to supply the blank left by their supposed destruction of existing religious sentiment, have thereby shown that they have failed to destroy it, and that it is, in fact, as necessary and as much justified in its existence as ever, Sir James Stephen tells quite another tale. Upon the question whether the general belief in Christianity is really going, as Mr. Spencer and Mr. Harrison suppose, to fade away and expire, the judge does not commit himself to any opinion; but he suggests hypothetically a view which, as far as we know, has never been stated openly before, and which, whether we agree with it or not, deserves attention. Suppose, says Sir James Stephen, that Agnostics, or Positivists, or any one else should succeed in persuading people at large that Christian theology is not true, then we may confidently expect that the morality which is distinctively Christian will die with it. If people cease to believe Christian dogmas, they will cease to believe, or to profess to believe, in the virtue of self-sacrifice as such. They will not any longer profess to believe it right to turn the other cheek to the smiter, or to make over one's coat to the spoiler of one's cloak. But so far from declaring, like Mr. Ward, that some religion which will inculcate these duties is necessary, Sir James Stephen thinks that we shall get on about as well as we hitherto have without believing them to be duties at all. For he advances the bold proposition that no religion has ever been really popular or enthusiastically adopted by the mass of mankind. People have acquiesced, he thinks, in these particular theories as part of a religion which they have accepted as a whole, but they have not practically believed in them enough to make their conduct habitually conform to them. And he suggests that, if these particular parts of Christian morality are abandoned, there will still remain a substantial amount of morality independent of theology, and not very much less in extent than that which now practically regulates the lives of most people. Therefore, while agreeing with Mr. Ward that the two earlier disputants have attempted to set up new gods of no value, he denies his inference that theology cannot be suffered to become extinct, and asserts, on the contrary, that, if it should become extinct, it would make less practical difference than most people are apt to suppose.

The quadrangular duel is thus complete. No Theology, anthropomorphic or otherwise, says Mr. Spencer, but an Infinite and Eternal Energy. Neither Theology nor Infinite Energy, but the truly anthropomorphic Religion of Humanity, says Mr. Harrison. Neither Energy nor Humanity, but Theology, says Mr. Ward. Certainly not Energy or Humanity, says Sir James Stephen, and as for Theology we shall be able to get along without it if necessary, and shall certainly be much better without any meaningless shams in substitution for it.

RACING AT EPSOM.

ONE of the most important things in a racecourse is elastic turf; but at the late Epsom meeting the ground was as hard as iron, and almost without herbage. Owners of valuable race-horses had good cause to tremble when they saw them battering their legs on ground that rivalled flagstones in consistency. Yet a two-year-old that had cost 3,000 guineas as a yearling was brought out on the first day for the Woodcote Stakes. This was the Duke of Portland's Rosy Morn, and he was opposed by his stable companion Baron L. de Hirsch's Laverock, a colt which had been purchased for a very similar sum early in May. Other owners, however, were less adventurous; and the field for the Woodcote Stakes was the smallest on record, only four of the fifty-one horses entered taking part in the race. Laverock had already won two races, and Rosy Morn was to run for the first time, yet 5 to 2 was laid on the latter, while 7 to 1 was laid against the former. Ducat and Ierne, a colt and a filly by Kisber and Hermit, who had never before run in public, were about as much fancied as Laverock. Ducat, closely followed by Rosy Morn, made the running, and Laverock and Ierne came on together a short distance off. Half way down the hill Rosy Morn, who was close to the rails, took the lead, and came into the straight clear away from the other horses. A quarter of a mile from the winning-post Cannon brought Laverock gradually forward, and at the distance Laverock's head was at Rosy Morn's girths; but at that moment Archer roused Rosy Morn, who shot away at once and bounded in three lengths in advance of Laverock. The other pair were some distance off at the finish. Rosy Morn is by Rosicrucian out of Bonnie Katie, and while he shows all the quality that might be expected from such high breeding, he is on a larger scale than many of the stock of his sire. He is entered for the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger of next year, and if he keeps sound, it is not unlikely that he may become a leading favourite for one of those races.

There was a fine race for the Juvenile Plate between St. Rule, ridden by Rossiter, and Gaythorn, ridden by Cannon. Gaythorn appeared to have the race in hand at the distance, but St. Rule rushed up and snatched the prize from him by a head at the winning-post. Shrivenham, who had been the first favourite, was a bad third. There was a fine race, again, for the Chetwynd Plate, which was won by the first favourite, Mr. L. de Rothschild's Aladdin, a two-year-old by the Derby winner Sir Bevys; but the odds of 3 to 1, which had been laid on him, were scarcely justified, as he only won by a neck.

We described the Derby at some length last week. The objection which was lodged against St. Gatien by Sir John Willoughby a day or two after the race excited but languid interest, as it could in no way affect the disposal of the bets. The only other race of special interest on the Wednesday was for the Stanley Stakes, which immediately followed the Derby. Grecian Bride, who had run Lonely to a head at Newmarket, was made a very strong favourite. She won in a canter by a length and a half, and she ran like a smart filly. Her breeding is good, too, as she is by Hermit out of La Belle Hélène. She shows many excellent

points, but exception has been taken to her loins and the length of her back.

The Epsom Grand Prize, which is run for on the Thursday of the Epsom week, is one of the most valuable three-year-old races of the season. The Derby was worth 4,850*l.* this year, and the Epsom Grand Prize 3,782*l.*; but the entrance for the Derby is 50*l.*, and half forfeit, whereas it is only 25*l.* and 10*l.* forfeit for the Grand Prize. Thirteen horses came out to run for it last week; the only competitors that had run in the Derby on the previous day being St. Médard, who had started second favourite for that race, and Woodstock, who had made the running for a short distance as the field went up the hill. Cherry was a very strong favourite. This filly had run once last year and once this year, winning on both occasions. She had been a late foal, and consequently had not run in public until the autumn, when she came out for the Cheveley Stakes at Newmarket, and won in a canter by half a dozen lengths. This spring she had started only fourth or fifth favourite, at 10 to 1, for the Kempton Park Grand Prize, in which she was giving weight to everything in the race, but she won easily by two lengths. Only 6 to 4 was now laid against her for the Epsom Grand Prize, although she looked rather rough in her coat, and some critics thought she moved a little short in her preliminary canter. Fantail, who was receiving 7 lbs. from Cherry, was a good second favourite. When receiving 13 lbs. from Superba, she had run her to a head, and she had won four races. Other backers fancied St. Médard, who was receiving 2 lbs. and sex from the favourite. Kinsky also was supported by many people at about the same odds as St. Médard. He had been a very moderate two-year-old, but he had won the only races for which he had run this season. Campanile made the running as far as the road, St. Médard following with a cluster of horses in close pursuit, among which were Cherry and Kinsky. About a quarter of a mile from the winning-post, Archer, who was riding Cherry rather near the rails, saw an opportunity of getting through the cluster by which he had been shut in, and immediately dashed to the front. Almost at the same moment Cannon shot forward on Kinsky, on the other side of the course, and from this point the race virtually became a match between Kinsky and Cherry. It was a very fine struggle, and the two famous jockeys had to use all their skill. Opposite the Stand, Kinsky seemed to be overhauling Cherry, and he succeeded in getting up to her neck, but the filly stayed the longest and won by half a length. Cherry, like Harvester, is by Sterling; her dam, Cherry Duchess, is by the Duke, and she inherits double crosses, within the fifth degree, of the blood of no less than five different sires. The Royal Stakes on the same afternoon produced an interesting race between Thebais, Coruuna, and Modred. Thebais was giving 3 st. 5 lbs. to the former and 3 st. to the latter, but after a splendid struggle she won by a head, while Coruuna beat Modred by a neck. The pace at which the race was run told against Thebais, under her very heavy weight, for Deceiver went away from the start, as hard as he could, leading at one time by half a dozen lengths.

In noticing the race for the Oaks, it is necessary to recall the race for the One Thousand Guineas. Busybody had won the latter race by half a length from Queen Adelaide, and Whiteloek had been a length behind Queen Adelaide, while Sandiway was close up; but, as the last-named filly had been scratched for the Oaks, we need say nothing further about her. Legacy had also run, but she had had enough of it before reaching the Abingdon Bottom. Superba had been unplaced in the Two Thousand, the only race for which she had started this season; but it was understood that she had wintered very badly, and it was generally agreed, among judges of racing, that she was far below her best form on the day of that race. As it was, she had run fairly, finishing fourth, about three-quarters of a length behind Harvestor and St. Médard, who were only separated by a head. The official handicapper had estimated her at 7 lbs. below Busybody, and 3 lbs. below Queen Adelaide. Last year she had beaten Queen Adelaide at even weights, and Talisman, and Harvester (twice), giving him weight on each occasion. She had won seven races, and had earned considerably more than six thousand pounds in stakes; so that, if she should have returned to her two-year-old form, there was no denying the fact that she would have a great chance of winning the Oaks. Quilt, a chestnut filly by Hermit, had won four of the dozen races for which she ran last year. Her form had not been of the highest class, and she had not been out before this season; but Hermits are so often dangerous when least expected, that they must always be taken into account when they start for a race, even when their previous performances have been but second-rate. Kinfauns had only won one race out of six last year, but she had run St. Médard to a neck, and she had run within a length and a half of Harvestor. Like Quilt, she had not run in public this season before the Oaks.

Nine fillies went to the post, where there was some delay owing to the vagaries of Whitelock, who was very fretful and caused several false starts. Kinfauns, Legacy, and Pinta made most of the running, but as they were going round Tattenham Corner, Busybody began to work her way to the front, and on crossing the road she took the lead, attended by Quilt, Kinfauns, and Wild Shot. Halfway up the straight, Queen Adelaide came up to the leading horses as if she were going to gallop past them, and Superba, who was ridden by Archer, was following in a manner which seemed to threaten danger, especially when the usual tactics of her jockey were considered; but when Cannon, who was riding Busybody, saw Queen Adelaide coming alongside, he set his mare going in earnest, and at the distance Queen Adelaide was beaten. Superba, however, was not to be so easily disposed of, and Archer brought her up with one of his famous rushes. There was now a fine battle, for the third time during the meeting, between Cannon and Archer, and for a few moments the result seemed doubtful, but Cannon held his own to the end and won by half a length. Busybody has now repaid her owner, in stakes alone, nearly half the 8,800 guineas she cost him, nor should it be forgotten that the price received for her by her former master has now been raised to about 11,000*l.* Queen Adelaide's running in the Oaks did not seem consistent with her previous performances; but she had had a hard race in the Derby two days before, which may have made her a little stale. On the other hand, her indifferent finish in the Oaks may tend to throw some doubts upon the value of the form she showed in the Derby.

The clever thoroughbred pony, Lucy Ashton, started first favourite for the Acorn Stakes for two-year-olds, but she unfortunately split her pastern during the race, so we are not likely to see more of her for some time to come. The finish was fought out between Grecian Bride, the winner of the Stanley Stakes, and Vacillation. The latter won easily; but she was receiving 9 lbs. from the former. This was Vacillation's fourth victory, and her winnings are already approaching a couple of thousand pounds. The celebrated three-year-old St. Simon, who would in all probability have won the Derby if he had run in it, walked over for the Gold Cup; and so ended a dusty, cloudy, windy meeting.

COLONIAL BORROWING.

THE rush of the colonial governments to borrow money in the London market shows no sign of abating. During the past six months not fewer than twelve colonial governments, including the Indian, and three municipal corporations, have applied for no less a sum in the aggregate than 26¾ millions sterling, and it is known that several more issues are impending. It must be admitted that, on their side, investors appear as ready to lend as the colonial governments are to borrow. Only last week the Government of Queensland was able to raise nearly 2¾ millions sterling, paying no more than 4 per cent. per annum; and a little previously the Indian Government borrowed 3 millions at 3 per cent. Indeed, none of the governments have had to pay more than 5 per cent. When it is borne in mind that the population of Queensland at the end of 1882 did not quite amount to a quarter of a million, and that its debt then exceeded 13 millions sterling, it will be understood how significant it is that this government, with a population less than that of a second-rate English town, has been able to borrow at the rate of 4 per cent. The truth is that really sound investments are becoming so scarce that the thrifty classes know not how to dispose of their money. The Government of the United States is paying off its debts at so rapid a rate that United States bonds are no longer held in Europe, and very few of them are held even in America itself by private individuals. Our own Government, again, has adopted a scheme for the redemption of the debt which is estimated to clear it all off in fifty years. In the meantime Europe has been turned into a vast camp, and may at any moment be plunged into a war of which no man can foresee the consequences or the end. And, lastly, American railroad securities are utterly discredited by mismanagement, over-construction, and dishonesty. Under these circumstances, the professional man who has to provide for his children out of an income that will die with himself, the country gentleman whose estate is entailed, and who has to make provision in his own lifetime for daughters and younger sons, and the commercial man whose savings are larger than can be employed in his own business, eagerly accept offers from colonial governments to pay them from 3 to 5 per cent. They argue that a British colony will be better governed than any foreign State; that it will be strict in the observance of all its obligations; that, at the worst, it will be saved from bankruptcy by the Imperial Government; and that therefore their money will be perfectly safe in its hands. At the same time, the interest offered is much higher than can be obtained with the same certainty. The debenture stocks of our best Railway Companies yield only about 3¼ per cent., while the yield upon the ordinary stocks fluctuates too much to be a favourite form of investment with those who have to consider the future of widows and daughters. We are not now concerned with the correctness of this reasoning; our object is only to explain why it is that colonial loans stand in such high favour in the London money market, and the fact that they do stand in such favour is shown conclusively by the instances we have already referred to.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the colonial governments are under a very strong temptation to go on borrowing. In every colony there is an urgent need for public works—for opening up unoccupied lands by means of railways and roads, for constructing harbours, for laying down telegraph wires, and, in short, for supplying the community with all the requirements of modern civilization. In every one of the colonies, therefore, public opinion is strongly in favour of the rapid construction of public works, and as in none of the colonies is there capital enough for such construction, this is only another way of saying that there is a strong public opinion in favour of constant borrowing in England. Another reason that makes borrowing so popular is that the flowing in of foreign capital creates a fictitious prosperity. The money is

borrowed generally, as we have said, for the construction of public works, and therefore is expended in paying for labour and buying materials. Wages in consequence rise, and so do prices, and the commercial and labouring classes therefore seem to benefit. There are few countries, indeed, in which a large Government expenditure is not popular even where it is undertaken for warlike purposes, but it is especially popular where it is incurred for the construction of public works. The works undoubtedly will prove useful in the long run. They enable unoccupied lands to be settled much more rapidly than they otherwise could be; they attract immigrants, and at the same time they make it possible to export the surplus production of the colonies. If, then, the borrowing were kept within moderate limits, there could be no dispute that the policy pursued by the colonial governments is a wise one. But the figures given at the beginning of this article show that the borrowing is not kept within moderate limits. It is, on the contrary, being pushed on far too rapidly, and it is almost certain that it will be pursued more quickly in the future than it has been even in the recent past. The temptation is so strong to the colonial governments to avail themselves of their present high credit in the London money market that they are unable to resist. At any moment circumstances may change. A great war may break out, or American railroad securities may again be taken into favour by the British public, and then it may not be possible to borrow upon such easy terms. The governments therefore are apparently acting upon the old adage which advises to "make hay while the sun shines." But it is never so necessary to urge caution as when there is a strong temptation to excess. In the United States at the present moment we have an example of what follows from too rapid a construction of public works. Our colonies, prosperous as they are and rapidly as they are growing, are far less prosperous than the United States, and are growing far more slowly, yet in a few short years the Americans have sunk so much capital in building railways that they have brought on a great panic, have depreciated railroad securities of all kinds, and have caused widespread ruin and distress. The new American railways, it is true, have been built by private enterprise, while in the colonies the public works are being constructed by the governments. There is a difference here, but the difference is not so great as at first sight it appears. When the Companies and syndicates which have built the American railways found that the railways did not earn the interest upon the capital sunk, and that they had themselves exhausted their means, they were obliged to declare themselves bankrupt, and so there was brought on a panic; but even when the colonial railways are unable to earn the interest upon the capital sunk in them, it is not probable that the governments will become bankrupt. The general taxpayers, however, will have to find the money. There will thus be a great addition made to taxation, and the prosperity of the colonies will be seriously checked. If the colonial governments should then stop the public works, the mischief would not be irreparable, for in a few years population would grow sufficiently to give a traffic to the railways. It will, however, be more difficult then to suspend operations than it is now. To stop borrowing would be to put an end to the inflow of foreign capital, to throw workpeople out of employment, and to cause a depression in trade. But to do this at a moment when the railways had become a serious charge to the colonial taxpayers would be to raise an outcry in the various colonies which few governments would care to face. The danger is, therefore, that if once the colonial governments engage in a rash construction of public works, they will have to go on, just as the Parisian Municipality has had to go on, and that they may thereby involve themselves in inextricable embarrassments.

There is another aspect of the question which should not be lost sight of by investors either. In the recent past this country has been the only great colonizing State in the world. Since the end of the struggle between England and France in North America and in India, France had, until a few years ago, almost given up the attempt to found colonies, while the other great European Powers had never entered upon the enterprise. Of late, however, there has been a revival of colonial enterprise in France, and it looks as if both Germany and Russia were about to endeavour to found transmarine settlements. Within the present year the Recidivist question has brought to the minds of us all how possible it is that a quarrel in the Pacific may break out between this country and France. If there should, the Australasian colonies would certainly be involved in it, or rather, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, would in the beginning be principals in it. Across the Atlantic, again, the position of Canada is not without grave danger. The United States hitherto have loyally observed their neighbourly duties; but there is a party in the United States anxious to raise a quarrel between that country and ourselves, and it is always possible that a dispute may arise which would involve Canada. As to the political dangers, native and otherwise, of the South African colonies, it is hardly necessary to do more than refer to them. There are, then, grave political questions looming in the future, which may impose upon several or all of our colonies sacrifices and exertions of no small magnitude; and it would be in the highest degree unwise on the part of the colonial governments so to compromise their future that, if a day of danger did arise, their credit would be already too deeply pledged. Dangers of this kind are happily remote, and we may hope that they will never become real. But it is the duty of statesmen to provide for all contingencies, and those who are entrusted with the government of our colonies should never forget that dangers may arise, and should always so manage their finances that if they do, they may be able to guard the interests committed to their care. In concluding, we need hardly disavow any desire to lower the credit of our colonies or to deter investors from buying their securities. On the contrary, we believe that if the colonial governments are prudent, investors could not find safer or better securities, nor could the colonial governments themselves follow any wiser policy than that of a judicious and gradual development of their material resources. But the development ought to be gradual and judicious. What we wish to urge upon the colonial governments and upon investors is, that while the construction of public works is desirable and beneficial, it may easily be pushed to excess, may involve the colonies in great embarrassments, and may even compromise their political future.

PLAY AT THE COURT—THE LYCEUM.

HAD *Play* not been a comedy by the author of *Caste* and *Ours*, it would scarcely have lingered long on the stage, supposing that it had ever been represented. But in February 1868, when the piece was first given at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Mr. T. W. Robertson and the house over which Miss Marie Wilton presided had become the fashion. That failure was not without the range of possibilities even for this popular management the production of a work by the late Mr. H. J. Byron—called *Wrinkles*, if our memory does not fail us—sufficiently shows. *Play*, however, just passed muster. There was a desire to see what Captain Hawtree would be like as the Chevalier Browne; how the part of Bruce Fanquehere would suit the actor who had made his mark as Lord Ptarmigan, Sam Gerridge, and the Prince Perovsky; and, to a still greater extent, how the representative of Polly Eccles and Miss Netley would fit herself to the character of Rosie Fanquehere. Stage realism of the better sort was just being made an important consideration. The scene of *Play* was laid at a German Spa; many persons in a Prince of Wales's audience had visited German Spas, and felt a curiosity as to the way in which the genuine thing would be reproduced. On the whole, it is not difficult to account for the fact that *Play* had a fair run; but it is equally easy to understand why it has never been revived by the management which first presented it. Mr. Robertson usually imported some strong dramatic incident into his comedies. In *Society*, by no means the best of the series, there are two or three sympathetic episodes. *Caste*, particularly in the scene which leads up to and brings about the return of George D'Alroy to the wife who has mourned his death, is a very striking play. *Ours* has at least one moving scene, at the end of the second act—the departure of the troops for the Crimea. In *Play*, however, the author fitted his characters moderately well with the sort of parts likely to suit them; for the rest he trusted to his facility for writing smart dialogue—which nevertheless is not very smart—and to a few theatrical tricks which might persuade the unwary spectator that a coherent plot was being treated. The piece has been produced at the Court without the glamour which overhung Prince of Wales's comedies, and it is not to be disguised that it is a very crude and thin contrivance. Mr. Robertson's pieces, written for certain people, must of necessity be given after a method not easily to be imitated. *Play* is sadly invertebrate. The first act would be well enough if it led to something more marked. Frank Price is in love with Rosie; the Chevalier Browne accidentally ascertains that the girl, niece of his disreputable associate the Hon. Bruce Fanquehere, is an heiress, and proposes to commit bigamy in order to win her and her fortune. Obstacles to the union of Frank and Rosie have to be raised, and no plain way of raising them occurred to Mr. Robertson. Such interest as the plot contains is based on these matters, but the structure of the play is built up with ill-fitting and badly devised bits. The Chevalier meets his wife, Amanda Tarleton, the celebrated actress, in a ruined castle, whither the characters have gone. This is no sort of reason why Rosie should suspect that her Frank is Amanda's husband, though the audience is invited to suppose that such a mistake has arisen temporarily to wound Rosie's trusting affection. There is a great deal too much make-believe in this, as also about the incident which leads to the Hauptman Stockstadt's challenge. Frank, it may be remembered, unburdens his mind by relating to Stockstadt the story of his attachment to Rosie; and the Prussian officer, who does not comprehend a word of English, is understood to fancy that the gesticulating Englishman is deliberately insulting him. The idea of Stockstadt's brother officer, the Graf von Staufenberg, gravely saying "*Illustrated London News*," and nothing else, for the purpose of showing that he is not wholly unacquainted with our language, is a weak *jeu d'esprit*, quite unsuitable for the stage. The humour of Mr. Bodmin Todder and Mrs. Kinpeck, again, have very little to do with the story. The acting and the reputation of the theatre saved *Play* sixteen years ago. Unfortunately most of those who are concerned in the revival at the Court have failed to catch the trick of such a comedy as this. Mr. Clayton plays adroitly, but his Chevalier is a rather sombre personage; and Mr. Mackintosh, who follows Mr. Haro—with a difference—as Fanquehere, makes the man into a melodramatic villain. The horrible faces Mr. Mackintosh draws to show the emotions which afflict him are far from the purpose of playing comedy, and especially such comedy as this. It is not that Mr. Mackintosh is too robust an actor to bring himself down

to the level of the work, supposing that anything in the nature of bringing down is involved. Mrs. Stirling is one of the most robust of actresses, with a long experience of powerful plays, drama, melodrama, and even tragedy; yet in another of Mr. Robertson's pieces, *Caste*, her representation of the Marquise de St. Maur was superlatively good. The humours of Mr. Bodmin Todder, the dyspeptic tradesman, lie on the surface. Mr. Arthur Cecil has no difficulty in giving a broadly comic study of this strongly marked personage. The companion picture, Mrs. Kinpeck, the disagreeable and avaricious widow, is much overdone by Miss Victor. The lovers, however, are decidedly well played by Miss Venne as Rosie, and, especially, by Mr. H. B. Conway as Frank Price. An affectation of extreme archness has frequently made the lady's performances preposterous. No one off the stage ever was so terribly arch as Miss Venne was on it. Happily this can be spoken of in the past tense. Rosie is very naturally and prettily played. The love scene in the ruined castle which forms the setting of the second act is the best written episode in the comedy, and it is also the best acted. Frank Price is here altogether admirable. Frank is a lad just growing into manhood, and Mr. Conway's boyish impulsiveness is singularly pertinent and true. A very effective piece of "business," to employ the technical phrase, has been omitted in the revival. After the challenge had passed, in former days at the Prince of Wales's, Stockstadt and Frank met in the Kursaal; Stockstadt had no light for his cigarette, and Frank, noting his enemy's search, courteously proffered him a light from his own. Such a civility might not be expected to pass between challenged and challenger where both were accustomed to the situation. But Frank is a boy who knows nothing of duelling; is told by his countrymen, who are much older and more experienced than he is, that he ought to fight, and accepts the challenge accordingly, bearing no ill will to his antegonist. The remembrance of Miss Marie Wilton and Mr. H. J. Montague as Rosie and Frank is not easily effaced. With the pleasant recollections which linger of their performance, it says much for the new pair of lovers that they can make Rosie and Frank acceptable. Miss Amy Roselle, as the doting wife of the Chevalier, does ably all that is requisite. The mounting of *Play* is in no way remarkable. Modern audiences have unaccountable tastes, and it is therefore well that a critic's duty does not include prognostication as to the success of theatrical pieces.

The return of the Lyceum company to the Lyceum Theatre naturally aroused much interest not unmingled with regret that they are so soon again to leave it. We have been unable to discover the new blemishes which one critic assures us that Mr. Irving has "developed" in the part of Benedick during his absence. On the contrary, he, like Miss Ellen Terry, seemed to us to play with even more fineness and fire than before. The transference of that fine comedian, Mr. Howe, to the part of Dogberry makes a very decided improvement in the cast.

REVIEWS.

TEMPLES AND ELEPHANTS.*

THIS book must be the result of a sheer love of adventure and travel. Having achieved success in Borneo and told us much about its Head-hunters, Mr. Bock explored a large part of the kingdom of Siam and of the country of the Lao chiefs who are tributary to King Chulalunkorn. We do not make out that he had any particular mission to fulfil. His main object was not to correct mistakes in geography, to show a variation in the course of rivers and the altitudes of mountain ranges, or to search for coal and other minerals. He certainly tried to get specimens of birds and beasts, in which attempt he was much hindered by the prejudices and fancies of chiefs and priests, but his main desire was to see and describe strange scenes and customs. And he has put together a very instructive work. An apology for "imperfect English" was hardly needed. Many a florid writer in our language might do worse than imitate Mr. Bock's style. In one or two instances only are we reminded that a foreigner stumbles, as might be expected. Once, for instance, he talks of "wild fowl" where the context shows clearly that he means not waterfowl, but the jungle cock. He is, as we remarked previously in our notice of *The Head Hunters*, not much of an Orientalist, though he may be right in deriving the word Siam "from the Malay *Sayam*, which means brown and refers to the colour of the race." But, in this view, it is quite as possible that Siam may come from the Sanskrit *Syama*, black. There is a sprinkling of Sanskrit words, *Isara* lord, *Vangsa* family, *Kumaritana* princess, in the Siamese phrases and titles recorded in this work, just as there is in Burmese. The illustrations of men and women, temples, landscapes, and so forth, are very well executed, and there is a picture of a white, or rather a yellow, elephant which is very opportune. It seems, however, that a judicious washing of tamarind-water imparts a lighter colour to this wonderful animal, and that under its application dark patches disappear, for a time at least. Mr. Barnum may take a hint.

* *Temples and Elephants: the Narrative of a Journey of Exploration through Upper Siam and Lao.* By Carl Bock, Author of the "Head Hunters of Borneo." With Maps, Plates, and Illustrations. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

Mr. Bock's work may properly be divided into two main sections. He stayed at Bangkok before commencing his explorations, and when he had ascended the Meinam and its affluents as high as Kiang Tsen, he returned and spent more time at the capital. We may therefore consider his narrative as one which deals first with Bangkok and then with the interior. The reigning monarch treated this inquisitive foreigner with much consideration. He was favoured with a private audience, and we note that the old etiquette by which every one had to prostrate himself in the august presence is now abolished. King Chulalunkorn is a "progressive" as well as a "thoughtful" ruler. He is abolishing slavery by degrees. He has encouraged education, and he sends yearly a number of young Siamese of noble family to be educated in England and on the Continent. Members of his council are allowed to submit their opinions to him in writing. He has completed a magnificent temple, which was begun so far back as 1785, and had remained unfinished owing to want of funds and other difficulties. At the epoch of the centenary of the capital, in 1881, a splendid national exhibition was opened. Jewellery, silver ware, valuable rings, goblets, mother-of-pearl and lacquer work, sacred manuscripts in thousands, had their sections and compartments, as well as the coarser articles of wicker-work and bamboo, elephant tusks, the horns of the buffalo and the rhinoceros, gamboge, teak and other timber, resin, sugar, beeswax, and minerals. Pictures were rather a failure, native artists not being usually adepts in the rules of perspective; and it was with some difficulty that an ambitious dauber was dissuaded from sending his works to the Royal Academy. But, splendid as the Siamese Exhibition may have been, it is eclipsed by the annual ceremony of *kateen* or the royal visitation to the temples. The King is carried in state to several temples in succession. Presents are distributed. The High Priest preaches a sermon. But the grandest feature is the procession of the royal barges, about fifty in number. The state barge is manned by one hundred and twenty rowers, who have been as hard at work for a month previous as if they were University oarsmen, practising swing and time. The account of this imposing ceremony is followed by a ghastly story of the execution of a woman, with minute details. The only satisfactory part of the affair is that the culprit was a nobleman's wife who had murdered one of her servants in a diabolical fashion, and that the King, though as averse as King Louis Philippe to signing death warrants, thought it fit in this case to show himself no respecter of persons. Mr. Bock, we may remark, has rather a liking for these repulsive sights, for when up the country he was anxious to witness the execution of a Chow or chief, of the city of Lampoon, but unluckily arrived just after the decapitation. This "unfortunate nobleman" seems to have been condemned on three counts. He had offered an insult to the Siamese Commissioner. He had injured the elephant of a brother Chow. And he was generally a scamp and therefore fitted to be a scapegoat. In many respects, there is still a good deal to be done at Bangkok. Most of the roads lately constructed by the King are below the water-level. There are no ghauts or landing-places of stone or brick, as there are in India. The city of Bangkok is often flooded in the rainy season, seeing that it is built on an alluvial plain level with the river. And at other seasons the lanes and streets are receptacles of filth. Yet it is refreshing to hear of an Eastern potentate who reads English newspapers, transacts business regularly, has a mint, a library, and a museum, encourages research, is civil to foreigners, does not torture or harass his own subjects in the genuine Oriental fashion, and has visited Singapore, Java, British Burmah, Calcutta, Bombay, and Benares. When an outbreak of cholera occurred in 1881, this enlightened sovereign did not content himself with charms and sentences in Pali and prayers to the evil spirits or Nats, but he erected temporary hospitals and sent steam-launches up and down the river with medicines and doctors.

All this is interesting enough, but the journey through the interior gives Mr. Bock much more to tell. He seems to have stood the hot and moist climate very well; for we only hear of one or two attacks of fever which yielded more to quinine than to Dr. Sutton's magic pills. He also was well provided with presents to propitiate native functionaries, such as cloth, tobacco, needles, and scent-bottles. On more than one occasion he made zoedone do duty for champagne in a fashion which would have delighted Sir Wilfrid Lawson; and he evidently has the traveller's resolution and pluck, and makes light of trials and inconveniences, indifferent commons, thunderstorms and wet, and all the worries incidental to an exploration in Siamese jungles. On leaving Bangkok he had to pole up the stream when a comfortable steamer could go no higher. The Indian custom, so familiar in wearying journeys up the Ganges and Jabuna, where the boatmen tie one end of a rope to the mast and walk on the bank hauling the other end, seems unknown in Siam. After a time the boat was exchanged for a howdah and an elephant; and then, again, Mr. Bock went down the Mekok river in a small canoe. In this way he stayed at the towns of Raheng, Lakhon, Lampoon, Kiang Mai and Kiang Hai, Merang Prau and Kiang Tsen, covering more than six degrees of latitude and living exactly as the natives did. Of course events did not always run smoothly. The farther he proceeded into the interior the less potent were the orders and passports which he had obtained from the King of Siam or from Chows and other high officials. Buddhists had a great aversion to the slaughter of birds and beasts; and, though he obtained

permission for a native hunter of high repute, one Mau Sua, to get him specimens, very little was obtained by this means. Mr. Bock was accused of bringing tigers round the houses at night; and we cannot think that he was well advised in trying to carry off two large images of Buddha from a great cave in one of the Lao States. We note that a large tiger shot by the villagers was actually cut up and eaten. The tongue is cut out by Indian mahouts, and when dried, used as a medicine in fever; but only the most degraded of the aboriginal or semi-aboriginal tribes in that country ever think of eating tigers, jackals, or lizards. Once Mr. Bock's talent for drawing got him into a scrape. He was sketching the wife of a Karian chief, and unluckily touched her chin in order to get her into position. This was one of those blunders that are worse than crimes in the East, and some unpleasant consequences were only averted by diplomacy. Mr. Bock hastily made a duplicate sketch, which he tore in half to appease the "evil spirits"—having cleverly managed to secrete the original.

There is a good deal about Buddhism in these pages, its forms, worship, discipline, and *Nirvan*, or final extinction. At p. 200 there is a curious sketch of Mount Zinnalo according to the cosmogony of the Laosians. It is like a pillar on a pedestal with a top-heavy capital. The whole is divided into compartments allotted to persons who, while on earth, shall have attained divers degrees of merit either as merely good spirits, or who have built houses for priests, worn white clothing, and said many prayers. The order of merit and the allotment of wives by thousands and millions according to the respective worth of deeds performed on earth, sounds more like the *Bihisht* of the Mussulman; but then Buddhism comes in after all, as the darkness, which in the picture sits like a cloud on the top of the pillar, represents *Nirwana*, the place where there is "no care" and only "perfect happiness." According to Mr. Bock, in several respects the Laosian Buddhist has privileges not accorded to his brethren in Siam and in Burmah. Priests may possess property and many own domestic slaves and goods and chattels. There are many degrees of the novitiate. The day begins with alms-begging, but in lonely tracts the villagers save the priest the trouble of going round with his bowl for rice and fruit, and bring food themselves to the temple. The ordeal of rice-chewing is applied to priests accused of unchastity, but we are not told what the exact punishment is. The perpetual propitiation of evil or angry spirits show the inability of the Buddhist creed to satisfy the human craving for something to worship. The Buddhist is not censurous or idolatrous like the Hindu, or bigoted like the Mahommedan, but, whether in Lao, Siam, or, as Captain Forbes has told us, in Burma, he must have something to fear, invoke, or propitiate. Besides the *Wat* or temple with its images of Buddha, there is generally another structure, the *Phrachedu*, which is erected everywhere to gain favour with some deity and to atone for some sin. Though smoking is forbidden to priests, they all smoke and chew betel. The latter custom is carried to a very unpleasant excess by everybody, and it is said to aid the digestion at the expense of the teeth and of all appearance. The priestly life in general seemed to Mr. Bock one of indolence from a "Western point of view," but surely not more so than that of friars or monks. A Hindu Mahant at a temple at Gaya and elsewhere does not suggest a career of activity, but the Hindu ascetic or pilgrim makes longer journeys and endures more hardships, we think, than the Buddhist, though the latter does wander about the country in the dry season and visits the Pira Bat, "where Buddha is supposed to have left his footprint." Tattooing is described at some length, and with difficulty the author obtained from an expert the design in fashion in the Lao Country. Dyak women endure this infliction to please their lovers; the Laos to satisfy the female sex. The middle part of the person down to the knee-cap is covered with figures of pigeons, vultures, lions, tigers, monkeys, and demons; and the operation must be extremely painful, causing irritation and swelling and sometimes death. In the eastern parts of Lao the natives wisely content themselves with an odd figure or two on the leg and chest. Mr. Bock naturally draws attention to the facilities for trade and commerce afforded in Siam. He would like to see a railway from Bangkok to Raheng, a distance of three degrees, or roughly calculated, of rather more than two hundred miles. This work would present no greater difficulties than the line from Rangoon to Prome, which is only a trifle less in extent, and the enlightened monarch has only to find the money and send for the English engineer. We hear, too, something about fine timber and minerals, especially copper and tin, but Chinese companies are already in the field and in some places have obtained a monopoly. Mr. Bock met with traders from Yunnan, and pictures of these men with their mules and ponies are amongst the best of the illustrations. We wonder that the author did not attempt to cross the ridges and jungles between Siam and our Burmese provinces, for he especially mentions the trade route to Moulmain. But very likely this would have been no easy adventure, and we can quite understand his wish to return to Bangkok and renew his acquaintance with its enlightened ruler, to whom he has done full justice, as he has to American missionaries and to divers English and other gentlemen employed in the Government service in a country where prestige is still valued and where invidious distinctions of race and colour have not yet been entirely swept away.

WALES SIX HUNDRED YEARS AGO.*

WHEN we read of disturbances on the restless borders of the Cape and Natal, we are content to console ourselves with the reflection of Sydney Smith, "Mankind live and flourish, not only in spite of storms and tempests, but (which could not have been anticipated previous to experience) in spite of colonial secretaries." Mankind probably flourish—in a way, and certainly live, at a distance fortunately remote, in spite of Boers, Basutos, missionaries, colonial bishops, Zulus, raids, and Dabulamanzi. Six hundred years ago the English stoicism which easily endures the discomforts of South African politics would have been more hardly put to it by trials nearer home. Wales and the Welsh Marches were in almost exactly the same condition as the Natal frontiers between Boers, Zulus, and the late philanthropic Bishop Colenso. Substitute Gruffyth and Llewellyn for Cetewayo and Dabulamanzi, and Archbishop Peckham for Dr. Colenso, and one has a pretty fair idea of what Wales and England made each other endure. The Welsh clergy occupied the place of missionaries, and were the cause of even more severe perplexities than that modern species of evangelist who eke out his stipend by selling gunpowder and "square face" gin to the savages. Archbishop Peckham, however, it is fair to say (fair both to him and to Bishop Colenso), was an Englishman first, a philanthropist afterwards, and at a considerable interval. He was most anxious to prevent the Welsh from breaking themselves against the rock of English determination. But when, being exceeding wilful, they *would* go to war, then Peckham turned round, lectured them fiercely, and maintained that, as descendants of Trojan wanderers, they inherited all the vices of Paris of Troy. There certainly was a good deal of the Celtic character in Paris, so the Archbishop's ethnological theories were not without justification.

The new volume of Archbishop Peckham's Letters (edited, with an excellent preface, by Mr. Charles Trice Martin for the Rolls collection) contains nothing more interesting than the picture of English dealings with Wales. English and Celtic characters have only altered for the worse in the last two hundred years. Our savage neighbours in Australia and Africa may still call us faithless, cruel, overbearing; but we have added to these qualities the horror of "blood-guiltiness" when we are getting the worst of it. Our savage neighbours in Ireland or America still remain eager to pick a quarrel, still unamenable to civilization, still content with their own peculiar and prehistoric conceptions of faith, justice, honour, and industry. But they, too, have added cowardice to their other demerits, and only wage a midnight war on kitchenmaids and third-class passengers.

It is not easy to give an account at once brief and lucid of the state of affairs in Wales at the time when Archbishop Peckham was doing his best for the strayed sheep of the fold. Llewellyn ap Jorwerth, a kind of Celtic Panda, who had brought all Wales under his dominion, died in 1240. He was succeeded by his son David: but the people and priests preferred the bastard Gruffyth, whom David kept in confinement. The captive, being a heavy man from want of exercise, broke his neck in trying to escape from the Tower by the old plan of making a rope of his sheets. David died next; the Welsh rejected his sister's son, and did homage to Owen Goch and Llewellyn, son of Gruffyth. When the pair had ruled together for some time, Owen and his younger brother David rose against Llewellyn, and were put down; after which Llewellyn desired to free Wales wholly from English rule. After a border war of various fortune, a treaty was made in 1267 between Llewellyn and Henry III. The conditions of this peace were never kept. The English John Dunns of the period, early settlers in Wales or on the Marches, were ever at informal war with Llewellyn, and their stations, or castles, were perpetually being burned. Edward I. succeeded to Henry III., and Llewellyn refused to do homage. He was bent on finding an excuse for war, and, to be fair, excuses were not far to seek. The English, wherever they had the chance, were imposing their ideas and customs, their distasteful industry, and their singular theory that murder was a public crime and not a private diversion, on the idle, revengeful Celts. War broke out; Llewellyn found that his cause was hopeless, and a new treaty was signed in 1277. In 1278 Llewellyn signed an extradition treaty, sorely against his will, and, as he says, "compelled by the fear which may fall on a constant man," the fear which fell on Messrs. Carey and his allies when they found themselves in peril. After this matters dragged on for two or three years, the Welsh always complaining that the English disregarded their national laws, on the flimsy pretext that these "were contrary to the Ten Commandments." The English answered that they would only accept Welsh laws when Welsh laws were "reasonable." As all the customs by which these gallant Celts set most store were, in English eyes, "unreasonable," our neighbours had much to endure. Wrecking was a well-established and cherished custom of these children of nature, and Llewellyn bitterly laments that his subjects are interfered with in the exercise of this cherished privilege. Then there were the usual quarrels of hostile races. English masons insulted Celtic "nobles," and probably held Welsh titles very meanly. "Welsh farmers selling their produce at Rhuddlan were obliged to take what the English offered or be flogged. Woods were cut down, probably" (Mr. Martin thinks) "to make roads." The English Constable of Oswestry hanged two young Welshmen

* *Registrum Epistolarum Fratris Johannis Peckham, Archiepiscopi Cantuarensis.* Edited by Charles Trice Martin, B.A., F.S.A. Master of the Rolls Series. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.

of noble family, "which hanging their parents would not have borne for 300*l*." In fact, the Welsh were treated much like black fellows in Queensland. We may presume that they also stole cattle, burned and robbed when they got the chance. The spirit of the people became rebellious. In 1280 Edward again offered to observe "all just and reasonable Welsh laws," but irritated the Celts by speaking as if Wales were part of his kingdom. In all the letters and proclamations we mark the common sense and complete self-confidence natural to Englishmen in dealing with backward races. Industry, honesty, justice, the Englishman argues, are obviously reasonable. Tippling, idleness, the blood feud, long days spent in listening to lying legends are obviously unreasonable. The Welsh had much better adopt English ideas and be done with it. In the course of six hundred years the Welsh have been led or bullied into acquiescence with a "reasonableness" which is certainly not "sweet." But St. George's Channel has saved the Irish from this sad fate, and "Irish ideas" are still much what Welsh ideas used to be in the days of Edward I.

Mr. Martin points out that the endless troubles of the Welsh borders were far more hopeless and inveterate than those of the Scotch Marches. On both sides of the Debatable Land the Jocks of the Cow and the Hard-riding Dicks were of the same English blood, and of equal pluck. They fought and plundered according to the rules of the game, and "thanked each other for the sport they had shown." The Welsh, suffering and inflicting all that a lower race endures from and avenges on its masters, broke into rebellion in the Easter of 1280. By July 15, Edward, with a conquering army, was at Rhuddlan. Then Archbishop Peckham stood out courageously between the King and the insurgents, and endeavoured to win the blessing of the peacemaker. As General Gordon was anxious to go alone and meet the Mahdi face to face, so Peckham set forth to meet Llewellyn, "knowing that there was no one else in England willing to undertake such a task." The King, like the present Government, did not sanction the visit to the stranger prince; but Peckham, unlike General Gordon, went his own way all the same. He did not conciliate Llewellyn. Indeed, Peckham's statement of the superiority of the English force and of the favour in which the English cause was held in Rome (p. 436, Letter cccxl.), was likely rather to irritate the Welshmen. Peckham writes, "We most bitterly bewail the report that the Welsh are more cruel than the Saracens [*crudeliores Saracenis*], for when the Saracens take Christians prisoners, they hold them to ransom; but the Welsh are said to cut their captives' throats on the spot, as if they cared for nothing but blood. And, what is even worse, when they do accept ransom, they are reported first to take the money, and then to cut the throats all the same." Which would certainly be the *comble* of meanness. Llewellyn replied that the English spared neither age, nor sex, nor sacred buildings. Probably the border wars were as relentless as feuds between Western settlers and Apaches.

A very bad thing happened now. The Archbishop left Llewellyn for three days, and the English made a treacherous and unsuccessful attack on his position. They were the ancestors of the men who, after teaching the Maoris that Sunday was a taboo day, took the Maori camp on a Sunday, when all the Rangatiras were at their devotions. After this foul blow the honest Maoris gave in. "Where is the pleasure," they said, "in fighting men who behave like you?" Edward was irritated by all that had happened. He offered private terms (which were refused) to the now united Welsh princes. David, in particular, declined to go to the Holy Land. The poor Welsh only asked that they might not be excommunicated, as they were fighting in self-defence. It was now that Peckham lost his temper. Though he afterwards scolded them for their love of the Tale of Troy, he now declares that "they were descended from a Trojan, a friend of Paris, the adulterer," from whom they derived a certain laxity in love affairs. How extraordinary has been the influence of the divine story of Priam and his people! In the time of Herodotus remote barbarians were claiming Trojan descent; in the time of Edward I. the Welsh were basing their claims to wild Wales on their kinship with the wanderers from "the crumbling clay fort on the windy hill" of Hissarlik. To this ancient title Peckham objected that, if the Welsh were Trojans who turned the Scythian giants out of Albion, why should not the English turn *them* out? "Woe to thee that spoilest, shalt thou not be spoiled?" This argument, such as it is, holds good against the absurd argument of the Irish Nationalists. The land was theirs before the snub-nosed Saxon came. But it must have belonged to somebody, whether a Scythian giant or not, before the ancestors of such Land Leaguers as are Celts came that way. Peckham was not more conciliating when the Welsh demanded the restoration of their own "unreasonable" laws. As for the legislator "Howelda," *auctoritatem ei Diabolus delegavit*. So Peckham poured Biblical texts and insults on the Welsh; they continued in revolt, and Llewellyn was killed in a skirmish by a knight who did not know him.

Here ended for the time Peckham's connexion with Wales. His other letters are full of most interesting details about the private life of clergy and laity, abbesses and priors, and public rights in churches and Welsh fashions in dress, about Jews and friars and nunneries. Peckham was a man just within the letter of the law, but not tolerant of new Jewish synagogues nor old Welsh ideas. His letters are a valuable addition to the materials of the historian, who has great cause to praise Mr. Martin.

FRENCH DRAMATIC CLASSICS.*

IF a taste for exact literature is not implanted in the minds of the coming generation, it will not be the fault of the latest purveyors of school-books. Everywhere we see the signs of a more liberal system of education, and of the substitution of what is bright, fresh, and accurate for the respectable generalizations of the dull old school. The little books before us are a striking instance of this. Instead of being edited by schoolmasters or professors, they are introduced to us by two well-known poets, the name of each of whom suggests to the public anything rather than the labours of Dr. Dryasdust. Yet there is no real reason for surprise. Why should young people be dragged with discourteous violence to the Temple of Instruction? Nor are the poets worse teachers, from the purely technical point of view, than the dreariest pedagogue in the country. In point of exactitude, in comprehension of the words and passages which present difficulty to the untrained, in patience of research and in sympathy for ignorance, Mr. Dobson and Mr. Lang have nothing to learn from their most experienced colleagues in education.

The series to which these little books belong is edited by Mr. Saintsbury, and under his guidance aims at something quite new in the treatment of modern dramatic literature. His own edition of Corneille's *Horace*, which appeared two years ago, has supplied the type of a modern French play approached exactly as a scholiast would approach a Greek tragedy, with copious prolegomena and full illustrative notes. The text, very carefully collated with the best editions, forms the centre of the work, and is placed in a setting which exhausts all that curiosity can desire to know regarding the author and his antecedents, or the play and its relations. For instance, the *Barbier de Séville* opens with a sketch of the life and writings of Beaumarchais, and this is followed by an essay on the progress of French comedy, which is to be repeated in each edition of a comic play. This essay is by Mr. Saintsbury, and is noticeable for its breadth of view, and for the skill with which the critic contrives to show us the central thread of unaltering Gallic wit running through the various dramatic literature of six hundred years. In the *Barbier de Séville* there then follows, by Mr. Austin Dobson, an essay on the stage in the time of Beaumarchais, another on the "Drame Sérieux" before Beaumarchais, and a third to introduce the particular play to students. All these essays are full of interesting matter, gracefully applied, and the text is finally succeeded by nine pages of ingenious notes.

As far as literature is concerned there can be no doubt that Beaumarchais is less known than Molière, and *Le Barbier de Séville* less read than the *Précieuses Ridicules*. It is, therefore, to Mr. Dobson's volume that we turn with particular curiosity. His life of his author is careful and minute, and contains facts which are, if not new, yet certainly not familiar to the ordinary student. His account of the well-known Angelucci, or, as it is sometimes called, Hatkinson incident, differs widely from that which Beaumarchais himself gave forth, and which his biographers have repeated. According to this story, the dramatist was sent on a delicate mission, in 1774, to suppress a libel on Marie Antoinette which was being prepared by a Jew, who called himself Angelucci in Amsterdam and Hatkinson (or Atkinson) in London. Beaumarchais's romantic tale was that he succeeded in bribing the Jew to burn both editions of this brochure, but that Angelucci succeeded in secreting a copy, and hurried off to Nüremburg to reprint it. Beaumarchais started after him, caught him in a wood in Bavaria, and valorously felled and stripped him, only to be himself despoiled and wounded a little while afterwards by brigands. Unfortunately, it now appears, as Mr. Dobson tells us, that there was no Angelucci, that the pamphlet was Beaumarchais's own, and that the wounds received in the wood at Neustadt were self-inflicted. This is very discreditable, but it is an interesting trait in the character of Figaro.

Among Mr. Austin Dobson's notes we may mention one or two which seem to us new and very happy. The famous "Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante" he traces to a passage in the eighteenth *Spectator*, "Nothing is capable of being well set to Musick, that is not Nonsense." In the same scene we do not think that any one before our editor has pointed out the relation of "Je me presse de rire de tout, de peur d'être obligé d'en pleurer" to Byron's words in *Don Juan*:—

> And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
> 'Tis that I may not weep.

Mr. Andrew Lang has a lighter touch in prose than Mr. Austin Dobson, who seems to keep his laughter for his verses. To Mr. Lang, on the contrary, as we all know, not palæontology, nor church architecture, nor the deities of the Society Islanders are safe from the arrows of a universal spirit of mirth. However serious he may be for a moment, it needs but for one of the abstruser sciences to approach him, and

> Quand il la prenait dans ses bras,
> Sa gaité s'éveillait encore.

In the prolegomena to his text of the *Précieuses Ridicules* he is as thorough and as learned as possible, but we are never certain that we shall finish the page without a laugh, often at a very small point, where the critic is really speaking *sotto voce*, and cracking a

* *Beaumarchais—Le Barbier de Séville.* Edited by Austin Dobson. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Molière—Les Précieuses Ridicules. Edited by Andrew Lang. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

little joke with himself. The subject of his play gives him infinite opportunity of passing gibes at the foibles of our own contemporary society, with its weaknesses and follies, its tasteless revolts against brutality and dulness, and its tyranny of fashion. We may close with a paragraph which we find in a little essay on "The Comic Stage in the Age of Molière":—

Not much attention was paid to stage effect and scenery. When Thomiris called *A moi, soldats!* the advance of the Scythian lovies was indicated by a painting of an army, which was drawn over an impracticable bridge. . . . As to archæological accuracy, no one ever dreamed of attaining it. As late as 1811, a modern inkstand with quill pens was placed on the table of Agamemnon! And this was after Wolf's celebrated *Prolegomena*, in which it may be said to be demonstrated that the Homeric age did not use quill pens.

SOME NEW PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS.*

THE appearance of the translation of Lotze's *Logic* and *Metaphysics* is an event of considerable interest. It argues, for one thing, that even at Oxford it is becoming known that there have been thinkers in Germany since Hegel. The fact, too, that the idea of this translation originated with the late Professor Green suggests that the Hegelians, or those who have been taken to be such, are finding it worth while to see what is said by thinkers whose mode of philosophizing is in many respects directly opposed to that of Hegel. The work of translation has been carried out by a number of Oxford men—the editor, Mr. Bosanquet, undertaking to keep the whole consistent and uniform. And both he and his collaborateurs are to be congratulated on their success. The translation is in the main clear and idiomatic, and the differences of style of the several contributors do not force themselves disagreeably on the reader's notice. Lotze's thought is often of the subtlest, and his style correspondingly difficult; so that the labour of conveying his precise meaning into our less philosophically developed language is very considerable. To a large extent these difficulties have been surmounted. Thus such troublesome words as *Vorstellung* and *gleich* (which last means not simply equal in magnitude, but perfectly similar or identical) have been managed very well. We cannot, however, commend the almost habitual rendering of *Seele* by "soul." The term mind has become fixed in modern English psychology; and to talk of soul when there is not the remotest reference to the hypothesis of a spiritual substance is unidiomatic, if not positively misleading. It sounds, indeed, almost grotesque when the translators talk of a "dog's soul" and of a "busy soul." We do not understand, too, why, when the term stimulus (which can always be helped out by "excitant") has become the firm possession of psychology, the word "irritant," which has a distinctly physiological reference, should be employed to denote the external agent or influence (*Reiz*) which excites the mind to activity.

Lotze repels or attracts, according to the nature of the reader, by the very fact that he cannot easily be labelled. He does not fit readily into our pigeon-hole arrangements. In many respects he might be called a materialist. It is certain, at least, that he fully recognized the fact that mind co-exists with and is in a manner determined by body. His early physiological studies, undertaken with the view of making medicine a profession, gave him a familiarity with the facts of physiological psychology, to which branch of science, indeed, he made valuable contributions. Yet with the scientific materialism he combined a thoroughly spiritualistic view of mind. His wide and accurate acquaintance with the methods of physical science led him to view the course of nature as a mechanical process everywhere conditioned by definite antecedents. At the same time, by resolving the inner essence of material things into a quasi-spiritual principle, he is enabled to give a teleological significance and something of a poetic colouring to the movements of nature. Again, while setting out with the idea of Leibnitz and Herbart, that the universe consists of a multitude of simple independent existences, he finally abandons this Pluralism for a Monism which asserts the interdependence and unity of the sum of things. His mind was too critical and too original to allow him to follow in the track of any one philosopher, and thus we find in him points of contact with Hegel as with Herbart. Nothing, indeed, could be better fitted to teach Englishmen how far we still are from having heard the last word in philosophic speculation than a perusal of Lotze's writings. He is always pointing out difficulties, and suggesting new vistas of thought, where we are apt to suppose that everything has been made clear and definite.

By aid of the two volumes now translated the English reader has an opportunity of studying Lotze's principles at first hand. The *Logic* is in many respects a remarkable book, if only for the original way in which the author conceives and deals with his subject. It consists of three books—on Thought (Pure Logic), on Investigation (Applied Logic), and on Knowledge (Methodology). The first unfolds the doctrine of Formal Logic by means of the author's conception of thought as an active process, supervening on the passive reproduction of ideas, by which a consciousness of "the ground of their coherence" is added. The treatment of the Concept, the act of Judgment, and Inference from this point of view is striking and suggestive. Subjects of great interest not usually dealt with in logic, such as the relation of the different parts of speech to the process of thought, and the nature of the impersonal judgment, receive careful attention. The second book deals with induction, and, though making no reference to Mill, has evidently been written in view of his system. Lotze's intimate acquaintance with the methods of physical inquiry here stands him in good stead. And an interesting application of principles to political science appears in the shape of a chapter on election and voting. The last book supplies what is wanting to make up a complete theory of knowledge, and forms a natural transition to the second volume on Metaphysic. This work again falls into three books (Lotze seems to have almost a superstitious fondness for the number three), dealing with "The Connexion of Things" (Ontology) "Cosmology," and "Psychology." We have already hinted at the underlying idea of this volume. We must leave it to the reader to find out for himself the art with which it is developed into a systematic doctrine. As the latest attempt by a thinker of the highest calibre to reassert, in full view of recent scientific speculations on the origin of life and so forth, the necessity of the teleological view of things, this volume deserves careful attention. Whether the reader agree with the author or not, he cannot fail to have his intellectual horizon widened, and to be stimulated to follow out new and interesting paths of inquiry. It may, however, be as well to tell the reader who intends attacking these volumes that they will probably seem hard reading at first. The peculiar cast of Lotze's mind, and the circumstances and influences which helped to shape his thought, put him at a great distance from the stream of English speculation. Yet this circumstance need not be altogether a disadvantage. Lotze is far less artificial and technical than Kant, whom of course everybody reads; and much less transcendental than Hegel, whom (according to some) we all ought to read. And a little effort at the outset will carry the beginner over the difficulties of a new standpoint and a new method. One cannot but wish, however, that Lotze had been introduced to English readers in his much more readable work, *Mikrokosmus*, which smacks less of the professor and more of the man of letters. But we are glad to learn that this want is soon to be supplied by the same enterprising hands that have given us the present two volumes.

It is a long step from Lotze to Hartmann. The former has all the thoroughness and all the rigorous exactness of the trained academic metaphysician. The latter has all the clearness and all the pointedness of the popular thinker. To Lotze the problem of the universe was infinitely complex; to Hartmann it is perfectly simple. His essentially inductive mind, which reminds one not infrequently of Herbert Spencer, seizes a principle in a multitude of facts, and, using this as a lever, is able to get at the foundation of the cosmic structure. The steady onward movement of his mind towards a clearly seen goal is exhilarating to the reader. And then how interesting the regions explored, the curious half-lit domain of organic processes, animal instincts, mysticism, art-creation, and so forth! Nothing is less interesting than what is perfectly understood, and nobody has better realized this truth than Hartmann. And even when, having come to the end of his inductive path, he places himself in the company of the accredited metaphysicians and proceeds by the aid of his blind "unconscious" and the intellectual or logical principle which, like a pitiful Cordelia, comes to the aid of the sightless sufferer, to deduce the great world-process, how delightfully concrete, imaginative, anthropomorphic is his thought, in spite of the appearance of metaphysical abstruseness and logical severity! Little wonder that Germany, which must have a system of philosophy, and has grown rather tired of late of its very technical teachers, should rush to the Hartmannian fountain, and drink off nine successive editions of the *Philosophy of the Unconscious*.

There is nothing like success to make men agreeable in their manners. Only the weakest and most stupid of persons grow bombastic and arrogant through good fortune. A clever man knows that it is much better to practise at such a time, in the presence of his admirers and others, a little judicious self-disparagement; and the circumstances of the case render this exercise of virtue easy. Others have deprecated praise; but few, perhaps, have gone so far as Hartmann in running down his own system. Some time ago he published an anonymous volume, in which he urged a variety of arguments against his philosophy. The secret of the authorship was kept for a time, and the originator of the joke had no doubt a hearty laugh at the gullibility of his hostile critics, who of course greeted the appearance of another assailant with acclamation. When he had had enough of this, he judiciously allowed the secret to come out; and thus he had the deeper delight of being acknowledged as a large-minded man, far from the tyranny of system, and yet so certain of the strength of the foundations of his edifice that he could afford to play at throwing stones at its upper stories. A like recklessness, only possible to the man who is assured of fortune's smiles, displays itself in the curious prefaces to the later editions of his *opus magnum*. Here the great man shows himself in the most gracious of moods. He sets himself, quite in an impartial objective way, to account for the success of his work, just as though the idea that the writer's ability had anything to do with this result had never occurred to him. With charming *naiveté*, he describes the state of philosophical hunger which preceded the appearance of his work, to which of course all his success is due, modestly observing that

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* *Lotze's System of Philosophy.* Vol. I. Logic. Vol. II. Metaphysic. Edited by B. Bosanquet, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1884.
Philosophy of the Unconscious. By Ed. von Hartmann. Authorized Translation, by W. C. Coupland, M.A., B.Sc. 3 vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.
Essays on the Philosophy of Theism. By the late W. J. Ward, Ph.D. Edited by W. Ward. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.
The Theory of Morals. By Paul Janet. Translated by Mary Chapman. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1884.

"the *exaggerated* estimate frequently formed of the *Philosophy of the Unconscious* must be in large measure attributed to the circumstance, that its value was measured against the background (*sic*) of the Guild-philosophy, which gave it an intrinsically undeserved prominence by the force of contrast." There seems to be only one tiny shadow of discontent to mar the bright serenity of his spirit, and that is the reflection that the scientific world has not yet hailed him as a new light. But here again he displays his striking magnanimity by abstaining from all appearance of complaint, and by exercising a spirit of generous compassion for men sunk in the slough of a "crass mechanical and anti-teleological" view of nature.

We have said enough perhaps to suggest to the reader that Hartmann and his "Unconscious" are a phenomenon worthy of study. In many respects, indeed, the appearance of such a work in philosophical literature is unique. To use an Americanism, we may say that it is the biggest thing in the way of speculation which this age has seen. And we have little doubt that it will be read by the English-speaking race as by the Germans. In truth, it can hardly fail to be delightful reading, whether approached with the attitude of reverent discipleship or with that of sceptical levity. As a piece of dashing literary composition it is sure to command attention. And, if other reasons were wanting, the fact that the author manages in the course of his argument to hit all the respectable authorities, academical philosophers, theologians, and the rest, is certain to secure him a wide hearing. Whether there is latent in the English mind just now much of that pessimistic temper to which the book so effectually appeals in Germany remains to be seen. However this be, the work was too phenomenal a one not to be translated. And Herr von Hartmann is fortune's favourite once more in having so excellent a translator. Mr. Coupland is already known to a few as a close and accurate student of psychology and philosophy. And the effects of special training in a subject in giving certainty, accuracy, and ease to a translator's touch show themselves in every chapter of the volume. We have not been able to find a single considerable error. The way in which that crux of translators of German philosophy, "Vorstellung," is managed is excellent. "Presentation," "representation," "idea," these and other words are made to render its meaning according to circumstances. The author is to be commended, further, for his courage in holding to the form of the German where this is distinctly Hartmannian, as, for example, in the heading "The Becoming-Conscious of the Idea." And to this technical accuracy Mr. Coupland adds considerable stylistic excellence, so that he manages very skilfully to reproduce the vigorous idiomatic and homely phraseology of the original.

Mr. Wilfred Ward's republication from the *Dublin Review* of Dr. Ward's Essays will be welcomed by this thinker's admirers. Dr. Ward occupied an exceptional position in English philosophy as a Roman Catholic thinker. Among the popular leaders of the hour J. S. Mill naturally attracted a good deal of his attention. And the first volume of these Essays is mainly occupied with a critical examination of his philosophic position. Dr. Ward shows much of that acuteness in criticism which seems to be in a special manner the concomitant of modern Catholic belief of the more reflective sort. The point of his criticism of Mill is that, though professing to dispense with "intuition" in the pursuit of truth, he surreptitiously introduces it in the very groundwork of his system. In his postulate that memory is trustworthy, and in his further assumption that nature is uniform, Mill is essentially an intuitivist. According to Dr. Ward's editor, Mill, Professor Huxley, and the rest are conjurors performing feats of sleight-of-hand, and Dr. Ward is the smart "scientist" who attends the performance in order to find out the jugglery. Perhaps the author, who is always polite, would not have approved of this vivid but rather saucy way of putting the matter. As is only natural in an editor who seems also a relative of the author, Mr. W. Ward looks very complacently on the results of his hero's efforts. Others may perhaps be less dazzled by the skill of Dr. Ward's dialectic. It almost makes one smile to hear that the author made a great discovery in showing that Mill assumed the veracity of memory. As if anybody sane enough to conduct a controversy would ever dream of questioning its veracity. When Mr. Ward has shown that we all, as a matter of fact, *do* admit *some* intuitive knowledge, he is still a long way from showing that we all, as a matter of consistency, *ought to* admit a definite group of intuitions specially singled out as such by a particular school of thinkers. What we really want is a criterion of genuineness by which to test so-called intuitive truths, a criterion which will satisfy everybody; and this Dr. Ward has not yet given us. Dr. Ward's long dispute with Mill, Dr. Bain, and Mr. Shadworth Hodgson, on that well-worn topic free-will, shows his strength and adroitness in debate, but cannot be said to add anything to a thoroughly exhausted controversy. Yet, whatever the reader may think of the force of Dr. Ward's reasonings, he will be ready to admit that his writings deserve to have a place among the landmarks of modern philosophical and theological thought. He thinks steadily and expresses himself clearly and vigorously, and to say this is by no means small praise.

It is not easy at first to understand why M. Janet's work on morals, published apparently some eleven years ago, should be selected for translation. Ethics, though slow of gait, does move on; and since this work was written the theory of morals has been considerably developed in this country as abroad. It is difficult, too, to discover anything very distinctive in M. Janet's fundamental conceptions or in his mode of treatment. Like earlier members of the philosophic school of which he is a distinguished member, his doctrine is largely an assimilation of German ideas. It is only fair, indeed, to the author to say that he explicitly avows the eclectic character of his theory. He strongly approves, he tells us, "the method which is called conciliatory." It must be understood, however, that this effort at conciliation embraces only writers having fundamental principles in common. The whole work might without serious inaccuracy be described as a going back to Aristotle's *Ethics*, with the advantage of having read Leibniz, Kant, Schleiermacher, and some other modern intuitivists. This retrogression may be a proof of M. Janet's sagacity; for a good case can be made out for the ultimate insolubility of ethical problems; and supposing them to be insoluble there is much to be said for listening to Aristotle's account of them rather than to that of a modern, say Mr. Spencer or Mr. Sidgwick. On the other hand, there are a good many persons who do not take this despondent view of moral science. They see, or think they see, that we have moved far away from the standpoint of Greek ethics, and that we are on the road to a practical solution of ethical questions. Work like that of Mr. Sidgwick, Mr. Spencer, or Mr. Leslie Stephen, is distinctly in the direction of a reconciliation of opposing tendencies in ethics such as M. Janet has not conceived of in his plan of conciliation; and those who have thoroughly assimilated those writers are hardly likely to go back to Aristotle. While, however, M. Janet's work cannot be described as "epoch-making," it is in many respects interesting and suggestive, and gives side glimpses into regions of the history of morals which are not too familiar to Englishmen. Indeed, the chief merit of M. Janet's writings is that they evince careful study of other men's ideas. His is essentially the historical mind which finds a value in all systems (provided they are only intuitional at bottom) just because they are historical, and proposes to itself as its highest goal the assimilation of what is best in the systems. The translator, it may be added, appears to have done her work conscientiously, and to have succeeded in reproducing the sense of the original in a fairly readable form.

TWO NOVELS.*

MR. BLACKMORE'S new book is neither allegory nor novel, neither satire nor romance, but a mixture—not altogether a successful mixture—of all four. A good, sturdy, valiant Englishman, with a profound contempt for Radicalism and Radicals, and a passionate affection for the old-fashioned national virtues and the old-fashioned national glories, he has worked his indignation with things as they are into a counterfeit presentment, partly humorous and partly symbolical, of things as he thinks they ought to be; and the resultant is something which, while often very good reading indeed, is wholly satisfactory from no single point of view, but is felt to be a trifle disappointing, whether we consider it as fiction or as satire, or even as the hybrid the author has intended it to be. The elements of character and manners and romance are hardly full and strong enough for a good novel; the allegory and the sarcasm are hardly happy and complete enough in conception, or sustained and vigorous enough in execution, to make a good satire, political or social. Mr. Blackmore, in fact, has chosen to sit on too many stools at once, and between them has rather come to the ground.

The hero, Sir Thomas Upmore, Bart., M.P. (plain Tommy Upmore to all Europe), is the son of Bucephalus Upmore, a highly respectable soap-boiler in the Maiden Lane of a certain number of years ago. And his story, such as it is, sets forth how Tommy not only married the girl of his heart, but actually saved his country from Panclast and the Radicals, and became immortal for mustering a tremendous Conservative majority, for re-awakening the antique British spirit. This he did while yet a mere youngster, as the representative of an East Anglian pocket-borough; but before he did it he had (Mr. Blackmore being a professional novelist and humorist) to go through a certain amount of fiction, achieve a certain round of adventures, and appear, for all the legendary quality to which he was presently to owe his fame, as the principal figure in a certain number of scenes of manners and studies of character. Beginning as nearly as possible *ab ovo*, he tells us of his boyish games in Maiden Lane, of his father and mother, and of how "there used to be a fine smell in our parlour of lemons and sugar and a black bottle" when his sailor Uncle William appeared on the scene: with some pleasant particulars about their neighbours—Chumps the butcher, with his valiant son, and Windsor the soap-boiler, with his genteel wife and Polly, their daughter, a charming young person, though flat-footed. In due course he reaches his schooldays at the Partheneion, where he studied the humanities under Dr. Rumbelow (now a bishop), and met his great and glorious friend Professor Megalow (who reminds us of Professor Owen), and developed the peculiar capacity by whose exercise he was one day to save his country and bring confusion on the head of Panclast—Panclast, as like Mr. Gladstone as one pea is like

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* *The Remarkable History of Sir Thomas Upmore, Bart., M.P., formerly known as "Tommy Upmore."* By R. D. Blackmore. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

The New Dance of Death. By A. Egmont Hake and J. G. Lefebre. 3 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1884.

another. 'Twas a strange and perilous gift, for it amounted to nothing less than the ability to fly. Tommy's specific gravity was most abnormal. With the wind at his back he could go like a bird, but with the wind in his teeth even Polly Windsor, flat-footed as she was, could beat him easily; and when he was excited—with indignation, or romance, or any noble sentiment—he could rise into the air, and speed through it like a pigeon on the wing or the astral form of Mme. Blavatsky's best adept. This property it was which got him the acquaintance of those eminent "scientists" (Mr. Blackmore abhors the word, and pillories it between inverted commas), Professors Brachipod, Jargoon, Chocolous, and Mullicles, who debated upon him in a manner that suggests, albeit a little dimly and remotely, the manner of Molière's physicians, and in whose persons Mr. Blackmore evidently pretends to ridicule a good deal of what is ridiculous in modern culture. Tommy is no genius; but he is superior to his fellows in the matter of specific gravity ("Now these things are an allegory"); and thanks to this, he is everwhere successful. A flight at Yarmouth, or thereabouts, brings him into contact with young Sir Roland Twentifold and Sir Roland's sister, Laura. At Oxford, his superhuman lightness makes him the best coxswain that ever steered the Dark Blues to victory. And when, as Laura's betrothed and Sir Roland's nominee, he enters Parliament in the Conservative interest as member for Larkmount, it enables him to create that prodigious and most glorious sensation to which we have already referred.

The occasion was one which has much in common with a recent Vote of Censure debate. British officers had been sent out as British agents, and the British Government had abandoned them; and there was, besides, a Bill (the first of seven) to hand over all the foreign possessions of England to the nations to which they had originally belonged, and to distribute her fleet among them as well. Panclast had temporized and demurred and exhaled a mighty mist of explanation and argument; Lord Grando Crushbill, "without condescending to consult mephitic oracles," had arisen and "met the vile Bill with . . . . the downright 'damn' which every foreigner knows well to be the word by which we live"; Sir Roland had said his say, so had Joe Cowle, the sweep (M.P. for Chimneystacks), so had an honourable member who, from a trick he had of speaking against his party and voting for them immediately after, may be identified with Mr. Forster; Panclast had replied; and all seemed lost for ever. But Tommy rose to his legs, and from his legs to the roof of the Commons; from that eminence he caught the Speaker's eye; and producing a Union Jack from his pocket, he sang a song about a certain flag—

> The flag that's braved a thousand years
> The battle and the breeze.

The effect was electrical. Even the Irish members joined the chorus; the Bill was thrown out by a majority of fifty; the Government went out, and never came in again. Now the Panclast ideals are a thing of the past. "The humbug of" free-trade is dead at last. The blessing of "Paternal Government" (delivered over the wrong dish of broth) is gone back, like a curse, to roost at home. An Englishman now may eat his breakfast without gulping down more lies than tea; and may smile at his children without a smothered sigh at prolonging a race of dastards. In a word, we have now a Government that knows its own mind and has a mind to know," and we can at will, "to save our home, recall that true supporter of our shield and sword, noble once, and not yet ignoble, the sturdy old lion of England."

The New Dance of Death, like *Tommy Upmore*, is touched with actuality. But the actuality is of a different type; and the purpose of the work, its characters and scenes, its atmosphere and style, its significance, ethical and æsthetic, are different likewise. The book's matter is life as it is; its personages are the men and women of to-day—the professional beauties, the fashionable actors, the æsthetic curates, the pretty actresses, the Happy Elizas of the Salvation Army, the heroes of Monte Carlo and Sandown Park, the Wicked Noblemen who exist but to point a moral and disfigure a tale, and the fair women who make life beautiful and the brave men who make life honourable in spite of that "devil's rigadoon" which constitutes their environment. With these and their doings it is that Messrs. Hake and Lefebre have chosen to deal. They have much to say, and they say it in a style which, in these days of fine writing and finer morality, is worthy of praise. That the originals of their characters will be, rightly or wrongly, identified is unquestionable. Lord Wilborough is made up of more drunkards and debauchees than one; but everybody will recognize him for a particular debauchee and drunkard. Kitty Milroy, the actress of burlesque, recalls a good half-dozen vestals of the Sacred Lamp; but she will be at once identified with a certain individual priestess. And as it is with the characters, so is it with the plot, and with the incidents of which it is compacted. Whether the authors' method is, or is not, legitimate is a question that need not here be discussed. It is enough that they have thought fit to employ it, and that in the main they have something fresh and pertinent to tell, something novel and interesting to record. They are, indeed, so deeply interested in the fact that they are not always sufficiently concerned about its artistic expression. They know a good deal about life, but on the subject of character they are not yet able to discourse to us as artists should. In their next book they must give us less actuality and more creation; and they will be read, not for their experience, but for their art. That they have it in them to achieve this consummation certain scenes in *The New Dance of Death*—as, for instance, the meeting of Wilborough and Lenner Deigh at "The Jungle," and Wilborough's last interview with his wife, the latter of which, for all its incompleteness and artistic imperfectness, is one of the most daring things in latter-day fiction—abundantly prove.

TWO MUSICAL BOOKS.*

OF all the eccentricities into which people are led by the passion for possessing unique objects, the collecting of old violins without any idea of playing on them seems to be the most absurd and inexcusable. The beauty and interest of violins lie in nothing but the beautiful sounds they produce, and the marvellous manner in which a fine instrument lends itself to become almost part of the performer, and enables him to utter the most lovely and expressive music that can be heard in the world. It is but little better than robbery to be keeping them dumbly boxed up for show, and it is scarcely more excusable for millionaires to be running up the prices, and keeping such magical means of musical expression from men, and women too, who know how to use them, in order that their amateurish progeny may mock the subtle ingenuity of their makers by their unintelligent and irresponsible scraping. Even musical people are hardly aware for how much a first-rate instrument counts in the success of a first-rate violinist. They see, of course, when they use their wits, that the fulness and beauty of tone must make a good deal of difference; but they do not realize that a man can hardly lead a quartet of powerful players with success unless he has a really good instrument, and that there are some fine and powerful effects which are impossible on a second-rate one. When one knows what the difference amounts to it is enough to make one feel socialistic about fiddles, and wish that the treasures in the form of really fine examples could become the property of the nation, and only be given out to men or for occasions that are worthy of them. On the whole, there is comfort in the reflection that violinists are pretty fortunate, considering how entirely they are at the mercy of chance in such an important matter. Most distinguished performers on violin or cello at the present day are blessed with an instrument worthy of their powers, and some have even more than one. But it is a cruel thought that a man can hardly command success with his natural abilities, even if they are of a very high order, unless he can, somehow or other, become possessor of one of these excessively expensive luxuries. A really fine violin may cost twice as much as the finest pianoforte by Broadwood, Steinway, or Erard; and even with luck a man can hardly get a thoroughly good one by an old maker under the ordinary price of the cumbrous domestic music machine; and musicians are not, as a rule, blessed with the superfluity of funds needed for such outlay; while such a thing as picking up old instruments in out-of-the-way corners at lucky prices is next to impossible. Violin-hunting has been done almost more thoroughly and in a more businesslike way than even picture-hunting, which still occasionally rewards the artistic sportsman. Violins of the highest order are considerably less numerous than interesting examples of early Italian painters; and the hand of such a man as Luigi Tarisio, who searched all the corners of his country, and developed in himself a sort of special instinct for discovering the places where they lay hid, and the excellence or worthlessness of his quarry, pretty well cleared all the shy retreats where they could lie hidden. And so between the competition of artists and the fancy of rich amateurs the price of these wonderful instruments has got run up to many times their weight in gold; and perhaps they may go up further still if millionaires are not merciful, till it ultimately becomes the crowning marvel of the strange history of the instrument, that it is too expensive a luxury for any one who can play to keep. The history is altogether full of the strangest mysteries and perplexities, which the excellent little book of Mr. Fleming puts well, clearly, and comprehensively for any one who takes an intelligent interest in such a matter. In the first place, there is mystery enough at all times in a lost art, and it really appears as if the possibility of making a violin at all comparable to the old ones was utterly gone and unrecoverable. People have got all the advantages of the most delicate and sensitive machinery, all the experience of ages of musical development, and all the fruits of acoustical experiments and calculations, and yet they cannot put together a little box of wood with holes in it in such a way that, when compared with those made a couple of centuries ago, they are fit to be called even decent fiddles. And it is not the age of the old ones that makes the difference; it is the art with which they were made, and nothing more. In fact, the skill seems to have been developed by a sort of special instinct, just as it has been with the art to which these perfect instruments minister. The mathematical problems to be coped with would probably be beyond the capacities of even distinguished modern mathematicians—considering the many conditions which have to be allowed for—and they certainly were beyond such men as Joseph Guarnerius and Nicholas Amati, or even the practical-minded Antonio Stradivari, with all his experiments. The great makers evidently arrived at some general principles in the course of a few genera-

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* *Old Violins and their Makers.* By James M. Fleming. London: L. Upcott Gill.

Celebrated Musicians: a Collection of Portraits, with Biographical Notices. Translated from the German, with an Appendix for England, by M. F. S. Harvey. London: Sampson Low & Co.

tions, and then achieved their masterpieces by giving their whole minds to the matter: The achievement seems to have been done by a sort of happy guesswork; or, at all events, by that kind of loose generalizing which a careful mechanic or a scientific experimenter in modern times would look upon as unpractical and unsafe. In later days and in other countries the same sort of conditions seem to have been favourable both in violin and bow making; for men like the unfortunate Jacob Stainer, the best of German makers, and the Forsters in England, were certainly not scientifically trained men; while in the line of bow-making, which seems to entail almost as difficult and delicate calculations as violin-making itself, the famous Frenchman and prince of bow-makers, Tourte, is described as wholly uneducated, and unable even to read or write; while the best of English bow-makers, John Dodd, was apparently something of the same stamp, and spent great part of his life in beer-shops, and ended it in Richmond Workhouse. The most successful of modern French violin-makers, Vuillaume, was a different sort of person; but he, too, seems to have had a special instinct to help him, which he improved by a patient study of the works of the great masters of his art, and by copying them with minute care, and so mastering at least the feeling of their work. A further mystery is that those great masters should have sprung from such a few, and those not first-class, towns in Italy. Gasparo da Salo, who was one of the earliest of the great group of makers, worked in Brescia; and so did Maggini. The Amatis, from Andrew downwards; the family of the Guarnerius, all the Stradivari, and Carlo Bergonzi lived at Cremona. So two towns of no great importance claim all but one of all the makers whose instruments are fit for great violinists to play on; and the why and the wherefore it should be so is certainly enough to puzzle a modern, who naturally enough thinks everything ought to be possible with our knowledge of acoustics and mathematics. There is another point, too, which is liable to be overlooked, and it is rather funny as well as puzzling—which is, that a great proportion of these unsurpassable fiddles were made, and certainly the earlier part of the work of deciding their form was gone through, when there were neither fiddlers of any ability to play on them nor music fit for them to play. Even up to the time of our Charles II. the violin was not looked upon as quite a respectable instrument. Musical men of dignity and self-respect used to play upon viols—stiff, clumsy, heavy, thick-wooded, but picturesque, instruments, with almost every deficiency in the matter of expressive power that could be devised in a member of the violin class. Corelli's and Biber's works for violins, which are the first works of the kind that appear to us to have any musical interest or expressiveness in them, were not before the world till after 1680; and Gasparo da Salo was out of the world by about 1610, and Maggini by 1680. Nicholas Amati—greatest of the name—must have nearly finished his work when Corelli began, for he died in 1684; Antonio Stradivari, the greatest of them all, was Corelli's contemporary, but he did a great deal of his work before Corelli's time; and even Corelli's works, smooth and pleasant as they are, are not the things to draw out the powers of such wonderful instruments as these. It seems as if the instruments were made on speculation a century or so before they were wanted, and without quite knowing what they were wanted for; for their makers cannot possibly have had the least conception of the sort of use a Paganini or a Joachim were going to put their works to; and music such as Beethoven's or Wagner's could never by any possibility have entered into their wildest dreams. There were some few makers besides these few Italians who had fair success. There was, for instance, the French family of Lupot, whose most distinguished member, Nicolas, did such good work that Spohr was able to achieve many of his successes with one of his instruments. But most of the great violinists and cellists have depended upon the little circle of Italians; and except it be Jacob Stainer, who was actually a pupil of the Amati house, it would be difficult to find how they could safely trust themselves elsewhere.

Mr. Fleming's book, besides plenty of general information well and amusingly put, contains a few details about all the makers worth knowing, from the days when lute-making, and viol-making, and violin-making were in the same hands, till Vuillaume, and makers and distinguished repairers even of the present day, and a complete list of names and dates, and an index which makes the book most useful for reference. He also enters fully into the difficult question of varnish and violin acoustics, and expresses his opinion about the pernicious habit of collecting violins with the view of gloating over their dumb bodies in a manner which every one with a feeling for music ought to endorse warmly. He also expresses an idea that a school of violin-making might be successfully worked in this country in connexion with one of the big musical educational establishments, which in times when all things connected with music seem to be improving in the country, need not be altogether impracticable.

Another book which serves to show us pretty clearly how we stand for musicians in this country is a collection of portraits of "Celebrated Musicians," with short biographical notices, which was first brought out in Germany without much reference to this country, and has been republished with an "Appendix for England," under the careful superintendence of Miss M. F. S. Harvey. The representatives of the art from Palestrina and Lasso and Tallis and Byrd down to the present day, have been very carefully and well chosen, and the portraits, which are little oval medallions, are well arranged at the rate of thirty or so on a page. The modern ones are mostly from photographs, the old ones from well-authenticated pictures, which it must have been no small labour to get at. It certainly will be very pleasant to most musical people to be able to see what the men whose works have interested and delighted them looked like in the flesh; and the little biographical summaries, though condemned by the limits of space to be incomplete in matters of detail, are certainly in most cases quite to the point, and give in as few words as may be the characteristics and principal titles to fame of their subjects. German musicians are most copiously represented, as it is right they should be; but Englishmen have liberal space as well, and it is to be hoped that if another appendix is wanted thirty years hence, it may have to occupy twice as much room.

THE CHAMPION ON BILLIARDS.*

THIS book is the joint production of Mr. Cook—who decorates his name on the title-page with the proud, but of late years transient, addition of Champion—and Mr. Payne, who, in the capacity of editor, contributes, by way of introductory and concluding chapters, nearly half the entire letterpress. Between them they cover the whole range of billiard literature. The editor leads off with a formidable account of the difficulties incident to the manufacture of a really good billiard-table and accessories. He observes that "the impenetrable wilds of Africa have to be searched to find the ivory" wherewith to make balls that will run true. If the requisite quality of ivory can only be obtained by searching impenetrable wilds, we should have thought that the initial difficulty attending the successful performance of this operation would prove insuperable. Surely no one but an Irishman would undertake to search for ivory or anything else in "impenetrable" wilds. The furniture suitable to a billiard-room must be bought from the manufacturers of the table and accessories. Where this has not been the case, our editor has been often struck "with a peculiar want of harmony." "Taste," he adds, "is a certain something which is quite indescribable." After this not altogether satisfying definition, he descends from the contemplation of the fitness of things to explain how a billiard-table and accessories may be kept in good condition.

The Champion then proceeds to give instructions how to play the game. In the early part of these instructions we come across the following sentence:—

> It has been a common subject of speculation why so much difference should be exhibited in the game of billiards between first-class professionals and first-class amateurs, a difference not so [*sic*] shown in almost all other games of skill, or at any rate not nearly to so great an extent.—P. 14.

This sentence led us to prepare for the worst. We fully expected to find the explanations of the various strokes confused and ill arranged. We were, however, agreeably disappointed; for although there are indications that the letterpress has not undergone careful revision either at the hands of Mr. Cook or his editor, we must in fairness allow that the practical explanations are clearly expressed, and well illustrated by a series of correctly-drawn diagrams and of facsimiles of photographs of the author in the act of striking the ball. Moreover, the general instructions both to beginners and to more advanced players are, we think, for the most part sensible, and to the point. The amateur is warned, as he has been many times warned before, against the almost universal tendency to put on side and screw when not required. May this warning produce more effect than its predecessors have done. Mr. Cook also utters a note of warning against the common practice of hitting the ball too high, and observes that he himself rarely strikes the ball above the middle. He is justly indignant with those who come to him to learn, "and all the time think secretly that they know best." "Perhaps," he adds with well-merited sarcasm, "when they read in print the same directions that I have so often told them in the billiard-room, they will think more of it, just as a child thinks far more of what the book says than what the man says who wrote the book" (p. 34). It is, we submit, hard upon children to represent them as enjoying, together with obstinate pupils, a monopoly of that really not uncommon species of folly which is of enormous advantage to the literary profession, and consists in thinking "a book's a book although there's nothing in 't." We do not, however, by any means wish to encourage Mr. Cook's obstinate pupils, and we hope they will duly take to heart the solemn remonstrance addressed to them. The only criticism we shall venture to offer with respect to the general instructions contained in his book, is to suggest a doubt as to whether he does not lay somewhat too great stress on the exact position to be observed in striking the ball, and the proper method of holding the cue. Some great players permit, and even encourage, considerable latitude in these respects, and we think Mr. Cook displays a little too much the temper of the drill-sergeant. He is, moreover, not always quite consistent. For instance, on p. 2 we read, "In taking your aim you should bring the point of the cue to nearly touch the centre of the ball, and then draw the cue backwards and forwards three times, striking the ball the third time"; and on p. 27, "Draw the cue backwards and forwards three or four times, the last time drawing it back rather further than before, then strike." Again, on p. 2 we read that the common fault with beginners is to put down their left hand too near the ball; while

* *Billiards.* By William Cook, Champion. Edited by A. G. Payne. London: Burroughes & Watts.

on p. 26 we are informed that they are apt to put their hand unduly far off, substituting a foot or more for 9½ inches—the proper distance. These discrepancies would seem to indicate an indisposition on the part of the author to revise what he has written—a feeling shared by many literary men. It will probably astonish many people to learn that Mr. Cook gives no directions whatever as to dividing the balls, except in the simple case of the half-ball, as he believes that any further directions would be practically useless. It is scarcely necessary to say that on this point he is entirely at variance with most of his predecessors, who have devoted a large portion of their treatises to this part of the subject, which is usually considered of great importance. He is, moreover, severe upon those persons who think the game can be taught on mathematical principles. He even objects to the statement that when a ball is hit against the cushion without any side, the angles of incidence and reflection are equal, on the ground that this statement is not mathematically accurate, inasmuch as those angles vary slightly with the elasticity of the cushion, the speed of the ball, and the amount of friction caused by the cloth. But in the following slipshod sentence he concedes to the mathematician as much probably as would be claimed:—"The only practical view," writes Mr. Cook, "to take of the angles of incidence and reflection being supposed to be equal is, that they are sufficiently nearly so that [*sic*] it forms a rough guide to players in calculating their strokes" (p. 19). The question of the application of mathematics to billiards is not settled, as our author appears to think, by the circumstance of his being willing to play any scientific gentleman who has calculated "the coefficient of dynamical friction" for a sovereign, and give him 30 in 100. Not content with being chief of the executive, Mr. Cook aspires to the position of legislator with regard to billiards. Having finished his practical instructions to beginners and others, he devotes a chapter to printing the Championship Rules, drawn up in 1870. The next chapter he devotes to an exposition of his own views of how those rules ought to be reformed, and in the following chapter he prints his New Code. The alterations are not in the majority of cases important, but by Rule 26 he proposes to introduce a startling innovation. By this rule it is laid down that, whenever a striker or an opponent obstructs or hastens the speed of any ball or balls, the opponent or striker (instead of, as at present, being given only the option of having the balls replaced or broken) may have the ball or balls placed where he thinks they would have run; and the striker, if he is the aggrieved person, may in addition claim any stroke (p. 116). We should certainly have thought that, in a match where there was an umpire or referee, the umpire or referee would be the proper person to decide the very delicate question of where the balls would have run, and not the aggrieved player.

Mr. Cook also prints revised rules of pyramids and pool, and gives many useful hints to those who desire to become proficients in either game, where proficiency is so profitable. As regards pool, he dips slightly into the much-abused science of mathematics, with the view of showing the circumstances in which it is desirable to star. His remarks on this head are, however, confined to a very simple case, and do not possess any great value. Skittle pool, and other minor games are noticed; and Mr. Cook then gives his readers an interesting and instructive chapter on "Trick Shots, Fancy Shots, and Catch Bets." The part of the book for which the Champion is responsible ends with a short chapter on how to train for a billiard-match. Early rising, it seems, is not an essential part of the daily programme. Mr. Cook allows himself considerable latitude in this particular. He gets up "about 9 or 10 o'clock," and breakfasts at 11. He then plays racquets at Lord's, and usually walks for about two hours in the course of the day. He dines at 6, plays a thousand-up by gaslight, takes an hour's practice on the spot, and goes to bed at midnight. On the day of the match, if it begins at 8, he dines at 4, takes an hour's practice, but no other exercise, and carefully avoids all unaccustomed exercise shortly before a match, as tending to make the muscles stiff.

Thus far Mr. Cook; the remaining 136 pages are devoted to a History of Billiards from 1861 to 1882, compiled by the editor, partly from his own articles in *Land and Water*, and partly from the columns of the *Sportsman* and of a weekly journal of which the name is not disclosed. These cuttings, giving an account of the principal matches, are pieced together by a chronological summary of the less important events. From the formidable array of figures cited some interesting statistics may be picked out, showing the marvellous progress of the game as evinced by the great and increasing superiority of the younger players over those of the previous generation. In conclusion, we would ask the reader to take our word for it, that although Mr. Cook does not always come out grammatically victorious in the struggle to express his views as to the application of mathematics to billiards, he is nevertheless quite capable of giving a clear and accurate exposition of the practical aspect of the game. The book furnishes a striking example of the truth of Horace's remark:—

> Cui lecta potenter erit res
> Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo;

and we believe it will rank as a standard work on the interesting subject of which it treats.

NORHAM CASTLE.*

IT would not be easy to name a nobler subject for a monograph than that grand monument of episcopal magnificence and princely power, the "Queen of Border fortresses," long the "Castle Dangerous" of the Scotch marches, still so stately in its ruins, the Castle of Norham-on-Tweed, the eventful annals of which it is the object of Mr. Jerningham to trace in the attractive-looking turquoise-blue clad volume now before us, intended, the author tells us, to furnish "a portable compendium in a readable form of the more bulky and exhaustive works devoted to the stronghold and the adjacent district." Founded by the Red King's bold and unscrupulous Minister, Ralph le Flambard, as the "Northern home" of the see, restored and partly rebuilt by Hugh Pudsey, raised to almost regal splendour by the magnificent Antony Bek, "the maist prowd and masterful Bushop in all England"—King, Patriarch, Bishop, and Palatine all in one—strengthened by Wolsey's early patron the wise and politic Bishop Fox, the negotiator of the marriage between James IV. of Scotland and the Princess Margaret, who made Durham one of the steps of his ladder of episcopal preferments which, beginning at Exeter and mounting by Bath and Wells, ended at Winchester—its last episcopal occupant was the saintly and deservedly revered Cuthbert Tunstall, whose ill fate it was to fall on troublous days of religious change ill suited to his gentle and peace-loving spirit. Not even the proud height of Durham itself, with the vast mass of the cathedral and castle frowning down upon the swiftly-flowing Wear, is more completely identified than Norham with the grandest memories of the historic see of St. Cuthbert, whose banner again and again went forth from its walls, at the head of the forces of "the bishoprick" and was never tarnished by defeat, and of the long line of spiritual princes who, in strange contrast with the meek ascetic of Lindisfarne, ruled the Palatinate. Nor is its place in civil history less conspicuous. The object of never-ceasing disputes between the English and Scottish kings, now in the hands of one power now of the other, repeatedly visited by the ubiquitous John, who in 1211 here received the homage of Alexander, the son of William the Lion, who had himself knelt before John as his feudal lord ten years before at Lincoln; besieged in 1215 by the same Alexander for forty days, with the ill success which usually attended the attempts on its massy walls; the scene of the meeting four years later, 1219, between Alexander and Pandulf, the Papal legate, to settle disputes between the two kingdoms; the head-quarters of Edward I., the "Malleus Scotorum," in his Scottish campaigns, who here with a large following of Northern barons, in 1291, as "overlord" of the kingdom, in the church still standing, heard, weighed, and decided on the rival claims of Baliol and Bruce to the Scottish Crown; Baliol, it is said, owing the preference, so disastrous to the peace of Scotland, to the influence of the all-powerful Bishop Antony Bek, who, in 1296, brought a force of 1,000 foot and 500 horse and 140 knights to his sovereign's aid, heading it himself in full armour—no place played a more distinguished part in all the stormy scenes of Border warfare. The Castle was long fruitlessly besieged by the forces of Robert the Bruce, and was at last taken by storm as the crowning exploit of the Border campaign, which ended in the recognition of Scotland as an independent sovereignty, and of Bruce as its king, by the treaty of Northampton. It was more than once attacked by James IV. of Scotland. The first time was when, in 1497, he crossed the Border with his forces

> To back the cause of that mock prince,
> Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,

and appeared before it in person, but after a fortnight's sharp assault was forced to retire. Two years later a trifling affray beneath the walls of the Castle between some Scotch marauders and the keepers of the fortress led to wearisome negotiations between the two monarchs, which issued in the marriage of Henry VII.'s daughter to James IV., and thus eventually brought about the union of the Crowns. Once again, shortly before the disastrous battle of Flodden, James besieged Norham, which, though not without suspicion of treachery, was surrendered to him and very roughly handled. This is the epoch at which the magic pen of Sir Walter Scott has clothed

> Norham's castled steep
> And Tweed's fair river broad and deep

with a not altogether fictitious romance in Lord Marmion's supposed visit to its Castellan, the husband of the Lady Heron, who, while "hostage for her lord" at his Court, had by her "witching eye" gained a fatal sway over the Scotch monarch's impressible heart, causing him to waste in "amorous dalliance" the precious hours when a gleam of success had shone upon his arms, and

> First they heard King James had won
> Etall and Wark and Ford; and then
> That Norham Castle strong was ta'en;

and then

> That while his host inactive lay,
> And melted by degrees away,
> King James was dallying off the day
> With Heron's wily dame.

The spell of the enchanter is too potent to allow us to inquire whether "Sir Hugh Heron's" true name was not William, and whether, at the time of Lord Marmion's visit to Norham, he was not a prisoner in Scotland, while his lady was living in his own

* *Norham Castle.* By Hubert E. H. Jerningham, M.P. Edinburgh: William Paterson.

castle at Ford. Whether his details are strictly accurate or not, Scott in a few lines has given Norham Castle a more vivid reality, and enabled us more fully to realize the kind of place it was and the life that was lived in it, as well as many of the chief events with which its stern grey towers have been illustrated, than Mr. Jerningham has done in the two hundred and seventy pages of the volume before us, to which we must now direct our readers' attention.

We wish we could say that the book was worthy of its surpassingly attractive subject. Unfortunately, the perusal of a very few pages is sufficient to prove that Mr. Jerningham is unequal to his self-imposed task. To write an historical work, it is certainly desirable that the author should have some rudimentary knowledge of history; enough, at least, to save him from blunders as to elementary facts which would disgrace a child of the higher standards of our elementary schools. And this is more than we can say for Mr. Jerningham. And yet it is as an historical work that Mr. Jerningham desires his monograph to be regarded. In his preface he calls attention to "its strictly historical character," and emphasizes "the especial care he has taken not to prejudice the work by inaccuracies"—"so far, at least," he somewhat *naïvely* adds, "as lay in my power." To show the pains he has taken to secure accuracy, he appends a list of the "authors and authorities consulted in the course of the work." It is a strangely heterogeneous assortment, in which "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation. By Ven. Bede" (*sic*) ranks next to "Froissart's Chronicles," and "Camden's Brittania" (*sic*) is followed by "Select Charters and Constitutional History"—apparently one and the same work—"by Stubbs"; while "Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary," which he elsewhere introduces to his readers as "a most elaborate and interesting work," stands side by side with such recondite works as the "Border Magazine," "Collins's Peerage," and "Dibdin's Antiquarian Tour." The list of "Histories of England" consulted, besides those of Lingard, Hume and Smollett (*sic*), and Froude, contains one by a certain "Valentine Green," which puzzles us not a little. There certainly was an engraver of that name, who somewhere about the end of the last century published a "History of Worcester." But we never heard of his literary ambition going beyond the limits of his native city. A History of England from his pen is new to us, and we think to the world of letters also. Is it possible, we are inclined to ask, that our lamented friend John Richard Green lurks behind this pseudonym? Mr. Jerningham's power of blundering renders such a confusion by no means impossible. The *History of the English People* is certainly often quoted.

Instead of all this parade of research, far exceeding his power of digestion, it might have been as well if the author had read with attention any cheap Compendium of English History that he might find in the schools at his own door. Any one of these would have taught him that Adela, Stephen's mother, was the daughter, not as he states the sister, of William the Conqueror; that the Empress Maud was also the daughter, not the niece, of Henry I., and that Geoffrey, Duke of Brittany, was the younger, not the elder, brother of Richard Cœur de Lion; and, to omit other blunders hardly less gross, would have shown him that Henry I.'s nephew, William Earl of Flanders, son of Robert Curthose, having died seven years before his uncle, could hardly have been the next heir to the throne on his decease. As an example of the hopeless muddle Mr. Jerningham makes of his history and his want of comprehension of the best known facts, let our readers take the following passage:—

> In 1135 King Henry died. He never recovered the loss of his beloved William in the wreck of the *White Skiff* [why, we may ask in passing, this affected spelling? *White Skip* is surely the English of "la Blanche Nef"]. He never smiled from the hour that, on hearing the news which deprived him of all that he loved, and of an heir on whom he had placed all his hopes, he had fallen unconscious to the ground.
>
> His nephew William, son of his brother Robert, was his heir, but Henry hated him.
>
> His *niece* Maud, widow of the Emperor Henry the Fifth of Germany, was a favourite.

One would suppose from this that Maud was one of many nieces, the special object of her uncle's affection:—

> And despite the seeming strangeness of seeing a woman succeed, Henry recognized her as his heir, and married her to the Count of Anjou.
>
> On the other hand, Stephen, son of the Conqueror's *sister* Adela, married to the Count de Blois, was also a claimant to the throne on the demise of his cousin William, which *happened the same year as King Henry's death.*

After quoting without acknowledgment Mr. Green's account of Stephen's uproarious welcome by the citizens of London, and their oath to "defend him with money and blood," while omitting the somewhat essential fact of London having claimed the right of electing the sovereign, Mr. Jerningham proceeds:—

> Thus the claim of Maud was set aside, but Geoffrey of Anjou was not likely to allow this without a struggle. The late King had recognized Maud as his heir; his Council at his suggestion had ratified the choice; Stephen had an elder brother, and the people of London were not the people of England; so reasoned Geoffrey.
>
> Here was ground for dispute, and no wonder that for twenty years England became the scene of anarchy and misrule.

It may be asked what has this precious piece of history to do with Norham? But on reading on we shall find that its purpose is to introduce the first siege sustained by the Castle after its erection by Ralph the Firebrand—perversely called "*De* Flambard" by Mr. Jerningham (p. 56), as if "Flambard" were a place-name—by King David of Scotland, who, "having warmly embraced the cause of Geoffrey Plantagenet, practically evinced his sympathy with Matilda and dislike for Stephen in the invasion of Northumberland," and attacking its strongholds. Wark resisted successfully, but Norham capitulated, and was held by David till his defeat at the Battle of the Standard compelled him to restore it to its episcopal master. Mr. Jerningham omits to mention the cause of David's efforts in behalf of Maud, for whose name he so strangely substitutes that of her husband Geoffrey. Does he need to be told that David was her mother's brother, who might naturally be expected to exhibit some "sympathy" for a niece deprived of her inheritance, and "dislike" for the usurper who was keeping her out of it? For anything that appears in Mr. Jerningham's narrative, David was simply swayed by personal likes and dislikes, and might just as reasonably have espoused Stephen's side as Matilda's.

We have given a specimen of Mr. Jerningham's mode of dealing with civil history; let us now try him on the side of religious history. Here he is equally at fault. Disregarding Horace's condemnation of the poet who

> Bellum gemino Trojanum orditur ab ovo,

he begins his history of the Castle of Norham with the landing in Iona of St. Columba—"the giant-sized Columba," as he calls him, through a mistaken deduction from the "lofty stature"—"alta proceritas quæ vertice nubes tangere videbatur"—in Adamnan's story of Oswald's vision. The "nota major imago," as Dr. Reeve reminds us, was "of old an acknowledged property of the shades." The connexion between St. Columba and Norham Castle is not self-evident. It requires a little thought to trace it. Here it is. Norham Castle was built by Bishop Flambard of Durham. It had long been part of St. Cuthbert's patrimony. The first church there had been built by a Bishop of Lindisfarne. Two hundred years before St. Aidan had become the first bishop of that see. Aidan was a monk of Iona; Columba its first abbot. And so the chain is fitted together. But, if it had been desirable for Mr. Jerningham to go so far back in his history and trace the "origines" of Norham up to their founder's head, it would have been as well if he had been more accurate in his facts. His romantic tale of the arrival of St. Aidan at Iona, prophetically announced to St. Columba, is utterly baseless. We give some sentences as a specimen of our author's grand style:—

> The welcomed stranger was a young man of comely face and gentle manner, between eighteen and twenty-two in age.
>
> His bright blue eyes spoke as to his gentleness, while his tall, graceful figure bore visible testimony to the nobility of his birth.
>
> Making his way to the little cell on the eminence outside of which sat the *giant-sized* Columba, he knelt before him, asked for his blessing, and the favour of being admitted among his disciples.
>
> Aidan, or Ædhan was his name, and in him Columba saluted the first apostle of Northumbria, the future founder of Melrose and of Lindisfarne.

Will it be believed that there is not a word of all this in Adamnan or Bede, and that nothing whatever is known of St. Aidan's early history? The whole story, when not, like the famous camel, developed from Mr. Jerningham's inner consciousness, is based on a mistaken identity. Adamnan, it is true, does record the advent of a "molestus hospes," who would force the brothers to break their Wednesday's fast, being revealed to Columba, and that the name of the unwelcome guest was Aidan. But, though "vir valde religiosus," he was an altogether different person from the Northumbrian apostle, requiring two folio columns of Colman's *Trias Thaumaturga* to identify him among the twenty-three Aidans in the Irish Calendar. The storm which gives Mr. Jerningham an opportunity of launching out into a grand description of "mountainous waves," "giant waters," as the tempest "develops in intensity," is also borrowed from the story of the arrival of St. Cainneth, similarly predicted by St. Columba, and has nothing whatever to do with this or any other Aidan. The reception of Oswald, the future sainted king of Northumbria, when "a little boy of great promise," at Iona, and his being "placed for instruction under the special charge of the gentle Aidan," with a number of petty details of "early friendship" and "boyish dreams," is an equally bold fiction. It is true that when his father Ethelfrith lost his kingdom and his life, Oswald, with his brothers, took refuge across the Scottish border, and that he received baptism at the hands of the disciples of St. Columba. But there is not a tittle of evidence that Oswald ever set foot in Iona, while it is beyond question that Aidan was personally a stranger to the young King when, at his request, he was sent by the brethren of Iona to take the place of the crabbed Corman—not Corman, as Mr. Jerningham spells the name, for which the more than doubtful authority of Hector Boethius is the only warrant—to evangelize his pagan Northumbrians. Even if Mr. Jerningham were writing an historical romance, it would be well to make sure of his facts before he set about dressing them up in a picturesque narrative. But the emphasis he lays on the "historical character" of his book, and on his care to avoid inaccuracies, renders the mistakes that meet us on almost every page the less intelligible, and, we may add, the less excusable. To mention one or two of the more marked blunders we have noticed in the earlier pages of the work—to catalogue the whole would be a herculean task—the bishop who built the first stone church at Norham, which he so oddly tells us caused "a great commotion in that pretty village," at that time certainly non-existent, was not Egfrid, but Ecgred; while the pious King Ceolwulf, whose body "it was whispered everywhere was to be translated to the new church," had certainly never been "a bishop of Lindisfarne," but simply, after resigning his crown, a monk of the house. It is novel geography to make Deira—the modern Yorkshire—comprise "the

actual Northumberland," while Bernicia is restricted to "the country between the Tweed and the Forth"; and with a vivid recollection of Wilfrid's missionary adventures among the pagans of Sussex and the Isle of Wight, and the itinerant preaching of St. Chad among the heathen of Mercia, it is somewhat startling to be told that the provinces just named "were the last portions of the British Isles to receive the teaching of Christianity." It is only once that Mr. Jerningham ventures to touch etymology. The single instance is enough. In happy ignorance of the force of the genitival *an* so frequent in Anglo-Saxon place-names—*e.g.* Bathan-ceaster, Cissan-ceaster, Aebban-dun (Abingdon), Huntan-dun, and the like—he dogmatically pronounces the old name of Norham, Ubban-ford = Ubbas ford, "to be a mistake," and that the true form of the word is "Ufan-ford," "the high ford or the ford above," and this chiefly because in Boswell's "Anglo-Saxon Dictionary"—that "elaborate and interesting work"—he cannot find a single word "beginning by *ub*." The name Ubbanford is of course an interesting Danish relic, answering to Hubbasthorp, Hubberholm, and Hubberston in other parts of England. When we have mentioned that the "Welsh marches" are turned into the "Welsh marshes," among which King John is said to have contracted a fever, and that we are treated to such forms as "Pictaria or Poicten," "Sirousby" for Scrooby, Archbishop "Turstin," and Bishop "Ruttall," while Bishop Tunstall is innocently styled the "last *Catholic* bishop of Durham," the leading representative of "a clergy *doomed to disappear* for good or for evil within the next few years," our readers will know how far Mr. Jerningham can be trusted as an historical guide.

The architectural description of Norham Castle, one of the noblest remains of the noblest period of castle-building in England, having been borrowed, with his permission, from a paper by Mr. G. T. Clark (Mr. Jerningham cannot even copy this gentleman's initials correctly. He stands in his pages as Mr. J. G. Clark), in the *Journal of the Archæological Institute*, we need hardly say that this part of the book leaves nothing to be desired. It is as masterly and as vivid as that gentleman's descriptions always are. The chapter embodying Mr. Clark's remarks may be safely recommended as the best worth reading in the whole volume. Mr. Jerningham, however, should not have talked of "barbacans," or have translated the name of Bishop Pudsey's architect "Robertus Ingeniator," by Robert "the Ingenious."

We have said enough to show that Mr. Jerningham, in undertaking an historical work, has mistaken his vocation, and that any one adopting his book as an authority is more likely to be led wrong than right. It would be unfair, however, to a gentleman who has evidently taken great pains to get up his subject, and who writes with the enthusiasm of one who has a hearty affection for that which he is writing about, not to say that his book affords in a moderate compass a fairly readable account of the history of the fortress and of the stirring events which have been enacted at or near its walls. Those who care more for broad general effects than for historic truth and circumstantial accuracy may, *faute de mieux*, take it as their travelling companion when next they visit the Tweed and the Border, with the hope that they will not find it otherwise than interesting, especially when read among the very scenes of which it treats.

HAY FEVER.*

AT this season of the year the above-named disease is a subject of painful interest to the not inconsiderable number of persons who are liable to its attacks; and to all such Dr. Morell Mackenzie's lecture and Dr. Moore's pamphlet will be full of interest. The name "summer catarrh" is perhaps preferable to the more commonly used "hay fever" and "hay asthma," as the pollen which is the cause of the disease may be derived from other sources than the flowering grasses, and neither elevated temperature nor asthma *necessarily* accompany the attack. Mackenzie gives Bostock the credit of having first described this affection in 1819, whilst Moore says that Hoberden mentions it in a Latin treatise published in 1802. Though the cause of summer catarrh was not recognized until the beginning of the present century, the disease had probably been in existence long before. Various irritants—such as cold air, the poison of measles, sulphurous acid, ipecacuanha—may cause similar symptoms to those produced by the application of pollen to the mucous membranes, yet none of the former are likely to be applied with the persistence of the latter, with which the atmosphere is loaded at this period of the year. Hence the following definition of the disease by Dr. Mackenzie may be considered correct—namely, "a peculiar affection of the mucous membrane of the nose, eyes, and air passages, giving rise to catarrh and asthma, almost invariably caused by the action of the pollen of grasses and flowers, and therefore prevalent only when they are in bloom."

Patients of nervous temperament are most obnoxious to this disease, and consequently it is not surprising that it is more common among persons of the upper and middle classes who work with their brains than among those who gain their living by manual labour. It is, however, curious that women, in spite of their sensitive nervous organisation, are much less subject to it than men. As in all neurotid affections heredity plays an important part.

The symptoms of summer catarrh are like those of a violent cold in the head, but, unlike those symptoms, do not pass away in a day or two, but recur day after day during the spring and early summer months. The heavy, swollen, and watering eyes; the streaming nose rapidly becoming red and sore round the orifices of the nostrils; the paroxysms of sneezing; the dull headache; the harsh dry skin; the distaste for work or play; the irritability of temper and disgust with the world in general, present a mental picture of a condition with which we are only too familiar in our own persons or those of our friends. In those subject to asthma, their distress is terribly aggravated by the addition of difficulty of breathing to the foregoing symptoms. Drs. Mackenzie and Moore both point out that nettle-rash is frequently associated with summer catarrh; this fact, as well as the frequent occurrence of asthma, is evidence of the neurotic constitution of the sufferers from this disease. No danger to life is to be apprehended as the result of attacks of this affection, nor is there much risk of structural injury unless the asthma occurring with it is very prolonged and severe, when pulmonary emphysema would be likely to be produced. May and June are the months during which summer catarrh is most prevalent; these months being the flowering season of most of the grasses; but its intensity varies with the amount of pollen in the atmosphere, and this changes greatly under different conditions of temperature, moisture, force of wind, &c. As the disease is caused by the access of pollen-laden air to the ocular and nasal mucous membranes, the first object of those endeavouring to escape an attack must be to prevent such access. Both our authors point out that this indication can be most successfully carried out by removal of the patient to a situation in which the atmosphere contains very little pollen, such as a small island, *e.g.* Sark in the Channel Islands, or a long sea voyage may be taken, or the same object may be less completely attained by residence at the seaside. For obvious reasons, this plan can only be carried out by a very small proportion of sufferers from summer catarrh. It remains to be considered how those who must live and work under constant exposure to the irritant can best protect themselves from it and mitigate its evil effects on their health.

Dr. Mackenzie recommends plugging the nostrils with cotton-wool and wearing spectacles with large frames fitting accurately round the orbit. If this plan be adopted, the plugs should be sufficiently loose to allow of respiration taking place through them, so that the mouth may be kept closed, and they are rendered more effectual by being moistened with carbolated oil. Dr. Blackley has invented a nasal respirator, which can be worn with comfort and is scarcely noticeable from a short distance. Dr. Mackenzie also suggests that a fine gauze veil should be worn, fastened round the hat and attached below to an iron ring resting on the shoulders. The irritability of the nervous system should be reduced to a minimum by great attention to the general health in such matters as diet, exercise in the open air, early hours, cold bathing, avoidance of over-fatigue, &c., and by the exhibition of nerve-tonics, as quinine, arsenic, and valeriaeate of zinc. Dr. Mackenzie relies more particularly on valerianate of zinc. When the disease is established, a combination of quinine, morphia, and camphor is the most powerful remedy for relief of the catarrhal symptoms. Where asthmatic attacks complicate the disease, inhalation of the fumes from burning nitre-paper, stramonium, datura tatula, or Himrod's Powder will often give great relief. It cannot, however, be too strongly impressed upon every sufferer from this distressing disease that he will best consult his own interest by seeking the advice of his medical attendant, who, from his knowledge of the patient's constitutional peculiarities, will be best able to judge of the plan of treatment most likely to prove serviceable.

* *Hay Fever.* By Morell Mackenzie, M.D. London: Churchill.
Summer Catarrh, or Hay Fever. By George Moore, M.D. London: Epps.

LITHUANIAN MYTHOLOGY.*

THIIS is an excellent work in which a subject of great interest is treated in a thoroughly scientific manner. Dr. Veckenstedt, during the four years which he spent at Libau in Courland, where he was one of the Professors of the Nicolai Gymnasium, devoted his leisure time to collecting and studying the traditions still current among the Lithuanian inhabitants of the Government of Kovno. The result of his labour of love is the present rich collection of stories and statements, by the aid of which we are made acquainted with more than "a hundred forms of Samogitian mythology and Saga-world, which have hitherto been either utterly unknown to science, or of which little more was previously known than their names." It forms a worthy successor to the sound and exhaustive work which Dr. Veckenstedt published in 1880 on *Wendische Sagen*.

Lithuanian mythology was treated as early as the year 1615 by Lasicius, who said of the gods and demons mentioned in his work, *De Diis Samogitarum*, that their number was "almost as great as that of the divinities named by Hesiod," and it was elaborately dealt with in 1835 by Narbutt in his *Mitologia Litewska*; but as Schafarik said in 1839, these studies were only "fore-studies." Since then such writers as Schleicher, Nesselmann, Kurschat, Tettau, Temme, Langkusch, Bezzenberger, and many others, have done much to render popular the study of Lithuanian speech and mythology, and the recently founded *Lituanische Litterarische Gesellschaft*, an excellent Society too little known in Western

* *Die Mythen, Sagen und Legenden der Zamaiten (Litauer).* Gesammelt und herausgegeben von Dr. Edm. Veckenstedt. 2 Bde. Heidelberg. 1883.

Europe, has thrown much light upon many dark portions of a long almost untrodden field of research. The late Wilhelm Mannhardt devoted several years to exploring that field, and he is said to have left behind him a valuable, but as yet unpublished, work upon Lithuanian mythology. It is to be trusted that it may soon see the light. Meantime we cannot be too thankful to Dr. Veckenstedt for the trustworthy work he has produced, which has certainly cost him much pains, and is said to have cost him his professorship. For the Russian Government, which had already forbidden the printing of Lithuanian texts in any but the Cyrillic character, has recently, it appears, set its face against any scientific study of the Lithuanian language.

About that language some linguists have indulged in rather wild conjectures. Certain persons, says Dr. Veckenstedt, have declared that any Lett could make himself understood in India; Lettish standing in the same relation to Lithuanian, to employ Schleicher's simile, as Italian to Latin. We have ourselves heard an erudite but erratic German philologist assert that, if Sanskrit had perished, it might have been reconstructed by means of Lithuanian; and the statement is often made that Lithuanian stands nearer to Sanskrit than any other European language, and is almost on a level with it in antiquity. On this point the opinion of Professor Leskien, the joint author with K. Brugmann of an excellent work on *Litauische Volkslieder und Märchen*, is worthy of being cited. It is to be found in the *Transactions of the Philological Society for* 1877. In a report on the group of tongues to which he proposes to give the name of "Baltic Languages," comprising Lithuanian, Lettish, and Old Prussian, he says:—"Lithuanian is intimately allied only to the Slavonic family, just as Zend is to Sanskrit, and is by no means of such thoroughgoing antiquity as a few arbitrarily chosen examples might easily make any one believe who has no special knowledge of the language." At the same time Professor Leskien lays due stress on the undoubted fact that it "is of primary importance in the comparative treatment of the Slavonic languages."

Old Prussian has long ago been silenced as a spoken tongue, and it has left behind it all but no literary remains. With Lettish Dr. Veckenstedt does not deal. The language to which he devotes himself is that of the Žamaiten, or Samogitians. Nesselmann, in his Lithuanian Dictionary, says that Žemaitis means *Ein Niederunger*, an inhabitant of Russian Lithuania, which lies lower than Prussian Lithuania. As far back as the year 1420, Witold, Grand Duke of Lithuania, in writing to the Emperor Sigismund, stated that the *terra Samaytarum* was called *Szomuth*, because that word in Lithuanian meant "lower land." But Dr. Veckenstedt says that, as a matter of fact, Samogitian is spoken over the whole of the Northern portion of Prussian Lithuania, as well as in Russian Lithuania. The material for his present book he has collected exclusively in the Russian province of Kovno. In obtaining it he has been assisted by several well-known scholars, and also by many unlettered natives. Among the persons who contributed stories were several schoolboys, for relying upon whom Dr. Veckenstedt has been most unreasonably taken to task in the *Neue Dörpt'sche Zeitung*. He remarks that the aid of schoolboys in similar circumstances has been acknowledged by such thoroughly scientific collectors as Bernhard Schmidt, Virgil Grohmann, Karl Bartsch, and Wilhelm Mannhardt. He might have added to this weighty list of names that of J. G. von Hahn, who says in the preface to his well-known collection of modern Greek tales, that he did not succeed in obtaining a single story till the happy idea occurred to him of offering a reward to a number of schoolboys, who were leaving Athens for their holidays, if they would collect tales for him while they were at home. The longest, and perhaps the most important, legend contained in Dr. Veckenstedt's book, called by him the *Stammsage* of the Žamaiten, he obtained from a peasant woman, whose mother had often heard it from the lips of her grandfather, a farmer who had lost the sight of his eyes during a fire, and who devoted his enforced leisure to recitation. The Saga in question occupies more than sixty pages of the book. It may be summarized as follows.

Ages ago men became so wicked that God determined to destroy all but a very few. The rare exceptions were for the most part preserved, along with pairs of all sorts of animals, in a golden palace on a mountain-top. A boy and girl, born of parents who were "neither good nor bad," had been previously carried off by an angel from their respective homes on the day of their birth, and were brought up in a crystal palace suspended in mid air, where they were tended by a mute female figure of gold. When they grew up, they married, and a girl was born to them. The destruction of the wicked having been effected by fire, the earth was thereby greatly smirched. So giants were sent to wash it clean. They used so much water that a deluge was produced, and the waters rose so high that the golden palace and its inmates were in danger of being submerged. But Auksstis, the Lithuanian Varuna, rescued them by means of a capacious nutshell, which the rising waters wafted up to the crystal palace in which the young couple and their girl resided. That child was left in pledge with the golden figure. The father and mother joined their fellow men and women in the nutshell, which drifted with the ebbing wave till it was stranded on the reappearing earth. The passengers landed and occupied the country from which the waves had receded. Meantime, the girl who had been left in the crystal palace grew up, and was conveyed to heaven, where she married Perkunas—originally the Lithuanian counterpart of the Vedic Parjanya, a rain-god, afterwards the Lithuanian Indra or Thor, the thunder-god. As she was of earthly descent she had been named Žamaite, *žémé* meaning earth (cf. Russ. *semlyá*, Lat. *humus*), and the son she bore was called Dîngis, apparently the sky, *dangis* being Lithuanian for heaven. After a time Žamaite was sent down from heaven to the golden palace on the mountain-top, where she was provided with a mortal husband. From their union sprang a family, which multiplied exceedingly. These descendants of Žamaite borrowed from her the name of Žamaiten, earth-born, Autochthones. Becoming troublesome, they were turned out of the golden palace by their ancestress, who ordered three angels to conduct them to their destined abode. This being done, Žamaite was at liberty to return to heaven, the spell which bound her to earth being broken. The wandering Žamaiten encountered numerous difficulties. They were at first starting as simple as Gothamites, but they gradually acquired experience. Most of the nations whose lands they traversed were hostile to them. But the Letts received them kindly, and eventually joined with them in their wanderings. For the Žamaiten continued their nomadic life, having been told to move on "half towards the evening and half towards the midnight," apparently in a north-westerly direction, until they should receive word to stop. After leaving the territory of the Prussians, by whom also they were hospitably received, the united wanderers passed through districts inhabited by all sorts of monsters, such as giants, dwarfs, centaurs, and Medusas. At last they came to a land near the sea, where Žamaite appeared to them in all her glory, carrying a banner on which was written "This is your land." There they settled, but the Letts went on a little further and occupied a district close to the sea. After a time the Žamaiten offended their ancestress, who sent her celestial spouse Perkunas to punish them. Many of them were thunder-smitten. The rest humbled themselves. Then Žamaite read the survivors a useful lesson, conducting them down through a mountain cleft into hell, where they saw how the wicked are punished, and afterwards leading them across a cobweb bridge and up a golden staircase into heaven, where they were shown the just enjoying themselves. For awhile they behaved well, and during this period they and the Letts, and their old friends the Prussians, united into one nation. After a time they fell away again, and were, in consequence of their bad behaviour, grievously tormented by the Plague and the Cholera and other female demons. At length Žamaite took pity upon them, and sent her divine son Dîngis to rule over them. Then ensued the golden age of the Žamaiten. But at last he was recalled to heaven. Before he went there he led all his warriors into the interior of a mountain, which then closed in upon them. There they still sleep. Dîngis lives in heaven with his father Perkunas and his mother Žamaite. But the day will come when he will obtain leave to go back to his people on earth. There he will reappear together with his divine parents. He will rouse from their long slumber his sleeping warriors, all enemies shall be swept away, and the Žamaite millennium will begin.

We have left but scanty space for the shorter tales that abound in Dr. Veckenstedt's volumes, which are provided, we are thankful to say, with an unusually excellent index. It must suffice to state that there are very many of these stories which we should be glad to quote, dealing as they do with some of the most interesting of the Lithuanian deities or demons. Many of these mythological beings will be now for the first time brought before the eyes of most readers. It is true that Perkunas, partly on account of his great similarity with the Russian thunder-god Perun, has long been vaguely known to comparative mythologists; Auszra or Ausca, the Dawn, has already been linked with the Vedic Ushas; Potrimpus, a supposed water-god, Kremutis, a suggested patron of pigs, Bangputis, the ruler of the waves, and other divinities of old Lithuanian religion, have been already submitted to much critical investigation. But it may be assumed as certain that to the great majority of mankind the names are utterly unknown of such once honoured personages as Ugniedokas and Ugniegawas, the divine smiths, closely allied with the Saints Cosmas and Damian of Russian mythology, beings closely connected with the worship of fire, the word for which is in Lithuanian *ugnis*, differing but little from the Russian *ogon*, almost identical with the Vedic *agni*; or the spring and youth goddess Ziline, whose name is derived from *talas*, green, in Russian зелень; or Beslea, the goddess of calamity, the spouse of the Devil; or a number of personifications of all that is most annoying, such as Mares, the Plague, whose name is derived from the root *mir*, to die, the Sanskrit *miri*, Liga or Disease, and Smertis, Death, who bears a name akin to the Russian *smert'*, the Latin *mors*, and the Sanskrit *mriti*. The name of Kolera, a "Woman in White" who traverses the land in a black car, attended by dusky forms, and followed by the wailings of widows and orphans, does not require explanation. It appears that, besides what he has printed in the present work, Dr. Veckenstedt is in possession of a rich store of information due to his persevering study of Lithuanian mythology. It is much to be hoped that he will soon make it public.

MISS SHIRREFF ON THE KINDERGARTEN.*

MISS SHIRREFF has long been known, among all those in any way interested in education in this country, as one of the most careful and skilful of thinkers and workers on this

* *The Kindergarten at Home.* By Emily A. E. Shirreff, President of the Froebel Society. London: Joseph Hughes. 1884.

subject. The subject itself has hitherto never been one of those which in England catch the general taste. Success is the rough and popular test of merit; and so many people achieve success without education, that a superstition which it will take some little time to eradicate has arisen that the two are independent of one another. It may be in one sense creditable to our country that such beliefs should exist. They at least show a certain self-confidence and readiness to meet new situations which are among the elements of success. But they happen to be untrue. We have attained success in spite, and not because, of the unorganized state of our education. Of special and technical education it is needless to speak. It is well known that a trained German has, in many walks of commerce, an undoubted superiority in England to a native Englishman; and this is due simply to the fact that the one is educated to his work and the other is not, and has not had even the opportunity of being trained. The word "Pædagogy," which is the only one by which one can shortly describe the science of education, has to English ears such an air of pedantry about it that one never uses it if one can find any other way of expressing the same idea. Yet it stands for a number of simple facts that ought to be familiar to all educated people. The nursery education which, in the case both of boys and girls, should precede any more advanced teaching whatever, and which, if rightly conducted, cannot fail to exercise a life-long influence for good upon the child, has been till lately altogether ignored in England. It is now still in general held in little esteem, and only among those specially interested in education is the subject ever seriously discussed. Miss Shirreff has been again lately, as for many years past, pressing the matter upon public attention; and there is no subject in the world more worthy of careful discussion.

The common idea, even in countries where education has been far more highly valued than in England, has been that in the earlier years of a child's life he or she may be best left alone. It is true that in these years the child is far better left alone than miseducated. Nature is often kind enough to supply the lack of teaching in cases where she cannot later on make good the results of bad teaching. But that even in the nursery instruction may be systematically given in such a way that it will bear useful fruit in after life, and at the same time put no hurtful strain on the child's mind; that he may be systematically taught without more mental effort on his part than he spends in his play, and with quite as much pleasure to himself; and that the earliest years of his life are now in nearly every case wasted as far as education goes—is what is at present generally unknown in England, and only partly understood in the countries where education is scientifically treated. As there is no chance that any step will be taken at present by the Government or any public body in furtherance of the *Kindergarten* scheme, Miss Shirreff has written a little book to show parents how the system can be carried out at home. Though *Kindergärten* exist in England, they are so few in number that at present the great majority of parents cannot possibly make any use of them. And until the public mind is more awakened on the subject there is no likelihood of their becoming more numerous. Still, although the complete training which cannot be got except at a public institution is out of the reach of most English children, much in the same direction can be done at home. It is to urge this fact on parents that Miss Shirreff has written her book. Froebel, as we need not remind our readers, understood education in the complete sense—as the art of training all the human faculties, of which some can be best trained in the earliest years of life, and in the training of all of which some steps may be taken very early. His work consisted in systematizing this training, and making it applicable to the very young, which practically means making it pleasant to them. This is done by various skilfully devised methods, in reading about which many people must reflect how much happier their childhood would have been if they had been so employed, instead of being left to themselves or to their nurses. That the child's earliest education should be its amusement, and that this amusement should lead up to and fall in with the work of later education, is the key-note of Froebel's system. What the child naturally does of its own accord, Froebel would so direct that the child should unconsciously, but with pleasure, so do that it lays the foundation of future and higher education. Not the least of these methods is the cultivation of the power of exact observation. It is now a trite saying that this power is as rare as the power of reasoning. But its rarity arises from the fact that, though infinite trouble is taken (much of it unsuccessfully) to teach people to reason, the faculty of observation is, in our present systems of education, pretty much left to take care of itself. Yet without accurate observation, which can only be taught to the young (though one may have a born aptitude for it, which dispenses with teaching), and which cannot be acquired in later life, half of our reasoning is false, and nearly all the artistic pleasure of life is lost. The whole subject of the *Kindergarten*, and its influence on future life and of its relations to the forms of education which follow it, is fully discussed by Miss Shirreff. The main lesson that may be learned from this valuable little book is that, if parents are in earnest about the education of their children, they need not wait till a *Kindergarten* is set up near them. They can make a *Kindergarten* at home.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THREE volumes (two of them of considerable size) which M. Alcan has published, and which are edited, the first by M. Charles Yriarte (1), the others by M. Espinas (2), contain the brief record and the not inconsiderable achievements of a rather remarkable life. Fernand Durand-Desormeaux, who was born in 1840 and who died three years ago, does not appear to have published anything in his lifetime. He was a very busy man, having been constantly employed in the judicial branch of the French legal profession, besides which he was latterly a member of the Conseil-Général of the Yonne and "directeur du personnel" in the Ministry of Justice. Also, he was a man who went a great deal into society, and (apparently) who gave considerable time to his own family; he married, for a Frenchman, rather young. He seems, however, to have been constantly occupied upon, and to have in considerable degree accomplished, a large, if rather amorphous, philosophical work, which now appears under the care of two of his friends. M. Yriarte's pamphlet (for it is little more) contains, besides a short notice, certain *Pensées* of a miscellaneous kind. The larger volumes for which M. Espinas is sponsor contain, the one a "Théorie de la connaissance," the other a "Théorie de l'action." Or, to speak with greater precision, they contain a large number of essays or studies on psychological points which are all carefully dated, with the time and place of composition, and which are frequently in direct connexion with each other. The book altogether is a curious one, and it shows how strong is the hold which philosophy of the ethical-literary type, the "philosophy" which had the name almost to itself in the eighteenth century, still has in France, while it has for the time, at any rate, almost disappeared out of England and Germany. In reading these volumes of M. Durand-Desormeaux one might, putting individual characteristics and degrees of merit aside, be reading Vauvenargues or Helvétius. Whether the philosophy of technical terms and pseudo-scientific arrangement has not had a long enough reign is a question not calling for decision or discussion here. But those who think so, and who like philosophical discussion of a not too arid kind, might do worse than turn over these three volumes. We have not observed in them signs of a very extraordinary originality of thought or felicity of expression. The writer seems to have been somewhat superficially acquainted with the literature and history of his subject, to have approximated, as thoughtful Frenchmen do frequently approximate, rather too nearly to the type of the eloquent and somewhat sentimental phrase-maker, and sometimes to have been the dupe of his and other people's phrases. His *Pensées* lack precision; his philosophical discussions directness and grasp. But he must have been what is vaguely called an interesting person, and his "remains" are in many ways interesting remains.

We do not know whether the advanced Republican party will discover that there is treason to the Republic in the fact of a book by the successor of the Comte de Chambord having attained its seventh edition. They are quite capable of it. Such, however, is the fact in respect to the Comte de Paris's well-known pamphlet on "Trades-Unions in England" (3).

A very elaborate treatise on the Income-tax might, perhaps, hardly be expected from a country where the Income-tax does not exist. M. Joseph Chailley has, however, composed such a treatise (4), which we do not pretend to criticize here in detail, but which appears to be a very careful discussion of the history as well as of the economics of the subject. M. Chailley may be said to be a partisan of the tax, and desirous of its introduction in France; but he does not blink the difficulties. We do not notice, indeed, that he gives full weight to the great argument for an Income-tax in more or less democratically governed countries—to wit, that it places the main burden of taxation on the shoulders of those who have least political power.

The late Jules Noriac did better work than *Paris tel qu'il est* (5), which, indeed, deserves only to be put to his credit, and not at all to his debit, inasmuch as it is a mere unrevised collection of newspaper tales and miscellanies. But, if it is not as good as *Le 101me* or *La bêtise humaine*, it is by no means unamusing to turn over. When the author describes his horror at certain remarks of a pretty lady he met in the train—remarks from which he falsely inferred that her husband was a resurrection-man or, at best, a professional embalmer—and when he remarks upon the extraordinary abundance of diamond rings which the heroes of novels up to quite recent dates appear to have possessed, he is, if not exceptionally brilliant, amusing enough in all conscience.

They do autocratic things even in these democratic days, and if some Minister would lay *main basse* upon all French books dealing with Germany, from those of the great M. Tissot downwards, he would do an act, arbitrary no doubt, but far from unpatriotic. It is difficult for any one who has a kindness for France and French literature to read this branch of the latter

(1) *Réflexions et pensées.* Par F. Durand-Desormeaux. Précédées d'une notice par Ch. Yriarte. Paris: Alcan.

(2) *Etudes philosophiques.* Par F. Durand-Desormeaux. 2 tomes. Paris: Alcan.

(3) *Les associations ouvrières en Angleterre.* Par M. le Comte de Paris. Septième édition. Paris: Alcan.

(4) *L'impôt sur le revenu.* Par J. Chailley. Paris: Guillaumin.

(5) *Paris tel qu'il est.* Par Jules Noriac. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

without disgust. Of the two authors before us (6), M. Amic is the Frenchman of many *bonnes fortunes*, respecting whom Thackeray once gave a salutary caution to foreigners; M. Narjoux (7), the Frenchman who waves the banner of *la revanche*. The latter's book has some quaint illustrations not without merit. Both Volumes, as coming from a vanquished nation about its victors, are written in the worst possible taste, and with an absence of all sense of dignity.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

WE have only one fault to find with Mrs. Pringle's book, and that is its absurd title. *Towards the Mountains of the Moon* (Blackwood & Sons) has a catchpenny look, and might well have been discarded for something shorter and simpler. It is a part of our modern rage for claptrap that a traveller nowadays is never content with putting "Travels in Balnibarbi" on his title-page as his grandfather would have done. Having paid her tribute to contemporary stupor, however, Mrs. Pringle is steadily sensible for the rest of her book. She accompanied her husband when he was sent from Scotland to Blantyre, the Free Kirk Mission station near the Shiré in Africa, to inquire into the rather remarkable doings of the gentleman in charge of that institution. These affairs, now forgotten, and we suppose remedied, are conspicuously absent from Mrs. Pringle's pages. She tells all about the journey by sea, river, and over hills up to Blantyre, and has plenty to say about the habits and customs of the natives and of the Portuguese at Mozambique and elsewhere. The missionary tone is pleasantly avoided, and instead of it we get a shrewd lay scepticism as to the efficacy of preaching and the three R's to civilize savages between to-day and to-morrow.

In his book on *Red Deer* (Longmans & Co.) Mr. Jefferies is more thoroughly master of his subject and of his means than he has been in most of his recent work. He does not try to be profound or mystic, or to interpret the soul of things, but keeps steadily to descriptions of beasts and of nature; in other words, he has come back to the right path, and is duly rewarded by complete success. The red deer of his book are the red deer of Exmoor. Mr. Jefferies talks pleasantly about their history, habits, speed, and beauty. Incidentally we learn a good deal about Exmoor and its human inhabitants; and it would be hard to say which of the three the author loves best or describes with the most obvious pleasure. The kind of sport followed in this part of Somersetshire is, to our mind, far more attractive to hear about than the stalking, and still more the driving, of the Highlands, which has a certain resemblance to assassination. In the West of England the red deer is hunted on horseback. Fair law is given, and the hunter has a respectable chance of breaking his own neck, or even of being gored when the stag is hunted or driven to death.

The *Outlines of Historic Ornament* (Chapman & Hall), translated from the German by Mr. G. R. Redgrave, is a species of catechism for the use of art students. It covers the whole field, beginning with the pottery and beads of the savage, and ending with the "baroque and rococo styles." One hundred and seventy octavo pages is a very limited space to deal with so large a subject in, and the book consists of what are strictly outlines; but the facts seem generally well stated, and the illustrations are both numerous and clear. Now and then we find what looks like an error of judgment—as when the author says that the Assyrians neglected beauty of form—and occasionally an inaccurate term is used. It is, for instance, rather slovenly to say that the Moors conquered Spain in the eighth century. It should have been the Arabs.

Mrs. Pitman's Life of Elizabeth Fry, contributed to the "Eminent Women Series" (Allen & Co), is a sound book on an interesting subject. It requires an effort of imagination to realize the fact that our prisons were in the infamous state described by Mrs. Fry and her biographer only sixty years ago. We could wish, however, that Mrs. Pitman and other writers on the same subject would recognize the fact that, if our modern prison discipline is more efficacious than the old, that is less because it is more humane than because it is more intelligently severe. Criminals hate the enforced cleanliness and order of a modern gaol far more than they did the slovenly old system.

Hints on Cataloguing Titles and Index Entries (Sampson Low & Co.) is not a very enticing name for a book. Not the less Mr. Blackburn has contrived to turn out a very amusing volume on the subject. It is not exactly a book to read, but it is a book to dip into. The author shows how to catalogue, and also how not to do it, and illustrates both by amusing examples.

What are you to do with a writer who puts "What is Art?" on his title-page, and begins his first chapter as follows:—"What is Art? It is Worship. It is Religion. It is Poetry. It is Truth. It is the apotheosis of the," &c.? Manifestly we can only pray for his soul and deposit his volume on the shelf. This is the sad case of Mr. J. S. Little and his book (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)

To learn shorthand is, according to Dickens, more difficult than to learn several languages. The student of this portentous mystery may find his way smoothed by Mr. R. E. Miller, who publishes a neat pamphlet called *Lessons in Shorthand on Gurney's System* (L. Upcott Gill).

A gentleman who proposes to correct Kant, and return to Dualism, can only be treated with time and elbow-room. The first object may be attainable and the second desirable, for aught we know; but we must content ourselves with noting the fact that "Scotus Noventicus" undertakes to show how to do them in his *Metaphysica Nova et Vetusta* (Williams & Norgate).

The volume of *Dialect Proverbs and Folklore* in "The Gentleman's Magazine Library" (Elliot Stock) is a book for the lazy person with a taste for confused reading to dip into, and which a dozen specialists combined might possibly criticize adequately.

Mr. H. S. Foxwell, M.A., has edited a collection of reprinted articles by the late Dr. Stanley Jevons. It appears from the preface by Mrs. Jevons that her husband had nearly finished revising these *Investigations in Currency and Finance* (Macmillan & Co.) before his death. They make a thick volume, full of useful information, political economy, and diagrams.

The *Selection from the Poetry of Elizabeth Barrett Browning* (Smith, Elder, & Co.), made by Mr. Browning, is republished in two neat volumes. We have also to notice a translation of Dr. Hermann Kolbe's *Short Text-Book of Inorganic Chemistry*, by Dr. F. S. Humpidge (Longmans & Co.) Mr. Thomas Satchell edits a pretty reprint, nicely bound, of *A Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line, made by L.[eonard] M.[ascall] in* 1590 (Satchell & Co.; sold by Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) Mr. Sydney Lupton, M.A., publishes a text-book on *Numerical Tables and Constants in Elementary Science* (Macmillan & Co.) *The Illustrated Dictionary of Gardening* (L. Upcott Gill), now coming out in shilling and sixpenny numbers, is clear in language, and the drawings are capital.

(6) *Au pays de Gretchen.* Par H. Amic. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
(7) *En Allemagne.* Par F. Narjoux. Paris: Plon.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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EXHIBITION of DECORATIVE ART, PARIS, 1884.—The UNION CENTRALE des ARTS DÉCORATIFS, PARIS, are arranging an EXHIBITION of DECORATIVE ART in Wood, Stone, Pottery, and Glass, to be held in the Palais de l'Industrie, from August 1 to November 21, 1884.
Special space is Reserved for English Exhibitors. Applications will be received up to June 15.
Further particulars may be obtained from the SECRETARY of the SOCIETY OF ARTS, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.
H. TRUEMAN WOOD, *Secretary of the Society of Arts.*

RADLEY COLLEGE.—ELECTION to SIX SCHOLARSHIPS, four of £50, one of £30, one of £20, on June 20. For Boys under Fourteen on January 1, 1884.—For further particulars, apply to THE REV. THE WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

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The Entrance Examination in Arts (Faculty of Medicine) will also be held in June, commencing on the 16th. This Examination is open to all who purpose pursuing Medical Studies, on production of a certificate from the last Instructor and payment of an Entrance Fee of £1.
The Examinations for Degrees in Medicine and Surgery will be held in July, commencing on the 18th.
Matriculation and Examination Fees can be paid at the Office of the University Registrar (in the Owens College, Manchester), on June 10, 11, and 12, between the hours of Ten A.M. and One P.M., or Two P.M. and Four P.M.
Further information can be obtained from the REGISTRAR.
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Henley-upon-Thames:
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FREEHOLD BUILDING GROUND, City of London.—The Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City, on Tuesday, June 10, 1884, at half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for taking on Building Leases for a term of 99 years, Two Plots of very valuable Freehold Ground situate in Broam's Buildings, Fetter Lane.
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Persons making proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, on the above-mentioned day, at half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, and the parties whose offers are accepted will be required to execute agreement and bond at the same time.
Proposals must be endorsed on the outside "Tender for Ground, Broam's Buildings," and be delivered in, addressed to the undersigned, before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty.
HENRY BLAKE, *Principal Clerk.*
Sewers' Office, Guildhall,
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The certificates to bearer may be converted into registered stock at any time, free from expense, on surrender of the certificates with all unpaid coupons, and registered stock may be converted into certificates to bearer on delivery of the certificates and payment of the necessary stamp duty.
Transfers of registered stock will be chargeable with the ordinary stamp duty of ½ per cent., and will be registered free of charge.
By Clause 27 of the Local Loans Act, 1875, trustees authorized to invest money in the debenture stock of any railway or other Company are empowered to invest in the registered debenture stock of this Corporation.
The securities for due payment of the dividends and principal at maturity are:—
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2. The Borough Rate.
3. The Waterworks Undertaking.
4. The Gasworks Undertaking.
5. The Markets Undertaking.
6. The revenue respectively derived from all those sources, and from all landed and other property, vested in or belonging to the Corporation, or which may hereafter be acquired.
The Borough Fund consists of all the property of the Corporation, such as parks, lands, buildings, &c.
The Borough Rate is not limited in amount, and the rateable annual value of the property within the Borough of Leeds amounts to more than one million sterling, and is daily increasing.
The debt of the borough at the end of the last financial year was £4,043,750, of which £3,784,270 has been expended on the gas, water, and market undertakings, the incomes from which are more than sufficient to meet all expenses connected therewith; and the charges for rates, and tolls are far below the maximum allowed to be charged.
The money now sought to be raised is required for the purposes of paying off portions of existing mortgages on the undertakings referred to in the Leeds Improvement Act, 1877 (sec. 65), to which the Consolidated Stock is subject, under that Act.
By the Act a sinking fund is established, and £503,000 has already been invested under Government supervision, for the redemption of the stock on July 1, 1927, and no earlier repayment can be made without the consent of the holder.
Tenders may be for the whole or any part of the stock, and must state what amount of money will be given for every £100 of the stock. Tenders for other than even hundreds of stock, or at a price including fractions of a shilling other than sixpence, will not be preferentially accepted. Tenders are to be delivered at the offices of Messrs. Frederick Banbury & Sons, 59 Old Broad Street, London, E.C., before two o'clock on Monday, June 9, 1884. Tenders at different prices must be on separate forms.
A deposit of five per cent. on the amount of stock tendered for must be paid at the same office at the time of the delivery of the tender. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned, and in case of partial allotment the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the first instalment.
In the event of the receipt of tenders for a larger amount of stock than that proposed to be issued, at or above the minimum price, the tenders at the lowest price accepted will be subject to a pro rata diminution.
The dates at which the further payments on account of the said loan will be required are as follows:—

On Allotment	(so much of the amount tendered and accepted as, when added to the deposit, will leave £90 to be paid for each £100 of stock;	
	On Tuesday, July 15, 1884,	£25 per cent.
	On Friday, August 15, 1884,	£25 per cent.
	On Monday, September 15, 1884,	£40 per cent.

These payments must be made at the banking-house of Messrs. Glyn, Mills, & Co., 67 Lombard Street.
Scrip certificates to bearer will be issued in exchange for the allotment letters, and bankers' receipts, duly endorsed, at the offices of Messrs. Frederick Banbury & Sons, 59 Old Broad Street, on and after June 17, 1884.
The instalments may be paid in full on or after July 15, 1884, under discount at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum. In case of default in the payment of any instalment at its proper date, the deposit and instalments previously paid will be liable to forfeiture.
The stock will be inscribed in the books of the Corporation, and bonds to bearer will be delivered in exchange for the scrip certificates at the Offices of Messrs. Frederick Banbury & Sons, on and after October 1, 1884, but scrip paid up in full in anticipation may be inscribed forthwith.
Copies of the Acts of Parliament can be seen, and forms of tender obtained, on application to Messrs. Frederick Banbury & Sons, 59 Old Broad Street, London; or George V. Morrison Esq., Town Hall, Leeds, solicitor to the Corporation.
59 Old Broad Street, London, E.C.:
May 21, 1884.

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—At a MEETING of the CASTREYMEN of the Parish of ST. MARY ABBOTT'S, KENSINGTON, in the County of Middlesex, held at the Town Hall, Kensington, on Wednesday, May 14, 1884, the Rev. C. DARBY BRADE, M.A., in the Chair, it was Resolved:—
"1. That this Vestry dissents from the London Government Bill on the ground that the position assigned the city to the proposed District Councils is so inferior that, although the work of the several districts must devolve upon them, it will not be possible to secure upon such District Councils the services of persons of ability and good social standing, and that consequently the staff of paid officers must be largely increased.
"2. That this Vestry is further of opinion that if a Central Council should be formed for the whole of London the number of Vestrymen might be greatly reduced, and all such Vestrymen made members of the Central Council.
"3. That the Central Council should determine the general principles upon which the government of London should proceed, and that the administration of each district should remain with the several Vestries as before.
"4. That a petition be presented to Parliament against the Bill."
GEO. C. HARDING, *Clerk to the Vestry.*
Town Hall, Kensington:
May 30, 1884.

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—At a MEETING of RATEPAYERS of HIGHBURY, held at the Highbury Athenæum, on Monday, May 26, 1884, Resolutions condemnatory of the London Government Bill were proposed by Mr. J. F. OSWALD, seconded by Mr. STROUD, and carried unanimously. The Chairman was empowered to sign a petition to Parliament against the Bill, and forward the same to Alderman Sir Andrew Lusk, M.P., for presentation.
THOS. W. VINE, *Chairman.*

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—At a PUBLIC MEETING of RATEPAYERS, held at the Chapel of Ease Schoolrooms, Lower Holloway, on Tuesday, May 27, 1884, Mr. W. LAMBERT in the chair, it was Resolved:—
"That, in the opinion of this Meeting, the London Government Bill will destroy all real local self-government and tend to extravagance in the expenditure of the rates, and that the Chairman be requested to sign (on behalf of the Meeting) a petition to the House of Commons against the Bill."

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—CHELSEA WORKMEN and the LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—At a numerously attended MEETING of DELEGATES connected with the INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION of the WEST LONDON DISTRICT, held at the Assembly Rooms, Montpelier Row, Brompton, on Friday, May 30, 1884, it was Resolved:—
"That, in the opinion of this Conference of Representative Workmen of the West London District, the new London Government Bill introduced into Parliament by Sir William Harcourt is a highly dangerous measure, owing to its centralizing character, and is destructive to every principle of local self-government. Furthermore, this Conference believes that the passing of the aforesaid measure into law will greatly increase the already over-burdened taxation of the people of the Metropolis, and will enhance the difficulties and troubles of the work-earning classes of London; therefore, this Conference resolves to oppose the Bill by every means in its power."
It was also Resolved:—
"That Copies of this Resolution be sent to the Prime Minister, the Lord Mayor, the Home Secretary, the Town Clerk, and to the Members of Parliament for West London boroughs."

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—At a PUBLIC MEETING of RATEPAYERS, held at St. Andrew's Schools, Bethnal Green, on Friday, May 30, 1884, it was moved by E. B. CURRIE, Esq. (member of the Hackney Board of Works), seconded by W. H. REDMAN, Esq., and Resolved (with one dissentient):—
"That this Meeting, having considered the provisions of the London Government Bill now before Parliament, enters its protest against its principle of centralization and consequent loss of local self-government, and views with alarm the increase of taxation to the already over-burdened Ratepayers which must follow the passing of such a measure."
The Chairman was empowered to sign a petition against the Bill.
A. MCALISTER, *Chairman.*

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—CHARLTON.—At a MEETING of RATEPAYERS, held at Old Charlton, on Monday, May 26, 1884, it was proposed by W. DICKSON, Esq., seconded by E. TAYLOR, Esq., and Resolved:—
"That this Meeting of inhabitant Ratepayers of Woolwich, Charlton, and Plumstead pledges itself to do all in its power to obtain a Charter of Incorporation for itself, as it reserves to the Ratepayers the power of local self-government and independence, and will, in the opinion of this meeting, be far better than one gigantic system of centralization."
The Chairman was requested to forward copies of this Resolution to the Prime Minister, the Home Secretary, the Borough and County Members, the Town Clerk of the Corporation of the City of London, and to Her Majesty's Privy Council.
R. C. RATCLIFFE, *Chairman.*

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THE CONFERENCE.

THE reported massacre at Berber, and the singular directions of Lord GRANVILLE for the extrication of General GORDON, would invite comment if the first-mentioned disaster were more certain. As it is, the negotiations with France are still the chief point of interest in the Egyptian question. The advance of the pledges of Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE in reference to the Conference is no doubt a matter of satisfaction. Their former engagements would have been compatible with the doing of almost irreparable mischief; their latter, unless Mr. GLADSTONE excels even himself in construing the pledge he has given, is not so compatible. It is true that, if the country finds itself face to face with an unacceptable agreement, it will still be in a very awkward position as regards Europe, and if, as it must, it rejects the agreement, a precedent likely to cause the greatest inconvenience in future diplomatic arrangements will have been set. But the change of the relations of Government to Parliament probably necessitates this, and in the present instance, at any rate, it is by far the least of two evils. Yet it must remain a curious comment on the supposed confidence of Parliament and the country in Ministers of the day that Parliament and the country have only been kept quiet by the Ministry formally undertaking not to avail themselves of their undoubted power—not, indeed, to make monetary arrangements, but to dispose of the forces of the Crown and avail themselves of its other prerogatives. "We have the fullest confidence in you, but "mind you do absolutely nothing without obtaining our "sanction," is the eccentric fashion in which Great Britain, by Parliament and by the public voice, expresses her reliance on Mr. GLADSTONE'S discretion. There have been Ministers who would have found the compliment not exactly to their taste.

On this point, however, it is unnecessary to say more; nor need the difference between the CHILDERS-LESSEPS agreement, in which the Government dealt with a private firm, and the present Anglo-French negotiations, in which at least two great nations are concerned as such, be insisted on. The whole affair, whatever may be its result, is a distinct, and by no means encouraging, confirmation of the strictures of those who say that, whether Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government is a good Government or a bad Government, it is a Government which has the very rudiments of foreign policy to learn. But it is more important for the present to consider what the stipulations of this long-debated "communication" between England and France really are. On this point all the PRIME MINISTER'S statements, all Lord GRANVILLE'S honest indignation at being called imbecile, all Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE'S promises to answer questions when he has got leave to answer them, convey not one tittle of positive information. The PRIME MINISTER'S rebuke in the character of a *pir gravis* to the putters forth of rash and unauthorized statements on the subject was very impressive in form, but in matter it unfortunately applies to anybody, everybody, or nobody. For aught that appears, it may wring the withers of those who stardily deny that certain things are in the agreement as much as it galls those who have asserted that they are. For, if some at least of these details fail to make their appearance in the announcement for which England is so anxiously waiting, will any reasonable person doubt that their absence is due to the protests which have been made—growing every day in strength and distinctness—against surrender. It may be added that some of the most valiant defenders of the Government have practically admitted the truth of some, at least, of the rumours in question in the very act of denying them. There is not, it is said, a hard-and-fast engagement to go out of Egypt; but there is a conditional engagement to leave it in three years. There is no positive promise of an English loan or guarantee; but there is an understanding concerning something of the kind. There is to be no multiple Control; but there is to be a multiple Audit Board, which may have an English president. And, lastly, the extraordinary negotiations with the Turkish Government, if they have not had for object a distinct Turkish crusade against the Soudan, have been such that Mr. GLADSTONE had to resort to one of his most labyrinthine formulas of admissive denial in order to dispose of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S question. By Mr. GLADSTONE'S admission there has been something going on with Turkey; by the admission of his supporters there has been something going on in the direction of tying English hands in Egypt, reintroducing a foreign Control, and increasing the pecuniary liabilities of the country while limiting her occupation. And it is further to be observed that in London, in Paris, and in Constantinople the best-informed persons agree, with exactly that margin of difference which is to be expected in genuine information about points not publicly known nor finally settled, as to the three chief clauses of the new Concordat—a more appropriate term equally taken from the diplomatic glossary would perhaps be the new Capitulation.

It is nearly certain that, unless this intelligence is very grossly mistaken (and it has in its favour, as has been repeatedly pointed out, the impossibility of discovering cause for such protracted and secret negotiations if anything more innocent has been under discussion), the conduct of the Government will not be approved by the country, and it is quite certain that it ought not to be approved. For the two portions of the project are hopelessly out of keeping with each other. It may not be in itself objectionable that England should in one form or other lend her credit to free Egypt from difficulties which, to speak with frankness, are, to no small extent, of England's causing. But, if that credit be so lent, no matter in what form, it becomes from the mere fact of the lending inadmissible that English dealings with Egypt should be hampered either by stipulations as to the period of occupation or by intrusion of foreign meddlers in the management. If we are to take the responsibilities of the concern, we must have the control of it—a proposition which is, one might have thought, self-evident, even putting aside the events of the last two years, which constitute an additional reason for not relinquishing the guardianship of Egypt to any other hands. On this point there is, it is believed, absolutely no difference of opinion among nineteen-twentieths of those Englishmen who either understand the subject or are capable of understanding it. On the face of the matter, therefore, there appears to be a choice only of two suppositions. Either the Government have been occupied for months on negotiations about something utterly trivial, and have exercised in reference to that something useless irritation and dangerous reticence, or they will come forward with propositions which are disapproved by Liberals as well as by Conservatives, which are even distasteful to a considerable portion of the extreme Radical party itself. And there are indications that the Government are prepared to make the question one of confidence in a somewhat novel

sense. Sir [illegible] Dilke's speech at Marylebone on Wednesday [illegible] little more than an adoption of the [illegible] Lord Salisbury! If you will "not have [illegible] offer you, you must have Lord "Salisbury [illegible] vague threats of terrible things from France. There [illegible] be no reason why a man like Sir Charles Dilke should speak in this fashion if no trial awaited the constancy of his party. Some members of that party, it is known, have already declared themselves. They say with much frankness that they know the Government is bent on schemes injurious to the welfare of the country, and that for all that they cannot and will not desert the Government. The disposition may be contemptible, it may be even criminal; but it is at least intelligible. The rest of the Liberal party, and especially of the representatives of the Liberal party in Parliament, have now to make up their minds whether they will adopt this disposition as it is, or whether, as Sir Charles Dilke seems to think more probable, they will adopt it under further stress of the bogey of France. If they are influenced by this latter, it is only fair to warn them that they are allowing themselves to be frightened by the emptiest of bugbears. Until France and Germany come to an understanding, which, in the present temper of the French people, could only be effected by even worse blunders on the part of English statesmen than any which Mr. Gladstone has yet committed, France is absolutely powerless in Europe, however much she may swagger and bustle in remote parts of the earth. Only Mr. Gladstone's unintelligible Germanophobia has made it possible for France even to annoy England; many things must happen before anything worse than annoyance is possible from her. Nor, on the other hand, is there anything whatever to be gained by truckling to France. Liberals as well as Conservatives may dismiss from their minds, in preparing those minds for the approaching decision, all questions save this one and simple question—whether the influence, the sacrifices, the interests, and the claims of England in and on Egypt are to be made of no effect at the bidding of, or in consideration of the probable consequences to, a particular set of English politicians? If a great majority of Englishmen do not answer "No" to this simple question, and if they would not answer "No" whatever individual party or partisans happened to be in power, then the political health of the country is in such a state that the loss of Egypt will pretty certainly be followed by misfortunes much more serious.

FOLLIES IN FASHION.

THE Old Cockpit, in Stoneygate, Preston, has fallen down with a tremendous crash. We cannot help regretting the Old Cockpit, and yet no one can wonder that it has selected this moment to fall. Perhaps the Old Cockpit, which is said to have been built at the expense of an old Earl of Derby, is *felix opportunitate mortis*. Without defending cocking, which is obsolete and perhaps cruel, we may remember that it was at least considered a manly sport. Socrates was fond of cocking; so was Mr. Windham; and Admiral Rous once used all his recognized powers of eloquence and logic in defence of a pastime which he thought the nurse of valour. The same generation which considers it a fine manly thing to desert General Gordon also considers cocking by no means ennobling. Perhaps Mr. Windham's opinion about these matters was worth as much as that of the extremely sensitive modern Radical.

However this may be, we can scarcely congratulate a race in which back-swording, wrestling, and other pastimes, blameless and robust, have been superseded by pin-hunting. Folly for folly, we are not quite certain that even the prize-ring had not advantages over the pin-hunt as conducted by muscle-readers and Psychical Researchers. The newspapers at this most busy season of the year continue to print long accounts of *la chasse aux épingles*, and long letters from all manner of men on this absorbing pursuit. The silly season is always with us. A gentleman who glories in being a Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research stands forth as an anxious but not yet convinced inquirer. He asks for "more experiments" by amateur pin-hunters, for he seems to distrust professional sportsmen. The question of pin-hunting has succeeded the question of the housing of the poor in the minds of the fashionable. Instead of going to see courts, and lanes, and slums, our giddy race is now running about the street after blindfolded men with their heads in bags. One may doubt whether, in this case, the blind are always leading the blind. If a person is blindfolded, the addition of a bag over his face does not make it still more impossible for him to see, but greatly increases the possibility of his removing, unnoticed, the bandage over his eyes. This is an example of the precautions which defeat themselves.

No humane man will seriously regret cock-fighting; but the increasing frivolity of our lives may remind us that, at least, the follies of our fathers had some actual interest, some basis in human nature. Where is one to find, except in almost inconceivable ignorance and stupidity, any human basis for an interest in Esoteric Buddhism, Theosophy, the conjuring feats of old women from Thibet, and the thought-reading exploits of much-advertised quacks? A welcome letter on this last stage of imbecile credulity is published in the *Standard* by a correspondent who signs himself "Anti-Humbug." He utters, not too soon, the voice of complete scepticism. His argument is merely the old inevitable one—does an experience of the world make it more probable that the pin-hunters do what they seem to do, or that they rely on the usual tricks of collusion? "The "pin-finding trick in a room is done by the interpretation "of unconscious muscular actions on the part of nervous "people. . . . Pin-finding out of doors is done by con-"federacy, like many other tricks." In fact, "such arts the "Gods who dwell on high have given to the Greek," and they were as well known to Mr. Barry Lyndon as to any modern pin-hunter. Mr. Lyndon employed his service in the comparatively worthy pursuit of gambling. Anything in the world is more credible than that the "thoughts," as they are called by courtesy, of a Canon pass through a copper wire to a pin-hunter with his head in a bag. That is the short and the long of the matter. All this drivel about thought-reading is forced on the silly part of the public as a conjurer forces a card, by a mutual advertisement system, in which persons attached to the Press, the Church, and the pin-hunting profession combine to make each other notorious. A varnish of sham popular science is the natural modern polish of the machine.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

THERE is a paradoxical element in the surprise with which the Republican nomination at Chicago has been received both at home and in England. Mr. Blaine was the most conspicuous, if not the most popular, of the candidates; and it was known before the meeting of the Convention that he had a majority of supporters as compared with any single competitor. It was nevertheless supposed, except perhaps by some of the most skilful election managers, that, as in former cases, relative strength might be an indication of absolute weakness. With the exception of General Grant, all the Presidents since the war have been persons of secondary importance. No one hoped or feared beforehand the selection of Mr. Hayes or of General Garfield. Delegates to Presidential Conventions are generally pledged to a special choice only in the early ballots, so that they are at liberty during the subsequent proceedings to confine their attention to the defeat of obnoxious candidates. At Chicago Mr. Arthur's supporters, by a series of judicious coalitions, defeated the Blaine party in the preliminary skirmishes. The oddest episode of the Convention was a contest between two Republicans of colour for the temporary chairmanship; and on this occasion Mr. Arthur's negro was preferred to Mr. Blaine's. The large and respectable body of politicians which disapproved of both the principal candidates seems not to have been adequately represented at Chicago. Both Mr. Blaine and Mr. Arthur had attained political eminence as wire-pullers; and it was doubtful whether either of them, if he were nominated, could carry the State of New York. It is said, probably with truth, that the coming election will be decided by the neutral votes of citizens who are not professed or zealous members of either party. It is, therefore, unusually important that the nominees should command personal respect and confidence. Nothing has been said against Mr. Arthur except that he is a professional politician. Charges of misconduct, which have been brought against Mr. Blaine, are probably unfounded; but during his short career of Secretary of State he showed himself a turbulent and blustering diplomatist.

No Republican nomination since the accession of the party to power has provoked so much disapprobation as the choice of Mr. Blaine. It is true that, in accordance with a custom which has become so uniform as to have almost lost

its meaning, the nomination of Mr. BLAINE was formally made unanimous; but the delegates were probably almost all active partisans, to whom success in the Presidential election appears of paramount importance. If the Democratic Convention, which is also to be held at Chicago, makes a popular choice, the nomination of Mr. BLAINE will probably be disastrous to the Republicans. It appears that having now laid aside an affectation of indifference, Mr. BLAINE intends to conduct in person the canvass, or, as it is called, the campaign. He already professes to rely greatly on the Irish vote, which must be purchased, if at all, by professions of ill-will to England. It is highly improbable that Mr. BLAINE's rumoured policy should be justified by success. The Irish voters have for many years served in the Democratic ranks; and there is no reason to suppose that they will detach themselves from their old connexion at the moment when, after four-and-twenty years, their party is likely to triumph. The great body of unpledged politicians would be more than ever alienated from the cause of a candidate who should propose to disturb international relations for his own personal aggrandizement. Notwithstanding the professions of political aspirants, the cause of Civil Service reform is not so far advanced that voters and agents will fail to anticipate lucrative results from the success of their party. Democrats will be generally disinclined to become deserters, when they may hope to elect a President who will have many thousands of salaried officers at his disposal. In calculating the chances of the contest, it must be remembered that the President is elected, not by a majority of the whole constituency, but by the several States. When the Republican journals of New York assert that Mr. BLAINE will not receive the thirty-five votes of the State, they have probably strong reasons for their opinion. It is also believed that several of the New England States will withhold their support; but it is conceded that Ohio and some of the other central States will vote for the Chicago nominee.

The Southern States, with one or two possible exceptions, will give their votes to the Democratic candidate. Those party Conventions which have up to the present time expressed a preference have almost unanimously recommended the nomination of Mr. TILDEN and Mr. HENDRICKS, who were fraudulently deprived of their right to the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency after the election of 1876. The rectification of a gross injustice is an intelligible object, which may perhaps prevent or simplify a contest for the nomination. The only obvious objection to Mr. TILDEN is that he is advanced in life; but there seemed to be no question of his competence to discharge the duties of his office if he is elected; but Mr. TILDEN has lately announced his physical incapacity to discharge the duties of the Presidential office to his own satisfaction. It is of course possible that his reluctance may be overcome; and, if he is nominated, he will be supported by all sections of his party. He will be especially strong in the State of New York, which, in the judgment of both parties, will exercise an almost decisive voice in the election. On the whole, Mr. TILDEN's prospects, both of nomination and election, would be brighter than those of any rival in either party. Foreigners ought to judge with hesitation and diffidence on subjects which can only be understood by the aid of detailed and local knowledge. Mr. BLAINE may probably derive advantage from Mr. TILDEN's refusal, especially if the Democratic Convention selects an unsatisfactory candidate. American institutions for the most part work so well that superficial criticisms on their supposed defects ought not to be readily hazarded. It is possible that no practical disadvantage may result from habitual toleration of mediocrity in the highest office which is in any part of the world bestowed by popular election. An English Prime Minister is always one of the first statesmen of the day, because he attains his rank by the tacit approval of his equals. It is apparently not necessary that a President should have similar claims to his position.

The only important issue which will be involved in the Presidential contest has been raised in the most definite form by the Republican Convention. The greater part of the Resolutions which constitute the Republican platform is devoted to an unqualified avowal of the crudest theory of Protection. As is usual with American advocates of monopoly, the Convention professes extreme solicitude for the interests of the working class. It is apparently rather for the purpose of maintaining a high rate of wages than for the increase of their own profits that Pennsylvanian manufacturers and their friends in Republican Conventions are anxious to exclude the products of European industry, which is sometimes rhetorically stigmatized as slave labour. Political managers are embarrassed by the difficulty of offering a sufficient temptation to the powerful body of farmers who have the strongest interest both in buying cheap goods and in promoting commercial intercourse with the markets of their grain and cattle. Luckily for the Republicans, it happens that wool-growers desire a share of the tribute which is levied on consumers by ironmasters and cotton-spinners. Probably for the sake of their shepherds rather than of themselves they object to the importation of foreign wool; and their welcome remonstrances supply a separate plank, as it is called, in the general platform. Everything American is to be protected; and especially wool. It remains to be seen whether the Democratic leaders will have the courage to rely on sound economic principles, and on the obvious interest of the great bulk of the community. It may be doubtful whether a bold profession of Free-trade doctrines would penetrate the dense ignorance of the mass of the people; but, unless they accept the challenge of their antagonists, the Democrats deserve to be defeated. At the last election the Democratic Resolutions were reasonably liberal and sound; but General HANCOCK, the nominee of the party, probably neither knowing nor caring anything about the merits of the question, took fright at the last moment, and repudiated in a published letter the principles to which his party was pledged. It is, perhaps, on this ground that, notwithstanding his respectable character and his military reputation, he has not on the present occasion been mentioned as a possible nominee. Mr. TILDEN, as a man of business, probably understands the subject better; but it is not known whether the Democratic Convention or the representative whom it may nominate will have the courage to denounce the system of privileged monopoly. If English interests were taken into consideration, it is extremely doubtful whether it would be desirable to make any change in the American tariff. The richest and most industrious of civilized communities might become a still more formidable competitor than at present but for the artificial restrictions which have confined the energies of producers and of traders. The election of a new President may have no direct influence on commercial legislation; but, if the contest turns on Protection and Free-trade, the result will be deeply significant. There is no other perceptible difference between Republicans and Democrats. This may perhaps be the last occasion on which the old party nicknames will be retained, especially if the Republican malcontents persist in their refusal to support the nominee of the Convention.

THE GREEN ABOVE THE ORANGE.

THE disastrous reversal on Sunday of the policy of equal justice to all parties in Ireland which Lord SPENCER after some hesitation had the sense and courage to carry out last year may be due to various causes. The narrow escape on the last Vote of Censure may have shaken Mr. GLADSTONE'S nerves, and it may have been thought necessary to propitiate the so-called National party by an open act of favouritism, in view of the difficulties of the Government with regard not merely to the Franchise Bill, but to Egypt. Such an act, moreover, is always popular with the extreme English Radicals, who hate equally Orange landlords and Orange Toryism, and the extreme English Radicals are not in much better temper with the Government just now than the extreme English Whigs, if any such party still exists. The most immediate cause for regret in the proceeding is the surrender of Lord SPENCER, who for many months has governed Ireland like a statesman—in other words, not like a member of the present Ministry. The step taken on Sunday, if persevered in, may perhaps bring about a United Ireland in a manner somewhat unexpected and by most Englishmen undesired—that is to say, an Ireland united in hatred of English rule. But it is impossible to see what result of any other kind it can possibly bring about. The means, however, of bringing about this particular result are almost more disastrous than the result itself. For it is impossible, if all tales—including the Government tale—be true, to avoid seeing that the Constabulary behaved with extreme harshness and imprudence to the party upon which their superiors in Dublin for the moment frowned; and this, considering the different position of the police in Ireland, is simply deplorable. Even the cooked and

laboured report which Mr. TREVELYAN read in Parliament revealed clearly the fact that the attack was first made on, not from, the Orange hall, and that the initiative of violence in every case came from the Nationalist side. If this is the result of obedience to the law and to the good counsels of moderation which the Orange leaders gave in this case, it is quite easy to foresee what counsels will be adopted in another, and in what odour the law will shortly be. All men, and Irishmen most of all men, if they must be taken up at all, would rather be taken up for assaulting some one else than for being assaulted by some one else.

The confused details of the actual riot, however, are of far less importance than the conduct of the Irish Government which preceded, and (to speak plain English) which caused, that riot. In the duel of letters between the LORD LIEUTENANT and Lord ARTHUR HILL, the latter plainly has the best of it, even if the "disloyalty" of the Nationalists be put out of sight altogether. The contention of the Government is that that disloyalty must be put out of sight. It is a preposterous contention enough; but it is possible to grant it for the sake of argument. It will then inevitably follow that, if the purpose and spirit of the Nationalist meeting was a matter with which Government had nothing to do, the purpose and spirit of the Orange meeting was a matter with which the Government had nothing to do likewise. According to Lord SPENCER, Mr. O'BRIEN and his friends were guileless lambs, who merely wanted to sport in the meadows of Newry in pursuance of the sacred right of public meeting. Granting this, there could be no reason for preventing other guileless lambs from sporting in the same meadows and in pursuance of the same sacred right. If the sacred right of public meeting is decisive for Green it is decisive for Orange; if there are reasons for specially entrusting Lord SPENCER with the power of suspending it, there can be no conceivable reason why it should be suspended in the Orange case and not in the Green. When the defenders of the Government, finding themselves in a difficulty here, begin to say that there were special reasons, and that the second meeting evidently threatened a breach of the peace, they simply give their cause away. For so did the first meeting threaten such a breach, and the admission of any—no matter what—special reasons and considerations does away with the sacred-right-of-public-meeting argument altogether. The fact is that the Ministerial policy is absolutely indefensible except against partisans, if there be any such, who say that Orange meetings ought to be permitted and Nationalist meetings forbidden. We at least say nothing of the sort. In the present state of Ireland, and with the laws at present in force, the clear duty of Government is to prohibit every public meeting, no matter by whom held, which is likely to provoke or to end in a breach of the peace. Any deviation from this rule can only lead to heartburning and to headbreaking, and this particular deviation has led to plenty of both. But for the rare good sense of the Orange leaders—a good sense for the exercise of which they have been sneered at by English Radical newspapers—it is nearly certain that there would have been bloodshed at Newry on Sunday to an extent greater than has been known in Ireland for years. And the conduct of the subordinate agents of the Executive, who, unfortunately, may be trusted in every case to exaggerate the supposed tendencies of their superiors, is likely, as has been said, to make it very hard for the Orange leaders to exercise similar authority again.

The impossibility of accounting for this new fashion of partial impartiality on any rational principles may not unnaturally give rise to uncomplimentary suspicions of the motives of the Government such as those alluded to above. The plea of equal justice has been shown to be absurd, and no plea of expediency can be advanced with any show of reason. With the memory of the events of the past four years fresh, with the history of Ireland open, and with such investigations as that into the Barbavilla murder still going on, no one can sincerely argue that proceedings of this sort conciliate the National party. They feel no gratitude, and, to do them justice, they show none. Neither do they make the slightest secret of those objects which Lord SPENCER thinks either so praiseworthy as to deserve protection, or so obscure as at least not to call for interference. Every meeting held by the Nationalist party is held directly against the laws and Constitution of the country, and directly or indirectly in favour of treasonable designs. Nobody knows this better than Mr. TREVELYAN, who has said in his place in Parliament that nothing but the Government stands between Ireland and civil war, unless it be Lord SPENCER, who has actually had experience at one period of open, at another of veiled, insurrection. A considerable minority of the people of Ireland, a considerable majority of the people of Ulster, at present object to these demonstrations. They are not only not sustained in their objection (which sustainment, on a very pedantic theory of free government, though not, by the way, on any theory that squares with Coercion Acts, might perhaps be itself objected to), but they are positively put at a disadvantage in the expression of opinion. They are not allowed to reply; their opponents are allowed to assert. Their opponents have permission to meet, and a small army to protect them in meeting; they themselves are forbidden to meet, and a small army is employed to prevent them meeting and to coerce them—not when they transgress the prohibition, but when they, in self-defence, return the violence of the invaders. This, it must be admitted, is an admirable fashion of discouraging friends, a most broad and plain hint to all Irishmen that the way to secure Government protection is to be disloyal to the Government. It is contended by the Government henchmen that there is, in effect, a strong Romanist and Nationalist (the terms, by the way, are by no means interchangeable) party in Ulster. It must be granted that, if Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government continues its lately-devised policy, there bids fair to be little else, at least as far as politics go. Their somewhat aggressive Protestantism the farmers and townsmen of the North are not likely to give up; but it is probably forgotten by the politicians of the moment, who are in general utterly ignorant of Irish history, that one of the most troublesome and dangerous manifestations of Irish treason with which England ever had to contend came from Ulstermen and from Protestants. It hardly requires very extensive observation of life, or a very energetic exercise of the reasoning faculties, to recognize the fact that there is no more dangerous enemy than a discontented friend. The Orange party in Ireland has had a by no means faultless past, and is doubtless not impeccable in the present. But, at any rate, it has recognized as no other party in Ireland has recognized the pernicious folly of the Irish National theory, and so far may be said to be sound on the central and all-important principle of Irish politics. It is this faith which Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues seem to have set themselves to destroy, and they are certainly going no ill way to do so.

COSAS DE CORSICA.

FRENCH politics are full of queer little surprises; but they have probably never had anything more remarkable to show than the "affaire SAINT-ELME," over which the Chamber of Deputies has spent a whole week, while the Army and the Revision Bills were kept waiting for attention. It all arose out of the desire of the Opposition to find a martyr. Since Prince KRAPOTKINE refused to change his prison, and figure as the victim of extreme oppression for the convenience of the Bonapartists and Extreme Republicans, these politicians have been in pressing need of an outward and visible sign of Opportunist villany. At last they found a sufferer who had the great advantage over Prince KRAPOTKINE that he was dead, and therefore completely at their disposal. This interesting martyr was a Corsican journalist, by name SAINT-ELME, who edited an extreme Radical paper called the *Sampiero*. With honourable consistency, SAINT-ELME held advanced opinions on the liberty of the press. He did not understand how it could be said to exist if he could not accuse the Prefect of keeping a disorderly house, and write articles to prove that his political opponents were guilty of many and complicated acts of vice. A journalist who acts on these principles is likely to get into trouble, and SAINT-ELME had his share. At last steps of a very Corsican character were taken. The editor of the *Sampiero* was "waited for" and cudgelled. Some time afterwards he died, whether of disease, or of the cudgelling, or of both, is doubtful. In any case, it was plain that he had quarrelled with an opportunist Prefect, had been beaten, and had died. To the Bonapartist Radical Opposition the connexion of cause and effect was obvious, and they resolved to see justice done.

Accordingly MM. LAGUERRE and PELLETAN made a motion in the Chamber of Deputies and called for inquiry into the conduct of the Prefect. It was soon found that the cause of SAINT-ELME would not do. It could not be

shown that the Prefect had ordered the assault. The most law-abiding deputy was quickly persuaded that, though SAINT-ELME had been cudgelled, it only served him right. If Prefects had never done anything worse than be a little severe in using the law against his like, their record would be cleaner than it is. But there was more behind. On the motion of M. ANDRIEUX, the Chamber proceeded to make a general inquiry into the administration of Corsica, and at once made a discovery naturally painful to the more ingenuously-minded Republican deputies. They found out that the business of Government remains pretty much what it used to be in the corrupt days of the Empire. The only change is that, whereas one clique ruled then, another rules now. The "ins" of to-day use the power of Government to crush their private enemies, just as the other side did before them. It is the vendetta working with stamped paper and grants-in-aid. The Prefect looks after his elect, and his obedient Mayors help him. When the elections were held, one public spirited officer carried the urn containing the voting papers home with him, and announced the results next morning. It is needless to say which party appeared in the majority. Another and a bolder Mayor refused to hold any election at all, because he had been feasting the night before. When the "épuration" of the magistracy was in progress, it was found that the promotions and removals corresponded curiously to the political opinions and relationships of the judges. In a variety of ways the good people of Corsica find that it is an excellent thing to be on friendly terms with certain deputies. Farmers are compensated for losses by cattle-plagues which never raged, except on paper. One happy district was paid for more beasts than it had ever contained. By a pleasant little fiction, a flood was supposed to have desolated a district which has been dried up from the Creation, as far as can be discovered. Of course the sufferers of the right way of thinking were liberally helped out of the public purse to tide over the evil day. Meanwhile such as are not of the right way of thinking see the other side of the medal. The attempts of M. FERRY and his colleagues to soften down this picture were as successful as might be expected. What they had to say amounted in the long run to this—that the other side were just as bad, and to a confession that everything was not as it should be in the Island of Corsica, but that it would be put right. The deputies are perhaps not cynical enough to think, and are in any case too cautious to say, that this is sufficient. They may be of opinion that a Republic is bound to make things better if it is to justify its pretensions; but the majority does not feel constrained to carry virtue to the point of turning out the Ministry. It preferred, very naturally, to pass to the order of the day, and leave M. FERRY to keep his promises. The result might have been foreseen, and there is nothing in it to discourage the Opposition. They have had the best of the debate, and have struck M. FERRY hard for the first time. The success is to be followed up by a general inquiry into the behaviour of Prefects all over France, and the prospect is manifestly making the Ministerial journalists very uncomfortable.

DISESTABLISHMENT IN WALES.

IT appears that the Government has determined to leave the proposed disestablishment of the Church of England in Wales an open question. A statement to that effect, published some time ago, has not been contradicted; and the complicity of Mr. GLADSTONE in the agitation of the so-called Liberation Society has long been suspected. The encouragement which he offers to Mr. DILLWYN's motion is facilitated by the recent and vicious practice of fragmentary or provincial legislation. The comparatively trivial innovation of the Welsh Sunday Closing Act was probably intended by Mr. GLADSTONE to serve as a precedent for an insidious attack on the Church Establishment. In both cases a concession will have been made to the same active body of election agents which has for the present returned in the Principality an overwhelming majority of Ministerial members. The Welsh Nonconformist Ministers, having partially shut up the public-houses, are now bent on the more ambitious object of relieving themselves, as they hope, from the social superiority of the Established clergy. Their most zealous allies will find it difficult to suggest any other desirable result which can follow from the proposed revolution. The great majority of Welsh Dissenters entertain no unfriendly feelings to the class which is so obnoxious to their ministers. The love of ecclesiastical services, and especially of sermons, which is peculiar to the Welsh people, induces many of them to attend church and chapel in turn with almost indiscriminate satisfaction. With the tacit approval of their neighbours, the upper classes exclusively frequent the churches of the Establishment. A local magnate or a country gentleman who professed himself a Dissenter would be regarded with surprise, if not with suspicion, as a deserter and a possible spy. There is no corresponding or converse prejudice against Churchmen of a humbler rank. But for professional agitation, sectarian divisions in Wales would in no degree interfere with social harmony.

The religious revival which was effected during the last century by the disciples of WESLEY and WHITFIELD was undoubtedly justified or provoked by the stagnant condition of the Church, which again was mainly the result of scanty endowments. In many parts of Wales the greater number of benefices had been appropriated by monasteries; and at the Reformation the great tithes remained, with few exceptions, in the possession either of laymen or of distant ecclesiastical corporations. Within the memory of the present generation the poverty of the local establishment compelled bishops and patrons to content themselves with the appointment of ill-educated incumbents of humble condition, some of whom shared the excusable defects of the class from which they sprang. The livings have not become richer; but the zeal which has become general in England has overflowed into the Principality; and the great majority of the Welsh clergy are now cultivated, earnest in the discharge of their duties, and generally efficient. The wholly unmixed evil which will result from disestablishment in Wales is of exactly the same character with the inevitable consequence of a similar policy in England. The attack is first directed against a local section, only because it is believed to be isolated and weak. Mr. DILLWYN, though he may perhaps be urged on by special antipathies, will not conceal his entire sympathy with the more comprehensive measure proposed by the Liberationists. Mr. GLADSTONE hopes to promote in the whole country as well as in the Principality the incompatible objects of Democratic equality and increased sacerdotal influence.

It is indeed possible that he may withhold for the present his own active co-operation in the assault on the Church; but he can deal no heavier blow against a fundamental institution than to treat its continuance as an open question. Mr. GLADSTONE's real feeling on the subject of Church Establishments has been fully disclosed by his action in Ireland, and by the language which has been used by himself and his followers with reference to Scotland. It has been said that in that country the decision must rest with the majority of the people, and Lord HARTINGTON announced on a memorable occasion that he would not be deterred from concurring in Scotch disestablishment by apprehension of the bearing of such a measure on the English Church. Aristocratic Liberals are apt to forget that by the condition of their existence they are retained to defend other rights and privileges as well as their own. The Bishops of the Synod of Dort, who, according to SYDNEY SMITH's apologue, threw out to the mob the dinners of the Deans and Chapters, were not deemed to have added to the security of their own repast. Political and social levellers regard with natural satisfaction the blind readiness of their destined victims to desert any section of their own body which may be immediately threatened. Capitalists are sometimes ready to admit that property in land has some peculiar disability; and landowners support measures which are openly directed against shareholders in public undertakings. The hereditary Whigs are, of all others, the most obstinately shortsighted. Several of them lately voted for the expulsion of the Bishops from the House of Lords, in the obvious belief that they were protecting one Estate of the Realm by sacrificing another.

Fragmentary legislation for parts of the kingdom where it is thought that resistance may be weakest deprives established institutions of their most legitimate defence. If the Establishment were arbitrarily destroyed in the Principality of Wales, the agitators would, unless they felt themselves strong enough for the final struggle, repeat the experiment in some other part of the country; probably, as in another instance, in Cornwall. With each successive mutilation the Church and the vast interests which it includes would become doubly weakened for further resistance. The principle of spoliation would after the first experiment have been already recognized, and the natural defenders of the Establishment would find themselves scattered and divided. It is perhaps partly for this reason that the attack on the

separate Establishment of Scotland has been postponed to the scheme of destroying an integral portion of the Church of England, but Mr. ANDERSON'S candid speech on the Ecclesiastical Assessments Bill proves that a reaction in favour of the Establishment has taken place since the time when Lord HARTINGTON was persuaded by Mr. ADAM to bid for the support of the voluntary agitators. Neither in Scotland nor in England will it be possible to show that the change would produce any advantage to compensate for the widespread mischief which must necessarily result. Of course the spoils of the Church might be employed for various purposes, though to none as useful as in their present application; but the argument that revolutionary measures are pecuniarily profitable is capable of wide and dangerous extension. The demagogues and dreamers who propose to expropriate landowners and capitalists are, like the Liberation Society, in the habit of enumerating the tempting forms of expenditure in which a predatory Government would indulge. It is generally thought to be a sufficient answer that the existence of property has not become an open question. It is obvious that theft, if it is secured against its proper penalties, is an extremely gainful industry; but, even on economical grounds, general confiscation would be ruinous to the community.

It may be readily admitted that corporate funds stand on a different foundation from private property. In extreme cases the Legislature may justly alter their disposition; but, when change is recommended as a lucrative operation, the proposal excites grave suspicion. The maintenance of a resident clergy, such as that which now exists in England and Wales, would be a highly beneficial investment of capital, if it were now for the first time disposable. The Nonconformists themselves, with creditable inconsistency, promote, as far as their resources extend, the endowment of their several sects. Half a century ago Sir ROBERT PEEL passed, at the instance of the English Presbyterians, an Act for securing to the actual congregations, though they had by that time changed their doctrines, large funds which had been given to their predecessors. The Wesleyans, the Congregationalists, and many other religious bodies are constantly increasing the large investments which to a certain extent now render them independent of voluntary contributions. The Church of England has, according to undisputed statements, within thirty years received contributions amounting to the enormous sum of twenty-five millions. Its enemies affect to infer, from the profuse liberality of its members, that it might subsist even if it were deprived of its actual possessions; but the builders and benefactors of churches have been largely influenced by their knowledge that they were increasing the efficiency, not of a sect, but of a national Church which is responsible for the use it makes of its revenues. In proportion to its wealth, the Principality of Wales has not been less active or less liberal than other parts of the kingdom. At this time the Welsh section of the Establishment is more efficient than at any former period. If it were suddenly abolished or excluded from the Principality, no Dissenting sect would either fill the vacancy or, as there is no question of concurrent endowment, in any way profit by the change. The ministers of the sects would retain the exact social position which seems at present in some cases to cause their discontent.

DROWNED TREASURES.

"THE sea hath its pearls"; and not only these, but a great many other pieces of portable property. A diver in the Bay of Gibraltar, who went down lately to discover the whereabouts of a recent wreck, found himself among the guns and timbers of some old sunken ship of war. Possibly human curiosity may lead to the recovery of this submerged barque, though the guns can scarcely have much value, even as old metal, and though there is no reason to think that the ship contained the naval chest with specie. The finding of this vessel is chiefly interesting because it reminds the adventurous of almost the last remaining vestige of romance. It is still not impossible for a bold, lucky, and ingenious man to become a MONTE CRISTO. All he needs is money enough. Now it is true that money enough for the character may be obtained on the Stock Exchange, and by an adroit use of "Rings" and "Corners." But it is found, as a matter of experience, that when a man has acquired the wealth of a MONTE CRISTO by the methods of a VANDERBILT, he does not spend his opulence like a MONTE CRISTO. Now spending, not getting, is the touchstone of this heroic type. People who have been money-grubbing all their lives do not know how to scatter their gains in a truly grand style. They remain swollen, prosperous, and deeply uninteresting citizens. They never dream of playing at Providence, unmasking villains, delivering damsels, picking up their enemies in company with Casks of Amontillado, and similar diversions. To do all this as it should be done, to live like a hero of DUMAS, and sin like a creation of EDGAR POE, a man must come into his money young, in the full flush of his invention and his powers, unstaled by the eternal use of the telephone, the air of City offices, and the dull study of the City articles.

A modern millionaire probably does not know what an enemy is, or what passion means. He may have commercial rivals, of course; but when he "corners" them it is not with lime and a trowel in the recess of a cellar. He may have two or three "establishments"; but what does he wot of passion as it burns in the veins of a genuine hero? What has he felt of the wild thrill with which you clasp the maiden whom you have rescued from the embrace of the Cardinal or the caresses of the Pontiff, while a devoted crew of Carbonari in red shirts cheer your valour and applaud your choice? Of all this ardent opulent existence, which can only be procured when bounding youth directs incalculable opulence, we may say that the VANDERBILTS and JAY GOULDS of this world have only the feeblest conception.

To make romance possible, a man still in his prime (say nineteen years of age) ought also to be at the head of millions, or milliards. Now this happy conjunction can only be effected by the discovery of buried treasure. The world, by land or sea, is full of buried treasure. Where is the gold of which ALEXANDER'S men looted the palaces of Persia? In dealing with this topic it is difficult quite to avoid the style of the *Daily Telegraph*. Where is the hidden hoard of Tonatiuh, the Mexican Sun-god, and where the endless wealth of his temple? Delphi was not so well looted, depend on it, as the barbarians believed. Priests of all faiths, like the persecuted Jesuits in England, have their "priests'-hole" to hide the property of the god. The hoard of ATTILA, like that of the Niblungs, is somewhere, if we only knew where. Unluckily we do not know. Earth is too jealous a guardian of treasure entrusted to her bosom. But we do know that the vessels of the Mede went down, with the crews cheering and the Persian bunting still flying (though riddled with shot) in the Straits of Salamis. The ancients had no diving-bells, and all the wealth of Orient—great cups of gold, bowls of Sidonian work, sceptres, pearls, the golden shoes of the Satrap—must be below the ooze, and bathybius, and so forth, in the Salaminian bay. A "concession" may, doubtless, be obtained from the Greek Government. The Spanish Government also might (and probably would) sell a concession to raise the plate ships sunk in Vigo Bay. Unluckily these were explored by a company (limited) eight or nine years ago, and there was no plate in them—only old cannon-balls. The new MONTE CRISTO must look elsewhere.

ROMAN POLITICS.

THE recent municipal elections in Rome, in which the Clerical party has won a signal victory, have a greater importance than usually belongs to contests of this kind. They illustrate alike the confusion into which all political parties in Italy but one have fallen, and the capital which this one—the Clerical—party is able to make out of the confusion. For fourteen years, as is well known, the Clericals, as a party, have taken no open share in Parliamentary elections. That they have repeatedly pulled the wires from behind the scenes on such occasions is notorious; but before the world they have been always able to allege that the good Catholic must be neither a candidate nor a voter till it might seem good to the POPE for the time being to withdraw the prohibition imposed by PIUS IX. But after a few years a distinction began to be drawn. To take part in the political life of Italy would be virtually to accept the new dynasty, and recognize its claims; but a Catholic unable and unwilling to do this might lawfully (it was argued) take part in the government of his native town. Hence the rule was relaxed. For some time past the Clericals have taken part and gained ground in municipal politics. An outward show of consistency was maintained; and the way was prepared either, in case Italy fell into difficulties, to use the

influence thus acquired against her; or, in case the consolidation of Italy grew to be too stubborn a fact to be any longer called in question, to be able to treat on terms not too unequal between the Quirinal and the Vatican. The great amount of pressure which can be silently exercised by the latter upon the former is shown by the passing of the recent Law of Public Instruction, the effect of which will be greatly to strengthen Clerical influence throughout the country. This Bill was passed by a Ministry many of the members of which were not long ago ardent Radicals, and which repudiates the charge of being in any way in collusion with the Clerical party. No doubt the disclaimer is made in perfect good faith. The Ministry yielded to the superior address of the Clerical wire-pullers. Ten years ago the Clerical party was powerless simply because it was inactive. It refused to take any part in public affairs, and consequently its votes were of no account, and it cherished dreams of foreign intervention on behalf of the Papacy which made every patriotic Italian look on it as the worst of all enemies. But from the moment when it began, even in merely municipal business, to take an active share in public life, it became a force which had to be reckoned with. The disease of Italian politics was, and still to a great extent is, that there are no national distinctions among parties. They are formed, last a few months, are broken up, and replaced by other groups equally ephemeral. What gives the Clerical party its power under such circumstances is that it votes and acts in a solid, compact body. But this is the very reason why the party still resolutely declines to be avowedly represented in the Chamber. The fact of there being a considerable Clerical party there would have the immediate effect of putting an end to the ceaseless personal squabbles and intrigues in which Italian Parliamentary life chiefly consists, and in placing, for the first time since the unification of Italy, a plain issue before the country.

This plain issue the Clerical party has hitherto wished to evade or postpone. It is now recognized on all hands that the restoration of the Temporal Power is an impossibility; and the question then presents itself to the Papacy how to make good on one field what it has lost on another. Not to quote other instances, the recent elections in Belgium have shown that it is possible for the Clerical party, even in one of the most enlightened countries in Europe, to win a Parliamentary majority. But the tactics which have been successfully tried in Belgium would be premature in Italy. To obtain as firm a hold as possible, first on public instruction, and next on municipal politics, are the two chief steps to be taken before engaging in an open Parliamentary struggle. The former of these two ends has been in part achieved by the Education Act carried, not without the aid of Clerical pressure, by the present Liberal Cabinet. The latter has been attained, not only in Rome, but in many other parts of Italy. Genoa, the birthplace of Mazzini, and one of the strongholds of Italian Radicalism, has been in the same way carried by the Clericals. In the smaller municipalities the influence of the Church is a constant power, always working in one direction against the divided and often supine resistance of its opponents. It must also be remembered that the education of the country is largely in the hands of the municipalities, which fact in great part accounts for the strenuous endeavours of the Church to gain control of them. The Catholic Church, better than any other religious or political body, knows how to play a waiting game. Give it a few more years in which it can freely mould the education of the Italian people, and it can, even while freely recognizing the new order of things in Italy, enter into the Parliamentary life of the country with the chance of gaining such victories as the Clerical party has recently won in Belgium. Its position then would assuredly be far stronger than it is at present, and stronger than any one that it could acquire, in the conditions of modern political life, by any other means. The Temporal Power is gone for ever; but there are many signs to show that the spiritual and political influence of the Church, in Italy as in other countries, is by no means on the decline.

RAILWAY DEFICIENCIES.

THE whole duty of Railway Directors is not summed up in the formula that they should think of the dividends. It is a great thing, both directly and indirectly, to get a good percentage on their shares for the shareholders. In the first place, it is very nice for those among us who are happy enough to have shares in a paying line, and then the public at large makes its profit also; for if railways did not pay, who would build them? So much is obvious to everybody who is not a friend of humanity of the deepest dye. There is another side to the question however. Railways have not a few advantages which are refused to other business undertakings—the most important of them being protection against competition, at least to a very considerable extent. Now, in return for this immense assistance, they may reasonably be expected to show a certain magnanimity, and, moreover, it will be wise in them to do so. But, as a matter of fact, many lines show neither magnanimity nor wisdom. Those of us who have occasion to travel about London on our lawful occasions are compelled to make acquaintance with lines which seem to take an absolute pleasure in worrying the passengers. You have to travel in a carriage which is smaller and worse ventilated and more crowded than an average omnibus. You take an hour to crawl over fifteen miles and a half. The explanation of this inefficiency is forthcoming on inquiry and perfectly satisfactory after a fashion. There is no competition to fear, for there is no other line to one's destination, and so the Company can do as it pleases. In other and more important respects the Railway Companies show a tendency to drive a hard bargain. There is the question of the food supply, for instance, and particularly the question of the fish supply. It is on the face of it sufficiently absurd that, while millions of mackerel are catchable, and are caught, on the coast of Cornwall, they cannot be brought to London. The only reasonable explanation would be that they do not sell when they get there. That, however, is said not to be the case. They can be sold, but they cannot be brought; and the reason is that the Railway Companies refuse to go to the expense of providing proper vans, and that they insist upon prohibitive freights. Now it will not be pretended that London should be supplied with fish at the cost of the shareholders; but then neither is it to be hampered in supplying itself by a regard for their interests alone. From the moment that the State is called in to regulate the relations on which railway lines stand to one another and the public, it must have the right to control them in everything which touches the general interest. It is by no means desirable to extend the principle of Government interference in commercial affairs; but a business undertaking could hit upon no more infallible way of causing this extension than by aggressively advancing the claim to consider its own convenience before the public interest.

The Railway Companies are even more strictly bound to show care in saving their passengers from undue risks; but here, too, they fail to satisfy critics who have no particular reason to be unfriendly to them. Fatal accidents on a large scale have been rare for some time, though there are signs that another period is beginning. But, without going far enough to attain to a general massacre, a Railway Company may do a good deal of killing and maiming in a quiet way. Mr. Davy, surgeon to Westminster Hospital, has written to the *Standard* to call attention to one of the most effectual of railway methods for causing injury or death. This is the want of continuous and overlapping footboards. The absence of these adjuncts to a carriage is a perpetual source of accidents, sometimes of a fatal character. Railway directors, who are very Spartan in their ideas about the proper conduct of their passengers, will probably point out that by taking a little care it is possible to avoid any danger. They may decline to be held responsible for the weakness of people who cannot look after themselves. That is a very convenient line for the directors to take; but there are a variety of reasons why it should not commend itself to outsiders. It is not at all self-evident that we should stand the presence of even an easily avoidable danger out of tenderness for the repose of directors and the pockets of shareholders. Then, again, there are a certain number of passengers who have the misfortune to be old, or very shortsighted, or liable to nervousness in the midst of a hurrying crowd, and it is not to be taken for granted that these are crimes of so unpardonable a nature that they are to be punished by crushing to death between a carriage wheel and a platform. They are, however, commonly enough punished in this excessive way, and it is a form of erratic severity which calls for reform. We cheerfully acknowledge that railway directors are not indifferent to their duty towards the public in some respects. On the contrary, they are accustomed to insist on it with vehemence on what appear to them to be proper occasions. Whenever there is a chance

of cutting across a park or spoiling a street by hideous ventilators belching out nasty smelling smoke, we hear loud and even clamorous assertions that it is all for the good of the nation, and in the interests of the British working-man. The pity is that these excellent sentiments never seem to lead to action, except when they can be expressed in terms of more contracts and more shares.

THE RUSSO-AFGHAN FRONTIER.

IT must always be painful to a good citizen to find in the attitude of his Government toward a foreign Power the suggestion of ignoble associations. Yet it is very difficult to follow the negotiations—or so-called negotiations—now going forward between Downing Street and St. Petersburg without being continually reminded of one of those transactions between "young men from the country" and certain members of a highly experienced class of Londoners which occasionally come up for investigation in our police-courts. It is not, of course, that Lord GRANVILLE is really in the mood of the "confiding yokel." Russian Ministers have too often disappeared with his watch and chain for that to be possible. It is merely the force of circumstances, not unconnected with the host of difficulties which the Government have contrived to strew in their own path in every quarter of the world, which compels our often-fleeced FOREIGN SECRETARY to submit once more to the old operation, and he naturally puts as good a face upon it as he can. To judge from all present appearances, he is coming up quite cheerfully to be shorn, with Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE trotting at his side. The fact that he is merely a victim and not a dupe detracts no doubt from the precision of the distressing parallel we have ventured to draw, but on the side of St. Petersburg it is complete. The recent proceedings of Russia with respect to Afghanistan are characterized by all that humorous conservatism of tactics which distinguishes our own humbler practitioners of a kindred art. There is no more variation in the Russian programme than there is in the plot of the "Confidence" drama. The parts respectively played by the "enterprising general," the "dashing geographer," and the "judicious official" at St. Petersburg appear to be stereotyped; and their "words" and "business" to be apportioned to each of them by an inviolable tradition. There is, however, a considerable reluctance on the part of our own Foreign Office to let us know how the performance is going on; and we believe, indeed, that the first complete account of the latest representation of this old and favourite comedy was that incidentally furnished the other night by Sir HENRY RAWLINSON during the discussion which followed General HAMLEY'S valuable lecture at the United Service Institution on "Russia's Approaches to India." It is much too good to be lost, and we propose, therefore, to add it to the meagre stock of information which has been vouchsafed to Parliament from the Treasury Bench.

It was understood that when Russia's advance to Merv became officially known in this country, Downing Street at once, or almost at once, approached St. Petersburg with a proposal for a joint delimitation of the northern frontier of Afghanistan. This step in itself was, under the circumstances, very like inviting the spoiler to say how much he will "take" to postpone the operation of binding the strong man; but let that pass. Russia, through her Foreign Office, most amiably acquiesced, and the Anglo-Russian Boundary Commission is to be duly appointed. But the military authorities at St. Petersburg have, in the meantime, improvised a frontier out of their own heads. Considerately desirous of saving trouble to our Indian officials, they promptly issued a map of Afghanistan, in which its northern frontier is traced with beautiful distinctness some two hundred miles south of the line verbally agreed to between the two Powers in Lord CLARENDON'S time, and by a consequence within fifty miles of Herat. It was not likely that this example of the "scientific use of the imagination" should escape the notice of so ardent a geographer as Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE; and HER MAJESTY'S Government, startled by this anticipation of the Commission's labours, "drew the attention" of the Russian Government to the map in question. The only answer, Sir HENRY RAWLINSON tells us, which they have at present received from St. Petersburg is that "the "Foreign Office does not acknowledge" the map. It is, it appears, "an official map" in so far that it has "emanated "from a public office in St. Petersburg," but it is not "the Government map"; it is not "the diplomatic map." It has not proceeded from the Russian Foreign Office, but has been issued by the War Office, "with which "the Diplomatic Department has no immediate relations." It is, at any rate, a publication for which the Foreign Office "disclaims all responsibility." The subject, Sir HENRY RAWLINSON adds, is "under discussion" between the two Governments; where for the present we may leave it, in order to follow up its history in the House of Commons. Here the mysterious map has been more than once made the subject of inquiry; and one of Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE'S answers on the subject deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance by all students of the formal laws of thought. In reply to Mr. STANHOPE, he admitted it to be "quite true that the map traces "the Afghan territory at about the distance mentioned "(under fifty miles) from Herat"; but, he added, "a "large extent of territory to the north of that line is left "uncoloured, and is not included within the Russian "boundary." Asked by Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT whether Merv was not also left uncoloured, he replied by denying that "this was a question which arose out of the answer he "gave." We know that nothing can come of nothing; but, if Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE'S position is to be accepted, nothing has ever arisen or can ever arise out of anything. His contention was that no places left uncoloured on a map of Afghanistan are to be regarded as claimed by Russia; and when he is asked whether a place not merely claimed but actually occupied by Russia is not left uncoloured on this map, he finds that his contention did not legitimately give rise to the inquiry. Such a position must be of great argumentative value to him, if he can only maintain it. If any attempt to demolish his syllogisms by rejecting their major premisses may be put aside as a mere irrelevance, his logic will obviously become impregnable.

The whole incident, however, is full of instruction, not only as regards the attitude of the Ministers towards the House of Commons, but as regards the existing and future negotiatory relations between the Governments of England and Russia. The "story of the map" is from this point of view full of "doctrine and reproof," though unfortunately not of consolation. We start from the fact that the negotiations between the two parties have been opened with the perpetration on the part of one of them of what is neither more nor less than an impudent "plant" upon the other; and that upon the latter protesting against this — we presume with the usual mildness—the only reply vouchsafed to him is one which constitutes an aggravation of the offence. If the Russian "Diplomatic Department" has really had the effrontery to reply to our representations that it has "no immediate relations" with the War Office from which the map proceeded, surely the natural rejoinder should have been that that is exactly the state of things which we complain of. It is presumably because Russian diplomacy has, and takes good care to have, no "im-"mediate relations" with Russian militarism that the language of the one is so singularly at variance with the doings of the other. Thus it comes about that Russian generals in Central Asia are continually annexing huge slices of territory at the very moment when Russian Ministers are assuring the English Foreign Office that the appropriated districts are altogether outside the sphere of their operations. Distance is pleaded as the excuse for the civil official's ignorance of these military adventures, and his imperfect control over their authors; but it is a little too much for him to wrest this pretext to the use which is now apparently being made of it. The "self-"willed commandor" in Turkestan is a figure which has at least a certain dramatic *vraisemblance;* but the uncontrolable geographer in the next street is simply a monstrous conception. To suppose that there is no department in St. Petersburg which could, if it were desired, prevent the Topographical Department of the War Office from issuing "bogus" maps of debatable territory would be as absurd as to imagine that there is nowhere in Russia any authority to prevent the Diplomatic Department from publishing forged despatches or manufacturing sham treaties. No doubt upon sufficient pressure we could get the Government of St. Petersburg to withdraw this "general "staff map" from circulation; but the fact that it has been issued is sufficient. It is the "Go it, NED!" of the Russian diplomatist addressed to the Russian general, and that is a sort of hint which cannot be "withdrawn." The more criminal, therefore, will be the supineness of our own Government if, after this, they trust to diplomatic engagements on the part of Russia in preference to defensive dispositions of their own.

LAST MONDAY IN BERLIN.

THE ceremony which was performed in Berlin last Monday was something more than a scenic display. The presence of the EMPEROR and of two of the three men by whose advice and assistance he was enabled to bring about the union of Germany lent the occasion historical interest, though not historical importance. The politics of the country will not be affected by the fact that the foundation-stone of the new house for the Imperial Parliament has at length been laid; but it was natural that patriotic Germans of all classes and parties should be reminded by the event of the disunion and powerlessness from which the nation was delivered, chiefly by the efforts of those who stood before them. It is true that the Reichstag did not create the Empire, and that the centre of power is not to be sought there as in our own House of Commons; but it is equally true that its influence on the past history of the country has been great, and that it possesses rights more considerable than Englishmen generally suppose. Though it cannot overthrow Ministries, no tax can be imposed and no law enacted without its assent. It is difficult to see how its prerogatives could be greatly increased without destroying the federal character of the Empire.

When, after the war of 1866, Prince BISMARCK, who was then supposed to be the most reactionary of living statesmen, summoned a Parliament elected by universal suffrage to consult with the Government as to the Constitution to be granted to the North German Confederation, he was making a great experiment, which was perhaps only justified by its success and the extreme difficulty of the situation. Among the allies of Prussia there were some who were jealous and mistrustful. The King of SAXONY had been compelled to enter the Confederation by force of arms, an influential part of the population in the annexed States was opposed to the changes that followed upon the war, and, in spite of the secret military conventions, the South Germans were both nominally and virtually independent. It was necessary to create a central power to resist the forces that tended to dissolve the Confederation. These, as the IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR has lately explained, were the considerations that induced him to advise the EMPEROR to summon the Reichstag and to grant it the powers that it possesses.

To some of the Liberal leaders of those days it seemed that the great statesman was moving too slowly. They were anxious to tighten the bonds that held the Confederation together, and to reduce the smaller members of it to complete subjection. It is unnecessary to point out how ungenerous it would have been to force from the Governments who had stood by Prussia in the hour of her bitter need, concessions which they had not freely made when they entered into an alliance with her. But such a policy would have been as unwise as dishonourable. If it had been pursued there would not have been even in the Northern States that hearty co-operation which astonished NAPOLEON III. at the beginning of the French war. The Southern Governments might have sent their contingents to the army, but they would never have entered the Confederation, and the Empire would still be, as it so long was, "a poet's vision, a schoolboy's dream." This danger was fortunately averted by the loyalty and the wisdom of the EMPEROR and his advisers. It has always been their policy to demand from the single States only such concessions as were absolutely necessary for the union and the safety of the Empire. But, if the Reichstag possessed anything approaching to the power of an English Parliament, it is obvious that the independence of the smaller Governments would be merely nominal; the Landtag of each would become a mere vestry, and its sovereign a puppet moved by wires worked at Berlin. That is what few Germans desire; and it was probably this consideration quite as much as the impatience every man of genius feels when his plans are criticized and thwarted by pedants, and his conceptions measured by the rule of thumb, that induced Prince BISMARCK to speak as strongly as he has lately done on the impossibility of Parliamentary government in Germany.

MR. WOODALL'S CLAUSE.

THE rejection of Mr. WOODALL'S Clause, even under the peculiar circumstances affecting last Thursday night's division, is, of course, an event to be welcomed with thankfulness. It would indeed be ungracious to receive it in any other spirit. These are pre-eminently days in which gratitude for the smallest of political mercies is becoming, and we ought to congratulate ourselves on having by any means whatever escaped the committal to the most portentous legislative experiment ever proposed to a community which has never expressed the slightest desire to try it. To have escaped, that is for the moment sufficient, and we may be content to regard the Parliamentary vote which saves us from it in its more mechanical aspect as a political force. It would be just as well, indeed, to content ourselves with that view of it, for, thanks to the PRIME MINISTER, it has been deprived of all other significance. A decision of the House of Commons ought to be not only a force, but a guide. It ought not only to tell us what the existing representative body thinks, but to supply us with some indication of what future representative bodies may for some time to come be expected to think. Nothing, however, is to be learnt in that direction from the discussion in which Mr. WOODALL'S Clause was rejected by a majority of two to one. All we know about it is that it does not represent the real balance of opinion in the House of Commons on the question of female suffrage. How many votes should be added to the minority to represent the Liberals coerced by the PRIME MINISTER into deserting Mr. WOODALL; and how many votes should be subtracted from the majority to represent those even more docile Liberals who went over at Mr. GLADSTONE'S bidding into the opposite camp, it is impossible to say. Not every abstentionist is as communicative as Mr. W. H. LEATHAM, and certainly not every deserter so manfully calls attention to his change of colours as did Mr. AGNEW. And when we bear in mind that there was doubtless an appreciable percentage of Conservatives as reckless as Lord FOLKESTONE and Mr. WARTON, but less candid, who were tempted to vote for the clause in the hope of wrecking the Bill, we see into what admired confusion Mr. GLADSTONE has contrived to throw the entire opinion-gauging machine.

As regards the motive and defence of his action in this respect, we may well leave him to the precious balms of Mr. STANSFELD and the other faithful adherents of the betrayed cause. It is impossible not to sympathize with these complaints. Mr. GLADSTONE has in fact contrived to repeat his often-exhibited feat of performing a disagreeable duty in the most irritating of ways. Ministers have at all times been compelled to temporize with questions which lie outside the beaten track of politics, and they can seldom in so doing avoid the infliction of more or less disappointment on a certain proportion of their followers. But, if Mr. GLADSTONE had desired to give the maximum of annoyance to the largest number of Liberals, and on the least satisfactory of grounds, he could not have gone a more effective way to work. He delayed his decision to the latest moment; he allowed the committed section of his party to commit themselves inextricably before he took action; he changed the ground of his decision between the date of his correspondence with the promoters of the movement and his announcement in the House of Commons; and, finally, he justified his course at the last moment by a plea so inadequate in appearance, and which he was at so little pains to explain and enforce, that the disappointed contingent of his party have the strongest reasons for suspecting that they have been put off with a mere pretended excuse. They would have little cause of complaint if Mr. GLADSTONE had from the first taken up the plain and unassailable ground that the enfranchisement of women is a step which, upon any endurable theory of a representative system, it would be utterly indefensible to take, except after express reference of the question to the electorate. They would have some, but still not such serious, cause of complaint if Mr. GLADSTONE could have convinced them, or even attempted to convince them, of the gravity or even the mere existence of the dangers with which he so solemnly warned them, that the Franchise Bill would be threatened in the event of the incorporation in it of Mr. WOODALL'S Clause. But this he did not for a moment vouchsafe to do. He simply told his followers that there the dangers were, and that he must, therefore, respectfully desire them to vote dead against those convictions (for they could hardly be certain that mere abstention would be enough), which they could not support without exposing the Bill to these unspecified perils. A command of that kind may be obeyed, and we see with what touching docility it was obeyed the other night. For the

rank and file of the Liberal party there is nothing to be said; for those members of the Conservative party who voted for the measure there is in too many cases very little. It is true that by no means so large a proportion of the latter voted against their previously expressed opinions as was the case with the Ministerialists, and that the only two occupants of the front bench who supported Mr. WOODALL—Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Lord JOHN MANNERS—are convinced advocates of the proposal. Barely half the Opposition voted at all, and nearly a fourth of that half voted against the clause. The abstainers of the party might also plead that their vote could but increase a majority sufficient and certain already—an excuse which, whether good or bad, did not apply to Liberal supporters of Mr. WOODALL'S ideas. Altogether the debate and the division-list are not pleasant reading for those who hold the reputation of Parliament dear; and the only members of the House of Commons who can be congratulated on the result represent a very small minority of both Ayes and Noes.

MORA AND LOTTO.

ONE of the most amiable traits in the national character of the Italians is the ease with which they are amused. A tambourine will set a whole family dancing, and the gift of a few squibs or crackers on a saint's day will delight a grown-up man. If he is a Neapolitan the odds are that he will not have patience enough to wait till nightfall, but will let them off in the full glare of the noonday sun. No opportunity for pleasure is lost, and no other race feels so entirely that sufficient to the day is the evil and also the joy thereof. This is perhaps the reason why Italian games are so simple and unscientific. The light Southern temperament does not require the stimulus of those complicated forms of diversion which afford an opportunity for the exercise of strength or dexterity. The player is content with the excitement produced by chance but slightly tempered with skill, and his favourite games are therefore apt to appear somewhat childish to an Englishman.

Among the most universal of these is Mora, which closely resembles the schoolboy's odd or even, except that it is played with the fingers instead of marbles. Whoever has frequented the village inns and the smaller wine-rooms of Southern Italy must have seen groups of peasants and fishermen gesticulating violently, throwing out their half-closed hands, and at the same time shrieking out numbers in wild and discordant tones. In the flickering light of the unshaded oil-lamp that stands in their midst, a stranger might almost think they were wizards imprecating destruction on some enemy's head, so eager are the pale sallow faces and so wild and yet measured the movements. That is the picturesque, and by far the most interesting side of Mora, which is played in the North, too, though with less noise and fewer gestures.

When the match is only between two, they stand opposite each other. At the same moment each elevates his right hand with as many fingers as he wishes to be counted extended, and calls out a number. If he has guessed the sum correctly, he scores a point; if both players are either right or wrong, they begin again. A game may consist of any number of points; either ten or twelve are usually chosen. If four join in it, they generally form parties, A. and B. being opposed to C. and D. The first pair begins, while the second quietly looks on. If A. wins a point from C., he opposes himself to D., and so on. When the company is large, Mora may be played in two ways, but never by an odd number of persons. In the first case they divide into pairs, though standing side by side, and those who win play against each other until the victory is finally decided. In the second all play together, every right guess counts, and whoever first makes the ten or twelve points has won. There are local variations of both these systems, and custom differs greatly as to the way in which the losses are distributed. It may be added that old players generally prefer the first system, and that they believe that when playing with novices it is wisest to call out a single number—six, seven, or eight is thought to be the best—while varying the number of fingers extended, but that this plan is not advantageous when they are opposed to the more experienced.

It is obvious that so insipid a game cannot be played without a stake, which generally consists of a given quantity of wine. Over this the victor has, of course, absolute disposal; but it is an understood thing that he shares it with the losers, though if he bears any of them a grudge he has an acknowledged right to exclude him. If a respectable foreigner is seated in a village inn while play is going on, he will frequently be asked to join it; and the most remarkable thing about Mora is that, if he is entirely ignorant of the game, he is almost certain to win. Whether it is the natural politeness of the Italians which induces them thus to cheat themselves for a stranger's advantage, or a shrewd suspicion that in any case he is likely to pay for more wine than he drinks if once his acquaintance can be made, we shall not attempt to decide.

In bad times, when the soldi are scarce, the innkeeper often proposes Mora as a certain means of attracting them from the pockets of his neighbours; for many an Italian who hesitates to buy his customary half-litre will willingly run the risk of paying a somewhat higher price for the hope of being able to drink it for nothing. Indeed, the love for gambling is a national characteristic; and, as Mora is the most innocent, Lotto—that is, the official weekly lottery—is the most dangerous of the forms it takes, at least among the middle and lower classes. It is true that the Government derives a considerable revenue from the banks, and that play is so popular that no Administration would venture to close them; but it is also true that the injury they do to the country is incalculable. From the nobleman to the labourer who tills his fields, every one is anxious to stake all he can as soon as he has discovered what he thinks to be three lucky numbers; the very beggars hoard their halfpence for the purpose; and there are whole classes who hardly think of investing their savings in any other way. Nor is the game confined to authorized places, where the play is fair, though the odds are enormously in favour of the bank; in every large town there are private adventurers, who, in spite of the law, find it profitable to undersell the Government by accepting its risk at a lower price. They recognize the numbers officially drawn, and are strictly honest when small sums are gained; but, if a client of theirs were to happen to have one of those great strokes of luck which do occasionally occur even in Lotto, the probability is that he would never see a farthing of the money, nor ever again meet the obliging gentleman with whom he dealt so long. Nay, more than this, there are shops, at least in Naples, where a poor but speculative housewife may deposit a soldo on condition that if the numbers she has named are drawn, she is to be provided with a turkey, a ham, a pair of fowls, or whatever the object of her desire may be, for her Sunday dinner. It is strange that the very men who find this form of trade profitable should themselves be passionate and habitual players; but a man who gives his soul up to Lotto seems to gain such a confidence in his own luck or judgment as neither reason nor experience can shake.

The ignorant are at one with the philosophers in this, that they never believe that anything that happens is the result of pure chance, and the Italians, at least the Southern Italians, are firmly convinced that there must be some way of getting behind the mystery of Lotto and foreseeing the numbers that will be drawn. To this important task each addresses himself in his own way. The poverty-stricken old widow hears numerous masses before she stakes the few pence which are half of her weekly income, and after having done so returns to her church and entreats Santa Lucia to lend her good fortune. "You know no one needs it more than I do." Why should she not pray for a rather more plentiful supply of daily bread? It is often simply bread she wants. Then she goes home and starves herself for a week, and when her numbers do not come out she says to herself, "Well, well, perhaps it's all for the best. Santa Lucia knows, but then how pleasant it would be to be able to buy one big loaf, and a halfpenny water-melon, and a glass of wine!" Schopenhauer said jestingly when a friend ridiculed him for taking a lottery ticket, "Why shouldn't I leave a door open to Fate if it came into its head to do me a good turn?" The old lady wants to open a door for Providence, when she sinks the halfpence she can so ill spare in the Lotto bank. On the other hand, there are many who note all the numbers that have appeared for years, and base forecasts upon them which look very ingenious upon paper, but when they stake their money they are rarely more successful than the widow.

Most Italians, however, like most Englishmen, are neither religious nor scientific. They endeavour to get to fate by a backdoor and to outwit nature. Accordingly most Lotto-players rely on chance circumstances, omens, and dreams, for the numbers they desire to play. Thus, if a bull were to break loose from five men, to run thirty-eight paces, and to stop opposite a house, the number of which was ninety-six, the spectators would rush to the nearest bank and lay their money on 5, 38, 96. In the same way, if they were to dream of numbers, they would at once back them. The misfortune is that neither circumstances nor dreams are generally so clear as the examples above given. But the genius of the nation has been equal to the occasion. Various books have been published, several of a formidable size, which undertake to reduce everything one can possibly see, or more especially dream of, to a number for the purposes of the game. The present writer was once compelled to pass two days in a village inn where the only literature attainable was such a book, and he earnestly endeavoured to discover on what principles the numbers were arranged, but could find none. This may have been the fault of his own dulness, for when he came to look a little further he found abundant reason to admire the ingenuity of the author. He cannot guarantee the correctness of the details or the numbers; but, on the whole, the impression he gives is, he believes, correct. You have dreamed of a tree and turn to the infallible oracle; a tree is 9, but a dead tree is 37, and a green one 40; so far all is clear; but then a leafless tree is 96. Who but a botanist of the most inveterate kind can distinguish a dead from a leafless tree when he is dreaming? But this is not all. Every forest tree known in Italy has its own peculiar number, and so if you have dreamed of a winter landscape you are left to decide, not only the difficult question

whether it was a simple, a dead, or a leafless tree, that appeared to you in the visions of the night, but also whether it was oak, beech, chestnut, or some species whose name you never heard. Your success depends upon your choice, and if you lose your money, your neighbours will soon discover that it is you, not the book, that is to blame. It is still more diverting, however, to discover that a single number represents your stepmother, a pancake, a giraffe, Napoleon I., and a frog croaking upon a stone. In a word, it is the very exactness of the book that renders it at once so mysterious and so infallible.

Such books are for those who can read; those who cannot have but little faith in them. Yet in Southern Italy they trust greatly to learning. The commonalty believe that the priests know all the Lotto numbers, but are bound by an oath not to reveal or play them, and if they suspect that one has done so in an underhand way, they at once set upon the same numbers. It is said that some of the monks who have been excluded from their monasteries by the present Government earn a living by foretelling the fortunate numbers; but party feeling among the ruling class runs so high, that it is well to examine twice before you believe the current reports as to a priest or a monk. It is certain, however, that a wanderer who makes his excursions on foot and is therefore not unapproachable, though he lingers long amid ancient ruins, will sometimes be accosted by a stranger, who, after a few words of introduction, entreats him to give a number. In such cases it is useless to insist on the folly of the request; the best thing to do is to disclaim all knowledge; but to add, "If you like, play so and so." Those who are known to read Greek, however, are thought to be the true masters of Lotto; why, we cannot say. They are not always the wealthiest of men. But, after all, it is best to part with the game, as with everything else, in a friendly way. We have said that we consider it one of the greatest curses of modern Italy, yet it has its uses. It amuses the imagination of its votaries. The Italian poor, except in Tuscany—a doubtful exception—are so miserable that they are not perhaps so unwise as they seem when they purchase with the poor soldi they can manage to scrape together a day or two of hope. The widow enjoys at least the vision of her great loaf, her melon, and her wine, and the housewife luxuriates for a day or two in expectation of the turkey which will amaze the family. They are disappointed; yes, but the Lotto banks are still open, and the day *may* come. It is perhaps foolish of them to cast the hardly-earned, the hardly-saved pennies they possess into the great gulf of the national treasury; but is it not, after all, better than that they should spend them in gin and whisky? Is it not incalculably better that they should be lost thus than expended upon dynamite?

POLITICAL TESTIMONIALS.

MR. JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY, who is the son of Mr. Justin McCarthy, has been elected for an Irish constituency in the Nationalist interest. Some wicked people have been bruiting abroad among his constituents a report that Mr. McCarthy the son (we shall henceforward call him Mr. McCarthy *tout court*) is an Atheist. Thereupon Mr. Parnell has been applied to for a certificate of Mr. McCarthy's theism, or perhaps of his Christianity, for the newspaper report on which we found this notice, and without which we should certainly not have presumed to meddle with Mr. McCarthy's religious convictions, is a little vague. Mr. Parnell telegraphs to Athlone that the accusation is "quite unfounded and unjust," and the statement "an atrocious falsehood." Testimonials are always funny things, and it is perhaps not surprising, or more particularly un-Irish, that a Protestant—for Mr. Parnell is believed to be a Protestant—should give to a Roman Catholic constituency—for such Mr. McCarthy's electors at Athlone no doubt are in the main—a certificate of the religious orthodoxy of a person whose particular faith does not appear to be mentioned at all. What Mr. Parnell says is, that Mr. McCarthy is not an Atheist, and as Mr. Parnell on some of his famous Parisian tours has hobnobbed with many Atheists, he no doubt knows one when he sees him. How he became, as he says, "in a position to state" that Mr. McCarthy is not an Atheist we do not know. Perhaps he catechized him regularly, saying, "My good child, are you an Atheist?" Perhaps not. But, at any rate, Mr. McCarthy's orthodoxy, or at least his non-Atheism, is satisfactorily established by this singular *billet de confession* from a lay, not to say a heretical, confessor. The last thing of the kind that we remember was the still more celebrated, though somewhat less explicit, testimonial which, in "the heat of the moment" and of a general election, Mr. Samuel Morley gave to Mr. Bradlaugh—a testimonial which the giver has repented since bitterly and with tears. We do not know whether Mr. Parnell will also come to repent the facility with which, like the billiard-markers in novels of days now a little gone by, he has assumed a clerical or quasi-clerical character to gratify his young friends. With the unforgotten spectacle of Mr. Morley's tribulations before him, it was perhaps rash to do so; but Mr. Parnell always was an impulsive man. Meanwhile Mr. McCarthy has got his certificate, and is entitled to produce it against charges of Atheism in dark and market, which must be very satisfactory to him. It is no doubt amply deserved; and there is high authority for securing these testimonies. Voltaire, if we remember rightly, got, if not a regular *billet de confession*, something of the same kind more than once.

Mr. McCarthy's religious position, however, as we should not have touched it at all if it had not become public property in this odd fashion, so it need not detain us much longer. If it seems a little curious that Mr. McCarthy should have gone to Mr. Parnell for a testamur instead of to the local priest, who no doubt has his conscience in due and safe keeping, and who could have done the thing regularly, the practice is quite in keeping with a general tendency of political life nowadays. People used sometimes to talk about measures, not men; and sometimes to talk about men, not measures; but the latter principle seems at last to have won in a canter. And it follows, of course, that if the particular man, or men, gives a testimonial of fitness there's no more to be said. "Atheist? Not a bit of it," says Mr. Parnell; "Mr. McCarthy is a sound Christian and a good supporter of mine," and as Mr. Parnell no doubt knows his supporters even as the tribe of Flynns knew their own whisky skins, that part of the *billet* is undoubtedly correct. So the Bradford Caucus quarrels with Mr. Forster because he has not got a "bit paper," as they say in Scotland, countersigned by Mr. Gladstone, but, alas! something quite different. So did the Caucus of Brighton try to quarrel with Mr. Marriott because he hadn't a *billet de confession* stating that he was sound on the Chamberlain article of the Radical faith; but here, as all men know, events turned out unluckily for the quarrellers. In fact, if a public man nowadays is not well provided with *billets* of this kind, he "incurs the danger of a hysterical attack," as the admirable, the inimitable Paris Correspondent of the *Times* puts it, intimating that he, the correspondent, will tell the truth even if he incur that danger. By the way, this, we are told, should be understood to mean not that M. de Blowitz himself is after one of these exertions always in need of sal volatile and glasses of cold water, but that his brutal enemies attack him in a fashion suggesting hysteria on their part. An imperfect acquaintance with the English tongue, combined with a courageous indulgence in it, has rarely produced a pleasanter phrase. But this is by-the-bye.

To return to our *billets*. The importance of them nowadays is not likely to be questioned, but the very pleasing and humorous characteristic of their issue which the Parnell-McCarthy incident suggests, and which will be found confirmed in other cases, may be overlooked. *You always get a man to give a certificate in something of which he has no professional knowledge.* This is no new thing to the writers and readers of private testimonials. "Accident," says Dr. Smith, M.D., F.R.C.S., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c., "has prevented me from having express knowledge of my friend Mr. Brown's scientific acquirements, but as a whist-player I am in a position to say that he has few superiors." "As a change bowler," says the Rev. Mr. Birch, recommending his young friend Robinson to a school where the religious instruction of the pupils is mentioned in the circulars to parents as of first importance, "Mr. Robinson is invaluable." Thus, again, Mr. Gladstone, who has rarely been known to recommend a candidate for his skill as a woodcutter, will freely testify to his fitness to represent and defend the interests of England in Parliament; and Mr. Parnell, *dimidium animæ* of M. le Marquis de Rochefort-Luçay, is found favouring Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy with a certificate of devout religious feeling. Very different from this unaccommodating conduct was the act of that editor of Elizabethan literature who was asked for a testimonial by a brother in the craft. "My dear Mr. ——," said the obliging scholar, "I have never read any of your editions, but I have been told by my friends that they are exceedingly bad." Political, and indeed social, life would become impossible if such conduct were largely imitated, and with party leaders it is clearly impossible. But Editor No. 2 made the glaring error of appealing to a man who knew, or who thought he knew, about the subject, and chose to have a conscience, or perhaps a spite. The proposed plan ably carried out by Messrs. Parnell and McCarthy excludes, as we see, this danger. When the system is better known and worked out there will no doubt be general testimonial-givers—official *curés*, to whom the political aspirant will go for his *billet de confession*. Leaders of parties, of course, have *carte blanche* to give it in everything; but a certain number of members of Parliament might be appointed by vote or ballot at the beginning of each Session to different departments of testimonial signing. Mr. Bradlaugh, whose qualifications for important branches of the business are obvious, is unfortunately disqualified by his anomalous status; but there are plenty of others. An intelligent candidate would of course be guided solely by the consideration of the persons to whom his testimonials were to be exposed. He would not take a *billet* signed by Sir Wilfrid Lawson to a place where the publican interest was all powerful. But into these minutiæ it is almost disrespectful to public good sense to enter.

With the aid of this system, combined with and grafted on the Implicit Confidence system and the Caucus, the path of the unintelligent elector who is about, it seems, to be multiplied to the extent of a million or two, becomes clear before him. If he is one of the lambs of the flock, he will of course vote for the candidate his Caucus sets before him, and ask no questions at all. "Only that, and nothing more," will suffice his sacred simplicity. But there are always people who want to know, and this troublesome vice—the malediction of our first mother—requires means to be taken to satisfy its cravings. The means are devised. "Now Hellier and Brook, A. mothed have took" (as a somewhat ungrammatical bard of Queen Anne's time sings of the good deeds of certain wine-merchants better known from the *Spectator*), to choke off the elector who shall be most set on heckling. Clearly he can only be curious

about the past and the future conduct of the candidate; for, as has been well pointed out by philosophers, the present does not really count. For the future he has only got to ask, "Will you under all circumstances vote for Mr. Gladstone and for whatever he proposes?" At a distant—let us hope a far distant—time, it will be necessary to fill in some other name than Mr. Gladstone's; but that is evident. For the past (which includes the present) every candidate will be furnished with a neat *livret* of testimonials from the leaders of his party. The important constitutional ceremony of heckling will then go on after this fashion. *First Elector*: "What are your religious principles, sir?" (candidate turns up his *livret* and reads a certificate as above from Mr. Parnell). *Second Elector*: "Are you good across country?" (candidate turns up a certificate from, let us say, Mr. Richard). *Third Elector*: "Have you been vaccinated?" (candidate produces a medical certificate in due form, signed by Lord Hartington), and so on, and so on; all which cannot fail to satisfy the most inquisitive mind.

One thing, however, a controversy which went on some years ago may profitably impress on the mind. Old testimonials won't do. Suppose, for instance (it is of course the barest supposition), that Mr. Parnell, getting tired of the situation, should, as some Irish patriots have done before, take a peerage or the governorship of Coventry Island, or a chief justiceship from a base Saxon Government. Clearly his competence to testify to the state of soul of the Mr. McCarthys of the period would not really be affected; but it need hardly be said that the *billet de confession* would scarcely have the same effect on the enlightened constituency which Mr. McCarthy seeks to represent. Again, suppose that Mr. Gladstone, in or about the days of the famous Macaulay Essay, had given a testimonial to some youth of the time as to the general soundness of his opinions on Church and State, would that testimonial do now as a recommendation of the youth (now no longer such) to the Bradford Caucus? Alas! we trow not. So that it imports greatly, as Aristotle would say, not merely who signs the testimonial, but at what time it is signed, and in what circumstances and for what purpose. And, as false or lapsed testimonials have sometimes enabled persons of scant delicacy to obtain advantages in private life, the new system may have its disadvantages in public. For it would be extremely awkward, in some cases at least, to withdraw the testimony. Suppose (with apologies always for the supposition) that not Mr. Parnell, but Mr. McCarthy, were to fall from the purity of the Nationalist faith. That would not (at least technically) make him an Atheist; but how awkward for Mr. Parnell it would be! There are, however, difficulties in all things; and the great political principle of the time, that nobody is to think for himself on any account, being once established, political testimonials will, no doubt, play a large part in the politics of the future.

SCOTLAND YARD.

ALREADY the effect of the last experiment in the political uses of dynamite has become manifest. There is to be another overhauling of Scotland Yard, and once more the rude hand of reform is to be laid on the Criminal Investigation Department. It is announced that the office of Director, which Mr. Howard Vincent resigns, will not be filled up. The Chief Commissioner, acting under the Home Office, will, it is stated, in future have the whole control of the police; and it is proposed that he shall have a subordinate, an Assistant-Commissioner, appointed to keep an eye on the Detective Department. For this post there will be nominated one of the provincial Chief Constables—Colonel Dillon, doubtless a very meritorious officer though his name has not yet been associated with any very startling achievement in the tracing of crime. Mr. Jenkinson, whose importation from Ireland, where he had been highly successful in organizing the detective staff in Dublin, was expected to lead to great results, is to retain his position at the Home Office, where he will continue to direct the special detective staff charged with the investigation of "political crimes." An official explosion has therefore evidently followed the recent dynamite one in Scotland Yard, and the extinction of Mr. Vincent's meteoric career there has been taken as an opportunity for effecting another great change in the administration of the police.

We have never believed that the Detective Police could be made perfect by merely dismissing Mr. Vincent from his post. Though in one direction he was not successful, yet in others we have been always willing to admit that he did some excellent work. Shakspeare says, "Men shut their doors against the setting sun," and for some time past it has been the fashion for many people to close their eyes to much that ought in fairness to be set to Mr. Vincent's credit. There never was a greater mistake than to suppose that, because he had an exaggerated idea of the efficiency with which he protected life and property in London, he was an egregiously stupid person, though it may have suited some "interests" in Scotland Yard to spread abroad this erroneous belief. We should not forget that when Mr. Vincent entered this Department he found it a hot-bed of corruption. He cleansed it morally, as far as that could be done by mere human agency. He imparted to the service, of which he became the head, a higher and purer tone than had ever prevailed in it before. Not only did he stamp out that "blackmailing," the existence of which the famous Druscovitch trial revealed to us, but he positively humanized the system of criminal inspection and supervision, which previous to his time had been conducted with great harshness and sad want of tact. Mr. Vincent, in fact, during his term of administration, proved himself the possessor of many qualities which would have been invaluable in some other Department than that into which he was thrust. Indeed, if he enters Parliamentary life, his high capacity for certain kinds of official work will probably not be overlooked by the chiefs of his party; at least they will be blind to their interests and those of the country if they do overlook them. But with all his gifts Mr. Vincent, as we have before now regretfully complained, had not the gift of bringing criminals of more than average intelligence to justice; so we are not sorry that, like the "early, bright, and transient" being described by the poet Young, having for a brief time "sparkled" in his sphere, Mr. Vincent finally "was exhaled, and went to heaven"—the heaven, that is, of dignified retirement.

But what of those who are to take his place? What of the system which is again to make the "old soldier" element supreme in Scotland Yard? Why should it be supposed that the plan of vesting all supremacy in the Chief Commissioner will produce better results now, than in the days when the Detective Department had none of the autonomy it gained under Mr. Vincent, and when, under the very eyes of its military chiefs, clever rogues like Benson and Kurr boasted they had it in their pockets. In fact, ever since a humorous thief, with absolute impunity, stole the Order of the Bath from the manly bosom of one of the Commissioners of Police when assisting at a great public function, Londoners have rather lost faith in the native genius of these gorgeous officials for undertaking such prosaic work as criminal detection. The prevailing feeling, indeed, is that we want not a superannuated soldier, but a strong, shrewd, clear-headed, resolute, reticent civilian to act as a Minister of Police directly under Sir William Harcourt—that, in a word, we want a new stamp of man who can create a new system if need be—not the old stamp of retired military officer set to work a system which is neither exactly new or old, but which is most assuredly very far from being efficient. It seems to us, also, that the recent action of the Home Office justifies the existence of this feeling. When it became plain that the Criminal Investigation Department was unfit to deal with such crimes as those of the dynamitard, a new stamp of man *was* brought to supersede Mr. Vincent, and he, it appears, was permitted to organize quite a new system. However, Mr. Jenkinson and his system are to be confined, we are now told, to the investigation of "political crime," and we are to have thus organized a police within the police—a sort of inner circle of detectives, who take their orders not from the Colonels of Scotland Yard, but from Mr. Jenkinson in Whitehall. Mr. Vincent, in some of his writings on police administration, has assumed as a sort of administrative axiom that it is objectionable in England to form a State police. In fact, he shrewdly points out that the one strong argument against letting the Municipality of London have the control of the force is that, if they get it, we should have to raise a secret police for the special service of the Crown. But is that not just what is being done now by the Home Secretary—or rather by Mr. Jenkinson, acting under the Home Secretary's orders? If so, then we need hardly say that it will be very easy indeed for Mr. Firth and his friends to put Sir William Harcourt in a somewhat awkward position, when the question of police control comes up for discussion in the forthcoming debates on the Government of London Bill. Members in favour of the Bill will say, "You can no longer object to give the new London Municipality the right to manage the police, for you have already created your own State police under Mr. Jenkinson, and the only good argument against the municipal administration of the force was that, if it were conceded, a secret State police would have to be formed." For this reason, then, it would surely have been better if Mr. Jenkinson had been appointed to an office of general rather than special supervision, especially in view of the increasing difficulty of dealing with such crimes as those of the dynamitards, which demand skilfully combined action on the part of every branch of the detective service throughout the country. We say Mr. Jenkinson, because, from his having been already trusted with the business of tracing out the highest class of criminals, and partly because of what we have heard of his career in India and Ireland, we take his competence for granted. Indeed, it must strike every unprejudiced person as an utterly illogical thing to say that, because Mr. Jenkinson is exceptionally clever as a Director of Criminal Investigation, he must be limited to the investigation of one class of crimes, and that, by the way, one which is not common, and which we hope will not long continue to vex us.

But, whatever arrangements may be made, we can only repeat what we have frequently urged before—that none will satisfy the public so long as there is any reason to suppose that the system which has failed is to all intents and purposes retained and worked by the same sort of men as those who have broken down. The whole question of reorganizing the Detective Police force in Scotland Yard, and co-ordinating its functions and working with those of the provincial forces, is ripe for settlement. It can only be settled by somebody who will bring to it a mind absolutely fresh, daring, and original, and who is quite free from those curious insular prejudices and traditions, which insist on imposing purely physical tests on candidates for detective service, and according to which nobody but a promoted constable can be a competent detective. Crime is getting to be too common and too far-

reaching in its results for us to let the authorities at Scotland Yard trifle with it as they have been doing. Some day the dynamitard will acquire a little more scientific knowledge. Then he will most likely succeed in his next experiment; and, when he has produced a passable imitation of a massacre, the work of police reorganization that might be done now by Mr. Jenkinson, quietly and coolly, will perhaps be taken in hand. But in that case it will be done in a panic, and therefore done badly. The increasing skill of the criminal, and the selfish apathy of the public, who do not band themselves with sufficient heartiness against him as *hostis humani generis*, is rendering detective investigation more and more difficult every day. *Tentando ad Trojam venere Pelasgi*, and Mr. Jenkinson is in some respects quite as tenacious of purpose and dogged in determination as the besiegers of Troy. He, too, may perhaps with patience and hard trying force the citadel of secresy, in which the hired assassins of American Fenianism entrench themselves. But, though we cherish this hope, we cannot but believe that his task is not facilitated by the fact that the whole Detective Department of Scotland Yard is in a state closely resembling disorganization, and that he has neither over it, nor over the local detective forces in the country, the same authority which a real Minister of Police ought to wield. If he had, doubtless the Harpocratean rose, which he has apparently hung up in his own office, would not be undiscoverable in the Department of Criminal Investigation in Scotland Yard, and the officials there might work not the less efficiently that they were compelled to toil in self-effacing silence, shut off from the admiring gaze of the public and the press. The matter may be summed up thus. The old system was one which organized a detective force out of promoted policemen and retired military officers. That broke down. Then it was supposed that if we "weeded" the force—in other words, put the few clever but undoubtedly corrupt men in it in prison, and set a bright young barrister, with no official experience, but with a charming manner, a great flow of animal spirits, and a remarkable command of foreign languages, at the head of the residual staff of dullards—the criminal classes would capitulate. That system has gone to pieces with the blowing up of Mr. Howard Vincent's office. Now we are to go back to something perilously like the old system—that of working with promoted policemen under a respectable military man—with this difference, that his force will be even feebler than the old one, because Baron Pollock and Mr. Vincent between them felt it necessary in the interests of morality to eliminate from it talent when dissociated from integrity. The new force will be respectable perhaps, but it will be dull. Her Majesty's Judges will probably not have to deprive the country of the services of its more brilliant members, for none of its members will be brilliant. In fact it needs no extraordinary gift of prophecy to foretell the result of this or any other "reform" in the police which does not proceed on the lines we have indicated—which does not set at the head of the whole department a strong civilian with official experience, and give him a free hand.

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT'S LADY MACBETH.

IT is a little late in the day to discuss the merits of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's acting generally. In England and in America society and the daily press, which half leads and half follows it, have for some time accepted her at her own valuation, which has not erred upon the side of modesty. To quiet observers, the difference in the tone of French criticism upon her various histrionic performances, on the stage and off it, suggests amusing thoughts enough, with the delightful undercurrent of French irony which runs through it all. Her own people, indeed, have probably estimated the actress at very much her true value, which was not small. They remember her as in early days a distinguished member of the excellent Français company, of much talent, and with the promise of more. When Mmes. Croizette and Bernhardt played together in the *Sphinx*, and the terrible death-scene of the former was the talk of Paris, it was nevertheless generally felt that but for that scene the acting of Mme. Bernhardt carried the palm. Then she touched a higher point. Her performance in the *Fille de Roland* was very fine; so were her earlier performances of Phèdre, which distinctly degenerated afterwards. In other plays, especially where she had to stand comparison with earlier interpreters, in the best critical judgment she has not held her own. It is a mistake to say that comparison is an unfair test, for it is sometimes the best test of all. It is a comparatively easy thing to shine in an original character, especially in one written expresely for the artist (as was the case with Fedora), which, in the ludicrous assumptions of the theatrical dictionary, he or she is said to "create"—meaning, of course, that the artist is the first to have the advantage of interpreting the author's creation. It is harder by force of talent to efface or to rival the memories of others. When Mme. Bernhardt played Adrienne Lecouvreur she failed to make us forget Mme. Favart's more artistic work, to say nothing of the traditions of Rachel. When she essayed Frou-Frou, she left us nothing but newer and fresher regrets for the incomparable Desclée. Genius is a rare plant everywhere; rarest of all upon the stage, the art being merely mimetic; though nowhere more than on the stage is the fine word thrown about more recklessly. Not in our time has it been more applicable than to Desclée. Where others may have touches of genius, here was the thing itself. And Desclée and Frou-Frou are an inseparable memory. The comedy itself is one of the truest and most subtle of modern times, in its startling elaboration of the character of the woman of highly-wrought nerves, the true and striking product of the age. And in her various eccentricities Mme. Bernhardt has not distinguished herself more than in informing an "interviewer," as it is reported of her that she did, that she was not at her ease in Frou-Frou, because she felt the part to be so much "au dessous d'elle!" Desclée did not regard in that light the best work of MM. Meilhac and Halévy. It is true that she was not much interviewed.

Mme. Bernhardt has now broken Shakspearian ground, and appeared as the heroine of a very strange translation of a very noble play, now to be accepted under the singular designation of *Muck-a-bet*. At the risk of encountering all the stereotyped adulation which no doubt will greet—has indeed already begun to greet—the latest version of that terrible poet-sample of feminine undaunted mettle, we must venture to express, having seen the performance at the Porte St.-Martin on the fourth or fifth night, a frank and grave opinion. The surroundings of Mme. Bernhardt are in this case very much against her. Through some quarrel or difficulty which has been much written of in the French papers, she has not appeared, as originally intended, in a free poetical rendering of the play by M. Lacroix (by him transferred to the Odéon), but in a literal—very oddly literal—prose translation by her own poet, M. Richepin, the author-actor of *Nana-Sahib*. It would not be fair to call the translation bad, curiously as it sometimes reminds one of the gentleman who undertook to transfer *Hamlet* into French vernacular prose, and accordingly reproduced the Prince's greeting to his father's spirit, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" as "Tiens! qu'est que c'est que ça?" After all, that is very much what a modern French Hamlet, as according to Partridge, would say under the circumstances. M. Richepin has done his best to preserve the imagery; but a literal translation of a great poem, with all the poetry left out, is in itself a sin; and such a sentence as "Comme un rat sans queue, je ferai, et je ferai, et je ferai," is very unimpressive indeed. *Ab uno disce omnia*. The Witches' mixture for the cauldron, purposely but fiercely grotesque in Shakspeare's magic hands, becomes amazingly funny in M. Richepin's prose. "Sir," said an enthusiastic box-keeper during the run of M. Fechter's Hamlet at the Princess's (a very fine and thoughtful performance, be it said, which we have no wish to depreciate), "'Amlet used to be a tragedy with Mr. Kean and Mr. Macready. Mr. Fetcher, sir, has raised it to a mellerdram." M. Richepin has raised *Muck-a-bet* to another; and an odd one it is. It is arranged in nine "tableaux," with waits between, in order that the high treason of "changing the scenes in sight of the audience" may be avoided according to the modest Pineronian receipt. *Muck-a-bet* has obviously passed through the ubiquitous fingers of some Gallic Mr. Pinero; and in the further absence of all orchestral music of any kind, the effect becomes almost madly depressing. We had nightmares till the morning, much aggravated by the astounding aspect of the French ghosts and witches. They had but one trapdoor between them, wherewith to do all the necessary spiriting. The three Witches walked on and off in quite a mortal way; and when they desired to impress Muck-a-bet, they merely joined hands round him and put him in the middle, and danced "Round and round the mulberry-tree," about the great *Cowdore*. In that confined space, in the full costume of a modern Highlander outside a tobacconist's shop, the noble Thane looked exceedingly uncomfortable, and very little else. The Ghost of Banquo failed to redeem the spiritual situation. In this world a decidedly fat man, he had had no time to lose flesh in the next, before he rose through that trapdoor into the middle of the dinner-table, with nothing to distinguish him from the rest of the company but a profusion of disagreeable red lines about his face to represent wounds, which much moved us to address him in the language of Mr. Burnand's *Stage-Dora*, as "Sealing-Wax." The audience giggled at him a good deal, and the audience, on the night when we were present, was conspicuous by the absence of all social or literary distinction. Like the performance, it was unmitigated Surrey. When a Parisian actress secedes from the Français, French intelligence remains with the Français, and leaves the seceder. "Flean," as the bills called him, was visible only in the bills. The Second Murderer caused some laughter by lending a repentant hand to remove the furniture. Macbeth, when his wife left him, clenched his teeth and gnashed them, threw out his right arm, danced on his right foot, and settled himself on his left, rolled his eyes, and said, "Est-ce un poignard?" precisely as we knew he would. Macbeth might have been Macduff, or Macduff Banquo, or Lennox any of them, for any distinction whatever between their characters or styles of recitation. There was no single glimpse of acting from the beginning of the performance to the end. "I can get this sort of thing from the Britannia at any time, sir," said an angry manager to an expensive lover, "for forty shillings a week."

How far Mme. Bernhardt herself may be responsible for the general effect of such an exhibition as this, it would be idle to inquire. Neither reason nor experience, we suppose, will ever dispel the histrionic theory that a star shines the brighter for a surrounding of night-lights. Yet her early successes at the Français, with the Delaunays and Mounet-Sullys to act with, might have taught Mme. Bernhardt a better wisdom; and the power of evenness has never been more clearly shown than of late, in bringing into relief the merit of an individual performance.

Mme. Marie Roze's beautiful and poetic Carmen, for instance, at Drury Lane, a study clearly inspired by Mérimée rather than his librettists, was all the more significant for the equal merit of the whole representation of Bizet's opera.

The interest of the performance at the Porte St.-Martin, of course, lay in what Mme. Sarah Bernhardt might make of Lady Macbeth. This much justice may at least be done her, that she has in no way attempted to alter the balance of the characters. She is not ambitious to emulate the side-lights which another foreign player has been good enough to throw upon Shakspeare's tragedy. If Signor Salvini has naïvely announced that the sleep-walking scene ought to be taken out of Lady Macbeth's part and given to Macbeth, Mme. Bernhardt might have retaliated by transferring the scene over the Witches' cauldron from the Thane to herself. The psychological meanings which some critics love to look for might be argued either way, though we doubt if Shakspeare ever distressed himself much by speculations on psychology. But, for the rest, Shakspeare at his greatest being here in question, it must be plainly said, by us at least, that Mme. Bernhardt's acting is throughout but too well in keeping with the tone of her surroundings. It is becoming painfully clear to quiet and watchful observers and lovers of the drama, whom the blare of modern trumpetry fails to deafen or disturb, that the Nemesis of the new school is following hard on the actress's heels, and that in the hands of those who persistently give up to advertisement what was meant for art, the signs of art may degenerate very fast. We could wish that others might be warned in time. From the first moment of her appearance, reading Macbeth's letter, Mme. Bernhardt strikes at once her shrillest and highest key. From that moment forwards there is neither change, nor relief, nor light. With her husband there is no touch of love or tenderness; with her guests there is no sign of dignity or grace; in her own reflections there is neither reticence nor stay. She plays second murderer throughout to Macbeth's first; and the two together might figure as the centre of some police-court story of Whitechapel assassination. To colour their hands an obtrusive and unpleasant red, in emulation of poor Banquo's roomy visage, appears to be with them the main purpose of the scene. Even the repulsive and unsuitable dress which it pleases Mme. Bernhardt to wear is, we regret to say, an offence which in such a character an artist should have shunned. In the touchstone of the part, the sleep-walking scene, Mme. Bernhardt's failure seemed to us the most complete. The traditions of that scene are old and true, and to be remembered by ourselves not only in Mme. Ristori's stately power, but in the artistic self-restraint of our own Mrs. Crowe and Mrs. Vezin. Mme. Bernhardt seems to wish to play the scene anew, and plays it like a Mænad, or, to give a closer parallel, like an operatic star in the gambols of the *Somnambula*. She tears the passion all to pieces, and ends by rushing wildly off the stage, waving her hands about her head. Her gestures, indeed, throughout the whole play are more those of the amateur than the actress, wearisome and monotonous from their entire want of repose, as if she had unlearned the very rudiments of the art which she once promised to interpret both modestly and well. With her right hand she ceaselessly saws the air, and with the left she clutches the bosom of her peculiar tunic, in a fashion in which a pupil of Mrs. Stirling or Mr. Vezin would not long be allowed to indulge. Mme. Bernhardt has a great power of recuperation: and we sincerely hope that she will reconsider her Lady Macbeth carefully and thoroughly before she presents it to the countrymen of Shakspeare. If she does not, we should not be surprised to find that in this instance the usual puffs preliminary have missed their mark. For when things are at the worst they mend; and we believe that there are signs abroad that the advertising mania in matters of art is trying the patience of the world too far. The natural result of the desire of every aspirant to outstrip his predecessor is already visible on half the hoardings of London. Mme. Bernhardt, mercifully, still confines herself to the modest proportion of the photographer's window, and we are spared the fear of a life-sized Lady Macbeth to herald her upon her way among the attractions of soaps, mustards, electric belts, and Claudian. Mr. Barrett is so earnest in his artistic ambition, and himself so sound an actor of poetic drama (many remember his "Mercutio" as among the best of recent Shakspearian pictures), that it is the more to be regretted that he should treat poetical plays in this fashion. We sincerely believe that there must soon be an end of all this, and with what patience we may command we are content to look for it.

THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE LONDON POOR.

IN an article last week on "Underground London" we referred incidentally to the advantage which would accrue from young Oxford and Cambridge graduates going to live among the poor at the East End of London. But the matter is one which will bear further treatment, in view of the organized efforts which are now happily being made at both Universities to promote this object; and we propose to put before our readers some information about it. They may not improbably have observed the report some three weeks ago of a large meeting of graduates and undergraduates in the Guildhall at Cambridge, under the chairmanship of Mr. Seeley, Professor of Modern History, when Prince Albert Victor of Wales made his first public appearance as a speaker, amid general applause. But Oxford was earliest in the field in taking up the scheme, and we may therefore, before proceeding to notice the recent move at Cambridge, say something of what had previously been designed and achieved under the auspices of the sister University. A Committee of Oxford graduates and undergraduates was formed last year in order "to assist and concentrate the work of University men among the London poor," on which appear the names of two Heads of Houses—the Wardens of All Souls and Keble—and several Fellows and Tutors of different Colleges. The programme defines their aim to be to form a permanent connexion with some parish or mission district in one of the poorer parts of London, where a House might be founded as a centre of religious and social work among the labouring and artisan classes. This house would become the residence of University graduates willing to live there and give either their whole time, or such portion of it as they could spare from professional or business engagements, to this kind of work, while it would also afford a meeting-place for others who could come and help on certain evenings in the week, and would receive undergraduates for a similar purpose during vacations. As regards the ecclesiastical position of the new institute, it was suggested that it might at first be placed under the general direction of the Vicar, but in the hope of its ultimately having a head of its own, whether lay or clerical. And as to the sort of work contemplated, we cannot do better than quote the words of the Prospectus:—

> The methods open to such a band of workers would include the management of boys' and men's clubs and institutes; teaching in day and Sunday schools; classes, lectures, temperance work, and conducting or assisting in services in mission-rooms, and elsewhere. Besides this, much might be done by friendly and social intercourse with labourers and artisans, and by promoting and managing entertainments. The work would not necessarily be confined to the parish, but would include the serving on Committees of Sanitary Aid, Charity Organization Society, Kyrle Society, &c.

It was added that, while the parish, as its religious centre, would give it that definitely Christian character in which the workers would find their strongest bond of union, "its independence of the ordinary parochial organization would give them easier access to certain kinds of work, and admit the co-operation of any University men feeling a desire to make themselves more closely acquainted with the condition of the poor, and to give personal service in making their lives happier and better." A later manifesto of the Executive Committee states that they have selected for starting their plan the parish of St. Andrew's, Bethnal Green, containing some 13,000 inhabitants, chiefly well-to-do and intelligent artisans living in large blocks of model dwelling-houses. To the charge of this parish the Bishop of Bedford, after consulting the Committee, has appointed the Rev. G. W. Knight Bruce, of Merton College, who has let to them a disused National School, large enough to hold five residents, besides ample room for entertainments, classes, &c.; and three men have already arranged to commence residence there next September, while twelve more have promised occasional assistance in various branches of the work. There is however much further need both of personal service and of funds, for which subscriptions and donations are asked. We learn also from one of the Secretaries, the Rev. W. J. Campion, of Keble, that Magdalen College intends to start a branch house in connexion with the central one at Bethnal Green, which will be in Burdett Road, Stepney, and will carry on its work in co-operation with Mr. Dolling—a hard-working and energetic young clergyman, of Trinity College, Cambridge—who has lately started a mission there. There is also an Oxford settlement of the kind, under the headship of Mr. Barnett, in Whitechapel. As regards particular details of the work to be done, a list of suggestions has been put forward by the Oxford Committee, who appeal for the aid of those willing to offer it in any of the following ways:—

(1) taking lodgings in the House in Bethnal Green;
(2) working in Clubs or Schools on Sundays or on certain evenings in the week;
(3) giving occasional help at concerts, entertainments, &c., or on Bank holidays;
(4) giving lectures or addresses or conducting classes, either on secular or religious subjects;
(5) assisting in Mission Services;
(6) promoting Co-operative Stores;
(7) serving on local committees of School Management, Sanitary Aid, Charity Organization Society, &c.;
(8) conducting parties over museums, picture-galleries, &c.;
(9) contributions.

We have here, it will be allowed, the outlines of a sensible and practical scheme, the actual operation of which must of course necessarily depend very largely on the character and capacities of those engaged in carrying it out, but which—like the Public Schools Missions, to which we called attention not long ago, and partly on the same lines—can hardly fail to be productive of very beneficial results. If it merely served to bridge over in some measure the chasm which too often divides class from class, as by the impassable barriers of an Indian caste, that would alone be no inconsiderable gain. But, while that must be the essential preliminary and condition of successful work, it will be the beginning and not the end of the good likely to be accomplished. Many of our readers are no doubt familiar with a significant passage in Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, describing how, on going to Rugby, he began to win the sympathy and confidence of his boys. "'He calls us fellows,' was the astonished expression of the boys, when, soon after his first coming, they heard him speak of them by the familiar name in use among themselves; and in his later years they observed

with pleasure the unaffected interest with which, on the long autumn afternoons, he would often stand in the school-field and watch the issue of their favourite games of football." The same principle applies *mutatis mutandis* to the case before us. It is by a manifestation of "unaffected interest" and sympathy on the part of those who are their social and intellectual superiors —not by the sort of condescension which, as we have seen it expressed somewhere, treats their children as "the young of the poor"—that the hearts of the artisan or lower classes will be won and influenced for good. And how greatly such influence is needed, to do what it would be worse than folly to look for as the result of mere school teaching, is sufficiently illustrated in the case mentioned by an East End clergyman, whose testimony we cited last week, of "one of the most hopeless *gamins*" he had ever come across, who had passed the Fifth Standard, and, like hundreds of other boys, could find no better use for his newly-acquired art of reading than to devour a literature as vile in its moral tone as it is in its political aspect subversive of the elementary principles which hold society together. It may be feared that such juvenile editions of "the Artful Dodger" are to be counted not by hundreds but by thousands among the street arabs of our great cities. This view of the exigencies of the case was evidently present to the minds of those who took part in the representative meeting held the other day at Cambridge, to organize for that University a share in the same great enterprise which had been already taken up at Oxford. It found more or less articulate expression, so far as we can judge from the report, in all the speeches delivered, but was especially accentuated by the Chairman and by Prince Albert Victor.

Professor Seeley began by insisting on "how little they"—Cambridge men—"knew of the lives and wants of the labouring class and the class just above them," and the great "gulf" which separated the rich and comfortable from the poor. He referred to the Working Men's College in Red Lion Square, established thirty years ago by the late F. D. Maurice—whom an ingenious instructor of public opinion calls "Mr. Morris"—where Cambridge graduates often used to work; and he pointed out how "Mr. Maurice used to insist on the incalculable importance of personal sympathy, of helping the poor not only by teaching them, but by living with and among them." He considered that "the present schemes had substantially the same object, and were successive waves in the old tide, which was always impelling the Universities to throw themselves into the gulf between the rich and poor." Mr. Gell remarked that the whole system of self-government in England was based on the assumption of the existence of a leisurely class, who would undertake the responsibilities their busier brethren could not enter upon; but in East London there was no such resident class, and hence the importance on social grounds of providing it from without. Professor Stuart, who followed him, urged the members of his own University to co-operate with Oxford in this most beneficial work for improving the moral and physical condition of the inhabitants of East London, and explained that "what they had to do for the poor, the unhappy, the destitute, the powerless, among whom they might be placed, was to endeavour to make them capable and make them feel capable," for it was on the capability of the masses that the security of the country in the future and the safeguard against revolution depended. Prince Albert Victor, who made the closing speech, once more emphasized the point that all such help should be "given in a brotherly spirit," and that help so given "not only blesses him who receives, but also him who gives," and he went on to notice the necessity "for building up a healthy commonwealth, that all classes or parties, whether political or religious, should join and unite together in the attempt to better not only each other, but the whole." On these grounds, and because the proposed movement would serve to make our fellow-countrymen in the East of London "worthier citizens, not only of the great metropolis, but also of our wider England," it had his heartiest sympathy. That such an expression of hearty sympathy should be uttered by Prince Albert Victor is in itself both of hopeful augury and of present significance as a moral fact. The late Duke of Albany is well known to have taken a warm personal interest in all philanthropic movements of this kind, and it is on every ground matter of sincere satisfaction that a similar feeling should be exhibited by the younger generation of the Royal family. *Noblesse oblige*, is a good old proverb, which can least of all be safely ignored in an aristocratic country like England, and by none can its teaching be more fitly and persuasively enforced than by the heir or the occupant of a throne.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.—V.

THE multiplication of small galleries is a feature of the day not to be lightly condemned. True, to the critic who feels it incumbent on him, if possible, to visit everything, good or bad, great or small, it is an evil. He is driven, the sport of chance, from east to west, and from north to south, and never finds his toil at an end until the end of all things comes with August. There is an interesting but fleeting show at Christie's, and if he misses it for one week, he is sure to miss the thing of all others he wanted to see. There are constant additions and re-arrangements at the National Gallery, and also miles away at South Kensington; there is the National Portrait Gallery, always receiving some new head; and, in addition to such comparatively permanent institutions, there are pitfalls for his feet in almost every second shop in Bond Street, and all about Piccadilly and Pall Mall; while during the last few weeks two exhibitions, both of which must be noticed now, have broken out in the City. There is also an "International" picture gallery at the Crystal Palace, which we must leave, with several others, to a future occasion.

The modern style of wood engraving has been assisted in a way it could have little expected by photography. It used to be said when the collodion process came first into vogue that art, especially the art of illustrating books, was going to die. Yet the result has falsified all anticipations. Photography has given a stimulus as refreshing as it was unexpected to wood engraving. The artist is no longer compelled to make a troublesome drawing backwards on a block of boxwood. He can draw straightforwardly, as he pleases himself, on white or toned paper, in lines or in tints. His liberty, in short, is doubled, and with it his ease and correctness. The beautiful woodcuts with which the *Magazine of Art* and some other publications of Messrs. Cassell are illustrated are photographed from the artists' drawings on the wood, and so engraved without risk or injury to the drawing. Moreover, if it should be a convenience to the artist, he can make his drawing of any size he pleases. Some drawings in the "Black and White Exhibition" at La Belle Sauvage Yard are perhaps 20 inches by 18. But the illustrations from them are 10 by 9, or even in some cases 5 by 4½. Occasionally something is lost by this process, but its convenience is indubitable. Mr. Seymour's beautiful sketches of Thames scenery are well worth a journey to Ludgate. The amount of tint this accomplished artist can get out of black and white is marvellous. The exquisite depth of shadowy trees against a well-lighted sky cannot, of course, be rendered by any wood engraving, however subtle, and had we not seen the original drawings, we should have wholly missed it. A little view of Ely, by Mr. Barraud, is also very pleasing, and seems to come nearest to Mr. Seymour's work. Mr. A. W. Henley exhibits a group of young trees, such as we see in a French forest, a fir behind throwing up the silvery branches of a birch which leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. Nash's "Yachting" is enough to cure ladies who wish to tempt the dangers of the deep on a wet deck without any perceptible bulwark. This is a spirited drawing. Mr. Barclay's sketches in Algiers will not disappoint any one who knows them already by the woodcuts. Miss Mary Gow contributes some delicate and refined female heads, of a stronger character in point of modelling than we usually expect from the hands of lady artists. We have only noticed what we could praise. There are, no doubt, some poor and weak drawings among the nearly three hundred exhibited; but where so much is good there is no object to be gained by finding fault. It is not possible to imagine an exhibition more likely to be useful and instructive to the young artist or amateur who wishes to see how woodcuts are produced; and it should be mentioned both that admission is free, and also that all the drawings are for sale. Another year we hope Messrs. Cassell will see their way to printing a catalogue. The critic is somewhat impeded in his work when he has to make his own.

Another exhibition in the City does not, strictly speaking, come under the head of "Picture Galleries," but must be noticed here. The Company of Carpenters have a fine hall in London Wall, and have assembled there a most interesting gathering of "Works in Wood." The term is comprehensive enough to include furniture, architectural models and drawings, with wood-carving and joinery. We need only notice the carvings, which show a surprising amount of technical skill, with a certain indefinable want of artistic knowledge. The first prize in this department goes, we think rightly, to Mr. James Osmond, who has not been content with skill only in his treatment of decorative panels, but has also studied style to a fair extent. His carved oak is very beautiful. It required professional knowledge to see the difference between the work of Mr. Anthony Smith and that of Mr. W. G. James. The silver medal goes to the former for his "Ornamental Carved Panel." Some of the inlay work is very fine, but more attention appears to be attracted to imitations of nature which cannot be considered good art. There is a dead bird, hung from a nail by a string, all, bird, nail, and string, wonderfully cut, but the result is simply curious. This example, which looks very fresh and new, was carved by Dremontrieul, who is believed to have been employed by Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Among his modern imitators is Mr. W. F. Jenkins, who contributes a marvellous group of sparrows, "The First Flight," and a dead robin, "The Minstrel's Last Lay," lying in a mossy recess surrounded by peeping flowers. These works are absolutely natural as a bird-stuffer's work is natural, and we may wonder at them if we cannot quite praise them. Perhaps the most extraordinary of them all is the representation of a spray of beech-leaves, by Mr. D. Maver, who has obtained a silver medal in this department. Not only are the leaves undercut so as to look exactly like nature, but they are crumpled and lined so as to show that they are not living but withered. There is some excellent work by the veteran Mr. Rogers, and the visitor should not miss the old furniture, some of it the property of the Company.

Returning westward, we may notice three exhibitions more for this week. At the Dudley Gallery may be seen some fine "pictures and sculpture by a group of artists of the French school." Among them perhaps some large pastel drawings by M. de Nittis will attract the most attention. The artist is best known for very minute and small work, and these three pictures, representing respec-

tively scenes "During the Race," "Around the Stove," and "In the Tribune," will surprise his old admirers by their force and boldness, as well as by their life-sized proportions. Mr. Henry Gervex's "First Communion" has been bought by the State, but to the English critic the subject wants the devotional spirit, and is a mere fashion-picture—finely and boldly painted, of course, and with the knowledge and skill that have in too many cases to do duty for taste in French contemporary art. The central picture in the room is M. Bonnat's "Victor Hugo," which is beyond or above criticism, and will be visited by all who wish to see that happiest and rarest conjunction—a great sitter worthily matched by a great portrait-painter. There are also works by MM. Flameng, Montenard, Roll, Tavernier, Ribot, and other well-known and popular artists. Another small exhibition is at the rooms of the Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond Street. This is described as "One Hundred Paintings and Drawings by One Hundred Artists." The idea is an excellent one, as there is no repetition, and most of the works are small. Too many, however, have a look of being mere studies or sketches; and we need only notice those which appear to deserve the name of pictures. The most conspicuous, perhaps, is a half-length nude study, "Psyche Bound in the House of Venus," by Mr. John Collier, which is a first-rate example of his powers, bright, soft, and pretty, as well as powerful and learned in the modelling. "Fairlie Roads and the Little Cumbrae," on the Clyde, by Mr. Brett, will be much admired. It is less laboured than some of the artist's older pictures, but none the less true in effect. "The Last Mill at Pont Aven," by Mr. Adrian Stokes, will be thought by most people very superior to his disappointing Academy picture of this year. Mrs. Alma-Tadema shows a charming little work, "A Naughty Child." The culprit stands with her face in the corner, so that we can judge at leisure of the delicate harmonies of her elaborate old-fashioned dress. Miss Dorothy Tennant comes out in a vein unknown to us before. "A Weight of Care" shows a child with a baby in her little arms, endeavouring to hold an umbrella over her sleeping charge. There are comedy and pathos in the picture in a high degree, though it is only a few inches square. Miss Tennant should be encouraged to try some higher flight. "In Doubt," by Mr. F. Morgan, would do for the illustration of a popular ballad. The gentleman "over the garden wall" has proposed, and the lady on this side has not made up her mind to have him. Mr. H. Moore's "Off Dodman's Head—Coast of Cornwall" is a typical example of his style. The running water is full of motion. Mr. Calderon sends "A Rose of Provence," which might for a moment be mistaken for the work of De Blaas. The face is lovely. Mr. MacWhirter's "Coast of Arran" is very superior to his Academy picture. One of the prettiest of the water-colours is Mr. Phené Spiers's "Canterbury Cathedral from the Dean's Garden." The modern Deanery is on the site of the Prior's House, and it might almost be imagined that the successive priors grouped the vast crowd of buildings so as to look best from their own windows. Mrs. Cecil Lawson's "Purple Iris" is a finely coloured and bold study. Mr. C. Gregory's "Water Lane," a causeway on which two pretty girls pass while an old woman in a cart is fording the brook which crosses the lane, forms a very pleasing combination of landscape and figure. Mrs. Allingham's "Eleanor" is very pleasing, but is not very much the kind of work which we know and like as here. A small, fine, sunny, and, artistically speaking, large drawing is Mr. Albert Goodwin's "Assisi." The last drawing we can notice in the Fine Art Society's "century" is one of the highly finished, careful, and uncompromisingly truthful pictures of Portuguese life and scenery which Mr. Tristram Ellis has brought home from Cintra. The clear bright air of the sunny south, the brown-faced peasant folk, and the gorgeous wealth of vegetation are admirably rendered in "Going to Work."

One very small exhibition must have a paragraph to itself. Mr. Lefevre shows at his Gallery in King Street, St. James's, Mlle. Rosa Bonheur's latest bull's head, the "Lord of the Herd," a splendidly lifelike study; Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Parting Kiss," a Pompeian lady bidding farewell to her boy as he goes forth to school, a chariot waiting at the door, and a grand street view beyond; and Mr. John Collier's portrait of Mr. Alma-Tadema himself, who is represented standing before the half-finished canvas of "Hadrian in Britain," now one of the chief ornaments of the exhibition of the Royal Academy. The combination of three such artists and three such pictures makes this little gallery more attractive than many a larger one.

MUSIC IN CHANCERY.

LET the Philistine rejoice and be glad. Already happy in the assurance that Baron Huddleston, a British jury, the Court of Appeal, Sir Robert Peel, and the House of Lords think very little of the opinion in matters of sculpture of the Royal Academy in general, and Sir Frederick Leighton in particular, he is now still further gratified by the knowledge that the Chancery Division of the High Court shares some of his views. For Mr. Justice Pearson has formally announced his opinion that "some of the best music we have at this moment is Mendelssohn's 'Lieder ohne Worte.'" And while this sentiment will be heartily echoed by the lovers of old-fashioned music, the disciples of the advanced school may congratulate themselves on a legal victory gained by one of their foremost champions. The trial in the course of which the *obiter dictum* in question was pronounced was, in many respects, a curious one. The plaintiffs were Messrs. Boosey & Co., the well-known firm of musical publishers, and the defendant was practically Dr. Stanford, the equally well-known English composer, though the nominal defendant was Herr Franke, under whose direction the present series of German operas is being produced at Covent Garden. The story of the litigation, briefly told, is as follows. In 1881 Mr. Boosey, having already published the music of an opera by Dr. Stanford, was naturally anxious not to let any opportunity of doing similar business escape. Hearing that Dr. Stanford was composing another opera, he therefore wrote to him and requested that he should be allowed to publish it when it was finished. A brief negotiation terminated in the following arrangement. Mr. Boosey bought from Dr. Stanford the English copyright in the music of the opera *Savonarola* for 1,000*l.* If the opera was first produced in London the price was to be paid upon its production. If, on the other hand, it was first produced abroad, half the price was to be paid "on production," and the other half upon its first performance in London. But while the copyright of the music was sold to Mr. Boosey, the right of representing it was expressly reserved to Dr. Stanford in the letters which constituted the contract. If the matter had stood there, no question could ever have arisen, and Dr. Stanford would have been spared the annoyance of litigation. But, unfortunately for himself, he recommended Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, who had undertaken the duty of furnishing the libretto of the opera, to make his own terms with Mr. Boosey. Accordingly Mr. A'Beckett sold to Mr. Boosey the copyright of the libretto, reserving to himself "the right of translation" and "Continental rights." In process of time score and book of the opera were both complete; and Dr. Stanford thought fit, as his agreement with Mr. Boosey had contemplated that he might, to produce *Savonarola* for the first time in Germany. Accordingly, having procured a German translation of Mr. A'Beckett's libretto, he went in the spring of this year to Hamburg, where the opera was produced with the greatest possible success, and Mr. Boosey thereupon paid his first instalment of 500*l.* in pursuance of his agreement. Dr. Stanford then arranged with Herr Franke that the opera should be performed at Covent Garden on the 18th of June, the German version of the libretto being used. Mr. Boosey asserted that this was an interference with his rights, and brought his action for an injunction to restrain Herr Franke from giving his performance next week as advertised. Now it was clear that, as between Dr. Stanford and Mr. Boosey, the publisher had nothing to complain of. Mr. Boosey had bought the copyright, apart from the right of representation, for 1,000*l.*, of which he had paid only half. He had expressly agreed to pay the other half as soon as the opera should be performed in London. If Dr. Stanford had chosen to bring it out in London originally, Mr. Boosey would have had to pay his 1,000*l.* all at once; therefore it would seem that he ought to have been grateful for the delay which enabled him to keep half the price for a time in his own pocket. But it seems rather to have occurred to Mr. Boosey that an opera cannot be performed without a libretto, and that the libretto of this particular opera was his, and that he would object to its publication. Accordingly he applied to Mr. Justice Pearson for an injunction to restrain Herr Franke from producing the opera. In the first place, he had to contend that his purchase of Mr. A'Beckett's libretto had given him copyright in the German translation of it. This raised rather a nice point of law, but one which it did not turn out to be necessary for the Judge to decide. Thus, he argued, the libretto being his, the opera was his in so far as it was a drama, and the right of representing it as a drama with speech, characters, and action was his, though he conceded that the right of performing the music belonged to no one but Dr. Stanford. In fact, Mr. Boosey seems to have thought that, by virtue of his agreement with Mr. A'Beckett, he could prevent Dr. Stanford from performing *Savonarola*, and earning the second half of his purchase-money, as long as he chose. Considering this, it was hardly graceful in Mr. Boosey to instruct his counsel to say that "the sole object of this performance on the part of Dr. Stanford is unfairly to get 500*l.* out of the pocket of Mr. Boosey." As Mr. Justice Pearson pointed out, Mr. Boosey had stated his own object pretty clearly in one of his letters, where he said that he hoped, by means of having the copyright of the libretto "in our hands, to recoup ourselves for some part of the expense to which we have been put in acquiring" the right to publish the music. Mr. Napier Higgins, Q.C., who appeared for Mr. Boosey, was finally reduced to arguing that Dr. Stanford had no right to perform his opera to any libretto but Mr. Boosey's, and to offering to allow him to perform the complete score of *Savonarola* without any dramatic accessories. "But then," said Mr. Justice Pearson, with judicial perspicacity, "you would say that that was not a performance within the meaning of the agreement, and refuse to pay the rest of the purchase-money." So he gave judgment for the defendant without calling upon his counsel.

THE SUGAR BOUNTY QUESTION.

THE meeting held in Mile End on Wednesday evening to denounce the foreign sugar bounty system recalls attention to a matter which has given more occupation during the past quarter of a century to the Foreign Offices of Europe than any other single economic question. When discussing the crisis in the sugar trade some few weeks ago, we pointed out that it had been

brought about by the great increase of production during recent years, and we showed that that increase was mainly in beetroot sugar. The growth of the beetroot industry during the present century is perhaps the most striking instance on record of the influence of political motives in producing a great industrial revolution. The first Napoleon encouraged beetroot cultivation in France in the hope of undermining British commercial supremacy. The hope has not been realized; but the policy he initiated has had results greater than the most sanguine could have expected. The policy has been pursued by the successive Governments that have since ruled France, and it has been imitated by almost all other Continental nations. The consequence is that beetroot-sugar is competing on more than equal terms with cane-sugar in the English market; indeed, the proportion of beetroot-sugar consumed here has been growing at a most astonishingly rapid rate of late years, and now amounts to about one-half. It seems not improbable, therefore, to those interested that in the long run beetroot will drive out cane-sugar from the English market altogether. In doing so it would, of course, seriously injure British capital invested in the sugar plantations of the West Indies and elsewhere, and it would throw out of employment much British labour engaged in those plantations. If the success of beetroot cultivation were due to natural causes alone there would be nothing to complain of. In the struggle for existence the fittest always must survive. But in this case legislation has triumphed over the natural advantage possessed by the sugar-cane. The Continental Governments, while protecting beetroot growers and sugar manufacturers, yet levy a duty upon the sugar. But as they, of course, desire to avoid taxing capital, they grant a drawback on sugar when exported. The drawback professes only to equal the duty paid; but in practice it is found very greatly to exceed it. The duty is imposed upon the raw material; and it is said to be impossible to calculate exactly the quantity of sugar that any given amount of beetroot will yield. The drawback, therefore, is made so liberal that it amounts to a very considerable bounty. It is said, for example, that French loaf-sugar is sold at 51 francs per hundred kilogrammes for export to England; while the price in France itself, when the duty is subtracted, is as high as 62 francs. Thus the sugar for England is sold 11 francs per hundred kilogrammes, or over 21½ per cent. cheaper than the sugar is sold in France itself, irrespective of the duty! The difference is a bounty in favour of export to England. And it is alleged that the bounty in Germany is considerably larger than that in France. It will be seen, therefore, that the sugar manufacturer can afford to sell his sugar in England much below cost price, since the difference is made up to him by the Government. In other words, Continental taxpayers tax themselves to supply the English consumer with cheap sugar; but, unfortunately, the result to the cane-sugar grower is disastrous.

The sugar refiners and the sugar-cane growers argue that the ultimate result of this state of things must be that the Continental nations will obtain a monopoly of the English sugar market. Having driven cane-sugar out of the market, and thrown a large number of the plantations out of cultivation, they will be able to charge what prices they like; and thus they are making sugar artificially cheap now in order to make it artificially dear by-and-bye. The trade, therefore, contend that it is the duty of the Government to prevent this consummation. It is evident that the bounties could be abolished, if the duty on beetroot-sugar was imposed upon the sugar itself when fully manufactured, and was collected only when being delivered for consumption. Our Government took this view of the matter many years ago, and opened negotiations with the Continental Governments, in the hope of inducing them to adopt the system. But as the system could be carried out only by insisting that all sugar should be manufactured in bond, the Continental nations refused to subject their municipal law to international arrangement. Sugar refiners and cane-sugar growers, therefore, have now come to demand that the Government should impose a countervailing duty—a duty, that is, equivalent to the bounty granted by the Continental nations upon all sugar obtaining the bounty. It is argued that this would not be in contravention of Free-trade. Free-trade requires that Governments should not interfere with the free action of natural causes; but the Continental Governments by their bounties do interfere; and therefore, it is urged, our Government may interfere in its turn to replace the balance. The answer of those who oppose the proposal is obvious. Foreign Governments interfere with the free play of natural causes in many other matters besides sugar production, and therefore, if we impose a countervailing duty upon bounty-fed sugar, we shall also, if we are to be consistent, impose a countervailing duty on many other articles of import. We need not, however, discuss this purely theoretical aspect of the question. For it is clear to any one who will think out the matter that no Government in England dare propose a duty upon sugar. Sugar has now become a necessary of life, and if it were to be taxed for the sake of making it dear, there would be an outcry that the widow and orphan, the starving needlewoman, and struggling fathers of families were taxed for the benefit of a few capitalists in a small trade. Nor is it only the consumers who would oppose a countervailing duty. Sugar is employed as a raw material in many manufactures—in brewing for example—and all who so employ it would oppose the duty as bitterly as the consumers. Even in the sugar trade itself there would be a very powerful opposition to the proposal. The retail dealer, who buys his sugar at present prices, can put on an extortionate profit and yet sell at a price that to the poor housewife appears wonderfully low. But, if the price were to be raised to what it used to be in former days, either the shopkeeper would have to content himself with a much smaller profit, or he would see a great falling off in his custom. The shopkeepers know this full well, and nowhere, perhaps, would there be a stronger opposition to the proposal than in the sugar trade itself. Indeed, the history of the agitation against the bounties clearly proves the impracticability of imposing countervailing duties. The question has been before the country since 1862, and every Ministry since then, to whatever party it belonged, has had it under consideration. Each has endeavoured by negotiation to bring about a change in the Continental system, but all have decided without a moment's hesitation that to impose a countervailing duty was out of the question.

We are afraid that the West Indian planters and the sugar-refiners must base their hopes of an improvement upon the necessities of the Continental Governments. We are inclined to think, however, that these hopes will not be disappointed. The Continental Governments are engaged in maintaining such vast armaments, and in constructing such great public works, that their financial difficulties are very great. However much, therefore, they may wish to foster native industry and to encourage exports of native produce, they, after a while, find that the game is too expensive to be pursued. France, which initiated the system, and against whose policy the sugar-refiners first protested, has had to reduce the bounty so considerably that French imports of sugar into England have immensely decreased, and, indeed, the competition of France is now regarded almost with equanimity. Holland, likewise, has decreased its bounties; and Austria, which a few years ago outstripped France, and even was flooding France itself with its sugar, has also had to cut down the bounties. Germany is the only country which now gives bounties large enough to derange the trade. But it is by no means improbable that the German Government will by-and-bye tire of taxing German subjects for the benefit of British consumers. Already, indeed, the German Government has endeavoured to reduce the bounties, and it has failed only because the ingenuity of the German manufacturers has extracted more and more sugar from the beetroot. We are afraid that in this matter of skill and ingenuity the planters of the West Indies and our own refiners are not quite equal to their foreign competitors. The charge is repudiated with something like indignation; but the organ of the sugar interest itself practically admits it. The German Government levies the tax on the weight of roots worked. "Every effort," we are told, "has consequently been made to grow the richest roots, and to bring the manufacture to such perfection as to extract from them the largest possible quantity of sugar. Under this stimulus the national energy and skill have been fully developed, and the result is that the growth and manufacture of beetroot-sugar in Germany has become one of the most perfect industries in the world. The French can get from five to six per cent. of sugar from their roots, while their German rivals have succeeded in extracting ten to twelve." It is commonly said, indeed, that improvements are introduced so rapidly in Germany that every five years the quantity of sugar extracted is increased, and thereby the amount of the bounty is raised. The question, then, it will be seen, is more complicated than at first sight it appears to be. Not only does the bounty interfere with the free action of natural laws, but the skill and ingenuity brought to bear upon the manufacture in Germany are so great as considerably to enhance the bounties given. Another point to be borne in mind is that the preparation of the soil for the growth of beetroot is such that it is said the land grows all crops for five or six years afterwards better than land in which beetroot has not been planted. It is to be desired, therefore, that the sugar-planters of the West Indies should seriously set themselves to the study of the processes adopted in Germany. Crying for countervailing duties will help them little. Invention and improvement may enable them to reconquer their old place in the English market. And they will do so the more readily because it is hardly probable, as we said above, that the German taxpayer will long go on giving subventions to sugar manufacturers to supply cheap sugar to British consumers. The consumption of sugar in Germany is only about one-third per head of the population of the consumption in England, although, as we have just seen, Germany is now the greatest producer of sugar in the world, and is increasing her production so rapidly that she threatens before long to drive all rivals out of the English market. Yet at home the price of sugar is so dear that the consumption is kept down to a mere fraction of what it is in England. Of course it is to be borne in mind that Germany is a much poorer country than England, and that the standard of living is much lower. Still, making allowance for all the differences between the two countries and between the modes of life of the two peoples, it is unquestionable that the German system does prevent the growth of consumption at home and does stimulate an artificial export abroad. If the sugar-refiners and the West Indian planters would help to bring these matters clearly to the knowledge of the German people, they would more effectually strike a blow at the bounty system than by agitation here at home. In saying this, however, we do not in the least wish to deny that the bounties act most injuriously to the sugar trade; that they are indefensible in principle, and that in practice they are unjust to the countries which pay them and mischievous to the rest of the world.

GERMAN OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

WHEN posterity gives its verdict on Herr Wagner's music it will probably be to the effect that through his mind there ran a current of pure melody and harmonious fancy which was constantly broken, interrupted, and diverted from its course by rocks of prejudice and shallows of mistaken logic. Music of the highest nature appeals to the ears and to the understanding alike. It has been the fault and weakness of many Italian masters that they considered the ears alone; that they cared only to gratify the love of sweet sounds that is common to most hearers, without any thought of gratifying also the sense of appropriateness. They did not, in other words, make their music dramatic. In the best operatic composition "The sound must seem an echo to the sense," to put a line of Pope to a use for which he never intended it. The component parts of such music are not to be analysed, but the result can be felt. One feels, for instance, that the quartet in *Rigoletto*, the trio in *Lucrezia Borgia*, the simple song, "Ah! non credea," in *Sonnambula*, are dramatic in their way; and so is the arrival of the Swan in *Lohengrin*. But these, and a score of other examples that will at once occur to the reader, are also eminently melodious, and melody was in a great measure disregarded by Herr Wagner in his later days. His disciples assert that it exists for them; but they hear it with the ears of faith, and those who do not possess faith cannot hear. As Herr Wagner had a later manner, so also he had, fortunately, an earlier manner. As that current of melody to which reference has been made advanced, the obstacles became larger and more numerous. *Die Meistersinger*, though not completed till 1867, is almost exclusively an example of the earlier period; and, except that it has a somewhat sad tendency as showing what Herr Wagner might have done for music had he been content to give his imagination full scope, the work is replete with beauty and rich in humour, humour of a somewhat severe and Teutonic cast when it is not, on the other hand, actually farcical—as in the belabouring of Beckmesser by the 'prentices—but nevertheless fresh and genuine. It is just two years since the story of Walther von Stolzing who desires to be a master-singer that he may win the hand of Eva, a prize for the best singer, and so defeat her pedantic suitor Beckmesser, was told in England at Drury Lane, and there for the first time Hans Sachs, the cobbler, a master-singer of larger mind and more liberal views than his brethren, aided the young knight to gain his bride. Here is a summary of the whole plot which, however, derives interest from the glimpse it affords into the life of mediæval Germany in connexion with the quaint custom of the master-singers of Nürnberg; for the prototypes of Hans Sachs, Pogner, Beckmesser, David, and the rest lived and sang, if they did not sing the music Herr Wagner puts into their mouths, and if they were not accompanied by such an orchestra as he provides. When the *Meistersinger* was begun, the composer had not recognized the desirability of making his music as unvocal as possible, though the orchestra was then, as afterwards, the first consideration. Neither had he developed what are regarded by some as the tricks, and by others as the magnificences of the later style—much *tremolo* of violins with no obvious significance, and rushes of *crescendo* leading to no goal.

The music of the *Meistersinger* is often beautiful, very beautiful indeed; though that it is somewhat fatiguing to keep attention on the stretch is not to be denied. In some degree this is a tribute to the composer. He commands attention; we are unwilling to lose his meaning, and so listen with strained ears. We are often bountifully repaid. Few things in music are finer than the utterances of Hans Sachs as he leans over the half-door of his shoemaker's shop, and soliloquizes about the song which Walther has sung at the trial in St. Katherine's Church that morning.

> Kein' Regel wollte da passen,
> Und war doch kein Fehler drin,

he sings, and puzzles over it while a phrase of exceeding beauty is expanded in the orchestra into what may be called a symphony, every bar of which incontestably reveals the master's hand. Comparatively new as the opera is in England, it will be safe to assume that it is familiar to musicians. We need not dwell again on the recognized facts that much of Walther's music has fresh and earnest melody, or describe the humour of the scene between Hans Sachs and Beckmesser, where the former (according to a parody of the custom of the master-singers) marks by taps upon the boot he is mending the errors in the serenade which Beckmesser is singing to Eva. The *Meistersinger* has been accepted by audiences. It ranks with *Lohengrin* as a work by which Herr Wagner will be estimated in this country—and here estimation means cordial approval—when little more will remain of the *Nibelungen* than part of the second act of *Siegfried*, which will be heard at orchestral concerts, and when the dreadful name of Wotan, in his association with music other than that of the thunderclouds, is forgotten.

The head and front of the German Opera at Covent Garden is Herr Richter, and how much this signifies readers know well. Great conductors are rare, but Herr Richter is admitted to be great on all hands; how great he is perhaps only those who heard the *Nibelungen*, first at Bayreuth under his guidance, and subsequently at Her Majesty's under the guidance of some one else, who was esteemed good and had a testimonial from Herr Wagner to that effect, can thoroughly realize. The German Opera orchestra includes many instrumentalists who play also for the Italian Opera Company. It is not to be denied that Signor Bevignani is an accomplished musician and a conductor much above the average; yet it is certain that Herr Richter obtains effects from his band which are unobtainable under other guidance. Care does much, no doubt; but then Signor Bevignani is also careful. What, then, is the electric sympathy which teaches an orchestra to respond to a conductor? It is not knowledge of the music alone. Herr Richter notoriously made an impression when he conducted Herr Wagner's works which the composer himself could not secure. The problem is an interesting one, which fortunately amateurs can study for themselves. What under inferior guidance is blurred and meaningless becomes vivid, perfectly balanced, and eloquently clear when Herr Richter is in command. This is the more important—if too much importance can be attached to the orchestra in such a work as this—because the company at Covent Garden is not a remarkably strong one. The general representation was more effective two years ago at Drury Lane; and as the orchestra was of equal merit and led by the same skilled hand, the difference must have been in the impersonation. The Eva of Frl. Schuch-Proska is colourless and quite lacks the sensibility with which both the Drury Lane Evas, Frl. Sucher in particular, were able to invest the part. Herr Fischer is a sound vocalist and an intelligent actor. At times he rises to the spirit of his theme; his performance in the second act, the interview with Eva and the wielding of the critical hammer to mark Beckmesser's serenade, were excellent. There is no want of dignity about this Sachs, and if there seems to be a lack of lightness and ease, it must not be forgotten that the shoemaker is a mediæval Teuton. Herren Wiegand and Moedlinger as Pogner and Beckmesser deserve no specially adverse criticism. Herr Gudehus, the Stolzing, has a resonant tenor voice, which he is only just beginning to spoil by an adherence to the wearing and tearing German method. A couple of years as Siegmund and Siegfried would reduce him to the level of the average Wagnerian tenor. The part of the 'prentice David was filled with ease and judgment by Herr Schroedter. He was never out of the picture, and is much to be commended for his artistic care.

Der Freischütz was the work chosen for the second performance. It was, of course, given with spoken dialogue, as Weber designed it. The bursts of song have, no doubt, a formal and conventional ring when they occur; but the beauty of the music appears in all its richness when Herr Richter is at the head of affairs. The overture to this opera gave Weber his place among the immortals; but, besides the famous scena, with its exquisite adagio, "Leise, leise, fromme Weise," there are sufficient beauties in the opera to justify its inclusion in the list of works to be given, which is open to criticism, inasmuch as it does not include a single opera of Mozart. A selection of German operas with Mozart excluded has something mysterious about it; but this is by the way. In *Der Freischütz* the unsatisfactory Eva of the *Meistersinger*, Frl. Schuch-Proska, gave proof of the direction wherein her capacity lies. She sang Ann's music brightly and pleasantly enough. As the more sedate of the two heroines, Agathe, Mme. Biro de Marion displayed true dramatic instinct. That portion of the tenor's equipment which comes by nature Herr Gudehus possesses. He was the Max. Herr Wiegand's Caspar was a capable piece of work. He acted with vigour and intensity; except that there was a want of power in the low notes, which Caspar should use very effectively, and an inability to reach with ease the F sharp which the Drinking Song demands, the music was well sung. The best Caspar the stage of our time has produced was, somewhat oddly, not a German, but a Frenchman—M. Faure. The grim resolution with which he undertook his dread task is not to be forgotten by those who have watched the greatest of French dramatic singers—the nationality might well be excluded, for of lyric artists of all countries the world has known no greater than the French baritone. Herr Wiegand is not a Faure, but he is a very careful and competent artist. The choruses of *Der Freischütz*—the Huntsmen's Chorus particularly—might have been better sung.

To speak frankly—and the critic should always speak thus, though it is not his invariable habit—a slight feeling of disappointment was created by the performance of *Lohengrin*. The representation was good; only it might have been better. Some day, perhaps, an Elsa will be found who will confide her griefs to her monarch and to her maidens. Mme. Albani cannot forget her audience, and the result is that the audience remembers her at the expense of Elsa. The passages beginning "In lichter Waffen Scheine," sung after Elsa has first arrived, are altogether beautiful. The violins in the higher octaves, swelled by wood-wind, are broken in upon by the harp, till what may be described as a warmth and glow seems to be diffused around; but here the Elsa sought an undue prominence, which was destructive to the simplicity of the character. It has been suggested that the conjunction of heavy German voices caused Mme. Albani to exaggerate, and this may well be the case. The delivery of the part in German, which she has often given in Italian, presented no linguistic difficulties to the *prima donna*. Her study has much merit, but the ideal Elsa has still to be sought, especially in the absence of Mme. Nilsson. Herr Stritt attempted, with surprisingly good results, to sing a tenor part with a baritone voice. Except that Lohengrin should be a tenor, and Herr Stritt is not so, the part was effectively realized. The actor's presence is commanding, and in the music his robust style overcomes difficulties which Nature has planted. No singing could make Ortrud's music, written for a wrought-iron voice, anything but tedious and unpleasant. Our cordial admiration of the first act, not to mention the third, with its beautiful

love music, cannot disguise the fact that this second act is very wearisome; and the intensity with which Frau Luger realised the character of Ortrud was very striking. She sang earnestly and conscientiously, and was well supported by Herr Reichmann as Telramund. Herren Wiegand and Scheidemantel completed the cast. The prelude to the third act was played with immense spirit.

THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

AT the Vaudeville the continued popularity of *Confusion* well illustrates the prevailing fancy for farcical comedy. Without being a notable work of art, Mr. Derrick's play is constructed with considerable ingenuity and consistency. The tangled web which, according to the poet, arises from experimental attempts at deception, is productive in *Confusion* of an elaborate intricacy, a maze of perplexities without any apparent clue. A little candour on the part of those concerned is, of course, all that is required to shed the light of common day on a dark and devious scene, were it desirable to scatter the fantastic illusions that Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Sophy Larkin so forcibly present. The ball of farce has, however, to be kept rolling, attaching to itself all manner of incongruities, until its disintegration is effected by excessive aggregation. The second act of *Confusion* affords a striking instance of the limitations of farcical comedy and of the perils of the narrow line that separates the pathos from the farce of comedy. Mortimer Mumploford and Miss Lucretia Trickleby are the victims of illusions that appear to the audience irrational and even ludicrous, and yet are based on evidence which, in stageland or the world around us, cannot be considered baseless. The former becomes jealous of his wife, and is represented in the second act with such nature and truth, such admirable force and finish, by Mr. Henry Neville, that the actor, unconsciously perhaps, for a while abandons the breadth and extravagance of farce and assumes a more serious *rôle*. The latter, through a stray telegram, imagines herself ensnared by an unprincipled adventurer; whereas Christopher Blizzard, the person in question, is quite the reverse. Miss Sophy Larkin, in her clever impersonation of the maiden lady, realizes the situation with such dramatic intensity and unqualified truth that her acting is almost painful. It would be hypercritical to designate such acting as alien to the spirit of farce; it is interesting certainly as illustrating the exceeding subtlety of the actor's art. When, however, we hear of *Confusion* being provocative of continuous laughter, the hilarity can only proceed from those who are more susceptible to humorous extravagance than sensitive to the delicate and infinite gradations of accomplished acting.

The chief merit of *Confusion* lies in the skill displayed in evolving the action; with all the drollery and humour that distinguish it, the most laughable situations are produced in a natural sequence undisfigured by exaggeration. The farcical element is of the legitimate kind, and the fun never degenerates into mere romping or coarseness. The representation is good in all respects; Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Larkin, Mr. Thorne, as the butler James, Mr. Groves, as Christopher Blizzard, and Miss Kate Phillips, as Maria, are all admirable. Mr. Thorne's James is a happy conception, original and distinctly quaint. *Confusion* is preceded by a comedietta entitled *The Man Opposite*, written by Mr. Howard Paul, and strangely described as a vaudeville. It is of the slightest description and merely an adaptation of an old idea; but it enables Miss Kate Phillips and Mr. Howard Paul to set forth with spirit and vivacity the strange flirtation and ultimate engagement of Fresco, a struggling artist, and his opposite neighbour, Fleurette.

Mme. Viard-Louis's fourth recital of Beethoven's works was given at Prince's Hall on Thursday. The brief programme included three instrumental works only; the Sonata in D major (Op. 10, No. 3), the Trio in B flat major for piano, clarionet, and violoncello (Op. 11), and the Sonata in C minor (Op. 13) familiarly known as the *pathétique*. Mr. H. Lazarus and M. Libotton assisted in the interpretation of the trio, the exquisite phrasing of the former being a notable feature in the variations of the final movement; the general effect was marred, however, by the pianist's persistent use of the pedal, and an uneven execution, combined with an open pianoforte—an unnecessary, and even objectionable, practice. In rendering the sonatas Mme. Viard-Louis was far more satisfactory than in her execution of the trio; her playing of the C minor sonata was distinguished by true feeling and insight, and her execution was characterized by the refinement and expression that were wanting in the trio. An agreeable item in the concert was provided by the vocalist, Mme. Waldmann Leiderits, who sang Leonora's great scene from *Fidelio*, the invocation to Hope, with genuine passion and dramatic power. In her rendering of the beautiful *Liederkreis*, the interesting circle of songs "An die ferne Geliebte," Mme. Leiderits displayed fine artistic sensibility and excellent capacity of expression.

At the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, an interesting concert, chiefly of Italian vocal music, was lately given by Signor Rizzelli, the programme including among many pieces of enduring popularity several items not less attractive and of greater novelty. The accomplished style of Signor Rizzelli's vocalization, the distinguished finish of his phrasing, the admirable art with which he produces the voice, his refinement and delicacy of expression, were finely exemplified in the rendering of Ponchielli's beautiful romance, "Tenda natal," from *Il Figliuol prodigo*. The rare artistic qualities of the singer were also displayed in Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Once Again," given in Italian, in the duet "Voglio dire," from *D'Elisir d'Amore*, with Signor Zoboli, and in Gordigiani's pretty trio, "Vieni al mar." Mme. Carlotta Patti, who is in excellent voice this season, was enthusiastically recalled for her brilliant execution of the aria "Caro nome," from *Rigoletto*, and her vivacious rendering of a Spanish song by Gradier; her delivery of shakes and florid embellishments was marvellous for facility, precision, and unerring intonation. Mme. Thea Sanderini gave, with good effect, "Robert, toi que j'aime," and Gumbert's "O bitt' euch liebe, Vögelein," and made an impression by her charming rendering of Signor Denza's romance "Tu manchi, O fiore," a song that should attain popularity. Ponchielli's "Voce di donna," from *La Gioconda*, was sung with taste and feeling by Miss Gertrude Roberts, who also assisted in the several concerted pieces, and, with Signor Rizzelli, in M. Faure's duet "Crucifix," a composition decidedly more effective in its choral form as an anthem. Signor Zoboli's comic verve and drollery were fully displayed in the duet "Voglio dire," and in a humorous version of Tito Mattei's buffa song, "Il Farfallone"; and Mr. Joseph Lynde's fine voice was advantageously heard in Tosti's "Ask me no more," and Watson's "Unlinked." Mme. Gayrard-Pacini gave several pianoforte solos, including Rubinstein's "Valse caprice"; and M. de Munch, the violoncellist, an excellent interpretation of a solo by Piatti. The notable efficiency of the accompanists, Signor Romili and Mr. W. W. Hedgcock, contributed much to the success of the concert.

THE EARLY YACHT RACES.

IN the first great match of the season the new yacht *Genesta* was successful, as we predicted that she probably would be, and her success showed, as has so often been shown before, that the principal requisite for the fast ship of the present day is a huge amount of lead—*i.e.* of outside lead, to use the common expression. It is, however, only fair to say that the latest contrivance for carrying this metal under water is an extremely creditable specimen of her peculiar class. As to her beauty, opinions may differ, but there can be no difference of opinion as to her handiness and her extraordinary power of beating to windward, while, from what was seen of her behaviour during one short struggle with trying combers, it seems probable that she will prove a very fair seaboat. It would be out of place to enter into details respecting her, but we may observe that her comparatively moderate mast, an ingenious improvement in part of her topmast rigging, and other things show how much advantage is gained when the designer of a yacht has a thorough practical knowledge of fore-and-aft seamanship. The extraordinary rake of sternpost to which her remarkable quickness in going round must be partly due is worthy of the attention of others than yachtsmen, as there are problems connected with the results obtained from inclined stern-posts which are as yet far from being solved. The attention of yachtsmen the *Genesta* is sure to receive; as, although she has not had by any means uninterrupted success, and was handsomely defeated by the *Lorna* at Dover, she is now the lion, or rather lioness, of the yacht-racing season, and will probably remain so until the two other great lead-carriers which have been built come forth to compete with her.

The match just mentioned, in which this yacht was victorious, was uninteresting except in so far as it served to show her weatherly qualities, but was not uneventful, as the start was marked by a serious collision, and as the *Genesta* and the *Marjorie* got aground. The former was afloat again very soon; but the latter, albeit she had three steamers to help her, remained on the Gunfleet for some time, and bumped in a manner which would have seriously strained some yachts, but which has apparently produced no effect whatever on this exceptionally strong vessel. At the end of the long and tedious heat through the narrow channels the *Genesta* was first, and she finally came in first and took a well-gained prize. Owing partly to a bad start and to a slight mistake, she was less successful in the Harwich match, which was a somewhat dull one, although the finish in the harbour was a sight of rare beauty, the yachts, under a cloud of canvas, tearing past the Committee-boat in rapid succession. On the day succeeding that of this rather tame match, the race back from Harwich was sailed, and it proved, as matches up and down the Swin often have, a very fine one, although it was, save one little bit, but a run and a reach, and, according to all accepted tenets, mere running and reaching is poor work. In this case the sail had the merit of being the exact opposite of that down to Harwich, and of giving an instance therefore of that variety which, all things considered, is perhaps the greatest charm of yacht-racing. With a strong breeze from the eastward, and with tide against wind, there was outside Harwich harbour a nasty sea such as is only too well known to all who sail on the East Coast, and to fetch the Cork lightship the yachts had to beat against this. With lower canvas for running all were severely tried; and certainly the *Genesta*, despite her huge mainsail and boom, seemed to be taking the seas in a very gentle and pleasing fashion, the other vessels, except the *Miranda*, being slightly in difficulties. After the trying time was over, the race presently resolved itself into a struggle between the *Genesta* and the vessel just named, which even now, after seven years' racing, so rarely finds one of her own rig to con-

tend with her, and is driven to the very trying work of fighting the cutters and yawls. On this occasion, with alternate running and reaching, there was a chance for the schooner; and, had not bad luck at the start put her a long way astern of the *Genesta*, she would in all probability have added one to her long list of first prizes. As it was, the cutter won with but very little to spare, showing nevertheless considerable speed off the wind. With regard, however, to the relative powers of cutters and schooners when going free, considerable misapprehension appears to exist, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the traditions of former days, when proportions were very different from what they are now, have too much weight given them. When cutters were short vessels they had, of course, no chance against schooners reaching, but now that yachts of "the national rig" have a length of five times their beam, or more along the load water-line, they may be able to reach nearly as well as the two-masted craft. Any one who has seen the *Samœna* sail, must have realized the fact that she had something very like a schooner's pace going free. In running a cutter has, so far as sails go, a very obvious advantage over the two-masted vessel, as she utilizes proportionately more canvas. The wonder which is sometimes expressed at a schooner's being unable to catch a cutter is perhaps a little exaggerated, and it was not, in this race, at all surprising that the *Miranda*, although sailing extremely well, and somewhat faster than the *Genesta*, was nevertheless unable to make up for lost ground and to save her time.

Of the two Thames matches sailed on the days succeeding that of the Harwich to Southend race, the first was uninteresting owing to an uncertain wind; but the second served to show the *Genesta's* power of beating to windward. In a dead beat up river she drew away from the other great cutters in wonderful fashion, considering what vessels they are, until the breeze failed her, when of course her antagonists came up. Two days afterwards, in the Nore to Dover match, the performance of the new vessel was equally remarkable. With a moderate southerly breeze the *Miranda*, sailing in grand style, went away from the fleet, and at the Tongue lightship was well ahead. Hence there was a beat, and the schooner, admirably piloted, held the lead for a time, while the cutter was thrown some distance to leeward by a slight shift of the wind. Despite this misfortune, however, the *Genesta* came up rapidly, and between the North and East Goodwin lightships passed the schooner, as was inevitable, and also passed the *Lorna* with no more difficulty than if she had been a fishing-smack. In the Cinque Ports match she was less fortunate, the yawl, which she had beaten easily on a wind, holding her own with her reaching, and taking the prize by time; and in the race to Boulogne and back, sailed on Tuesday last, when a north-easterly breeze gave the yachts a run and a reach, the *Lorna*, which seemed to be going better than she had previously, was again victorious, defeating, in a light wind, the vessel which, in the strong breeze that prevailed during the Harwich to Southend match, had run away from her without difficulty.

With this contest the first part of the yacht-racing season came to an end. Without being dull, it has not been specially eventful, and its main features have been the sailing of the *Genesta*, and latterly of the *Lorna*. Though the former has not been uniformly a victor, she has done extremely well, as every one expected she would; but, despite her brilliant sailing, she cannot be viewed with the hearty admiration which in other days was accorded to a successful racing yacht. Indeed, in one respect she must be viewed with regret. So much ingenuity and knowledge of his craft have been shown by her designer that it is difficult not to feel sorry that he was perforce obliged to resort to such a monstrosity as a lead keel of more than sixty tons. For the continuance of a state of things which obliges owners and designers to bring out mere lead-carriers the authorities who now hold despotic sway over the yacht-racing world are responsible; and it is to be hoped that they will see their way to making some radical alteration in their laws which will cause a return to a wholesome type, and thus prevent yacht-racing from becoming ridiculous, and give competent men work more suited to their abilities than devising fastenings for lead.

MME. JUDIC AT THE GAIETY.

"JE te baptise comédienne. Tu feras courir tout Paris," Lesueur said to the child Anna Damiens one evening when she was some ten years old, and by Anna Judic the old musician's prognostication has been amply verified. Rachel was derided on her first appearance in *La Vendéenne*, and the youthful Judic, who is really hardly less admirable in her humbler way than Rachel was in the higher sphere of art which she adorned, was likewise hissed as a *débutante*. But Mme. Judic has been so much applauded since that the early failure must be quite an agreeable reminiscence. Another famous man besides Lesueur has expressed his opinion on Mme. Judic. The critic of the *Times* went to see *Niniche* on Monday evening, and next day he delivered himself of the following comments:—"Such delicate touches of comedy as the part lends itself to are admirably heightened by the simplicity, or, so to speak, the studied artlessness of the actress's manner and the music of her voice, which, despite a growing *embonpoint* on her part that bids defiance to the skill of the dressmaker, remains as sweetly modulated as ever." There is a depth of meaning in this—if there be any meaning at all that is to say—which is not easily fathomed. Are we to understand that if the skill of the lady's dressmaker had been less successfully defied her voice would have been less sweetly modulated? The conjunction of music, modulation, and dressmaking is certainly remarkable; and it is new to find that all celebrated singers are thin. It is rather for the purpose of announcing the arrival of the admirable French actress, and the beginning of the French season at the Gaiety, than of describing so familiar a performance as Mme. Judic's Niniche, that these lines are written; and we are glad at the same time to be able to afford the readers of this elegant extract from the leading journal matter for meditation. A week or two since a *Times'* critic was puzzling over the success of *Mefistofele*, and now a *Times'* critic has found a new mental exercise in the bearing of a vocalist's modulations upon her milliner. We are pleased to note—whether it have anything to do with the dress or not is a consideration beyond us—that Mme. Judic sings the pretty music of her part with freshness of voice and with all her former artistic feeling. Nothing of the kind could possibly be better. M. Cooper, who succeeds Dupuis as Grégoire, *baigneur des dames*, has not the natural humour of the famous Fritz, but nevertheless manages to be amusing. MM. Lassouche and E. Georges, as Anatole and Korniski, are inimitably good.

THE BENEDICT JUBILEE.

IT seldom happens to artists that the public recognition of their achievements increases with the flight of time through half a century, and is marked by a progressive measure of appreciation unqualified by the fickle moods of fashion. Too frequently it is only through death that genius inherits renown, as M. Gounod said of Berlioz—a poor inheritance for genius notwithstanding the permanent enrichment of humanity. Sir Julius Benedict is in the fortunate position of the well-known person who survived his own wake, and overheard the judgment of posterity ratify the oft-repeated favourable verdict of a long lifetime; he has received the assurance for which so many men yearn, and it has been pronounced with rare unanimity and emphasis. The celebration of his fiftieth annual concert at the Albert Hall, last Saturday, was attended by an enthusiasm that befitted so memorable an event. The extraordinary nature of the programme, its unusual proportions and peculiar attractions, combined with the reputation of the artists engaged, would alone have sufficed to collect a large audience. The mere celebration of a musician's fiftieth annual concert is a notable occasion, and deserving record; in the present instance it was but a factor in the great sum of interest. It was not alone the eminent conductor who was honoured, or the accomplished pianist; the pupil of Weber was recognized, the friend of Mendelssohn, the composer of one of the most poetical and inspired of English operas, the musician who more than any now among us represents the musical progress of the century. All these varied presentments of the versatile composer occupied the public mind; and, beyond all doubt, the remarkable reception accorded him was not more expressive of professional esteem than of the most cordial and universal public regard. When, with a few simple and eloquent words, Sir Julius Benedict acknowledged the applause that greeted him, there must have been few among the vast concourse who remained untouched by the pathos or unstimulated by the suggestion of the situation. He is something more than a visible link between the present and that past to which he so gracefully referred. He had been connected by the most intimate ties with some of the greatest masters of music, with one of whom—the illustrious Weber—his name is indissolubly associated. From the roll of his friendship scarcely a great name in music of the past fifty years is absent; his youth is enriched with memories of his great master, the poet of composers, and of Schubert and Beethoven; his career corresponds with the most brilliant and fecund era in the history of music.

Beyond all these claims to consideration, weighty though they be, there remains the composer's own art-work, so excellent in artistry, so fresh in conception, so admirably free from affectation or pretence. This was in some respects more appropriately recognized on Friday evening, when the oratorio *St. Peter* was performed, than by the miscellaneous concert of Saturday. This fine work, written for the Birmingham Festival and produced in 1870, is little familiar to amateurs, and the new edition is not entirely free from obstacles to its frequent hearing, some of the choral numbers being excessively prolonged. It contains, however, some of the most masterly examples of the composer's work, and was interpreted with perfect finish and expression by the soloists—Mme. Albani, Mme. Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Winch, and Mr. Santley. Among the more notable numbers are the chorus, "The Lord be a lamp"; the contralto solo and chorus, "The deep uttereth His voice"; the soprano solo, "The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind," sang with fine dramatic feeling by Mme. Albani; the richly harmonized quartet, "O come let us sing," rendered with faultless expression, and encored. In the second part Mme. Patey sang the beautiful air, "O thou afflicted," with impressive fervour; Mr. Winch gave "The Lord is very pitiful" with exquisite delicacy and sentiment; Mme. Albani, in the tender and pathetic lament "I mourn as a dove," displayed the highest artistic qualities, the most perfect vocalisation, and the utmost depth and significance of feeling; and Mr. Santley, who represented St. Peter, sang the expressive air, "O

that my head were waters," with the intense dramatic force that resolves the singer into the personification of the mood he interprets. Dr. Stainer presided at the organ, and the oratorio was produced under the conduct of the composer. Mr. Sims Reeves was unfortunately obliged to retire through indisposition after singing the first tenor air, the remaining air allotted to him being rendered by Mr. Winch.

More than forty artists were concerned in the concert of Saturday, and the programme comprised thirty items, including several instrumental arrangements and a recitation by Mr. Wilson Barrett. It is only necessary to note such details as are of special importance, or of personal interest as illustrating the varied scope and extensive range of Sir Julius Benedict's works. Chief among these were a fine performance of the overture "The Octoroon" by the band of the Second Life Guards, conducted by Mr. Winterbottom; Mr. Frederic King's admirable singing of the popular air, "Rage, thou angry storm"; a new song, "Fairer than all," by Lady Benedict, very attractive in style, and excellently rendered by Miss Beata Francis; the beautiful ballad "Eily Mavourneen," given with tenderest feeling by Mr. Edward Lloyd; a *bolero* composed for the occasion by Sir Julius Benedict, very piquant and graceful, and brilliantly sung by Miss Griswold; the same composer's song "Die Aeolsharfe," admirably accordant with the sentimental poem, sung by Mme. Pauline Lucca; the spirited and martial air "Comrades," irreproachably sung by Signor Foli; and the ballad "Scenes of my youth," from *The Gipsy's Warning*, sung by Mme Rose Hersée. Mme. Sembrich created immense enthusiasm by her brilliant delivery of Proch's vocal exercise, "Deh! torna mio bene," and her facile rendering of the andante and rondo from De Beriot's violin concerto in D. The excellence of her tone, her expression and phrasing, her execution of the rondo, were admirable features in this unique performance. Sir Julius Benedict himself effected the culmination of the popular enthusiasm by his finished performance of his fantasia on Irish airs, which resulted in the presentation, by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, of a handsome floral wreath, the gift of Mme. Arabella Goddard. Another interesting feature of the programme was the singing of a new quartet, composed by Ferdinand Hiller, and dedicated to his friend, Sir Julius Benedict. It is unnecessary to add that every one concerned in the success of the concert rendered important aid; the remaining artists and conductors who shared in the observance of this memorable festival were all alike animated with the same enthusiasm that characterized the audience, were all possessed by the honourable zeal which the occasion naturally evoked.

REVIEWS.

MODERN LANGUAGES OF AFRICA.*

OF the present utility of such a work as Mr. Cust's there can be little doubt. To quote the author's own words: "Here is something in the place of nothing. This book may be thrown into the abyss and form a platform on which a better edifice may be raised." The author also refers to himself, and with justice, as a compiler, not a linguist. This and many other self-depreciatory expressions, although sometimes imbued with almost "proud humility," make one loth to look for shortcomings in a work that is confessedly imperfect and yet which strives to clear the way for future perfection of research. Mr. Cust's book is no brilliant philosophical generalization such as we might expect from the pen of Friedrich Müller or Ernest Renan, no weighty and exhaustive study of minutest facts such as Lepsius and Bleek have furnished. He throws no new light on the grouping of African languages, he has no original solution of their linguistic puzzles to offer to philologists. In fact, he admits that in the long list of languages which he had collected, he had not the slightest knowledge of any one except of Arabic. "A librarian is said to be lost if he opens one book of his library, as he has to do with the outsides and not the insides; so it was with me," writes the author of the *Modern Languages of Africa*; and he further adds, "My self-imposed task was not to learn, read, speak, or teach the languages of Africa, but to collect, classify, and set out the works of others, and thus place future scholars on a platform of a genuine and solid character, so that they could advance with security on the onward path of discovery from the point which I had helped them to reach." And it is from this point of view that Mr. Cust's book must be regarded, and gratefully regarded, by all interested in African philology, and especially by those just entering upon the subject, for by his assiduous researches and indefatigable probings of every source of information he has spared his contemporaries and successors in the field an infinitude of vexatious toil. Now, a student of any one of the languages grouped as African will only have to turn to his object of research in the work we are reviewing, and he will there find studiously catalogued under its heading every known source of information on the subject.

It is surprising, when the author's admitted want of acquaintance with his theme is taken into consideration, that there should be so few technical errors in the compilation of his work; perhaps it is also to be regretted that those errors do occur when even a superficial study of the subject in hand would have obviated them. But they are not of such a character as to seriously affect the value of the book, and they will be merely noted as we pass the different sections of this treatise on the Modern Languages of Africa in detailed review. Before doing so, however, we must pause to point out certain incidental blemishes in style and manner of a kind that a writer of Mr. Cust's calibre ought to discard, and which are calculated to distract the eyes and the attention of his readers. One is the excessive use of capitals; the pages blaze with them. A hasty glance at the book gives one the impression at first sight that it is a harrowing novel of Miss Rhoda Broughton's and not a sober treatise on linguistic knowledge. Mr. Cust professes great admiration for Teutonic thought and method, would he also adopt the High-Dutch practice of ennobling every substantive with a capital? Some of his pages resemble posters. Also, though in all questions of philology the author, with commendable taste, represses his own personality, and gives us oftentimes a valuably neutral view of a complex question, yet he repays himself for this abnegation by occasionally uttering an individual opinion on ideas scarcely in harmony with the subject in hand. His laudations of martyr-missionaries and heroic teachers of the Gospel may or may not be exaggerated in tone; it is a question we need not pause now to discuss. That Mr. Cust may be excused for speaking out his admiration for Christian evangelists in somewhat too poetic diction most will be prepared to admit when we come to consider how greatly these ministers of religion have increased our knowledge of African tongues. But what grates upon us in turning over these pages is to come upon expressions of Christian fervour amid incongruous surroundings; to meet with phrases like "The great White Throne," "The Language of the Angels," "The Kingdom of Christ," and other quotations from the Book of the Revelation, in juxtaposition with Bantu prefixes and Hottentot clicks. From whatever point of view they are regarded, they must seem to most eyes a little out of place. For the rest, we might add that the author's style is graphic and racy, and even at times pleasantly quaint, where quaintness cannot be considered incompatible with gravity.

Mr. Cust divides his subject into six sections, that are intended to coincide with the six groups or families into which the African languages are provisionally separated. In the first, or Semitic, group we find the author evidently more in harmony with his theme than when we advance into more typically African fields. His little sketch of Arabic and its influence and history in the Dark Continent is all too short. Here we have Mr. Cust really speaking for himself and not reflecting the opinions of others, and consequently his little essay is capitally conceived and carried out. Following him through Section 2, the Hamitic group of languages, there is little fault to be found. The writer clearly knows what he is writing about, and has sufficient discrimination, in spite of his profession of neutrality, to criticize ably the views of his predecessors. When he reaches Section 3, however, where he deals with the Nuba-Fulah tongues, he seems to lose the grasp of his subject. He fails to satisfy us with sufficient reasons for deserting Lepsius and following blindly Friedrich Müller in his arbitrary collating of two dissimilar forms of speech. Perhaps we may express ourselves more clearly by saying that the scanty reasons that Mr. Cust, following Müller, adduces for the conjunction of Nuba and Fulah—namely, the absence of sexual and presence of human and non-human genders or classes of nouns, verbal infixes between the stem and the root of verbs modifying their meaning, and so on—are just as sufficient for supposing a relationship between the Fulah and the Bantu family, in which forms of these peculiarities may also be detected.

Mr. Cust's treatment of the Negro group (Section 4) is unequal in merit. His definition of the term "negro," especially as socially applied, is good, but his reasons for adopting a Negro family of languages are insufficient. He fails to show us, for instance, what the Ashanti tongue has in common with the Wolof or the Kanuri, to admit of their being placed in one group or separate division, when they resemble each other as much or as little as they do members of the Nuba-Fulah or Bantu families. We think he would have done better to make his sub-groups groups, until at any rate some reason be found to indicate a community of origin between the Negro languages of the Niger and the Nile, of the Gold Coast and Senegambia. The names he selects for his different sub-groups are:—A. Atlantic; B. Niger; C. Central (the regions round Lake Chad); and D. Nile. In the Atlantic division he includes the tongues of Senegambia and the Gold Coast, together with the Mande and other languages bordering on the Upper Niger. It seems to us that two separate groups—the Senegambian and the Gold Coast—would have been better; for to put together in the same class such utterly dissimilar languages as Ewé and Wolof must lead to misapprehension. The Niger group is a well-chosen one, and seems to offer some shadow of homogeneity, although several of the languages included in its scope appear to be northern forms of Bantu speech (*vide* Eastern section, Niger group, languages Ekatamfulu, Nki, Mbofong); and others which ought by their phonology to belong to it are classed among the Atlantic divisions, as, for instance, the Yariba, the Ewé, and the Kambari. The Central group (C.) is not very lucidly described, and more might have been said about the very widespread and influential Kanuri language, which extends the furthest north of any so-called Negro tongue. The Nilotic-Negro languages are necessarily imperfect as regards classification, owing to the slight knowledge we as yet

* *A Sketch of the Modern Languages of Africa.* By Robert Needham Cust. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co.

have on this subject. Altogether, this *résumé* of our present linguistic knowledge where the negro races are concerned supplies a want, and, with all its faults, cannot be accused of dogmatic assertion. Then we pass, in Vol. II., to the study of the Bantu family, one of the most wonderful instances of homogeneity of linguistic structure to be found over a wide area. The part of Africa inhabited by the Bantu race equals one-half of Europe in size, and the languages of this group differ no more among themselves—differ less perhaps—than one Aryan tongue differs from another. In discussing this most interesting subject, Mr. Cust decidedly fails in interest and clearness. He might have cited to his readers some of the wonderful instances of Bantu unity which would have strengthened his assertion of the fact. He might, for instance, having had the grammars and vocabularies under his hand, have pointed out the really extraordinary similarity between the Lu-Ganda, spoken on the northern shores of Victoria Nyanza, and the O-Chi-Herrero of Damaraland, languages separated by twenty degrees of latitude, but hardly differing more from each other than Latin differs from Greek. He might have quoted such instances as the words for leopard, ox, grey parrot, island, snake, hippopotamus, bird, &c., which are almost unvarying in form whether we call them from the Lu-Ganda vocabularies, or from the languages of the West and East coasts and from Zululand. He gives us no short comparison of prefixes such as he might easily have borrowed from Bleek, and indeed he seems in certain remarks to have quite overlooked the study of this important feature in the Bantu forms of speech. Various errors also require pointing out, which seem to indicate want of acquaintance with the subject. Mr. Cust states that the Xosa Kaffirs have four clicks in their pronunciation. They have only three. The Bushmen languages can show eight clicks, the Hottentot four, and the Zulu-Kaffir three. But the very fact of having clicks at all renders another statement of Mr. Cust's very incorrect—namely, that the Xosa tongue "is deemed to represent the oldest form of Bantu speech." The Zulu-Kaffir languages have been greatly influenced by the Hottentot and Bushman family into which they are intruded, and they have borrowed not only phonetically but linguistically from their neighbours, though of course they still remain Bantu in all important grammatical features. The Sanskrit of the Bantu, or, in other words, the modern tongue which diverges least from the mother speech, has yet to be discovered, and will probably be found in the north-east or north central portion of the language-field. At present the Lu-Ganda of the Victoria Nyanza approaches somewhat to this position, and retains not only all the prefix-classes, but retains them in a fairly archaic form. There are also various mistakes in spelling Bantu tribal names, which are not of a sufficiently serious nature to require pointing out, and would not have arisen had the author studied more carefully Bleek's *Comparative Grammar*.

Mr. Cust's remaining section of the "Languages of Africa" is the sixth or Hottentot-Bushman group. In this are placed provisionally the as yet unstudied languages of the many Dwarf or Helot races scattered in little *enclaves* all over tropical Africa. Mr. Cust, we think, is disposed to exaggerate the difference between the tongues of the Khoi-Khoi, or Hottentots, and those of the San, or Bushmen; and again, in quoting Bleek's opinion that they are as far apart as English and Latin, he unintentionally shows that they are near akin, for English and Latin looked at from a high standpoint will seem undoubtedly of close relationship, and both remount through Gothic and Celto-Italic ancestors to a common parent. Indeed, if the relationship between two African languages be compared with that of one Aryan tongue with another, it is equivalent to saying that they are very closely connected from an African point of view.

Among his general remarks Mr. Cust makes a sensible protest against the many and absurd methods of transliteration at present in use. One Missionary Society employs such and such a series of letters and arbitrary signs to express unwritten tongues; another will make use of an entirely different mode; so that when the languages thus reduced to writing come to be examined, it is hard to reconcile one version with another. Explorers are quite as bad. Each spells the names of mountains, lakes, and rivers after his own heart and his own pet style of orthography. It must be admitted that in spelling all foreign names which are not fixed by a literature, or in which corruptions of old date are unsanctioned by long use, we English err the least. We have almost universally adopted a modified form of Lepsius's well-known method. We might, perhaps, go further and follow Lepsius altogether; but at any rate we can assume somewhat of the spirit of the Pharisee, and be devoutly thankful that we are not so bad as the French or Germans. It is, however, quite time that some universally recognized form of orthography existed, by means of which English, French, Germans, Dutch, and Portuguese might render by the same conventional means the sounds of all languages reduced to Roman writing. As it is, look at such a place as Ujiji in mid-Africa. First we have it as spelt by the English, not a letter too much, "Ujiji." But on a French map it is "Oudjidji," and in a German atlas "Udschidschi"! The kingdom of Shoa, which, according to Lepsius's plan, is spelt "Šoa," in French becomes "Choa," in German "Schoa," in Italian "Scioa." and in Portuguese "Xoa." The Dutch in the South of Africa, having one of the most cranky national alphabets for expressing foreign sounds, are obliged to render *Sh* and *Ch* (which, according to Lepsius, would be '*Ti*' and '*S*') by *Sj* and *Tj*, which produces much confusion. Both the Germans and the Portuguese, however, seem disposed to unite with the English in adopting one uniform method; while the French cling with peevish pertinacity to their own "national" mode of misspelling foreign words. The same spirit which makes a Frenchman persist in calling Cordova "Cordoue," and Genova "Gênes," induces him still to perpetrate such absurdities as "Ogououé" and "Zoulou."

In conclusion, we might advise Mr. Cust, when next he prefaces his books with polyglot quotations, to see he has them correctly spelt, or to take care that they pass the printer's hands unaltered. In his prefatory extract from Tasso there are three gross mistakes in spelling, and in the Portuguese excerpt from Camoens—a very backneyed one, by the by—there are four most palpable errors, which give one the idea that either the printer or Mr. Cust has thought it advisable to modify the rough Lusitanian tongue into a ladylike kind of Italian. All these little eccentricities, however, must not turn us from the fact that Mr. Cust has written a very valuable book, which no philologist, or even student of ethnology, can afford to be without.

The Modern Languages of Africa is further supplemented by an admirable map, for which the highest praise is due both to Mr. Cust, who "imagined" it, and to Herr Ravenstein, who carried it out geographically.

TWO NOVELS.*

THERE is nothing that an author dislikes, and consequently, the author will say, there is nothing that a critic likes better, than quarrelling with titles. Our quarrel with Mrs. Lang's title is not very bitter. As apparently intended to signify that her story has no elaborate plot, and is not intended to have any, it is a modest and appropriate title enough. But, on the other hand, it is too modest, for the views do not dissolve but abide very pleasantly in the memory. When the literary explorer of the thirty-ninth century finds a unique copy of Mrs. Lang's book with the title-page wanting, he will call it (editing it with much care and joy) "Some Passages in the Life of Eleanor Winton and Those About Her," and he will be cumbrously correct. How Eleanor Winton got engaged out of pure good nature to a young man who had plenty of good qualities but was not quite *the* young man; how she got disengaged by the beneficent agency of fortune and the Turf; and how she and the young man both found their fates (Eleanor's was decided in the unexpected locality of the Diploma Gallery of Burlington House), that is in brief the argument of the book. But no brief argument can possibly describe it, because it is in reality a succession of scenes connected by scarcely any other thread than the fact that the same personages are actors in them for the most part. The character studies, which are always true if not very deeply *fouillés*: the pictures of this or that locality; the social satire which is distinguished from most social satire in novels by the fact that it is not at all pretentious and is quite exact, are all subordinated to the "dissolving view" design—the design, that is to say, of presenting a series of tableaux of actual life of the present day. The society at Knightston, with its complement of "old Indian generals who, when they were not almost ferociously religious, were usually somewhat profane," passes Eleanor on (through Brittany, where she is nearly engulfed in a blow-hole and hears agreeable local legends) to a Devonshire country-house, the abode of her friends the Russells, where Ivan, the son and heir, at once falls in love with her. She does not fall in love with Ivan; but not disliking him, and having read poetry with him by several waterfalls, and seen him catch a trout, &c., she is persuaded (chiefly by his sister) to save him from the amiable vice of betting, which is almost his only serious drawback. But it is understood that wife and "book" are incompatible, and that if Mr. Ivan stands to win Eleanor, he must neither take nor lay money about any other event. Devonshire changes to Paris, where Ivan, who is, as Mr. Dolls would say, "man talent," though abominably lazy, takes to studio work in order to "do something" and deserve his lady love. The cheerful "hazing" (to speak American) of the studio, leads to a sword duel between Ivan and an Italian bully, which is very knowledgably described, except that Mrs. Lang should not say "disengaged on his disengagement," but "counter-disengaged on his change." Eleanor, who by a chance word has rather encouraged the fight, is horribly frightened, but does not become much more enamoured of her amiable but not very *sympathique* lover. Nor is one hopelessly sorry when he breaks his vow in respect of betting, and so voids the engagement. Number One disposed of, we shall not say (for this anatomizing of a novel by scenes and tableaux is rather hard on the author) who Number Two is, or how he comes upon the scene. Let us only remark, however, that upon our critical honour (which is unspotted) we have rarely read so good a cricket-match in fiction as that which appears early in the second volume. The Ragglesiad in *Tom Brown*, which Mr. Hughes wrote in his happiest vein, is hardly better. From Lords we go to Invernessshire (by the way, you must drive very far and fast to get to the west coast of Invernessshire by the limited mail at five o'clock: *prière pour* Argyllshire, if Mrs. Lang likes), and here the intrigue, such as it is, knots itself. Number One is provided on the comfortable plan of *chacun à sa chacune*; but Eleanor has to wait a little longer while Number Two is disenchanting himself with an Austro-

* *Dissolving Views.* By Mrs. Andrew Lang. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.

The Giant's Robe. By F. Anstey. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1884.

Russian princess. Meanwhile there is an Oban gathering and some agreeable Highland stories, without too many "ferries" and "whatsoffers" (as to which sacramental phrases Eleanor or Mrs. Lang is a little irreverent), and a famous all-but-accident and rescue, and everything handsome that a novel-reader can possibly expect to have about him, while the *dénouement* is not allowed to come till we have had a Greek play on Campden Hill and other nice things. This bald enumeration, however, gives no real idea of the attraction of the book, which is most unusual. With very rare exceptions the fiction of the day falls into three classes, each admitting of every variety of badness, if not of goodness. The first is the mere hack-novel, written because it is the writer's business to write novels, or because he would like it to be his business; the second is the novel of purpose; the third is the novel which the writer perhaps thinks, and certainly would like to have thought, the novel of inspiration, and of great passions. Mrs. Lang's book declines enrolment in any of these ragged regiments. It is neither a satire, nor a sermon, nor a prose poem, nor a convenient way of libelling private friends or enemies without fear of gaol or fine, nor a sampler of task-work. Why it should please people who live a certain life to see that life reflected in fiction, Heaven only knows. No writer on æsthetics or apolaustics has ever got near the solution of that mystery. But it does please them, and therefore Mrs. Lang's book ought to have a certainty of pleasure-giving. The only drawback to its universal circulation that we can perceive is that there is apparently another pleasure (though we ourselves cannot pretend to share it), which seems to consist in seeing how people in fiction live in a manner which is neither the reader's manner nor that of any human beings who ever breathed the vital air. If this latter delight does chiefly move any man or woman, let him or her by no means read Mrs. Lang. Neither let him read her if he wants bad taste or bad manners or bad French (by the way, her quotations from English are sometimes apparently derived from unprinted, at least unpublished, texts of well-known works) or bad morals. Neither let him read her if he cannot see a joke, for here be many jokes; neither if he wants passions "grand, epic, homicidal," for here, though the feeling shown is quite natural and human, it is by no means always or often in altitudes. This is, we admit, warning off a very considerable *clientèle*, and it is possible that Mrs. Lang may be the reverse of grateful to us. But *ruat cælum*. We have not in the least exaggerated the pleasure and pastime which the book is pretty certain to give to people of good breeding, reasonably wide interests, good taste, and a slight inclination to the humorous view of life. It is a pity, perhaps, that some of the things here are not enshrined in a more durable setting; for the book is deliberately, and almost provokingly, ephemeral in design. But this design is so closely connected with what is best in it, with its pleasant fashion of daffing the world aside and bidding it pass, that it is almost illogical to grumble. In fact, a very determined moralist with a sense of humour (supposing there to be such a person) might detect a moral in the slightness with which the book is put together. Into these regions, however, it is not necessary to enter; and all that is necessary is once more to express thanks to Mrs. Lang for this agreeable entertainment, in which she has chosen to make the figures come like shadows and so depart. There is something remarkably lifelike in your shadow; and, save in quite exceptional circumstances, he is one of the most agreeable of companions.

More than one sentence in Mr. Anstey's new book shows that he is quite alive to the dangers and difficulties of a second appearance. Probably no one ever altered the venerable joke about the "second hour" into an expression of desire to write the second book. Whatever some critics may do, we make it a point of honour to lower, not to raise, expectations in such a case, having regard to the facts of this mortal life. But we must confess, even after this allowance, to a certain feeling of disappointment in *The Giant's Robe*, and that although we by no means share the somewhat extravagant estimate which was made in some quarters of *Vice Versâ*. The main idea of the present book has been made familiar to those who have not as well as to those who have read it as it came out in magazine form by a rather unpleasant discussion which we shall notice presently. It is the passing off as his own by a plausible and ambitious but vain and worthless man of a book which has been confided to him by a friend; of his winning by this means not merely fame but love; of the self-sacrifice of his victim, and of the conflict in the mind of his wife when she discovers the rascality of her husband. Such details and embroilments as the story contains form the only excuse for its length, and we shall not dwell on them further than to observe that the thoroughgoing scoundrel of the piece, Harold Caffyn (Mark Ashburn, the wearer of borrowed plumes, is only a parcel-scoundrel, though he is a very complete cad), appears to us an improbable and an uninteresting scoundrel, and that his machinations are unintelligibly devised, and not too reasonably discovered. The occasional touches of broad farce, such as the alcoholising of an intrusive gander, and the blunder of a father who, having the same initial as his son, opens a letter addressed to the latter, and mistakes the rejection of a novel called "Sweet Bells Jangled" for some remarks about the bells of his own house, might not be out of place in a consistent extravaganza, but fall of their effect somewhat in a novel of ordinary life, and, at least in parts, of more than ordinary passion. Lastly, Mr. Anstey's sketches of the more repulsive side of English middle-class life, though not unfaithful, seem to us to lack the redeeming touches which save such things not merely in the work of a great genius like Miss Austen, but in at least the earlier work of a respectable talent like Mrs. Oliphant. The heroine, Mabel Langton, is not bad, and her little sister Dolly is excellent; but these characters, and a few flashes elsewhere, can hardly justify the book. Nor can we entirely pass over the unpleasant subject alluded to above. We need not discuss the general justice of charges of plagiarism of ideas (plagiarism of actual expression is, of course, another thing). But if an author meets such a charge at all, he can only meet it satisfactorily by recognizing the facts fully. Mr. Anstey, in a preface dealing with the subject, says that he has read nothing with such a *donnés* as his book except a certain Christmas story. He must have seen that other sources, especially Mr. Follett Synge's *Tom Singleton*, were alleged; and it would have been better, we think, if, at any rate after the finishing of his own book, he had read *Tom Singleton*, and made a frank acknowledgment of the similarity. Every one is, of course, bound to accept his implied statement that he had and has not read this book; and it is quite unnecessary to inquire whether, in talking over the plan of his own novel with any friend who had read *Tom Singleton*, he may have unconsciously received suggestions and guilelessly adopted them, or whether any other solution of the difficulty may be discoverable. But in such cases there are, we think, only two courses—complete silence, which in case of innocence, as of guilt, is sometimes best, and a very much more frank and complete dealing with the matter than Mr. Anstey has permitted himself in his preface to *The Giant's Robe*. For, as it happens, it is not the mere borrowed plumes which this book has in common with Mr. Synge's, but other matters. No man ever loses by frank acknowledgment of even apparent obligations; and, though a different preface would not have made *The Giant's Robe* a better book, it could certainly have done it no harm.

THE COURT OF THE TUILERIES.*

THERE is a great deal more sound than sense in this history of the Court of the Tuileries. Yet we should not be surprised were we to hear it described as a brilliant piece of writing. The author's style is so pretentious that the ignorant and unsuspicious reader may easily be deceived. In fact, even the wary reviewer may for a few pages remain in some hesitation. But before long he finds that behind the clatter of words there is nothing that follows, and that the further he reads the less capable is he of thinking. As he closes the book he feels that he has been pelted by a pitiless shower of words, but that of fresh ideas he has not received a single one. Neither indeed does he feel the satisfaction of carrying off a new fact or two; for the author is so violent a partisan that he can place no trust in either her statements or her judgment. For her authority she often quotes "private letters." Yet for some of her statements surely to quote any authority at all is ridiculous. Every one knows that Blücher was thrown to the ground at Ligny, that the French cavalry passed over him, that he was remounted, and rejoined his troops. For all this there is no need to give as an authority in the footnote "Private letters of 1814 and 1815." She might almost as well tell her readers that from the best private sources she had learnt that on June 18, 1815, a great battle was fought somewhere in the neighbourhood of Brussels. It were to be wished that she had taken the trouble to study the later writers on the great campaign of 1815, and had not brought up once more all the stale Napoleonic lies about treachery. "These acts of treachery," she adds, "at the very outset of the campaign would not of course have sufficed to give victory to the Allies; but it was because of them the Duke was designated by the French, 'Le héros par hasard,' and that Napoleon's project of surprising the two armies, and placing himself in the space that Wellington and Blücher had left between them, was altogether frustrated." To Lady Jackson, when she makes such a statement as this, we can only make the same reply that Mr. Burchell made to Lady Blarney, "Fudge." She does not openly accuse Grouchy of treachery; he might only have been guilty of indecision. But, owing to his absence from the battlefield and "other *contretemps* resulting from indecision or treachery," the battle, she says, was lost. But there are traitors still unknown. "If ever," she writes, "the memoirs of M. de Talleyrand reveal the truth, and nothing but the truth, concerning his intriguing and eventful career, they may tell who raised the fatal cry of 'Sauve qui peut!' at Waterloo, and throw a new light on the battle of the 18th of June." What pitiable childishness is this, and how insulting to the general and soldiers of the defeated army! The credulity of the French, and, it would seem, of foreign advocates of the French, is almost immeasurable. Yet it nearly passes belief that any one should seriously maintain that an old statesman was able beforehand to hire traitors, who, in the midst of the roar of a great battle that spread over miles of ground, by raising the cry of "Sauve qui peut!" should break the line of a whole army. Murat's absence from Waterloo was, it seems, as fatal as the presence of these traitors. Lady Jackson says—and if Lady Jackson were Bellona herself she could not speak on military matters with greater confidence—that "there were moments on the fatal 18th when the dauntless intrepidity of that brave officer

* *The Court of the Tuileries from the Restoration to the Flight of Louis Philippe.* By Catherine Charlotte, Lady Jackson, Author of "Old Paris," "The Old Régime," &c. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

charging at the head of his cavalry would have broken the English squares and won the battle." Then she goes on to say, and to say as if she accepted the statement, that "it has been asserted that the true victors at Waterloo were the Prince de Benevento and the Duc d'Otranto—otherwise the arch-intriguers Talleyrand and Fouché." When our army entered France, Lady Jackson says, "their extortion of sums of money and their wholesale plundering were shameful; and they received no check from their commanders." On another page she writes that the Anglo-Prussian army in Paris "began to conduct themselves most infamously." That Blücher and his army were guilty of great harshness is unfortunately beyond question. But has Lady Jackson never heard of the infamous treatment that year after year the Prussians had suffered in their own country from their cruel conquerors? But as for the English, has she not read of the strict discipline kept by our Duke? Whatever hidden records leap to light, whatever "Private letters of 1814 and 1815" may be found by Lady Jackson, he never will be shamed. How little she can enter into the English spirit is shown by her statement that "the opening of the campaign of 1815 was announced to the French troops in language very similar to Nelson's address to his men at Trafalgar." What great similarity can be found between Nelson's battle-signal, sublime in its modesty, and Napoleon's, fine though it too was? Nelson's, even had our fleet been conquered, would have sounded just as nobly. But when we read that "For every Frenchman who has heart and courage, the moment is arrived to conquer or perish," and think of their Emperor himself heading the long rout of Frenchmen through the summer night, we detect at once the touch of extravagance. He who had bound himself to conquer or to perish lived to slander brave men who had done their best to win for him the victory.

In all that Napoleon did Lady Jackson can find nothing but what is worthy of praise, and in all that was done by his enemies nothing but what was wicked, or at least ridiculous. When he had pillaged the picture-galleries of Italy he had done a great service to art. If he stole pictures, at all events he cleaned them. In Italy they had been "fast going to destruction from extreme neglect. It was necessary, either carefully to restore, to clean, or, in some cases, as the only means of saving them, to transfer these *chefs-d'œuvre* to new canvas before they could be publicly exhibited." When the ungrateful Italians insisted on having their pictures returned, she calls the removal of these stolen goods "scenes of lamentation and despair on the one part, and of ruffianly insolence on the other." "Paris," we read in another passage, stood "aghast at the spoliation of the museums and national libraries." Bardolph, after he had stolen a pax, we have no doubt stood aghast when he found that he had to give it up; but for all that "hanged must a' be." She can find no reproaches too severe for the traitors who abandoned Napoleon; but for those who, like Ney and De la Bédoyère, were punished for betraying Louis XVIII., she has nothing but pity. "They were judicially assassinated," she writes in one passage; in another she speaks of their executions as "these hideous assassinations" over which, she says, "let me throw a veil." The veil, we venture to think, should be kept for the murder of the Duke of Enghien. That it would have been an act of politic clemency in the King to extend mercy to Ney and his comrades might well be maintained. That by the laws and the practice of every civilized Government they had forfeited their lives is no less certain. When we pity Ney, let us not forget the thousands of young peasants and town labourers who, but for him and his companions in treachery, might have returned to their homes, whence they had been dragged but to fall in the bloody campaign of 1815.

We are far removed from being admirers of the Bourbons; but of the abuse of the Bourbons, of Lady Jackson's abuse of them at all events, we soon grow weary. Louis XVIII. was fat and Louis XVIII. was gouty. Fat men are often gouty, and gouty men are often fat. But when once she has told us that the King was both one and the other, we are satisfied. That we should be told it again and again is a very poor compliment to our understanding. She mocks at the King's gluttony. He must have been a glutton, indeed, if he ate all that she says he did. Fifteen mutton cutlets, according to this veracious historian, he daily despatched at breakfast, and fifteen mutton cutlets he daily despatched at dinner. Thirty mutton cutlets a day, two hundred and ten mutton cutlets a week, and ten thousand nine hundred and fifty mutton cutlets a year for one elderly gentleman in very infirm health! Of one thing we feel certain. Now and then the meals would have been varied. The royal glutton would by way of variety have taken either thirty sausages or thirty pork chops or thirty beefsteaks. His royal appetite came, we learn, from his forefathers. "Louis XIV. required for his sustenance as much food as five strong men of hearty appetite could consume." Such legends as these we remember in the pages of Goldsmith, but they were told of Roman emperors, not of French kings. She tells us moreover that Louis XIV. always took these vast meals alone, and never ate in the presence of an admiring multitude. St.-Simon, who happened to have lived at the time, must then have lied like a trooper, for in his Memoirs we find Louis taking his meals in the presence of his courtiers. Another new fact we learn of that King. He was, our author tells us, tall, erect, and robust. It was, we suppose, to hide his height that he invented the towering periwig and wore high-heeled shoes.

Still more ridiculous than these statements is one that she makes about "the fête of the 1st of June, 1815." "Considering," she says, "the wholesale slaughter of the people which had occurred in France since 1790, probably few, if any, among the vast crowd assembled on the present occasion took part in the fête of the Federation. Generals de la Fayette and Carnot, Cambacérès and Fouché, with one or two others, and perhaps the Emperor himself, would be almost the only persons who had witnessed it." Can she believe that such a clean sweep had been made of the people of Paris that there were only left among them about half a dozen people old enough to have witnessed a scene that had happened but a quarter of a century before? Her jealousy of the Bourbons in one passage takes a comical form. She is describing the marriage of the Duke of Berry:—

> Royalist accounts speak of the splendour with which, in all its details, this marriage was celebrated as surpassing all preceding ones. Probably the marriage of Napoleon and Maria Louisa would not be included by a Bourbonite in the category of royal marriages; but there is no doubt that it far exceeded the Duc de Berry's in magnificence.

The style in which this book is written is not unworthy of the statements and reflections which it contains. The English language is treated by the author even worse than the English nation. French words are constantly dragged in either through ostentation or laziness. Napoleon, it seems, died in a thunderstorm, though thunder, we are told, is rarely or never heard at St. Helena. If, by the way, it is never heard, how was it heard at his death? Be that as it may, "it rolled with startling *fracas* over the great man's humble dwelling." Is our language so beggarly a one that to describe a thunderstorm we must borrow a word from the French? Old Lear managed it somehow, mad though he was. St. Helena is in this book Ste. Helène, and Lyons is Lyon, a Prefect is Préfet, the Duke of Orleans is the Duc d'Orléans, and the great Henry is the great Henri. The Senate concludes its *séance*, a riot is an *émeute*, and a body is carried to the grave in a funeral *cortège*. There are not wanting some fine English words to accompany these foreign invaders. The inns of Vienna become Viennese hostelries, bottles of champagne are broached, a change in fashion predicates a revival of plumes, and Louis XVIII. dies as the dial was striking four. As he was only a Bourbon, he might surely have been allowed to die to the sound of a clock. Perhaps, however, we ought to be thankful that the hour was not sounded by either a *pendule* or an *horloge*.

WAKE-ROBIN.*

WE are glad to see that the success of *Winter Sunshine* has encouraged the publication in this country of reprints of two more of Mr. Burroughs's volumes. "John of Birds," as some of his American friends call the author of these charming books about nature, is the latest of those naturalist poets who form so fascinating a class in modern literature. He is of the same breed as Gilbert White of Selborne, as Audubon, as Thoreau, and he combines their exactitude of observation, their scientific sympathy, with more careful study of style than they chose to give in jotting down their impressions. But, although he has the studied charm that care in writing and a familiarity with the English classics gives, Mr. Burroughs's main peculiarity is his indifference to book-learning and the tradition of naturalists, and in this he is like Mr. Richard Jefferies before the latter was persuaded by a too facile success to overwrite himself. "John of Birds" troubles us very little with theories that are not based on his personal observation, or with facts that he has not himself collected in the woods and fields. He is a New England farmer, who has been accustomed to take his holidays, not in towns or watering-places, but among the Maine Woods, or at the Adirondacks, or in the wilds of Canada, and whose eyes have always been open to nature, whether he has been at work or at play.

In the second of the volumes before us, in *Locusts and Wild Honey*, there is a chapter called "Sharp Eyes" which we especially commend to our readers. It is an education in itself to read these pages, and we can think of no companion more salutary for a young man in the country. The examples of new things at our very doors are described with humorous and picturesque effect, and to an English reader all sense of shame at not having hitherto seen them is removed by the fact that most of them could not be seen on this side of the Atlantic, if we were ever so watchful. To those who have noted the habits of our British woodpeckers the following account of the nest of a species unknown to Europe, the golden-shafted woodpecker or high-hole, will be welcome. It opens with an excellent observation:—

> The woodpeckers are not nest-builders, but rather nest-carvers. The time seemed very short before the voices of the young were heard in the heart of the old tree—at first feebly, but waxing stronger day by day until they could be heard many rods distant. When I put my hand upon the trunk of the tree, they would set up an eager, expectant chattering; but if I climbed up it towards the opening, they soon detected the unusual sound, and would hush quickly, only now and then uttering a warning note. Long before they were fully fledged they clambered up to the orifice to receive their food. As but one could stand in the opening at a time, there was a good deal of elbowing and struggling for this position. . . . The fresh air must have been a consideration, for the interior of a high-hole's nest is not sweet. When the parent birds came with food, the young one in the opening did not get it all; but after he had received a portion, either on his own motion or on a hint from the old one, he would give place to the one behind him. Still, one bird evidently outstripped his fol-

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* *Wake-Robin.* By John Burroughs. Edinburgh: David Douglas.
Locusts and Wild Honey. By John Burroughs. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

lowers, and in the race of life was two or three days in advance of them. His voice was loudest and his head oftenest at the window. But I noticed that when he had kept the position too long, the others evidently made it uncomfortable in his rear, and after fidgetting about awhile, he would be compelled to back down. But retaliation was then easy, and I fear his mates spent few agreeable moments at that look-out. They would close their eyes and slide back into the cavity, as if the world had suddenly lost its charm for them.

It is not easy to review these volumes except by quotation. We find ourselves, in reading them both, moving in the conduct of a most genial and delightful companion, whose enterprise and humour and whose strong humanity temper the earnestness of his purpose and the breadth of his knowledge. *Wake-Robin* deals with birds almost entirely; the author calls it "an invitation to the study of ornithology," and he certainly woos the dubious student in extremely dulcet tones. He tells us about the mysterious coming and going of the migratory species, and something of the impulse which directs their movements. He tells us of the feathered population that make the old hemlock woods hilarious when nobody is by to rudely disturb their sequestered mirth. He shows us what birds the spring brings to the environs of Washington, to the Adirondacs, to the Pine Mountains in the south of New York State, and everywhere he is the same lively and refreshing companion. As a writer Mr. Burroughs strikes us as singularly free from any sort of affectation, and it is the manly simplicity of his style which gives it so great a charm. He loves to watch the creatures at peace in their homes, but he does not pretend to be a humanitarian. He is a sportsman all through; and the poet—was it not Emerson?—who asked "Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?" would receive from him a frank confession in the negative.

The book of *Locusts and Wild Honey* is not less delightful, but more miscellaneous in its contents. It deals with the habits of bees, the growth of strawberries, the question "Is it going to rain?" the habit of using one's eyes in the woods, and a dozen such bewitching subjects of natural gossip. We have very seldom the pleasure of meeting with two little volumes which we can recommend to our readers so entirely without reserve as these.

LIFE OF LUTHER.*

THE translation of Dr. Köstlin's book is perhaps the only solid thing left behind it by the English celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birthday. The author has the repute in his own fatherland of being the most completely furnished "Lutherkenner" of our generation. Scholars who differ most widely from him in his view of his hero, whether from the anti-Lutheran or ultra-Lutheran side, agree in conceding that no other modern biographer of the Reformer has made so encyclopædic and conscientious a study of all the accessible materials, at least of all which were accessible prior to the recent publication of the Vatican documents. When we speak of this book as "solid," however, we use the quality comparatively, for we cannot but bear in mind the very paltry character of the whole of the Luther literature which was contributed last year by English pens in honour of the German Reformer. The work promised by Dr. Wace was not ready in time for the November festival, and no other Englishman who could pretend to be a scholar, historian, and theologian felt inspired to stand forward as the colleague of Mr. Tupper and Dr. Stoughton. But it must not be forgotten that this book, which so brilliantly outshines all its English competitors of the same date, is not a translation of Dr. Köstlin's really important contributions to Luther literature, of the two volumes on the Reformer's life and writings, or of the two volumes on his theology and its historical development. These were works for scholars and inquirers, whereas the present book is nothing more than a translation of the abridged "Life," prepared by Dr. Köstlin, as he tells us in his short preface, for the service of "the wide circle of what are called educated German readers." Everybody in Germany a few months ago was talking about Luther, and it was necessary that the talkers should know something about him. The book answered to the occasion. It contains nine parts of hagiography to only a tenth part of criticism. It may be fairly described as a long festival sermon to Germans on the feast-day of the greatest and most popular of the national heroes. The reviewer who complains that such a book is not sufficiently critical might as reasonably complain that the sermon of a Roman Catholic preacher on the festival of St. Francis de Sales dwells too much upon his virtues and too little upon his faults. The book does not contain a single verifying reference, and its author expressly cautions his critics that if they want to see the grounds on which his statements are based they must turn from this sketch to his larger picture, *Luther, sein Leben und seine Schriften*. The failings of the Reformer as a man and a theologian are not indeed wholly ignored; but it quite belongs to the book's "occasional" character, in an old sense of that adjective, that the failings of the ideal hero of the Germans should be touched with an exceedingly tender and sparing hand. The pressure is remarkably light in Dr. Köstlin's handling of the Peasants' War, as it also is in his treatment of the ugliest sore of all—the bigamy of Philip of Hesse, which nearly killed Melancthon, and which was opposed so vehemently by the courageous but headstrong Nicholas von Amsdorf, the "Bishop" of the Lutherans, whom Luther reverenced as his superior, and whom he declared to be a "theologian by nature." It is curious that the most elaborate and powerful apology for the part of Luther in this terrible scandal should have been composed by an Englishman, Archdeacon Hare, and not by a German. In his handling of the conflict with the Swiss, Dr. Köstlin does not fail to do justice to Zwingli. Throughout the book its "occasional" character is evident in the stress which the author lays upon the national character of his hero. The German reverence for Luther is a tradition too deeply ingrained to be affected by criticism. For the great mass of every people the reverence for the national heroes must of course always rest mainly upon tradition. The German reverence for Luther differs from that of other nations for their heroes in the fact that Luther the *Hausvater* is as completely the hero of the German family as the public Luther is the hero of the German nation. A picture of the heroic Luther at Worms, or of the militant Luther affixing the theses to the door of the Schlosskirche at Wittenberg, is invariably paired with a picture of the domestic Luther in the midst of his family. The happy German parsonage, from which so great a host of eminent men have proceeded, "the sons of the clergy," is the creation of Luther. Dr. Köstlin, the one German who knows most about Luther, has found this tradition existing and powerful, and in his abridged Life of the national hero has aimed chiefly at showing how fully the national tradition is justified by the facts. That the hold of Luther upon the German mind is to be sought in his objective national and family character, as the German of the Germans, and not in his subjective doctrine, has been keenly perceived by French critics of all schools. It was pointed out during the celebrations of last November by journals so opposed as the *République Française* and the *Univers*. Indeed, the latter went so far as to propose something like a ground of union, or rather of truce, betwixt Atheistic French Republicans and Clericalist French Ultramontanes in their common and necessary hatred to Luther as the *Germanissimus Germanorum*. "Every Frenchman," the *Univers* said, "must curse Luther." The war with Bismarck was a war with Luther. The "great revenge" of France against Germany will not only be a triumph of the anti-clerical Republic over Bismarck, but a triumph of the Pope over Protestantism. Gambetta and Pius IX. will rejoice together over it. "The first French army which crosses the Rhine," though it may be full of fanatical anti-clericalists, will discern that it is its first duty "to cast down all the statues of Luther. The fall of the Protestant Empire and the destruction of the heresy of the monk of Wittenberg will be celebrated in the 'Te Deum' sung by the French victors in Berlin." Dr. Döllinger, even when he could still be called a Roman Catholic, could not quite free himself from a German's natural pride in Luther. It is not hard to detect this in the biography of the Reformer which he contributed a quarter of a century ago to the Freiburg *Kirchenlexikon*, which he afterwards republished separately under the title of *Luther, eine Skizze*. It was surely a patriotic admiration which moved him to call the Reformer "a German man, and that man the greatest man of his age." It seems to have escaped the French critics that Luther, at one crisis of his life, seriously thought of seeking a refuge in France. After his escape from Augsburg, when Cajetan urged the Elector Frederick to send his troublesome subject to Rome, Luther imagined that France would be the safest country into which he could flee, because in his appeal from the Pope to the Council he had been asking upon the famous precedent of the University of Paris. It would have been a singular anticipation of the "great revenge" if the French had gallicized the German of the Germans.

Dr. Köstlin's abridgement can only be of secondary use to scholars; indeed, it is far less useful than the articles which he contributed two years ago to the new edition of the Leipzig *Realencyclopädie*. We should have thought that "the wide circle of educated German readers" for whom it was compiled ought at least to have been supplied with an index, and with dates at the head of each page. The author frequently departs from the strict pursuit of the order of time, so that he may pursue more conveniently the order of subject. This is always confusing in a biography, and it is especially confusing in a biography of Luther, because it is important to know at what point in his development of his theological and ecclesiastical position, and under what pressure of outward circumstances, he made this or that utterance. The translation is unusually good, and we rarely detect that we are not reading an original English work. There is a touch of affectation in the rendering of Cajetan and Bucer into forms so utterly novel among us as "Caietan" and "Butzer." Bucer had so much to do with England, not wholly to the profit of the English Church, that he might at least have been allowed to keep the name which has been acclimatized in English history and controversy for more than three hundred years. Besides, Luther himself called him Bucer. We recollect one of his uncomplimentary references to "the Bucer" in a letter to Chancellor Brück in 1543 on the Articles of the reforming Archbishop and Elector of Köln, Hermann von Wied—"Ich das Klappermaul, den Bucer, hier wol spüre" (Walch, xxi. 486, 487). One of the most useful and interesting features of the present volume is its rich supply of really good woodcuts, especially its faithful reproductions of portraits by Dürer and Cranach, and from other contemporary originals. There are seventeen by Cranach alone.

A translation of Dr. Köstlin's abridgment would have been a more appropriate contribution to the English celebration of the Luther festival, if it had been put under the editorship of a competent English historian and theologian. The committee which

* *Life of Luther.* By Julius Köstlin. Translated from the German. London: Longmans & Co.

organised and directed the English celebration was composed chiefly of men who knew very little indeed about Luther. Let it be granted that England, like all the rest of the world, owes a great deal to Luther. If this be the case, it was surely to be wished that a Life of Luther for the use of the English people should have been something more than a lazy translation of a Life of Luther written expressly for the German people. It should have laid some stress upon the relations between Luther and the English during his life and after his death. It might have indicated the remarkable debts of Luther, during his best period, to the writings of the great Englishman, William Occam. A hot English anti-Lutheran, indignant at what he thought the undue fuss being made about Luther in England, gravely proposed the publication of the controversial book of King Henry VIII. against the German monk as a profitable antidote. Mr. Spurgeon had the wit to discover that most of our own countrymen who took any eager part in celebrating the Luther festival would have been condemned by Luther as heretics; while Luther would have sympathized most, as he "symbolized" most, with those amongst us who took no eager part in keeping the November feast. A collection of Luther's own sayings about our ancestors, and his criticisms upon our national character, which were certainly not founded upon a very exact knowledge, would at least have had the merit of being amusing; while a *catena* of English Nonconformists and Separatist condemnations of all that was distinctively Lutheran in theology and the doctrine of the Sacraments as distinctly "Popish," would have been instructive and profitable. The one point which distinguishes the Lutheran separation from the English Reformation—the relation between the reformers and the bishops—is touched upon in Dr. Köstlin's abridgment; but it is not developed. He is bound by the necessities of his position, as well as by the traditions of German Protestantism, to under-estimate its significance. In Luther's extraordinary consecration of his friend and disciple, Nicholas von Amsdorf, as "Bishop" of Naumburg, we may perhaps detect the precedent for John Wesley's equally extraordinary consecration of one of his disciples as a "Bishop." Luther held that the bishops possessed a *jus divinum* only in the sense in which kings, electoral princes, and the emperor, possessed it—the office had been evolved by the providence of God in His government of the human kind. Apostolical succession, other than that which is directly communicated to every Christian through the Sacrament of Baptism, did not belong to the episcopate. Luther's doctrine, it must be noted, was totally unlike the ordinary Protestant doctrine, which declares every "Christian" to be a priest by virtue of "conversion." It is impossible in this world to be quite sure who is and who is not properly "converted," as the history of Protestant sectarianism, with its ceaseless generation of new sects, has sufficiently proved. It may be certain that every Christian is a priest; but what irrefragable proof is there that this man or that woman is a Christian? Luther's reply is held by all Protestant sectaries to be fundamentally anti-Protestant. He declares baptism to be the sufficient proof of Christianity, the ordination to the Christian priesthood. If he had logically developed his theory he must have conceded the priesthood to women. The clergy, in his view, were simply those among the priests who had been elected and set apart for the special ministry of the word and sacraments. When the Bishop of Naumburg died, the Chapter of the Cathedral elected their scholarly provost, Johann von Pflug, as his successor. It was the custom of the canons to apply for the *congé d'élire* of the Elector, their sovereign, who virtually nominated the new bishop. They omitted the application in this case, on the ground that the Elector, Johann Friedrich, had ceased to be a Catholic. The Elector rejected their choice, and nominated Nicholas von Amsdorf as Bishop of Naumburg and Zeiz, giving as his four reasons for the fitness of the appointment that Nicholas von Amsdorf was unmarried, gifted, learned, and of noble birth. The Evangelical prelate received the "Huldigung" of the municipal council of Naumburg on the 20th of January, 1542, and two days later took possession of Zeiz. Luther himself "consecrated" Amsdorf in the Cathedral with the laying on of hands; and the people of the diocese were informed that a true and genuine bishop had been chosen for them by the sovereign and the estates, in union with the clergy, and they were called upon to give their consentient "Amen," after the example of the Christian people in the age of St. Cyprian. The canons of the Cathedral were ordered to take the oath of obedience to their new "Bishop." The Elector prohibited Amsdorf from signing himself, after the manner of the Catholic bishops, *gratia Dei* or "von Gottes Gnaden." If any one will take the pains, as we have taken, to go through all the subsequent letters of Luther to Amsdorf during the few years of his "episcopate," he will be surprised at the pertinacity with which the Reformer insisted upon treating the "Bishop" whom he had himself consecrated as his own ecclesiastical superior. He regularly gave the title of "Bishop" to any preacher who ministered to a group of congregations; but at the same time he invariably called each of these unconsecrated bishops his "brother." Thus he addressed Bucer in 1540 as "Bishop of the Churches of Strassburg" and his "beloved brother in Christ"; and Lauterbach as "Priest and Bishop of Pirna and the neighbouring Churches" and his "dearest brother in the Lord." Spalatin, Rymäus, Pfeffinger, and others, were each addressed as "Bishop and brother." But there is a gradual accession in dignity and reverence of address in Luther's letters to Amsdorf between the date of the consecration of Amsdorf as Bishop of Naumburg and the death of the Reformer. In his letters to Amsdorf prior to his consecration Luther always addressed him as his "brother," but after that event he at once began to write to the Evangelical prelate as "the reverend in Christ, Lord Nicholas von Amsdorf, Bishop in Naumburg, his venerated superior in the Lord." In 1544 and 1545 Luther dropped the surname, addressed Amsdorf simply by his Christian name, and began to call him his "father in Christ." During the three last years of his life Luther never failed to address Amsdorf in the customary forms used in writing to Catholic bishops. A letter on "the day of St. Vitus, 1545," in which Luther thanks his "reverend father" for a present of wine, and informs him that "Satan had kept him awake all night with the agonies of the stone," is subscribed, "To the reverend father in God, Nicholas, Bishop of Naumburg, our most gracious lord." The same formula is used by Luther in all his later letters to Amsdorf. The masterful Wesley differed widely from Luther in this respect, for Wesley never allowed his Methodist "Bishop" to suppose that he had elevated him into his own superior by ordaining him to the episcopate.

DIARY AND LETTERS OF THOMAS HUTCHINSON.*

GOVERNOR HUTCHINSON played a conspicuous and important part in some of the events which preceded the War of American Independence. He was most honestly attached to the principle of maintaining the connexion between the colonies now forming part of the United States and the mother-country, and he lost much by his devotion to an unsuccessful cause. In all the relations of life his character appears to have been estimable and blameless. He is further well known by his own *History of the Colony of Massachusetts*. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that his great-grandson should entertain a high respect for his memory, and should think it incumbent upon him to edit the diary and letters of his ancestor, with a view to the vindication of his public conduct—a conduct which is amply recorded in history, and which would appear to all impartial readers to stand in no want of vindication, and upon the explanation of which little or no additional light is now thrown by his zealous descendant, although he claims to fill an important blank in the history of the American Revolution, and a bulky volume has been produced by him in his attempt to do so.

It is indeed sometimes unfortunate when papers and letters have been preserved to an inordinate extent in a preceding generation, and when the piety of ancestor-worship is displayed in similar excess in a succeeding one. It is also to be regretted when the laudable desire to do justice to a reputation which is supposed to be in need of defence, and to do honour to a worthy progenitor, is not accompanied by the literary skill and experience required to make the best use of materials, especially when they are themselves generally deficient in points of novel and salient interest.

The general facts of the life of Governor Hutchinson are well known. He was a native of Boston, a circumstance which tended to aggravate his unpopularity when he took part against his fellow-colonists. He first came to London as agent for Boston in 1738. He was for many years a member of the Colonial Chamber in Massachusetts, of which he was for three years Speaker. After having been for some time on the Colonial Council, he became Lieutenant-Governor, and was finally appointed Governor in 1770, having also for some time filled the place of Chief Justice, although not a regularly trained lawyer. Hutchinson's name, however, is probably most familiar in connection with the once-famous correspondence which by some means came into the hands of Franklin, which was afterwards published, and which led to the proceedings which, more than any others, determined Franklin to a course of implacable hostility against England, and completely put an end to any hopes of a peaceful solution of the existing difficulties between Great Britain and her North American possessions.

The story is well told by the late Earl Stanhope in his history of the period. So far back as in 1765 Hutchinson's unpopularity in Boston was so great that his house was then sacked by a mob, a circumstance not likely to improve the friendly nature of his relations with his colonial fellow-subjects, and his lack of favour in America was shared by his brothers-in-law Andrew, Lieutenant-Governor, and Peter Oliver, Chief Justice, as well as by his sons, to whom some of the unfortunate tea cargoes were consigned. The letters in question were written by the Governor and by Andrew Oliver to Mr. Thomas Whateley, who had been at one time Secretary under Mr. Grenville, and was afterwards Under-Secretary of State to Lord Suffolk, and who died in 1772. After Whateley's death these letters passed into the possession of Franklin, at that time resident in London as agent for the House of Assembly of Massachusetts, and they were transmitted by him to the Speaker of that House. They were letters which had not been written in a public capacity, although relating to public affairs and tending to influence public measures, but which contained nothing which was unworthy of the writers as public officials and opponents of colonial independence. But they did contain strong and unguarded expressions against the opposition party in Boston, and certainly were never intended for publication. The American view of them is, that they were as untrue in their statements as they were insidious in their intentions in describing the prevailing discontent as due to a factious spirit and intrigues, and in suggesting coercion and recourse to military force.

They were sent by Franklin without disclosing the person from

* *Diary and Letters of Thomas Hutchinson, Governor of Massachusetts.* Compiled by P. O. Hutchinson. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

whom he had received them, accompanied by his statement that he had got them under the promise that they should not be generally made known or printed, and that they were to be returned to him after having been seen only for their private satisfaction by a few men of important position, and with the wish that a good understanding should prevail between the mother-country and the Colonies.

It is not surprising that the letters got into wider circulation than may have been intended, and that they were ultimately printed and published, with the result that a petition was sent to England for the dismissal of the writers from the public offices held by them. Mr. William Whateley, a surviving brother of the recipient of the letters, took the matter up; and suspicion fell upon Mr. John Temple, who had been a Commissioner of Customs at Boston, and who was a friend of Franklin's, as the person who had communicated the letters to him. A very savage duel took place between these gentlemen, of which full particulars are given in the present volume; and, as he alleged, to prevent further bloodshed and complications, Franklin then avowed himself as the person responsible for the publication of the letters; and this brought upon him an application made by the brother in the Court of Chancery in respect of his share in the transaction.

The public and more important part of the matter proceeded to the hearing of the Massachusetts petition before the Privy Council, which took place on the eventful 29th January, 1774. Franklin was present, and the arguments for the petitioners were feebly supported by Dunning and Lee; while, on the other hand, Wedderburn, who appeared as Solicitor-General for the Crown, made an effective speech, full of strong remarks and taunts against Franklin, such as it was impossible for him to forget or forgive. The petition was dismissed. All remaining hopes of reconciliation were destroyed by the removal of Franklin from his office of Deputy Postmaster-General in America, and the resort to arms which had for so long a time been looming in the distance now became inevitable.

In the month of July 1774 Governor Hutchinson came to England, and the diary begins, which, although not without interest, cannot be said to add anything of value to what was already known of the matters of historical moment to which it relates. He was naturally much with Lord Dartmouth, the Secretary of State, at that time attending to American affairs, and on his arrival was almost immediately introduced by him to the King. The conversation which passed in a long interview is given without abridgment, and exhibits George III. to some advantage. The King approved of the Governor's administration, and said that nothing could be more cruel than the treatment he had met with in the betraying of his private letters. The Governor then named the six persons to whom, as he understood, the communication of the letter had been limited by Franklin, and the King asked many questions showing his minute knowledge of persons and events and his desire to get all the information he could from his visitor.

Hutchinson appears to have had access to some of the best society in London, and some illustrations of the life and manners of the period may be gleaned from his journal. He officially attended Lord Dartmouth's levées, and was frequently at the King's Court, then habitually held on Sundays. On Sunday evenings, too, there were receptions at the houses of the Lord Chancellor and of Lord Mansfield, as well as by Dr. Heberden, the eminent physician, at whose receptions were present bishops and other dignitaries of the Church. But the Governor seems to have been a plain New Englander, with few tastes and of unadorned mind, and without that power of graphically describing what is heard and seen which is so necessary to give any charm to a regular record of the events of daily life. He paid visits in the country, and mentions the hours of meals at Lord Townsend's, in Norfolk, as breakfast at eleven, dinner at half-past four, and supper at eleven. At another country house, where cards were played in the evening, it is said that the mean custom was kept up of making the guests pay for the cards used by them. This is followed by the very intelligible remark that veils are generally laid aside, which occasions the wonderful inquiry by the editor in a note of "What does this mean?" A still more remarkable note is added in another place, in which the excellent Governor says that he preferred Terence's *Andria*, as seen by him at Westminster School, to some recent performances at which he had assisted at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, to which the following information is appended:—"Terence, originally a manumitted slave, was the author of the words—'homo sum, humani nil a me alienum puto.' His *Andria* is said to have been adapted from Menander." After attending an evening party, the Governor descants on the name of "rout" as having given an unfavourable idea of such meetings in New England; for that nothing can be more moderate, decent, and respectable than such assemblies.

The opinions expressed in the diary and letters amply confirm the fact that in England a very inadequate notion was entertained of the powers of resistance possessed by the colonies, and of their determination to exert them. The preparations for a Southern Congress in 1774 are ridiculed, and the strongest belief is stated in the impotence of the colonies to withstand the unanimous will of the mother-country to retain them in subjection. Towards the end of this year Hutchinson seems to have thought that some reconciliation could be effected by a modified exercise of the superintendence of Parliament. But it was then too late for any compromise to be accepted. The colonies knew their own adult strength, although it was not yet appreciated in England, and were resolved upon securing complete independence; and it is a curious coincidence that on the very day when Hutchinson was committing to paper his views of a possible mode of arrangement (4th Nov., 1774) the Declaration of Rights was issued at Philadelphia.

The diary is now published down to the end of 1775. It is said to have been continued by Governor Hutchinson as far as May 1780, and that what remains to be printed, together with the further letters of concurrent date, exceeds in bulk all that has been given in the present volume. If more should be published, the editor proposes adopting a judicious selection, instead of the full transcript of the diary and letters which now appears. Such a course may be recommended as a very desirable one, for the editor's own lamentation over a certain letter which he has printed, that it is a very disappointing one, will probably be extended by most of his readers to the greater part of what he has thought it his pious and pitiless duty to communicate at full length to the public.

ARCTIC TRAVEL.*

THERE is some cause for regret that Mr. McCormick has not exercised more discretion in preparing the diaries of his Arctic and Antarctic voyages for the press. In their present shape, we must confess, there is too apparent a need of a thorough winnowing and rearrangement of these bulky volumes, whose want of sequence and method promises fair to baffle the patience and enterprise of the average reader of works of travel. If, in the interests of the general public, Mr. McCormick could have enlisted the services of some such mysterious agency as is now familiar in artistic circles under the name of "a ghost," we feel he would have given his book that chance of success it fairly merits: as it is, only enthusiasts in the matter of Polar voyages will, we fear, take the pains to study the printed evidence of his travelled career. Whatever may be the shortcomings of his literary method, the author has deserved well at our hands for the numerous reproductions of his original sketches of places very rarely illustrated by careful and accurate observers: his very interesting panorama of the great volcanic range on the Antarctic coast, of which Mounts Erebus and Terror are the loftiest peaks, being for that reason of peculiar interest and value. Indeed, when we take into account the great variety of Arctic experience which has fallen to the lot of the writer of this book, we cannot but regret that its narrative is not characterized by picturesque description and local information, as well as by frequent and elaborate illustration. Mr. McCormick is a member of the medical service of the English navy, and in his official capacity and as a scientific collector and investigator has served on no less than three Polar expeditions. In 1827 he was of the party who, with Parry as their leader, sought the North Pole from the western side of Greenland. Twelve years later he sailed in the *Erebus*, which with its famous consort the *Terror* was under the command of Captain Ross, to explore the Southern seas; visiting in three successive years that extraordinary barrier of ice and mountain which cuts off the Antarctic Ocean from a hitherto unexplored continent. On the first visit of Ross to this region he found, and named after his vessels, the splendid peaks of Erebus and Terror, of whose grand outlines the panoramic sketch before alluded to gives an excellent idea. Few sights on our globe can be more impressive than Mount Erebus as it towers twelve thousand feet above the frozen edge of that desolate coast, pouring forth night and day a pillar of smoke and flame into the chill gloom.

On one of these voyages a collision in the night nearly sent the *Erebus* and *Terror* to the bottom, and the former only escaped the one peril to find herself under the lee of an iceberg, whose hard, blue sides she almost scraped with her yards—an imminent peril from which alone she was saved by the calmness and fine seamanship of her captain. In these years spent in Southern seas Mr. McCormick became the friend of Sir John Franklin, then the Governor of Tasmania—a friendship which led him to take an active interest in the schemes which many years later were set on foot for the rescue of that unfortunate adventurer in the Northern Arctic circle. Mr. McCormick accompanied the squadron of Sir Edward Belcher, fitted out by the English Government in the hope of finding traces of the lost expedition, and was especially eager to conduct a boat expedition up Melville Channel, where he believed it was most likely Franklin and his comrades might have been. Obstacles, however, the nature of which he himself relates at considerable length, were created; and he returned to England after one abortive, but hazardous, boat journey in a sea rapidly closing up with incoming ice.

As a continuation of the tradition of Arctic adventure and heroism, the log of the steamer *Jeannette*, edited by the wife of her gallant commander, Lieutenant De Long, of the United States navy, is extremely interesting. The story of a failure—for the *Jeannette* practically failed to get anywhere except on top of an ice-floe—the simple, manly narrative, which is the literary legacy of Mr. De Long, can scarcely be read with unquickened

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* *Voyages of Discovery in the Arctic and Antarctic Seas.* By Deputy Inspector-General R. McCormick, R.N., F.R.C.S. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

The Voyage of the "Jeannette." By George W. De Long, Lieutenant-Commander, U.S.N. Edited by his Wife, Emma De Long. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 2 vols. 1884.

feelings. The *Jeannette*, better known to Englishmen as the *Pandora*, was sold in 1879 to Mr. Gordon Bennett, of New-York, by her owner, Sir Allen Young, to be employed on an Arctic venture which Mr. Bennett was desirous to carry out. This venture was instigated by De Long, a brilliant and daring officer, who had already greatly distinguished himself in the expedition fitted out by the Government of the United States for the relief of the *Polaris*, and who had a deeply-rooted belief that the real route to the Polar seas lay rather through Behring's Straits than by the more old-fashioned courses along the eastern and western shores of Greenland. De Long, moreover, was intensely ambitious to carry the American flag nearer to the North Pole than any of the European seamen who had preceded him, and it was his hope to make, if possible, at any hazard, some important discovery. In Mr. Bennett he met a generous patron, who cheerfully undertook the formidable charges of his scheme, and started him on his voyage admirably found, so far as foresight could provide where so much was inevitably unforeseen. The ship sailed from San Francisco in July 1879; and, after a brief space of sailing in the Arctic seas, found herself beset in pack-ice. For nearly two years the luckless vessel and her crew were held fast in the floe, drifting helplessly north, west, south, and east as the wind impelled the ice.

The daily record of De Long's log reveals the weariness of these tedious months of inactivity; the strain on the Captain himself of a responsibility almost too heavy to be borne, yet obviously borne with manly and cheerful courage; the hourly perils from the recurring disturbances of the ice; the chafing disappointment of frustrated plans. The terror of such an Arctic captivity would appear from this narrative to be of a singularly strange and awe-inspiring kind. During the summer months, when there is comparatively little or no disturbance of the ice, the senses of sight and hearing are oppressed by the prospect of a boundless plain, heaped with tumbled ice-hills, and the universal stillness of the frozen waste; but, with the approach of winter, the ice is all activity, the air is filled with a tumult of shrieks and explosions, and the noise of incessant rending and grinding; huge masses of solid ice, forced upwards by the enormous strain beneath, are shot with a hideous din on the surface of the floe; the floes themselves of a sudden cleave asunder, and then, coming together with a stupendous crash, hurl their shattered edges into the air. In such scenes, with the knowledge that at any moment the ice on which they were cradled might pass beneath them and engulf their vessel, eager for the pack to dissolve and give them a chance of release, the crew and their officers patiently awaited the issue. At last, in June 1881, the crisis came—the ice parted, and catching the *Jeannette* in its grip, so crushed her frame that she sank after a few hours.

But one thing remained to the sailors, and that was to seek as best they might the Siberian shore. Thanks to the care of their officers, little sickness had occurred on the *Jeannette*, and the party started in good health to drag their boats and sledges over the ice. The task was stupendous; the ice was one succession of piled-up barriers, intersected by open waterways. On some days, after hours of effort, the advance was little more than a mile, rarely more than four a day. At the end of eighty days they reached the open sea, and hoped for safety. But, as they sailed for the estuary of the Lena, a storm separated their boats, and driven to various points on the coast, they were scattered, never again to join company. De Long, with those in his boat, landed in the delta of the Lena, only to perish miserably of famine in its trackless wastes; one boat, under the care of the ship's engineer, Mr. Melvillo, had the fortune to be driven to the West, and to chance on a native settlement; a third boat and its crew are presumed to have been lost at sea, no traces of it or its occupants having been met with by the relief parties, which searched every corner of that coast in the course of the subsequent year. The immense sufferings of De Long and his men appear from the daily entries in his diary. Their health had grievously suffered from their week's exposure in the open boats after quitting the ice-floe. One of the men was so enfeebled that rapid progress was impossible, and their supply of food had fallen so short that the speedy discovery of human dwellings was a matter of life and death. To add to their difficulties, they were misled by their maps, which proved useless in a district whose features varied yearly with the floods that hold it submerged for six months at a time, and their expectations were raised only to be rudely demolished by the belief that they should quickly come to a settlement where they might obtain shelter and food. Each day brought fresh disappointment and diminished strength to the unfortunate wanderers. An entry in De Long's journal, dated 20th September, 1881, helps us to realize the hardships they endured.

> I found our progress was terribly slow. Every one of us seems to have lost all feeling in his toes, and some of us even half-way up the feet. That terrible week in the boat has done us great injury. . . . I ordered tea made and pemmican served out. We opened our last can (forty-five pounds), and in order to make it hold out, I so cut it that it must suffice for four days' food. Then we are at the end of our provisions, and must eat the dog, unless Providence sends something in our way. When the dog is eaten——?
>
> I was much impressed and derive great encouragement from an accident of last Sunday. Our Bible got soaking wet, and I had to read the epistle and gospel out of my Prayer-book. According to my rough calculation, it was the Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity, and the gospel contained some promises which seemed peculiarly adapted to our condition.

The words that cheered this brave officer were the great and inspiring advice, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on."

But, despite all efforts to reach a place of security, Mr. De Long was overmastered by the terrible obstacles in his path. With the horrors of the Siberian winter beginning, all food gone, and his men reduced to death's door, he was forced at last to cease his tardy progress, and send forward two of his strongest followers to search for help. The story of their efforts, and want of success to relieve in time their Captain and comrades, is simply told by Mrs. De Long in these pages. Relief when it came was weeks too late; the last feeble entry in De Long's diary fixes the date of his death on or about October 30. It was not until the following March that Mr. Melville, whose determination, great courage, and intelligence are very manifest, discovered the bodies of his friends buried in the snow on the river-bank, and was able to remove them to a secure place overlooking the great river-bed of the Lena for burial.

It is only necessary to add that these pages contain something more than a mere chronicle of human disappointment and discomfiture. De Long was an observant and intelligent student of the regions in which he so long remained an unwilling prisoner, and he has left us the full result of his experience. Like most who come into contact with realities, he grew deeply sceptical of the truth of many of the accepted doctrines relative to the Polar seas, and seems to have had good reason. The preparation of this book for the press must, we feel, have been for Mrs. De Long a labour of love. Much praise is none the less due to her for the care and precision with which she has carried out her task. Probably no better memorial of the brave sailor who led the crew of the *Jeannette* could be found than the simple story which is now laid before the public. It is one of the few satisfactory features of this sad story that Mr. Melville and Mr. Danenhauer, who were able and brave in support of their Captain in all his trials, are still living to testify to the heroism and steady discipline of those who have perished, and perhaps to give us at some future time the result of their observations and experience in Arctic seas.

FIVE NOVELS.*

THE reviewer of novels, in the exercise of his harmless necessary calling, is constrained to sympathize (or the reverse) with a great many ideals and ambitions, and to bow down and worship (or the reverse) before a great many types of hero and heroine. Fresh from the achievements of Ouida's gorgeous mind, he must go forth and disport himself among the innocent creations of Miss Yonge. Scarce has he put by the tempestuous blandishments of Miss Broughton ere he must make himself all ear and intelligence for the temperate and delicate siren-strains of Mr. Henry James. After a cruise under the Jolly Roger with Ben Gunn and Long John Silver, he must exalt his intellect to the level of the inhuman originality, the cryptogamic brilliance, the unnatural novelty and freshness of the author of the *Tragic Comedians* and the epic of Sir Willoughby Patterne. It is written that variety is charming; but to him satiated with change, debauched as Mr. Venus was by incessant intercourse with "human various," the adage is a trifle pointless and misleading. Probably it is so to the humble rag-and-bone man and the nobler dealer in marine stores, and for much the same reason. For of course there is variety and variety; that of the British Museum and that of Bollin's Bower, the Shakspearian species and the species developed from Mudie's. Equally, of course, the one is not the other, and between the Shakspearian and the Mudiesque there is a great gulf fixed. To pursue the subject further were a task invidious and fraught with peril. To say that the reviewer of novels is acquainted with the Shakspearian species by reputation only is to say everything. To note that in the present batch of novels the heroic interest is supplied by a model Atheist, a lovely female journalist, a "high-toned" American widow, a ditto ditto widower, a proud and desperate idiot, some very natural and pleasing children, an artful and eccentric murderer, a gifted but repentant Nihilist, a choice selection of maids and matrons of extraordinary beauty and accomplishments, a noble parson, and a brother so sweet and self-sacrificing as to be almost unique in fiction, is to explain the origin of these preliminary reflections, if not to excuse their temper.

In *We Two* the author of *Donovan*, still harping on the right of man to disbelieve as he lists, tells us the story of Raeburn, the Atheist, and his valiant little daughter Erica. Raeburn is a model of his kind. He is "very tall," and of "remarkably benign aspect"; he has a "grand head"; he is "middle-aged, yet venerable," or rather "devotional-looking"; and he is "pervaded" by "a certain majesty of calmness," which seems "hardly suited to his character of public agitator." So much for his outer man. Morally and mentally he is an epitome of all the virtues. He edits the *Idol-*

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* *We Two*. By Edna Lyall. London: Hurst & Blackett. 3 vols. 1884.

An Open Foe. By Adeline Sergeant. London: Bentley. 3 vols. 1884.

Newport. By George Parsons Lathrop. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

The Leavenworth Case. By Anna Catherine Green. London: Alexander Strahan. 1884.

Tip Cat. By the Author of "Miss Toosey's Mission." London: Walter Smith. 1884.

breaker, it is true; but he is admirably eloquent, laborious as the ant of fable, generous, high-minded, brave as Bayard, intellectual as George Eliot, sincere as Danton, magnetic as Mesmer, liberal as Pangloss, the Luther of Freethought, the heroic infidel, a combination of all that is noble in man and lecturer, saint and journalist, martyr and agitator—Beales and Grandison and Spinoza rolled into one, in short, and somehow failing to "come off." Raeburn, it need hardly be said, is the object of dreadful persecutions. Religious soap-boilers libel him, and as he is an Atheist juries cut down his damages to the lowest possible figure; Christian mobs unite to tear his coat, and break his head, and roll him in the mud; parsons backbite and slander him, and nonconforming M.P.'s "in holy horror and pious grief" denounce him in the House and out of it as a monster in human form; and all the while he pursues his noble way—preaching and teaching, lecturing and giving, writing articles in the *Idol-breaker* and vanquishing his enemies in public debate, like a good unwearied Titan. For a long while Erica—a charming young person—accepts his principles for gospel. At last, however, an admirable (but shadowy) clergyman of the Established Church compels her—rather vaguely, it is true—to own herself mistaken; and in the end, after a certain amount of illness and some study of the Greek Testament, she is baptized and becomes a leader-writer in the *Daily Review*. All the same she refuses to leave her father; and when the clergyman's son, a noble young doctor of medicine, proposes marriage, she rejects his suit, and goes back to her leaders and her household gods in the most devoted fashion imaginable. Naturally, though, Miss Lyall is not content with that. Her story would be incomplete and her argument futile if Erica remained unmarried and Raeburn escaped martyrdom: and in due course both these consummations are achieved. Raeburn is beaten to death by a mob of ardent but unpractical Christians; and Erica has nothing to do but wed her medical man and be happy. To this complexion she comes; and so, with a novel and satisfying translation of a particular verse in the Greek Testament, her history ends. It is far from exciting; indeed it is barely interesting. But it is carefully written: it is paved with good intentions; and such dissatisfaction as it inspires is tempered with a certain respect.

The story of *An Open Foe* is based in some measure on a situation in Bulwer's *Night and Morning*. In that novel, Philip, the stern and haughty hero, loses sight of his younger brother Sidney, and comes upon him years after as somebody's adopted son, and his own rival (if we remember aright) for somebody else's heart and hand. In *An Open Foe* the hero, a young man whose "fine dark eyes" look "scornfully and stormily out upon the world," is bereft at a blow of his wife and his infant boy, and years after finds the latter (the lady is dead) moving in society as the adopted (and illegitimate) son of a near relative of his, and a suitor for the good graces of his own niece. This impertinence he resents so bitterly that the offspring runs away to Russia, develops a consumption, and is at death's door before his parent's eyes are opened to the truth; so that the inevitable recognition and reconciliation come too late, and there is a funeral instead of a wedding, and a lifelong remorse in place of a lifelong happiness. This, however, is not brought about without a tremendous expenditure of intrigue, the introduction of a crowd of more or less uncommon personages, and the invention or adoption of a world of romantic and lovely names—Gaston Ravenscroft, Olivia and Felicia ditto, Vera de Lusignan, Maurice Guyon (afterwards Count Zaranoff), Adrian Longmere, Ilma von Löwenstein, Lancelot Aylmer, Anna Strolenski, and others from the same noble mint. Of Gaston Ravenscroft, the hero, we have already spoken; his it is to marry his mother's maid to begin with, to be the death of his own son, to behave (for love of Vera de Lusignan) with the blackest treachery towards his rival Maurice Guyon, and finally, a penitent man, to fling away his life somewhere in Asia Minor in rescue of an aged Arab's only child. His mother, the Baroness Waldstein (who seems to have something in common with the lady who married Tom Tusher), is the villain of the story; she lies, she cogs, she paints and powders, she writes anonymous letters, she ruins Gaston by separating him from his wife and babe, and she comports herself generally like the bold, bad woman she is. Vera de Lusignan, again, begins on the boards of a twopenny theatre, and ends—after witching the world with noble vocalization, breaking Gaston's heart, and well nigh being the death of Maurice Guyon—as the Countess Zaranoff, "radiant in her white lace and diamonds," a queen of soft society in St. Petersburg. As for Maurice, he is count, conspirator, fiddler, victim, hero, repentant Nihilist, and favoured official turn and turn about; the mind reels in the contemplation of his innumerable metempsychoses; and it is with an aching head and a sigh of relief that one takes one's last look at him, "somewhat older and graver looking" and "with a brilliant array of orders upon his uniform," and reflects that his metamorphoses are over and done, and the need and opportunity of "lightning changes" for ever departed. It is the same with all the other personages of the story. Their vivacity is extraordinary; nothing happens with them but the unexpected; they shift, they veer, they dissemble, they change sides, they are generally antic and surprising, to an extent unparalleled in fiction. "To think of a whirlwind, though 'twere in a whirlwind, were a case of more steady contemplation, a very tranquillity of mind and mansion." With which fine simile of Mr. Mirabel's we crave to take leave of them, amusing as they are.

Mr. Lathrop's contribution to literature is a study of character and morals and manners in modern America. The scene of it is a fashionable watering-place; the personages are all fashionable, all "bright," all more or less highly civilized, all good at conversation, and all, or nearly all, exasperatingly self-conscious; the story is one of high-toned love and delicate and refined revenge; and the cleverness with which the book is written, the skill with which its characters are drawn, the neatness, the self-restraint, the reticence and dexterity apparent in its every page, are all of the newest type—in short, are fashionable and modern and American likewise. Eugene Oliphant is a widower of seven-and-forty years; Octavia Gifford is an exquisite widow. Eugene becomes enamoured of Octavia, but Octavia is yet in love with her dead husband. It pleases her to believe that she has been his one heroine, and that to none save her has the defunct ever whispered matrimony or affection. It so happens, however ("Ainsi va le monde ici-bas!"), that on this particular point the late Gifford has been by no means all the delicate fancy of his relict paints him. Years before they met he has offered marriage by letter in the most glowing terms; what is more, he has been refused; what is more still, the Cruel Fair is the lady who afterwards becomes Mrs. Eugene Oliphant. By the merest chance in the world our hapless widower discovers the dead man's letter; he reads it, puts it in his pocket, hangs up his coat on a public hook, and more or less forgets all about it. Then through all the length and breadth of Newport it is suddenly whispered that the fair Octavia is tremendously mistaken, and is wearing the willow for an illusion. Octavia traces the report to Oliphant (of course the letter has been taken from his pocket by his host, and by him communicated to the Powers of Air), and insists on seeing the document. No sooner has she read it than she goes wild with wrath, and determines to be revenged. She makes Oliphant love her; she encourages him to propose; and when he does propose, she refuses him in such terms as show that she resents his late wife's influence, and that she is bent on revenging upon him the bitterness inflicted years before on her own dead husband. So much spiritual corruption is more than Oliphant can stand. He retreats to New York with a broken heart; and in due course Octavia repents herself of her crime, and recalls him to Newport. He sets sail accordingly; but the ship takes fire, and Oliphant, abandoning a piece of wreck he has secured to a poor creature who cannot swim, goes quietly under, and departs this life. He prefers extinction to Octavia Gifford, like the good fellow he is. Octavia at once goes into complete mourning—"never to be abandoned"—and sets to work to care for the late Oliphant as she had cared for the defunct Gifford. That a creature so cankered with refinement, so ruined with self-consciousness and the Fine Shades, should be capable, as Mr. Lathrop hints she is, of the higher and nobler form of love, is, to say the least of it, matter for argument. But there is no doubt that she is not worth making a heroine of, and that to ask us to pity and respect her is false sentiment and false art alike. This is what Mr. Lathrop has done; and, cleverly as he has done it, there are few, we take it, who will applaud his mistake, and fewer still who will not wish that he had bestowed his abundant cleverness on the presentment of emotions a little less inhuman and artificial and tragedy a little less contemptible and unsound.

The Leavenworth Case is a very creditable imitation of Gaboriau. The characters are the merest puppets; the style is pretentious and artificial; the motives and results are debatable enough. But the plot is admirably ingenious, and the mystery is not only excellently contrived, but excellently maintained. You start with an inexplicable murder; your suspicions are turned on some three or four potential culprits in succession; you are handed over to an artist in detection, and made to believe him a bungler; and in the end you discover that you have had the criminal in your mind's eye all along, only the author has been too clever for you, and has sent your wits out hunting along all sorts of false trails, and made an ass of you from first to last. That is all that need be said of the book in this place. It is only a story; but it is so neat and dexterous and ingenious, and its merits are otherwise so inconsiderable, that to discuss it at greater length would be unfair.

The story of *Tip Cat* is the story of two girl children and their admirable big brother Dick. They are reared in affluence (as the penny novelist hath it), and by a will that is never signed they are devoted to misery. But Dick is a good fellow, and a true. He takes his burden on his shoulders; he works, he pinches, he saves; and in the end he is rewarded as he deserves. He is Tip Cat's neighbour; and to Tip Cat, otherwise Tipton Cathcart, he becomes as a son, for reasons which shall not here be specified. How everybody falls ill of scarlet fever; how justice is done on the Wicked Uncle (who in this case is an Aunt), and Dick and his bairns become prospective heirs to immense wealth; how Dick foregathers with his old sweetheart Kathie Dumbleton, and, after some sweet and natural love-making, is constrained to take her for the asking, and be happy in spite of himself; and how Tip Cat, from being a misanthrope and an ass, becomes the best and dearest of men—all these things are set down in the book itself, and shall be told by the book or not at all. It is, no doubt, idyllic and improbable; but that is nothing. It is natural and human, and may be read with pleasure from first line to last; and that is something. Of how little can so much be said! of how few, books or bookmakers, can it be proclaimed that what they have done is not enough, and that we want to hear more of them!

THE UNITY OF NATURE.*

IN the *Unity of Nature* the Duke of Argyll carries on with the same earnestness of religious conviction and the same breadth and acumen of philosophical thought the line of argument which stamped his *Reign of Law* as one of the most prominent contributions to the theistic philosophy of the day. In the face of the materialistic or agnostic tendencies characteristic of so much of the spirit of modern science, he boldly takes his stand upon the older ground of an originating and overruling Mind perceptible in nature. He is able to discern a true and definite design or teleological plan, to which is due the unity which he makes it his task to demonstrate as the law of the cosmos or entire system of the universe, to be seen in the domain of nature, in all organized beings, and above all in man, whose mind stands in closest relation to the supreme and primary Intelligence. A master, on the one hand, of the processes and results which observational science has made sure, and, on the other hand, accepting without misgiving or reserve the fundamental doctrines of religion as of divine authority and inspiration, he shows himself eminently qualified to hold the balance between the claims of science and of theism, and to vindicate that unity and harmony in the whole domain of thought which he views as the goal of all well-directed speculation. The barriers which have too often been held to separate the provinces of science and theology will, he maintains, disappear as the facts upon which they respectively rest for their authority are seen in their true nature and their mutual bearings, and not a few of the problems which lie deepest in our intellectual and moral consciousness, and which most perplex us in our efforts after truth, will be found soluble in the light of the Unity of Nature.

The unity of nature in the physical sense is not so much a matter of experience as of instinct or intuition which we bring to our experience. It is bound up with our impressions of the unfailing connexion between cause and effect. Whatever science may have done or may be doing to confirm or illustrate it, science, in the modern acceptation of the term, did not give rise to this conviction. Though some may hold theology to have had somewhat to do with its origination, we can scarcely doubt that the idea of the unity of nature preceded the idea of the unity of God; monotheism, however early we may conceive it to have its place in the history of human belief, being but the form in which that earlier idea became embodied. But what do we mean, asks the Duke, by unity? In what sense can we say that an infinite number of things are nevertheless one? In seeking for the unity of nature we must beware lest, instead of extending our knowledge, we narrow and confuse it. Does knowledge, as some maintain, consist in the perception of differences? Not so, argues our author, but rather in the perception of relations; and the relations or aspects which things assume to our minds rise in an ascending scale according to the fulness of our knowledge and to the development of those intellectual faculties of ours by which alone the higher relations of things can be perceived. One sign of unity is evinced in the ties whereby this world of ours is bound to the other worlds around it. The earth is part of the mechanism of the heavens. Nor do the force or forces by which that mechanism is governed prevail in our own solar system alone, but, there is reason to believe, throughout all space. The revelations of solar physics establish an identity, not only in the materials which make up the sun and its planets and all cosmical bodies, but in the more subtle agencies by which matter is regulated. Gravitation is one agency which brings home to us the unity of the conditions which prevail throughout the cosmos. Light, heat, magnetism, electricity—whether considered as separate agencies or as so many modes of the gravitational force—are further links in the chain of physical causation by which the universe is kept together. What is called the transmutation of forces, so far from implying a rupture of this unity, is but a way of manifesting it, leading up to the conception of the possible ultimate identity of every variety of force. What then is needed is a higher than physical or mechanical unity:—

> Thus every step in the progress of science which tends to reduce all Organisms to one and the same set of elementary substances, or to one and the same initial structure, only adds to the certainty with which we conclude that it is upon something else than composition, and upon something else than structure, that those vast differences ultimately depend which separate so widely between living things in rank, in function, and in power. And although we cannot tell what that something is—although science does not as yet even tend to explain what the directive agencies are or how they work—one thing, at least, is plain: that if a very few elementary substances can enter into an untold variety of combinations, and by virtue of this variety can be made to play a vast variety of parts, this result can only be attained by a system of mutual adjustments as immense as the variety it produces, as minute as the differences on which it depends, and as centralized in direction as the order and harmony of its results. And so we come to understand that the unity which we see in Nature is that kind of unity which the Mind recognizes as the result of operations similar to its own—not a unity which consists in mere sameness of material, or in mere identity of composition, or in mere uniformity of structure, but a unity which consists in the subordination of all these to similar aims and to similar principles of action—that is to say, in like methods of yoking a few elementary forces to the discharge of special functions, and to the production, by adjustment, of one harmonious Whole.

The argument for the manifestation of mind in nature is carried further into the realm of organic life, significant points being made of the structure, habits, and instincts of the lower animals. Here his loving and persistent study of living things enables the Duke of Argyll to draw from his own experience a number of illustrations logically appropriate and of singular beauty. By way of frontispiece to his book he gives us a woodcut of that rare and unique species of British birds, the little dipper or water-ouzel (*Cinclus aquaticus*), which without the assistance of webbed feet has extraordinary powers of swimming and diving. A nestling of this species half-fledged, stumbling into a pool in an agony of sudden fright, has been seen by him to wake up on the instant to a sense of its hereditary powers, diving down with all the facility of its parents, and giving in the action of its wings a beautiful exhibition of the double progression in two very different elements which is peculiar to the wings of most diving birds. The same instinctive powers have been observed by him in the young of the Dun-diver, or female of the red-breasted Merganser (*Merygus serrator*). To withdraw pursuit from her young he has watched the common wild-duck (*Anas boschas*) simulating, in a manner suggestive of the highest art of the stage, the flutterings and cries of a wounded bird. A still more striking effect of mimicry has been observed by him when in the Riviera in winter-time. A beautiful moth, with wings of light and dark chocolate brown, the margins of a lustrous yellow like a brilliant gleam of light, on a sudden alarm gave its wings a violent jerk and instantly became invisible, assuming the hue of the withered and crumpled leaves of a deep blackish brown, by which the interstices of the broken clods around were filled. By the exertion of special muscles the splendid margins of the wings were somehow folded up, reverted, and hidden from sight. In none of these cases was there the possibility of imitation. The experience or *tabula rasa* school of philosophy must confess itself baffled. Powers such as these were derived from progenitors through faculty, confirmed habit, and hereditary transmission. They have become organized in the race. Are such animals then to be called mere machines? There is surely visible here the operation of mind, which is in no sense part of the machinery. Whatever is done is done in virtue of construction, itself due to a mind which has designed it for the exhibition of certain powers and the performance of certain functions. Is there any light in the theory that animals are mere automata? Was the young dipper a diving machine? In the knowledge and the resources of mind which are shown in the instinctive motions we have spoken of, there is the reflection of some agency and some intelligence which is outside the creatures which exhibit them. It is by the attributes of mind that they are guided—by fear, or by desire, or by affection, or by mental impulses which go straight to the results of reasoning without its processes. In the work assigned to and done by them we behold in various measures the qualities which we recognize in ourselves, as the faculties of sensation, of consciousness, and of will.

Still less is the theory of automatism to be accepted as the explanation of human action. That man's powers of intellect and will, because connected with an organic apparatus, are no more than necessary results of physical structure is, the Duke argues, a mere confusion of thought. At the most this union of the mental operations with the brain, the precise nature and limits of which are unknown to us, is but a further instance of that adjusted harmony which has been established between instinct and the truths of nature. It reveals the strong physical foundations upon which the truthfulness of reason rests; but it in no wise detracts from the integrity or the spontaneity of the human intellect and the human will. And when we pass on to the conception of an order of being and a range of mind above ourselves, are we to be told that all such ideas are imaginary, that all we know is phenomenal, not real, that our conceptions of creation and a Creator are sheer anthropomorphism, that it is our own shadow we are chasing, a mere bigger image of ourselves to which we are always bowing down? Against anthropomorphism the Duke justly protests as a misleading phrase. The true etymological expression for the idea should be anthropopsychism, not "man-formism," but "man-soulism," the proposition really involved being that there is no mind in nature having any relation or similitude with our own. Against this agnostic position the Duke claims the argument of anthropopsychism itself, in proof of identity between mind in nature and mind in man. In virtue of this common attribute, man is a part of nature, and no artificial distinctions can separate him from it. And yet in another sense it is true that man is above nature, outside of it; and in this aspect he is the very type and image of the supernatural, so far as creatures, such as we know ourselves to be, can image the High and the Holy One that inhabiteth eternity. To exclude from nature, as they fain would, all that is called supernatural, philosophers must first exclude man himself. Nor are the ideas of a design in nature to be any more easily set aside. Witness the language of evolutionists themselves, as when Mr. Darwin speaks of "special contrivance" or of the "final purpose" of the several movements in plants, and Dr. Tyndall emphasizes the "continued effort of animated nature to improve its conditions and to raise itself to a loftier level." Such language involves, the Duke urges, far more than a tissue of metaphors; somewhat beyond the picturesque absurdity that nature abhors a vacuum. It becomes a definite, if involuntary, ascription by philosophy to nature of the highest attributes of mind. Even the principle of adjustment in Mr. Herbert Spencer's definition of life is claimed by the Duke as a purely anthropopsychic conception; as is also Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Eternal not ourselves that makes for righteousness." Making for something in, he reasons, a purely human image, involving the elements of will and action analogous to those we are conscious of in ourselves.

* *The Unity of Nature.* By the Duke of Argyll, Author of "The Reign of Law" &c. London: Alexander Strahan. 1884.

The testimony of human speech, the sure record of the deepest metaphysical truths, comes in to confirm what physical proof, the vital organism and the conscious working of the intellect proclaim as to the unity of nature originating in the absolute oneness of a creative mind.

With equal candour and cogency of reasoning, the Duke addresses himself to the objections and anomalies which stand in the way of an immediate recognition of unity in nature. Foremost amongst these is, of course, the perennial difficulty of the existence of evil in a world which, by the hypothesis, is the work of an originating and all-controlling mind, the essential attributes of which are goodness and love. Now it is especially, if not wholly, in man that moral evil can be said to exist; for such evil as consists in pain and cruelty, and consequently extends its sway to the lower animal creation, is to be estimated by a physical rather than a moral standard. How, then, are we to reconcile the corruption of human character with that law which it has been sought to prove universal in creation; the law under which every creature has been produced, not only with appropriate powers, but with appropriate instincts and intuitive perceptions for the use and regulation of those powers? How comes it that those instincts have in man not only been liable to fail, but seem to have acquired an ineradicable tendency to become perverted? Great as is this mystery, it is a lesser mystery, the Duke would have the evolutionist allow, than that which must needs attach to the original birth or creation of any creature like man in the condition of an utter savage. It is a lesser mystery because it is of the essence of a being above the bestial state, whose will is comparatively free, that he should be able to deviate from his appointed path. Among the lower animals obedience has always been a necessity. In man it has been raised to the dignity of a duty. The very elevation of his nature is inseparable from the possibility of a fall. But for the possibility of evil there would be no possibility of virtue. Thus in the existence of vice we have a witness against the theory of automatism. It shows that the law of life is not that unbending mechanical necessity which the materialist would have it to be. The mystery of his present corrupt state is shifted from man's original endowments and gifts to the use he has himself made of them. As the question of the origin of religion is merged and lost in the question of the origin of man, so that other question how his morals and his religion came to be corrupted becomes intelligible only on the supposition of wilful disobedience, with all its tendencies and consequences, having become inherited and organized in the race. In this formula of expression the Duke does not fail to note a scientific explanation of what is called in theological language original sin. The law of heredity, though, like the law of natural selection, it cannot account for the origin of organic instincts of any kind, can, and in some degree does, account for the perversion of those instincts. It is not their use but their abuse that calls for explanation, and man, the sole exception to the order and reasonableness of creation, must seek in his own unruly will the source of that corruption which is an anomaly in the unity of nature, and at variance with all that is intelligible in its order and reasonable in its law. In reason and in religion, as in morals, we may view without dismay the like tendencies to corruption and degradation; the potential energies in man working downwards rather than upwards; and it being a great natural law that every tendency of thought, whether in a wrong or a right direction, is prone to become inherited and organized in the race. Yet is there room for remedy in a system wherein the disorder is seen to be an anomaly and an exception. There is comfort in the thought that, in proportion as our higher faculties find expansion, and the whole of our nature proves faithful to its intimations, the great anomaly which man's rebellion has introduced into the general order will disappear, the final result being that harmony and that unity to which nature points as its essential and ultimate law.

TWO BOOKS ABOUT MR. IRVING.*

THERE are three or four biographies of David Garrick, two or three of Edmund Kean, four of Junius Brutus Booth, three of Edwin Forrest; but Mr. Henry Irving bids fair to surpass all his illustrious predecessors in the number of his biographers, as he has already surpassed most of them in the amount of interest and attention attracted from his contemporaries. In reality David Garrick and William Charles Macready are almost the only English actors whose position is at all comparable to Mr. Irving's; for only Garrick, Macready, and Mr. Irving have been at the same time the chief English tragedian and the manager of one of the two or three chief theatres of England. Garrick's really unique position was due, in great measure at least, to his talent as a writer, and to his extraordinary social gifts. Macready, with a stronger character and a less flexible histrionic faculty, fell on dark days, when the drama had been distanced in the race for popularity. Mr. Irving has fortunately come in the nick of time, and he has had the high intelligence to make himself the central figure of the recent revival of interest in the histrionic art. His visit to America has been an event of far greater social importance—in both countries—than the visits of George Frederick Cooke, of Edmund Kean, or of William Charles Macready. Their expeditions to America were, in the main, successful; and they came home laden with laurels and dollars. But Mr. Irving's success as he swept through America with the Lyceum company was other than theirs and greater. They went as individuals and as actors only. Mr. Irving went as a manager as well as an actor, and his success as an actor was doubled by his success as a manager. This double success was complete and emphatic and indisputable. It is with great regret, therefore, that we detect in the chapters of Mr. Daly's biography devoted to Mr. Irving's performances in America a tone of controversy, as though the author thought it needful to cry aloud on the housetop that the trip was a success and not a failure, whatever cavilling critics might say or do. This argumentative iteration is likely to produce in England an effect certainly not intended by Mr. Daly; it is likely to cause a suspicion that Mr. Daly is defending, or at least trying to deny, a failure. Mr. Daly is like the Katydid, as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has invoked that melodious insect—

> Thou say'st an indisputed thing
> In such a solemn way.

The readers of Mr. Bret Harte's *Gentleman of La Porte* may recall a character in this story so given to opposition, and so perversely prone to take the other side, that he was wont to lie awake at night to contradict the Katydids. Now, this is just the frame of mind the perusal of Mr. Daly's chapters on Mr. Irving's American experiences tends to produce. These chapters are filled with the quotation and contradiction of criticisms from newspapers of every degree, high and low. The effect is, in a way, to suggest that Mr. Irving's success in America, both as a manager and as an actor, was contested. Now nothing can be further from the fact. This triumph was not as instantaneous as Mr. Daly declares. The first performance in New York was not a failure certainly, but it was not an overwhelming success. The second performance increased the good effect, and diminished the ranks of the doubters. The first play in New York, it must be remembered, was *The Bells*; the second was *Charles I.*; and as these were followed by the other plays of the Lyceum repertory, notably by *Louis XI.*, the good impression deepened and broadened, and the objectors became small by degrees and beautifully few. Mr. Irving won his way into American favour by hard work, and he conquered the American public as he had conquered the English public. The tone of American criticism, as a whole, was warm and cordial to the verge of exuberance. The critics of the daily newspapers acquitted themselves of their difficult task with courtesy and skill; and not a few of those who had adverse predispositions were won over by the potent charm of Mr. Irving's personality as exerted across the footlights. The more deliberate articles which appeared in certain of the American magazines—Mr. Towse's in the *Century*, for example, and Mr. Clapp's in the *Atlantic*—are taken up by Mr. Daly and answered, as though the few adverse criticisms he quotes from them represented the whole opinion of the writers; whereas, as a fact, there is no competent writer on the drama in America, no American dramatic critic of any recognized position, who did not accept Mr. Irving's work as a thing to be thankful for—whatever personal reserves he might make on minor points. And this is the fault we have to find with Mr. Daly, that he takes up these minor remarks, more *obiter dicta*, without which criticism would degenerate into eulogy pure and simple, and that he dwells on them too persistently. Mr. Daly likes other people to be like himself, and as he has sunk the critic in the eulogist he is intolerant of those who do not go and do likewise. An Irving worshipper of the strictest sect, Mr. Daly swings his censer threateningly in the faces of all who do not bow down before his idol. It may be well to remind him that a diet of toffy exclusively may pall on the appetite of the stoutest and staunchest of Mr. Irving's admirers.

In other respects Mr. Daly's book is admirable. It contains a simple and straightforward account of Mr. Irving's artistic career, from his birth to the present day. It gives a brief account of his early struggles, and it supplies a useful description of the toilsome apprenticeship he served in the provinces before he made his first great London success. It traces his rise from his monopoly of stage-villains to the production of *Hamlet* at the Lyceum, and from that time to the present along the series of plays which have marked Mr. Irving's management of the Lyceum. It devotes a chapter to the farewell banquet of last 4th of July. It gives—as we have seen—two chapters to the American tour, and another to an analysis of the "Secret of Success." It refers succinctly to Mr. Irving's literary efforts, essays and addresses, as scattered through the magazines and the reviews, and as reported now and again in the newspapers. And it concludes with a survey of Mr. Irving's personal characteristics. In an appendix are a list of the parts played by Mr. Irving in London since October 1866, the report of an "interview" with Mr. Edwin Booth, an extract from a criticism on Mr. Irving's Macbeth, and an account of a Scottish clergyman's first visit to the theatre. A portrait of Mr. Irving, etched by M. Lalauze from a photograph, serves as a frontispiece; it is admirable in its execution, but it seems not altogether happy in catching the subtlety of the actor's expression. Before leaving Mr. Daly's interesting and useful volume, we may note two or three slips of no great consequence. Twice we find the name of the late Charles James Mathews figuring as Matthews. The reference (p. 126) to Edwin Forrest might imply that Forrest was distinguished only for an "exhibition of brawn," an idea not

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* *Henry Irving in England and America*, 1883-84. By Frederic Daly. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1884.

Henry Irving's Impressions of America. Narrated in a series of Sketches, Chronicles, and Conversations. By Joseph Hatton. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

acceptable to those who have read Mr. Lawrence Barrett's excellent biography of the earliest of native American tragedians. In the list of Mr. Irving's plays (p. 281) Philip of Spain in *Queen Mary* should be marked as an original part.

In Mr. Joseph Hatton's book there are two passages which we have read with interest; these are the two prefaces; they were written by Mr. Henry Irving.

INDIAN IDYLLS.*

IN ancient India the Muse of History sat idle, and her representative is her sister of Epic Poetry, who thus in Aryan India wields, unaided, the stylus and the roll. Even at the present day legend with the natives of Hindustan fills the place of history; dates and the philosophic import of the sequence of events are matters ignored and uncared for, while in their place the Hindu holds dear two epic poems of portentous length, the Mahábhárata and the Ramayána. In these two poems mythology, ethics, and philosophy form the warp on which the woof shows forth ancient gods and kings; but the whole structure stands so compacted together, that as yet it has been impossible to separate the historical element from that which is purely fabulous. Still, it may be expected that from a critical examination of these poems, and a minute analysis of the several stages of their construction, scholars will eventually dispel the obscurity which now envelops the early social and political history of India. The inordinate length to which Indian epics run is hardly the less surprising even when we remember that Calliope has here to bear the burden of her sister Clio. Western readers will feel inclined to demur before undertaking the perusal of a poem of 220,000 lines—"seven-fold greater in bulk than the Iliad and Odyssey taken together"—and hence not unwelcome is the volume of episodes from the Mahábhárata which Mr. Arnold has selected out of this gigantic compilation, and rendered for our benefit into English verse.

Philologists have long since demonstrated that in language we are near akin to the Hindus. And we recognize further in reading these "Indian Idylls" how closely allied are all nations of the Aryan stock in the sentiment with which they regard women, justly appreciating the support that strong men in their hour of need will find in the devotion of wifely love. In the Indian epics the wife is the helpmate and the equal of her lord, not the chief of his domestics, far less his slave. In prosperity she is represented as his companion, not his toy; in adversity she is a support, not an encumbrance. Among the Arab tents the birth of a girl was deemed a misfortune. On the other hand, in the opening poem of Mr. Arnold's collection, when the announcement of the birth of a daughter is made, the poet exclaims:—

> A girl, my liege!
> Better than many boys;

and throughout the poem it is the wife who is the heroine, consoling and inciting her husband to virtue, of whom

> The wisest doctors say, "In every woe
> No better physic is than wifely love."
> . . . neither is there friend
> To sad men given better than a wife.

And all this lends a charm in these old Indian songs which is lacking in even that which is highest and greatest in Arabic or Hebrew literature. Mr. Arnold's present volume contains eight poems from the Mahábhárata, of which the longest, called "Nala and Damayantí," illustrates the striking peculiarities of the Hindu epic, both in its high ideal of womanhood, and in its exuberant phantasy.

Damayantí is the peerless daughter of the Raja Bhima, to whom the wild swans have borne the message of love from Prince Nala. The Princess grows to womanhood and suitors throng the palace gates of the Raja Bhima. Among these are "the Immortal Four," the gods Indra, Agni, Varuna, and Yama, who have chosen Prince Nala as their herald, although they know him to be their rival. At a secret interview, and after the message of the gods has been delivered, the Princess still promises to bestow her hand on Nala, loving him above all gods and men; but on the appointed day, when the Princess has to make her choice among the suitors, she is much perplexed at seeing before her five Nalas instead of one, each the counterpart of the other "in form and garb and visage," for the gods have all presented themselves under the likeness of their herald. Damayantí, sore perplexed, at last resolves "to make the gods themselves her help at need." In her prayer she implores them to make themselves known to her, conjuring them by the sincerity of her love for Nala, and by the priority of her secret troth to him at the time when the wild swans had brought the message of his love, long before the gods had deputed him to be their herald. The Immortals are won by her "singleness of soul and constancy." She now distinguishes among the five Nalas, four of whom she notes that

> *Shadowless* they stood; with *unwinking* eyes,
> And skins *which never moist with sweat*; their feet
> Light gliding o'er the ground, *not touching it*;

and hereupon drawing "modestly nigh" she gives to the true Nala the bright chaplet.

> So choosing him, him only, whom she named
> Before the face of all to be her lord.

The nuptials take place; and at the subsequent marriage feast, in token of approval, the "Lords of Life" bestow eight noble boons, duly enumerated; after which the gods ascend to the skies, the Rajas and Maharajas depart their several ways, and Nala takes home his bride. And now, as the four Immortals are voyaging heavenwards, they meet the two demons Dwapara and Kalí, who were on their way to present themselves among the suitors of the Princess. Indra informs the demons that the choice has been made, and that, with the goodwill of the gods, a mortal has been preferred to them all, Prince Nala being already the husband of the Princess. On hearing of this Kalí, in jealous wrath, resolves to bring a curse on Nala, and he thereupon repairs to Nala's house to bide his time and watch. Twelve years roll by, during which Nala, blameless, gives the demon no loophole of vantage; at length, in a moment of forgetfulness, the Prince passes to prayer,

> His feet unwashed, offending; Kalí straight
> Possessed the heedless Raja, entering him.

The evil spirit now causes the Prince's brother to challenge him at dice. Nala becomes possessed by the passion of gaming; and, the dice being bewitched, cast after cast does he lose. Gold, palace, steeds, and royal robes, all are lost, and, not even his faithful wife, can persuade him to desist. At last the Prince is beggared, and the brother, with scornful laugh, challenges him to one more throw, urging him, seeing that all his kingdom's wealth is gone, to stake his wife Damayantí in order to win back his lost possessions. But Nala at length rises, uttering no word, only glaring in wrath upon his mocker.

> Then, his rich robes and jewels stripping off,
> Uncovered, with one cloth, 'mid wailing friends,
> Sorrowful passed he forth, his great state gone,
> His Princess with one garment following him,
> Piteous to see!

The two wander forth into the wilderness, she uncomplainingly following in his footsteps, solacing him, and trying to charm his griefs away, while suffering herself the pangs of hunger and thirst in the wild waste which is now their home. After a time Damayantí, worn out with fatigue, falls asleep, with Nala watching beside her; and the Prince—still possessed "by Kalí's cursed mischiefs," and imagining that at his side suffering alone can be the Princess's lot—resolves to abandon her, feeling assured that, once freed from him, she would find her way back to her own people. After many moments of anguish, and twice stealing back for one last look at his sleeping wife, he finally hurries off through the forest drear, still

> Thinking upon the sweet face he had left.

Damayantí awakes to find herself alone, thinks that perchance it is some mistimed jest, but at length, after fruitless search, realizes that she is abandoned, and sinks down mad with grief, longing for death.

It would carry us too far were we to detail how the old Raja Bhima sends out his Brahmans in quest of his daughter and son-in-law, the Prince and Princess, and how they are at length discovered. Not the least charming of Mr. Arnold's pages are those which describe, after the Princess has been found, how the Brahman messenger, wandering from town to town, forces Nala to discover himself by singing the verses composed by the Princess:—

> By every husband nourished and protected
> Should every wife be. Think upon the wood!
> Why these thy duties hast thou so neglected,
> Prince! that was called noble and true and good?
> Art thou become compassionate no longer,
> Shunning, perchance, my fortune's broken way?
> Ah! husband, love is most! let love be stronger;
> "Kindness is chief of duties," thou didst say.

Our extracts from this charming poem have usurped more of our space than we had originally intended, and we must refrain from offering even a brief analysis of the remaining idylls of Mr. Arnold's present work. The moral inculcated is the same in all. "Love and Death" tells how Sávitrí, although forewarned, chooses to marry a prince doomed to die at the end of the year, and how when the fateful hour arrives, even Red Yama, God of Death, is overcome by her constancy. In "The Enchanted Lake," the self-denial of the king wins back to life his dead brothers. Of the five remaining poems, the most remarkable is perhaps that entitled "The Birth of Death"; but our readers must be referred to our author's text in order that they may enjoy for themselves, in the cadence of the English version, the "old-world charm of the Indian tale."

In Mr. Arnold's versification there is little to which we can take exception, and our extracts will have shown that in the present work the poetic talent which produced the "Light of Asia" has not failed him at his need. In these "Indian Idylls," however, we should have been glad of a few explanatory notes. Mr. Arnold's readers are the public of England and America, not of necessity Sanskritists; they may therefore find some difficulty in understanding what, for instance, was Damayanti's *Swayamvara*, and the picture presented to their minds by Gudákesa throwing *Karnis*, *Nardchas*, and *Nálikas* is certain to be left ill-defined in its details. A few short notes for the uninitiated would have made all this clear, and have enlightened the reader as to the attributes of the different gods of the Hindu pantheon. Furthermore, to our mind it is hardly fitting to incorporate Sanskrit words (without interpretation) in English verse. To *Lalla Rookh* and *Hiawatha* there were foot-notes for those ignorant of Pawnee and Persian; but how is the "general reader" to guess what may be the import of "*Swétugam!*" and "*Ahoswid!*" These details not-

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* *Indian Idylls.* From the Sanskrit of the Mahábhárata, by E. Arnold, C.S.I., &c. London: Trübner & Co.

withstanding, we feel bound in conclusion to express our hearty appreciation of this present instalment of "Indian Idylls," and also to add a hope that this may not be the last time that our author's countrymen will be charmed by his translations from these two little-known epics of Hindustan which "have constituted the library, the newspaper, and the bible, generation after generation, for all the succeeding and countless millions of Hindu people."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE have said enough already of M. Renan's preface to his new book (1), the contents of which were bruited abroad almost before the appearance of the book itself. The body of the volume, however, deserves a few lines of notice, as it contains some interesting essays, nowhere spoilt by such faults of taste as those we commented on last week, though of course pervaded by M. Renan's usual peculiarities. A paper of some length on Buddhism, refused long ago under characteristic circumstances by Buloz the redoubtable; another on the "Eternal Gospel"—that curious specimen of mediæval ways of thinking—are the longest articles in the book. But Galileo, Port Royal, a visionary of the thirteenth century, St. Francis, and various other persons and things give titles to essays and studies which, in their merits as in their defects, take very fair rank with the author's other work.

The matter which is contained in the three completing parts of the edition of Rochefoucauld (2) which MM. Gilbert and Gourdault, with the usual assistance from M. Regnier and his sons, have been for many years editing in the *Grands écrivains* collection, is rather of bibliographical and scholarly interest than of interest purely literary. The Lexicon, executed with the care usual in this remarkable series, is understood to be the work of M. H. Regnier, and it extends to more than five hundred pages. The Album contains the usual portrait, facsimiles, &c. The Appendix to the first volume seems to show that the bibliographical complexity of the question of the text of the *Maximes* was less completely solved by M. Gilbert than he thought, for another "autograph" has turned up at Liancourt. The variants it supplies are rather interesting than important; but their inclusion in the present edition, with other supplementary matter, vindicates the high claims of the series to completeness and accuracy.

We shall hope to give fuller notice than would be possible in this place to M. d'Arbois de Jubainville's work on Celtic Mythology (3). Here we simply chronicle its appearance.

The fourth and fifth (concluding) volumes of M. Jouaust's reprint of *Faublas* (4) have appeared.

Possessors of M. Plon's magnificent work on Cellini (5) should take notice of the appearance of a new Appendix containing besides letterpress a heliogravure of a portrait of Francesco de' Medici, a remarkably fine wood-engraving from Allori's picture of Bianca Cappello, another of the same after Bronzino, and a drawing of Lord Cowper's basin.

Among books of education we have to notice with pleasure a very good Old French Chrestomathy (6), by M. Constans, not so well printed or perhaps quite so well done as Bartsch's well-known book, but much cheaper, and more suitable in form to learners. It has a fair introduction of about fifty pages, summarizing the history of the French literature of the middle ages; but it would, perhaps, have been wiser to make this either very much shorter or very much longer. M. Fasnacht's edition of Perrault's immortal work (7) is apparently intended for a very first book in French, and is prettily illustrated. The notes are capital, and, considering the object, perhaps not too elaborate; but we do not like the special grammatical introduction or the vocabulary. The principle of the objection has been stated over and over again, and we have never seen it validly gainsaid. It is that in editing for school use as much help as may be for the special study should be given, but that the general grammar and the general dictionary must from the first be the pupil's reference, if his study is to do him any good.

We quoted last week Thackeray's caution, "Never let a Frenchman into your house," *à propos* of a volume of travels; we may quote it with even greater point *à propos* of M. Paul Bourget's volume of tales (8). The ingenuous confession of his Saint-Luc as to his feelings and intentions and inferences when an English girl, to whose family he had letters of introduction, treated him as English girls usually do treat persons properly introduced to them and supposed to be gentlemen, is sublime. Of the main story of the book it is enough to say that it turns on an act of violence offered to an unmarried girl by her host, a gentleman of birth and station. It is a pity, for M. Bourget is an excellent writer (barring the use of some catchwords of the day, such as "âme," "hade," "usure," and the like), and has a pleasant fancy. Moreover, he is one of the very few Frenchmen who do know something of England. His pre-Raphaelite painter in *L'irréparable* is very clever. But he has read even his favourite Stendhal somewhat to his wounding, and the very objectionable clique who nowadays take in vain the names of Stendhal and Balzac and Flaubert altogether to his hurt. It would not be fair to class him with the latter; for his style (if not his *données*) is perfectly clean, and he writes French, not jargon. But their evil influence is over him, and until he shakes it off there is not much chance of his contributing durable work to literature.

(1) *Nouvelles études d'histoire religieuse.* Par Ernest Renan. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *Les grands écrivains de la France—La Rochefoucauld.* Lexique; album; appendice. Paris: Hachette.

(3) *Le cycle mythologique irlandais et la mythologie celtique.* Par H. d'Arbois de Jubainville. Paris: Thorin.

(4) *Le chevalier de Faublas.* Par Louvet. Tomes 4, 5. Paris: Jouaust.

(5) *Benvenuto Cellini.* Nouvel appendice. Par E. Plon. Paris: Plon.

(6) *Chrestomathie de Fanciens Français.* Par E. Constans. Paris: Vieweg.

(7) *Perrault—Contes de fées.* Edited by G. Eugène Fasnacht. London: Macmillan & Co.

(8) *L'irréparable.* Par Paul Bourget. Paris: Lemerre.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IF it were not for our evil habit of cutting a French book into two volumes and binding it in heavy gritty covers, Miss Yonge's edition of the *Memoirs of Marshal Bugeaud* (Hurst & Blackett) would be a very readable work. We say "edition" and not translation, because it appears from the title-page that Miss Yonge has only edited the Count H. d'Ideville's Life of the Marshal. Whoever is responsible for the translation has done it in a very stiff and schoolboy fashion. Le Père Bugeaud, as his soldiers called him, was not exactly a hero or even a great man, but he did more honour to France than some others who have been much more talked about. He was a straightforward, hard-headed soldier, who talked as little as possible about *la gloire* or *le drapeau français*, and who had a way of looking facts in the face which more than once irritated the more high-flown kind of patriotic deputy into explosions of violence. The Count d'Ideville allows him to tell his own history for the most part. He has republished the Marshal's letters, and given copious extracts from his speeches. The letters begin in 1804, when he entered the Guard of Napoleon as a *vélite* of the Grenadiers, and they are continued till his death in 1849. The earlier contain many curious sketches of the great Imperial wars. Bugeaud served in the camp at Boulogne, and was once under the fire of our war-ships when his regiment was drilled to embark in the flat-bottomed boats intended for the invasion of England. He passed through the campaigns of Austerlitz and Poland, and thenceforward fought in Spain. One of his letters describes the siege of Saragossa, and it is worthy of notice that he has not a word of praise, but rather the reverse, for the heroic defence of the citizens. "The red English" did not come much in his way, as he served under Suchet in the East. His later letters deal mainly with the Algerian wars, and particularly with the campaigns against Abd-el-Kader. Between the two came Bugeaud's political career under Louis-Philippe, which included the unpleasant episode of the imprisonment of the Duchesse de Berry. This gave rise to the quarrel and duel with Dulong, in which Bugeaud killed his man. It was his third duel with the same result. One of his speeches in the Chamber is remarkable for a severe criticism of the absurd legends told about the Volunteers of 1792.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge publish two books—a small and a very small—on John Wiclif. The Rev. A. R. Pennington, M.A., is the author of the small one. He goes at some length into the disputed questions in Wiclif's life (that is the spelling he prefers), and illustrates his doctrines by quotations from his works. Mr. F. H. Matthew's *Life of John Wycliffe* (we use his spelling) is in size very little more than a pamphlet, and gives only the barest outlines. Both writers pass lightly enough over the communistic side of the reformer's political opinions, and are so enamoured of his merits as an opponent of the Pope that they forget to try and show what he would have put in the place of the great organized mediæval Church.

We hope it is no disrespect to the late Mr. Toynbee to say that the most interesting part of the volume of his lectures is the little memoir of the author, written by Dr. Jowett. *The Lectures on the Industrial Revival in England* (Rivingtons) are, however, the work of a scholar and a thinker. They suffer not a little from the state in which Mr. Toynbee was compelled to leave them by continual ill-health. The fact, too, that he said what he had to say in popular lectures was against him. It made it inevitable that he should simply go over thoroughly beaten ground.

Messrs. Acland and Jones have compiled a sort of text-book to co-operation under the title of *Working-Men Co-operators: What they have Done, and what they are Doing* (Cassell & Co.) It is meant partly for people who are interested in the question of co-operation, and partly for the use of the workmen themselves.

A few months ago Mr. Tomlinson's pamphlet on the Congo Treaty (E. Stanford) would have been timely, but to-day it is a little behind the time. In showing that our arrangement with the Portuguese was "no way to behave for" a statesman he is only slaying the slain.

This generation has by no means the happiness of not knowing about its health. On the contrary, it knows a great deal about the subject, or at least it ought to. There is absolutely no counting the works of various kinds which appear on the question of sanitation. Mrs. W. T. Greenup's *Homely Hints on Health* (Marcus Ward) "is sent forth in the hope that it may serve both to *convince* and to *instruct*." The author begins by propounding the weighty question "What is health?" and then answers it at length. Unfortunately, it is a question which never seems to trouble anybody till they are ill to begin with. The Sanitary Laws Enforcement Society publish a manual of the law affecting the housing and sanitary condition of Londoners, under the title

of What to Do, and How to Do it (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) *The Report of the Metropolitan Board of Works* (Judd & Co.), for 1883, is to some extent a sister work to this treatise.

For obvious reasons, Mr. Elliott's treatise on *The Newspaper Libel and Registration Act*, 1881 (Stevens & Haynes), deserves the careful attention of various members of the community. We have received the *Yacht Racing Calendar for* 1883 (Harrison & Son). Not even the charms, such as they are, of Mr. Hitchman's "Anecdotical Preface" can reconcile us to the awkward form chosen for the reprint of Lord Beaconsfield's *What is He?* and *A Vindication of the English Constitution* (Field & Tuer). The paper and the printing are good enough, but it is an outrage to make a book—which is not an album—broader than it is long. Dr. Morley has published *Herrick's Hesperides* in his "Universal Library" (Routledge). We have received Part IV. of Mr. Graves's excellent new edition of *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers* (Bell & Sons). A railway edition of Mr. Hawley Smart's *Hard Lines* is published (Ward, Lock, & Co.)

Mr. Dickens's useful Dictionaries of the Thames and of London (Macmillan & Co) are now brought up to date, and we need only regret that the editions for 1884 should be so much worse bound than those for 1883.

Messrs. Macmillan also issue a very handsome and complete school edition of the Poet Laureate's works, divided into four parts, closely but clearly printed, and bound in strong, clean, grey cloth.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Birmingham, June 5, 1884.

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Particulars and Plans of the premises may be had at this Office, together with the Conditions of Sale.
Tenders must be sealed, endorsed outside "Tender for Freehold Ground Rents, Basinghall Street," &c. (stating the premises, as the case may be), and be addressed to the undersigned, at this Office, and must be delivered before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty.
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HENRY BLAKE, *Principal Clerk.*
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FINANCIAL INFORMATION, JUNE 1, 1883:

Total Funds	£3,002,005
Total Annual Income	£338,188
Total Amount of Claims upon Death	£2,257,381
Amount of Profits divided at the last Quinquennial Bonus	£437,347

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MATTHEW HODGSON, *Secretary.*

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Life Premiums	161,500
Interest	121,400
Accumulated Funds	£2,749,400

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FIRE, LIFE, MARINE.

Capital fully subscribed	£3,000,000
Capital paid up	£250,000
Life Fund in Special Trust for Life Policy Holders exceeds	£619,000
Other Funds	£1,000,000
TOTAL INVESTED FUNDS UPWARDS OF TWO MILLIONS.	
Total Annual Premium Income exceeds	£1,065,000

CHIEF OFFICES—19 and 20 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.
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ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE OFFICE,

Royal Exchange, London, June 11, 1884.

The Court of Directors of the ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE do Hereby give Notice, that a GENERAL COURT of the said Corporation will be holden at their Office at the Royal Exchange, on Wednesday, the 25th of June instant, from One o'clock till Two o'clock in the afternoon, for the Election of a Director, in the room of Captain Mark Currie Close, deceased. Which Election will be declared at such time as the General Court shall appoint to receive the Report of the Scrutineers.

E. R. HANDCOCK, *Secretary.*

The Chair will be taken at One o'clock precisely.
N.B.—Printed Lists of the Proprietors qualified to vote will be ready to be delivered at the Office on Saturday, the 21st of June instant.

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THE EGYPTIAN SURRENDER.

THE speeches of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and of Mr. JOHN MORLEY on Wednesday, though neither was a very remarkable speech in itself, supply, from diametrically opposite sides, a rather useful comment on the present state of Government policy in Egypt. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, even after making allowance for the cheerful audacity with which he is gifted, is at a greater disadvantage in criticising that policy than any other prominent Conservative politician. His earlier proceedings in reference to Egypt deserve at best a merciful forgetting, and his present ideas on the subject appear to be curiously compounded of some intelligent appreciation and a great deal of unintelligent cant. Yet even Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, so utterly indefensible is the course of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, so many have been their blunders, so gross and manifold is their incapacity, was able to draw up a very effective indictment without exposing himself to retaliation on any of the counts. On the other hand, Mr. MORLEY, erroneous as his views must be held to be on the general question, is thoroughly acquainted with its details, has at any rate for some time past maintained a consistent attitude on the subject, and, though he is known not thoroughly to approve of the Government policy, as indeed no man in the possession of his reason does approve of it thoroughly, is committed heart and soul to Mr. GLADSTONE'S side at present. All that Mr. MORLEY can find to say is that the forthcoming agreement with France will probably be a very bad agreement, and almost certainly a bad agreement, but that nothing must persuade the Liberal party to turn out Mr. GLADSTONE in these dangerous days—the danger of which (Mr. MORLEY forgot to say it, or the reporter to report him) happens to be almost entirely of Mr. GLADSTONE'S own bringing about.

It becomes more and more evident that this refuge of despair—the appeal to keep Mr. GLADSTONE in at any cost to the country—is the sole refuge to which, in reference to this famous (let it be hoped it may not next week have to be called infamous) agreement, the supporters of the Government are being driven. As it has been repeatedly pointed out, the details of the surrender matter the less because under no possible circumstances can it be anything but a surrender. As admitted by the most thoroughgoing of Mr. GLADSTONE'S defenders, the terms are disgraceful and preposterous. That England, when the appointed term of evacuation approaches, is to go cap in hand to one Great Power after another in search of a second to back her request for a longer day, is sufficiently shameful; and this is the most favourable version of that particular matter. The reconstituted Debt Commission will, in fact, be a Board of Control, and, unless a full half of its members were English-men, the English nationality of the President could not prevent England from being constantly thwarted. On whatsoever terms and by whatever machinery England is to advance money to Egypt, the discreditable and unprofitable fact will remain that Englishmen are to lend money and furnish men for the payment of foreign bondholders—a doubling of the parts of bankers and bailiff which is as novel as it is disgraceful. This is the most favourable report (and it is notorious that there are other reports much more unfavourable), while the truth can hardly be less unpleasant for the simple reason, again and again insisted on, that nothing less unpleasant would accrue to the negotiations at all. In what ingenious fashion the pill may be gilded by the joint efforts of Mr. GLADSTONE and M. FREYCINET it is impossible to say, but it is, at any rate, fair to observe that there is no deception about the matter. Even Mr. JOHN MORLEY admits that it must be a nasty pill, and may be a very nasty one.

To these pleasant considerations has to be added the other pleasant consideration that Mr. GLADSTONE has not been content with making his bid for French countenance, and then submitting the bid to Parliament without going further. The humiliation of England—humiliation it must be, whether it is great or small—is being hawked through all the chanceries of Europe before it is exposed to public view in London. Before Englishmen are asked whether they will confess themselves to be incompetent administrators, unbusinesslike financiers, incapable soldiers, but (if kept under proper control) useful policemen and energetic bumbailiffs, an English Ministry formulates this confession, and sends it round to Berlin and Vienna, to St. Petersburg and Rome. That, at least, is what the spokesmen of the Ministry in the public press say without contradiction from their superiors. Nor is it to be for a moment doubted that when the agreement, good or bad—to speak more accurately, bad or very bad—comes on for discussion, this preliminary tour of inspection will be urged in its favour. It would be so awkward to reject what has been officially tendered to foreign Powers. Indeed the only reason for a proceeding exposed to such obvious inconveniences is that it must precipitate the plumping of that question to which Mr. GLADSTONE and his supporters are anxious to bring Liberal members of Parliament, "Are you "prepared to support the Government at all hazards, or are "you not?" Every day this question is being more and more undisguisedly put, more and more audacious admissions of the probable character of the proposed transactions are being made, and the game is played to win solely by the cards of party discipline, of Mr. GLADSTONE'S reputation and popularity, and of the dislike of certain classes and parties to certain Conservative statesmen or to any Conservative Government. At almost any former period it would have been impossible to win in such a fashion. For Mr. GLADSTONE'S defenders have, as a preliminary necessity, to declare that Mr. GLADSTONE is a complete failure. They have to urge that in two years of unrestricted management of a small country he has brought that country to such a pass that extraordinary arrangements are necessary to counteract the bad effects of that management. They have to admit that these arrangements, defined by themselves, are disagreeable. They grant that Mr. GLADSTONE has blundered completely in Egypt, and that he has placed England in at least an unpleasant relation to the European Powers. They cannot afford to blink any of the bungles and butcheries which have marked the course of Egyptian history since the Alexandrian riot, for those bungles and butcheries are necessary to their attempt to show how very difficult the Egyptian question is, how much allowance it requires, how necessary it is to keep France and Europe in good humour. And when they have done all this, and shown a certain set of men to be blunderers in administration and mendicants in foreign policy, they turn round and demand implicit confidence in the blunderers and the mendicants, a new lease of power for them, and a practical assurance that, blunder and beg as they may, nobody else shall be put in their places. This, let it be remembered, is an argument from which there is no escape, and the force of which would not be weakened if by some *coup de théâtre* it were to turn out that

Mr. G[illegible] Lord GRANVILLE have all along been strug[illegible] the generous confidence of France inste[illegible] with her exigencies, that no limit is to be se[illegible] that the management of the Debt is to b[illegible] England, that nothing is to be said about t[illegible]on of the Canal, that M. CAMILLE BARRÈRE [illegible]eceive an appointment in Cayenne or the Marquesas, and that the whole European concert has tuned its harps to sound "Rule Britannia" in Egypt. For the premisses of the argument above given are not hypotheses, they are not statements of Mr. GLADSTONE's enemies. They are the assertions of Mr. GLADSTONE's friends, and the acknowledged and recorded facts of the past. It can no more be denied that support is being bespoken for "Mr. GLADSTONE, right "or wrong," than it can be denied that the state of Souakim is now very much what it was before General GRAHAM's expedition, that the lives and fortunes of dwellers on the Nile to the very frontiers of Egypt proper depend on the good pleasure of the MAHDI and his lieutenants, that every English institution set on foot under the DUFFERIN scheme has collapsed or is collapsing, and that the measures which the Government are reluctantly and partially taking now were pressed on them by those who knew the facts and grasped them in December last.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

THE supporters of the preposterous demand for female suffrage have, perhaps, less reason than any other political section to complain of Mr. GLADSTONE's recent proceedings. It is something to have secured a plausible excuse for a defeat which may consequently be represented as occasional and temporary. The composition of the minority will also be thought encouraging, as it was not exclusively composed of eccentric theorists or of womanish men acting under the influence of strong-minded women. Many prosaic and sceptical partisans suppressed their contempt for the proposal with the immediate object of inflicting a check or a reproof on the Government. Whether their motives were morally more admirable than the prejudices of the genuine enthusiasts may be a disputable question; but they are less likely to persevere in their mistaken course. The promoters of the agitation will be grievously disappointed if they rely on a casual alliance, although they may on the other hand hereafter reclaim some real supporters who last week preferred the authority of Mr. GLADSTONE to their own fantastic opinions. Whenever the issue has been directly and seriously raised, the House of Commons has concurred with the great mass of intelligent persons of both sexes in protesting against an absurd innovation. It is true that some of Mr. WOODALL's opponents might be taxed with cynical audacity when they argued that the test of a sound representative system was its tendency to provide the most satisfactory legislative body. The enthusiastic advocates of the Irish household franchise had little right to dwell on the political incompetence of even a female constituency; but questions of vital importance are not to be solved by personal recriminations. Even Irish householders may possibly at some distant time become qualified to exercise some fraction of political power; but it is certain that women, though they may partially succeed in the attempt to unsex themselves, will never be changed into men.

The most respectable supporters of female suffrage, including Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Lord JOHN MANNERS, appear to have been convinced by the same argument which prevailed over Lord BEACONSFIELD's possible scruples. Property in the hands of women is, as long as they are excluded from the franchise, not directly represented. The same disability applies to land held in mortmain by corporate bodies, and to the personalty which they possess. The electoral power attached to property of any kind will, under the new dispensation, be altogether insignificant. Several newspaper correspondents have lately complained that an intelligent and cultivated female employer of labour may not have a vote, while all her workmen enjoy the privilege from which she is debarred. A man of the same character and in the same condition may be outvoted by two of his workmen. Lord BEACONSFIELD's authority on questions of electoral competence is impaired by his indifference to popular government in general. His colleagues and successors, though they are thoroughly penetrated by constitutional convictions, formed their opinions on female suffrage before the character of the representation was fundamentally changed. The responsible head of a household would, if Mr. WOODALL's claim had become law, share the franchise, as Mr. GOSCHEN showed in detail, with irresponsible girls, and with electresses of more doubtful character. There is no reason to suspect two eminent Conservatives, though they may be heretical on a single point, of a bias in favour of a class of voters which they may, according to the suggestion of their adversaries, hope to attach to their own party. If they have any expectation of the kind, they may be undeceived by the candid and accurate statements of the ladies who are most noisily clamouring for the franchise. The whole body is, as some of its members have publicly asserted, thoroughly revolutionary in temper and doctrine. Agitators, male or female, have no disposition to leave things as they are. On the other hand, it would be surprising what women who refrain on principle from political activity should organize Committees or talk nonsense on platforms. To prove the justice of their own modest estimate of female politicians, they have only to read the oral and written declarations of their unauthorized representatives.

One of the mock demagogues publishes a highly characteristic declaration that, fortified by the authority of BLACKSTONE, she will henceforth refuse payment of taxes till she is allowed to vote. The famous commentator, who has not generally been accused of subversive tendencies, enunciates, among many other commonplaces, the proposition that no English subject can be taxed without his consent, given by himself or by his representative in Parliament. The use of the masculine pronoun "his" may perhaps be an oversight; but in an age of nomination boroughs and of a closely restricted franchise, the eloquent exponent and apologist of established institutions can scarcely be supposed to have affirmed the legal existence of universal suffrage. BLACKSTONE was perfectly aware that no trader or tenant-farmer had as such a vote for members of Parliament, and that nineteen-twentieths of the male population were habitually taxed, and, at the same time, excluded from the right of suffrage. If necessary, he would have explained his own general phrases by some ingenious theory of virtual representation; and he certainly would not have advised a wilful violation of law. Only a female dialectician would be capable of first believing that every proposition in BLACKSTONE was a part of the law of the land, and of then inferring that she was therefore entitled to act on her own interpretation of the text. In a certain sense it is a not untenable paradox that polemical women are rigid logicians. Entire indifference to the correctness of promisses, and boldness in the acceptance of impossible conclusions, greatly facilitate the process of seeming to reason. It never occurs to the would-be champion and martyr of oppressed female taxpayers that it would be useless to elect Parliaments by any kind of suffrage, if laws were not binding on individual dissentients. The indulgence with which such eccentricities are regarded is itself an argument against the political equality of the sexes. Revolutionary absurdities become amusing instead of shocking when they are accepted as "pretty FANNY's way."

It appears from a letter written by Admiral MAXSE that extreme Radicals as well as the Conservatives of yesterday appreciate the most conclusive argument against the political enfranchisement of women. If they were to hold opinions peculiar to themselves, and to pursue distinctive objects, women with votes might, with the aid of a small minority of men, carry any measure which they might think desirable. If the matter were important, the masculine majority would assuredly refuse to submit. There was probably some exaggeration in the statement lately attributed to a Frenchman that such an antagonism would, if female suffrage were established in France, result in civil war. In England the contest between the sexes would be settled, not by violence, but by a preliminary comparison of forces. The combatants would, as in *Paradise Lost*, save themselves the necessity of combat by a summary estimate of their respective forces. Even in controversies of secondary interest, on securities against disease, or on the practice of vivisection, the stronger section of the constituency would not long consent to be governed by hysterical impulse or even by amiable prejudice. It is not allowable to decide fundamental issues on grounds of party convenience; but waverers who are tempted to enfranchise women in the hope that they may be amenable to ecclesiastical influence, would, if they were allowed to try the experiment, be utterly disappointed. It is, indeed, probable that many female voters might follow

their accustomed spiritual guides; but the communities in which political and religious activity are most closely combined are not devoted to the cause of Church and State. Even among the cultivated classes new-fangled doctrines have lately found their most credulous proselytes in the [illegible] which ought to be loyally tenacious of orthodox convictions. No measure would be too preposterous for female Buddhists or female Positivists; but it is scarcely worth while to pursue a collateral discussion. It is not on account of feminine heresies, but because the regimen of women is intrinsically monstrous, or, in milder terms, unnatural, that their claim to govern and legislate is untenable. Last week's debate was instructive even in the trivial character of some of the arguments which were rightly thought good enough to support an instinctive judgment. Mr. THOROLD ROGERS, who seldom shrinks from any democratic innovation, has been confirmed in sound doctrines as to the rights of women, or perhaps converted, by a late municipal election at Oxford. A candidate who would certainly have conferred more honour on the Town Council than he would have received from his constituency was, according to Mr. ROGERS, rejected by the votes of female ratepayers. That similar miscarriages have sometimes occurred in Parliamentary contests has not been considered a reason for disfranchising misguided voters; but it is not improbable that the city of Oxford would be better governed if there were no female voters. It is, on the whole, advisable that disputants should confine themselves to the use of sound and relevant reasons; but careless fallacies sometimes imply a certainty which is superior to argument. It might be difficult to prove that women ought not to elect members of Parliament on the sole ground that the ratepayers of a ward in a provincial city rejected an eligible candidate for a seat in the Town Council; but in practical matters a just conclusion may stand on its own merits, or rest on "any other reason why."

IRELAND.

DURING the past week in Ireland a salutary lesson has been read to irreconcilable journalism by the fine laid on Mr. O'BRIEN, and the good sense and patriotism of the Orange leaders have saved Lord SPENCER from the consequences of his lamentable defection from equal justice in the matter of the Newry meetings. But the Irish event of the week occurred in England, and was the Duke of ARGYLL's speech of Monday. Important as that speech was in many ways, it was perhaps in no way more important than as eliciting the replies, or the attempts at reply, which were given to it. They were remarkable enough in reference to the actual subject of what for courtesy's sake must be called discussion; they were more remarkable as exhibiting a growing tendency of modern politicians which may be pronounced without hesitation to be one of the most mischievous tendencies that politics and politicians have ever exhibited. No reader or hearer of the debate—no reader even of the comments made upon it by newspapers favourable to the Land Act—needs to be told that the DUKE was left absolutely unanswered. In point of argument Lord CARLINGFORD's stale and repeatedly disproved assertion of some mysterious difference between Ireland and all other countries on the earth, which makes what would be robbery elsewhere restitution in Ireland, stood alone. The DUKE's facts were not disproved, his arguments were not met, his criticisms were not answered. Lord DERBY, who has perhaps the most naturally happy and artificially accomplished faculty of damaging his own side that is now to be found in Christendom, came forward candidly to repeat his former statements that the Act was a very bad business, a very revolutionary business, in fact (save that he did not use the word), a very unjust business; but that he supposed it was necessary. That is, in the first place, exactly what had and has to be proved. In the second, it is exactly what Lord DERBY's present colleagues always strenuously denied. They never (it was repeated scores of times during the debates of 1881) dreamt of yielding anything except to manifest justice. Their Bill was not revolutionary, it was not confiscatory, it would put landlords (all but a very few very bad men) in another better position than before. Lord DERBY's argument that the Land Act was the best way out of a hopelessly bad job will not stand more examination than Lord DERBY's extraordinary comparison of the all-round rent-lowerings of the Commission to the process by which owners are compensated and consoled for compulsory expropriation in England. But, even if it would stand examination, it would be the very worst of all arguments for the Government which Lord DERBY now adorns.

This evasion, however, and the [illegible] scolding with which the supporters of the Ministry [illegible] of Parliament have visited the audacious Liberal who dares to find fault with a pet measure of Mr. GLADSTONE's, [illegible] blinded, and can blind, nobody. The DUKE's facts are solid, unimpeachable, unimpeached. That the result of the Land Act has been to make the landlord's interest unsaleable, and to force up the price of the tenant's interest to a point which, on the first recurrence of a cycle of bad seasons, means bankruptcy for the tenant, if it does not mean that the landlord has been shamelessly robbed, no man off a partisan platform or out of the columns of a partisan newspaper dares deny. The first proposition is admitted by the Government measure now pending and under Mr. TREVELYAN's care; the second is evident to any one who has the slightest knowledge of the facts and the slightest command of reason. Now the two main things which the Bill was to do were, first, to assure the landlord's interest by strictly defining it; and, secondly, to lessen the alleged reckless competition for farms, and consequent running up of rents, by assigning a definite value to the tenant's interest. Neither has been done; the opposite of both has been done. The landlord cannot sell at all; the tenant buys at a price which means either that the fair rent is a scandalously unfair rent, or that he is ruining himself in the purchase, or that he is implicitly buying the chance of a further slice of the landlord's goods. But this only regards justice; and, from Lord DERBY's point of view, justice does not matter. Turn then to expediency. One main object of the Land Act was to do away with the under-farming too common in Ireland, and to secure, with fixity of tenure and certainty of rent payment, a proper expenditure of capital on the land. As it is, landlords, by a wise, or rather an inevitable, inference from the decisions of the Land Commission, have left off expending any money at all, and tenants are sinking their capital in exorbitant purchases of tenant-right. The future of Irish farming, therefore, is as bad as it can be from this strictly business point of view. As for the decisions of the Land Commission and its Sub-Commissions, no valid fight was made in the House of Lords or out of it for what is in fact a scandal admitting no defence of any kind. It may be charitably hoped that those who defend the Commissioners and their understrappers have not taken the pains to investigate the reported cases. Lord CARLINGFORD probably has done this, and he therefore with much wisdom confined himself to perfectly vague language. But the Duke of ARGYLL was prudent enough to spend but little of his speech in denunciation. The iniquity of the Land Act and of those who have lent themselves to working the screw on Irish landlords may be a tempting theme for indignant eloquence; but those who have been guilty of the iniquity, and those who have winked at it, are unlikely to be pricked in conscience. The more reasonable plan is to show the complete failure for its own ends of all this cumbrous machinery, all this ignoring of right, all this generosity with other men's money. And there is no difficulty in showing this. No political conciliation has been effected by the Land Act. A fresh economical crisis has partly come about and partly been assured in the future by it. The moral tone of the country, never very high, has been further disturbed and lowered by the expectations of fresh irregular gain at a period more or less near. There are some precisians who hold (Mr. GLADSTONE used to be among them, but that was when the way lay from Blackheath to Downing Street, not from Downing Street into the vast inane) that what is morally wrong can never be politically expedient. It may, according to the convenient theory of two Justices, be questioned whether the Irish Land Act was morally wrong; the event has shown, and is showing every day, how utterly inexpedient it was, how utterly futile, how successful in bringing about everything that its supporters scouted as impossible, and that its opponents prophesied as certain.

But the point noticed above is an even more important point, because it is one of wider application. The cry of all the Duke of ARGYLL's critics, in and out of Parliament, is, "Oh! you are too late. You ought to have spoken before. The Land Act is an accomplished fact now." The Franchise Bill, if Bills could chuckle, might chuckle to itself on hearing this, and so might a good many other measures, accomplished or inchoate, of present and recent times. Whenever the "big legislation" for which Radicals of

to-day ingeniously avow that they pant is brought on, objections as to probable results are invariably poohpoohed. It is unreasonable to prophesy evil, it is unjust to decry the working of a thing before it has been got to work, and the particular dangers indicated are always the particular dangers which can by no possibility happen. But when the big measure has been got through, to point out that it does not work well, to indicate the points in which the prophesies of evil have been verified, to show what fresh evils are impending, is poohpoohed on exactly the opposite ground. It is useless to cry over spilt milk; the thing is done and must be made the best of; the objector ought to have spoken before; he is a belated thinker of the day before yesterday, an old almanac, a tedious babbler of "I told you so." Before the thing is done it is too soon to object; when it is done it is too late. That is Lord CARLINGFORD'S grand argument; for the old wives' fable about Irish tenure, and the absurd contention that the Duke of ARGYLL, not being an Irish landlord, ought not to talk about the matter can scarcely have been meant seriously. Would Lord CARLINGFORD like to refer the Land Act and its merits to a jury of those who possess the qualification which he is so anxious to insist on when the question is that of challenging, not qualifying, a juryman? If Irish landlords only are to decide on Irish questions, we think we may say without rashness that we can forecast the decision in this case pretty accurately. The truth of course is, that it is not necessary to be an Irish landlord, it is not necessary to be an Irishman, it is not necessary ever to have set foot in Ireland, to be qualified to judge this cause. To be able to read and to be able to reason, that is all that is necessary. No man who can do these two things, and who has not what the Duke of ARGYLL calls a "Treasury-bench "mind," which works exactly as it is bidden to work, can fail to come to the conclusion that the grounds on which the Land Act was ostensibly passed were false, and the results which it was ostensibly intended to accomplish have conspicuously failed to follow.

CHURCH PATRONAGE IN COMMITTEE.

CHURCH patronage has for the third time reached the haven of puzzled statesmen. Under the care of the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH it was examined in a Committee of the House of Lords, and the result was an able but drastic Report, with much valuable evidence. A Royal Commission gave another instalment of valuable evidence, and a Report both able and moderate. Now a third Report and a fresh budget of evidence may be expected from the House of Commons.

We cannot say that we anticipate much fresh light from this step, but we do not in the least complain of such having been the result of Wednesday's debate. Any other ending would have bewildered a case which was too strong to stand still and too weak really to go on, and which was complicated by the duplicity of a situation in which some of the assailants of the present system take their stand out of real love for and others out of real hatred for the actual Church of England. Mr. ALBERT GREY posed as the doctrinaire democrat with the success usually attaching to that character. Mr. LEATHAM as little concealed from the House as he can have done from himself that when the padding was dropped his Bill was a scheme to concentrate the whole patronage of the Church in the hands of Queen ANNE'S Bounty, or, in other words, to make confiscation easy by substituting one official manager for many independent owners. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in his monologue of the conscious-smitten statesman gave a fine specimen of his best IRVING manner, only the art was a little too visible.

Those who really wish to reform Church patronage, and to help the Church of England, have a task which has been made easy to them by the late Commission to perform, though not so easy to carry out in the face of Mr. GREY and Mr. ILLINGWORTH—namely, to concentrate their attention rather on the quality of the produce than on the theory of the producing power. Private patronage may be wrong; but, if this is so, down falls the defence of our Established Church. But there might be, and there should be, checks on the appointing by private patrons of unfit nominees, not by invoking, as Mr. GREY proposes, the forces of ignorance, self-interest, and prejudice, but by guarantees of fitness, which the Church in the person of its rulers ought to regulate and to administer. Only we must again express our dissent from the majority of the Commission, and our preference for the minority Report of Lord DEVON and the late Lord Justice JAMES, who stood up, as Mr. HENLEY used to do, for the lawfulness of the sale of next presentations. Two evils, independent of each other but quite compatible, would follow any attempt to forbid such sale. The family living would often pass under some temporary stress of agricultural depression, when the alienation of a turn only might have preserved it; and a system of illicit and clandestine sale, far more immoral than anything which now exists, would be devised by the evil wits of the livings trade. The conscientious patron would sell the old living out and out, and the unscrupulous one would plunge into the gulf of corrupt practices.

THE EDUCATION ESTIMATES.

ON Monday last Mr. MUNDELLA laid the Education Estimates before the House of Commons. The sum required for the coming financial year exceeds three millions sterling. Taken as a whole, the statement of Mr. MUNDELLA is satisfactory, and the large sums spent on education will not be grudged by the country, though opinions may differ as to the question whether they could not in some cases be spent more wisely. The increase of 77,000*l.* over the Estimates of last year seems to be fully accounted for by the natural development of our educational system. In nearly all respects signs of steady progress are to be noticed. During the past year 18,540 schools were inspected, as against 18,289 in the previous year. There was an increase of 84,000 in the number of scholars on the register. The average attendance during the year was 3,127,000, which showed an increase of 112,000. In average attendance, in the percentage of passes at examinations, and in the proportion of those who passed the higher standards to the whole number individually examined, there has been an increase. It is satisfactory to read that there is a decrease of 2,800*l.* in the payment of children's fees, and that these payments are now "moribund." In the schools at present existing there is accommodation for 4,670,000 scholars, showing an increase of 132,000 over the previous year. There is thus school accommodation for a larger number by several hundred thousand than the names in the register, and larger by more than a million than those in average attendance. In the number of certificated and assistant teachers there is an increase of more than 4,500. The average attendance is now a trifle over 73 per cent. for England, and a little over 76 per cent. for Scotland. The number of those examined in the higher standards has steadily increased. It is also noteworthy that, while the number of certificated and assistant teachers has been largely on the increase, that of the pupil teachers has been greatly on the decline. Thus in two years the increase in the number of the former was a little over 8,000, and the decrease in the number of the latter a little over 7,000. This means, on the one hand, that the teaching is more efficient, and on the other, as Mr. MUNDELLA pointed out, that the strain of long hours of teaching is not any more, to the same extent as formerly, thrown upon those too young to bear it. That much still remains to be done in England was shown by Mr. MUNDELLA'S reference to the state of education on the Continent. In Germany and Switzerland a child cannot be employed in a manufactory till he reaches the age of fourteen years; and he then, till he has finished his sixteenth year, must attend a night school to supplement the education which he has already had in the day school. Another defect in our present system was pointed out by Mr. MUNDELLA. In England the average attendance of children is 73 per cent. of the total number on the register. In Switzerland, Germany, and even Austria (which latter country many people suppose to be still in a state of primeval darkness), the average attendance is 95 per cent. In other words, there is in England a daily average of children absent from school amounting to one million one hundred thousand. Mr. MUNDELLA attributes this fact partly to the indifference of parents and also to the neglect of duty on the part of local authorities. To these causes may be added the natural inclination of many children of the weaklier sort to play truant from lessons above their capacity. In the rural districts, according to Mr. MUNDELLA, the farmers and the clergy are by no means of one mind with regard to school attendance. The clergy are most anxious that the children should go to school; but the Guardians do not back them up by enforcing attendance, and the Education Department

appears to be powerless in the matter except in the way of giving advice. What can be done by private exertions is shown by the signal success of the Jews' free school in the East End of London. It is the largest in the United Kingdom, and accommodates 3,300 children. The average attendance in the school is 95 per cent.; the scholars make the highest classes in England; many of the pupils are of foreign origin, and over fifteen per cent. of them are the children of Russian or Polish Jews who have taken refuge in England from the persecution to which they have been subjected in their own country. Thus, under unfavourable circumstances, the zeal and philanthropy of individuals can attain results which throw into the shade the organized efforts of Government.

Mr. FORSTER, speaking near Leeds on Wednesday last, gave an account of the progress of education in this country rather more rose-coloured than (satisfactory as this progress is) the facts quoted by Mr. MUNDELLA bear out. It is true that, owing in part to the exertions of these two gentlemen, while, before the passing of the Act of 1870, only one in fourteen of the population attended an elementary school, one in six are now on the register. But when he said that "our "elementary education now was as good as in the United "States, that it was better than in France, that it was "quickly catching up similar education in Germany and "Switzerland," he is distinctly in contradiction to Mr. MUNDELLA. Without comparing in detail our own elementary education with that of Germany and Switzerland, it is enough to point to our low average of attendance, as compared with the high average in those countries, to show how over-sanguine Mr. FORSTER's view is. Unless education is conducted regularly half of its value is lost. Nor does there exist in Germany, and still less in Switzerland, that large outcast class, which swarms in London and in all great towns, and to which the teaching which they get in order to pass the lowest standards is almost of no use at all. Whatever good may be done to them in school is rapidly undone at home (if one can call it home) or in the streets. There is another matter closely connected with this subject which urgently requires consideration. The question has often been raised whether the average children of the working classes—or, to put it more accurately, a considerable proportion of them—can bear the mental strain which is now put upon them by our public elementary schools. It has this week been brought prominently before the public by a letter in the *Times* of last Monday from Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE, whose high reputation is not confined to the medical profession only, and also by remarks made in both Houses of Parliament. Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE was invited by Mr. MUNDELLA to investigate the question and report to him as to the results arrived at. The conclusion to which Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE came was that there is "strong evidence that over-pressure exists in "elementary schools, that it is even now injuriously affect-"ing the health of the children, and that it promises a "rich harvest of degeneration hereafter." Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE's report, which has not been published, and on which therefore we are not in a position to express an opinion, has been publicly criticized by members of the Government in a hostile spirit. This is doubly unfair. In the first place they have neglected to show the public both sides of a question of extreme importance. And, in the second, when the report comes to be published (as will soon be the case) they will have prejudiced, by their depreciatory criticism, the minds of many persons against the conclusions arrived at by the unbiassed investigation of a scientific man of high authority. To the public at large in such a case the presumption is always apt to be that the Government is right and the expert wrong. Better-informed people may draw a different conclusion, and feel inclined, in the absence of positive evidence, to trust rather to those who have made the study of mental and nervous phenomena the business of their lives, than to those who have a strong political motive to make out that the system which exists, and for which they are responsible, is the right one. However, until the report is published it is as well to suspend judgment. It is obvious, however, that "over-pressure" varies not only with the individual, but with the class of society in which the child is brought up. When the child has fresh air, plenty of wholesome food, sufficient exercise, and a comfortable home, much more mental work can be got out of him without any bad results than if he is, like many of the children of the poor, the stunted, half-starved, ill-bred offspring of diseased parents, living in a filthy court or lane. Many of those whom the School Board has swept into our elementary schools belong to this class. They inherit feeble brains, and their home training does nothing to repair the deficiencies of nature, but rather tends to confirm them. It is a not unnatural mistake for persons of the well-to-do classes to fancy that lessons which they learned themselves with ease and pleasure in the nursery or schoolroom of a well-conducted home put no strain on the minds of children less happily situated. But the differences of circumstances must be taken into account. Many of the weakly children in our Board Schools, after lessons imperfectly understood in school hours, go home to some wretched tenement, there to learn, as best they can, perhaps in the same room with drunken parents and screaming brothers, the lesson for the following day. A recent decision in a court of justice has shown that home lessons cannot be legally enforced. Our educational system must be adapted to the needs of our own people; and, as long as in our great cities there exists an outcast class which breeds children weak in mind and body, their weakness must be taken into account in administering our system of public instruction.

GERMAN PEASANT PROPRIETORS.

DURING the earlier months of the present year an official inquiry has been made by most of the German Governments into the condition of the agricultural population, with results that are by no means encouraging for the advocates of peasant-proprietorship. There are districts, principally those celebrated for their vintages, in which the soil will repay almost any amount of labour; and in these the peasants seem, on the whole, to be doing fairly well. The field is treated as a garden; every child is of use; and the more that is done the better the yield is likely to be both in quantity and quality. It may be noted that the case is very similar in Italy. In Tuscany, where the olives, and in other parts where the orange-trees yield the most important crop, the tenant-farmers and the labourers are comparatively well off, as they are also in the scattered villages where the silkworm and its produce afford employment for the women and children. It is only when one comes into the parts that produce nothing but wheat, Indian corn, and other grains which do not improve in proportion to the amount of extra labour expended upon them that one is brought face to face with actual destitution. In Germany, again, there are provinces in which the increase of the population is slow, and the single estates are for the most part large; and here, too, the peasant proprietors seem to have little cause of complaint, except the general depression from which the agriculture of Western Europe has of late suffered.

As soon as we turn from such favoured districts, however, we find that the worst forebodings of the pessimists are being fulfilled. Almost everywhere the debts of the peasantry are increasing at an alarming rate, and in many places speculators are buying their land, and thus forming large estates which they are said to manage on purely commercial principles, without any of the kindly feeling which those who inherit land usually show to their tenants and labourers. The reason of this is obvious. A proprietor who has four sons must either leave his land to one or divide it among them. In the latter case, the land would in the course of a few generations be parcelled out into such little pieces as would hardly repay the cost of cultivation, far less support a family. In Germany, as a rule, a single son, the eldest or the youngest—the custom differs in different places—inherits the estate, on the condition of paying to his brothers and sisters a sum of money which stands in a certain relation to the estimated value of the land. We need not enter into particulars. In some parts of the country it is usual that all children share alike; in others the heir has only to divide a part of the value of his inheritance—say a third—between the other members of the family. But even in the latter case he can only raise the money by means of a mortgage.

Down to 1866 the peasants were artificially protected by laws of an extremely patriarchal character. Thus, no one was allowed to marry until he could convince the authorities of his parish (*Gemeinde*) that he was able to support a wife and family. These regulations may have had a bad moral effect, but they acted as a protection for the small landed proprietors. They were all swept away by the legislation of the earlier German Parliaments, too suddenly, as some of those who were most strongly opposed to them on principle are ready to confess, and now many of the most

earnest German politicians are racking their brains to discover a new artificial means of protecting the peasants from the action of those economic laws which will undoubtedly destroy the class if they are left unopposed.

It is not our intention to enter into a consideration of any of their proposals, but the difficulty with which they are struggling is not without a certain suggestiveness for Englishmen who are asked to make a considerable sacrifice for the purpose of establishing peasant-proprietorship in Ireland. The soil and climate of the island are not suited to the culture of the vine, the olive, or the orange, or indeed to any culture that repays continual care; the Irish, with all their virtues, are not generally thought to be a thrifty race, and, unlike the French, they have generally large families. Are the reformers who desire to substitute a population of peasant proprietors for one of tenant-farmers and field-labourers prepared to take the steps necessary to secure the success of their design? Will they affront the moral feeling of the United Kingdom and bid defiance to the priesthood by placing restrictions on marriage, as the old German laws did? Are they ready to enforce a strict entail, and enact that no burden shall be laid upon the land for the benefit of any member of the family except the heir? If they do not adopt these or similar measures, to which they are thought to be opposed both by prejudice and on principle, their reform will be stillborn, the land will be mortgaged to creditors before it is redeemed from the Government, and they will bring new misery upon a country whose greatest curse is that it has so long served as a text for the political Radical, as a subject for the economic quack.

A PUBLIC PROSECUTOR.

THE popular delusion that there is a Public Prosecutor in this country will probably survive even the Report of the Committee appointed by the HOME SECRETARY. There is not one, however, any more than there is a Public Executioner. It used to be the custom of Sheriffs, before the eccentricities of Mr. BINNS excited a prejudice against him, to employ at every execution the same man. But they were not bound to do so; and Sir JOHN MAULE is not bound to prosecute the person most justly suspected of the most heinous crime. It is but justice towards the framers of the Act of 1879 to say that they did not mislead the country by calling the functionary whom they created a Public Prosecutor. They called him Director of Public Prosecutions—a perfectly accurate title. When the State takes upon itself the duty of prosecuting, it is Sir JOHN MAULE who decides that this shall be done. But what almost every one understands by a Public Prosecutor is an officer who, like the Procurator Fiscal in Scotland, has the duty and the sole right of putting any one upon his trial for an offence against the law. This is what has always been advocated by those who thought that the Continental system should be introduced into England. It is certainly what Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN meant when he expressed his conviction, as he did repeatedly, that grave public mischief resulted from permitting any individual, however foolish or wicked, to set the criminal law in motion at his sole will and pleasure. The late Government were not prepared to go this length. But they wanted to do something, and so Sir RICHARD CROSS brought in and carried the experimental measure which has just been pronounced by an impartial tribunal to be an absolute failure. The Act of 1879, it must be remembered, introduced no new principle into our jurisprudence. Indictments have always run in the name of the Crown, though any one may bring any one else before a magistrate, and though, even if the magistrate will not commit, he may send up a Bill to the Grand Jury. Cases of real or assumed importance to the community at large have usually been taken up and conducted by the Treasury at the direct cost of the taxpayer, whereas private prosecutors must get their expenses from the county, which again recovers them from the imperial exchequer. Since 1879, as before, prosecutions which were considered sufficiently grave or difficult have been instituted by the Solicitor to the Treasury, the only difference being that the Director of Public Prosecutions was first consulted. It was no doubt thought that the new machinery would of itself increase the number of cases managed by Government, and remove the prevalent dissatisfaction with a capricious and irregular administration of criminal justice. These expectations have, however, been completely falsified by events. Sir JOHN MAULE, less from any fault of his own than from the inherent weakness of his position, has been assailed by constant complaints, and has certainly contrived in a remarkable degree to leave undone those things which he ought to have done, and to do those things which he ought not to have done. The Committee find that "the "existing system—which in its inception was merely of "a tentative character—requires modification and develop-"ment." For "modification and development" we should propose to read "abolition and reconstruction."

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT announced on Monday night, in reply to Mr. MONK, that the Government contemplated introducing a Bill to carry out the recommendations of the Report. It therefore becomes the more important to scrutinize what the Committee have recommended. "It "appears to us," they say, "that it would conduce both to "efficiency and economy if the duty of deciding in which "cases the State should undertake the prosecution were "united in the same department with that upon which is "devolved the duty of practically conducting the prose-"cution when determined on." This means a return to the old system, and a simple admission that the new system has failed. The Committee might, of course, have proposed that the Director of Public Prosecutions should have the entire conduct of prosecutions, and should annex to his own duties those now undertaken by the Treasury itself. But this, as they justly point out, would involve great waste of time and labour; and, indeed, there can be but one answer to the question which the Committee propound. If the alternative be between giving the Director the powers of the Treasury and giving the Treasury the powers of the Director, there cannot be much difficulty in choosing. Those who believe in the necessity of a Public Prosecutor would, of course, dissent from both proposals. The particular solution of the difficulty which the Committee advise is to make the Solicitor to the Treasury Director of Public Prosecutions, as he has already been made Queen's Proctor in matrimonial causes. Mr. STEPHENSON is, no doubt, fully prepared for the adequate discharge of any responsibilities which may be cast upon him. But a mere amalgamation of offices ought not to satisfy the public, as it will not meet the points which have been raised. Mr. STEPHENSON would, according to this scheme, be the sole head of what the Committee call the "consolidated depart-"ment." He would superintend the conduct of business, both civil and criminal, being called Director of Public Prosecutions and Solicitor to the Treasury. Under him would be two assistant solicitors, one presiding over civil, the other over criminal, affairs. Sir JOHN MAULE'S department now costs the country four thousand a year, and the money can certainly be saved without impairing the efficiency of the public service. The Committee go on to recommend the appointment of district prosecutors throughout the country, and are obviously disposed to believe that the Scotch institution of Procurators Fiscal might be advantageously adopted on this side of the Tweed. But the Committee recoil in horror from the cost, and do not venture to propose the expenditure requisite for the purpose. The Committee find that the chief merit of the Scotch system, which is also adopted to some extent in Ireland, lies in its securing a report of every offence being made, as soon as it occurs, to some central authority. The Committee believe that this end may be secured by calling upon all chief constables and chief officers of police to furnish the Solicitor to the Treasury with a list of all indictable offences committed within their district. The Solicitor to the Treasury may then either conduct the prosecution himself or entrust some local lawyer with it.

Such are the main outlines of the scheme which the Committee recommend. They further suggest that the new Director of Public Prosecutions shall undertake every capital case, and every case which he thinks is unlikely to be efficiently conducted by other means. The "London "Agencies" now employed would be abolished, and the Committee anticipate a considerable saving from the adoption of their plan. No doubt the Act of 1879 has been extravagant as well as impracticable. As a mere question of machinery the Committee's scheme may be better than the present. The HOME SECRETARY and the LAW OFFICERS of the Crown, assisted by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, Sir HENRY HOLLAND, Mr. GORST, Mr. HENRY FOWLER, and Mr. FRANK MOWATT, could scarcely help making some valuable recommendations. But we miss from their Report any real recognition of the principle on which the State ought to act. They halt, like the last Parliament, between two opinions. There is something to be said for leaving the

criminal law to be set in motion by the party injured or his representatives. It has, however, been found impossible to abide by this doctrine. The very facts that there is at this present moment a Director of Public Prosecutions, and that the Solicitor to the Treasury does not confine himself to protecting the interests of the Government, are enough to show that the State recognises its duty in punishing as well as detecting crime. But the present arrangement is a makeshift, which is practically inconvenient, as well as theoretically indefensible. There is nothing to ensure the intelligent conduct of an ordinary prosecution. In the country the proceedings are usually undertaken by the police. The evidence is apt to be collected and arranged in a very slovenly way. Sometimes a copy of the depositions taken before the magistrates is handed to counsel, without a word of explanation, just before the commencement of the trial. There is no reason why offences should not be hushed up, or proceedings compromised, without the consent, or even the knowledge, of any one representing the public. On the other hand, a prosecution may be instituted by any one. The Attorney-General has indeed the right to interpose, but he never does, and, if he did, his action would be regarded with some suspicion. It is easy enough to account for this historically. It dates from a time when there was no distinction between crimes and torts, when the vindication of the law was regarded as part of the wild justice of revenge. Nowadays the State is expected and invited to do a great many queer things, and to make large encroachments upon what used to be considered the sphere of individual action. Yet it hesitates to take upon its shoulders the protection of the public against crime and outrage. Surely this is a matter which belongs to the legitimate functions of Government. The Committee appear to think that a slight change of machinery will remove all difficulties. In this, we think, they are gravely mistaken. The criminal law is not the sort of weapon to be left in the hands of TOM, DICK, and HARRY; nor can men be trusted to undertake what is of no personal advantage to them.

THE ANARCHY IN ZULULAND.

THE Government has once more formally refused to assume control or responsibility in Zululand outside the Reserve; but Lord DERBY acknowledges the duty of defending the territory which was grudgingly appropriated or admitted to protection by his predecessor. A few additional troops have been placed at the disposal of the Resident; and in all probability the Usutus and their Boer allies will avoid a direct collision with the English authorities. It is greatly to be regretted that Lord KIMBERLEY capriciously excluded from English protection one half of the district which was recommended as desirable by Sir H. BULWER. A still better arrangement would have been the establishment of a Protectorate over the whole of CETEWAYO'S former dominions; but the English Government has of late almost always shrunk with virtuous horror from any course of action which tended at the smallest risk to prevent bloodshed. The Reserve itself has not been wholly exempt from alarms, and on one occasion at least Mr. OSBORNE seems to have been engaged in actual conflict; but after all disasters and humiliations the English flag will for the present probably inspire respect. The statement that USIBEPU has taken refuge in the Reserve is officially confirmed; and his late defeat is evidently decisive, as his force was unable to resist the Boer sharpshooters. It appears that the Usutus were at first defeated; but the battle was restored by a formidable contingent of five hundred Boers. Even if he could hope to retrieve the disaster, he could not be allowed to use territory which is virtually English as a base for warlike enterprises. In the early part of the native war he was generally successful; and it was from him that the unfortunate CETEWAYO incurred the defeats which resulted in his death.

As far as he acted on the defensive USIBEPU was in the right, for his title to the province which he held was originally conferred by Sir GARNET WOLSELEY; and it was lately recognized by the terms which were imposed on CETEWAYO as conditions of his restoration. The exceptional valour which was shown to USIBEPU was wholly to be attributed to the natural strength of his position. The country which he ruled was at the opposite extremity of Zululand from the frontier of Natal; and it seemed prudent to give a legal title to a petty potentate who could not be conveniently dethroned. The exiled KING, with an excusable misapprehension of legal and ethical principles, persuaded himself that the conditions which he was compelled to accept were for that reason not binding. In London, and again at Capetown, he plainly intimated his purpose of claiming the whole of his former dominions; and, on his arrival in the country, he immediately made preparations for invading the territory of his former vassal. JOHN DUNN, against whom he was still more embittered, was for the time out of his reach in the Reserve; and, although none of the chiefs showed enthusiasm in his cause, USIBEPU was the most prominent of his opponents. It is not certain whether the restored KING, or the chieftain whom he regarded as a rebel, first began hostilities; but USIBEPU, who seems to possess some military aptitude, at once assumed the offensive. In several combats and skirmishes he obtained considerable advantage; and at last he drove his enemy out of his principal stronghold; and, on the death of the KING, he might have been supposed to be absolutely secure in his possessions. It is not improbable that he may have been encouraged by his victory to enlarge his pretensions; but it is now doubtful whether he will be able to retain his own possessions.

It soon appeared that the so-called party of the KING was not dissolved by his death. His own special tribe continued the war under the command of a chief who had been called CETEWAYO'S Minister; and perhaps the belligerents themselves may not have clearly defined the issues for which they have since been fighting. Even among civilized nations the causes and objects of war have often shifted during the course of a prolonged struggle. The Zulus have probably blood feuds to prosecute, and losses of cattle to revenge, even when they are not contending for disputed lands or for local supremacy. Their new petty quarrels will now be superseded by the more ambitious schemes of the victorious Boers. A state of internal war may probably have been the normal condition of the Zulus before they were drilled into a single military force by CETEWAYO or his ancestors. If the English Government had thought fit to accept the almost unanimous advice of its own agents, USIBEPU and his adversaries might, perhaps, not even have wished to break the peace. When a Colonial Secretary complacently declares that he is not the keeper of a barbarous chieftain in his neighbourhood, he may sometimes repudiate an important moral duty. If a Power which ought to be paramount abdicates its proper functions, the consequences to itself and its subjects are often serious, especially if there is a possible rival who may not be equally scrupulous or timid. It would probably not have been necessary to send even a small military force into the Reserve if the different Zulu chiefs had been in the first instance peremptorily forbidden to prosecute their quarrels. Mr. GLADSTONE himself can scarcely claim for the Usutus or their opponents the privileges accorded to the surviving Arabs of the Soudan as patriots fighting for their freedom. Permitted anarchy is, even to warlike savages, a more than questionable boon; and in this instance the policy of the English Government had been the origin of the civil war and of its more alarming consequences.

Unfriendly moralists and foreign critics may be inclined to hope that retribution is following close on an alternate display of officious interference and deliberate neglect. If the feuds of the Zulus are regarded with selfish indifference, the extension of the territory of the adventurous Boers involves an obvious danger. Those who set CETEWAYO loose to attack his enemies might have foreseen that the weaker combatant would, if he found himself in difficulties, resort to the protection of his formidable neighbours. The Boers, who have long claimed a portion of the north-western territory of the Zulus, would perhaps in any case have profited by the refusal of England to assume the sovereignty of the whole country. A convenient opportunity for swarming over the frontier was furnished by the native dissensions. For some time past Boer Volunteers have been fighting in alliance with the KING'S party; and, according to one improbable account, there were Dutch auxiliaries on both sides in a recent battle. The rumour perhaps merely indicates the impartiality with which the Boers regard the respective claims of USIBEPU and of the Usutus. Every volunteer is really fighting for his own hand; but success appears by a natural consequence to have increased their pretensions. The appointment of DINIZULU as King in the place of his father is both substantially and formally a claim of sovereign power. It is impossible to forget that a similar assertion of supremacy was made on behalf of the English Government when Mr. SHEPSTONE assisted at the enthronement of

CETEWAYO. On that occasion it might be doubtful whether, in assisting to crown the hereditary leader of a powerful army, the English agent was recognizing existing facts, or conferring an additional title. DINIZULU, who has no considerable force at his disposal, must consider himself the dependent of his foreign benefactors. In the probable contingency of border disputes between the Zulus and the occupiers of the Reserve or the colonists in Natal, it may be difficult to avoid collision with their patrons and allies. It is also not improbable that the territory of one or both of the South African Republics may be extended at the expense of the native population and to the detriment of English settlers. The most serious result of a timid policy is that for the first time doubts are arising as to the loyalty of the Dutch colonists in Natal. Many of them are said to have joined the invading force before or after the defeat of USIBEPU; but their number may perhaps have been exaggerated by rumour.

The reception of the Transvaal deputation in Holland and in Germany was not encouraging to English political optimists. Mr. KRUGER and his colleagues had succeeded in obtaining *from* the Colonial Office almost all the concessions which they desired; and Lord DERBY can scarcely be blamed for allowing the inevitable consequences of the wretched surrender made by his present colleagues before he became a member of the Cabinet. The delegates had the satisfaction of securing the nominal independence of their country; and they surrendered little or nothing in exchange. Their diplomatic communications with other Governments appear to have been equally successful. They have apparently not negotiated a loan in the Netherlands; but they have arranged with the Portuguese for the construction of a railway which will give them access to the sea; and they were received at Berlin with a condescending enthusiasm which must have surprised themselves. The attentions which were paid to the deputation by Prince BISMARCK, and by the EMPEROR himself, would require no comment if there were not grounds for believing that the German Government is disposed to engage in large enterprises of colonization. It is of course impossible to dispute the right of other European Powers to imitate the enterprises which have resulted in the creation of the English Empire. It may nevertheless be allowable to regret the probable extension of colonial and commercial rivalry. In general it may be said that every civilized encroachment on barbarism is in a great degree directed against English trade. It is with this object that the French prosecute conquests in Madagascar and in Tonquin. The annexation by Germany of the comparatively unimportant district of Angra Pequeña may be the first instalment of a system of formidable aggression.

DISUSED BURIAL-GROUNDS.

MR. HANNAY'S decision on Tuesday as to the Peel Grove case must not be taken as in any sense conclusive. The facts of the case were only incidentally before him. It was not denied that a Mr. KELDAY, now dead, having made all the money he could out of a graveyard which belonged to him, wished and intended to build over it without removing the bodies. The ground now belongs to Mr. CHAMBERS, a builder, who proposes to carry out Mr. KELDAY'S intentions. The Metropolitan Board of Works, in consequence, summoned him for a breach of their by-law forbidding the erection of dwelling-houses on land filled up or covered with "material mixed or impregnated with "animal matter." The defence set up was that this by-law does not apply, and it is upon this question that Mr. HANNAY'S decision was given. It is satisfactory to know that he expressed his willingness to grant a case for the higher Court; and no doubt we shall hear more of the matter. As things stand now, it seems, there is no law which will restrain a man from building on ground absolutely made up of decaying bodies. He may not disturb them. The Common Law forbids it as a misdemeanour. But he may, if he please, build houses on them and let those houses to people willing to take them. The history of the Peel Grove Cemetery is well known. It has been before the public for a long time, and there is something to be said for the defendant's side of the case, the more so as it was the previous owner who first made the ground a cemetery, and who subsequently cleared it of tombstones and prepared it for building. He is reported to have made a considerable sum by the burial of at least twenty thousand bodies in his ground. He opened it in 1844. The cholera epidemic of 1849 was especially severe at the East End, and thousands of the smitten were buried in the Peel Grove Cemetery, which was situated in Old Ford Road, not far from where the Bethnal Green Museum now stands. In 1855 the little plot was so full that the bodies lay eight deep, the coffins being shoulder to shoulder. The Board interfered, and obtained an Order in Council to restrain Mr. KELDAY from permitting any further burials. This source of income being thus dried up, Mr. KELDAY, after a brief interval, had the ground cleared. The tombstones were removed, and a mortuary chapel, in which burial services had been held, was pulled down. The ground had never been formally consecrated, and was, so far as the tombstones and chapel were concerned, entirely in the power of the freeholder, thus affording another example of the excellent effects of multiplying small estates in London, in accordance with the views of some enlightened politicians. Next a notice appeared inviting the deposit of rubbish. Soon a new surface was obtained by this means, and the cemetery was forgotten. The owner then made an attempt to sell the "deserted piece "of ground," as it was described before Mr. HANNAY, for building purposes, and actually succeeded in finding a purchaser for a portion. The Board, however, interfered. The present state of the case was tersely put by the defendant's counsel, Mr. GAINSFORD BRUCE, Q.C. Mr. BESLEY, for the Board, inquired if there was any way by which the building could be stopped otherwise than by the course now taken. Mr. BRUCE replied:—"Under the Metropolitan Open Spaces "Act, 1881, you can stop it if you pay compensation to the "owner. You want to stop it without paying." He went on to show, and he showed successfully, in the opinion of the magistrate, that the words of the by-law do not meet the case. The defendant had complied with a letter he had received from the Surveyor of the Board, and had removed any objectionable matter found "between the "surface and the bottom of the foundation." The objectionable matter was not human bodies, but only, in Mr. HANNAY'S words, "dead cats, cabbage stalks, and "other fetid substances." That is to say, the Board can prevent a building from being erected on the body of a dead cat, but not on the body of a dead man. This reduction to an absurdity is, it seems, law, though it cannot by any stretch of the reasoning powers be considered right. Meanwhile, pending the decision of a higher Court, and pending the possibility of the Board seeing its way to compensating the landlord, it is satisfactory to learn that a Bill dealing with such cases as this, and, in fact, mentioning the Peel Grove Cemetery by name, is before the House of Commons. "Before the House of Commons" does not mean much in these days of tactless leadership. It depends somewhat on which M.P. has charge of the Bill whether it will pass in time to restrain the speculative builder. Sir JAMES HOGG may succeed where others would fail. But since it is certain that if houses are built they will be inhabited, and is equally certain that not even concrete will prevent the dissemination of poisonous gas from bodies some of which have not yet been thirty years buried, it is much to be hoped that the Bill will be passed at once. In Dr. CORFIELD'S lecture on Thursday week at the Health Exhibition he expressly mentioned the miasmatic character acquired by ground infected with the germs of choleraic poison. The Peel Grove Cemetery answers exactly to the learned Professor's description. Mr. HANNAY'S decision may have the effect of calling attention to it.

FRANCE.

FOREIGNERS, and particularly Englishmen, are most concerned for the moment in watching the development of what are called at Paris the legitimate interests of France. By a well-established tradition its politics are judged to become dull when they cease to be revolutionary. It is true that this, is not often the case, but there have been intervals of stagnation, and, superficially at least, it looks as if the French are in the middle of one now. In foreign politics these breaks are of even rarer occurrence. They happen just after a disastrous war. At other times the French are engaged in rounding off their property, and, as it is long enough since the war with Germany for that process to have begun again, there is nothing surprising in the fact that it is in full swing. Tonquin is settled for a year or two, and now it is the turn of Madagascar. Admiral GALIBER has not succeeded better than Admiral

PIERRE in bringing the Hovas to submission, and, accordingly, the soldiers who took Bacninh and Sontay are, if all tales be true, going to settle that little difficulty at Antanarivo. They will have their work cut out for them; but they will certainly effect more than the squadron which has tried to terrify the Hovas by bombarding a third party. Taken in connexion with the highly moral language used at Paris, this spectacle is diverting and instructive. While the French are feeling the most intensely virtuous disgust at the exorbitant demands of England, they are starting on a war of conquest which was set going by nobody knows what, in defence of interests which had never existed except on paper. Meanwhile, M. ORDEGA has apparently succeeded perfectly in his little *coup* in Morocco. The Shereef of WAZAN has become the man of the French Republic, and a rectification of frontier is in progress. Adventures of this kind are apt to lead to all sorts of results, but for the present their chief importance lies in the apt illustration they afford of the truth that whoever wishes to keep on good terms with France must make his mind up to play Sir PETER to her LADY TEAZLE. If he yields everything, he will be rewarded with smiles and the privilege of drawing unlimited cheques. If he grows restive, there will be tears, scolding, and endless racket in the house. Just at a time when a heaven-sent Minister is trying the effect of long-suffering with a Power which always asks for everything, and proposes to give nothing, it is as well to be reminded of these things. When the long-expected proposals to be laid before the Conference are at last made public, it will be very surprising if it does not appear that France in Egypt is very like France in Madagascar and Morocco.

The Army Bill, which is about to go up from the Chamber of Deputies to the Senate, is in detail a forbidding subject enough. All Army Bills are apt to lead to debates bristling with figures, which are capable of proving anything, according as they are used. We have a painful experience of the barrenness of such discussions ourselves. Lords and Commons are both given to showing, at least once or twice in every Session, how completely the essential can be lost sight of in the course of a wrangle over figures. Thanks to the Frenchman's love of a general principle, there is no doubt about the question at issue in the Chamber. M. PAUL BERT has set it forth with the most absolute precision. The Army Bill is, of course, meant to improve the army; but that is comparatively a minor object. What it is to do in the first place is to perfect the democratic equality of France by compelling everybody without distinction to serve his three years in the ranks. This heroic measure may secure a better body of non-commissioned officers. M. BERT, and his fellow-democrat the MINISTER of WAR, hope and believe it will; but they are quite sure that it will put a stop for ever to the exemptions enjoyed by the *bourgeoisie* and other "favourites of fortune." The scientific deputy naturally insists most on the wholesome moral effects of the Bill, while General CAMPENON has referred at least occasionally to its possible good qualities as a military law, but in the main they agree. When the Chamber shows signs of growing restive, the General, who is fond of posing as the rough and honest soldier, threatens them with the next election, and talks about the selfishness of the favourites of fortune. The Chamber murmurs a little, and then yields. It has acted throughout like a body of men who are being driven to do what they believe unwise by sheer fear. At the bottom of its heart it does not believe that the Bill will improve the army, and it does know that a universal obligation to serve three years in the ranks will put a weight on learning, science, art, and the higher industries in France such as they suffer from nowhere else. It will fill the army with men to whom military service in peace is an almost insufferable burden, and if it gets over the difficulty of finding non-commissioned officers, it will be because educated men think it better to spend the time they must pass in the barracks as servants and corporals rather than as common soldiers. When these objections are made, the MINISTER of WAR has one answer—all Frenchmen must be made equal in all things, and the Chamber obeys. The deputies coquetted with the amendment of M. DURAND, who proposed to exempt the pupils of the Ecole Normale Supérieure; they gave a half-hearted support to M. LANESSAN, who wished to give exemptions to those who could pass certain examinations at the end of one or two years' service. They have looked at one amendment after another intended to modify the pedantic uniformity of the Bill, but they have done no more. Common sense and courage may return to the terrified representatives of the people; but up to the present they have committed themselves completely by accepting the clauses fixing the duration of military service at three years, and by rejecting all possible forms of exemption except those of a purely physical kind. When M. THIERS passed the military laws of 1872, he insisted on the folly of supposing that the German system could be bodily transported to France. Events have plentifully justified his opinion. His own modified imitation has failed to produce a satisfactory army, and now general military service is being made the means of producing something as little German as may be—a democratic universal dead level. In Germany the first consideration is the efficiency of the army. In France that is considered after the meaner feelings of the constituencies.

The Senate in dealing with the question of divorce has, as might be expected, shown the other side of the French character. Frenchmen are conservative almost to timidity in all that touches property or the family. They have an instinctive feeling that it is only their profound respect for their primary institutions which has kept France from falling to pieces in the continual changes of the last century. When the Senate was at last persuaded to pass a Bill permitting the dissolution of marriage, it determined to do it in the most conservative possible way. It has gone back to the Civil Code of the Revolution as it was before the reaction of 1816. To a certain extent it has been influenced by knowing that the country is more likely to accept the old Civil Code, which has an imposing name, than the ideas of M. NAQUET. On the whole, however, it has probably taken the old law simply because it thought that the old law made divorce quite easy enough. Even the distinction drawn by former legislators between the adultery of the wife and the adultery of the husband has been left untouched. Englishmen at least will not deny that the Senate has chosen the right course in the main; but one of the provisions of the Divorce Bill seems curiously calculated to defeat its own object. If the Bill passes unchanged through the Chamber of Deputies, it will prohibit marriage between the divorced wife and the person who appeared at the trial as co-respondent. It has been generally supposed that the risk of having to contract an undesirable marriage under pressure of social opinion acts as a check on Don JUAN. Even severe moralists may fail to see what is gained by refusing sinners all chance of making some sort of atonement to society and to one another. The Senate is not of that opinion. It thinks that enough will be done if the husband can rid himself of his wife, and it leaves Don JUAN the same invulnerable person as before. The question is perhaps chiefly one of sentiment, and Frenchmen must be supposed to know what they want their society to be; but to Englishmen it does appear as if French ideas of morality were fearfully and wonderfully made.

THE CLAIMS OF THE CYCLISTS.

THE cyclists, as becomes a fraternity whose very name is a challenge to the timid etymologist, have shown themselves judiciously moderate in their demand for an extension of their locomotive privileges. They keenly feel, it seems, their exclusion from the metropolitan Parks, and they are seeking to gain entrance to them; but they have very wisely abstained from the attempt to force their way into all of them in any high-handed and premature fashion. They have evidently been looking forward for some time to obtaining admission for their vehicles to these hitherto forbidden spots, as for their name into the dictionary; and as a mere matter of convenience we shall have to admit them both. In the meantime their attitude has been essentially one of sweet reasonableness. Lord BURY, who the other day introduced the deputation from the National Cyclists' Union to Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE, prefaced his remarks by the acknowledgment that it would be unadvisable to ask for the admission of velocipedes to the Hyde Park, the Green Park, and St. James's Park, but he thought that the FIRST COMMISSIONER might not be adverse to admitting them to Finsbury, Battersea, and Victoria Parks under certain regulations, and also to the Regent's Park. So careful indeed was the spokesman of the cyclists to seclude his brethren from temptations which might be too strong for their civic virtue, that he re-

frained from asking for the privilege of using the whole of the Park last mentioned. There was, he observed with a certain embarrassment, a "rather tempting circle round "Regent's Park which might be used for racing, and this "he should think rather unadvisable, but if their vehicles "were allowed to enter on the south-west corner and to go "round the Park to the north-east corner, that would "probably obviate racing or other objectionable practices." To these requests the FIRST COMMISSIONER of WORKS made a most statesmanlike reply. He complimented the deputation on "the temperate manner in which they had put "forward their views"; glanced briefly at the mechanical distinction between bicycles and tricycles, while expressing, "after having given full attention to the subject," his concurrence with the deputation in thinking that it would be unadvisable to discriminate administratively between the two vehicles; and, finally, acceded to the application on the three conditions, that racing should be forbidden, that nothing like parades or "processions" should be permitted, and that the admission of cyclists should be only for the purposes of "traffic," and not for the purposes of exercise.

These reservations of the FIRST COMMISSIONER are in substance so commendable that it seems ungracious to criticize their wording. We forbear, therefore, to dwell upon the somewhat startling conception of a cyclist using the Park for "purposes of traffic"; and substituting "transit," *nostro periculo*, for the word selected by Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE, we may say at once that he has here not only laid down the sole conditions under which "cycling" in places of public resort is at all tolerable, but has, in our judgment, accurately defined the only sensible and legitimate use of the cyclist's machine. For practically it is by no means the truism it looks to insist upon the fact that the sole end and aim of him who mounts a bicycle or tricycle is, or should be, to increase his powers of locomotion. The necessity of Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE'S prohibition—not so much of races, which, though intolerable in public, may yet be indulged in with a practical purpose, but of "parades" and "processions"—is a proof of the corruption which has crept over the simplicity of the original idea. The "knickerbockers," the "Norfolk jacket," the silver whistle, in more extreme cases the imitation hunting horn, were all so many signs to the reflective observer that poor human vanity was beginning to lift its head in the breast of the once unaffected and at first even diffident cyclist. The pedestrian soon became conscious, as the practice of velocipede-riding increased, that those who in the early days of the movement were wont to steal past him on their machines with eyes averted and modest deprecatory smile, now bore down upon him with majestic deliberation, looking the whole world in the face, as those who fear not any man. But the cyclists have long passed beyond the limits of a modest confidence. They have, many of them, become a great deal too fond of using their skill for mere purposes of display; and this naturally brings them with too great frequency and, what is worse, in too great numbers into the more crowded haunts of men. They come now like misfortune (which, indeed, under such conditions they represent), no longer as single spies but in battalions; and though in the former order of approach they had long ceased to be a horror to horseflesh or an annoyance to humanity, it is not so with them in their new methods. The sight of a bevy of some dozen uniformed, and too often spindle-shanked, youths careering along a crowded thoroughfare has become undesirably common of late; and it is to be hoped that Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE'S prohibition of these displays in the Parks may put the performers upon seriously reconsidering their ways in other places of public resort. The bicycle was not permitted, in the providential order of human affairs, to be invented for the gratification of man's vanity, but for the conveyance of his body swiftly and without fatigue from place to place; and to the tricyclist, though it might well have been deemed unnecessary to caution the riders of these more prosaic vehicles against proud looks and a high stomach, the same remark applies and must be addressed. The desire of the cyclists to use the remoter Parks for the purpose of transit alone is perfectly reasonable; and the concessions which the FIRST COMMISSIONER of WORKS has made to them are the less open on that account to the possibility of cavil.

TALKING OUT.

THE conduct of the Government in reference to Mr. WOODALL'S Franchise Clause seemed to have reached the climax of eccentricity; but a fresh step was added to the ladder on Wednesday last. Mr. GLADSTONE was in a thoroughly characteristic vein when, commenting on Mr. STEVENSON'S proposal to introduce a new form of Clôture, he divided and subdivided courses of proceeding, made pathetic allusions to the nearly approaching time when all those things would be as one with him, and finally stated that just for the rest of the Session the Government did not mind trying Mr. STEVENSON'S scheme. Two or three other members spoke, and then a subordinate Minister got up and made the astonishing announcement that, though it was quite true that Mr. GLADSTONE had said one Session, he really meant two Sessions. Even the present House of Commons could hardly be expected to endure this kind of treatment; and, despite the very peculiar support received from Ministers, and Mr. GLADSTONE'S kind demonstration of the reasonableness of his plan, Mr. STEVENSON was defeated. That was a good thing in itself; but it was almost a less remarkable thing than the demonstration given of the business-like habits and aptitudes of this God-granted Government.

The defeat of the plan was, however, wholly satisfactory in and by itself. In the first place, nothing could well be more unreasonable than this hard and fast limitation of debate on one particular day, at one particular time, and for one particular class of measures. Again, as was duly pointed out in the debate itself, the conditions of the proposal practically substituted one mode of talking out for another. Wednesday measures rarely or never stand alone, and a determined talker-out has only, under Mr. STEVENSON'S scheme of an enforced division at five on anything that has been reached at two, got to talk vigorously on the first measure of the list, whatever it may be, to make the chance of the others even more hopeless than at present. Yet again, Mr. W. FOWLER remarked, with some *naïveté*, that "any member who brought in a measure on Wednesday was "next door to an idiot." This is a large generalization; but it may be said, more cautiously, that, though many excellent measures have been brought in on Wednesdays, the greater number are such as, *à priori*, idiots (supposing there to be any such in the House of Commons) are most likely to bring in and support. The occasional loss of a good Bill is made up to reasonable politicians by the opportunities of defeating many mischievous or futile Bills. The danger of the present day is not under- but over-legislation, and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S appetite for divisions is not shared by politicians who are less occupied in constructing something called Tory democracy out of Tory words and democratic ideas. The main objection to the scheme, however—and it is a more than sufficient one—is the impolicy of restrictions, and especially restrictions of this extremely artificial and petty character, on the freedom of Parliament in the supposed interests of legislation. Mr. GLADSTONE said one sensible thing in his speech, though it was from him a rather unexpected one, and that is that the proceedings of Parliament will never be really improved by coercive measures. They most assuredly will not; and it does not make the application of coercion more desirable that it is applied in a form so insignificant, so fussy, and in all probability so self-destructive, as that which Mr. STEVENSON proposed, which Mr. GLADSTONE argued for, and which he then proposed to try for half-a-dozen Wednesdays, leaving word subsequently that, after all, he meant two Sessions.

THE FRANCHISE BILL.

THE date approximately fixed by the PRIME MINISTER'S "men" for the completion of the passage of the Franchise Bill through the House of Commons has, of course, proved to be inaccurate. That might have been expected from any intelligent consideration of the origin and obvious purpose of the misleading fixture. Events have simply declined to keep an appointment which was made without consulting, and with no intention to consult, their requirements in the way of time. It was a characteristic stroke of Ministerialist tactics to pretend that one most important stage of an important Bill could be completed, and two others easily got through, in addition to it, within the limits of the past week. This coup, we say, was characteristic, for the simple reason that it

was insidious in conception, and was intended to produce invidious results. The mind of an inattentive public having been once familiarized with the anticipation that the Franchise Bill would be through the Lower House before the week was out, it must follow, as the night the day, that nothing but the wicked obstruction of Toryism could account for its still delaying its departure to the House of Lords. So industriously, indeed, has the appeal to prejudice been worked, that the late addition of some half-dozen new amendments to the Notice Paper has at once been represented to be part of a deep-laid scheme for retaining the Franchise Bill in the House of Commons until a debate could be taken on Egyptian policy. Imputations such as this last it is, of course, impossible to meet. It would be sufficient in the case of an ordinary accuser to point out to him that the burden of proving that a legitimate exercise of Parliamentary privilege has been prompted by an indirect and unavowed motive rests upon him. But this course is ineffectual with the Radical censor, who cheerfully accepts the duty thus imposed upon him and discharges it much as Lord PETER demonstrated the doctrine of Transubstantiation to JACK and MARTIN. He confines himself to the "one plain argument" that the facts are as he represents them to be; and there is an end of the matter.

It is just possible, however, that some bolder disciples of the Ministerial teachers may obey an ill-regulated impulse to examine the facts for themselves; if so, they may conceivably come to the conclusion that, so far from the close of the Committee on the Franchise Bill having been unduly delayed, it has been, if anything, rather imprudently hastened. It was only yesterday week that Ministers made what they themselves regard as a most important announcement with reference to the date at which the Bill is to come into operation; the result of which was that a new clause which has been on the Paper and engaged attention for weeks disappeared, and another immediately succeeded to its place. The substitution of Mr. FOWLER's for Mr. ALBERT GREY's proposal was rather talked about than debated in the night to which we have referred, and though it came up again for somewhat more regular discussion since then, it would be absurd to contend that it has been over-debated, and even a little hazardous to assume that it has been debated enough. Among the first duties of a vigilant Opposition, in this as in every case of mysterious official compromise, is the ascertainment, if possible, of the reasons which have recommended it to the Ministerial mind. *Primâ facie*, there is not so much difference between the postponement of the operation of the Franchise Bill for one year and its postponement for two as to make Ministers who have objected so strongly to the one accept the other. Mr. GLADSTONE's pretended discrimination between the merits of the two proposals was as daringly nugatory as many other propositions which he submits to a despised House of Commons. To argue against a two years' postponement of the Bill on the ground that it may involve the holding of a seventh Session of Parliament, inasmuch as it would not bind the Government to do the work of redistribution next year, involves a fallacy so exclusively adapted to the mind of childhood that it surely ought to have deceived no one. The holding of a seventh Session for the purpose in question could only be rendered necessary by the default of the Government themselves; and if the Government intend or expect to make such default, they are not less, they are perhaps more, likely to do so when they have only one Session for the work of redistribution than when they have two. And, again, to argue that because Mr. ALBERT GREY's clause would not any more than Mr. FOWLER's afford Parliament absolute security for the passing of a Redistribution Bill before the next election—to argue from this that the adoption of the latter by the Government in preference to the former is a matter of no importance to the Opposition, is to suggest a confusion between the objective and subjective significance of human actions. A choice between two courses which may be represented as identical in their results may itself be of the highest import as an indication of the mind of the chooser. We may have to take a man's word instead of his bond, but it would be preposterous to argue that, because no form of words could give us valid security, we need not mind whether he does or does not show, as between two formulæ of promise, preference for that which will be the easier to evade.

After all, it comes back to this. If the Government sincerely intend to attempt a fair and reasonable redistribution of seats next Session, why should they object to a two years' postponement of the Bill? They would have the remedy in their own hands; and could ensure that Mr. ALBERT GREY's proposal should not in fact delay the operation of the measure any longer than it will be delayed by Mr. FOWLER's. To suggest, as has been since suggested by them or on their behalf, that one Session may not suffice for the mere deliberative work of redistribution in the House of Commons is to overshoot the mark, as far as it was overshot by the instructor of RASSELAS. Such reasoning would, if it succeeded, convince us that it is impossible to pass a Redistribution Bill at all, just as the Prince of Abyssinia was convinced that "it was "impossible to be a poet." The true motives of the Government, however, are only by courtesy to be ignored. They are really identical with those avowed on their behalf by that kind of provincial Radical who shares with children and another class of persons, with whom we would not be understood to confound him, the honourable distinction of always speaking the truth. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS objects to postponing the operation of the Bill even for one year, because it is conceivable that the Government might fall next Session, and the Conservatives, coming into power, obtain the control of the work of redistribution; and where, asks Mr. COLLINGS, ingenuously, "should we"—that is, the Radicals—"be then?" Where, indeed? Where would the immortal inventor of "Gerrymandering"—not, as is too often thought, an imaginary JEREMIAH MANDERS, but a real GERRY—have been under similar circumstances? Let the echo of the halls of the Four Hundreds answer—Where? Undoubtedly, however, the consideration which makes Mr. GLADSTONE prefer the figure one to the figure two is the same which determines Mr. COLLINGS's preference for zero. It is in order to make more certain of retaining the power to offer the House of Commons precisely such a scheme of redistribution as may suit the interests of the Government, with the alternative to them of either accepting it or submitting to dissolution, with the vast and formless new electorate undistributed. Nor do Mr. GLADSTONE's dark sayings on the subject of the Boundary Commission, which is not to be a Commission, to be appointed in the autumn, tend to remove the uncomfortable suspicion that the Ministerial scheme of redistribution may be a very "ingenious" one indeed.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

IT may be thought a proof of some poverty, either in the English language itself or in the imagination of sporting men, that no appropriate name has ever been found for the competitions now known as athletic sports. The term is in itself just as applicable to rowing, boxing, football, and the whole list of bodily exercises for which training is required, and might, without doing any violence to it, be extended to cricket, fencing, and tennis, for which less preparation of that kind is needed. It might have been expected, in an age when long names are so much in vogue, that one of them could be devised for distinguishing at least running and jumping contests from others in which bodily prowess is tested. Some few attempts were indeed made to do so. There is still, or was till very lately, a weekly journal which recorded the performances of the running-path and kindred pastimes under the title of "Pentathlum." For some years after the rage for these competitions broke out it was almost as common to hear them called "games" as anything else. That term was of course essentially bad; for one of the peculiarities of the contests to which it was applied is the absence of that *esprit de corps* in the players and of those rather intricate rules of play which characterize cricket, football, racquets, and the like. Moreover, a "game" is something at which a person must be supposed to "play"; and such an expression would sound rather grotesque if applied to participation in the grim struggle of a mile race. So the world—or rather that little section of the world which includes the English-speaking races, and which alone produces good runners and jumpers—has agreed to accept "athletic sports" as a conventional phrase, with a strictly limited meaning born of the last twenty years. And most people could now give a tolerably accurate list of the exercises included in the definition. Walking and running of all sorts—as long as it is really running, and not a stupid struggle of human vitality against nature—jumping of all sorts, and combinations of the two, form the most legitimate and interesting items in a programme at athletic grounds. Amongst these have crept in some few others which ought perhaps rather to have been deemed gymnastic feats, and excluded. Such are notably the throwing of the hammer and the putting of the weight, over the admission of which into their annual programme the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge had so prolonged a dispute. Pole-jumping seems at first

sight to have no more right than vaulting to be included; but it has been allowed at many prize-meetings, probably for this reason—that it must be practised in the open air, and no trial can take place in a gymnasium, as it can in the case of vaulting. Throwing is a fairly legitimate form of athletic sport, and is retained in the programme of most schools, and some colleges and other places. Probably it would be still more generally encouraged were it not that the cricket-ball thrown by the too eager competitor has a way of taking an erratic course, descending amongst lady spectators, who are thinking of other and perhaps more important matters, and so creating a panic where it is least prudent to do so.

Such, then, are the recognized component parts of a programme for any championship meeting in England and the Colonies, and in America, though at local meetings there are divers importations of other things, as of "tossing the caber" in Scotland. In the matter of running, the distances selected have been, naturally enough, such as to correspond with the common metrical standards—the multiples of the yard for short distances, known as "sprint" races, the mile and its multiples for long distances, and then, intermediate between the two, the chief fractions of the mile. Roughly speaking, too, as it will be seen, the round numbers in point of time have corresponded with the round numbers in the matter of distance—a second for every ten yards, a minute for every five hundred yards, ten minutes for every two miles, an hour for every ten miles—these may be taken as tolerably correct average performances for the first flight of running men. In walking the tests are taken at wider intervals—the mile, which may be reckoned at about seven minutes, for short races, and for long races the hour, which may be taken as worth about seven miles. Jumping competitions are simple affairs, offering no such diversity as running or walking. They must all resolve themselves into the plain, bare question which man can jump the furthest or highest, however tedious and troublesome may be the process by which the answer is arrived at. It is in high jumping that the most injustice seems to be suffered by a man of small stature. One can imagine plenty of reasons why a man with short legs might be better fitted to run a mile race than one with long ones; but it does seem rather hard when we see a prize taken by a six-foot man who has jumped an inch less than his own height, in preference to one who, measuring five feet nine, clears an inch more than that. Standing jumps, with or without weights to assist the jumper, are encouraged at some local meetings; but the best clubs do not pay any attention to them, and nobody feels the loss. Races which contain an element of jumping in them are of only two kinds—hurdle-races and steeplechases. The latter have, owing to various causes, and perhaps especially the trouble involved in arranging a good course, gone for the most part out of fashion; while the former, after being run at various distances and over hurdles of various heights arranged at various intervals, have now assumed a single stereotyped form, and are run pretty invariably over ten flights, three feet and a half high, set up at equal distances in a course of 120 yards. Neither the steeplechase nor the hurdle-race has, somehow or other, ever found favour with professionals, and this branch of athletics is accordingly confined to amateurs. So also, by common agreement, hammer-throwing has come to mean the hurling of a 16 lbs. weight at the end of a wooden handle; and weight-putting, the projection in a particular way of a sphere having a like weight, though in many parts of the country different sorts of weights and different rules are in vogue.

Athletic sports are an exceedingly late importation amongst us—later than any other great outdoor competition between man and man, except cycling and lawn-tennis, if we admit these latter to the list of leading sports. Thirty years ago they were practically unknown amongst amateurs, for the rough rustic games given at local fairs were unimportant and silly affairs. Any of our third-rate performers nowadays would have beaten easily most of the best men of that period. Five minutes was then considered excellent time for a mile. Four and a half is not now thought extraordinary. To jump over a five-barred gate—about 4 ft. high, or less—was then something of a performance. There were, indeed, stories of men who could walk under a bar and then jump over it; but few believed in this exploit, and still fewer had seen it done. Ditches and rivers were shown, 18 or 20 ft. wide, over which some local hero was said to have jumped; but such traditions were received with incredulity, and a jump of 22 ft., such as has frequently been done by amateurs of late years, would have been supposed a complete myth. The immense advance that has been made in the last twenty-five years would be astonishing, if we did not know by the analogy of other exercises how great improvement the human body is capable of making when it is trained from early youth to excel in any particular way. About five-and-twenty years ago these sports had just worked their way into favour in the great public schools. It was two or three years later before they were admitted into the colleges in Oxford, and thence into the University itself. Running paths, except for the use of professional "peds," were then unknown; and the first sports held between the Universities, just twenty years ago, were held on the soft grass of a wet cricket-ground. At that time the rage for all trials of physical strength was at its height; and a host of athletic clubs, good, bad, and indifferent, sprang into existence all over the country. The winners of those days won with performances which have since been thrown into the shade; but, when it is considered how great were their disadvantages, racing and jumping being things of no honour and repute when they were in their teens, the wonder is rather that they did as well as they did than that younger men should now have managed to eclipse their performances. It is curious to observe how gradually the old feats have been superseded as new men came forward in different lines and from different parts of the world. Very few "records," as they are called, of best performances now date back further than three or four years. One item there is—the hurdle race, not always quite rightly timed—in which a best time is supposed still to have been made in 1865. There are also records for some other unusual and uninteresting distances dating back nearly, or quite as far; but, as a rule, all the feats that were considered good amongst amateurs have been one after another outdone in the last five years. In the professional world it is otherwise; for there has for a long time past been far less encouragement for them than there was even thirty years ago. Thus the leading time for walking one mile still dates from 1874, when it was done considerably under 6½ min. The best time for two miles running goes back to 1863; and in each of these the professionals are still ahead of the amateurs. The same may be said for the half-mile, which was done quickest in 1871 by an Australian "ped." The best time for the 150 yards goes back to 1851; that for 220 yards to 1845; and for 800 yards the record is said to go back to 1826, though the fact that it was then ran on Epsom Downs suggests the conclusion that it was run downhill under specially favourable circumstances. One notable record remains to be noticed. It is that of the famous "Deerfoot," whose doings are now more commonly credited to him in his real name of L. Bennett. This man in 1863 ran 10 miles in 51 min. and 26 sec., and in one hour ran 11 miles 970 yards—performances which had never been approached until the present year, when they were very nearly equalled by an amateur.

In looking through the records for the past twenty-five years, both for professionals and amateurs, there occur, as may be expected, a few great names, household words in the athletic world like Eclipse and Flying Dutchman in the annals of the Turf. The mile is probably of all distances that which is most admired as a test of combined speed and endurance. And here for sixteen years, from 1865 to 1881, remained the memory of the great dead-heat between Richards and Lang, who did their mile in 4 min. 17½ sec. The feat was beaten in 1881, but by one second only. Amateurs are now close up to them with 4 min. 19¼ sec., done about two years ago. In the "quarter," which also has its admirers, and is deservedly preferred to the "hundred," the amateur Colbeck remained ahead of his class, with 50½ sec., for some thirteen years, until he was completely eclipsed by the great American runner Myers, who got over the distance in the amazing time of 48½ sec., very nearly equalling the best professional time, which dates from 1873. This Myers, with his English rival George, may be said to have revolutionized the history of amateur running. At all distances from 250 to 1,000 yards he stands far ahead of his most formidable competitors in any country. His half-mile is scored at 1 min. 55½ sec., within 2 sec. of the professional already mentioned, and a like time in front of the nearest amateur. At distances over 1,000 yards the Englishman comes to the front. Mr. George, whose name is now prominent in the athletic world, has for some three years past had it all his own way in the mile. He has done that distance under 4 min. 20 sec., and in May this year went far beyond all previous performances at two miles by marking 9 min. 17½ sec. Already in the previous month he had done still better at a longer distance, running the ten miles, under disadvantageous conditions, in 51 min. 26½ sec., within a fraction of a second of the great Deerfoot's time. In walking, the American amateurs have the lead at one and ten miles, and are within a short space of the best professionals. But at seven miles an Englishman is ahead of all amateurs, with about 52½ min., the professional record standing at 51 min. Twenty-one miles have been walked by "peds" more than 10 min. under the three hours, but the best amateur time is a like amount over that.

Records of hurdle-racing and steeplechasing possess no real interest; and the same thing may be said for the hundred yards, which it is virtually impossible to time. But jumping feats are very remarkable, as here the amateurs take for the first time a strong lead over the professional class. Only one of the latter, an American, has ever done over 6 ft.; and the best of them in England has not attained to this. But as long ago as in 1876, at the Oxford and Cambridge sports, Mr. Brooks accomplished the marvellous task of clearing 6 ft. 2½ in., a good five inches more than had ever been done at these contests before. The jump is said to have been since exceeded by a quarter of an inch; but in this sort of contest no fraction of an inch less than a half should fairly count, and the Irishman Davin can hardly claim to be more than equal with Brooks. The same Davin last year cleared 23 ft. 2 in. in width, which is nineteen inches better than the best professional, who is a Canadian, and thirty-three inches better than the best professionals in Great Britain or Ireland. Thus it appears that in this, as in other forms of athleticism, the gentlemen are catching up the players, or at least reducing rapidly the gap there is between them. In jumping, where stature is of advantage and training of little service, they are already well ahead. And in the long-distance races, from two miles to ten miles, they are now on even terms. They are very nearly so in the "quarter" also. Certainly George and Myers are very exceptional specimens of runners. We are not likely soon to see their like again. But now that men of ordinary powers are unlikely ever to beat a record, it has begun to be as probable that a "wonder," such as each of

there men is, should spring up in one class of society as another. We have in these remarks taken no notice of distances over ten miles for running or twenty-one miles for walking. This may seem unfair upon the men who expend their energies upon such big feats. But the legitimate range of athletic sports may be, and is by many people, held to be limited at that boundary where the natural forces of an ordinary individual begin to be overtaxed. Oarsmen do not make matches to row from Oxford to London, or for many hours at a stretch; nor would a fifty-mile match between horses be considered much of a horse-race. Sensational feats or trials of mere physical endurance may be applauded by the multitude; but probably the most sensible and satisfactory rule is to draw the limit about where we have drawn it, and about where it is drawn in the programme of the Championship Meeting which is to begin to-day.

THE BRAGIAN BOLDNESS OF MR. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

THE original speaker of the famous words partly quoted above was not, it is believed, really wroth with Mr. Bailey. Mrs. Gamp, we are told by the historian (for reasons which will appear presently, it is necessary to speak by the card in this article), was "not displeased." In this point, if in no other, the greatest of all Sarahs before our own days was not like Mr. Gladstone nor like Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice on Tuesday last. But it is certain that they both in Parliamentary but energetic language "dratted the bragian boldness" of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett and of Sir Walter Barttelot and of Lord Folkestone. It was Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett who came in for the hardest dratting, and, according to some supporters of the Government, this was very severe indeed. It was indeed so severe that these good-hearted Radicals felt constrained to offer a kind of apology for the provoked statesman who had for the twentieth time or thereabouts annihilated Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, with for the twentieth time or thereabouts the result that Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett is not a penny the worse, and as provokingly reminiscent of what a man said on the 24th of April or any day you like as ever. The story of this little episode in the history of the Egyptian question is pleasant for many reasons; and it seems a pity that it should not be enshrined in something more durable than a daily paper and more readable than Hansard. Let us then sing of the bragian boldness of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, and of the wrath of Mr. Gladstone, and of the humanity of the Liberal party, and of the piteous plaints of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. Let us see what the majority of the present House of Parliament thinks matter for "cheers and laughter," and learn what Radical newspapers understand by severity, and hear what Mr. Gladstone understands by misquotation, and taste any other pretty little tiny kickshaws that William Cook may have to set before us.

It seems to have escaped some commentators that the fun began on Monday, not Tuesday. It began, too, on a very funny subject—the reported massacre at Berber. That event—which has been expected for nearly two months, and probable for a much longer time, and which the Government could with ease have prevented—is, it seems, a good joke, to be met on the Liberal side of the House of Commons with "loud cheers and laughter." That fifteen hundred stupid blackish or brownish soldier fellows, who, if they had had any sense, would have run away months ago, should have their throats cut, is the height of diversion entirely—not, indeed, to Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, who had not on Monday received permission to know anything about it, but to those behind him. The excellence of the jest appears to have been lost on Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett (who is known to all good Liberals to be a man σφόδρα σμικρὸς τὸν νοῦν, as one Father of the Church amiably remarks of another), and he was tempted to cite a certain declaration of the Prime Minister's to the effect that there was no reason to fear that the garrison of Berber would meet with the fate of the garrison of Sinkat. Of the fact of this declaration there is no doubt; it is within the memory of all who have followed the subject. But there is nothing that Mr. Gladstone dislikes so much as a citation of this kind. Not that he ever has the least difficulty in denying or explaining it away, but apparently because it seems to him a kind of breach of copyright.

> None may quote the text, not even I,
> And none may make a comment but myself,

is Mr. Gladstone's version of a couplet in the *Idylls of the King*. On this particular occasion, however, Mr. Gladstone did not arise in his might and his majesty and his magnificence, and so forth. He only asked for the date of the statement. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett gave it, the twenty-fourth of April, and then came the "cheers and laughter." You see nothing can possibly be more absurd than to show that a statesman poohpoohed the idea of a massacre at a time when the massacre might have been prevented, and to make this demonstration at the time when the massacre has happened. Probably the Liberals who cheered thought, like the Red Queen (or was it the White?), that Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett ought to have quoted Mr. Gladstone's words two months before, not two months after, they were uttered. As for the Liberals who laughed, that exquisite joke of the throat-cutting (there were townsmen, too, according to one account, but unluckily no women) no doubt got the better of everything else with *them*, if italics after Mr. Thackeray's favourite way of using them may be permitted.

So the sun went down on Liberal laughter at the Berber massacre, and also (it is sad to have to say it of a man of undoubted piety, but the sequel showed the fact too plainly) on Mr. Gladstone's wrath. On Tuesday Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett was more bragian than ever. He put to Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice a question of such exactness that the Under-Secretary could not possibly evade it, and had to give something which for him may be called an answer. The results of that answer were a display of ingratitude on the part of the House in the way of asking for more which cut Lord Edmond to the heart. He ejaculated, in the bitterness of his soul, "Am I under *any* circumstances to be expected to know what Hussein Khalifa said on the twenty-third of April?" And it is indeed a most preposterous thing that an Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who is kept for the purpose, should be expected to know anything about foreign affairs. But Lord Edmond was not only sorry; he was shocked. It would be, he thought, "most objectionable" if he, a peaceful *pékin*, were to "enter into military details." And he would doubtless think it most objectionable, also, if a fellow like a military Under-Secretary, who ought to stick to gaiter-buttons, were to enter into political details. The result of this fine feeling on the part of the different departments was put by Sir Walter Barttelot in a rather unexpectedly epigrammatic fashion. "And so Berber has been allowed to fall." Precisely so. But the incident was by no means closed. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett was as bragian as ever; and Mr. Gladstone, with his wrath yet working from over-night, was partly obliged and partly eager to come to the rescue. The member for Eye quoted the statement of the Prime Minister (like the former, a statement within the recollection of every one who has attended to the subject) that the fall of Berber would not affect Khartoum. Then the Assyrian came down on him. Mr. Gladstone protested against Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's practices. He said he never used the words uttered. He added (and this is the tremendous castigation which has made Mr. Gladstone's admirers almost sympathise with Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, because he must be so very much hurt), "unless the hon. gentleman changes his habit, no attention ought to be paid to him." At this the Liberal members who had laughed over the Berber massacre gave "loud cheers." The Speaker tried to interfere, but Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett was too cool and Mr. Gladstone too hot for him, and the result was that Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, as he had done before, quoted the exact words used, and requested to know whether Mr. Gladstone still accused him of misquotation. Thereupon followed these remarkable words:—"Yes, sir, I do both to-day and every day" (some more exact authorities say "to-day and yesterday"), and the Liberal members who had laughed at the massacre of Berber once more gave "loud cheers."

Such is the bragian boldness of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, and such the severity which almost draws tears of ruth down the iron cheeks of steady Radicals. "Yes, sir, he did do it; he's *always* doing it," is the agonized cry of the Prime Minister of England, and his friends agree that this is a very severe on Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, very severe indeed. "Unless the hon. gentleman changes his habits, no attention should be paid to him," says Mr. Gladstone, and his friends say that "Ashmead-Bartlett, you know, can hardly get over *that*, you know." The exquisite fun of the massacre of Berber does not pair off badly with the crushing severity of Mr. Gladstone's rebuke. Here are two statements which, unless the reporters' gallery is in league to traduce Mr. Gladstone, were made. Those statements are quoted. Mr. Gladstone majestically avers that he never said any such thing, and requests the world at large to pay no attention to anybody who says he did. And on Thursday, when his enemy gave him chapter and verse, he explained that the risk of Berber was an "opinion" of his, and not a "categorical statement." Risk, Mr. Gladstone may be reminded, is necessarily a matter of opinion, and when it ceases to be such it ceases to be risk. But nothing can be more conclusive and severe, say the flatterers. Which, if it be so, the urgent necessity for that new English Dictionary (quite different from the one now in publication at the Clarendon Press), which we have more than once demanded, appears more strongly than ever. Or, perhaps, a kind of moral and social recipe-book would be even better than a dictionary. It might be arranged something in this fashion:—

REFUTATION, How to make a.—"Say he dreamt it" (Mr. Jingle), "say he's a Tory and therefore a ——" (Mr. Br-ght), "say nobody ought to attend to him if he does it again" (Mr. Gl-dst-ne).

SEVERE, How to be.—Say "Unless the victim changes his habits nobody ought to attend to him" (Mr. Gl-dst-ne).

AWKWARD SITUATION, How to get out of any.—"Deny everything" (Mr. Gregsbury, Mr. Gl-dst-ne, and others).

MISQUOTATION, To prove a.—"Say he's always doing it" (Mr. Gl-dst-ne).

With a little patience, a notebook, and a dictionary of quotations (or in default of the latter a slight knowledge of English and foreign literature) an invaluable guide to conduct in all relations of life might be arranged, and even the bragian boldness of the Mr. Ashmead-Bartletts of this world would cease to have any terrors. Only you must be sure of your circumstances. A great man at Dover, it has been said, is sometimes one of very ordinary stature at Calais, and *vice versâ*. So also that which appears to be a crushing refutation to one audience may seem the virtual confession of impotent rage to another. But these differences are inevitable; in the same way some people can

for the life of them see no joke in the fact that some thousand throats are reported to have been cut two months after it was suggested that measures should be taken to save them from the knife; while to others it seems the most exquisite jest possible. Moreover, there is another little drawback to the practice of exterminating, as per recipe-book, that the victims have a detestable habit of not being exterminated, quail, crush, conclude, and quell as you may. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett has been by the solemn deposition of Mr. Gladstone's admirers swept off the face of the habitable earth half a dozen times at least by the tempest of Prime-Ministerial wrath. Yet there he is still, with an accurate and inexhaustible memory, an irrepressible habit of wanting to know, a shocking disregard of Mr. Gladstone's wishes and convenience, and a total insensibility to jokes like the massacre of Berber. Perhaps the member for Eye does not make quite such good use as he might of these good gifts; but his worst enemies must admit his boldness to be "that bragian as Mr. Gladstone can do nothing with him"—a quotation which, observing as before a rigid accuracy, is not, we may state, from the published edition of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. But we are quite sure that Mr. Gladstone "wouldn't be Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's father for fifty pounds," which, substituting "father" for "mother," is textual and singularly like in style to the tremendous remark by which, according to Radical testimony, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett was so severely handled.

THE INNS OF COURT AND LEGAL EDUCATION.

THERE is nothing on which it is easier to raise a chorus of grievances in any company of well-to-do Englishmen than the costliness and the delays of law. There is nothing which the very same Englishmen find more tedious, or to which they are less willing to give even a little attention, than considering the causes and the possible remedies of the state of things they are so ready to complain of. Everything that has to do with our legal system falls under the same fate. And the subject of legal education is an absolute blank to most people who are not lawyers, and a good many who are. Experiments and reforms, therefore, are conducted in an absence of interest and intelligent criticism which, if we were not familiar with it, would seem hardly credible in this country. For about ten years considerable experiments in the training of students for the Bar have been in progress, and they have now reached a somewhat critical stage. But, with the exception of the handful of persons officially engaged in the direction of legal studies at the Inns of Court and the Universities, we doubt whether a score could be found, we do not say among lay people, but at the Bar itself, who know or care much about it. Yet the matter is of evident importance to the legal profession, for the constitution and the spirit of the English Bar must at least in part depend on the manner in which admission to it is gained; and, through the legal profession, it is of no less importance to the public who depend on the services of counsel for the conduct of much of their affairs—in the first place for lawsuits, as everybody knows; and moreover, as not everybody knows, for a great many other things which are not the less weighty for not being litigious.

In order to make the present state of things intelligible it is needful to call to mind that which came before it. The Bar of England is not subject to any direct State control. By customary law the power of admitting persons to practise as advocates in the Superior Courts belongs to the Judges. By a custom almost if not quite as ancient, and for all practical purposes not less binding, the powers of admission, discipline, and expulsion are delegated by the Judges to the Inns of Court, subject to an appeal to the Judges, not as public officers, but as a "domestic tribunal," like an appeal from the governing body of a college to the Visitor. No Court or Judge acting in an ordinary judicial capacity has jurisdiction over the acts or regulations of these societies. It is a current form of speech in our legal classics to describe the Inns of Court as a whole as a University devoted to the one Faculty of the Laws of England, in which the several societies of Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, and the two Temples hold the place of colleges. The parallel has been more plausible in one way than it seems now; for there is no lack of mediæval examples, notably in Italy, of regular Universities with only one Faculty, and that the Faculty of Law. Still it is a parallel of the roughest kind, and might easily mislead. The bonds of incorporation, of a common constitution, and of common property are in this case wholly wanting. The Inns of Court are isolated bodies without formal connexion of any kind. Like Oxford or Cambridge colleges, they have their separate buildings, halls, libraries, and offices. Even the peculiar position of the Temple Church may be compared with that of the chapel of Eton, which until lately was a parish church as well as a college chapel, or the chapel of Merton, which is so to this day. But the Inns of Court are not in relation to any more comprehensive body whereof their members are also members. A Fellow of All Souls and a Fellow of Balliol, a scholar of King's and a scholar of Trinity are members of the same University. A student of Lincoln's Inn and a student of the Inner Temple have, properly speaking, no common term. There is no place where they have common and equal rights. Nothing exists in the Inns of Court answering to University statutes, a University library, or a University Senate or Convocation; the newly-formed Bar Association is at present but a rudiment of something which may possibly, we dare not say probably, take the place of this last. There is nothing answering to college statutes or governing bodies either. The legal position of the several Inns is far from being that of colleges; it is more like that of clubs than anything else. Not being incorporated or formally endowed, though in fact disposing of property and revenues of respectable collegiate magnitude, they offer no handle to the Attorney-General or the Charity Commissioners. While the Inns of Court control the formation of the legal profession itself, the Queen's Courts know judicially no more of them than of the Athenæum or the Oxford and Cambridge Club, and have no greater power of intermeddling with their concerns. Again, their governing bodies are self-elected and exclusive, in this respect widely differing from those of both clubs and colleges. No external authority is represented or consulted, nor have the members of the society at large any voice, direct or indirect, in its affairs. Whatever standing regulations exist for their internal government are not statutes, but simple resolutions like those of a club committee; and a barrister who is not a bencher of his Inn has no more access to them than an ordinary member of a club has to the committee's minute-book. Thus the independence and autonomy of a club are combined with more than the authority of a college.

Not that the absolute independence of the Inns of Court has ever led to its extreme possible consequences. Nothing in English institutions ever does. We have likened these honourable societies to clubs. It must be added that, as the general plan, arrangements, and rules of any two clubs in Pall Mall will be found very much alike, so the ways of the several Inns of Court are closely alike; more closely, indeed, than those of different clubs, by reason of a comity engendered by their common objects and associations, and the sense of common interests and virtual, though not formal, responsibility to the nation. The course of preparation for the Bar has, therefore, always been the same in all the Inns. Each Inn might, as far as any positive constitution went, have made its own distinct rules. In fact, the rules have been and are identical, save for minute variations in such matters as the amount and apportionment of fees. Before the Restoration admission to the Bar was procured by a series of exercises analogous to those performed for degrees in the higher Faculties at the Universities, and without doubt modelled upon them. After the Restoration it fared with the exercises at the Inns of Court just as at the Universities. They shrank into unmeaning formalities, and qualification for the Bar came to consist in duly paying the fees, in having dined certain times during a certain number of terms in the hall of the candidate's chosen Inn, and in producing a certificate from a barrister of twelve months' attendance as a pupil in his chambers, which last, for reasons well known and too long to repeat here, might itself mean little more than the payment of a hundred guineas. The reaction that established the present system of examinations at the Universities told also, though more slowly, upon the Inns of Court. After a period in which examination was introduced as an optional road to the Bar, the examination was, about ten years ago, made compulsory. In further imitation of the modern University system, prizes and scholarships of considerable value were offered for competition. Courses of lectures were also established, open to members of all the Inns of Court, and delivered by barristers on whom, for that purpose, the title of Professor was conferred. One may perhaps regret in passing that the name of "Reader," which had been good enough for Bacon and Coke, was not thought worth reviving. For those older worthies every barrister was a "professor" of the Common Law; but modern usage has made us conceive of a Reader as a sort of assistant Professor taken on by the job; though it would be easy to name Readers now holding office at the Universities, and in the Faculty of Law in particular, whose position and authority differ from that of Professors only in name.

The scheme of conjoint lectures and examinations now in force required a more open and formal joint action of the Inns than had been previously known. Every part of this scheme is under the direction of the Council of Legal Education, which is a joint Committee of the Benchers of the four Inns of Court. This arrangement is still purely voluntary, and in form precarious, inasmuch as the Bench of any one Inn might at any moment annul it by secession. But this is not worth further dwelling on. The like may be said of a good many material points in our system of Parliamentary government. It is more important that the experience gained by this time has disclosed various weak points in the plan itself, apart from the permanence or ability of the Council by whom it is administered, and among whom are several of our most eminent living authorities in legal science. There is nothing to show that a worse sort of men become law students, or are called to the Bar, than in the days before examinations; but there is also nothing to show that the average of their personal or professional qualities is sensibly better. The honours and prizes do not seem to be appreciated by the men for whose benefit and encouragement they were intended. As a rule, the best men who come to the Bar from the Universities pay no attention to them, and content themselves with passing the examination as soon as they can, reserving serious and special studies in the law to be pursued in their own fashion afterwards if they be so minded. Meanwhile the studentships are taken by candidates whose industry is no doubt deserving, but whose merit is not altogether of the kind that commands fellowships at Oxford and Cambridge, or calls for such particular encouragement as the Inns of Court hold out in this way.

In short, the visible results are not adequate to the expenditure

of money and energy. Without going into the larger question of the constitution of the Inns of Court in general, we think the failure is not very difficult to account for. The existing joint scheme was a compromise between the party of resistance to all change and the party of more ambitious reform then headed by Lord Selborne. It was adopted more under the apprehension of external pressure than by spontaneous action. And it is, in fact, a too faithful imitation of our modern University system, in which the difference of conditions has not been regarded, and the safeguards provided at Oxford and Cambridge have been omitted.

Up to a certain age the line of men's studies can be determined and their interest excited by the offer of substantial rewards for competition. But when they come to preparing themselves for an active profession which is itself a field of the keenest competition, the practical interest before them will in the nature of things outweigh, and that immeasurably, any academic interest which it may be sought to foster by means of prizes. A man who is going to take seriously to the Bar as a livelihood will go in that way which appears to him to lead most directly towards making him a successful barrister, and will not be diverted even by hundred-guinea scholarships into byways of Roman law and so-called Jurisprudence. If, on the other hand, you can prove to him that these are not byways at all, but go to making good lawyers, he will enter on them even without prizes, but very likely will prefer to do so in his own fashion without studying to please examiners. Therefore the prizes must tend to fall to the men who cannot afford to wait, or to those who, for one reason or another, do not really aim at the Bar as a profession in the ordinary sense, but want the standing of a barrister to qualify themselves for public appointments of a semi-legal kind at home or in India or the colonies, or to become teachers of law, perhaps to supply the demand for a particular kind of teaching created by the examination system itself.

Another reason may be assigned, and a more potent one than it seems at first sight, for the fact that the really best men do not appear in the Inns of Court honour lists. A first-class man from Cambridge or Oxford comes to London already satisfied, and more than satisfied, with examinations and the fruits thereof. What does a Fellow of All Souls or Trinity want with more prizes? It is not worth his while to put his neck under the yoke again so soon. He feels that he has earned his liberty. Still less does a certificate of honour concern him. His proved general abilities will stand him in better stead not only with the public but with lawyers. And if he is an Oxford man, his own University offers special honours at least as valuable, and much more agreeable, in the Vinerian Scholarship and the Civil Law degree. This reacts again upon the general value and reputation of the Inns of Court examinations. Prizes which the most capable men do not in fact stop to pick up are not likely to be accepted as evidence of first-rate capacity. We have never heard that clients or solicitors are guided by the Inns of Court studentships in their selection of junior counsel. To the public at large, we believe, the honours conferred by the Inns of Court are wholly unknown. Then something might be said about the arrangement and conduct of the examinations themselves; but this cannot be discussed in detail without risk of overmuch technicality for this place. This much we may remark in general terms; it is by no means self-evident that the same type of examination which is found effectual at the Universities for classics and mathematics is the best means, or a good means at all, of testing real knowledge in such a subject as English law.

For the reasons we have indicated, it seems to us that the multiplication of prizes in the Inns of Court is a mistake, and that no further advance should be made in that direction, but rather a gradual reduction should be aimed at. In particular, the prizes (not inconsiderable ones) given by the several Inns exclusively to their own students ought to be either discontinued or thrown into the common fund. There is no real analogy to college prizes or scholarships here. While the constitution of the Inns of Court retains anything like its present form, there is not and cannot be any real collegiate fellow-feeling among junior members of the same Inn; and a scholarship limited to students of Lincoln's Inn or the Inner Temple has even less to recommend it than an exhibition confined to founders' kin or to natives of a particular county. But it is far more important to get rid of the vicious notion that students will come to be taught only if the lectures are baited with money prizes—a notion which, to our mind, is the root of all the mischief and disappointment. The business of the Inns of Court is to form English lawyers, not to be able to point to so much money given away in prizes. If they could form good lawyers without any prizes at all (and we are far from sure that they could not), it would be all the better. There are plenty of other things for the money to do, such as bringing the libraries up to the level of modern scholarship, and keeping them there. Not one of these libraries is anything like as complete as it ought to be in colonial, American, and Continental jurisprudence, not to mention ordinary books of reference. In fact, there are far more vigorous and successful law schools in the United States than here. Why is this? Not because there are fellowships and scholarships to be got there (we believe that there are not any); but because American lawyers are persuaded that law is worth knowing, not by rule of thumb, but systematically, and that it can be systematically taught with real effect. Accordingly they search the best men they can for teachers, and trust the pupils to come. Professor Dicey spoke much to the purpose concerning this matter in his Oxford inaugural lecture last spring. We understand that the division between Pass and Honours in the Bar Examination is to be done away with: and this will be, so far, a good thing. But we should still more gladly see, if it were possible, a revival of the ancient system of exercises, either instead of examination or in conjunction with it, in a form adapted to modern usage. Finally, the Inns of Court should establish further and better relations with the Law Schools of the Universities than they have yet thought of doing. It would be to the profit of both parties. The proper function of the Universities in the teaching and development of law in this country is itself a topic of no small interest, but deserves and requires separate consideration.

ARCHITECTURE IN 1884.

THE sight of the Architectural Room at the Royal Academy fired us with the ambition of classifying, in imitation of Vitruvius and Rickman, those varieties of building which some enthusiasts tell us is the architecture of the future; while more quietly optimist votaries are content with claiming for it that it is the architecture of the present, and others again of perversely practical genius contend that it must be the architecture of the past, if it derives its name with any just title from Queen Anne. But we soon came to the conviction that the good news that the present one was, as the President proclaimed at the dinner, the last year on which architecture was to be housed at the Royal Academy in a cupboard, rendered this exhibition no fitting occasion for the attempt. We may still at some fitting season analyse those disconnected, if not discordant, phenomena which seem to rest their claim to the distinction of being a definite style on the attenuated continuity of a preference for red brick whenever half timber does not intrude with superior attractions; while at one end its professors touch the real, though late, Gothic of the contests of York and Lancaster, and with the other the equally real, but wholly modern, principles in fashion when the claimants for the Crown were named George and James.

Something may come of all this hurly-burly at some time or other; but at present the results are simply negative. In all the strife of tongues the one style which has not succeeded in keeping or winning back a lost supremacy is that of the most genuine classical school which looked to Greece for models, and which seemed to be unquestionably master of the situation sixty years ago.

Italian, which is in its origin Grecian, filtered first through imperial Rome and then through the Middle Ages, is making a better fight, but it can never keep quite clear of the inconsistencies which are inseparable from an imperfectly assured position. On the other hand, if he takes stock of all the mixed elements—Perpendicular, Tudor, Elizabethan, Renaissance, Jacobean, Dutch, Caroline, Queen Anne, and so forth—the candid critic will be driven to confess that, however inconsistently or capriciously exhibited, the modes of composition in connexion with, and modified by, construction which are now in vogue will have far more often to travel for their precedents to mediæval than to classical authorities.

If there is any sceptic who is hardy enough to doubt our anticipations, and deny that the after-Gothic may be capriciously conservative of the Gothic tradition, we have to send him for our vindication no further off than to the Health Exhibition. There he will find that clever show, the street of Old London; and, if he is a man accustomed to see with other people's eyes, he will go home believing that he has enjoyed the lifelike presentment of a bit of mediæval London. But the small residue who know enough and pry enough to reach personal intelligence will apprehend that what is presented to them, after abstraction has been made of a few specialties—such as the gate, the church, the balcony, and the house with the tourelle—is a collection of houses of the ripe sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries, inheriting, indeed, the gables of the middle ages, but made up of details which mainly represent the Italian Renaissance in various degrees of corruption, and yet remain absolutely un-Italian in the general effect. It is, in fact, not the London which welcomed Edward IV., but that which was burnt in 1666. Our critic will equally have to confess that, in the very improbable event of Italian—such as Sir Charles Barry, for instance, bequeathed it, or as it is now manipulated by the manufacturers of hotels—remaining master of the situation, it would be an Italian which carried in itself the seeds of its own dissolution, inasmuch as its energizing elements would be those of which Gothic is the more perfect representation, and its dead weight the beautiful but sterile anachronisms which it has inherited from the architecture of Greece.

Mr. Edis submits a large block of houses which are to fill the gap which has been made at the corner of Brook Street and Davis Street, designed in a smooth version of Elizabethan; while Mr. Ernest George, in the imposing pile which he places in Collingham Gardens, marries a conception in which Flamboyant is predominant to some Jacobean details; and Mr. Aitchison imports Italian feeling into the Dutch outline of a house in St. James's Square.

Mr. Blomfield's Gallery at Denton is a careful reproduction of Elizabethan originals; and Mr. Norman Shaw's Dawpool, Cheshire, treats in a quiet, broad, and therefore agreeable manner, and on a large scale, the theme of a Jacobean country house, with an outline recalling earlier Tudor. In his proposed façade and additions to Easton Lodge Mr. Young, as far as we can judge by the perspective, seems just to miss making a successful work. Messrs. Pugin's

additions to the old Palace at Mayfield alarm us. Mr. Rowland Anderson's Central Station Hotel at Glasgow has only the vulgar attribute of size. Mr. Maurice Adams's country house, near Sydney, lends itself to the climate without forgetting its English character. Mr. Waterhouse's Gothic staircase at Owens College, Manchester, is graceful, but the slender round pillars supporting the groining breathe a modern spirit. Mr. Waterhouse also shows the new wing which he is adding to his Cambridge Union, in continuation of his original design. Mr. Oldham's design for the Nottingham Municipal Buildings is oppressively huge; and Mr. Aston Webb spoils his Bedford County Club by a very modern balcony. Messrs. Romaine, Walker, and Tanner's residential flats at Albert Gate are big, but capricious and unimpressive, with strange details. Mr. Edward J. Prior's Manor Lodge, Harrow, is a huge broad-gabled fusion of Jacobean and Dutch; while Messrs. Hunt, Steward, and Y. F. Knight's Stuart House, in Cadogan Square, is an eclectic combination of Dutch, a little Jacobean, and a great deal of Queen Anne. Mr. Ernest Newton's Fremington House, North Devon, with its loaded pilasters and balustrades, breathes the spirit of George II. We should imagine that the court which Mr. Watson adds to Somerhill, Kent, will not spoil the older portion.

It is impossible to form an adequate opinion of Mr. George Gilbert Scott's new Roman Catholic Church at Norwich from a picturesque perspective of the interior of the nave; but it seems a large and stately structure in Early Pointed with the minster-like features of arcade, triforium, and clerestory, only the big round pillars recall those which so often appear in the Late Flamboyant of the Low Countries. Messrs. Hanson's minster at St. Mary Church is too indistinctly drawn and badly hung to admit of criticism. Mr. Ernest Lee's new church at Collier Row shows early feeling of composition joined to Perpendicular details. The tracery, approximating to double trannoms, is more quaint than satisfactory. We approve the east end of Mr. Lee's church at Brentwood. We trust that Mr. Sedding justifies the flying buttresses of his church at Sunbury by internal groining. Mr. Blomfeld in his new church at Portsea has recourse to regulation Perpendicular in a design which is dignified but cold, while Mr. Brooks's minster-like church at Coppehhallp resents, as is usual with him, early features. Mr. Hugh R. Gough's Church of St. Cuthbert, in South Kensington, shows study. Mr. Herbert Booth's dandified view of a proposed moorside church, and Mr. Carröe's savage octagonal church for Swedish worship at Liverpool, stand at opposite poles, and neither of them is to be commended. The reredos and altar in the Bishop of Durham's chapel at Auckland Castle, by Mr. Dodgson Fowler, are rich and appropriate to their situation. Mr. J. Gregory Crace has the courage to offer a suggestion for the coloured decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral—one more. A few designs for internal decoration and for painted glass are exhibited, but no one of them calls for particular observation.

CHRISTIANITY WITHOUT CREEDS.

THE remarkable address delivered by Lord Salisbury on Tuesday last at the annual meeting of the National Society has an interest beyond the special occasion and immediate purpose which evoked it. As regards Lord Salisbury himself we may just observe in passing that it serves, whether by accident or design, to correct the interpretation put the other day by the *Guardian* on what it called "the perhaps purposely vague and somewhat confused language" of his recent "electioneering speech" at Plymouth. Whatever may have been the precise purport of what he then said, it is hardly conceivable that he can have meant to assert, or imply, as his critic imagined, that there is no essential difference in religious belief between the Church of England and the Dissenting bodies. For it would be difficult to emphasize more forcibly the vital importance of dogmatic, or, as it is called in modern phrase, denominational, teaching than he did in his speech last Tuesday in vindication of the claims of the great Society founded "for promoting the education of the poor in the principles of the Established Church." There was indeed much in his speech to recall that made on a somewhat analogous occasion the week before by Cardinal Manning. We are not however concerned here so much with the speaker as with the speech, or rather the subject of it, the practical importance of which at the present day it would not be easy to exaggerate. The great contest over the body, not of the dead Patroclus but of the rising generation of Christian youth, is a phenomenon, as Lord Salisbury began by pointing out, not of English but European significance. "We are," he said—the italics are our own—"maintaining that it is an essential part of education that religion *in its entirety—as a matter of dogma as well as a matter of morality*—should be taught to the young; but that is a doctrine against which many enemies are now raised"; and hence the National Society "is the bearer of a flag," and "has cast upon it, by the character of the time we are passing through, a special duty." And that speciality of the age is exemplified in other countries, notably in France and Belgium, as well as in England; but with a certain difference. Lord Salisbury considered—and we fear rightly—that the antagonism to religious education in foreign countries is mainly prompted by a direct hostility to revelation, and a fanatical desire "to drive revealed religion out of the field altogether." There can be no mistake indeed about the feeling of a man like M. Paul Bert on the subject. In England, as he added, there is also such a party, but it is happily as yet in a small minority. The particular form of opposition which threatens us here is not perhaps less serious, but it is of a somewhat different kind. Our education is not, we are assured, to be made irreligious—far from it—but it is to be "mixed"; and all experience conspires to confirm the justice of a criticism passed long ago on that view of the matter, that those are usually most zealous in advocating mixed education—in a religious sense—who have least of their own to mix. Lord Salisbury summed up the case of that class of educational theorists with admirable point and conciseness.

We quite agree with him in thinking that the immediate danger to the cause of all religious education which deserves the name lies rather in the ingenious subterfuges and subtle machinations of that school of "sublimated" doctrinaires—who either do not care to ascertain the inevitable tendencies of the system they recommend, or do not choose to show all their hand—than in the open and avowed hostility of the "larger school, who are enthusiasts for secular education," pure and simple. And the point is one which will bear dwelling upon. It comes of course most prominently to the surface in connexion with Board schools, and while Lord Salisbury wisely disclaimed any wish "to set up the National Society as an enemy to School Boards in all conditions and all places"—because there are considerable districts where no education of any kind can be provided without them—he had a good deal to say on the unequal and arbitrary working of the Education Act in the conflict which often arises between the two systems. And he insisted with perfect truth that the strong sense of injustice provoked by their unequal working, on grounds both fiscal and moral, is by no means confined to the Church of England, but is shared by other religious bodies in the country, especially the Wesleyans and Roman Catholics. Into the details of this part of the question however we do not propose to follow him here. But there are in the present day so many men of some influence—including even a small but active clique of very "Broad Church" clergymen—who throw their whole weight into the scale of the "refined and sublimated essence" theory of religious training, that it becomes worth while to inquire what is likely to be the practical upshot of that ingenious process of reiterated "filtration" in which Lord Salisbury discerns—and we cannot doubt rightly discerns—the complete "frustration of the ends of religious teaching altogether." And first a word may be said of the actual method, as set forth in a return just issued by order of the House of Lords, of administering this "sublimated" or "filtrated" decoction of "all things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health" in Board schools. There is of course a wide diversity of practice in matters left open by the law. Thus in some Board schools the Bible is not read at all, but in most it is, sometimes with, sometimes without comment—on which the natural observation to make is, that one hardly knows how to decide which plan is the most objectionable. The Bible read without comment is too apt to be degraded into a mere lesson-book, if not a spelling-book. The Bible read with the random and irresponsible explanations of a body of men—not inaptly described by Lord Beaconsfield, when the School Board scheme was started, as "a new sacerdotal class," with none of the restrictions, training, and guarantees of the old one—who may range from the extremest type of Ultramontanism to the extremest type of Agnosticism, is sure to give a very uncertain, if not wholly unintelligible, sound, and the best that can be hoped of such teaching is that it may be too nebulous and colourless to leave any permanent impression on the mind of the taught. In about two-thirds of the schools some kind of prayers are used, and in many hymns are also sung, which last appear often to take the rather irrelevant form of "Grace before" and "Grace after meat." In some the Ten Commandments are taught—which is legitimate, as they occur in the Bible—and in about fifty the Apostles' Creed is taught also, which is distinctly against the letter of the Act prohibiting all formularies of particular denominations, for the "formulary" in question happens to appertain to two pretty considerable "denominations" in the country—namely, the Church of England and the Church of Rome. In one school the Church Catechism is used, also in defiance of the law. One Board expressly forbids the master to make any allusion to the Sacraments, while another forbids his giving any explanation of the sixth chapter of St. John, which is usually held to contain an inconvenient reference to the Eucharist. One Board requires the children to be taught "at least" the Creed, Lord's Prayer, and Decalogue, while another devolves the daily religious instruction on "the minister and Churchwardens." But this coquetting with the forbidden thing in the shape of dogma is of course very exceptional. The general rule is Bible reading only, with or without comment. By some Boards no provision is made for any religious instruction or worship, and by several—in Wales especially—it is directly prohibited; but we have the consoling assurance that in some at least of these "morals, based on our common Christianity"—which must be very "common" indeed, where the Bible is tabooed as too "sectarian"—"are occasionally inculcated." It would be really interesting to hear something of the method and results of this "occasional" inculcation of unsectarian Christian ethics. Is any portion of the Sermon on the Mount for instance sufficiently "common" to be included in the course, or is the young idea nurtured on a scientific appreciation of "altruism"? On the whole the system might fitly be labelled with the motto M. Renan has chosen for his forthcoming collection of *Lectures Pieuses*, a series of elegant

extracts from his more devotional writings adapted to the fifty-two Sundays of the Church Calendar. It might perhaps indeed be found convenient to introduce an English version of this new *Christian Year*, as a religious text-book, into Board Schools which reject the Bible as too sectarian a work for the purpose.

And now as to the effects of this filtrated quintessence of Christianity on "both the child and the teacher," as Lord Salisbury puts it. One cannot help seeing at once that the teacher or priest of the new religion has a very anomalous office thrust upon him. If indeed he has no belief of his own, the case is simplified, as far as he is concerned. But whether he has or not, he will do wisely to confine himself, if he wishes to avoid breaking the law or treading on somebody's corns at every turn, to a little picturesque delineation of the history and geography of Palestine. And no doubt that is just about what the filtrated or sublimated essence usually comes to. But let us suppose that the teacher has some definite belief of his own, whether orthodox or the reverse, and we will instance a few leading doctrines of large Christian "denominations," of which some may be true, but some must certainly be false, as they contradict each other. Suppose then our master to be an honest Anglican, who believes *inter alia* the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation, as fundamental verities of the Gospel. There are many passages in the New Testament which must necessarily appear to him to inculcate or imply those fundamental verities so plainly that he who runs may read; and it is hard to see how as an upright and conscientious man he can refrain from expounding them in that sense, when they are read. But they are clearly no part of the sublimated essence—on the contrary, they are terribly "sectarian," and he is bound to hold his tongue about them. Or take, on the other hand, the case of a conscientious Socinian. He is of course well aware how these same passages are understood by the great majority of religionists, and he holds their interpretation to be a fundamental perversion of the true sense of revelation. Surely, when they are read in school, he ought to utter a word in season to guard the minds of his youthful hearers against so prevalent and dangerous an error. But that too would be only another form of sectarian teaching, and he must confine himself to the "inoffensive residuum." Or let him be a Baptist, who holds the immersion of adults necessary to salvation. There are passages in the New Testament open to such an interpretation, though by the immense majority of Christians they are not so interpreted. Is it not his solemn duty to impress on his class the real bearing of Scripture on a matter of such vast moment? But he would soon find his place in a Board School know him no more if he discharged it. It is not perhaps very likely that any Roman Catholic would undertake such an office, but it is quite conceivable in the abstract. He firmly believes of course *inter alia* the doctrine of Transubstantiation, which holds a prominent place in the faith and worship of his Church. Here again there are passages of Scripture which are generally allowed to give at least some *prima facie* countenance to the doctrine, as *e.g.* in that sixth chapter of St. John, which some School Boards consider such a very ticklish affair that they will not permit a single word to be said about it. For our Roman Catholic schoolmaster these passages have and can have one meaning, and one only, and that a very important one; but he must pass them over in dead silence, if he wishes to retain his post for another week. In all such cases—and the examples might be multiplied indefinitely, but these will suffice for our purpose—it is surely too evident to need or admit of discussion that, as Lord Salisbury phrased it, the attempt to escape from controverted questions by reticence must destroy the enthusiasm of the teacher as well as dissipate the faith of the child. And meanwhile, if there be any force in the old saying *Scriptura est sensus Scripturæ*, it is plain that this residual or filtrated essence of Scripture is in the eyes of those who hold any real beliefs at all—whether Catholic, Wesleyan, Baptist, or what you will—not Scriptural teaching, but a mere travesty of it. At the best, and if it contains nothing positively erroneous in their view—which is not very probable—it is *Hamlet* with the Prince of Denmark left out. There are those no doubt to whom the "sweet reasonableness" of such a creedless—we were going to say faith, but that term is obviously incongruous—such a creedless cult presents peculiar charms, but they are mostly persons who prefer reason alone to any form of faith. To believers, who take any pains to analyse the nature of their belief, it will appear that a Christianity filtrated of all its dogmas is a Christianity so enlightened as to be able to dispense with Christ. How far the occasional or even habitual inculcation of "morals based upon our common Christianity" would avail to fill the void is too wide a question to enter upon in detail here; but most Christians have no confidence in the sublimated ingenuities of "the moral teaching of the Gospel" divorced from its dogmas, and can anticipate nothing but disastrous failure from the inculcation, whether in pulpit or schoolroom, of Christianity without the creeds.

THE THRESHOLD OF THE UNKNOWN REGION.

MR. CLEMENTS MARKHAM must forgive us for borrowing his admirable title, but no other words can so fitly describe that part of the earth which was reached last year by Mr. W. W. Graham, the Himalayan traveller, who described his remarkable journey in a paper read before the Geographical Society last week. Strange to say, it has received but little notice. The *Pall Mall Gazette* gave an excellent *précis* of it; but otherwise it has not been much spoken of, which is singular, as it was a striking narrative of adventure and exploration. Mr. Graham made several extraordinary ascents, and in the greatest of these reached a point higher by 1,700 feet than had ever before been attained on the earth's surface. He showed that men, or at all events some men, can breathe and climb with perfect ease at a height at which it has been generally thought that respiration must be impeded and much oppression felt; and, standing near the threshold of that unexplored and previously unapproached region which is certainly the mightiest mountain district in our globe, he descried two summits higher than that which has hitherto been supposed to be the highest peak in the world, but must now, to use the graceful American expression which he has aptly quoted, take a back seat.

To explain the significance of what he did it is necessary to state some facts well established, but not popularly known, respecting Himalayan geography. The great range running roughly N.W. and S.E. in which rise Mount Everest, Kangchinjanga, and Dhaolagiri, is not, as might naturally be supposed, the true divide of that part of the continent. In places rivers cut completely through it, flowing from some range behind which must constitute the true watershed. Now it is scarcely possible to doubt that this inner range is in the main higher than what we know as the Himalayas; and, although it may not be absolutely certain, it is to say the least extremely probable, that some of its peaks are higher than the loftiest of the outer chain. That higher peaks than any yet measured might be found north of Mount Everest occurred some time ago to General Thuillier, and there have been other surmises as to their existence, and even vague statements of wonderful summits having been seen; but until Mr. Graham's expedition nothing was known respecting these supreme mountains that could, in the widest sense of the word, be called definite. That traveller, as need hardly be said, made no attempt to reach the unknown range; and, indeed, to do so with Nepal and Thibet closed, as they are now, would be almost impossible. His object was to explore and ascend some of the higher Himalayas, and it was in the course of his exploration that he drew near to the threshold of the unknown region, and at a great height saw a second and higher range and two summits, to all seeming loftier than Mount Everest. How long it may be before any traveller reaches even the foot of one of them it is impossible to say; but in getting well within sight of them Mr. Graham has done more than any one has ever done before, and it would be difficult to find in modern travel an incident more striking than this first glimpse of the heart of the mighty and mysterious range.

The ascent of Kabru, from which he saw these summits, was the last which he made in the Himalayas, and was indeed the culminating feat of his expedition. The previous part of it, however, had been full of interest, and the traveller certainly showed great enterprise and courage, and very remarkable powers of endurance. His first ascent was made in Sikkim, where, starting from the summit of the Kangla Pass, leading into Nepal, he made his first attack on the Himalayas, ascending a peak which he estimated as being over 20,000 feet high. After this he reached the great glacier which flows east from Kangchinjanga, and then he returned to lower ground. His next exploit was in Kumaon, whither he went with the famous Grindelwald mountaineer Herr Emil Boss and the excellent guide Ulrich Kauffmann to aid him. In his first attempt in this district he failed, but failed magnificently, as on Dunagiri, 23,186 feet high, he reached an elevation of quite 22,700 feet before a pitiless storm made further progress impossible. Such a height had never been attained on the earth's surface before, and, according to commonly accepted beliefs, the climbers should have suffered greatly from the rarity of the air. It appears, however, that they did not suffer at all. Mr. Graham says that headaches, nausea, bleeding at the nose, and temporary loss of sight and hearing were conspicuous only by their absence, and that the only organ perceptibly affected was the heart, of which the beating became quite audible. This statement, to which we have before drawn attention, excited considerable surprise at the Royal Geographical Society, when he read his paper there; but there can be no doubt as to its accuracy, and possibly there is one fact hitherto unnoticed which may serve partly to explain it. It may be remembered that Mr. Whymper, when first on Chimborazo, suffered greatly from the rarefied air; but that in a short time he grew quite accustomed to it and felt no more trouble. Mr. Graham and his companions had to cross extremely arduous passes, with cols as high as 18,000 feet, to get to their mountains. They were, therefore, thoroughly trained, and, to a certain extent, inured to the effect of thin air. At the same time it is now obvious that the universal effect of thin air on the human frame has been much exaggerated; that, at altitudes where it has been hitherto thought that any one must feel most faint and weak, young and really strong men can do hard work; and that indisputable fact has very roughly shaken hypothesis—we had almost said theory—on this subject.

After this attempt on Dunagiri, Mr. Graham ascended a peak 22,516 feet high, and got to the foot of Nanda Devi, but was prevented from trying it by the misconduct of his coolies, who deserted him, and by the hideous difficulty of the gorge at its base. He left Kumaon, and later on, in the autumn of the year, revisited Sikkim, where, after ascending Cubonu, 21,300 feet high, he and his companions accomplished what is, by a considerable degree, the most remarkable mountain feat on record, as they

reached the summit of Kabru, which, according to the Trigonometrical Survey of India, is 24,015 feet above the level of the sea. Marvellous, however, as their achievement was, the ascent of the mountain is not, to our mind, so remarkable as the view which it gave them of the unknown region. On the lower summit, 23,700 feet high, and only 5,300 feet, therefore, below Mount Everest, they were able to see over its northern shoulder mountain-tops which its huge spurs had previously hidden from all others. At this point Mr. Graham pointed out Everest to Emil Boss as the highest mountain in the world. "That cannot be," said Boss, "those are higher"—pointing to two peaks which towered far above the second and more distant range, and showed over the northern slope of Everest." Looking carefully, the other two agreed. Of course all three may have been wrong; but it is extremely improbable that such practised observers were wrong; and, moreover, as the peaks were further off than Mount Everest, if they seemed higher than that mountain, they must in reality be considerably higher. Emil Boss has assured the present writer that he has no doubt whatever on the subject, and that he should be glad to conduct an Indian surveyor to the point from which he could observe the range, feeling certain as to the result of observation. There can then be no real ground for hesitation in accepting Mr. Graham's statement, and very striking are the results of his expedition in the Himalayas. He and his companions got into the very heart of the chain, and made, under circumstances of considerable difficulty, some daring and most remarkable expeditions; and, having approached the threshold of the unknown region, they saw the great peaks of the highest range on the surface of the earth, concerning which we know at present considerably less than we do of the mountains in the moon.

THE MEISSONIER EXHIBITION.

IT is not long since that a Correspondent of the *Times*, writing upon art matters from Paris, announced that he had discovered what he called a "paradox." It was this—that the French are a people who live in very small rooms, but admire very big pictures. Much pondering this oracle in our hearts, and wondering what it might exactly mean, we found ourselves unconsciously comparing it to the delightful paradox with which a wit once puzzled half the world. "Sydney Smith said to Horace Walpole: 'How is it that you are so fond of green vegetables, although you live at Twickenham?' Horace laughed at the jest, but never forgave the sarcasm." Better still, in its perpetual suggestion of some meaning in nonsense which as perpetually escapes one, is the true story of Sydney Smith, whose patience was once fairly exhausted at table by a succession of vapid questions which a lady who was his neighbour persisted in asking him. "Oh, Mr. Smith," she said at last, "can you tell me why they have made the spaces between the park railings so much narrower?" He looked at her steadily, and he spoke deliberately. "Because, madam, such very fat people used to get through." She reflected on the answer for the rest of the evening, and durst ask him no more questions. The author of the *Times*' paradox must, we feel sure, belong to some such school of waggery as this. How it is that people living in small rooms can admire big pictures, is a reflection which, once forced upon the philosophic mind, will cause it ceaseless inward exercise. Perhaps they ought logically to have no space to hang them in. Still more searching will the reflection become, should the two pillars of the paradox once seem unsound. What if it should be doubtful if the French, as a rule, either live in smaller rooms or admire bigger pictures than other people?

To judge from the exhibition of the pictures of Meissonier, lately opened in the Rue de Sèze, we should suspect the reverse to be the case. Certainly, to parody Touchstone on the beef and mustard, in this instance the room is big, and the pictures are small. Meissonier's name has been fifty years before the world; and in this collection of his work, made for a public charity, one of his friends has happily said with French point that he and his pencil celebrate their golden wedding. It may not be literally true if, as we believe, his first exhibited work, "Le Petit Messager," was seen in 1836. But it is near enough; and it is possible that the painter, now upwards of seventy, may have produced, earlier than that, work which did not attract attention. However that may be, the qualities which then won admiration for Meissonier were those which have most distinguished him ever since, and won him the especial name which he bears among cotemporary painters. "Like a Meissonier" conveys a meaning to everybody; and refinement and exactness, coupled with a generous glow of colour, are what it differentiates. In every art there is more or less of reproduction; and success, and what is called originality, depend far more on the treatment and the absorption of materials than on the literal novelty of the materials themselves. Meissonier must have sate in thought at the feet of Mieris, and studied in the school of Terburg, to make of himself the incomparable miniaturist which, without much injustice, he has been called. Many think that he has improved on both.

This sameness of subject and method which, unavoidably, and without shadow of blame, as it seems to us, must distinguish the work, and not in painting only, of all artists but the very highest, endowed with the highest gifts of creation—brings, as we think, the artist to an unfair test in the shape of comparison with nobody but himself. We should be slow to recommend to a student of fiction a "course" even of so great a writer as Thackeray; but after he had assimilated *Vanity Fair* should advise an example of Dickens, sincerely believing that in all arts there is no road to love and knowledge so true as the study of contrast, of cotemporary contrast especially. On the same ground we do not profess any liking for these separate exhibitions of the works of a particular painter which have become so much the fashion of late, and nowhere more than in England. Neither the collection of Constables, nor of Reynoldses, nor of Pooles, nor of Rossettis, has left on many people, great as may have been the different degrees of pleasure to be derived from them, a more marked impression than that of monotony. With so singular a performer as the last-named, it appears to us impossible but that his most thorough-going admirers must for a time have been haunted by occasional nightmares, as of falling in, somewhere in Dantesque or Hugonic regions of middle air. So, too, with Meissonier. Those who appreciate him most—and we believe that we number ourselves among them—must, as we think, have feared, as those who advised the exhibition should have felt, that the very qualities of his work are those which would be likely to suffer most by the policy of isolation. The greatest epicurean can hardly have dined wholly upon claret and olives without regretting it. Even those who love strong fare, and partook of the famous horse-dinner at the Longham Hotel, where everything, the fish included, was of some kind of horse, were reported at the time not to have eaten much horse afterwards. Now the monotony of Meissonier, well as we thought we knew him, struck us more forcibly in the Rue de Sèze than we could have believed possible, and very unfair to the painter such an impression seems to us to be. For why should a man of high qualities be monotonous for using them?—Meissonier any more than Thackeray? Yet there the monotony is. The catalogue contains, for instance, under more or less of aliases, ten pictures called "The Reading Boy." The number of cavaliers hesitating before ladies' rooms, the number of hallebardiers with the same beards and cloaks; the number of people playing chess or trictrac in moods either meditative or quarrelsome; the number of painters being criticized in their studios by the Snarls and Soapers of their times; the number of First Napoleons with the one post-Moscow expression that he seems, in painting and sculpture, always to have worn (did he never change his hat?), passes all cataloguing. Relieved by a few Brions and Dumas, we do not know that we should have felt this at all. As it is, there is but one thing to relieve the sense of monotony—the adroit stage management, if we may use the word, which has contrasted the different colours and subjects by careful arrangement, as far as it can be done. In one instance particularly, where an impressive and desolate snow scene is sharply set against a rich burst of cavalier mantle and colour hung above it, the effect is fine. To ourselves there is nothing which seems so wanting as this sense in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. We speak with the fear of the Admirationists before our eyes, who at its annual dinners raise us into the seventh heaven. Their speeches, at all events, are quite beautiful, and to good-humoured cynics are apt to recall the strophes and antistrophes of Æschylus, with an unconscious dash of Aristophanes. If only the pictures all matched as well! βρεκεκεκὲξ κοὰξ κοάξ! Before they arrange their wares next year, we wish that the Academicians would call in Mr. Augustus Harris.

We have left ourselves no space to dwell (nor need we) on the individual power and gifts of Meissonier. No man might ever have said of himself so truly, "Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre." He has spoken for himself for years, to us as to others; and the virtues of "La Rixe" or "Le Portrait du Sergent" will not suffer from criticism or time. These two and the "Lecture chez Diderot" are the gems of the collection, for if in portrait-painting the artist's failure is conspicuous, he is wonderful in these pocket-dramas. He is happy in having been born at a date when painting had been freed from the conventional and so-called classic fetters which, with the terrible "Radeau de la Méduse" and the school which it brought into being, Géricault shattered for ever, doing what Hugo and Dumas did for literature. Not often have the Volsces in Corioli been fluttered by such eagles in a dovecote as these. But in conclusion we should like to call attention to one of Meissonier's highest merits—his extraordinary "power of taking pains." We have no space to quote; but Mr. F. G. Stephens's book upon *Flemish and French Pictures* contains a very interesting account of it. How he secured fidelity for a battle snow piece by modelling his guns and roads and the very lie of the ground, and even devising especial means to reproduce the effect of snow-light in his studio, is a lesson to all men. For if, like most definitions, it is the merest mistake to define genius as a power of taking pains, there is small doubt of the power which painstaking may have in leading genius to lasting fame and success. So it has done with Meissonier.

RECENT RACING.

THE week between Epsom and Ascot races used to be a time of comparative quiet in the racing world, but now one of the most valuable handicaps of the season is run for on the Thursday after the Derby week. The Manchester Cup may indeed be said to put all other handicaps into the shade, for 2,000*l.* are added to a sweepstakes of 25*l.* each. Florence, who had run wretchedly

both in the Lincolnshire Handicap and the City and Suburban, won easily by four lengths. Robertson, who had run second for the Manchester November Handicap, was again second, and Corrie Roy was again next to Robertson, but behind him this time, instead of in front of him. Florence belongs to the owner of St. Gatien, and she was ridden by S. Loates, who rode that horse in the Derby. The day following that on which the Manchester Cup was run, she still further proved her power by winning the De Trafford Welter Cup when giving from a stone to 2 st. 5 lbs. to each of her opponents. For the Whitsuntide Plate of 2,000*l.* for two-year-olds, at Manchester, more than 2 to 1 was laid on the Duke of Portland's Rosy Morn, the winner of the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom; but he was easily beaten by Cora, a filly by Uncas, that had won the Sandown Two-Year-Old Stakes. We may add that Cora has been beaten, in her turn, this week, by Present Times, Laverock, and Vacillation, at Windsor, in the Royal Stakes. While writing on the subject of Manchester races, we may observe that, according to the plans for the Ship Canal, the present racecourse is to become the site of the great docks for Manchester.

But it was not only at Manchester that there was good racing during the week between Epsom and Ascot. At Sandown there was a splendid race for the Derby. Superba, who had made a good race with Busybody in the Oaks, receiving a beating by but half a length, was made first favourite, although she was carrying 7 lbs. extra, and odds of 6 to 4 were laid upon her; but Darlington, against whom 20 to 1 would have been laid, if asked for, ran her to a head. Camlet was only a neck behind Darlington, and the Sister to Adelaide colt, now named Gordon, was close up.

The race for the Grand Prix de Paris was less interesting than usual this year. It shared much the same fate as our own Derby, which suffered considerably through the absence of some of the best three-year-olds of the season. Eight horses went to the post, and Little Duck, the favourite, won in a canter by five lengths from The Lambkin. The weather was wretched; the sky was cloudy, the roads in the Bois de Boulogne were a sea of mud, and there were heavy showers. Little Duck is a fine horse by She Saw, out of Little Drum, by Rataplan. Although actually born in France, his birth took place soon after his dam's arrival in that country, and his sire was and still remains in England, so we may fairly claim at least a share in the honours of the Grand Prix this year.

Ascot races are notorious for the defeats of favourites, and the late meeting helped to keep up this evil reputation. As is usual at Ascot, backers "plunged" freely, laying odds in many cases; but on both the Tuesday and the Wednesday the favourite only won once in seven races, and if a backer had put a hundred pounds on the favourite for every race during the meeting, he would have lost between fourteen and fifteen hundred pounds. A similar investment at Ascot last year would have returned a gain of several hundred pounds. For the opening race, 3 to 1 was laid on Thebais, 7 to 2 against Toastmaster, and 20 to 1 against Legacy. Backers could not have blundered more egregiously, if they had tried; for the result was exactly "the other way about," Legacy winning by a couple of lengths, while Toastmaster beat Thebais by a head. Nothing daunted, backers laid odds again for the next race—the Gold Vase—on Corrie Roy. The mare was meeting St. Gatien, one of the heroes of the Derby, on about 10 lbs. better terms than weight for age, and she was receiving a stone and a pound from Tristan. Kinsky was the only other starter. Tristan showed temper at the post, but went away in a fairly good humour when once they started. Archer made strong running on Corrie Roy for about a mile and a half; at the bend both Tristan and St. Gatien went up to her heels, and in coming up the straight Tristan took a slight lead; but at the distance Corrie Roy repassed him. Soon afterwards, Wood made his effort with St. Gatien, who beat the two cracks without difficulty, and won by four lengths.

The Prince of Wales's Stakes is generally one of the most important three-year-old races of the season, and winners of the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the Oaks often run for it. This year it had been expected that Harvester and Busybody would meet in it; but, to the great disappointment of the public, neither of them appeared; and Talisman, who had been sixth for the Derby, represented the best public form of all the starters. Beauchamp was second favourite; Sir Reuben, who had only run once before in public—in the Woodcote Stakes last year, when he was unplaced—was third favourite, and Hermitage, with a few more pounds on his back than any of his opponents, was the least fancied of the party. There were no other starters, and the field was the smallest in the history of the race. Talisman made the running, but at the distance the four horses formed into a line, and for a few strides there was a pretty race. Talisman then gave up trying in a very cowardly fashion, and Sir Reuben won by three lengths. It is said that 5,000*l.* to 1,000*l.* had been taken in one bet about the winner. Sir Reuben, who is by Doncaster—a stallion which the Duke of Westminster purchased for 14,000*l.*, and sold the other day to the Hungarian Government for 5,000*l.*—belongs to Lord Manners, and was ridden by Wood. The Prince of Wales's Stakes has seldom turned out a poorer affair; and, considering its high promises, it has been the most disappointing race of the season. The Biennial for two-year-olds found the backers again laying odds on the wrong horse. Nearly 3 to 1 was laid on Lord Cadogan's filly Lonely; but she ran very badly, and the race was won easily by Lord Allington's colt by Beauclerc out of Stella. The winner had never run in public before, and 8 to 1 was laid against him at the start. He will have plenty of opportunities of distinguishing himself, as he is entered for the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger of next year. Only half a dozen horses came out for the Ascot Stakes, and Regain and Keir were made first and second favourites. Regain made the running for more than a mile and a half of the two-mile course, when he appeared distressed by the pace and gave up the lead. Narcissa and Gonfalon then raced away together; but Greenbank, who had found some difficulty in getting an opening, made a rush as they were running in, and catching the leaders in the last hundred yards won by a length. Greenbank belongs to Mr. Jardine, who has now won the Ascot Stakes five years running. At last the backers picked out a winner in a Maiden Plate; but they were wrong again in the Triennial Stakes, for which they selected The Prince. The two-mile course was probably too long for him with 5 lbs. extra on his back, and the race was won by Hamako, the winner of the Free Handicap Sweepstakes of last year.

The greatest certainty of the Wednesday appeared to be the Coronation Stakes, which stood first on the list. Queen Adelaide, who, in the opinion of many people, would have won the Derby if she had not been shut in, was only opposed by Sandiway, a filly that had been about a couple of lengths behind her in the race for the One Thousand Guineas, and Thirlmere and Tombola, who were mere platers. All things considered, the odds of 9 to 4 which were laid on the favourite did not seem excessive. But the hammering on the hard ground at Epsom in the Derby and the Oaks probably had had a more serious effect upon the filly than was supposed, for she was beaten below the distance, and Sandiway won the 2,200*l.* for the Duke of Westminster in a common canter. In the Visitors' Plate another mistake was made, for Disfranchise was chosen as first favourite, and Polemic, to whom he was giving 12 lbs., beat him by a head. The Fern Hill Stakes for two and three-year-olds brought out a small field. The unbeaten Cherry, Bedouin, who won the Earl Spencer's Plate at Northampton, and ran nowhere in the Derby, and Whitelock, who had been third for the One Thousand, a length behind Queen Adelaide and half a length further behind Busybody, represented the three-year-olds; while Grecian Bride, the winner of the Stanley Stakes at Epsom, was the only two-year-old. Cherry was the first favourite, and Archer made the running with her; but about a quarter of a mile from the winning-post Cannon brought Bedouin up, and the two famous jockeys had one of their usual battles. This time Cannon had the best of it, and he won, pretty easily at last, by a neck. Cherry ran gamely; but it is probable that she was not quite herself. Grecian Bride was a length behind her, and was running very well at the finish. The short course suited Bedouin; and, if the distance had been much longer, the result might have been different. The field for the Royal Hunt Cup was the smallest that had ever run for that race since its institution more than forty years ago. Only sixteen horses went to the post, and Duke of Richmond was made the favourite, although he had 8st. to carry—a very heavy weight for a three-year-old, especially for a rather small colt. He ran well; but his weight told very much in the last hundred yards. Acrostic, to whom he was giving a year and 23 lbs., beat him by a length. The Duke of Westminster's Donatello was looked upon as almost a certainty for the Triennial, chiefly on the strength of his form at Chester, where he won a couple of races; but even in Archer's hands he refused to struggle at the finish, and the race was won by The Dauphin, a well-shaped and promising colt by Childeric, against whom 12 to 1 had been laid at the start. At last the backers hit on the right horse in the Ascot Derby; but even then they only just landed their money. It was a beautiful race. Brest—who had been unplaced in the Grand Prix—won by a head; while Cambusmore and Pontiac ran a dead heat for second place. Brest was giving 8 lbs. to each of the dead-heaters. In the last race it was the old story of a hot favourite easily beaten. The first horse in the betting was last in the race, and the first horse in the race had been the last in the betting.

The backers had rather better luck on the Cup day, for they discovered two winners in seven races. They made a blunder in selecting Caltha for the New Biennial, as the race was won by Fritz, who ran well last season with Queen Adelaide, Busybody, and Reprieve, and was a Derby favourite until a severe attack of influenza affected his breathing. On public form he ought to have been first favourite, and the T.Y.C. course was well suited to a horse that made a noise. The learned were wrong again in the next race—the St. James's Palace Stakes—for which they chose Mr. Chaplin's colt by Hermit out of Departure's dam, who it was thought must win a big race because he had been bought in at an enormous price as a yearling. Among his opponents were Cambusmore and Pontiac, the two horses that had run a dead heat for second place in the Ascot Derby on the Wednesday. The distance was better suited to Cambusmore in the St. James's Palace Stakes than in the Ascot Derby, and he won the 1,850*l.* for the Duke of Westminster in a canter by five lengths from Talisman; while Royal Fern, who had shown some of the best three-year-old form in the spring, was a bad third. Odds were laid on Lucerne for the Biennial, but here again a mistake was made, for, after an exceedingly fine finish, Giles, on Corneille, snatched the race by a head from Lucerne, and by more than half a length from Nautilus, the two last-named horses being ridden by the crack jockeys, Cannon and Archer. Then came the great race of the day, the Ascot Cup. The famous three-year-old St. Simon, who was first favourite, was opposed by his public trial horse Tristan, by the noted stayer Faugh-a-ballagh, by Friday, a

winner of the Goodwood Cup, and by his owner's second horse Iambic. There was some difficulty in getting Tristan to the post, but once there, he behaved well, and he ran without any attempt at bolting. At the hotel turn Faugh-a-ballagh and Tristan went to the front and made the running. After they had gone about two miles, Faugh-a-ballagh was beaten, and as they rounded the turn into the straight, Wood, on St. Simon, began to hunt down Webb, on Tristan. The two horses were soon side by side, but St. Simon had no difficulty in leaving Tristan, and he won by about twenty lengths, as Webb eased his horse when he found he could not win. There is much force in the argument that St. Simon would have won the Derby because he has done more with Tristan than did St. Gatien; but we must remember that, if Tristan's form this season is to be trusted, not only St. Simon, but St. Gatien, must be considerably better than the three-year-olds of average years, which was far from being the general opinion on the Derby day. For the time being, at any rate, St. Simon is the hero of the British Turf. In the All-Aged Stakes the favourite won again, but only two horses started, Gehcimniss and Despair, and the former had it all her own way, winning by many lengths. Langwell, who cost 1,150 guineas as a yearling, was favourite for the New Stakes for two-year-olds; but, although he is considered by some good judges to be one of the best-looking colts of the year, he was unplaced, the race being won by Lord Hastings's Melton. Backers preferred Chislehurst to Lucerne for the Rous Memorial Stakes, as the last-named horse had disappointed them earlier in the afternoon; but, as if out of sheer spite, he won this time, and easily, by two lengths.

Gehcimniss gained a second victory in the Queen's Stand Plate on the Friday, which she won in a canter after starting first favourite. The Hardwicke Stakes brought out Tristan, who had won that race in the two preceding years; but Harvester was made the favourite, and Waterford, who had been fourth in the Derby, and was now receiving 10 lbs. from Harvester, was second favourite. Condor made the running as far as the entrance to the old course, where Waterford took the lead. When they came into the straight, Quicklime and Tristan were at Waterford's heels; but Archer was already urging the favourite to hasten his speed. At the distance Tristan went up to Waterford, and after hanging a little as if he were half inclined to swerve, he ran on gamely and won by a length. Harvester was a bad third; but it is quite impossible to believe that this can have been his true form. Duke of Richmond was a strong favourite for the Wokingham Stakes; but he was destined to be second twice in the week, for he gave way to Energy at the last moment, and lost the race by a length. Florence, who had won the Cup and the Trafford Welter race at Manchester, confirmed that excellent form by winning the High-Weight Plate in a canter, although giving as much as 23 lbs. to horses of her own age. Such running as this makes her wretched performances in the spring quite inexplicable. For the Alexandra Plate, Faugh-a-ballagh, who won that race last year, was opposed by Corrie Roy and Donald. Corrie Roy had a slight advantage in the weights over Faugh-a-ballagh, which told over the long three-mile course. Both were completely pumped out at the finish, and they fairly "reeled" in, but Corrie Roy had a length the best of it. The Duke of Westminster's Farewell was made favourite for the Windsor Castle Stakes for two-year-olds, but Crosskeys, who had won a race at Newmarket, won easily, and Farewell was absolutely last. In the Triennial Stakes, Talisman at last won a race, but apparently much against his will, for he tried to shirk, and only won by a neck. This was his twelfth attempt.

The weather was fine throughout the week, and the racing was interesting; but to backers the late Ascot meeting must have been anything but satisfactory.

THE LATIN UNION CONVENTION.

THE Swiss Government has in technical phrase "denounced" the Latin Monetary Convention, which was renewed in 1878, and which in consequence of this denunciation will terminate at the end of next year, if not previously renewed. It does not by any means follow, however, that Switzerland means to withdraw from the Union, and it is certain that very strenuous efforts will be made to renew the Convention. The Union was one of those attempts made by the late Emperor Napoleon to bring about a Confederation, or at least a League, of the so-called Latin races, under the leadership of France. Its immediate object was to ensure that the coins of the countries entering into it should be of the same denomination, weight, and purity, and should circulate freely within the dominions of all. The Union consists at present of France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, and Greece; but it was the hope of the Emperor Napoleon that Spain, Portugal, Roumania, and the Spanish and Portuguese communities of America would ultimately enter into it. He dreamed also that this monetary union might be made the foundation of a commercial and political union, or at least, as we said, of a League of some kind under the presidency of France. Perhaps if he had possessed the abilities with which he was credited in the early part of his reign, or if he had found such a Minister as Prince Bismarck, some part of the dream might have been realized. But its realization has been rendered impossible by Sedan. Still, the Convention outlived the Empire, and, as stated above, was revised and prolonged six years ago. France is by far the wealthiest of the nations forming the Union, and with her Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium have by far more intimate and important commercial relations than with any other foreign country. It is extremely useful, therefore, for all these countries to have the same monetary system, and all, therefore, have an interest in prolonging the Union. Moreover, all of them have immense masses of silver in circulation. In France, for example, there is a vast silver currency; while the Bank of France alone holds above 40½ millions sterling of the metal. If the Union were to be broken up, and there were to be in consequence a demonetization of silver, the metal would be depreciated so much in value that the loss to the several States would be very serious. The demonetization of silver by Germany caused a depreciation of above 15 per cent. A demonetization by the Latin Union, followed, as it inevitably would be, by a demonetization all over Europe and America, would practically render silver unsaleable. There would be no sufficient demand for it elsewhere, and the price would consequently fall so low that the losses to the several States would be extremely great. It is certain, therefore, that the several Governments have strong motives for renewing the Convention, and they may reckon upon the support of the United States Government. It is not probable that the United States Government will enter the Union; but it will be strongly inclined to agree to any stipulations that will perpetuate the Latin Union. The Chicago Convention has already pledged the Republican party to do what it can to rehabilitate silver, and doubtless the Democratic party, if it were to be successful, would adopt the same policy, for bimetallism is the old policy of the American Government. Besides, the United States, like France, have a considerable silver coinage; while the American people desire strongly to maintain the price of silver—a valuable product of their own country. There will therefore be strenuous efforts made to induce our own Government and that of Germany to adopt such measures as will facilitate the renewal of the Latin Union. And those efforts will be aided by the Indian Government, which is hardly less interested than the Governments of France and the United States in raising the value of silver.

There is little real superiority in one or other of the two precious metals as a standard of value. Gold in the past, it is true, has fluctuated in value less widely than silver; and so far, therefore, it is a better standard. Moreover, for rich countries it is a better standard, since it is a dearer metal; while, on the other hand, silver is more suitable for poor countries. It is contended by the bimetallists that, although silver has in the past fluctuated more violently than gold, yet a bimetallic system is preferable to monometallism, because the combination of the two metals renders the fluctuations less violent, if more frequent. But recent experience disproves the theory. It is further contended that the tendency of all civilized nations at present is to adopt gold and demonetize silver; that the ultimate effect of this must be to render gold extremely scarce, and, therefore, to increase largely its purchasing power—in other words, to lower prices generally and produce all the evils which follow constantly falling prices; that these evils will be aggravated by the struggles of the several countries to procure gold, which will render financial crises more frequent and more serious than they have been in the past; in short, that there is not enough gold for all the countries that want it, and that therefore all countries should agree in maintaining silver as well as gold as legal tender. It may freely be admitted that, if all countries did agree to adopt bimetallism there would be no objection to the system. If there were any central Parliament that could give the legal tender character both to silver and gold, and could ensure that its orders would be obeyed, bimetallism would undoubtedly work. For that matter, paper would then be as good a standard of value as any other; for a universally recognized Parliament could give the legal tender character to any material it pleased. But as matters stand at present, the difficulty is to induce the various countries of the world to adopt bimetallism, and to ensure that, if by any chance they do adopt it, they will maintain it for any length of time. Up to the present Prince Bismarck has shown very little inclination to adopt bimetallism. He deliberately discarded silver as the standard of value in Germany and adopted gold, and up to the present time he has shown not the slightest inclination to depart from his policy. We fail to see any inducement that can be offered him now to help France and the United States out of their difficulties. But supposing that the German and English Governments could be induced to adopt bimetallism, the difficulty would still remain, how the policy could be perpetuated? A Convention of the kind would be concluded only for a certain number of years, just as commercial treaties are; and when those years elapsed, bimetallism might be discarded just as Free-trade has been. It is well, then, that the public should ask what sufficient motive there is for subordinating our municipal law to international engagements, and running the risk of doing so in vain. For it is unquestionable that if only a few countries adopt bimetallism, the cheaper metal will have a tendency to drive out the dearer, and therefore the bimetallic countries will be left with silver alone in circulation, while the monometallic countries will get gold. It may be objected that this has not occurred either in France or in the United States; but it is to be remembered that France has prevented the evil by suspending the coinage of silver altogether, while the United States have avoided it by refusing to the public the right of getting silver coined at will, and limiting the amount to be coined annually even by the Government itself.

So far as this country is concerned, the ill effects of the

depreciation of silver make themselves felt chiefly through our connexion with India. The Indian Government has to pay large sums here at home in gold every year; but as the Indian Government collects its taxes in silver, it has to give a larger proportion of these taxes to meet its obligations in England than it did before, because of the depreciation of silver. Again, all English people resident in India who remit money home, either for investment or for the support of their families, have to give a larger portion of their incomes than formerly, because those incomes, being received in silver, exchange for a less amount of gold than they did in times past. Practically, therefore, for all payments of whatever kind to be made in Europe, money in India is less efficient than it was a dozen years ago. In the same way the export trade from this country to the silver-using countries undoubtedly is at a disadvantage. Our manufactures being sold in the silver-using countries for silver, and that silver being less valuable than it used to be, the profit is proportionately less. In the interest of India, therefore, and in the interest of our export trade with the silver-using countries, it seems desirable that the value of silver should be raised if the means of doing so are not otherwise objectionable. But those who urge this argument take too narrow a view of the question. Although it is the interest of India—that is to say, of the Indian Government representing the Indian taxpayers—that the value of silver should be raised, it is to the interest of the Indian exporter—that is to say, of the Indian producer of goods for the European markets—that the value of silver should remain low. Indian merchants who sell Indian produce in England exchange that produce for gold, and as the gold buys a larger amount of silver than it did formerly, practically the Indian merchants receive a higher price for their goods than they did in times past. The depreciation of silver thus acts somewhat in the same way as do the sugar bounties in Continental countries, which we discussed last week, with this difference, however, that the sugar bounties are the result of legislation, and that the depreciation of silver has been brought about chiefly by natural causes. The depreciation of silver, therefore, has contributed quite as powerfully as the opening of the Suez Canal and the extension of railways to enable India to compete with the United States and Russia in the wheat markets of Europe. If silver were suddenly to rise to its old value, the Indian export of wheat would be completely stopped, unless, indeed, the price of wheat were to rise at the same time in our markets and in the same proportion. Altogether, then, it is by no means so clear as at first sight it looks, that the real interest of India is that silver should be rehabilitated. The home charges of India amount to about 16 millions a year, and the loss by exchange, as it is called—the loss, that is, through the depreciation of silver—is about threepence in the rupee of 1s. 10½d., or about 10½ per cent., which would represent an annual loss upon the 16 millions sterling of less than 1¾ millions sterling. But the development of the export trade of India will certainly benefit the taxpayers to a much greater extent than this. In the long run, of course, the development of the export trade will lead to a rise in the value of silver should there not be a general demonetization in Europe; but that rise will be slow, and in the meantime the trade and the wealth of India will have so greatly increased, while its communications will have been so much opened up, that probably it will then be in a position to continue the competition, which is possible now only by the fact of the depreciation. And what is true of India in this respect is true of all the silver-using countries. The depreciation of silver is disadvantageous to those who export from England to those countries, while it is advantageous to those who export from the silver-using countries to England. The disadvantage on one side is thus counterbalanced by an equal advantage on the other; and this being so, there seems no sufficient motive why we should give up a monetary system that is admitted to be excellent in itself, and should at the same time subordinate our municipal law to international agreements, and run the risk of doing all to no great purpose.

THE RICHTER CONCERTS.

THE story of the last three Richter concerts is one of comparative failure. The audiences have been numerous as ever, and the critics, as always, kind; but there has been a certain falling off in the concerts themselves. The novelties produced have been mostly unfortunate: either they were unhappily chosen—as, for instance, Raff's so-called *Romeo and Juliet* overture and Méhul's prelude to *La Chasse du Jeune Henri*; or they were badly rendered—as, for instance, the *Symphonie Fantastique* of Hector Berlioz. On the other hand, the older material, the stock-in-trade of Herr Richter's orchestra, has been not always interesting, as in the case of the excerpt from the *Walküre*, the "Wotan's Abschied und Feuerzauber," and in that from *Tristan und Isolde*, the concert-room arrangement of the overture and the "Isolde's Liebestod"; or they had been hurriedly rehearsed, and were imperfectly played, as was the fate of the two Beethoven symphonies, the "Pastoral" and the "Choral." Of course there were exceptions. Thus, the seventh concert was remarkable for a superb performance of the "Leonora" overture (which, as it seems to us, Herr Richter knows better, and plays better, than anything else of Beethoven's we have heard him do), and a brisk and vigorous rendering of Liszt's third *Hungarian Rhapsody*, a brilliant and dashing piece of claptrap not heard in England before; while the ninth, which included the "Choral" symphony and the *Schicksalslied* of Brahms, is in some sort memorable for a magnificent production of the *Tannhäuser* overture. Twice, too, has Mme. Schuch-Proska, a lady with not much voice, but with an admirable method and a fine musical intelligence, been heard to advantage; once in "Glücklein im Thale," the lovely air from *Euryanthe*, and again in a charming recitative and air from the *Marriage of Figaro*. On the whole, however, the impression left by the three concerts is one of disappointment. Probably Herr Richter has had too much to do, and has found it impossible to do himself full justice at the opera and in the concert-room both. What is certain is, that he has seemed content to be heard at his best in Wagner alone, and inclined to bestow less pains than is desirable on the work of greater and less fashionable masters. This is not the way in which he won his admirable reputation; nor is this the way to keep that reputation now it is won.

The greatest disappointment of all was the *Fantastique* of Berlioz. This extraordinary work is a reflection (it was written in 1830) of all the ideals and the aspirations of Romanticism—is the absolute expression in music of the influences by which the Romantic Renaissance was inspired and of the principles by which its leaders were stimulated and controlled. The first part—"Rêveries, Passions"—might have been played as an overture to *Antony* or *Marion Delorme*. The second, "Un Bal," is such music as, in its combination of elegance and brutality, of *esprit* and passion, of gallantry and cynicism and charm, suggests the heroes and heroines—the Maulrigneuses and De Marsays and Rastignacs—of the *Comédie Humaine*. In the third, the famous "Scène aux Champs," there is, as it were, a mixture of Byron and Delacroix: it is landscape, but landscape informed with a certain individual and peculiar sentiment, made the mirror of a certain egoistic idiosyncrasy, like the Alpine scenery in *Manfred*, the melancholy sea and lurid sky in the *Barque de Don Juan*. As for the third and fourth, the "Marche au Supplice" and the "Songe d'une Nuit du Sabbat," they are the purest Eighteen-Thirty in all music. Revolt, love, terror, violence, blasphemy, crime, torture, the devil: here are all the romantic influences, all the romantic moods, all the romantic ideals. And the work is typical of the epoch it reflects in other and more important senses than those of mere matter and tendency. It is rich not only in daring and in strength, but in the great quality of style; its sincerity is amazing; it is a prodigy of technical invention and accomplishment; it abounds in novel views of life and in the most brilliant practical illustrations of new theories of art. Here, for instance, is an unmistakable *leit-motif*, one of the earliest, and certainly one of the most consistent and suggestive in music. Here are instrumental combinations, achievements in sonority, effects in tone and timbre, which mark the appearance of an orchestral practice not before discovered to the world. Here are passages of narrative and description—logical, continuous, exact—which seem to prove that Wagner is no more original in work like the "Walkurenritt" and the adventure of Siegfried and *Brünhilde* than in work like the music of Fafnir and the bridal-march in *Lohengrin*. That the *Fantastique* is mannered, eccentric, in places even absurd, may be unhesitatingly admitted. But it is certain, all the same, that in some sort it is of special and peculiar excellence, and that it is an anticipation—original in form and unsurpassed in substance—of much that is reverenced as novel and incomparable in latter-day music. At Herr Richter's hands it fared but poorly. The Viennese artist seemed ill at ease, and out of sympathy with his work; he conducted his Berlioz from a score (he usually conducts from memory), and the obvious pains he took resulted in a certain heaviness, a certain insufficiency, a certain lack of life and passion and sincerity. At his best in the "Marche au Supplice" and the "Sabbat," which were clearly and neatly rendered, if with no great spirit or propriety, Herr Richter was rather cold and methodical than anything else in the "Scène aux Champs" and the "Rêveries, Passions" movement; while in the "Scène du Bal," which elsewhere, even with Mr. Ganz, has nearly always to be repeated, he was no more than careful (by the way, he was content with two harps instead of four, which he would hardly have been had the music been signed "Wagner" or "Liszt") and uninspired and tame. It is much to be hoped that, when he next gives us the *Fantastique*, he will not only have rehearsed it properly with his orchestra, but studied it to greater purpose himself.

The hero of the season has certainly been Richard Wagner. Something of his has been included in every programme, and more than once he has been represented by a plurality of excerpts, a very faggot of selected masterpieces. As a natural consequence, Beethoven has suffered; of him we have had, comparatively speaking, but little, and much of that has been indifferently produced. Of Mozart we have heard but an overture and some songs; of Handel only one poor air; of Berlioz no more than the *Symphonie Fantastique*; of Gluck, Bach, Spontini, Glinka, Cherubini, Meyerbeer, not a single note. Herr Richter announces three concerts for the autumn. It is to be desired that by the time they come round he will have seen his way to making his programmes a little more catholic and a little less egoistic and exclusive.

FRENCH PLAYS AT THE GAIETY.

IT will puzzle the admirers of Mme. Judic to say whether she is seen to the greatest advantage in *Niniche*, which she has played in London before, or in the new parts which have been supplied for her by MM. Meilhac and Millaud in *Mam'zelle Nitouche* and *La*

Cosaque. In all she does Mme. Judic gives intellectual pleasure; for her style appeals emphatically to the imagination. We are not for a moment asserting that the clever plays in which the French actress appears are works of a high class. They are not; but the intellect may occupy itself with small things as well as with great. Mme. Judic speaks or sings a phrase which obviously has significance behind it; the precise nature of that significance the hearer must decide for himself. She shrugs her shoulders, makes a gesture with her hand, gives a quaint glance or an eloquent smile; the observer is left to interpret at his own list. "Il y a un silence éloquent," Rochefoucauld says; and thus Mme. Judic says much. Denise, the heroine of *Mam'zelle Nitouche*, is a schoolgirl, demure to all outward seeming; in fact, full of sly fun. Célestin, the organist of the convent where Denise is being educated, is, allowing for difference in age and sex, not unlike her in disposition. He is known away from the convent as Floridor, and under this title has written a comic opera. Denise has laid her mischievous hands on the score; has learnt one of the most lively numbers, a duet; and, in the course of a singing lesson which she is receiving from Célestin, lets him know that she has found him out. They sing this duet, and show a tendency to diverge into it when music of a much more sedate character ought to be sung, under the guidance of the organist. All this is, of course, precisely in Mme. Judic's vein; and so is the subsequent act, which takes place behind the scenes of the theatre where "Floridor's" opera is being given. In a fit of *pique* the leading actress quits the theatre. Denise knows the part, and is naturally persuaded to take it up. A credulous audience is invited to suppose that the untrained girl makes a brilliant success; but in comic opera this is a trifle. As a taste of her quality, before she goes on the stage Denise, or "Mlle. Nitouche," as she calls herself, sings the charming ballad of "Babet and Cadet." This is an eighteenth-century song, the production of Collé, who could write very gracefully when he chose. The song has been well set by M. Hervé, and forms one of the most delightful features of the opera. The third act of *Mam'zelle Nitouche* is the weakest. What there is of plot in the piece is exhausted, at least there is not enough left to make an act, and so prominence has to be given to incidental characters. One of these, a drunken sergeant of cavalry, played by M. Lassouche, is so wonderfully true that we hardly know whether it is more comic or painful. Another extremely clever study is the Major Château-Gibus of M. Christian. He is a martinet of the severest type, so accustomed to giving the word of command that he conducts his private business, even his love affairs, as if addressing his regiment or presiding at a court-martial. The part is played with remarkable consistency and humour. M. Cooper, as the young lover, is throughout clever and pleasant. It was formerly a foolish fashion with some critics to over-praise all French acting with ludicrous extravagance. Recently there has been, as an equally foolish reaction, a tendency to under-praise, and we have seen adverse comments on the performances of M. Christian and M. Georges in this piece. The latter, as Célestin, is remarkably good, and the former is excellent.

The part of the Princess in *La Cosaque* is in marked contrast to that of Denise in *Mam'zelle Nitouche*. Instead of the timid schoolgirl with the livelier side to her character, Mme. Judic is the wayward Princess who fires a revolver instead of ringing a bell, and keeps a lion instead of a lapdog. MM. Meilhac and Millaud are both to be congratulated; the former on finding a partner to replace the sharer of half a hundred successes, M. Halévy, and the latter in being admitted to the partnership. *La Cosaque*, which was only produced a few months since at the Variétés has the two great requisites of such heroes; it is amusing in itself, and affords the leading actress a capital part, besides good parts for others. In the playbills of the Gaiety all reference to M. Hervé, who composed the music for both these pieces, is omitted. They are called "comedies, with songs"; but the composer of the songs is surely worth mention. To escape from a family council of three generations, who seek to coerce or persuade her into good behaviour, the Princess, "La Cosaque," as she is called, makes her way to Paris under the escort of Jules Primitif, traveller for the firm of Mme. Dupotin et Cie., who has been sent to the Princess's palace in St. Petersburg with samples of lace. The three Princes—Cyrille, grandfather, Grégoire, son, and Fédor, grandson, that is, son of Grégoire—have all tender reminiscences of Paris, and are not sorry for the excuse they find to follow their charming relative. Primitif does not know the companion of his journey, with whom, however, he falls violently in love. She accepts the position of assistant at Mme. Dupotin's, and treats customers with an imperiousness which belongs to the Russian Princess rather than to the saleswoman. Her songs present her with those chances of effect which no actress understands better how to utilize. One of the first introduces inarticulate expressions which would be vulgar from almost any other lips, but have no trace of vulgarity from the lips of Mme. Judic. The description of a saleswoman's duties is also capital, and there is a charm about "Colinette" which makes it no less popular with hearers than the "Babet et Cadet." There are some touches of real sentiment in the love affairs of the Princess and her lover which Mme. Judic shows with rare delicacy. Her "Ne m'aime pas" to Primitif is irresistible. Every playgoer who knows the play and knows the company would be able to cast *La Cosaque*, for the characters fit those who are called upon to present them with noteworthy neatness. M. Christian is the middle-aged Prince Grégoire, M. Georges the elderly Cyrille, and M. Lassouche Fédor. The last-named is extremely funny throughout. He questions Primitif as to the last popular song at the Café des Ambassadeurs, and his imitation of the facile Parisian's method of giving the quaint refrain is most diverting. In the second act, where he is mistaken by a fascinating customer for Mme. Dupotin for the assistant deputed to measure her for a new dress, the business is unquestionably broad. It is the artist's merit, however, that fun is always uppermost. M. Georges does well the little he has to do. M. Christian has much merit, but does not succeed as he did in *Nitouche*. His Grégoire lacks humour in spite of the performer's diligence and energy. M. Cooper plays brightly as Primitif—we need not go into the secret of his birth, which is a point of the play—and sings most agreeably without having a note in his voice.

MUSIC IN CHANCERY.

MESSRS. BOOSEY & CO. write to us in reference to the article "Music in Chancery" in last week's *Saturday Review*. They urge that their claim was not an afterthought, but was shown in evidence to have been made in substance some time ago, and that they endeavoured recently to come to terms with Dr. Stanford on the understanding that the opera should be performed in English first. We willingly give publicity to these statements, and our readers may decide whether and how far they affect the article in question.

REVIEWS.

THE HISTORICAL MONUMENTS OF FRANCE.*

THE attraction of Mr. Hunnewell's book, which is considerable, is almost wholly an attraction of matter; and the fact that it is considerable is a reason for condoning, as far as possible, certain undeniable shortcomings in point of form—not only the strict literary form of style, but general handling and treatment. Severe criticism from the latter point of view Mr. Hunnewell assuredly cannot stand. Although he mentions the fact of legal status which makes the historical monuments of France almost as unique in point of condition as they are in point of number and material interest, Mr. Hunnewell has not, as he might well have done, criticized the zeal (very far from according to knowledge) which has marked the history of their preservation. He is, as far as we have observed, grateful, with a plentiful lack of discrimination, for the reckless restoration which has destroyed in at least as many cases as those in which it has preserved. In beginning his survey of France from the archæological standpoint he has prefixed some rather naïve remarks on French travel, which are more excusable, no doubt, in an inhabitant of the New World than in an inhabitant of the Old. Moreover, any one who chose to pull to pieces the details of his miscellaneous statements, not merely in the preface but throughout the work, would assuredly find plenty to do. He must know, or ought to know, that in saying that "Over the country *first* were rude and Pagan *Gallic* tribes" (the italics are ours), he makes a statement almost demonstrably false, and that in attributing without hesitation the dolmens scattered far and wide to these tribes he is stating, without qualification or safeguard, a proposition which, whether probable or improbable, is certainly not proved. When he follows up his aboriginal Pagan Gallic tribes with Romans, Germans, and Normans, and then (adhering, as far as we can see, to chronological order, in intention at least) mentions Arabs and Basques as persons who had "minor influence," he again betrays a singular indifference to the results of historic and ethnological research. A statement on his fourth page about "King René, who introduced so much good wine and minstrelsy to France," throws the instructed reader into singular meditations. There are certain senses in which the statement is no doubt true; but it is calculated to convey the impression that Mr. Hunnewell thinks that good wine needed to be introduced into France in the fifteenth century, and that he takes a very late and not particularly gifted follower of five centuries of troubadours and trouvères as a father of French poetry. Yet, again, when he says that his "splendid Pagan Romans left their impress" on the language that we find to-day, he uses a very odd metaphor. We do not generally say that Paros and Pentelicus left their impress on the monuments of Greek art; and Mr. Hunnewell's phrase, unless it is simply thoughtless, would seem to show a decided absence of comprehension on his part of the fact that the matter, no less than the form of French, is Latin to such an extent that all other ingredients and influences are insignificant in comparison. Finally, Mr. Hunnewell's style is not exactly that of a master in the literary craft. But on these matters we care to dwell no further; and we have dwelt on them so far chiefly because a merely generalising notice is anything but a compliment to the author of a book. In many ways Mr. Hunnewell's book might have been done much better. But, as a survey of France intended for the use of strangers who are anxious to see its treasures of historical art, and as a collection of sketches and descriptions which would otherwise

* *The Historical Monuments of France.* By James F. Hunnewell. Boston, U.S.: Osgood. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

have to be sought in a large number of scattered, and in some cases out-of-the-way, publications, the volume has a very considerable value. That value, if not directly increased for Englishmen, is certainly not lessened by the author's anxious desire to inculcate on his own countrymen the importance of preserving while it is yet time such historical monuments as America possesses. We have suffered too much from late awakening to this necessity ourselves not to sympathize with any effort to take time by the forelock elsewhere.

The plan of Mr. Hunnewell's work is that of an irregular itinerary, beginning at the extreme south-east corner of the country, and working westward and northward. He has added to this sketch nearly seventy pages, filled partly with lists of historical monuments of different classes, and partly with miscellaneous information bearing on them, and he has illustrated the whole with twenty-two large-sized and generally well-executed heliogravures of important scenes or objects. These are avowedly taken from existing works, and do not pretend to any originality. Indeed Mr. Hunnewell, with a proper spirit of scholarship, takes pains to explain that they are merely, as it were, so many illustrative quotations. They include Carnac (from Mr. Miln's well-known book), the Pont du Gard, the Gate of St. Gilles by Arles, Carcassonne in its old state and in its new, the west fronts of Reims Cathedral, of Amiens, and of Chartres, some details of the last-named place, plans of five great Cathedrals, the inevitable house of Jacques Cœur, Coucy according to M. Viollet le Duc, Pierrefonds as it is, Blois before and after restoration, Chambord, Fontainebleau, the ceiling of the Grand Gallery at Versailles, the Morlaix Viaduct (which, though the author pleads its use for comparison, is, we venture to think, out of place, and which, if comparison is necessary, had much better have been replaced by the aqueduct of Roquefavour), some houses at Le Mans, and, to finish, St. Ouen. It will be observed that this list is a little spoiled by the author's inexplicable docility in accepting restorations, and that it might for completely representative purposes have been slightly altered and increased with advantage. But such alterations and additions can always be made by a critic, and there is no need to draw up fancy lists of them. Neither is there any need to attempt to open Mr. Hunnewell's eyes on the point of restoration *à la Viollet le Duc*. It is good that a man should love ancient monuments well even if he does not love them altogether wisely, and the state of him who rejoices in a spick-and-span Carcassonne or Pierrefonds is better than that state in which the Lord Francises of this world regret that they and their ancestors have not "done for" historical persons or monuments altogether.

The real value of a book like this lies in the chance that readers of it will be tempted to go and see likewise, to explore for themselves on the lines of the exploration which it describes. As it is, it can scarcely be said that France, as a whole, is a well-known country to Englishmen. Very few of her districts rank among regular holiday places, and perhaps to no country have railways done more harm in this particular respect. France is on the way to everywhere, no doubt, but to be on the way to everywhere is nowadays exactly the best possible qualification for being rested in on the way to nowhere. It is the proper thing for every one who journeys beyond Paris to grumble about *wagons-lits*. No one would have anything to do with *wagons-lits* whatever, if he gave the Morvan and the Bourbonnais, Burgundy and the Rhone country, Auvergne and the Cevennes, the time and the attention they deserve. It is the very laudable ambition of Railway Companies, whose ambition is not always laudable, to cut down the hours between London and Paris, exactly as it is the ambition of Steamboat Companies to cut down the days between Liverpool and New York. With the latter effort there is no cause to quarrel, for if the ocean is not disappointing, it offers few stopping-places. But when it comes to nine hours instead of ten and eight hours instead of nine, or, for the matter of that, to eighteen instead of nineteen, how shall a man "do" an Amiens or a Château Gaillard on the way? On the other hand, except in the case of professed historical or literary students, France (putting out of the question the Mediterranean corner, which luckily contains many interesting relics, the Pyrenees to a much less extent, and Brittany to an extent, except as far as sedentary economizers and wandering pedestrians are concerned, even less considerable) is very little haunted by the Briton. No country has better guide-books, for those of Joanne can give points in the way of information and variety of contents, especially if illustration and maps be concerned, to almost any other series. Although very much dearer than it used to be, the country is still far cheaper than England or than any show district in Europe; its means of communication, if not extremely rapid or convenient, are universal and not costly. Except in a few very limited districts, there is always something to see, and everywhere there is unsurpassed historical and literary interest. Last of all, if the traveller does not go to France soon, there will be no France to see. What with restored historical monuments and Haussmannized towns, it will probably, after another fifty years of Republic or Empire, be preferable to stay in London. Here we have nearly done destroying our old monuments, and are trying to do what we can in the way of making new ones. In France the process of destruction is at its height. It is, however, very far from accomplished. No one who begins with Mr. Hunnewell's book in an unscientific fashion will have much difficulty in discovering a wider or narrower scene of operations. When he has visited that scene, if not before, he will scarcely rest content with Mr. Hunnewell, and he will probably find out how to add to the interest of his journeys by doing what Mr. Hunnewell has abstained from doing, and exploring not merely the historical but the literary interest, which attaches to most of the places here noticed and to many of those omitted. For our part we should recommend a system of division by provinces or groups of provinces. There is far more idiosyncrasy of character not merely historically, but even actually, in the French province than most Englishmen with departments in their heads nowadays understand.

It is for its possible effect on determining such journeys that Mr. Hunnewell's handsome and well-intentioned book seems chiefly worthy of notice. In some other respects than those mentioned above, the author might have improved it considerably. His descriptions are often much too meagre, and become mere lists, less useful because less distinct and orderly, than the lists proper of his appendix. Thus no good can be done, but some harm, by lumping Autun, Semur, Auxerre, and Sens in half a dozen sentences of nearly twenty lines. Mont St. Michel is, in proportion to its singularity and interest, even more cavalierly treated. We do not find the quaint town of Concarneau noticed at all, and neither the index nor, as far as we have noticed, the text gives a hint of the supposed site of the Æduan capital at Beuvray. To say of a church like the Folgoet that "some persons may think it rather the result of superstition than of faith," appears, from every point of view we can think of, singularly inept, and we very much wish we knew what Mr. Hunnewell had in his mind when he gravely wrote down the words, "In England, where the so-called Conquest brought about remarkable results, the Norman power was greatest." But, as we have said, we prefer not to dwell on the weaknesses of a book which calls up many pleasant memories and is itself a handsome volume. One remark of a mechanical kind, however, we must make. The illustrations as noted are excellent, the type clear and good, and the paper very satisfactory; but is it not rather a *reductio ad absurdum* of the American plan of machine-shaving the edges to leave the sides where the sheets are folded uncut? The reader has after all to have recourse to his paper-knife, and yet he has not the solace of the pleasantly fringed paper to reward him. If laziness and a mistaken love of trimness are to be consulted at all, let them be consulted consistently.

THREE NOVELS.*

RUPERT DISNEY was a man of thirty-eight, and private secretary to Lord Gresham, an almost sinecure position, very different from that of most private secretaries to Cabinet Ministers nowadays. He was a good-looking man, with a resolute will and a keen intellect, much kindness of heart tempered by a tone of irony, and a general air of prosperity, looking as if the world and all things in it had gone well with him. This rather enviable gentleman had a nephew, Harold Disney, a very young officer in a cavalry regiment quartered at Brighton. Harold was not a wise youth, and his looks were in unison with his unwisdom. The soft contour of his fair rosy face "bespoke an immaturity that is apt to merge into overbloom." His uncle was vexed to find that this nephew had established a footing of intimacy with a family of fifth-rate women who were living in Hugh Street, Pimlico. This family consisted of a Mrs. Wynter, who was always reminding her friends that they had a relation a Duke, and of three daughters—Missy the mimic, Lily the beautiful, and Addie, "who did not count." The nephew carried off his uncle to visit his friends. Now Mr. Rupert Disney had an instinctive hatred of vulgarity, meanness, slang, and small jokes; and the mother and the two daughters, who begged for invitations to officers' messes, and even for the unconsumed food left upon their tables, and who asked their female acquaintance for their left-off clothes, were positively loathsome to the fastidious private secretary. Harold, however, escaped from the Hugh Street meshes, and was called a "brute" and "beast" for his backwardness in coming forward. He transferred his facile affections to Miss Dulcibella Surge, an American medium, who is described with fine lights and shades of character. Her evident mission in life was to marry a rich slangy young English gentleman, who desired nothing better than to be ruled and made much of by a person with better brains than his own. But if Rupert Disney was himself a master of irony, he was a marked victim of what is called the irony of fate. The sensible, self-contained, high-bred gentleman, who hated everything low, and who shrank with a mimosa-like sensitiveness from unwomanliness in woman, the uncle who shuddered at the bare notion of having a slipshod Wynter girl for a niece, had himself not been a wise lover. He had adored Aurelia Lynton, who had thrown him over for a rich nobleman. He had then had a love affair, of which we hear but little, with an Austrian widow. He had worn the shackles of a Miss Hermia Lyons who was studying for the stage, and who became the wife of a tobacconist. Aurelia, Lady Ferney, who spoke and thought coarsely, and who had "the quivering scarlet nostrils which betoken that their owner—equine or human—sticks at nothing," still hankered after the man she had jilted, and, failing to recapture him, did her best to spite him and to thwart his wishes. But he voluntarily became the affianced husband of a woman less bold and passionate, but more false

* *Point Blank.* By the Author of "Jack Urquhart's Daughter." 3 vols. Bentley & Son.

Three Sisters; or, Sketches of a Highly Original Family. By Anon. 2 vols. Sampson Low & Co.

The Wizard's Son. By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of "The Curate in Charge," "Young Musgrave," &c. 3 vols. Macmillan & Co.

and contemptible than his old flame whom he had learned to know and to despise. Marguerite Rieder was a heartless woman, full of affectations, "with whom insincerity was a habit, and who could not breathe the air of simple, unconscious truth." She thought it pretty to cover herself with pearls and daisies in honour of her name, and to wear dresses fantastic and original such as it never entered the head of any milliner to devise. She never troubled herself about other women unless there was anything in their garments or adornments which she thought it worth while to copy and improve upon. Rupert Disney knew that he did not love this woman, that she was absolutely unlovable. He even despised and suspected her, and his contempt and suspicion warped his naturally genial disposition and made him cynical and almost ill conditioned. But he was a loyal gentleman who thought no man had a right to escape from unhappiness at the price of his honour. He would unflinchingly have set the seal on his own misery if his prettyish sallow *fiancée*, whose skin his irreverent nephew Harold declared had the complexion of cold pea-soup, had not clandestinely married a young marquis, who, when a boy at Eton, had found his chief pleasure in roasting white mice alive, and who as a man cheated at cards and was addicted to most forms of blackguardism. Mr. Disney, like most wise men, was a fool about women; but he was in most actions of his life a gentleman, "beak and talons," as the French say. He made one great lapse, however, from "gentylhood" when he wrote a scolding and, truth to say, rather a spiteful letter to Lady Stamer upbraiding her for her treachery. It is the part of a true gentleman as well as of a wise man to smile and to keep silent when a woman deals him a wound. And all this time we have barely mentioned the name of Addie or Adelaide Wynter, who did not count with the rest of her family. She is no cypher, however, in the story, and she counted for a great deal in the future fortunes of Rupert Disney. How she influenced them it is for the author, and not for us, to tell. *Point Blank* is a decidedly clever and well-written story, and quite worthy of the author of *Jack Urquhart's Daughter*. We think so highly of the book that we will venture on a word of advice which we should not care to offer to a writer of inferior merit. We will hint this word of counsel as delicately as we can. It is this. The lines of drawing in the portraits of the personages of this tale are so true and so good that a certain pulpiness and extra warmth of colour, such as are to be seen in the picture of Lady Ferney, for instance, are not only unnecessary and out of keeping with the general surroundings, but are calculated to give somewhat of a shock to persons of good taste. A little closer attention to style and grammar is also sometimes to be desired. A Lady Letitia ought not to be made to say in print, though we are afraid that many Lady Letitias would say in spoken words, "Did you ever hear of any one making such a goose of themselves as Harold did at dinner?" and Adelaide Wynter, an author herself and a governess to boot, should not remark that "A person may sometimes wish that they had never known a very happy life when circumstances are forcing them," &c. A "duel à l'outrance" is not French, nor is "en déshabille," nor is "que dira ton," as the author writes and divides the words. What is an "Imperador cigar"?

If the old saw, that the eloquence of an orator lies in the ears of his audience, deserves general acceptance, the narrator of these adventures of "a highly original family" ought to begin by packing the house with prosperous gentlemen who have well dined, mothers whose daughters are not quite of the regulation pattern, young lovers who are allowed to sit near each other, boys at home for the holidays, and girls whose governesses are on a prolonged visit to their friends. "Superior persons" of any kind should be informed that, for them, there is no standing room to be obtained for love or money; and unfrivolous people, who see no fun in the adventures of Miss Alcott's "Little Women," and who read *Vice Versâ* with a countenance as unmoved as if they were conning the advertisements in the *Times*, should ask to have their money returned. Mrs. Denbigh and her three daughters are delightfully eccentric persons. Their eccentricities, however, are diverse and various. Each wears her rue with a difference. They live in a German *residenz*, and eke out a wofully scanty income by giving lessons in music and English and by translating advertisements of a particularly glossy blacking. Nora, Elizabeth, and Dorry are the names of the young ladies, who make atrocious puns, go to parties dressed in table-cloths for want of more conventional clothing, and who pass themselves off on their visitors as their own maidservants. We can fancy many persons moved to scorn rather than to laughter by the very foolish and delightful story of the two girls who, having bought a big shabby old clock, hide it in the flower-bed of a public garden on the approach of a gentleman of their acquaintance. He accosts them, and takes a seat by their side, whereupon the wicked timepiece emits loud spiteful strikes from its hiding-place, and thus betrays the shameful secret of its poor little owners. The book is full of similar absurdities. This galimatias of nonsense, however, which the grave and foolish will scoff at and which the merry and wise will chuckle over, is not monotonously frolicsome. The death of poor home-sick little Dorry, who is drowned in the Dnieper while attempting to save the life of her Russian pupil, is as honestly touching and pathetic as the rest of the tale is honestly funny and humorous. The author seems to think that a novel must contain at least one pair of lovers, so she gets up a courtship between Elizabeth Denbigh and a Mr. O'Brien. But this love affair requires a good deal of "make believe" on the part of the reader. It is scarcely possible to think of "Bet" as a married woman with the cares of a household upon her. *Three Sisters* is a very charming book; we recommend the author, however, another time to supply herself with a little more stuff to work upon; like her own Nora, she is very successful in hiding her paucity of material by plentifully "dropping bows" upon it. Very pretty and winsome these bows are; but the device, like other fleeting fashions, must soon wear out. A person capable of writing so good a story as this should eschew the ponderous playfulness of calling herself "Mr. Anon."

It may be laid down that a ghost should only at rare intervals and for a few brief moments revisit the glimpses of the moon. Even Sir Walter Scott, the greatest magician of all time, failed when he fixed an historical period for the appearance of his White Lady of Avenel, and when he brought her with wearisome frequency upon the stage, across which so ethereal a spirit should only have flitted once or twice in the course of the story. Lockhart is right when he says that "a phantom with whom we have leisure to grow familiar is sure to fail." The author of *The Wizard's Son* has struggled valorously with these difficulties and almost overcome them. She has told a ghost story in three volumes, which, with intervals of tediousness, is interesting throughout. The tone of the book is as pure and even lofty as that of *Sintram*. Much indeed of the story itself reminds us of La Motte Fouqué's masterpiece. The poor hero of Mrs. Oliphant's story has, however, no fierce passions to rid himself of like the Scandinavian knight. He is a feckless shambly sort of young man who frets his mother by his want of ambition, his failure of distinction in his studies, and his taste for doubtful company. He frequently falls into paroxysms of weak anger against himself, and proclaims that he is "a cad"; and vague hints are given of his "badness." But he is not a cad at all, and we cannot see that he is even vicious. He seems to us very much like other young men would have grown to be who were brought up under similar circumstances, and who were born with a similar flexibility of moral backbone. Living in a small English country town with a mother in straitened circumstances, who was equally wrapped up and disappointed in him, with no career open to him, and with only the uncertain prospect of a clerkship in a Scotch attorney's office, it was natural enough that a young gentleman of Walter Methven's modest aspirations should be content to smoke and drink and play economical games of cards with Captain Underwood and that mysterious officer's boon companions. Sometimes, when he grew tired of his unintellectual companions, he would say spiteful things of them, and the "Captain" would try to put him in better spirits by confidently prophesying that something good would be sure to turn up for him one day. When this "far-off collateral," Walter Methven, who barely knew that he had a distant relation, a rich nobleman, suddenly became Lord Erradeen, the surprise was not so great to Underwood, and that *pour cause*, as it was to the lad and his mother. This disreputable mentor warned the young peer of various "mysteries" which haunted his Scottish houses, and these hints were more than confirmed by Miss Alison Milnathort, the sister of Lord Erradeen's solicitor, who had herself been a victim of the uncanny influences at work on Kinloch Houran, where the wizard ancestor of Walter Methven played strange pranks with his descendants. Lord Erradeen soon found himself in a constant "fever of impulses which drew him like mesmerism." The evil influence of the warlock lord could only be overcome by the union of "two persons set upon all good things," a man and a woman who should together make up the perfect man. Lord Erradeen would have united himself to the rich heiress Katie Williamson. She "would have fought the very Devil for him and brought him off"; but that young lady saw that it was his hand and not his heart which the young lord offered her, and she declined to become Lady Erradeen. Another of his old flames, Julia Herbert, would have been of little use to him as a guide and protectress. Oona Forrester alone could save him. She alone, with her own goodness, could draw out the good that still lay latent in him. She was resolute to save the poor man who was powerless to save himself, and who could never stand very firmly without female support. At the cost of a broken arm to her lover, and the agony of a day and night passed by both of them in the ruins of a burning house, the wizard's direful lamp was shattered, and the hero of the tale was freed for ever from the companionship of his unpleasant and pertinacious forbear. It is needless to say that Mrs. Oliphant has written this strange story with the skill of a practised hand. Her style is always even and correct, and her good taste is seldom at fault.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.*

THE seventeenth volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* discusses all knowledge which begins alphabetically at Motenarbi or Motonerbi, and ends at Ormuzd. The immense variety of persons and things which lie between the two are, as usual, treated by competent writers. Prof. E. Ray Lankester, Prof. Ayrton, and others sign the scientific articles. Dr. Freeman, Mr. Morris, and Mr. Middleton write on history and art. The presence of such names among the contributors is enough to show that the volume contains much which is not only useful for purposes of

* *The Encyclopædia Britannica: a Dictionary of Arts, Science, and General Literature.* Ninth edition. Vol. XVII. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1884.

reference, but has an independent literary and critical value. How far it will be interesting to the mere reader for curiosity depends obviously on his taste. If he happens to enjoy geography he will have a feast. Very early, supposing him to begin at the beginning (which is perhaps less plainly the right course in tackling an encyclopædia than another work), he will find an account of Mysore by Dr. Hunter. Then he may go further east, to Nanking, with Professor Douglas. He may double back through Nepal, with Dr. Wright as a guide, and reach the United States by New Guinea, Mr. Coutts Thomas *duce*. Once in the New World he may stay there indefinitely. New Brunswick (Mr. G. Stewart), Newfoundland (Rev. M. Harvey), New Hampshire (Professor C. H. Hitchcock and J. K. Lord), New Jersey (General Maclellan), New Mexico (Hon. J. B. Prince), and New Orleans (Mr. G. W. Cable) all follow one another. The name of Mr. Cable is tempting. After these come many others—seas, countries, and cities—before we reach Ormus (Colonel Yule, C.B.), and hear about its ruined Portuguese castle, its former glories of silk and pearls, and its present desolation. As far as we can judge, the relative length of the articles corresponds fairly to the comparative importance of the subjects. It is not self-evident that Napier of Merchiston is entitled to nearly as many columns as Newton; but, then, Mr. Glaisher's biography of the pious and mathematical Scotch laird is highly interesting. Some of the engravings in the text are neatly done, and there is a good handful of coloured plates at the end; the first, intended as an illustration to the article on Mural Decoration (Messrs. Morris and Middleton), is singularly pleasant to look on.

Turning to the individual articles, we select the biographical first as being the least technical. One or two of them are by no means what we should expect in a work of this class. Professor J. R. Seeley is responsible for an article on Napoleon which is full of that absurdity the historic present and of marks of interrogation. Mr. Seeley is continually asking, What was Napoleon to do now? and then answering himself, rather after the manner of the eloquent Chadband. Mr. W. O. Morris writes of Nelson with depressing solemnity, and shakes his head over the sad Lady Hamilton business like a highly moral man. We have to make a criticism on the editing of this part of the Encyclopædia. It would add to the value of the work if special articles were devoted to great families. At this moment we are hearing a good deal of the house of Nassau, and are likely to hear more, but on turning to the article on that word at p. 238, we only find an account of the place, and a very brief mention of a few of its princes. Now a pedigree and a sketch of the family history would fill the columns of the Encyclopædia quite as usefully and much more agreeably than monotonous plans of New Orleans or New York. The advantage of such a novelty is illustrated in this very volume. It contains notices of two remarkable "stirps of nobles" belonging to our own history. Four articles are devoted to the Norths, who produced the economist of the seventeenth century and the fat and imperturbable Prime Minister of George III. Four articles are required by the Napiers. The Laird of Merchiston fills nineteen columns with credit. The brothers Sir Charles and Sir William, with their cousin the noisy Admiral, precede and follow the inventor of logarithms. It would surely be instructive to be able to see at a glance what was the descent of the wonderful fighting brood of Napiers, who feared nothing but soap and water, according to the well-known saying. There are some other deficiencies in this respect. John Norris, "the disciple of Plato and Malebranche," has over two columns to himself; but nothing is said about the Elizabethan soldiers. The words pedigree and family suggest reference to the article on "Nobility." It is the work of Mr. Freeman; and that, again, is equivalent to saying that it is concise, lucid, instructive, and just a trifle whimsical. Mr. Freeman shows from the history of Rome what a nobility is, and how there may be different forms of it. Then he applies the lesson to the modern world; and, with his well-known power of making things clear, conveys his meaning without a superfluity of examples. But, and that also is usual with him, he carries his respect for the accurate use of words to the verge of pedantry. It is a favourite proposition of his that we have never had a nobility in the proper sense, because we have not had a privileged caste like the French noblesse. Surely this is taking the accident for the essence of the thing. We have always had a number of families, titled or untitled, which have enjoyed social position, and have been thought to have a right by birth to leadership and influence, provided they could turn out men of reasonable energy and brains. It is this pre-eminence which makes a nobility not the exact form or extent of their privileges.

Mr. Freeman also contributes two historical articles on Normandy and the Normans. Whoever has even a moderate familiarity with contemporary historical literature knows beforehand what they contain, and whoever has directed his reading to other fields, or, as is generally the case, has read next to nothing, may study them with the certainty that he will find a host of facts admirably well stated, and views of history and politics founded on study and thought. Mr. Barnaby's sketch of naval history is a far less satisfactory piece of work. It is the sad fortune of the service to have been at all times very badly written about, at least as far as its history goes. The article in the Encyclopædia does not look as if we were about to see better things. Some of the sentences are so worded as to be misstatements of facts. Take, for instance, this one. "In consequence of the dissipation of the King"—Mr. Barnaby is speaking of Charles II.—"and his pecuniary difficulties, he neglected the navy on account of the expenses; the Duke was sent abroad and Pepys to the Tower." This looks as if it was because of the King's dissipation that the Duke of York went into exile and Pepys was sent to prison. Indeed, the whole article is singularly confused. Reasons of a business nature probably explain why the American navy has a sub-article to itself by Lieutenant Kelly, whereas the navies of France and Holland, which assuredly deserve notice in this place, are passed over. The account of the actually existing maritime forces of the world is good and clear. A very long article—there are fifty-two columns of it—is given to "newspapers." The student of the history of the press will find in it how our own grew to its present flourishing condition, and will also learn the main facts at least about the presses of the Continent and America. It is copiously illustrated by tables. The authors give another stab to the absurd old story about the *English Mercurie* supposed to have been started in the Armada year by Elizabeth and Burleigh, which has not only taken in the authors of "the latest works on English journalism"—no remarkable feat for the rest—but even the too credulous M. Forneron, who does know the history of the sixteenth century. The article is not, however, so complete as it might well be. There is, for one thing, no proper notice taken of the famous press of Holland, which, especially in its earlier period, well deserves study. In the sixteenth and seventeenth century the Dutch gazettes and caricatures were a force in European politics.

This volume is not remarkable for general literary articles, but Mr. Sime's study of the *Nibelungen Lied* is scholarly and clear. Mythology and Names are not easy to class under any particular heading; but, as dealt with by Mr. Lang, they make excellent reading. He proves in the first that mythology has tempted various learned persons into making imposing-looking theories that will not stand criticism, and then proceeds to point out what are the facts about the subject. On the whole, he accounts for what is absurd or shocking in myths on the indisputable ground that there is more of the fool than of the wise man in human nature, and that primitive man was and savage man is nearly as credulous as a spiritualist. Myths, from Mr. Lang's account, seem to be generally very dull rubbish till they fall into the hands of the poet. The article on Names, which might be so cruelly dull, is a bright essay, full of the delightful inconsequences and crackling phrases which are found in Mr. Lang's writing. A remarkable number of religious subjects come in between "Mot" and "Orm." Professor Andrew Smith does his best to say what Mysticism is; but, as he justly observes, it is a not easy thing to make intelligible. Principal Tulloch writes of Neander and his "theological position." Professor Albrecht Socin, an ideal name for a writer on religion, sketches the history and describes the opinions of the Nestorians. Oaths, though commonly another thing in practice, are historically and theoretically religious. Dr. Taylor has been entrusted with the task of showing what they have been and ought to be. Obadiah and the Obadiahs are disposed of by Professor W. R. Smith. His article is a good deal longer than the one chapter of the most minor of minor Prophets. Mr. J. Bass Mullinger discusses the newest phase of the unchanging Church in a paper on Old Catholics. It is, however, impossible to name even a minority of the subjects treated in the 858 pages of double-columns contained within the boards of this seventeenth volume of the Encyclopædia. As far as any sane person can take upon himself to speak of the general quality of the work, it seems good. There is nothing very obviously controversial or one-sided. The reader who turns up a paper on one of the ninety-nine out of a hundred things written about here concerning which he in all probability knows nothing, may feel tolerably sure that he will get facts well stated and find references to authorities. If he looks at the hundredth thing, which he does know a trifle about, he does not find much that is alarmingly wrong. The standard of excellence in printing, paper, and arrangement is high.

VERTEBRATE ZOOTOMY.*

"I DON'T wish my child to know anything about her inside" was the reply of a middle-class matron to an extremely intelligent schoolmistress of our acquaintance, who had provided some excellent and very harmless elementary teaching in natural science for her scholars. This remark, made not more than two months ago, shows how rampant prejudice still is on these subjects. We are glad, however, to notice many signs which lead us to hope that it will not long survive. What Kingsley laughed at as "the bottle and squirt mania, miscalled chemistry," has given place to regular teaching in a great number of both public and private schools; and the other mania of collecting sickly sea-anemones and pale unhappy shrimps in an aquarium, which was once so fashionable, is now replaced by solid information on the structure and zoological arrangement of the whole animal kingdom. If we had to name any one individual to whose energy and scientific ability this change is mainly due, we should select Professor Huxley, whose unrivalled powers of popular exposition have revealed to persons who would never have thought of opening a regular scientific treatise the importance and interest of the study of biology; while those to whom he has given a regular scientific training have gone out into the

* *A Course of Instruction in Zootomy (Vertebrata).* By T. Jeffery Parker, B.Sc. London, Professor of Biology in the University of Otago, New Zealand. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

world, and become in their turn founders of schools and centres of instruction at home, in the colonies, and in America. The admirable work before us is an instance of this; for the author, now Professor of Biology in the University of Otago, was originally one of Professor Huxley's Demonstrators at the School of Mines, South Kensington; and the book professes to be nothing more than a development of the zoological portion of the *Elementary Biology* which Professor Huxley published some years ago in conjunction with his friend and pupil Mr. Martin, now Professor at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

We are sorry that Mr. Parker should have called his book *A Course of Instruction in Zootomy*, as the title may lead people to think that it treads on the dangerous ground of vivisection. Let us at once explain that the subjects to be investigated are all to be as dead as the languages on which we were exclusively trained when we were at school and college, and that Mr. Parker gives directions for killing in the most merciful way possible any animal that may be brought alive to the dissecting-table. The work originated in the desire to enable a student of comparative anatomy—or, to use a more modern term, of Morphology—to work out the structure of any ordinary vertebrate animal with some of that thoroughness which has always been demanded from students of human anatomy. In large and well-appointed morphological laboratories, such as Professor Huxley's own, or that which the late Professor Balfour established at Cambridge, this sort of help is supplied by a staff of demonstrators; but Mr. Parker has conferred an immense boon on teachers and students alike by enabling the latter to dispense to a very great extent with the services of the former. He has selected half a dozen types of vertebrate structure, the lamprey, the skate, the cod, the lizard, the pigeon, and the rabbit; and, under each head, gives clear directions as to the way in which these creatures are to be dissected, and what points the student ought to make out at the successive stages of his work. The method is the same throughout; the skeleton is taken first; then the zoological characters are briefly indicated; and, lastly, the dissection of the organs and muscles is described in a way which seems to us to leave nothing to be desired. The author in his preface is at pains to inform us that he "makes no pretence whatever at giving a complete account of the anatomy of the types selected"; and in a subsequent paragraph returns to the difficulty he had felt in deciding what should be retained and what omitted. We know by experience that there is no harder task than that of selecting, out of a number of small details, those which are of really first-rate importance; and we are convinced that only a complete mastery of his subject, from the practical side, could have enabled Mr. Parker to exercise so sound a judgment in dealing with this very important question. In treating of the skeleton, he has very properly left out all description of the bones, as that may readily be found elsewhere; but in the rest of the work, where the ground is comparatively untrodden, we cannot discover that he has omitted anything essential; while, on the other hand, he has carefully described a number of points which could not be found in any of the ordinary manuals. In working these out the student will find invaluable help from the seventy-four excellent illustrations, which form a distinctive feature of the book. It is part of Professor Huxley's system to advise his students to make drawings of work done, as being a better memorandum than mere notes; and, when we add that all the figures before us, except six, have been drawn by Mr. Parker himself, it will be easy to estimate the thoroughness and originality of this part of his book. We have tested the accuracy of some of these drawings by personal experience, and can confidently recommend them not only to beginners, but to more advanced naturalists, who may want to find accurate information ready to their hand on some disputed question. The figures illustrating the brain are especially clear and instructive. In a few instances the letters of reference have not been printed with sufficient distinctness; but this is a defect which can be readily corrected in subsequent editions. In other respects the book is excellently got up, the catch-words being printed in thick type, and the less important sections in a type rather smaller than that employed for the bulk of the text.

HOUSES IN BATH.*

AT first sight Bath seems to be as modern as an American town, and to have arisen in brightness and beauty some two or three centuries later than the walls of the early Tudor church in its midst, which, having belonged to a Benedictine monastery, had been spared to impart an ecclesiastical character to the future city. Looking deeper, however, that is, literally to a depth lower than the discovered foundations of one or two houses recently demolished near the Abbey church, we see evidences of domestic occupation dating more than fifteen hundred years back, the capacious reservoir of a noble Roman bath being laid open to the eye, with its bordering steps and approaches as perfect as when the last of the crowd of local Romans went down into the thermal waters. This is suggestive of a city of habitations, while the votive tablets and remains of temples that have from time to time been discovered indicate that the residents under the Empire considered godliness to be no less proper than cleanliness. But these relics can hardly in one sense be called historic, for no definite history connected with them has come down to us. A studious archæologist may yet find remains of the old encircling walls of Bath, but the historic houses must, from the reconstructed character of the place, be of purely modern consideration, and limited in date, with a few or no exceptions, to the last hundred and fifty years. This range, however, includes a wonderful concentration of memories of more or less illustrious persons; for the saintly multitude that clustered like bees about the snow-white rose of the *Divine Comedy* were hardly more fondly drawn to the glittering flower than were the select and unselect people of genius, learning, and fashion, and even of piety, of a few generations back to the rose and flower of Western cities. The tablets in the Abbey might alone afford a pretty good index to the names of important visitors to the healing springs and gay promenades of this one time queen, with whom they lived so deliciously, though frequently not for long. A more complete record than these marble names is contained in the present volume, which we welcome as a well-intentioned effort to give more than visible meaning to the handsome streets and terraced rows and crescents of the place. It is not the first effort of the kind, as the author admits; for the Rev. Joseph Hunter once privately circulated a paper on the "Connexion of Bath with the Literature and Science of England," and Mr. G. Monkland followed him (1854–5) with two small volumes on the "Literature and Literati of Bath." Mr. Peach's book includes much of the matter in the above works, but keeps more particularly to its avowed subject—the houses actually existing that are associated with remarkable persons or incidents. The writer is, we understand, a bookseller of the place in which he takes so intelligent an interest.

We are not disposed to be hard upon the writer's English; but it is a pity that some scholarly acquaintance did not revise the proof-sheets of his book, to save such incongruous metaphor and contradictory wording as we find, for example, in the following sentences:—

> In our desire to pick up here and there a *crumb* of information we have had to wade through *oceans* of jargon and archaic literature, in which we were nearly overwhelmed. One of the controversies of the day was between Dr. Peirce and Dr. Guidott, the former contending for bursting *libations* (!) of the waters, the latter for limiting their use almost exclusively to external application.

Built entirely of the light freestone or oolite of the district, without the intermixture of a single red brick or block of grey limestone, the appearance of Bath from any of the encircling heights, with its stately rows and crescents rising stage upon stage against a background of green hills and woods, is that of one of the most theatrical of landscape cities, and is unsurpassed in its kind. "Children," we are told by the Son of Sirach, "and the building of a city continue a man's name"; and few men have had an opportunity of perpetuating their names with the like effect of the elder Wood, the builder of modern Bath, whose architectural creations show a genius for street construction that stamps him for a master in his profession. Moreover, his son entered into his labours, and continued them with almost equal ability. His first work was the North Parade, which was begun in 1740; and, had the original design been completely realized—which was to give the whole block the appearance of a single house, or rather of a palace—it would, with its three hundred Corinthian columns and pilasters, central pediment, and corner towers, have been finer than even now, and well worthy of some of its illustrious inhabitants and visitors of the past. Among the latter was Goldsmith, who here stayed in the opening months of 1771 with his friend Lord Clare, whose portrait was painted by Gainsborough, then residing in Bath. At the same house, No. 11, Edmund Burke spent the first five months of the year 1771. He came here in his last illness, but, finding no recovery by the change of air and use of the waters, he returned home to be "nearer a habitation," he said, "more permanent." That lasting habitation he reached on the 9th of July, 1797. William Wilberforce speaks of having here called upon him with the Hon. William Windham, and remarks that the attention shown to Mr. Burke by his own party "was just like the treatment of Achitophel of old; it was just as if one went to inquire of the oracle of the Lord." Burke's wife was a lady of Bath, being the daughter of Dr. Christopher Nugent, who lived at "Circus House." From the centre house (now divided into two, 32 and 2) in the high-sounding Pierrepont Street, the Earl of Chesterfield wrote some of his ineffectual letters to his uninteresting son, and fairly says in one of them (Oct. 4, O.S. 1746), "Though I employ so much of my time in writing to you, I confess I have often my doubts whether it is to any purpose"; for "those who want advice most, like it and follow it least." In the same street, and apparently in the same house, died (January 27, 1766) Quin the comedian, whose decrepid form in his last days had gained him so little respect in the eyes of at least one of the humble "locals" of the place, that, while talking one day with a friend, the kill "buck" suddenly placed his hands on the actor's shoulders and vaulted over his head, to his astonishment and indignation, his regret however being that he could not perform a like feat of agility. Quin used to say that he did not know a better place than Bath for "an old cock to roost in." His last earthly, or roosting, place is the central aisle of the Abbey. At No. 2 Pierrepont Street lived, from the autumn of 1790 to August 1791, the future victor of the Nile and Trafalgar, whose father here died in 1803. At No. 5 was born Sarah Siddons, who lives in memory as the wife of Siddons, rather than as the

* *Historic Houses in Bath; and their Associations.* By R. E. Peach. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

loudest and most popular of public singers. There were many women before she was wed but one only of the unsuccessful suitors deserves to be remembered. Mr. Long, unlike Auld Robin Gray, finding that he would be unloved as the elderly husband of the Bath beauty, desisted from his advances, and magnanimously settled 3,000*l.* upon her as dower for a more favoured lover.

Londonderry House, in Kingsmead Square, was evidently not intended originally for the uses of a "Fish, Fruit, Pea, and Potato Salesman," to which it is now devoted. It was built in 1756 by John Strahan, a not unworthy follower of the elder Wood, and with its vigorously moulded windows, firm pilasters, fluted cornice, and carved brackets, is a stately composition of its kind. Here the author of the *Analogy* died on the morning of Tuesday, June 16, 1752, a date that is accordingly inscribed on his funeral tablet, only that it there occurs as "XVI Kal. Jul." The latter form seems to have misled the good Bishop's biographer, for he oddly says, "The date of his decease is here erroneously written July instead of June," forgetting or unaware that "16 kalend. July" is the 16th of June. The anecdotes of the prelate's deathbed are by no means authenticated, though his chaplain, Dr. Forster, was present at the solemn scene, and might well have reported correctly. His imputed expression that it was "an awful thing to appear before the august Governor of the World" is by no means unlikely to have been uttered by one of his dignified humility, but the thought is more awful than profound. The funeral procession from Bath to Bristol Cathedral where Butler was interred consisted, besides the hearse of two coaches and six, his servants in livery going before on horseback, so that it could hardly be said in its modest simplicity that, in Pope's words, his "long funeral blackened all the way."

At 6 South Parade, Walter Scott, then a young boy, was residing (1777) when he made his earliest acquaintance with the stage, being taken by his Uncle Robert to the Old Orchard Street Theatre to witness the presentation of *As You Like It*. At the quarrel between the two brothers he was so shocked that he called out to remind them of their relationship, but found out, he says, in no long time after, that it was not unusual for brothers to disagree. He stayed at Bath about a year, and went through the discipline of the pump-room and baths, though without the least advantage to his lameness. While he abode here he acquired the rudiments of learning at a day-school kept by an old dame near the Parade, whose name, were it recorded, might almost be reckoned among Bath celebrities. He confessed to a Scotch horror for imagery, and tells us that Jacob's ladder, with which the west front of the Abbey is adorned on either side, with the ascending and descending angels, filled him with superstitious terror, while even a statue of Neptune which guarded the banks of the Avon had no charm for him, and apparently for no one else, for it was soon after thrown down and left neglected.

If it is difficult to grow old gracefully, it is still more difficult to grow young again gracefully, and Mrs. Piozzi hardly succeeded in this when she opened a ball in the Lower Rooms on the anniversary of her eightieth birthday. Her house was No. 8 Gay Street, but she had previously resided on the North Parade, where with Mr. Thrale she was visited in 1776 by Dr. Johnson. The Doctor stayed at "The Pelican Inn," now "The Three Cups," in Walcot Street. No greater contrast to Mrs. Piozzi in her "perpetual state of rampant senility" could be afforded than Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, "the most precious saint of God" Mr. Toplady says he "ever knew." Had the attempted conversion of Beau Nash been accomplished, the influences of Lady Huntingdon and her sect might have spread beyond the very narrow company of Calvinistic Methodists that circled her at Bath. Nash was prevailed upon to hear Whitefield preach at her house; but the lampoons he suffered in consequence were too much for the Master of the Ceremonies, and he went no more.

Though there is nothing to indicate on the title-page that the present book is incomplete, the writer gives us to understand that he intends to supply an additional series of like records. It would be well if the work could be published as a whole with a table of contents and index.

RECENT STORIES, AMERICAN AND ENGLISH.

TURGENEF'S small volume of *Poems in Prose* (Boston: Cupples, Upham, & Co.) well deserves its title. It consists of short stories, sketches, and dialogues, which are all more or less poetical, and as suggestive as they are dainty. Each contains the outline of an exquisite poem. The stories are too short and too numerous to be discussed in detail; but the best of them are perhaps "A Dialogue between the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn," "The Beggar," "The Blockhead," "An Oriental Legend," "The Sparrow," and "The Dogs." The most original of them all is "The Supreme Being's Banquet." The Supreme Being gives a banquet to the Virtues. The smaller Virtues are more genial and affable than the great. The Supreme Being notices that two of the most beautiful of his guests do not know each other. "The host took one lady by the hand, and led her up to the other. 'Benevolence,' said He, 'this is the first.' 'Gratitude,' added He, introducing the second to her. Both Virtues were much surprised to make each other's acquaintance. For the first time since the creation of the world, and that was a great while ago, they now met face to face." It is difficult to choose favourites among so many gems, but to appreciate them at their full value the advice of Turgenef himself, which is given in the preface about this little volume, may be quoted:—"The reader must not slide over these poems in prose one after the other, that would probably tire him, and he would soon put the book aside. But let him read each one separately—one to-day another to-morrow, and then perhaps one or more of them may sink into his soul and bear fruit."

Mumu and the *Diary of a Superfluous Man* (New York: Funk & Wagnalls) are two short stories also by Turgenef. In the first a very graphic picture is given of the former tyranny of the Russian master over the serf. Gerassim, a serf of colossal stature and of Herculean strength, but a deaf mute, is brought from the village in which he was born to Moscow, where he finds his work too easy. Among the household of his mistress is a laundry-maid named Tatiana, whom, moved by her lonely and desolate condition, Gerassim first protects and gradually falls in love with. He shows his admiration and devotion by small presents, and by the peculiar whining sound which deaf mutes make when pleased. Tatiana is pleased with Gerassim. On the estate, and in the service of the same lady, is a shoemaker, named Kapiton Klimoff, a hard drinker, who, after many transgressions, at last disgraces the household by being picked up drunk in the road. His mistress determines to marry him to some one who will keep him in order. In spite of Gerassim's evident affection for her, both the mistress and her steward decide upon Tatiana as the fitting wife, and the match is arranged between the two parties. The servants, however, all dread the fury of Gerassim when he comes to discover the state of affairs. And as they know that he has a horror of drunken people, they persuade Tatiana to feign tipsiness before him. She acts her part so well that Gerassim is deceived, and, disgusted with her, makes no objection to the marriage. After a time Tatiana and her husband are exiled to distant estates in the country on account of his bad habits. Gerassim suffers from depressed spirits for a long time, but after Tatiana's marriage he gradually recovers his former composure. One day he saves the life of a puppy, which he finds drowning in the river. He takes it home, feeds and caresses it, and calls it in his peculiar whine "Mumu." The dog develops into a beautiful spaniel, and attracts the attention of the lady, who wishes to take it away from Gerassim. But Mumu snaps and snarls, and will not be parted from her master. One day, when his mistress is more than usually ill-humoured, Mumu's bark annoys her, and she gives orders that the dog is to be sold. Accordingly Mumu is kidnapped and disappears. Gerassim is in despair, and loses interest in everything. Mumu breaks the rope which fastens her, and returns to her master, who is overjoyed to see her. He hides her, and takes her out for exercise at night. But she contrives to annoy the mistress a second time by barking, and orders are given for her to be strangled. Gerassim, being warned of this, drowns Mumu himself, and quitting Moscow, walks back to his native village. The description of Gerassim's grief at parting with Mumu is very touchingly told. Indeed all through the story the signs of a masterhand are visible. The *Diary of a Superfluous Man*, we are informed by the translator, "is intended to personify descendant aristocracy. As it removes from its original stock it becomes first impoverished, then degraded, then 'superfluous,' and dies at last in self-torment." It is to us a morbid and disagreeable story, and the translation is at times so rough and uneven that it jars upon the ear and detracts from the interest which the story might otherwise have.

In *Memoirs and Rime* (New York: Funk & Wagnalls) we have some of Mr. Joaquin Miller's reminiscences of his life abroad and in the West. Among them, scattered about at random, are to be found some of his poems. There is a curious description of a dinner at the house of the late Mr. Rossetti. "All London, or rather all the brain of London, the literary brain, was there," we are told. "These giants of thought" and the "literary brain of London" must have been singularly torpid that night to judge from the imbecile bits of conversation to which we are treated. Let us hope that such arrant nonsense is rarely talked at literary tables. Of one thing we are very certain—*i.e.* that the "Master," as Mr. Miller styles Mr. Rossetti, would have said "Bella Italia" and not "Bella Italia," as attributed to him by Mr. Miller, when he said "I am an Italian who has never seen Italy." The chapter on "Damming the Sacramento" is a good one, and gives a graphic description of the rough life of the miners, when the first crowds of gold-seekers flocked into California. The prayer of "Lazarus" and "Nut Crackers," "chipping in a sort of side prayer for the mine," and the pawning of the boy for "ons squar meal," are very amusing. But the book is, on the whole, tedious reading, and we cannot recommend it.

John de Wycliffe (Shaw & Co.) gives an interesting account of the great reformer and of his work in England. The ecclesiastical situation in 1366 is very simply and clearly told, as well as the political struggles of the time. The book ends with a summary of the writings and opinions of Wycliffe, with quotations from his sermons. Very little is said about the "poor priests" whom Wycliffe sent out into the world with portions of the Scriptures. The book is pleasant reading, and sustains its interest throughout.

In Wiclif's Days (Shaw & Co.) is intended for young people, and is therefore put in the form of a story. It turns upon the discovery of two manuscript books of the Life of John Wiclif, compiled by a certain Henry West Denham from the traditions by the "pore priest" Henry Ford. It is a pity that the conversations of the children with their grandmother at Denham Old Hall should so constantly interrupt the interest in Wiclif throughout the book. Children may find it fairly readable.

Mrs. Willoughby's Octave (London: Seeley & Co.) is a charming book for young readers. Mrs. Willoughby has a family of eight children, with names the initials of which correspond with the letters of the notes of a piano. Hence the title. The father is away on duty in India, and the pleasures, trials, and helpful sympathy with others, of Mrs. Willoughby's family during his absence, are very pleasantly and interestingly told. Some of the illustrations are charming.

Leo and Dick (Shaw & Co.) is the story of a boy who has been kidnapped by gipsies. By a lucky coincidence the gipsies encamp on the common near the house of a gentleman named Courtenay. While watching a game of cricket, Dick attracts the notice of Leo Courtenay, who is one of the cricketers. He discovers that Dick is badly treated by his master, Joe Smith, and persuades his father to interest himself in the boy. But all Mr. Courtenay's efforts fail to induce Joe to give up the lad. Dick is afterwards caught in a poaching fray, and wounded. Meanwhile, a certain Patty Simmons arrives on the scene, and seeing that Dick is maltreated by Joe, she turns Queen's evidence, and confesses that Dick is the child of Mrs. Courtenay's sister, who was supposed to have been drowned. And all ends well. Dick is adopted and educated by the Courtenays, and the wicked Joe meets with his deserts.

Left to Ourselves (Shaw & Co.) is the story of five children whose parents are obliged to leave them to manage for themselves for a time, while they are called away to America. It is a book apparently intended for Sunday school use, but we doubt whether the boys who are influenced by it would ever grow up to be manly men. For example, one of the boys, when very thirsty, drinks a glass of beer, for which offence much maudlin religious sentiment is preached to him, which he imbibes with a docility not common among healthy boys, and auguring ill for his future.

Friendless Johnny (Shaw & Co.) is another book of the same sort. A little boy sells oranges on a ferry-boat, and is harshly treated by the old woman with whom he lives and by her son. He interests another boy named Clarence Adams, who tells his sister Nellie, and she in her turn persuades her father to do something for him. Johnny is rescued from the bad old woman and her good-for-nothing son, and becomes respectable.

In the *Sea Gull's Nest* (Shaw & Co.) we have the story of a poor boy who takes his revenge for unkind treatment from a rich youth by rescuing him when he falls over a high cliff and saving his life. The story is in itself very slight, but the same unhealthy sentiment pervades this as well as the three other books noticed above. Yet we hope that they may do good to some into whose hands they may fall.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS (DOMESTIC), 1656-7.*

THOUGH the period covered by the new volume of the Calendar of Commonwealth State Papers extends over as many as eleven months, and though these eleven months are certainly inferior in interest to very few years in English history, yet Mrs. Green must have found many previous sections of her work more attractive than this. The meetings of the Council, as she reminds us, were far less frequent in the months from July 1656 to May 1657 than in the earlier years of the Commonwealth, and the original papers are accordingly less numerous. Nearly a third of the volume is taken up by navy papers, which, notwithstanding the important part played by the fleet in this period, are necessarily as a rule devoid of general interest; but in the body of the volume, too, entries possessing high importance are by no means frequent. The truth is that much of what was most momentous in the domestic affairs of these months must have been transacted behind the scenes; and that the lack of information at first-hand concerning it is ill supplied by the utterly irresponsible gossip of Mr. Joseph Williamson's correspondents. Some of the most valuable letters here calendared have only, as it were, by accident found their way into the State Paper Office. These were addressed, chiefly by Secretary Thurloe, to Lockhart, the ambassador sent by the Commonwealth to France in 1657, or to his secretary, William Swift; and copies of them were surreptitiously obtained by the Royalists through some member of the embassy all too "easy of access." The information, on the other hand, as to the doings of the Royalists contained in this volume is rarely of much consequence—a fact which easily admits of explanation. At home the party had been recently crushed with ruthless vigour; abroad, though the Commonwealth was at war with Spain, the fortunes of the Royal Family were at their lowest ebb; there was disunion at headquarters to make impotence more impotent; and the King who was to reconquer three kingdoms had, *literally*, not the wherewithal to satisfy the claims of his laundress.

The great issue decided during the months to which the papers calendared in this volume belong was that of the English Kingship. Within their course it rested entirely with the judgment of England's *de facto* master whether he, and perhaps his descendants after him, should wear her royal Crown. He refused it, but not without much preliminary hesitation and searching of the minds of other men, if not of his own. The suspense in which his hesitation kept public opinion reflects itself in many pages of this volume; and the expectation of his refusing seems to have been small. Among the least fruitful suggestions for finding a way out of the difficulty was that mentioned by Williamson's correspondent, the bookseller Robinson:—"Now we hear he has lately got a cold, and is much indisposed; it's said because they have sworn against Kingship the name of Emperor will content them; this may reconcile all." Cromwell preferred to secure a measure of power in nearly all respects equal, and in some superior, to that which the constitution had given to previous English sovereigns. He was contented to share the control of the army with the Parliament; but he obtained the right, which no English King except Henry VIII. had at any time possessed, of naming his successor. He was, moreover, to name his own House of Lords or "Sanhedrim," as the lively Mr. Robinson calls it, and it cannot be wondered that more was expected to follow. According to the same authority:—

> Nedum, our News writer, being last night in Dr. Goodwin's chamber at Whitehall, the Protector asked him the news. He told him that *vox populi* said Mr. Nye should be Archbishop of Canterbury, and Dr. Owen of York.

Owen (then Vice-Chancellor of Oxford) and Nye had not long before been entrusted with the management of a business which at this time seems to have given more trouble to the Council than any other—namely, that of "augmentations to ministers"; but, though Mr. Marchamont Needham had been a Royalist editor before he became a Republican, it is on the whole probable that, if he really ventured on this remark to the Protector, he rather made it as a jest than threw it out as a feeler.

It is well known that, though Oliver Cromwell ultimately refused the crown, the increase of his authority as Protector deeply offended some of his most trusted military associates and agents—Lambert among the number, who was soon afterwards dismissed from his employments with a retiring pension so handsome as to cause much satirical comment. We live in hopes that forthcoming volumes of this Calendar may furnish at least some contribution to that rather obscure chapter of Commonwealth history, the later political biography of General Lambert; in the meantime it is needless to say that the rumour of his having been implicated in the Sundercomb plot, and having accordingly been "within an inch of execution," may be very confidently dismissed. (As a curious detail, we note that Lambert's attendances at the Council during the eleven months covered by this Calendar were more numerous than those of any other member, with the single exception of the President, Lawrence.) There seems better reason to credit the information derived from the same source, that the objections taken among the Major-Generals to the proposed assumption of the Crown by Oliver Cromwell were not unconnected with his decision to determine their tenure of their extraordinary offices. At all events, it is a remarkable proof of his consciousness of strength that he should as early as the end of the year 1656 have felt able to dispense with the machinery which he had so recently called into life. For its effectiveness was no more to be denied than its unpopularity; and the Protector had himself insisted upon the former in the memorable speech of September 17, 1656, of which the publication of Mrs. Green's new volume naturally suggests a re-perusal. It lasted for three hours, and touched on a wide variety of topics, ranging from the war of Spain to the treatment of the sects. Carlyle might naturally recognize in it a most forcible illustration of his cherished view of the Protector's character, when on the very morrow of its delivery it was supposed "that he has roused a party in the House, and that now we shall have Acts to purpose." The fulfilment of this hope was, however, delayed for some little time. The Parliament which had been opened with this great speech was still more drastically prepared for its work by having to undergo at the hands of the Council a purge which was in reality even severer than that applied by Colonel Pride to the Long Parliament eight years earlier. Mrs. Green calendars the protests of 160 members (they seem afterwards to have been reduced to 140) who had partly been excluded from the House, partly, as it would appear, afterwards indignantly seceded from it, for the number actually excluded seems to have been 99. There follows the Order of the House that the persons rejected be referred to the Council for their approbation, and the answer of the Council "that they have refused none who were men of integrity, and within the qualification of the Instrument of Government, and therefore his Highness and Council have ordered the soldiers to keep these persons out." Yet even this Parliament, much against the will of the Protector, though it passed an Act for the security of his person, and declaring an absolute *déchéance* of the Stuart family, devoted a considerable part of its first Session to discussing the best method of persecuting an ecstatic Quaker, and thus earned for itself from the great dispenser of historical nicknames the *sobriquet* of "the James-Nayler Parliament." We are not aware that the petition of this strange fanatic's wife has been previously printed. There is perhaps, nothing very unusual in it, but it somehow goes to the heart. Was he, by the way, really a German, as Mr. Perrott, who wishes him and his followers the same persecution, implies in his letter of January 7th? In the midst of the Parliamentary debates the Protector is found intervening with a letter "for some moderation," but the House would not hearken to it. The Quakers gave trouble enough in this period, and made it difficult for the Government to carry out their policy of tolerance, which is exemplified in an early entry, where the clerks of assize for the Western Circuit are instructed to forbear from entreating George Fox and other Quakers for the fines imposed upon them. There remains, notwithstanding its undeniable imperfections, no nobler feature in Oliver Cromwell's system of government than this; and, every allowance being made for Oriental phraseology, it is difficult

* *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series*, 1656-7. Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London. 1883.

to read without admiration for the magnanimity to which it appeals the following:—

Petition of Manasseh Ben Israel to the Protector. What modesty forbids, necessity, *ingens ta'um*, compels; that having been long very sickly, I beg you, my only succourer in this land of strangers, to help me. I do not prescribe the way, but having experienced your compassion as well as majesty, I lay myself at your feet.

Early in 1657 the operations of Parliament, which had by this time begun to address itself to the business of its existence, were, no doubt, hastened by the discovery of Sundercomb's plot for the assassination of the Protector. Cromwell, who in his speech had not shrunk from appealing, in connexion with the Spanish war, to the example of Queen Elizabeth of famous memory, was not spared a further development of the parallel between himself and the national Queen. In the Declaration of the Protector and Parliament for a day of thanksgiving on February 20th, 1657, the combination between the Levellers and the Spaniards is referred to as the source and beginning of the plot, which had gone through successive phases, including that of blowing up Whitehall, and, as the flippant Perrott writes, "sending the Protector to heaven in a fiery chariot." It was about a month after the discovery of the plot that the idea of offering the Crown to Cromwell was first mooted in Parliament. Never had the great man stood more erect before England and the world than at this season, when, after full consideration, he, to the astonishment of friends and to the disappointment of foes, refused the Crown. At home the resistance of the Royalists had been virtually extinguished by the rigorous measures adopted against them after the Salisbury rising, though, of course, the flutterings of hope and the mutterings of discontent were still audible. Thus, even before the recall of the Major-Generals, we find one of them reporting from Maidstone "the sad spirit" which still existed against the Protector in that self-willed county, Kent. But Major-General Kelsey's fears had been chiefly directed to what the Parliament would do or fail to do, and the action of Protector and Council had effectively removed all danger of his having as he dreaded to return to his "Egyptian taskmasters." Very noticeable in this period are the "reconciliations" with the Protector's Government which were preparing themselves on the part of certain noble families, and which before long were to find expression in the marriages of Cromwell's daughters, Frances and Mary, to Mr. Rich and Lord Falconbridge. The latter is mentioned more than once in this volume, and Ambassador Lockhart, from Paris, reports him to be a person of great merit, who is "much troubled that his enemies give him out to be a Catholic, and has purged himself from having any inclination that way." About the same time the gossip went that the match between Mr. Rich and the Lady Frances was "off," and that a bridegroom was being looked for in France. As the former half of the story proved false, it is perhaps useless to inquire into the foundation of the latter. That some of the nobility should begin to reconsider their position towards the Protectorate was at least excusable, when we find the ladies of so great a house as that of Hamilton suing for the means of maintenance at the hands of the usurper. At the other end of the political scale there were still signs of discontent among the extreme zealots, such as the Fifth-Monarchy men, whom in his great speech Cromwell had acquitted of the charge urged by him against the Levellers, of plotting with "Charles Stuart." In April 1657, however, while the negotiations about the kingship were in a critical stage, these fanatics attempted to carry out their wild design, of which the following account is given by one of Thurloe's stolen letters:—

Meantime he has had a new testimony of God's favour to him. The Fifth-Monarchy men designed an insurrection, and were so ready that they had appointed their rendezvous this night at Mile End Green, but we had notice of it, and seized some 20 of their ringleaders, as they were ready to take horse, took many arms and some ammunition, and their chief standard, a lion couchant, with the motto, "Who shall rouse him up?" There was a declaration in which they set forth a new government. We are sending up and down to apprehend others engaged in this design, and hope to break it.

Abroad, the war with Spain was in full progress; and after, in September 1656, the spoils of the Spanish treasure-fleet captured by Blake and Montague had put all London in good spirits, the destruction of a second Plate fleet by Blake at Vera Cruz in April 1657 was, like the former event, made the occasion for a public thanksgiving. The firm and prudent policy of the Protector, while contriving to avert an outbreak of war with the United Provinces, despite all the efforts made to provoke it, maintained the alliance with France by means of which he had achieved the great moral victory (for as such it is justly regarded) of staying the persecution of the Waldenses. One of the curiosities in the volume before us is the account of the sums paid at the collection for the Piedmontese Protestants, made apparently early in 1656 in the different towns of England and Wales. It is a pity that Mrs. Green should not have printed the list *in extenso*, as it would have had a certain statistical value. The London total, which must have amounted to some thousands, is not given; while Norwich appears with nearly 158*l.* in thirteen churches; Manchester contributes a little over 32*l.*; and Liverpool (for which better times were near at hand) 10*l.* 3*s.* By the side of this liberal expenditure may be noted the meagre allowance of 329*l.* odd for the expenses of the funeral of King Charles I. Mrs. Green considers that the account proves that "there was no disrespect shown towards his remains"; but it certainly proves nothing further, except that the bill was left unpaid for the better part of eight years. Rather later we have a touching petition from divers poor servants of the late King, left, according to their own statement, in utter destitution.

To the vigorous activity of the Government in these eleven months the spasmodic efforts of the Royal family and of their adherents in exile present a pitiable contrast. There was, as observed, no money to pay for anything—not even, it was feared, for mourning on behalf of the Emperor Ferdinand III., whose death, in Hyde's opinion, would be "agreeable to none but the Cardinal and Cromwell." And yet means were in some way found to pay for "intelligence"; in one instance, at all events, according to a very respectable rate. The system of political spies is amply illustrated in these pages; and a pretty twofold picture of injured, though not uncomplaining, innocence might be composed out of the adventures of Sir Robert Walsh and Colonel Bampfield. A very uncertain source of income was the extraction of money, humorously called "milk," from disaffected Englishmen by the friendly authorities in the Spanish Netherlands; indeed, it was not till 1657 that the Governor, Don John of Austria, invited Charles and his brothers to Brussels. The "King of Scots at Bruges" and his brother the Duke of York had hitherto chiefly depended on the good offices of their sister the Princess of Orange; but she was really powerless since the Act of Seclusion, and Cromwell would probably, but for the unwillingness of France, have included the States-General in the anti-Spanish alliance. The hopes which were founded by the Royalists upon the loyal sympathies of the fleet were probably exaggerated; though it is clear, from the measures taken by the Government against the circulation among the crews of "abusive and derisive" pamphlets, that it felt some uneasiness on the subject. But at all events there could have been no grounds for the notion that it might be advantageous to "probe Blake." He was naturally of an independent character, and as a sailor, of course, had his grievances against the Admiralty Commissioners and the head of the Government; but there was no likelihood of his playing a double game, such as that which the petty officers of the ship the *Adventure* expected from their captain. (This latter worthy's opinion of Oliver Cromwell perhaps hardly deserved quoting by Mrs. Green in her preface.) Early in 1657 a difference broke out between Charles and his brother concerning Sir John Berkeley, one of the King's followers, which seems to have spread, or to have been reported to have spread, its disintegrating influence as far as England. While at the Hague it was attempted to arrange a marriage for the Duke of York, Charles proposed to the Council at Brussels a consolidation with his levies of all the English, Scotch, and Irish troops in the Spanish service, so that a force might be formed which he might in person lead across the Channel. But the further prosecution of this design belongs to a later point of time than that reached by the present volume.

Among matters of miscellaneous interest to which reference is made in it, one or two may be mentioned in conclusion. The revision of the Authorized Version, which a Committee was in January 1657 appointed to consider, is occasionally alluded to in the correspondence calendared by Mrs. Green; but, unless we mistake, she neither mentions the subject in her preface, nor directs attention to it by any special heading in the index. By the way, the index heading "Bible, quotations from, 70," fails to exhaust the number of ornamental Scripture phrases and names which occur in the text. The language of a letter from Charles Longland to Vice-Admiral Baddiley is particularly refreshing, though in substance it is mundane enough, inveighing against Portugal with the vigour of manufacturing censors of the Congo Treaty, suggesting the annexation of Oran, and commending a shipment of old Saragossa wine, "a cup of which, in raw cold weather, will not be amiss." Of literary or quasi-literary names we have in this volume only come across (besides Hyde's) that of the Marquis of Newcastle, the language of whose letter concerning the marriage of "an old friend and neighbour" is truly deplorable. University intelligence is mainly furnished by Joseph Williamson's correspondents at Queen's College, Oxford, who find themselves, under the Commissioners for the Reformation of the Universities, fallen upon dry and supperless times. One of them reports Dr. Wilkins to be "the rising sun since his marriage with the Protector's sister." There are, however, a few other items of academical information. Dr. Horton is to be allowed to hold his Divinity Professorship and Public Readership at Gresham College, "his marriage notwithstanding." The University of Glasgow obtains a new charter, with an increase of revenue to meet the expense of new buildings which have since gone the way of the old. From Scotland, too, a number of Doctors of Physic petition for the establishment of a College of Physicians in Edinburgh, such as about a generation later was to be actually accomplished. Lastly, the "new College" at Durham is mentioned more than once; the patent which established it as a University was, however, not granted till the month with which this Calendar closes. But not the least interesting, although involuntary, contribution to the history of education in this volume will be found in the letters of Lady Lowther to her son's tutor Joseph Williamson, who was conducting, or seeking to conduct, her son's education abroad. She writes with much good sense, though in no sanguine spirit. And herein she was well advised, as a letter to the tutor from his pupil himself, with an extract from which we conclude, may seem to signify:—

The past I shall bury in oblivion, but I have heard from friends every word that you have written to my father, which is not what I should have thought; I hope you will lay by past oversights, and send me, with other things, something worthy my father's acceptance, which I may send him next term. I am going into chambers in the Temple. Do not make me incur my father's displeasure further. You know what lies upon it, which is no slight business.

HEALTH EXHIBITION HANDBOOKS.*

AMONG the actual results of the opening of the Health Exhibition not the least important is the issue of a series of official handbooks, now in course of publication, that practically illustrate the science of health in all its manifold aspects. Not alone is the public health of great cities, or the hygienic view of the subject, considered; other cognate subjects, such as the water supply, the fire brigade, the art of cookery, the chemistry and dietetic value of the various drinks and food, the management of the sick, ambulance organization, athletics and dress, are embraced in the official scheme. The general excellence of the first instalment of these handbooks promises well for the value and completeness of the series; while the price at which they are issued, varying from one to two shillings, should assure the success they merit. In *Health in the Village* Dr. Acland unfolds some of the results of his large experience of the progress of sanitation in country villages during the past thirty years, and in an interesting narrative contrasts, with dramatic skill, the sanitary condition of a village community of the past and present. His picture of Lowmarsh possesses the great merit of being free from the high colour of sensational touches, and the practical lesson he inculcates is admirably forcible and lucid. Such cases of fever epidemics in villages as desolated Terling in Essex and Marnton in Devon are illustrated afresh in Dr. Acland's account of his inspection of Horwood in 1858. The chief attraction of the handbook lies, however, in the value of the remedial suggestions offered, the observations on the construction and drainage of cottages, the water supply, the education and recreation of the inhabitants—all of which are characterized by sound sense and shrewd observation, and accompanied by excellent illustrative plans.

Mr. Berdmore treats the subject of cooking with discrimination and independence, obviously holding individual views of some matters, *e.g.* the making of a salad, where unanimity of procedure is neither possible nor desirable. The arrangement of his book is commendable and novel, being a grammar of the art, the principia of which are defined with precision and finish; so that no cook who follows Mr. Berdmore's practical directions can wander from the clear path of orthodoxy.

None of the handbooks before us surpasses in value, or more fully meets a current demand, than Miss Wood's observations on the food and nurture of infants and the dietary of invalids. While her work especially appeals to mothers and the rearing of their offspring, it is full of timely counsel to invalids, and particularly to dyspeptics, who would undoubtedly benefit by adhering to the simple and sensible rules here laid down. The fruits of Miss Wood's experience in the superintendence of the Children's Hospital in Ormond Street are very fully and practically manifested in this excellent little book, to which Dr. Cheadle has contributed an introduction on the digestive powers of infants and the chemical constituents of their fitting food.

All visitors to the Health Exhibition must have been struck by the display made by the Water Companies, and the many interesting features in connexion with it. Professor Attfield's brochure is an admirable guide to the subject, and treats exhaustively the important question of the water supply, besides dealing with the various aërated waters and unfermented beverages that are so popular. In discussing the virtues of tea and coffee the writer affirms that the consumption of the latter has decreased to one-half within the past thirty years in Great Britain. Notorious as it is that this country is more addicted to tea than coffee, we should have welcomed statistics in support of this statement. Professor Attfield also observes, "A mixture of tea is generally desirable; a grocer who knows his business can be trusted to properly 'blend' his teas." Few drinkers of what are called fine teas will, we think, assent to the first proposition, and we fear, from considerable experience, that not many grocers produce irreproachable blends.

In dealing with the subject of "Healthy Schools" Mr. Paget has not over-estimated its importance among sanitary questions, and it is to be hoped that the practical illustration of the question by buildings in the Exhibition will yet be effected. The chief elements of health in schools are fully and succinctly considered by Mr. Paget, and not the construction, ventilation, and general arrangements merely, but also the nature and equipment of the playgrounds and the administration of school infirmaries.

Wanderers in Old London, as reproduced at South Kensington, may have observed specimens of the primitive appliances for extinguishing fires in vogue two centuries ago; these curious devices are not more suggestive when compared with a modern engine than Captain Eyre Shaw's account of the formation of the London Fire Brigade is illustrative of the last half-century's progress. Captain Shaw's handbook displays great breadth of view and comprehensive grasp, and is eminently readable for the clearness of its style and the interest of the subject. His remarks on the fallacy of fire-proof structures, on the insubstantial nature of modern buildings, and on the dangers of iron and stone, should receive careful attention.

Ambulance organization, military and naval, is the subject of an excellent handbook by Surgeon-Major Evatt, the real value of which is but little indicated in the author's diffident preface. It is something more than a mere guide to the casual visitor to the Exhibition, and though only a compilation, is skilfully compacted and well written; it is fully illustrated throughout by woodcuts reproduced, and in some cases reduced, from various sources. The history of the movement that found its full expression in the Geneva Convention and the institution of the various Red Cross Societies is briefly told by way of preface to the main subject of the book, which omits no detail in the vast organization of the National Aid Society and the elaborate machinery of equipment and transport used in the field. The handbook is a valuable addition to the literature of the Health Exhibition and of no transient interest.

* *Health in the Village.* By Henry W. Acland, C.B., F.R.S. London: Clowes & Sons. 1884.

On the Principles of Cooking. By Sept. Berdmore. London: Clowes & Sons. 1884.

Food and Cookery for Infants and Invalids. By Catherine Jane Wood. London: Clowes & Sons. 1884.

Water and Water Supplies. By John Attfield, F.R.S., &c. London: Clowes & Sons. 1884.

Healthy Schools. By Charles E. Paget. London: Clowes & Sons. 1884.

Fires and Fire Brigades. By Captain Eyre M. Shaw, C.B. London: Clowes & Sons. 1884.

Ambulance Organization. By Surgeon-Major G. J. H. Evatt, M.D. London: Clowes & Sons. 1884.

GARDEN LORE.*

THERE are few pleasures to be named more healthy, more refining, or more perennial than that of flower-gardening. It supplies culture to the most delicate of the senses; it gives exercise to the faculties of curiosity, imagination, and wonder, and, as Mr. Darwin has abundantly shown us, it opens up a field of infinite expansion even for the higher powers of the intellect. Not a few of the greatest minds have found their chief solace and never-failing delight in the society of flowers. How characteristic of Bacon's whole genius is the quaint saying that God Almighty first planted a garden—"and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures." The perfect laying out of a garden is, in truth, among the noblest efforts of genius. Merely to scatter seeds, or to plant trees and shrubs haphazard, whatever their variety, rarity, or individual beauty, is as far removed from the true principles of floriculture as to parcel out the ground with rule and compass into the conventional patterns and mathematical monstrosities known as carpet-bedding. We are glad to see a wholesome reaction setting in against the pedantic extravagances for some years past in fashion, and a recurrence to the simpler, more natural, and therefore purer and more satisfying arrangement of the old English garden.

Foremost amongst those who have helped to bring about this happy renascence of a natural style of gardening has been for years Mr. W. Robinson, the keynote of whose teaching is the simple principle that every district should have flower-gardens characteristic of itself, adapted to its soil, climate, and position. No stereotyped rule or form of arrangement can be laid down for indiscriminate application. What constitutes the special fitness of the layer-out of gardens is a kind of opportunism, the gift which gave Capability Brown his title to celebrity—a quick eye to the possibilities of any given site, a happy audacity in seizing every salient feature in the landscape, a crag here or a knoll there, a sunny slope, a meandering brook, a shoot of falling water, bringing in the resources of art not to supersede, but to enhance, the loveliness of nature. Mr. Robinson's latest volume, *The English Flower Garden*, in the compilation of which he acknowledges the aid of some threescore experts or connoisseurs in the practice of horticulture, has for its aim to reduce to system the means of making the flower-garden a reflex, as he puts it, of the world of beautiful plant life, in harmony with the local surroundings, and varied in succession so as to fall in with the exigencies or the capabilities of spring, summer, autumn, and winter. The greater portion of his book is devoted to setting forth the abounding wealth of flowers suited to the embellishment of our open-air spaces. An exhaustive list is given of all available flowering plants, arranged in the alphabetical order of their botanical names, illustrated by woodcuts liberal in point of number and drawn with correctness and elegance, the characteristics of each plant and flower being brought out as well to the eye as to the intelligence of the reader. We should have been glad to see a corresponding alphabetical catalogue of the vernacular names, for the use of the less scientific classes of the public, who are the most likely to consult the book. Preliminary to making use of the exhaustless store of floral treasures thus opened to the floriculturist comes the fundamental principle of selection and arrangement, to which Mr. Robinson applies himself in his introductory pages. For the essential quality of style in gardening the basis is to be found, he rightly insists, not in the fleeting and indefinable quality called taste, but in a certain fitness arising out of definite natural law. And nature in this, as in every other department of art, in her laws which form the irrefragable canons for our guidance, far from binding us with weary fetters, has the tenderness of a true mother. Within her rule there is the truest liberty and the most genuine enjoyment. After all the discussion upon the several styles of laying out gardens, the ultimate types to which we are brought

* *The English Flower Garden, Style, Position, and Arrangement; followed by a description, alphabetically arranged, of all the Plants best suited for its embellishment; their culture, and position suited for each. By W. Robinson, Founder of "The Garden," &c.* With the co-operation of many of the best Flower-Gardeners of the day. Illustrated with many Engravings. London: John Murray.

Days and Hours in a Garden. By "E. V. B." London: Elliot Stock.

face to face are two in number. One of these is to be described as the formal, strait-laced, and mechanical, projected from the designer's mind, drawn out by rule and line, with much of grandiose composition in marble, stone, or terra-cotta, with palatial terraces, waterfalls, sea-monsters, and soaring jets. The other starts with nature as a guide, relying upon her boundless wealth of floral resources, the hand of the artist or constructor as little as possible obtruding itself into the aspect of the landscape. There are, of course, positions, as our author fully allows, where the intrusion of architecture or embankments into the garden is justifiable, nay, necessary. In the typical examples he brings forward there are instances in which noble effects are produced by the tasteful employment of such accessories. Still, on the whole, the impression produced in most cases is that of regret at so much outlay of labour and racking of brain, the eye turning with a sense of relief to the simpler pictures in which nature has been left more free to work her will. Who will nowadays dispute the force with which our author speaks of the dismal effect produced by the formalistic theatrical scheme of the great fountains and terraces at Sydenham, the greatest modern example of the waste of enormous means in making hideous a noble stretch of natural scenery? At the same time he shows himself quite alive to the propriety and the beauty that can be produced where artificial adjuncts of this kind are introduced in judicious adaptation to the nature of the ground and with harmonious adjustment to the architecture of the mansion which they serve to embellish. In fact, we can hardly picture to ourselves any great palatial house which would not be shorn of half its effect if bereft of the appliances which are due to the genius of the architect and the sculptor. In the case of Thoresby Hall, our author's first example, as typical of the great houses of the present day, we are shown how the elaborate terrace hides whilst it is designed to protect the best view of the house, the artist to get a more pleasing sketch of it having been driven to the riverside below. Though it is not always desirable to choose the crest of a hill for a site, yet it seems to him doubtful if building the house partly into the slope as at Thoresby is the best way. Highclere, occupying a similar situation as to ground, forms an example, we agree with him, of the better fashion of having a quiet, open vista in front with ample room for every phase of gardening or tree-planting in the grounds spreading out on either side, or behind the house. Greenlands, by the Thames-side near Henley, the principal front a simple lawn sloping down to the water, comes, he thinks, nearer to our possibly perfect English flower-garden than any example he has to mention. At Clumber the view is cut off at many points by the formal pile of Sir C. Barry's architectural work. In Pendell Court, a beautiful old house ivy-clad and wreathed with roses, and unencumbered with terrace, fountain, or statue, we are invited to see the pattern of the English country mansion, a poem in building and in lawn. To this we should be inclined, for our part, to add as an alternative model Endeleigh Cottage, the lovely Devonshire seat of the Duke of Bedford, in which time has smoothed away whatever seemed artificial under Brown's designing hand; every jutting rock or fall of feathery spray seeming to fulfil its natural function in the pervading harmony. On a slighter scale we are shown the typical English cottage with garden and lawn in Gilbert White's characteristic retreat at Selborne, sketched in 1880, not essentially modified since the time of the distinguished naturalist. A glance at Charles Kingsley's Rectory at Eversley shows us a modest and charming, and simple as charming, type of garden, where house and grounds had been as unsatisfactory as was from a spiritual point of view the rest of the parish; the incoming rector in 1844 becoming his own engineer and landscape gardener. Professor Owen's garden at Sheen Lodge, Richmond, is finally cited as proving that the most attractive gardens are by no means the largest or the most pretentious.

Now it is not everybody who has the call, the ambition, or the purse to lay out grounds on the princely scale of Trentham, Eaton, or Witley Court. It is as a guide and helper to those whose modest wants have their limits within a few acres at the most that Mr. Robinson comes forward with his experience and his critical taste. The main point in practice is how the garden designer is to make the most of the inexhaustible treasure that nature places at his command. We have here in effect an illustrated catalogue of the British flora, acclimatized as well as indigenous. Since in this country the flower-garden must rely upon the vegetation that will stand rude vicissitudes of climate and temperature, precedence is here given to hardy plants, with rules for their arrangement, succession, and protection. The garden of sweet-smelling flowers, the garden of beautiful ferns, and the wild garden, have each a chapter full of useful hints and attractive illustrations. "Economy and wasted effort" forms a heading to much sensible advice specially suitable to amateurs in horticulture. Each separate season naturally calls for artistic and economic study of the flora adapted to it; but to the judicious and far-seeing florist the round of the whole year will be a matter for systematic contemplation, and both summer and winter bedding will be combined in his provision for keeping up in the garden a perennial current of life. Now that there is such a wealth of material in the shape of plants suited to the furnishing of flower-beds in winter, there can be no excuse for blank and barren patches after the summer bedding-plants have been cleared away. To neutralize the prevailing dulness of the winter season there is all the more need for making our gardens as bright and cheerful as possible. This has led to our practical botanists searching out and using as summer bedders many hardy plants which otherwise might have been passed over, but which are just as efficacious as tender exotics, nay, in some cases, as Mr. Robinson has found, more so, and which when planted in the spring serve till the spring following, when they are taken up, divided, and replanted for another year. If we can combine, as he contends we easily can, summer and winter bedding, then much of the opposition to formal parterre planting will cease, nor will any sensible florist grudge the labour and expense. The trouble indeed in this case should be a pleasure. What is here advocated is a sort of compromise between the claims of the seasons, a kind of giving and taking, a tender and a hardy system of bedding. A sketch of such a scheme as Mr. Robinson has in view will show what variety and abundance of material is at hand for the purpose:—

> For instance, in summer planting a goodly number of the more handsome and showier growing Conifers and other shrubs should be brought into use for the filling of vases, centres of beds, and as dot plants in the larger beds. Amongst the best plants for this purpose are Retinosporas, Thujas, Junipers, Cypresses, Biotas, Yuccas, standard Golden Yews, standard Cotoneasters, variegated Hollies, and Euonymuses. For lines and groundwork the following are most suitable, viz., Sedums of many kinds, Saxifrages, Sempervivums, Cerastium arvense, Mentha Pulegium gibraltarica, Veronica repens, V. incana, variegated Thyme, variegated Arabis, and others. These hardy plants being worked in with the summer arrangements, and, so far as my own experience goes, with evident improvement to the tenderer subjects, give so much the less labour when the time for the winter arrangement arrives, a few days at the most suffering for the clearing out of tender plants and replacing them with hardy ones. Amongst the best for taking the place of Pelargoniums, &c., are hardy Heaths, variegated Ivies, variegated Periwinkles, Cotoneasters, Berberis, Aucubas, variegated Box, variegated Euonymus, Lavender, common and variegated Thyme, Perusttyas, &c.

Under the veil of the initials "E. V. B.," which her dedication renders easily penetrable by those who are curious in the matter, a lady to whom we believe our young folks to be indebted for not a few of the most delightful of recent stories has brought together from the *Gardener's Chronicle* a series of charming articles, forming a kind of floral chronicle of the year. Akin both in conception and spirit to *Colin Clout's Calendar*, this little volume, instead of leading us on the ramble through the merry greenwood, amid the sights and sounds of uncultivated nature, bids us take our pleasure in trim gardens, and feast our senses upon the beauties and the scents which a few years of skilled and loving toil have enabled the writer to bring together as by magic out of what seemed but a barren and profitless wilderness. To the pleasant *Year in a Lancashire Garden*, or Milner's *Country Pleasures*, as we rather think the true title to have run, is due, we are told, the suggestion of recording in this alternative shape the triumphs and disappointments of another garden, growing in a more genial climate, which we shrewdly suspect to be that of Somersetshire, the site being identified by a reference to it in Evelyn's *Diary*, "as a very pretty seate in the forest, on a flat, with gardens exquisitely kept, though large, and the house a staunch old building," then tenanted by George Evelyn, cousin to the diarist. Remains of conventual buildings then existed on a considerable scale, and are spoken of as still traceable in part, though the house and grounds seem to have fallen into deplorable neglect and decay. Nothing of a garden at all events, we are told, survived here when our author, in 1871, took the place in hand as a playground, and with the help of a skilful gardener, and a love for flowers, of which she modestly speaks as unscientific, transformed the scene into the comparative paradise that her graphic pen portrays for our delectation and profit. Tastefully got up, in Queen Anne type, with hand-made paper, creamy vellum binding, rough edges, and daintily cut head and tail pieces, the little volume forms an ornament for the drawing-room or library table. Full of sympathy with the subject, E. V. B. throws the charm of personal association round her notices of flowers, shrubs, trees, and birds. Why October should be chosen by her as the opening point in her cycle of the year we are at a loss to conceive. But we gladly yield ourselves to her guidance as she takes us to the "Fantaisie," a tiny plantation with a breadth of flowers and young evergreen trees intermixed, gay with a profusion of her autumn favourites, girdled with close trimmed "yewen" hedges, to revive Spenser's delightful phrase, the three eastern gables of the old house all aflame with Virginian creeper. With November we pass on to chrysanthemums of varied hue and convolution, or make up a nosegay of crimson summer roses or gladiolus, auratum lily, a Welsh poppy, and a wondrous spray of flexuous honeysuckle that fills the room with its fragrance. If December yields us little save the Christmas rose to enliven the prevalent dulness or subdued verdure, nature fully makes up her tale of beauty with the silvery veil that the hoar frost spreads over gossamer webs and feathery foliage. We are surprised to find no heaths to break the green background of Deodara, Sequoia or *Abies smithii*, a lovely pine, whose robe of grey-blue tufted foliage wraps her feet and trails upon the grass. With the first burst of spring the garden wakes up to newness of life. Grand arums uprear their thick tall stems, crowned by spathes in spiral lines of perfect grace. The mystic roots of the briony, having lain hidden all the winter, respond to the call of the sun from heaven. "Is the white briony really the true mandrake?" our author wonders. The primrose and violet, crocus and hyacinth, chequer the beds and the sward with their manifold hues. The rooks, which have been at length tempted to make a home here, are busy with their nests, and the thrushes enliven the woods with their music. And so for hours, days, and months our kindly hostess or guide conducts us through a round of sights and sounds and scents, ever varying, yet

ever fresh and pleasant. Justly proud of this Arcadia of her own creating, she deserves the warmest thanks of her readers for admitting them into literary companionship with her plans, her meditations, and her enjoyments.

OLDE FFRENDES WITH NEWE FACES.*

THIS is a successor to the *Chap-Book Chaplets*, with more of those "sutable sculptures," which we have recently noticed, by Mr. Crawhall. It contains nine "olde ffrendes," some of whom may prove on examination to be new friends. The story of the "Long Pack," for instance, which is not a ballad, but a narrative told in plain modern English, is excellent, and will no doubt be new to some readers. It is the tale of a pedlar who brings to a lonely country house left in charge of servants the most monstrous pack ever seen. Other packs the maid Alice had seen as long and others as broad, but none at once so long and so broad. The pedlar asks permission to leave the pack, since he is denied his request for a bed in the house. This is granted, and he goes away. Presently Alice, coming back to the room unheard, observes, with terror and amazement, the pack walking about, still apparently packed up. How she gives the alarm, how the gamekeeper fires into the pack and kills a stout fellow concealed in it, how the servants stand a siege of the house by the robber's companions, must be read. The ballad of "Lord Bateman" is illustrated in Mr. Crawhall's happiest style; the portrait of the Skipper, especially, is excellent, and we have seldom seen a better ship than that which he commands; the fidelity of the anchor and the ship's bell is alone worth the whole price of the book. The "Apparition of Mrs. Veal" may be commended for the illustrations, though we protest vehemently against the spoiling of Mrs. Bargrave's admirable portrait by a vulgar modern ejaculation written beneath. The "Morning" and "Evening" of the unfortunate poet John Cunningham, with his ode on "Newcastle Beer," are prefixed by a welcome notice of his life. The quality of the verse may be judged from the following specimen:—

'Twas Stingo like this made Alcides so bold,
It braced up his nerves and enlivened his pow'rs;
And his mystical club that did wonders of old
Was nothing, my lads, but such liquor as our's.
The horrible crew
That Hercules slew
Were Poverty, Calumny, Trouble and Fear;
Such a club would you borrow,
To drive away sorrow,
Apply for a Jorum of Newcastle Beer.

The story of "Ducks and Green Peas," which is not only told in verse but also dramatized, is of a kind which has by this time long since lost whatever fun it may once have possessed. But the history which follows—that of "Andrew Robinson Stoney Bowes, Esq."—is certainly strange, and worthy of reproduction. It may be observed that no novelist has ever yet dared to present a villain who comes anywhere near this remarkable monster of wickedness. Thackeray made an attempt at portraying this very personage in fiction; but Barry Lyndon is virtuous compared with Andrew Robinson Stoney Bowes, who soared to heights of wickedness beyond the reach of Thackeray. There are yet fields unexplored for the adventurous writer of fiction. And if Mr. Crawhall has any other stories as interesting as the "Long Pack" and the life and exploits of Mr. Bowes, we shall be glad to welcome another volume of "Olde Ffrendes" from him.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE Life of Mohammed (1) is no doubt destined to be frequently investigated ere East and West are thoroughly in accordance respecting it. A general approximation of opinion is however visible, and it is a great merit in Herr Krehl's modest volume to express this with precision and conciseness. The world of Orientalism has come to the view formulated by one who perhaps could not read a word of any Oriental language. Genius, insight, a fellow-feeling with greatness, and consistent adherence to the sound maxim that

Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle—

guided Carlyle long ago to the conclusion now enforced by Herr Krehl and accepted by most dispassionate persons. Mohammed was no impostor. He believed in his mission, and his belief was not unfounded. As a great religious reformer—the Luther of his age and race—he is entitled to sincere veneration; as a religious visionary he was upright and sincere. But he was also a prince and a warrior, and in these capacities he almost inevitably succumbed to the temptation of making his revelation an engine of policy. This is a stain upon the purity of his character, but it would be most unjust to try him by the standard of those teachers who have kept aloof from public life. The more exclusively his character and doctrine are judged by a Semitic standard, the fairer they appear; but this is only another way of saying that the latter has no universal character, and that the former comes very short of the ideal of humanity. It may be hoped that the diffusion of Western culture in the East, by acquainting Orientals with a different standard, will gradually open their eyes to the partial and imperfect character of Mohammedanism, even as a better acquaintance with Oriental literature and modes of thought has relieved Europeans of many of their ancient prejudices. The eighteenth century, with its fixed disbelief in the genuineness of enthusiastic sentiment, treated Mohammed no better than it treated Moses; just and impartial views are an acquisition of our own day. Herr Krehl has been to the traditional sources of anecdote and legend respecting Mohammed, and acknowledges that his conception of the prophet's character is largely derived from them. His own narrative is distinguished by perfect simplicity and lucidity, it commands assent by the author's evident mastery over his materials, and charms by the absence of affectation and pretentiousness. It condenses a vast amount of information into a narrow compass, and yet never reads like a mere epitome. The author's rigid restriction of his composition to his theme is so far a disadvantage that his predecessors are never alluded to. We should have been glad to have known his opinion of Muir and Sprengel. A succeeding volume is to contain his exposition of Mohammed's teaching.

It might have been deemed impossible to produce another really original book of travel in so tourist-ridden a country as Norway (2). Herr Passarge, however, has shown that something remained to be noted by a discriminating observer of man and nature. His book is excellent, bright, racy, entertaining, and at the same time one from which the reader seems to be continually learning. Without pretence of fine writing or over-elaborated word-painting, his pictures convey a clear and lively impression of the characteristics of Norwegian natural scenery, especially when its marine aspects are in question. As an observer of manners and an inquirer into the resources of the country he is suggestive and instructive. He predicts a great future for Norway as a cattle-rearing country when agricultural science shall have so far progressed there as to allow of cattle being fed throughout the winter, but doubts whether the necessary capital will be forthcoming so long as the fisheries continue as lucrative as at present.

The title of Dr. Krebs's publication on the practical applications of physical science (3) is hardly sufficiently expressive of its extremely useful character. It is, in fact, a collection of thirteen treatises by distinguished specialists on the most important recent applications of scientific discovery to practical ends. Among the most interesting subjects treated are photography, the spectroscope, electro-motive power, and the galvano-plastic art; while especial importance attaches to discussions of the future of the telephone and the probable issue of the battle between gas and electricity. The volume should be particularly interesting to English men of science on account of the numerous descriptions of German inventions it contains.

A third edition of Friedrich von Hellwald's history of civilization is called for (4), and the writer has shown a laudable diligence in bringing it up to the level of contemporary requirements. It is not unnatural that he should cherish the fond expectation of being found among those who will be recorded as having opened new paths for modern thought, and even hint that perhaps his name will be found not very remote from Darwin's. Such an expectation appears to us most chimerical. Not only is Herr von Hellwald's philosophical creed a gloomy pessimism, the general acceptance of which, if attended by its logical results, would bring the march of culture which he chronicles to a speedy termination; but his advocacy of his views has neither the argumentative power nor the piquancy of expression needful to render them convincing or popular. As a thinker he has neither force nor originality. The merits of his book are of quite another order; the praise we refuse to the speculator we can accord to the compiler. He possesses a remarkable talent for marshalling and co-ordinating facts; he carries his reader swiftly over extensive historical periods, and leaves him possessed of accurate and serviceable knowledge, well digested and well arranged. As a compendium of facts bearing upon the history of culture the work is entitled to high praise, and would have been still better if it had been less ambitious.

"The History of the Family," by Julius Lippert (5), is a well-arranged compendium of a subject on which volumes might be written. It is certainly by no means exhaustive, but aims at conveying the essence of the matter. The particular point of view under which the subject has presented itself to Herr Lippert is the various aspects in which family continuity has been regarded at different epochs of civilization. In primitive times, mainly from the idea common to uncivilized races that the blood is the man, the mother was regarded as the pivot of the family and transmitter of hereditary right. Traces of this idea are found in some English legal customs at this day, and the Ottoman Sultan is still succeeded by his nephews. The development of the

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* *Olde Ffrendes with newe Faces, adorn'd with sutable Sculptures.* London: Field & Tuer.

(1) *Das Leben des Mohammed.* Dargestellt von Ludolf Krehl. Leipzig: Schulze. London: Nutt.

(2) *Sommerfahrten in Norwegen: Reiseerinnerungen, Natur- und Kulturstudien.* Von L. Passarge. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Nutt.

(3) *Die Physik im Dienste der Wissenschaft, der Kunst und des praktischen Lebens.* Herausgegeben von Prof. G. Krebs. Stuttgart: Enke. London: Kolckmann.

(4) *Kulturgeschichte in ihrer natürlichen Entwicklung bis zur Gegenwart.* Von Friedrich von Hellwald. Dritte neubearbeitete Auflage. 2 Bde. Augsburg: Lampart & Co. London: Asher.

(5) *Die Geschichte der Familie.* Von Julius Lippert. Stuttgart: Enke. London: Kolckmann.

paternal idea is the subject of the second section of Herr Lippert's treatise; and in the third he examines the actual condition of the family as an institution among the Germanic races. He points out convincingly that all prospect of further progress depends upon adherence to the German principle of individualism, and how fatal would be the mistake of retrograding to the collectivism which even Slavonic communities are beginning to outgrow.

The first part of a treatise on woman, social and physiological (6), contains ample details from both points of view, and as seven more parts are to follow, the treatment of the subject promises to be exhaustive. The opinions of the best authorities respecting the special characteristics of woman, such as the weight and texture of the brain, and the inferences to be deduced from them, are discussed at considerable length; many curious physiological facts are stated on the authority of travellers, and the writer has even ventured upon the delicate undertaking of appreciating the comparative female beauty of the various regions of the earth, omitting, however, both our countrywomen and his own.

Dr. Spir (7) candidly confesses in the preface to his collected works that these writings have as yet failed to excite the attention of the public. The fault, he thinks, is not his, and with true philosophical dignity and composure he addresses himself to a new attempt. For this he has, at all events, the justification of having something to say. His views are frequently original, and his style, though quite unaffected and unostentatious, is highly individual, and as lucid as the abstract character of his theme permits. He has several acute and penetrating criticisms, as when he opposes the notion that our inability to discern more than the succession of phenomena warrants disbelief in causality. So far as we can follow him, his system would appear to be a kind of Dualism. He strongly denies that the Unconditioned is the sole cause of the conditioned, and must therefore assert the existence of some other ground of phenomena.

Dr. von Gizycki (8), the author of an esteemed work on the philosophy of Shaftesbury, has gained the prize for the best essay on the principles of ethics proposed by the Lessing Society, and adjudged by no less distinguished arbiters than Herman Grimm, Lasker, and W. Scherer. Sixty-five essays were submitted to these eminent men, and we trust were duly read by them. Dr. Gizycki's will be quite enough for the public. He has wisely preferred commonplace to paradox, and conducts his readers by beaten paths to self-approval and the *summum bonum*.

The earlier and more interesting half of Franz Grillparzer's life (9) has been attractively and faithfully recorded by himself, but there was still sufficient room for Heinrich Laube's simple and concise biography. Not only was Grillparzer's existence prolonged for thirty-five years beyond the date at which his autobiography concludes, but his manuscripts have been found to include diaries, notes of occurrences, self-appreciations, and other biographical memoranda of importance. These, carefully preserved by his cousin, Baron von Rizo, have been placed in the hands of Herr Laube, who has displayed sound judgment and discrimination in his manner of dealing with them, leaving the poet as much as possible to speak for himself, while his own observations are always to the point. Grillparzer's latter years were uneventful, and the most important additions to his autobiography are his journal of a tour in Turkey and Greece in 1843, and the account of the pleasant Indian summer of his fame after the disturbances of 1848; when a patriotic song made him as much the favourite of the ruling classes as he had previously been their aversion; and his forgotten dramas were revived one after the other with unfailing success. The records of his early years are enriched with several new traits, and we obtain on the whole a vivid picture of the contrasts of magnanimity and peevishness, true humanity and timid selfishness, intellectual vigour and old bachelor-like whimsies that characterized the chief dramatic poet of Austrian Hungary.

"Fourteen Years with Adelina Patti" (10) is appropriate to the subject in exterior elegance and prettiness, but belongs to the wholly condemnable class of literary manufacture which works up the intimate details of private life into a mass of savourless or scandalous gossip for the gratification of the vulgar. There is just enough of the element of scandal to prove that the publication of this stuff is not countenanced by Mme. Patti herself, and thus refute the only surmise which could seriously affect her reputation. For the rest, it can only be regretted that such demand should exist for the tattle of discarded retainers as to render it worth any publisher's while to dress it up so handsomely for the market.

Salomon Hirzel's bibliography of Goethe (11) was last published in 1874. Since this period abundance of new matter has accumulated, the scope of the work including not merely Goethe's own writings, but the mass of critical matter relating to him, and the endless publications of newly-discovered letters, forgotten reviews, and personal and literary souvenirs of all sorts. The last years have been peculiarly prolific in this kind of addition to Goethe literature; and, although strictly confined to Germany, the Hirzel bibliography extends over 215 pages, an extent due not only to the number of publications catalogued, but to the fulness and minuteness of description in the case of even the most insignificant articles.

Dr. Ebering's bibliographical advertiser of books and articles relating to the languages and literature of the Latin nations (12) is an exceedingly valuable publication. The list comprises everything that has appeared, from extensive works down to letters and paragraphs in periodicals; and will be found indispensable by students of the rich literature of this class of languages.

F. Hirsch's history of German literature (13) has progressed to the time of the Minnesingers.

The un-Teutonic appellation of M. E. delle Grazie (14) denotes or disguises a writer of really Teutonic spirit, who has chosen a subject dear to German patriotic feeling as the theme of a vigorous epic. The writer's language and versification are full of energy; but the thoughts are in general commonplace, and too much of the poem is either conventional description or hollow though sonorous declamation. This writer's thorough belief in herself and her hero is the chief redeeming point; the glorification of everything German is not unbecoming in a national epic, but by dint of constant reiteration becomes tedious.

Of three attractive little volumes added to the *Bibliothek für Ost und West* (15) only one has any special pretensions to literary merit. This is Alfred Friedmann's "Legends of Life," slight productions, but for the most part pretty, graceful, and clever. "By the Way" and "Leaves in the Wind" are very fair light reading, but have the aspect of reprints from *Household Words* or *Chambers's Journal*.

Ossip Schubin's excellent novel, *Among Ourselves*, is concluded in the *Rundschau* (16). It deserves to rank among the best examples of the cosmopolitan style of fiction of which Mr. James's novels perhaps afford the most typical examples in our language, while in the early chapters there is enough delineation of national manners to show that the author may become a representative Slavonic novelist if he chooses. The contemporary of Major Schill, who comes forward to give the intimate history of his celebrated partisan campaign, appears almost like a spirit from the grave. He is, in fact, an old Prussian officer who died in 1868 at upwards of fourscore. Herman Grimm describes the great Berlin edition of the works of Albert Dürer now in progress; Professor Seuffert sketches the leading points of the codification of Justinian; and Professor Jolly recounts his interviews with pundits and conveys his general impressions of the sacred city of Benares. All European grammars, except Bühler's, he says, mislead the student as to the pronunciation of Sanscrit.

(6) *Das Weib in der Natur- und Völkerkunde.* Anthropologische Studien von Dr. H. Ploss. Lief. 1. Leipzig: Grieben. London: Nutt.

(7) *Gesammelte Schriften.* Von A. Spir. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Findel. London: Asher & Co.

(8) *Grundzüge der Moral.* Von Georg von Gizycki. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Nutt.

(9) *Franz Grillparzer's Lebensgeschichte.* Von Heinrich Laube. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Nutt.

(10) *Vierzehn Jahre mit Adelina Patti.* Erinnerungen von Louisa Laun. Wien: Konegen. London: Kolckmann.

(11) *Salomon Hirzel's Verzeichniss einer Goethe-Bibliothek.* Mit Nachträgen und Fortsetzung herausgegeben von Ludwig Hirzel. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Bibliographischer Anzeiger der romanischen Sprachen und Literaturen.* Herausgegeben von Dr. E. Ebering. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Twietmeyer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur.* Von F. Hirsch. Lief. 2, 3. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Hermann: Deutsches Heldengedicht in zwölf Gesängen.* Von M. E. delle Grazie. Wien: Hartleben. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Bibliothek für Ost und West. Neue Lebensmärchen,* von Alfred Friedmann. *Unterwegs,* von Joh. Nordmann. *Blätter im Winde,* von Ferdinand Gross. Berlin: Engel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(16) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 10, Hft. 9. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE eighth and last volume of the Memoirs of Prince Metternich has appeared (1). It begins in the midst of the disturbances of 1848, when Metternich had to take refuge in England, and ends with his death eleven years later. As before, there is much that is instructive, and even not a little that is amusing, in the book. But it is impossible not to feel that its publication on such a gigantic scale has been a mistake. Five or six thousand unusually large and closely-printed pages are more than the world will willingly allow even to a man so industrious, so distinguished, and concerned in so many important transactions as Metternich. If his own copious diary had been subjected to a process of selection, if the Princess Mélanie's amiable, but somewhat garrulous, journal had been compressed (for instance, such statements as "Ma santé commence à s'altérer. J'ai dû m'adresser à plusieurs médecins anglais. Malheureusement je ne puis pas dire qu'ils m'inspirent confiance" are surely not very important at this time of day), and if in place of printing all the voluminous State papers and minutes which, long after he had been driven from power, the aged statesman pleased himself by drawing up almost daily, the more weighty only had been given, and the rest dealt with by way of extract or *précis*, a manageable book would have resulted. As it is, not many but professed historical students are likely to get through it or turn to it later.

M. de Baillon's useful and creditable volumes on Henrietta Maria (2), which are for different reasons equally interesting to English and to French readers, have reached a second edition.

(1) *Mémoires du Prince de Metternich.* Par le Prince Richard de Metternich et M. A. de Klinkowström. Tome VIII. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Henriette Marie de France, reine d'Angleterre—Lettres inédites de Henriette Marie de France.* Par le Comte de Baillon. Paris: Didier.

M. Hippeau's indefatigable labours on the history of State-regulated education in France and elsewhere have resulted in the publication of yet another volume dealing with the debates on the subject in the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies (3). The book is done with much care, and the combination of extract and abstract is well managed. There is also a good appendix of biographical notices (far from unnecessary in the case of the less famous députies) and an excellent index. It is, perhaps, treason to suggest that the subject is scarcely worth the expenditure of such good gifts.

If anybody wishes to see the very latest thing in "advanced" reviews, he may gratify himself by reading *La revue indépendante* (4), started last month in Paris. Here an unknown person glorifies materialism, and M. Edmond de Goncourt gives a little story, and M. Edgar Monteil shows to his own satisfaction that there is no room in Europe for a religious nation, and M. J. K. Huysmans writes about painters (we have known him write about many worse things), and M. Henry Céard (all our old friends!) writes a *chronique*, and there is an odd little appendix, giving lists of persons who drive "mails coaches" and other "high life" details. It is a funny little periodical, and, truth compels us to add, a very badly printed one.

If we notice M. Leroy's *Guide du duelliste indélicat* (5) it is not on account of M. Leroy. To be frank, he has spoiled a good subject by an excessive extravagance of the kind which "extravagues" (as his countrymen would say) into sheer dulness, and by much perfectly unnecessary vulgarity. We do not mean the peculiar license of phrase and subject which French opinion allows, though English opinion does not; but a coarseness which has no excuse. But the illustrations are very good now and then, and rarely otherwise than good. "Uzès" has drawn his tiny figures (they are, as a rule, about an inch long) with a correctness and at the same time a fancy and a spirit which are very far from common; and the amount of composition he has got into designs often not bigger than a penny piece is remarkable.

M. Daudet wishes his sons to read *Sapho* (6) when they are twenty. It will certainly do them no harm to wait so long; it will not do them much if they wait a little longer. The book is the history of the irregular, but for a time constant and after a fashion passionate, affection of a young man for a courtesan years older than himself, who for a long time is frantically attached to him, but at last leaves him in the lurch. That it is written with power, and that it avoids the grosser faults of the Naturalist school, need hardly be said; but it may be more necessary to say that M. Daudet, despite some apparent liberties with real persons, has not sinned so flagrantly in point of personality as he has sometimes done. As a novel of purpose, which from the above-quoted wish it seems to be, it is not very clear that *Sapho* will do much good; as a work of art it fails because the hero is left very much of a lay figure, and the heroine is drawn from the outside. Both the moral and the work of art are better represented in some passages of Gavarni's writing quoted in MM. de Goncourt's Life of him. We have seen a comparison of the book to *Manon Lescaut*, which, if it had appeared elsewhere than where it did appear, would have convinced us that the critic had never read *Manon*. As a contrast, not a comparison, it may not be uninstructive to read the two together. Few critics will have much difficulty in deciding that Prévost's work is one of genius; M. Daudet's one of talent merely; and the reason of the distinction is quite clear. The voluminous Abbé in that immortal book struck deep down to the realities of human nature; M. Daudet has at best observed its outside, and has mingled not a little convention with his observation.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Lues Boswelliana is an excellent thing in a biographer, but not too much of it. Now in Mr. Macgeorge, author of a memoir of the late Mr. Leitch (Blackie & Son), this infirmity, if it is an infirmity, of the biographer is at times too obvious. He applies the adjective "great" to his hero somewhat lavishly, and in one passage he runs a comparison between him and Turner which might make the scoffer to chuckle. Allowing for these signs of excessive zeal, his life of the Scotch landscape painter is commendable. If it will not persuade anybody that Mr. Leitch was more than a clever sketcher, and a charming person for an amateur to learn drawing from, it does show that he was an honourable and lovable man. There is something very healthy in the history of Mr. Leitch's early fight with poverty and every kind of obstacle as a scene painter to bankrupt Scotch theatres. His work was certainly none the worse because he and his wife lived for years on fifteen shillings a week, very irregularly earned, with the determination never to owe a penny, and never to eat a meal till they had earned it. A high standard of probity in money matters is not necessarily a cause of good work in art; but then there are persons who seem to think that the converse of the proposition is true.

We have met Mr. Evans before as a translator of Heine's prose, and in that character we entertain a considerable respect for him. As a biographer and critic he is less admirable. His introductory essay to *The Memoirs of Heinrich Heine* (Bell & Sons), which takes up the larger half of this book, might well have been spared. It tells us nothing to the purpose about the poet, but a good deal about Mr. Evans's point of view. This is the view of many estimable persons, who cannot accept the hard truth that a man of letters is great by the artistic quality of his writing and because of his literary probity, not by his moral character. He cannot acknowledge that, though Heine wrote prose and verse which will live for ever, yet there was in him much of the natural man, who is a sinful creature. Consequently he is always trying to show that the poet was really a man of many domestic virtues. This method leads Mr. Evans astray in two ways. In the first it causes him to utter certain opinions on matters of conduct which are at least eccentric. He is quite piously angry with Heine's cousins, who were base enough to dislike being made a laughing-stock to all Europe. Now even obscure persons who are not poets and satirists are still our fellow-men, and may reasonably defend themselves. On the whole, too, he is, for so moral a critic, singularly ready to show that his man lied on occasion. Mr. Evans is, besides, so busy in making Heine a reputable citizen that he quite forgets to try and judge his literary workmanship; and that is, after all, not the least of a critic's duties.

In the Tennessee Mountains, by C. C. Craddock (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co.), is a collection of tales of American life very full of an uncouth local dialect. As stories they have no interest to speak of, and the dialect is very destitute of grace and colour. Mr. Craddock writes in a feminine spirit. He seems mostly concerned to show that women are much the best half of humanity, which no man will be ungallant enough to deny, and then to prove that forgiveness of those who trespass against us is a virtuous thing. So it is, but not when it is carried to the length of encouraging brutes of various kinds. Mr. Craddock teaching by example carries it to that length.

Mr. R. Pike's *Railway Adventures and Anecdotes* (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.) is a very fatiguing kind of book. It is a collection of cuttings from newspapers, books, and speeches which have any connexion direct or indirect with railways.

We will honestly confess that we have not read Mr. M. L. O'Byrne's novel, *Ill-Won Peerages; or, an Unhallowed Union* (Dublin: Gill & Son). On dipping into it we found Irish patriotism, Irish rant about the Irish Parliament and independence, and Irish rave against England. This sort of thing does not need to be read before being judged.

The fourth volume of *Present Day Tracts* (The Religious Tract Society) contains six essays by religious writers of more or less mark. One of them is of course a criticism of Renan.

The Rev. J. Edmond Long publishes another pamphlet on outcast London. This time it is *The Hopeful Cry* (Skeffington & Son). Mr. Long gives his notion how we ought to try and modify the inevitable consequences of over-population and human weakness.

The tenth number of the Trinity College, Dublin, learned magazine, *Hermathena* (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co. London: Longmans & Co.) is full of papers on classical literary subjects. Vol. VII. of the *Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archæological Society* (Kendal: T. Wilson) contains, among other things, a paper of interesting extracts from the "Paine Book" of the parish of Watermillock during the seventeenth century which illustrate the local government of England under the Stuarts. The Fifth Annual Report of the "Archæological Institute of America" (Cambridge: Wilson & Son) is a well-printed account of what the institution has done to further both classical and American archæology in late years. It contains a very curious account of the strange Indian civilization of Arizona and New Mexico. The English Dialect Society publish two glossaries, one of English Words of the Eighteenth Century, and one of Hampshire Words and Phrases (Trübner & Co.) Mr. Axon edits the first, the second is edited and compiled by the Rev. Sir William Cope. We have received No. 3 of the fourth volume of a very prettily illustrated magazine called *The Outing* (London: Iliffe & Son. Boston: The Wheelman Co.); and also numbers of the *Manhattan* (New York and London), an American magazine with a curiously thin specimen of American engraving as its frontispiece. And finally, the *Andover Magazine* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), a religious and theological monthly. The speechifying, processions, and so forth at the Edinburgh University Tercentenary are collected for the admiration of posterity by Mr. R. Sydney Marsden (Blackwood & Sons).

(3) *L'instruction publique en France pendant la révolution.* Deuxième série. *Débuts législatifs.* Par C. Hippeau. Paris: Didier.

(4) *La revue indépendante.* No. I. Paris: Bureau de la revue.

(5) *Guide du duelliste indélicat.* Par C. Leroy. Illustrations de Uzès. Paris: Tresse.

(6) *Sapho.* Par Alphonse Daudet. Paris: Charpentier.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

FRANCE.

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JOHN NOBLE, *General Manager*
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Tenders must be sealed endorsed outside "Tender for Freehold Ground Rents Basinghall Street" &c (stating the premises, as the case may be), and be addressed to the undersigned, at this Office, and must be delivered before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty
The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any tender
Parties sending in proposals must attend personally or by a duly authorised agent at half-past Twelve o'clock on the said day and be then prepared (if their tender be accepted) to pay the required deposit of 10 per cent on the purchase money, and to execute an agreement for the completion of the purchase agreeably to the Conditions of Sale
HENRY BLAKE, *Principal Clerk.*
Sewers' Office, Guildhall:
May 31, 1884.

TO BUILDERS and Others.—The Streets Committee of the Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City, on Friday, June 27, 1884, at Two o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the erection of Subterranean Urinals and Water Closets in front of the Royal Exchange, in accordance with Plans and Specification to be seen at the Office of the Engineer to the Commissioners in the Guildhall
Tenders are to be on the Forms supplied at the said Office to be sealed, endorsed "Tender for Urinals, &c.," be addressed to the undersigned, and delivered before Two o'clock on the said day
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LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—Parish of CLAPHAM, Surrey.—June 4, 1884, the following RESOLUTIONS of the VESTRY of the Parish of CLAPHAM, held on reference to the powers proposed to be given by the provisions of the London Government Bill having of Local Government:—
"That if the Bill were amended as the proposed District Councils are opposed to the principles
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at all be transferred to the District Council at present power, and take over the powers of the
2 That the members of the Council so that the duties of Burial Boards if transferred
ensure a fair representation of each district
3 That the present representative Vestries elected by the District Councils so as to
system of open Vestries
4 That the number of District Councillors be fixed instead of reverting to the old
power to alter the number in accordance with the
5 That the Common Council be elected in accordance with giving the Common Council
parish), and be nominated and elected for the parish in which ratepayers
situate respectively
"It would be worthy of the support of this Vestry
That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Home Secretary, ...ering properties are
Works the Wandsworth District Board, the Corporation of London, ...
and District Boards in London
June 14 1884. (Signed) JAMES WEBBER, Vestries

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—CHARTER for W...
MINSTER At a MEETING held at the Town Hall, Westminster, on Friday, ... 1884 H BOWMAN STINK, Esq., in the Chair, it was proposed by L. BRAWN, seconded by the Right Hon W. H SMITH, M.P., supported by CHARLES MUSGROVE, the Lord ALGERNON PERCY, M.P. and the Lord GEORGE HAMILTON M.P., and Resolved
"That in the opinion of this Meeting of the Ratepayers of Westminster, the London Government Bill would, if passed into law, prove fatal to local independence by creating a huge system of centralisation highly detrimental to the interests and liberties of the people; and further, that the history, wealth and requirements of this City afford a just ground for claiming a charter of incorporation as a safeguard of its municipal liberties
It was also proposed by O. E COOPER, Esq., M.P., seconded by W. E. M TOMLINSON, Esq., M.P. and Resolved—
That the necessary steps be taken to give effect to the foregoing Resolution and that the Chairman be empowered to sign a petition to Parliament against the Bill"

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—At a PUBLIC MEETING of the RATEPAYERS of ST MARYLEBONE, duly convened and held at the new Hall Lower Seymour street on Tuesday June 17, 1884 PHILIP WILKINSON, Esq., Churchwarden, in the Chair, it was proposed by the Rev Professor MARKS, seconded by Mr INDAN and Resolved
That this meeting of Ratepayers of the Parish of St Marylebone, having met to consider the Bill introduced into Parliament for the better government of London, and for other purposes connected therewith, hereby expresses its decided disapproval of a measure which practically abolishes Local Self-Government, and invests a Central Board with enormous powers, which would be likely to engender much abuse, and be impracticable for the proper government of a population of upwards of four millions of persons
That this Meeting is of opinion that the governing principle of the Bill involves the virtual annihilation of Local Self Government and considers that if brought into operation it would cause great increase in the rates and expenditure, and decrease in the personal care and supervision on the part of those who have hitherto as local authorities occupied themselves in the local government of the metropolis"

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—At a PUBLIC MEETING of RATEPAYERS held at the Myddelton Hall, Islington on Friday June 13, 1884, to consider the London Government Bill, J. B PRIOR Esq J.P. in the chair, it was moved by Mr J. M MOTE, seconded by Mr J. F OSWALD, and Resolved by an overwhelming majority:—
That the Government of London Bill, if passed, will vest in a Central Council of 240 members the government of the whole Metropolis will be destructive of the principle of Local Self Government and will tend to extravagance in Expenditure, and that the Chairman be requested to sign a petition against the Bill"

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—At a crowded PUBLIC MEETING held at the Royal Park Lecture Hall Camden Town, on Saturday, June 14 1884 to consider the provisions of the London Government Bill, Mr Churchwarden WESTMACOTT in the Chair, the following Resolution was adopted:—
That this Meeting while acknowledging the necessity of reform in municipal administration, is of opinion that the best mode of promoting the same is by the development of Local Self Government which the London Government Bill practically destroys; that the Metropolis is far too large and its interests of its inhabitants much too varied to admit of any one body of 240 men exercising efficient and economic supervision over the requirements and administration of every parish"

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The Forty-eighth Annual General Meeting of the Company was held within their house at Aberdeen, on Friday, June 13, 1884, when the Directors' Report was adopted, and a Dividend of £1 per share, free of Income-tax, was declared.

The following are extracts from the Report submitted :—

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Premiums received last year amounted to £320,202 16s. 8d., which, compared with £468,196 6s. 10 the previous year, show the substantial increase of £50,056 12s. 9d. A noteworthy feature of this increase is that it is spread in satisfactory proportions over all the main sections of the Company's business.

The Losses, though not so heavy as in 1882, were again above the average, and amounted to £236,186 17s. 3d., or 69·67 per cent. of the Premiums. The general average of the Company's experience from the beginning is now 59·39 per cent.

The Expenses of Management (including commission to agents and charges of every kind) came to £100,477 8s. 10d., or 30·43 per cent. of the premiums. This is an increase of 1·21 per cent. compared with the previous year, and is principally due to the introduction of certain important changes, from which beneficial results are ultimately expected, in the management of the business in the United States.

The result is that, after reserving the usual 33 per cent. of the premiums to cover liabilities under current policies, a profit was earned of £9,115 16s., which sum has been transferred to the credit of the General Account of Profit and Loss.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Assurance Branch.—The new Assurances during the year, after deduction of re-assurances, reached in the aggregate the sum of £177,700, of which £91,775 was for endowment or arrears payable at death or on the attainment of a specified age. These new assurances yielded annual premiums amounting to £12,690 9s. 9d., and single premiums amounting to £1,077 15s. 11d.

The total Income of the year (including interest) was £251,572 19s. 9d.

The Claims amounted to £111,615 3s. 7d., of which the sum of £2,046 5s. 8d. was for endowments and endowment assurances payable during life.

The Expenses of Management (including commission) were limited to 10 per cent. of the premiums received.

Annuity Branch.—The sum of £6,296 1s. 4d. was received for annuities granted during the year.

The whole Funds of the Life Department now amount to £1,778,239 6s. 8d., showing an increase for the year of £107,580 13s. 7d.

DIVIDEND.

The balance at the credit of Profit and Loss (including the sum brought forward from the previous year, and the profit on the fire account of past amounts, after charging the interim dividend of £1 per share paid in December last, to £48,401 15s. 2d. Out of this sum the Directors recommend that a further dividend of £1 per share be now declared, making a total distribution of profits for the year of £100,000, and leaving £58,169 15s. 2d. to be carried forward.

London Board of Directors,
Chairman—Sir WILLIAM MILLER, Bart.

Colonel Robert Baring.	Alexander Heun Goschen, Esq.
Ernest Chaplin, Esq.	William Egerton Hubbard, Esq.
Philip Currie, Esq., C.B.	Ferdinand Marshall Huth, Esq.
George John Fenwick, Esq.	Henry James Shubrook, Esq.
Alexander Pearson Fletcher, Esq.	John Stewart, Esq.

William Walkinshaw, Esq.

FIRE DEPARTMENT—JAMES ROBB, *Manager.*
LIFE DEPARTMENT—THOS. H. COOKE, *Actuary.*
Secretary—H. E. WILSON.
General Manager—JAS. VALENTINE.

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THE ANGLO-FRENCH UNDERSTANDING.

THAT the details of such of the proposals of HER MAJESTY'S Government in reference to Egypt as that Government has thought fit to lay before Parliament deserve the most careful examination is almost a platitude; but it is saved from the platitudinous by the consideration it suggests that, in order to this careful examination, these details must be discussed apart from the singular and exciting circumstances which attended the disclosure. Whether Mr. GLADSTONE carried out or evaded his pledge of frankness; what the attitude of his party towards his proposals really is and means, are very important questions. But the more they are kept apart from the question of the merits of the proposed arrangement itself the better. In discussing that arrangement there is of course the drawback that the financial details are still unknown. But it is possible (though the plan gives the arrangement a somewhat undue advantage) to leave them out of sight. Let it be supposed that no further burden is imposed on England than the communications with France disclose; the particulars of those communications will still give ample room for comment.

It is admitted that the only way of understanding the understanding is to compare the accounts of it supplied by the four persons, Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord GRANVILLE, M. FERRY, and M. WADDINGTON, who have given authoritative statements on the subject. In maintaining the perfectly judicial attitude which has been marked out here, it is necessary of course to discard what may be called the rhetorical peculiarities of the various expositions, though here again the agreement or arrangement or understanding receives perhaps even more than its due amount of "law." Let Mr. GLADSTONE'S care for the interests and susceptibilities of France, M. FERRY'S admiration for the magnanimity of the present English Ministry, and the efforts of both to make the most of the bargain, each from his own side, be dismissed from the memory. We have then at least one startling discrepancy between the English and the French accounts, and a good many points of agreement. France has, it seems, made two, if not three, great concessions—there is no need to quibble about the word concession—the recognition that the Dual Control is abolished; the promise not, at or after the English evacuation, to occupy Egypt with an armed force; and, more vaguely, the resignation of specifically French claims into the hands of Europe generally. England agrees to leave Egypt at the end of 1887, unless she obtains, in consequence of continued or renewed anarchy, a fresh mandate. But on the question how that mandate is to be given the authorities differ hopelessly. Lord GRANVILLE says that united action on the part of the Powers would be necessary to turn out England against her own judgment; Mr. GLADSTONE avoids pronouncing a definite opinion on the point; M. FERRY contradicts Lord GRANVILLE flatly, and says that his view is "ridiculous." Let this important point join the others excluded, that the agreement may have the fairest possible chance. It is admitted then that, except in the ambiguous event just referred to, England is to go before New Year's Day, 1888. Meanwhile the Caisse de la Dette, composed of members of different nationalities (the President being English, with a casting vote), will advise on the ordinary Egyptian Budget, and have a veto on all extraordinary expenses. After 1887, all going well, Egypt and the Suez Canal, in different degrees and manners, are to be neutralized or internationalized, the details of this process not concerning the present arrangement. But the internationalizing intentions of England form part of that arrangement, and are to be formally recorded, provided only (a proviso to be extended to the other stipulations) that the Conference meeting to-day succeeds in coming to a financial settlement on the pressing questions of the moment. This statement the most ardent Ministerialist cannot object to as biassed or garbled; and the most ardent Ministerialist, if he be possessed of any judicial faculty himself, will admit that the points excluded from consideration—the disagreement between Lord GRANVILLE and M. FERRY, if not between M. FERRY and Mr. GLADSTONE, the circumstances of the presentation of the proposals to Parliament as a tale half told and to be completed later, and so forth—are points on which a good deal might be said against his side. With regard, further, to the reception of the arrangement in France nothing shall be said here. For the question of importance is not whether French desires, reasonable or unreasonable, are met, but whether English interests and duties are consulted. It is impossible to imagine a more childish argument than that England ought to be satisfied because France is dissatisfied.

The case thus stated and the ground cleared, the formation of opinion as to this agreement or understanding may be best guided by putting a few plain questions. England has by common consent failed to put Egypt into a satisfactory way of self-government or of any government during two years in which her hands have been, nominally at least, entirely free, while no limit whatever has been set to her occupation. Is it probable or even possible that she should be more successful with her occupation limited in the first place to three years and a half more, with a prolongation at the best (that is, from Lord GRANVILLE'S point of view) doubtful and difficult, and with a definite prospect held out that if the prolongation is refused, or when it terminates, England will cease to have any paramount influence in Egypt whatever? That is the simple question as regards the immediate or near welfare of Egypt. Again, France, it is urged, must be met half way in return for her important concessions. Supposing these concessions to be ratified by the Chambers, is there much intrinsic value in the renunciation of a Control which, by French admission, has been for two years a dead letter, impossible to revive, in an engagement as to future French action in Egypt, which, as history and common sense show, will be valuable or valueless according to the circumstances of the moment, and in a resignation in favour of Europe of certain vague claims to influence in Egypt which are certainly not in force at present? That is the simple question as regards the action of France. As regards the proposed Control, the matter can be put quite as briefly. We have found the most serious difficulties in dealing with Egyptian matters when the opposition of the representatives of other Powers has been covert, partial, and unaided by any recognized machinery. Are those difficulties likely to be aggravated or reduced by the institution of a Board of Financial Control in which, though England may occasionally profit by the disagreement of the non-English members, she will not have a normal majority? The expression Board of Financial Control should be noted, for it is a very generous one to the Government. With regard to the neutralizing of Egypt and the Canal after the fashion of Belgium, it need only be asked whether the experience of the past two years and the admitted necessity of the present extra-

ordinary arrangement does or does not confirm the views of those who affirmed long ago that none of the elements of an Oriental Belgium are present, or for long years can be made present in Egypt, and that elements of weakness and of international dissension are present in Egypt which are not, and never have been, present in Belgium? Last, but by no means least, comes the question, Is the position assigned to England a brief and troublesome stay in Egypt, with or without pecuniary sacrifices, followed by a permanent exclusion from any authority in the country greater than that of other European Powers—an adequate equivalent for the part England has recently taken in Egyptian affairs, and is it consistent with the expressed determination of all English parties, except the extremest Left, that, come what may, England must be paramount on the Nile and the Canal?

These questions and the preceding statement have been framed without the slightest passion or partiality, and with the utmost care. They will bear the minutest investigation as a putting of the case to the political jury, and no Englishman of average sense and acquaintance with recent events ought to have any difficulty in giving his verdict upon them. Whether the answer is best given in the form and under the circumstances of Mr. Bates's motion may be a question admitting of very different answers. It would probably be said by those responsible for it that some such motion was necessary, whether it be pushed home or not, to deprive the Government of the right of saying that their preliminary proposals passed unchallenged. But this need not affect the larger case which has been here put. No more important problem has been laid before Englishmen during the present generation; nor has there been any on which it was so desirable that, laying aside the idle partisan squabbles of the moment, Englishmen should decide as Englishmen, without fear and without favour.

LORD ROSEBERY AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

LORD ROSEBERY is probably superior to the temptation of sacrificing great public interests to personal display; and his reputation as an eloquent speaker is sufficiently established; yet it is difficult to understand the object of his motion for altering the character and constitution of the House of Lords. No Select Committee could discover any mode of removing the defect of power which is the only drawback to its efficiency. It would be absurd to expect that the House of Commons would concede to the Peers a larger share in government or legislation if a few Colonial Governors and Indian Commissioners were admitted to seats for life. The three or four life-peers who were introduced into the House a few years ago seldom interfere in the general business of the House. It is true that, as Lord ROSEBERY said, the Senate of the United States is more powerful than the House of Lords; but no such superiority can be claimed by any other Second Chamber. No device which has been at any time proposed would increase the ability of those members of the House of Lords who take a principal part in its deliberations. On almost all great occasions the debates are elevated and exhaustive, and they are always confined within reasonable limits. The greatest lawyers and a majority of the most experienced statesmen are found in the Upper House; and it supplies some of the ablest members of every successive Cabinet. It is in the highest degree inexpedient to dig up such an institution that it may be ascertained from an examination of the roots how it lives and thrives. Lord ROSEBERY can scarcely have been serious in some of the recommendations which he offered for promoting its vigour. The saying, *Sint ut sunt, aut non sint*, is attributed to a judicious General of the Jesuits. A supporter of the English Constitution might, with equal confidence, affirm of the Peers the proposition *Erunt ut sunt, aut non erunt*. Another branch of the Legislature might be formally established, but it would have none of the characteristic qualities of the House of Lords.

For the ordinary mass of peers no more ambitious claim can be advanced than that they are generally equal in ability and political accomplishment to the corresponding majority of the House of Commons. If they are necessarily devoid of the powers which are in modern times almost exclusively conferred by popular election, their local and social influence is, notwithstanding the changes which have occurred, still indefinitely great. In almost every part of England peers are by general consent placed at the head of public institutions, and preferred for administrative and honorary offices, and the House of Lords faithfully represents the feelings and opinions of the upper classes of society. The collective weight of the whole body depends largely on the traditional respect which is paid to the order; and no artificial props which could be contrived would act as substitutes for the old foundations. Lord ROSEBERY's readiness to tamper with the fundamental principles of the Constitution indicates an excessive confidence in the stability of the edifice. He actually professes to think that the House ought to include a certain number of workmen, although only two or three representatives of the class have up to the present time found their way into the House of Commons. It may be doubted whether an artisan could be found to accept a peerage in the face of the universal ridicule which he would provoke from his equals. The abolition of the House of Lords would be a simpler and more rational measure than an inversion of its relations with the rest of the community. If Lord ROSEBERY were a plebeian demagogue, his proposals for the improvement of the House would be intelligible. He is probably too serious a politician to share the selfish desire of making the best of both worlds or the poor ambition of combining the advantages of high station with the popularity which attends democratic agitation. He might probably by this time have raised himself from a much humbler condition; but his speeches and his political conduct now attract attention in a great degree on account of his rank.

The plausible theory that a creation of life-peers would strengthen the House of Lords is not confined to mere propounders of brilliant paradoxes. It might not be difficult to provide the security which Lord SALISBURY requires against abuses of prerogative; but the innovation, while it would produce no considerable benefit, would be a long step towards the abolition of the hereditary peerage. If a machinery were once provided by which all distinguished personages could be easily admitted into the Upper House, the question would be plausibly asked why their equals, or perhaps less eminent claimants, should receive the higher honour of the hereditary peerage. The instances in which peerages have been refused on the ground of insufficient means are comparatively few. The unconstitutional attempt of Lord PALMERSTON, Lord RUSSELL, and Lord CRANWORTH to revive an obsolete exercise of the Royal Prerogative was made in the case of an elderly dignitary of ample private fortune who had no male issue. When the life-peer Lord WENSLEYDALE was prevented from taking his seat, the dignity was made hereditary without any pretence of inconvenience. The last ex-judge who has been elevated to the House of Lords was made a hereditary peer probably because the number of Law Lords sitting during tenure of office was already full. The aspirations of Lord ROSEBERY and some of his supporters for the addition to the House of Lords of successful capitalists and traders might be gratified without any deviation from ancient custom. A successful banker or merchant is necessarily rich enough to provide for the foundation of a family. It would be difficult to insist on making him a peer for life, except on the assumption that he was in some way inferior to the great body of his intended colleagues. The same remark would generally apply, though not in the same degree, to physicians at the head of their profession. Many of them have willingly accepted an inferior title which is nevertheless hereditary.

The promotion to the peerage of persons eminent in literature, art, or science, has not been unpopular in the few instances which have occurred. Lord MACAULAY, Lord LYTTON, and Lord HOUGHTON owed their elevation chiefly to their literary distinction, though two of them had held Cabinet office, and the third, a veteran member of the House of Commons, belonged to the class from which new peers have generally been taken. Lord TENNYSON's peerage is the first purely literary addition to the House of Lords, but the precedent may probably be followed. It may be admitted that the admission of life peers might provide a few retired administrators with honourable and useful employment; and perhaps room might be advantageously found for some of the many capable commoners who will probably fail to secure the suffrage of the new constituencies. The House of Lords already includes not only ex-Ministers and retired politicians, but former members of the Civil Service who have been able to accept peerages without imprudence. Every society of able and cultivated men would for some purposes be improved by an extension of the number of its members; but the character of the House of Lords would

not be materially affected by the creation of a few life-peers belonging to a class which is already represented on its benches. If the experiment were to have no indirect operation, it might be tried without risk of serious inconvenience. By an Act of Parliament, or perhaps by an Address to the Crown, the objection which rightly prevailed in the case of Lord WENSLEYDALE might be effectually avoided. Life-peers might perhaps find that they were regarded by their hereditary colleagues as a slightly inferior order, and their descendants might possibly regret their exclusion from honorary title and precedence; but after a time the newcomers would partake the equanimity with which bishops endure the same disabilities.

The strong and indeed conclusive argument against proposals of the kind is that they tend to unsettle that part of the Constitution which is most dependent on custom and tradition. Lord ROSEBERY may, perhaps, not have intended to raise the question whether the House of Lords should continue to exist; but no smaller issue would necessarily have been involved in the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the means of rendering the House more efficient. The limited project of introducing life-peers is scarcely less dangerous, though it may have a more plausible appearance. The report of a Committee to the effect that peerages ought no longer to be inherited would furnish a formidable argument for a grave political revolution. A vote of the House in favour of a creation of life-peers would not improbably have the same effect. Agitators would ask with much plausibility why it was necessary to ennoble whole families that their chiefs might discharge duties which could be entrusted with equal confidence to life-tenants of the peerage. The authority which still attaches to permanent wealth and hereditary rank cannot, as the experience of many foreign countries proves, be communicated to nominees of a Minister; but considerations of this kind would be neither intelligible nor acceptable to the popular mind. Whatever may be the case with ordinary disputants, the House of Lords must be supposed to assume that an aristocratic element ought to form an important part of the Constitution. The Roman Senate would scarcely have referred to a Council the duty of inquiring whether the qualifications of its members should be fundamentally altered. At the present rate of downward progress, it is not impossible that the present generation may witness serious attacks on the House of Lords, with results which cannot be calculated beforehand. The defenders of the institution will be ill advised if they change front in the presence of the enemy. It is not because the House of Lords is, even in the estimation of its detractors, inefficient that Lord ROSEBERY threatens it with an undefined change. Its prepossessions would scarcely cease to be Conservative, even if it were swamped by new creations. Life-peers would soon show themselves the most resolute of Tories.

THE RECEPTION OF THE SURRENDER.

THE remarkable crookedness which distinguishes the ways of the present Government has never been more apparent than in the Ministerial statements on Monday night. Few men who know that it is as impossible for Mr. GLADSTONE to be frank as it is for Lord GRANVILLE to be rude—that is to say, few capable politicians of either political party—were greatly comforted by the assurances under which Parliament separated for the Whitsuntide holidays. A Ministry which has rarely given a promise in Parliament without breaking it to the sense, if not to the ear, was hardly likely to turn over a new leaf at such a crisis as the present. But, though it was tolerably safe to anticipate that the pea would not be found under the thimble, it was not easy to foretell the precise form of *escamotage* which would be adopted by the astute table-keeper. It may be owned with great frankness that Mr. GLADSTONE has surpassed himself on this occasion. By giving particulars of the agreement with France, the non-rejection of which is, in the circumstances, a sort of condition preliminary of the Conference, and by refusing to give any account of the propositions which are to be laid before the Conference itself, he has made it awkward for his opponents to interfere, he has given an excuse for his lukewarm friends to suspend at least their disapproval, and he has spread a net (into which some persons have made haste to tumble) for those who are neither declared friends nor declared enemies. That the agreement (the provisions of which are examined carefully elsewhere) is in itself objectionable enough to justify—in fact, to demand—a prompt disapproval is pretty certain. But, at the same time, the fact that its provisions are in a sense dependent on the results of the Conference; that it has been presented to the Powers as such a preliminary, and that their final view of it has not been announced; that the Conference itself is fixed for so early a day, make up exactly the kind of pretext which waverers between two opinions are certain to grasp, which not very acute opponents are very likely to be staggered by, and which even opponents who have some regard for decency and the attitude of their country towards foreign Powers may be somewhat puzzled how to deal with. Mr. GLADSTONE has in a manner imitated those heroic Irish mobs who advance to the attack of the Constabulary with women in front. His present proposals must be attacked at disadvantage unless his future proposals are known; and he declines to make known his future proposals, alleging the respect owed to the Powers. Some admiration is due to this proceeding—admiration of the same kind which on a celebrated occasion was paid to the astuteness of Messrs. DODSON and FOGG.

The peculiarity, however, of that kind of cleverness which, by a metaphor very unjustly disrespectful to a respectable profession, is called attorneyism is that it frequently overreaches itself. It is not certain that Mr. GLADSTONE's fresh exhibition of his abilities may not still have this fate. Only the amiable shortness of sight which is excusable in partisans can justify the enthusiasm with which some supporters of the Government have spoken of the reception of the measure throughout the country. It has not been favourably received; excluding from consideration entirely the expressions of partisan opposition. If the chorus of disapproval among Liberals has not been so loud and open as in the case of the Canal agreement, that is due to the fact that in the Canal case the party screw was at first not put on at all, while in the present case it has been turned to the last convolution of the thread. Even so, however, the tone of approval has been vague, general, and based on irrelevant considerations, while from Manchester, from Leeds, from Newcastle, from South Wales, from the West of England, the most independent, the ablest, and the most influential organs of the Liberal opinion of the provinces either intimate indistinct dissatisfaction or qualify their acceptance in anything but an enthusiastic spirit. In London there is absolutely no voice of approval except from some persons who, after long maintaining a more independent attitude, have recently declared their adhesion to the doctrine of "Mr. GLADSTONE, right or wrong." As an instance of the character of this support, it may be observed that one London newspaper has claimed the vote of Thursday as a "formal approval" for M. FERRY on the very same page on which it quotes M. FERRY's own description of that vote as "a semi-vote of want of confidence." And it is particularly noticeable that not a few of the exponents of provincial opinion just referred to can have had no time to make the damning comparison of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech with M. FERRY's, which in the minds of all impartial judges dispelled any lingering doubt as to the agreement. The details of that comparison need not be dwelt on here. It is sufficient to say that the too-famous incident of the White and Red Treaties seems to have been revived for the benefit of the French and English Parliaments. But Mr. GLADSTONE seems to have forgotten that his OMICHUND must necessarily have cognizance of both.

Still more remarkable than anything yet noticed in the expressed opinion of Liberals on this remarkable collection of speeches and State papers is the maintenance on all sides of the argument to the passions, which has been so frequently commented on. For one genuine expression of satisfaction a score of descants on the terrible results of turning out Mr. GLADSTONE, the alarming character of a Conservative Government, and the like meet the careful examiner. Very few voices echo, though no doubt thousands, if not millions, of hearts agree with, the candid declaration of Mr. J. D. LEWIS, that when he said he was too ill to stand for South Hants the other day, he meant that he could not possibly support Mr. GLADSTONE'S Egyptian policy. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. LEWIS that a Liberal is not necessarily a man who is willing to sacrifice country to party, and that until these modern times candidates for Parliament were supposed to represent their own opinions and those of their constituents, not the opinions of a single statesman. But Mr. LEWIS's delusion, if not his frankness, seems to be almost universal in his party. They know the agreement to be bad. They have before them

the extraordinary confession of an English Minister that he has made it because he did not know what on earth else to do, and because his attempt to govern Egypt has broken down hopelessly. They have before them also the sentences of contemptuous commendation in which Prince BISMARCK, commenting on the Angra Pequeña affair, has intimated that England is always ready now to stand out of the way for anybody and to give the wall discreetly. They see that the French Ministry claim the agreement as a concession on England's part, and they can hardly be deluded by the fact that French Chauvinism, convinced of Mr. GLADSTONE'S readiness to yield anything, clamours for more. They perceive that, whatever be the exact nature of the financial proposals, England at the end of a very short period will lose all political control over Egypt, and that the blood, the money, the opportunities, the efforts of the last two years will be irretrievably thrown away. They are (some of them) frank enough to confess themselves at a loss to conceive what possible relation to the trouble which England is pledging herself to take there can be in the advantages which England is pledging herself to resign. But they say still, "Mr. GLADSTONE, right or wrong; no Tory Ministry, "wrong or right." Once upon a time there was in the remoter regions of this realm a noble lord, whose son, promising enough in other respects, showed a fearful tendency to apostatize from the Liberal faith, and become a Tory. The calamity was averted; thanks, it was supposed, to the ingenious companionship and monitions of a certain person. This certain person was appointed secretary, major-domo, and general factotum to Lord —— himself, and his discharge of these functions was so notoriously unsatisfactory that Lord ——'s friends frequently expressed their wonder at his toleration of it. But he invariably replied, "Ah, yes; sad fellow! sad fellow! but he kept —— "straight, you know, he kept —— straight." Even so, the voices of these singular Liberals declare that in this respect Mr. GLADSTONE'S stewardship is unsatisfactory and unintelligible to them, that his measures are doubtful, if not mischievous, that their consequences will, in all probability, be more mischievous still. But he keeps the party straight and together, he leads it to victory, and a quarrel with him would be to let the other party in. The parallel is as things go sufficiently exact, but perhaps too bad a compliment is paid by it to the memory of Lord ——. For, after all, his political enthusiasm only induced him to connive at the mismanagement of his own private affairs. The Liberals who lay stress now on the impossibility of letting in a Conservative Government are conniving at the mismanagement of the affairs of England.

THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

THE death of the Prince of ORANGE has served to remind the world of the complicated nature of the relations between the different States of Europe. Little seems to have been known of the PRINCE himself, even in his own country. He was a man of a retiring disposition, and supposed to have scientific tastes. It is so much the rule that a Prince who lives a quiet life should be credited with the most remarkable scientific, artistic, or literary genius, that the stories told about the heir to the Crown of the Netherlands may possibly have been nothing but gossip. We have, however, M. RENAN'S word for it that the scientific curiosity of the late Prince of ORANGE was something more than what is commonly called by that name—a kindly taste for animal pets, and a certain readiness to pick up such kinds of useful information as can be learnt at secondhand without trouble, and with occasional help from the milder forms of magic in the shape of experiments. Beyond this vague reputation for intelligence and love of knowledge, the PRINCE has been made the subject of a good deal of personal and scandalous tittle-tattle with which healthy-minded people will have as little as possible to do. This gossip has, however, never contained anything which reflected either upon his honour or his kindliness. If there was no reason to suppose that the PRINCE would have become a ruler of any vigour, neither was there anything to show that he would have failed in the discharge of the duties of a constitutional sovereign.

The death of the Prince of ORANGE has attracted particular attention because he was the last male of the ORANGE line of the house of NASSAU. It will become extinct with his father, the present King of the NETHERLANDS. The present Royal family of Holland are not indeed the direct representatives of the great Princes of ORANGE of the family of NASSAU who did such wonderful things in war and politics for more than a century and a half. It is even only by a family custom that they continued to use the name of ORANGE at all. The principality was resumed by LOUIS XIV., and the title passed legally to the first King of PRUSSIA. Nevertheless the Dutch branch of the NASSAUS were in a general way the representatives of WILLIAM the SILENT, if not by strict descent, at least in public opinion, and no other branch of the family will ever again be able to call itself by the famous name of ORANGE NASSAU.

Although, however, there is a very respectable kind of regret felt among people of any knowledge and intelligence when a great family comes to an end, it was not only because he was the last of his house that the death of the Prince of ORANGE was a political event. There was a general feeling that the want of a male heir to the King of the NETHERLANDS might possibly cause a dispute over the succession. The Kingdom of the Netherlands was created by an arrangement among the Great Powers of Europe after the abdication of the Emperor NAPOLEON at Fontainebleau, with the intention that it should be a barrier against any future attempt of the French to resume his policy, if an insane love of war and personal aggrandizement can be called by that name. With this object the Powers made an artificial Kingdom of the Netherlands, including Belgium, which fell to pieces within twenty years. But although the Powers were compelled to see their handiwork destroyed, they were far from consenting to give up their right of control over the fragments of the barrier raised against France. The position both of Belgium and the Netherlands has consequently been settled by treaty, and cannot be modified without common consent. In the case of the latter the question is complicated by the fact that the different States now ruled by the same KING descend by a different rule of inheritance. In the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg the Salic Law prevails, and it must be separated from the Crown of Holland on the death of the present KING, whose only surviving child is a daughter. There will then be considerable difficulty in deciding as to who is really entitled to the Duchy, and with the help of a little good will a very pretty quarrel on the subject may be got up between France and Germany. Neither is the way very clear as regards Holland itself. It is true that, as the Salic law does not exist there, the throne will descend quietly enough to the present KING'S daughter. But if she should die young, a very considerable difficulty will present itself for settlement. Failing a direct representative of the KING, his heir must either be the Count of NASSAU, the representative of the elder and German line of the family who was deprived of his territory by Prussia in 1866, or else a gentleman at present Colonel in the German army who descends from the Princes of ORANGE by marriage. If it were perfectly certain that the Dutch would be left to settle the matter for themselves no anxiety need be felt on the subject. They would choose one of the two candidates, or perhaps they would choose neither, but simply fall back on the old Republican form of government, or some imitation of it. There is, however, a possibility that the Dutch might not be left to settle it for themselves. Since the publication of the shameless proposals for the robbery of Belgium made in the name of NAPOLEON III. to Prussia there has always been a fear that some fine day Germany and France might settle their little differences at the expense of a third party. That third party would naturally be the Low Countries, Belgian and Dutch; and then England at least would find its position in Europe materially altered. With a disputed succession in Holland, the temptation to make some brigand-like arrangement would, it is supposed, become very strong—so strong as to be irresistible.

It would be rash to assert that anything is impossible in European politics; but a person must be afflicted with nerves of a most painful sensibility if he is disturbed by a prospect of this sort. Nothing can be more certain than that no kind of sentimentality or moral sublime will be allowed to stand in the way of the interests of Germany by Prince BISMARCK, or by any statesman trained in his school. He knows that sentimentality leads to desertions of garrisons and then to needless slaughter, and that the moral sublime commonly ends in sending round the hat. If, therefore, the interests of Germany ever become incompatible with the independence of Holland, there is no need to point out what is likely to be the consequence. There is no reason to suppose that any such incompati-

bility will be discovered, and until it is Germany will be a little likely to attack Holland as any other Power. The history of the last thirteen years shows that the man who governs the German Empire is not likely to be guilty of the folly of encouraging war for war's sake. He has gained whatever was essential by fighting, and can now afford to seek peace and ensue it; and, if Germany does not attack Holland, who will? The Dutch will certainly not be disturbed at the mostly imaginary dangers before them, and they must be very destitute of a sense of the ridiculous if they do not laugh at the solemn tone of the Parisian papers, which condole with them on the risks run by the freedom of their country. They know very well who it was who offered to divide the Low Countries by way of general settlement, and with whom. They also know what has happened to Tonquin, Tunis, Madagascar, and Morocco since then; and, lastly, they know well that Germany has not touched a square inch of anybody's land since its victory.

THE GERMAN INSURANCE BILL.

THE Bill to insure workmen against accidents has now reached a stage which renders it almost certain that it will pass into law before the end of the present Session of the Reichstag. Several changes have been made by the Special Committee in the original draft, and it is possible that on the third reading others may be insisted on which the Government will find it impossible to accept; but in the present state of public opinion, and under the existing relations of the various political parties, this is extremely unlikely. The fusion of the Secessionists with the Party of Progress some months ago awakened the Conservatives of all shades to the necessity of drawing nearer together; and when the Special Committee met, the Liberals found to their surprise that their opponents had come to an understanding with each other. The united Left had founded its hopes of defeating the Bill on a tendency that has hitherto been too characteristic of German politicians. They are not easily affected by sonorous declamation or by theatrical outbursts of passion, and a foreigner who reads or listens to a debate in the Reichstag or the Landtag is generally struck by the businesslike character of the discussion and the care with which it is confined to the matter before the House. We are speaking, of course, of the present only, not of the leaders who were popular before 1866. But these excellent Parliamentary qualities have frequently been marred by the tenacity with which single groups and members have clung to their own opinions on matters of detail. Much as they might approve of the general principles of a Government proposal, they would not let it pass if it seemed faulty in any respect. Their objections were generally founded on careful study and long consideration; but their insistence upon them has often frustrated important reforms; indeed, it has gone far to render a healthy party life impossible.

A measure so large, so novel, and so complex as the Insurance Bill could not but contain a number of regulations upon which those who most heartily approved of it as a whole might well differ; and it was to this fact that its opponents trusted. The Liberals and the Social Democrats were, though for different reasons, equally unwilling that it should become law. The former object to it as an encroachment upon individual liberty; the latter, while professing to desire that society should be reformed and labour organized by the State, are convinced that the task cannot be safely entrusted to any form of government except a democratic republic. It is shrewdly suspected, however, that many of the voters who have hitherto supported these parties think differently on the matter, and the elections are near. It was, therefore, judged more advisable to attack the details than to oppose the principles of the Bill. This was done with considerable skill; but the Conservatives of all shades, the Clericals, and the National Liberals, had perceived the danger; and, by making mutual concessions and voting as one united body, they have borne down all resistance, and will in all probability triumphantly carry the third reading.

The first Liberal move on the second reading was exceedingly clever, on account of the influence it is likely to have on the constituencies; as to its fairness, we offer no opinion. The measure, as we pointed out when the draft was first made public, is an attempt to organize the larger industries of Germany in a way that has never been attempted in any country. It is confessedly an experiment; to many of those who are most desirous to see it tried it seems a doubtful, and even a dangerous, one. But, to give it a chance of success, the range of its operation must at first be limited. With the trustworthy statistical information it knows so well how to obtain the German Government has found it possible to form a plan as to the creation of associations for the great industry of the country, and to estimate the risk of accidents in mines, manufactories, &c.; but it is evident that it is impossible at once to include the whole handicraft of the nation in such an organization. Not only the supporters of the measure, but the Government and Prince BISMARCK himself, have declared that they desire to extend its benefits to those who are at present excluded from them as soon as it seems practicable to do so; yet proposal after proposal was made first to include one profession and then another. With admirable patience and a full knowledge of his subject, Herr VON BOETTICHER, the Minister in charge of the Bill, rose time after time to explain why this could not be done, and showed that the acceptance of the amendment would wreck the measure, and he was frankly supported by the majority. Yet by this means the Liberals and Social Democrats will be able to appear before their constituents as advocates for an extension of a reform they have done everything in their power to prevent.

We need not follow their tactics further. If the Insurance Bill is passed, the second halting-place in the CHANCELLOR'S great crusade against undeserved poverty will have been reached. By means of the Krankenkassen every German labourer is now insured against the pecuniary difficulties arising from temporary illness. The present Bill will secure him against accidents; it provides a State guarantee that as long as he is either partially or entirely disabled a certain percentage of his normal wages will be regularly paid him; in case of his death a similar provision will be made for his widow and children. With a wise foresight the compensation is not to be made in a lump sum, the possession of which so often tempts the poor to extravagance, but as a pension to prevent entire destitution. The Government is already pledged to introduce a measure for the assistance of those who are incapacitated for work either by age or infirmity. When that is passed, the only occasion for undeserved poverty that will remain will be a want of work by those who are both able and willing to do it, and with this too, to judge from some of his recent speeches, Prince BISMARCK is prepared to deal when the proper moment has arrived. We regret to say that it seems to us exceedingly doubtful whether his great plan will succeed, though the more its details are examined the more carefully considered they appear. But this effort to prevent the honest workman from sinking into helpless poverty by no fault of his own, without subjecting him to the disgrace of receiving public alms, is at least a noble one, and that part of the scheme that has already been discussed is worthy of the head of the greatest statesman, as well as the heart of one of the most benevolent monarchs of the age.

THE LATEST PENGE CASE.

PROBABLY most of us, if asked to mention the wickedest thing we had ever done, would at once go back in thought to the days of our infancy. There is a thoroughgoing, unmitigated heinousness about puerile crime which can rarely be detected in the more sophisticated and self-conscious performances of later years. Happily the designs of boyhood can rarely be carried out. They usually depend for their success upon some suspension of the laws of nature not to be procured by human agency, or at least upon apparatus beyond the means of the small schemer. But for these difficulties the world would be startled to find that it knew little of its naughtiest boys. As it is, STEPHEN MURPHY and GEORGE STEEDEN, whose united ages just amount to the age of a freshman, are entitled to a high place in the *Newgate Calendar*. If they did not commit murder, that was their misfortune, and not their fault. That they intended to commit it there can be no doubt whatever, as one of them was good enough to explain to a friend. It seems that these precious youths, who must have a great deal of spare time on their hands, had heard of rewards being offered for the recovery of dead bodies. This set them thinking, and they appear to have communed with themselves after the following ungodly sort. Rewards are very pleasant things, and mean any amount of raspberry tarts. The surest way of finding a dead body is to hide

it. But corpses are difficult to get. It is a fine day. Let us kill some one. So they took poor little HENRY DOUGLASS, aged three, and put him in a dustbin. The dustbin belonged to an unoccupied house, where there was no chance of cries being heard. They covered the unfortunate child with bricks, shut down the lid of the bin, and left him. DOUGLASS remained there without food or drink from five o'clock in the afternoon till one o'clock the following day, when he was rescued, his parents having heard the story from a boy to whom STEEDEN divulged it. It is useless to dilate upon the horrible cruelty of this proceeding. The mind of man can conceive nothing more heartless or more devilish. But it would be a mistake to suppose that MURPHY and STEEDEN will necessarily become worse as they grow older.

How they will be punished we cannot pretend to say. Mr. CHANCE, as a safe beginning, remanded them for further inquiries. The law is that a child under seven cannot be convicted of crime. Above seven and below fourteen he is assumed to be incapable of a criminal intent, unless the contrary be proved by positive evidence. In that case *malitia supplet ætatem*, as the legal maxim tersely puts it. The wickedness of MURPHY and STEEDEN is quite equal to supplying any deficiency of age, and there seems no reason why they should not be found guilty. Common sense rejects the notion that they put DOUGLASS into the dustbin for the purpose of doing him good, or indeed with any other object than that of taking his life. But we think it would be a mistake to assume that these abandoned little wretches, as they certainly now are, must be good for nothing, and destined to go continually downhill. For one thing—they could not get much lower. "He that is down need fear no fall"; and whose is homicidal at nine may be considered free from all danger of deterioration. Moreover, there is hope from the arrival of the faculty of imagination. For, though MURPHY and STEEDEN intended to kill DOUGLASS, they probably did not in the least realize to themselves what a baby would suffer who was confined in a box and left to die. It may be that they must be taught what pain is, and that when they know they will be wiser as well as sadder little boys. Want of imagination is at the bottom of half the cruelty done in this world, more especially of the pain inflicted by words. The greatest satirist may very well cause less misery than a thoroughly stupid person, innocent of malice as of wit. The things which boys will do to each other at school would be incredibly horrible if those who did them were exactly aware of what they were about. Knowledge comes, but imagination lingers, and knowledge without imagination is a deadly weapon. Meanwhile, there are one or two more commonplace, everyday aspects of this case on which a little enlightenment would be desirable. Is it the practice in Penge that a child of three should be allowed to roam about by himself, a prey to commoner dangers than that which overtook HENRY DOUGLASS? Are there no schools in Penge, or is attendance at them by chance not enforced? Are the youths of that neighbourhood free to follow their own devices, including a little infanticide now and then, without any parent or guardian being so impolite as to interfere? Do they always find an unoccupied house as accessible as the hero of *Called Back* did? These are questions which may perhaps receive some answer in the further progress of this case. Concerning the future of the culprits, without being hopeful, we need not despair.

CHOLERA AT TOULON.

THERE seems fortunately to be some reason to hope that the outbreak of cholera at Toulon will not prove very severe. It is early as yet to form an opinion as to the character or violence of the epidemic, and the evidence is certainly very conflicting; but there are some points on which the various reports agree in the main. The very fact that a conflict of evidence does exist is itself hopeful. When a dangerous epidemic of pronounced character breaks out anywhere, there is no possibility of doubt as to what is happening. At Toulon the doctors do not seem to be able to make up their minds as to what they have to deal with; and as cholera is an extremely well-known disease, this may be taken by laymen as a proof that it has not really attacked the town, at least in a pronounced form. No particular importance need be attached to the soothing formulas used by the authorities at Paris. They have every reason to make as little as possible of the epidemic, and it has always been the custom of French officials to try to conquer a danger by denying its existence. The campaign in Tunis, if a march over can be called anything so warlike, showed how bravely they can say the thing which is not. Even independent reports from the spot, however, go to show that the danger may not be very great. It seems proved that some even of the first cases were mild, and that there has been a fair proportion of recoveries, which is said not to be the case when a really serious outbreak of cholera occurs. The character of some of these independent reports also suggests a suspicion that the witnesses were somewhat in want of something to write about. Their letters are filled up with contradictory stories about the behaviour of the inhabitants and the authorities. It seems as difficult to decide whether or not there is a panic as to settle the nature of the epidemic. That there has been a good deal of undignified flurry seems clear enough. A minority of the Town Council has been so surprised at the heroism shown by M. ROMERAGE, the Mayor, in not bolting at once that they have voted him an address of thanks, which has been refused, "with question-able taste," according to the inimitable person who represents the *Times*. Unless it is to be taken for granted that a French official is to be effusively thanked every time he shows ordinary courage in the discharge of his duty, there would seem to be no doubt at all about the good taste shown in the rejection.

The final outcome of the stories comes to this—that there is a choleraic epidemic of some sort in Toulon which has already done some harm, and may do more both to the town and its neighbourhood. If this has come as a surprise to anybody, he or she must be singularly ill acquainted with the condition of Mediterranean coast towns. The wonder is that some such outbreak does not occur every summer. As Toulon is a great naval arsenal and important garrison town, it might be supposed that it would be in a rather better condition than most of the others. As a matter of fact, it is worse off; for the intelligent military and naval authorities have found nothing better to do with some of the docks than to allow them to become open cesspools. They also, it seems, persist in using floating hospitals, in spite of the universal experience of their dangers. If half the stories about the sanitary condition of Toulon have any foundation, it may be taken as proved that the local and naval authorities have been guilty of every possible form of carelessness and stupidity. The contemplation of this state of things and its consequences is calculated to give a certain cynical satisfaction to those of us who care to remember how much abuse was lavished on this country while the cholera was raging in Egypt. At that time we were commonly accused of selfishly endangering the health of Europe by our neglect of quarantine. With the reservation that it is well not to shout till we are out of the wood, we may fairly claim that the appearance of cholera at Toulon is an adequate answer to our critics. They can now see how much the quarantine has done for France. That is, perhaps, a rather small and personal point of view to take. It is more profitable to insist that the experience of the late and the present epidemics proves again the good old moral that if you want to be healthy you must keep clean. The researches of German physiologists have perhaps put the medical profession in possession of knowledge which may lead to the discovery of an effectual protection against cholera; but as yet the only known defences are good drains and good water. Perhaps when this truth has been well driven home into their heads by a lively personal experience, the Southern natives of Europe will begin to recognize the fact that they must clean the inside of the platter, and that quarantine is not very much more useful than the traditional wall built to imprison the cuckoo. It would perhaps be useless to ask either Spaniards or Italians to show ordinary decency and intelligence in sanitary matters, but Frenchmen are not destitute of scientific knowledge and capacity to learn. Since the municipalities, however, have had more independence, it seems that even Paris has been allowed to sink back into a state which invites cholera.

RECENT ELECTIONS.

THE political significance of occasional elections is impaired by the approaching change in the representation. The next appeal to the country may be addressed to three possible constituencies, of which only one has now from time to time opportunities of expressing its opinions. It is not improbable that an election under the existing law

might differ widely from the result of the Franchise Bill in its simple form. The suffrage in boroughs would in that case be but slightly modified, while the county constituencies would include in addition to the present voters two to three millions of small householders living in villages, in unrepresented towns, and in farm cottages. Unless the framers of the Franchise Bill are signally disappointed, the solid mass of rural Conservatism will have been broken into fragments. The urban and suburban portion of the new constituencies will resemble in character the rest of the town population; and it is impossible to anticipate the course which may be taken by the agricultural labourers. Perhaps two or three general elections may occur before the consequences of Mr. GLADSTONE's experiment are accurately known. The most notorious of the demagogues who have hitherto promoted agitation among the farm-labourers has repeatedly announced vague schemes of agrarian confiscation as the immediate consequences of household suffrage in counties. Offers of this kind may be more tempting to those who know the value and the use of land than to city artisans, who, if they owned little rural freeholds, would be unable to turn them to account except by letting or selling. The relation of agricultural labourers to their employers varies greatly with the circumstances of each district, and especially with the general size of farms. In some parts of the country there is little social distinction between farmers and their workmen. Elsewhere capital and labour are associated or contrasted almost on the same terms as in manufacturing industries.

That part of the electoral Constitution which may be left standing by the Franchise Bill will be fundamentally disturbed, if it is not wholly destroyed, by the subsequent process of redistribution. Mr. GLADSTONE's statement of his intentions delivered on the second reading of the Franchise Bill was studiously indefinite; and it left the party at liberty to repudiate the few securities which it purported to contain. If Mr. GLADSTONE is still in power, he may possibly adhere, notwithstanding the lapse of a year, to his rejection of the scheme of equal electoral districts; but he will have no difficulty in explaining away any supposed promise of moderation, and he has given full notice that his successors will not be hampered by any kind of pledge. The most active of Mr. GLADSTONE's colleagues have openly announced their intention of dividing the country as soon as possible into equal electoral districts. In the meantime any plan of redistribution which is likely to be proposed will increase the representation of London, of Lancashire, the West Riding, and of the Midland and Northern manufacturing and mining districts. Perhaps it may also transfer to the Nationalists any Irish seat which may have escaped the operation of the Franchise Bill. The Government will for obvious reasons, unless its hand is unexpectedly forced, postpone the dissolution till the supremacy of the Radical party is finally assured. In a general election by the present constituency they would probably lose much of their actual strength, even if they were not absolutely defeated. The second alternative of an election under the Franchise Bill cannot occur for more than a year; and all classes would object to so anomalous a test of the comparative strength of parties. Redistribution will effectually invalidate any conclusions which may be drawn from the result of present or future bye-elections. Even in ordinary times, when no electoral change was impending, the indications afforded by casual contests have not always been followed by corresponding results. In 1880 Lord BEACONSFIELD was induced to dissolve prematurely by victories in Southwark and in Liverpool which, as it afterwards proved, had no general or permanent significance.

The real public opinion of the country, as it is represented by existing constituencies, may perhaps still retain a certain practical importance, and at least it is a subject of rational curiosity. The elections of last week seem to prove that the antagonism between the counties and the boroughs is becoming more pronounced as the householders of the towns become more anxious for the exclusive predominance of the class to which they belong. The Liberal majority of a thousand at Lincoln has to be set off against the equally decisive victories of the Conservative party in South Hampshire and Mid-Surrey. Both the candidates at Lincoln are said to have been locally popular; but all the principal employers of labour happen to belong to the Radical party, and in that direction the workmen are not unwilling to follow their guidance. There is unfortunately too much reason to believe that the working class, which already forms the most powerful section of the electorate, cares little or nothing for the international policy which it is about absolutely to control. Parliamentary speakers and writers have of late loudly boasted, almost in the words of Mr. GLADSTONE, that Egyptian questions matter little in comparison with the passing of the Franchise Bill. In other words, the honour and the future prosperity of England are to be unhesitatingly postponed to the interests of a faction. The democracy on the point of assuming supreme power publicly proclaims its ignorance of the traditions and responsibilities of the Empire. The dereliction of its duties is provided with a detailed apology in the mischievous pamphlet which Mr. GLADSTONE has, opportunely for his purposes, republished. The enfranchised householder will learn from his favourite teacher that the possession of India is an unprofitable burden, and that national honour is an obsolete illusion. The lesson appears scarcely to have been needed by the Lincoln electors. If there were a DEMOSTHENES in England to expose dangers and loss closely analogous to those which were denounced by the great Athenian orator, the timid and ruinous inaction recommended by the PHOCION or the ÆSCHINES of the day would be more acceptable to the average borough elector.

The two county elections tell a different story. In other circumstances Liberal partisans might be alarmed by the discovery that, in spite of allurements and bribes, the farmers have returned to their habitual allegiance. No election debt condemned by the Corrupt Practices Act was at any time more promptly paid than the price of the partial support transferred by the tenant-farmers to the Liberal party at the last general election. The Ground Game Act took precedence in the broken Session of 1880 over even the first instalment of the agrarian revolution in Ireland. The Tenants' Compensation Act was another acknowledgment of value received; and it was hoped that the Irish Land Act might excite anticipations of still further benefits to be conferred on county electors in exchange for their votes. The Farmers' Alliance in England and Scotland responded to the invitation; but the great body of county voters has resolutely held aloof from the movement. The Conservative majority of nearly fifteen hundred in South Hampshire was obtained after the local Farmers' Alliance had ostentatiously announced its support of the Liberal candidate. Throughout England the farmers care more for the suppression of the foot-and-mouth disease than for the spoliation of their landlords, which is the object of the Alliance. Many of them now vainly regret their former share in the return of a Liberal majority. There may have been some excuse for their ill-judged use of the power which had been conferred upon them by the Ballot Act. The effect of that measure was to transfer the control of the county representation from the landholders to the tenant-farmers. It was natural they should desire to exercise their novel privileges, and even that they should feel a certain gratitude to their Liberal benefactors. They now perceive that their local supremacy is short-lived, and that in almost all counties they will be outvoted by the tradesmen and artisans of the smaller towns, and by their own labourers. It is too late to resist the proposed revolution; but there may be some satisfaction in recording for the last time a vote which is in the nature of a protest.

The great Conservative majority in Mid-Surrey, though it includes many farmers, is in a great measure composed of different elements. Retired tradesmen, small capitalists, and residents who are engaged in business in the City, fairly represent the opinions of the best portion of the middle classes. Mr. GLADSTONE, who denounced as incompetent the citizens of London because they amassed wealth, and the electors of Westminster on account of their large expenditure, would probably regard the constituency of Mid-Surrey with the contempt which Radicals affect for general intelligence and diffused competence. It may be inferred, from the comparatively small number of actual voters, that the late election caused no extraordinary excitement. The result, notwithstanding the bluster of platform orators, was confidently anticipated, and busy men may not have thought it worth while to exert themselves for the increase of a majority which was known to be overwhelming. The metropolitan counties have not for many years wavered in their attachment to moderate and constitutional doctrines. It is possible that the projected deterioration of the franchise may there as well as elsewhere reduce the middle class to political impotence; but house-rent in the neighbourhood of London is so high that very modest

tenements already confer county votes. Unless the lodgers swamp the genuine householders, such constituencies as that of Mid Surrey may perhaps, even under the Franchise Bill, retain their present character. On the other hand, there is reason to fear that adroit schemes of redistribution may furnish the means of silencing independent opinion. There is much need of security against the rapid progress of revolutionary agitation. The Radical candidate for Leicester bids for the favour of the rabble by asserting the extreme Communistic doctrine that the land belongs, not to its owners, but to the nation. Liberals of character and position cannot, as experience shows, be trusted to repel the most outrageous proposals.

THE CEMETERIES BILL.

THERE is some study necessary in order to comprehend the exact object of the Bill brought in by Mr. RICHARD on Wednesday evening. Mr. RICHARD, in a speech which was modelled as closely as possible after one of those which Captain MARRYAT has reported among the utterances of Mr. CHUCKS, "begged to observe, in the kindest and most "polite way in the world, in fact just to hint," without the slightest idea of giving pain or offence, that the incumbents of the Church of England are persons capable of violating all law and decency, and so forth, though he would be the last to think of saying a word against the mental and moral qualities of such excellent and reverend persons. There was rather too much of this kind of thing in his speech and that of Mr. H. FOWLER, and too much also of a desire to conceal the meaning of the measure from the docile Radical majority. Mr. RICHARD is not Mr. GLADSTONE, and some of his followers, had they understood the drift of his remarks, might have been induced to vote according to their consciences. As it is, though the amendment of Mr. BERESFORD HOPE was rejected by a small majority, the further progress of the Bill was stayed.

The question of building over disused cemeteries, to which we adverted last week, had its bearing on Mr. RICHARD'S proposals. He is anxious, though he did not divulge any tangible reason why, that cemeteries should not be consecrated. The state of things revealed by the evidence taken before Mr. HANNAY as to the Peel Grove case has no horrors for him. He thinks episcopal consecration, by which the desecration of the ground is prevented, is a desecration in itself, and prefers all the greater evils that may ensue to the lesser one of wounding the tender feelings of a Nonconformist. In questions of this kind it is common to talk as if all Dissenters are at one. We have sometimes been told that in matters relating to cemeteries, and such like, the wishes of Dissenters should be respected, as they are almost, if not quite, as numerous as Church people. But those who argue like this, and Mr. RICHARD is one of them, forget that, though the Church is one, the whole body of Dissenters—if it is possible to talk of a whole body which consists of a hundred different sects and creeds, who only hate the Church less than they hate each other—is disunited, has many different and antagonistic aims, and yet professes to want the Church to be reduced to the same position as itself, though the result must be disastrous beyond measure to sectarianism. In short, Mr. RICHARD'S speech, with its mockery of moderation, simply came to this:—"We have got all we really "want, and most of what we are likely to get; but "let us lose no opportunity of worrying those who "differ with us, even on such unsubstantial and illusory "issues as are presented by the Cemeteries Bill." Mr. BERESFORD HOPE swept away Mr. RICHARD'S cobwebs at once, with the unintended help of Mr. RATHBONE, who, unfortunately for his case, told the House that it was desirable to vote for the Bill "because it would remove a subject "of dispute," a reason which would apply with double force to, say, Mr. GLADSTONE or Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. If Mr. RATHBONE'S argument is of any value, the PREMIER and the HOME SECRETARY should be sent to keep Mr. BRADLAUGH company in the lobby. "To remove subjects of dispute," it was pointed out, is the creed of the so-called Liberation Society, a society formed of "Calvinists, Agnostics, and "persons of almost all forms of belief, or absence of belief," to do for the Church of England what the Dissenting sects have done for themselves. They have got rid of Church-rates, of ecclesiastical influence in Universities, of the Irish Church, and of the old Burial Laws. On that last occasion it was said that nothing more was wanted or would be asked for—a favourite Radical pledge. Mr. RICHARD has Mr. GLADSTONE'S good example for breaking it, and so takes a second leaf out of his leader's book. When the members of the Liberation Society found that they were no longer able to pose as martyrs, they sought about for another "injurious subject of dispute." They have found it in a beneficent and ancient law, which, while it inflicts hardship on no one, is a blessing directly or indirectly to millions. The old law and custom which presumes every one to be a Churchman is a sad thorn in the side of such Dissenters as Mr. RICHARD. When Methodist and Congregationalist desert thee, it says to the poor, the Church is still thy mother. The new cemeteries have a portion set apart for those who conscientiously object to lying in consecrated ground; but Mr. RICHARD is not content with a slice. He must have all. The settlement of 1880 was exceedingly distasteful to a majority of Churchmen, but they have, with exceptions which only prove the rule, submitted to it without grumbling. As Mr. DAVENPORT reminded the House, the assurances of Mr. RICHARD and his friends that the Act of 1880 settled the matter were worthless, like other promises from the Ministerial side. They will bring this proposal, or another like it, up again and again, whenever they can get an opportunity, and it is only to be hoped that the Bills they present will always be of the vague and fantastic character of that practically talked out on Wednesday. Nibbling, as a policy, is not worthy of a party which pretends to such dignity as that led by Mr. RICHARD. Yet it cannot be said to have any other. There is nothing bold, open, or aboveboard in their attacks on the Church they do so desperately envy. On the contrary, they bring in year by year little higgling measures like the present one—measures which, were they passed, might slightly impoverish a few Churchmen, but could not make any Dissenter a penny the richer or a degree less spiritually proud.

MONACO.

THE subject of Monaco has been for some time past put prominently before the public. Recent letters published in the newspapers have repeated the annual complaints of some who pass the winter or spring on the Riviera, and who are scandalized at the gambling which goes on at Monaco. The great majority of these letters describe Monaco as simply a public nuisance—as a gambling hell where characters of the worst description congregate from all parts of Europe, and to which no respectable man can take his wife or daughters. There is often not a little exaggeration in these complaints, but it must be admitted that in the main they are not without some foundation. The question has been lately raised in the French Senate, and M. FERRY, with the concurrence of Lord LYONS and Signor MANCINI, the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, declares himself ready to take such steps as may seem necessary in the matter. What these steps may be it is not stated. Supposing that the reigning Prince should simply refuse to act on the advice given him to suppress the gaming-tables, by what means and by what Powers is he to be coerced? Lord ASHBURNHAM, in a recent letter to the *Times*, clearly puts the dilemma in which France and Italy will severally be placed. It cannot, of course, be denied that public gaming-tables do much mischief; but it is equally true that the management of the gaming establishment at Monaco reduces the mischief as far as it can be reduced. In the first place, there is "a *maximum* stake, which is a check "on the extravagance of the rich; and a *minimum* stake, "which is a check on the imprudence of the poor." There are further checks on improvidence in the facts that the stake must be laid in cash on the table at the time of playing; that, without special permission, no inhabitant of the neighbourhood of Monaco is admitted; and that no person under age and no domestic servants are admitted at all. Now with what face can either the French or the Italian Government interfere? It is perfectly notorious that at the French watering-places these are recreative institutions practically open to everybody with a decent coat on his back which differ only in name, but not one whit in purpose, from the establishment at Monaco; and that the opportunities for being fleeced are much greater and the safeguards fewer in the latter than in the former. The case in Paris, as stated by the *Débats*, is as bad, or worse. Till these hells are put down, with what justice can France demand of the little Principality of Monaco, which is still legally semi-independent, the suppression of

the tables? The case of Italy is still worse. For there the lottery is a public and national institution, conducted by the Government itself, which makes a large profit out of it. The mischief done at Monaco is slight compared with the artificial taste for gambling which the Governmental lottery carries into the poorest Italian homes. A man of ample means may legitimately spend a small portion of his income on the pleasure and recreation which is often derived from games of chance; though he cannot, with public approval, spend more than a small portion on amusements of such a kind. But the sure tendency of the Italian lottery is to lead the whole mass of the poor to trust to luck rather than to regular work. To both France and Italy the Prince of MONACO has thus an easy answer. To both he can say:—"Granting the sin, "you are worse sinners than I am. Put your own house "in order first, and then I shall be glad to hear what you "have to say about mine, which, if it be in a bad state, is "still in a better state than yours."

Mischievous as either reckless or professional gambling always is, it may happen that by suppressing such an establishment as that of Monaco the evils that we attempt to cure may be intensified. The circumstances in this case are somewhat peculiar. Stretching along the Riviera from Hyères to beyond Genoa, a series of watering-places have sprung up of late years, frequented in great part by people who are idle and wealthy. Even if they work in their own countries they go to the Riviera for their spring or winter holiday. Among such a class gambling is sure to be a favourite amusement. How little, after all, the public tables at Monaco have to do with the promotion of gambling in that region is shown by the fact that there is, as every one familiar with that region knows, more high play, unregulated, at Nice than, regulated, at Monaco. And all along the Riviera anybody who wishes to get rid of his money by gambling can find a dozen places where he can do so with greater ease and less publicity than at Monaco, and where he is much more at the mercy of the professional rook. As to the mischievous class of persons who always hang about a public gaming-table, it is by no means clear that it is not better that they should be concentrated in one or two places rather than scattered over the whole of the Riviera. The most inexperienced pigeon is more on his guard at Monaco than if he were sitting between the English chaplain and a blackleg at San Remo, and invited by the agreeable stranger to have a quiet game of cards after dinner. It is not at all certain that the abolition of the public tables at Monaco would not thus diffuse and increase what we all admit to be an evil. The recent case of the Park Club shows that the worst evils of a public hell may be reproduced in a private establishment. And while such private establishments are tolerated (although they are well known and can be legally suppressed) in large numbers in France, and while in Italy the Government itself is the manager of a gigantic system of gambling, we cannot see that either country has the right to say a word on the subject to the Principality of Monaco.

"ADVICE" TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE Franchise Bill has been read a third time *nemine contradicente*, as Mr. GLADSTONE proudly requested the SPEAKER to record; and no doubt, after a debate in which the PRIME MINISTER has taken part, the fact is one worthy to be held in remembrance. Among the many remarkable properties of his oratory, that of conciliating opposition, or of reconciling his adversaries to defeat, has never, so far as we are aware, been numbered. Most assuredly no one would have been disposed to attribute it to the speech in which he moved the third reading of his tricky measure the other night. The Bill having reached its last stage in the Lower House, the need of artifice and subterfuge was past, and the time he seemed to feel had come for putting a little heart into his somewhat languid followers. An excellent occasion was at hand; for had not the leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords had the audacity to express his opinion as to the reception likely to be accorded by that assembly to a measure which "they had not seen, and the "contents of which," as the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's positive genius for hyperbole induced him to add, "they could not "know"? The moment had evidently arrived for exhorting the impenitent peer, and for proving to the swashbucklers below the gangway that their leader could ruffle it with the best. "Beware of entrance to a quarrel" was the motto selected by Mr. GLADSTONE for the speech of a characteristically arrogant and unseemly menace which he fired off last night at Lord SALISBURY and the Upper House. Some of us, however, may be of opinion that the PREMIER might have made a better choice of text. His ostentatious pretences of moderation, his exaggerated eulogies of his love of peace, the thin disguises of one kind and another through which the truculent import of his utterances looked so plainly forth, are less suggestive of POLONIUS than of BORADIL. If a current phrase, dating also from the Elizabethan period, must necessarily be sought for it, we commend to Mr. GLADSTONE's consideration the often-quoted apostrophe of the tavern-hero to his weapon:—"Lie thou there, good sword! Heaven "send I may have no need of thee!" For it was in the truly becoming and dignified spirit of this utterance that the PRIME MINISTER approached the House of Lords. He will not assume that they could do so monstrous a thing as to exercise their constitutional right of rejecting his Bill, and, having thus flung his sword for a moment on the table, he immediately snatched it up again, to show the trembling peers how it will fare with them if indeed he "shall have need of it." If the Lords should dare to throw out the Franchise Bill, and thus bring about a conflict between the two Houses, the PRIME MINISTER "would not "undertake to put a limit to the mischief and difficulties "which might result." "Most grave, he is confident—too "painfully confident—they will be," but "what the ultimate "issue would be he has no doubt." With which mysterious threat, subsequently interpreted by Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR to mean that the Constitution should be revised in such a way as to prevent the repetition of such conduct by an independent branch of the Legislature, Mr. GLADSTONE left Lord SALISBURY and his party in the Upper House to their agitated reflections.

It was reserved for the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to undertake the task of reconciling his chief's utterances with the obligations of Ministerial decorum; and this he essayed to do by protesting against its being said that "the words "used by the PRIME MINISTER constituted a threat, when "they were simply words of advice." Threat and advice, however, are not mutually exclusive terms. The formula of "your money or your life" might be expressly accompanied by—and, indeed, in the mouth of any humane highwayman would tacitly convey—most earnest advice to the traveller to adopt the former alternative. The distinction which Sir HENRY JAMES intended to draw was probably one between "threat" and "warning"; and we are quite willing to admit that this, at any rate, is substantial. A threat, unlike a warning, does undoubtedly involve the idea of contemplated action on the part of the threatener. We threaten a man with legal proceedings, not warn him of them. We warn him of the approach of a railway train, not threaten him with it. And it is, no doubt, open to Sir HENRY JAMES to contend that Mr. GLADSTONE's admonition to the Lords was an example of the latter kind. Unfortunately, however, for this contention it is notoriously opposed to the facts. Everybody knows that Radical warnings to the House of Lords against the consequences of doing their duty have in almost every, and certainly in this, instance no meaning whatever, except as indicating an intention on the Radical's part to endeavour to create the dangers against which he professes to warn. Everybody knows, from the most timid of Conservatives to the most blusterous of Gladstonians, that "the country" if left to itself would accept the rejection of the Franchise Bill with perfect equanimity. What is really meant when the contrary is asserted is that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and the Caucuses, Mr. SCHNADHORST and Mr. SCHNADHORST's merry men, are not on their part prepared to accept such an event in the same placid spirit, that they will throw themselves into a stage-fury over it; and that they will set at work the whole machinery of opinion-manufacture to persuade the constituencies that they themselves are equally indignant. This, we say, is the perfectly well-understood meaning of Mr. GLADSTONE's "advice" to the House of Lords, and, with all respect to Sir HENRY JAMES, we must, at least until the PRIME MINISTER himself takes the distinction in hand, continue to regard it as a threat. We shall further permit ourselves to say that it is a threat of a peculiarly audacious character, proceeding as it does upon an assumption which is itself almost as coolly defiant of the truth as any that has ever yet served the

purposes of electioneering bounce. For the assumption, of course, is that, in rejecting the Franchise Bill upon the grounds on which they meditate its rejection, the Lords would be opposing themselves to the explicitly or implicitly declared will of the country; and this involves a no less monstrous proposition than that the constituencies in 1880 not only answered a question which was never put to them, but answered it "with a circumstance." The technical issue submitted to them was one of foreign policy; but the Radical theory now is that the electorate, upon being asked whether they preferred Mr. GLADSTONE's foreign policy to that of Lord BEACONSFIELD, replied:—"Yes, a Franchise Bill by all means; and, hark ye, let it "be an imperfect one. We particularly insist that enfran-"chisement shall be separated from redistribution, so that "we may not know, as indeed we have never wished to "know, where we are going." This, and nothing less than this, is the proposition which Mr. GLADSTONE would have to maintain in order to make out that he is really "warning" the Lords and not threatening them. Upon anything short of this assumption the answer to his "advice" would be obvious. It would be that, even if he were right in assuming that the country has a natural preference for imperfect Reform Bills, no just and reasonable nation would resent opposition to its undeclared wishes; while if, on the other hand, Mr. GLADSTONE's assumption were incorrect, the Lords would earn the gratitude of the country by rejecting the Bill.

As to the PREMIER's plea of the "impossibility" of passing a perfect measure, that is essentially matter of opinion, and not of fact; and even Mr. GLADSTONE himself can hardly imagine that an indignant people would rise and sweep away the House of Lords for not being convinced by reasoning with which he has contrived to [illegible] himself. Apart from the severity of the punishment, they would, for well-known reasons, be an extremely [illegible] one to inflict upon such grounds. For the contingency of Mr. GLADSTONE's converting himself from his convictions has always to be taken into account; and a House of Lords once abolished for dissenting from his opinions could hardly be restored on his recantation. The mere contention, therefore, that enfranchisement "could not pos-"sibly" have been united with redistribution, if the whole United Kingdom were to be dealt with in one Bill, is not sufficient to justify these rude menacings of the House of Lords. For, in the first place, *non constat* that the whole United Kingdom, and notably Ireland, ought to have been included in one Bill; and, secondly, the precedents of the only two Reform Bills previously passed in this country have proved not only that enfranchisement and redistribution can be coupled in the same measure, but that Parliaments less subservient than the present have refused to permit their separation. And, lastly, if Mr. GLADSTONE's contention on this point were absolutely sound, it would be irrelevant. For it would not justify his refusal to postpone the operation of the Bill until redistribution has been effected. There is, in short, no warrant either of fact or argument for the tone which he has thought fit to assume towards the House of Lords. That House, we trust, will do its duty on the Franchise Bill; and it is, we suppose, a stroke of the PRIME MINISTER's much-vaunted tactics to have supplied those peers who may have been hesitating about their votes with an additional motive for vindicating their constitutional independence.

COACHING.

AMONG the popular sights of the London season the meets of the Four-in-Hand Club and of its somewhat less distinguished brother, the Coaching Club, rank high. These are festivities to which "people go," and where people go—that is to say, the right people—others who approach more or less nearly to the right people desire it to be assumed that they are forced to go likewise. A seat on a popular coach is the seat of distinction. Often a Royal personage shares the box with some well-known member of the Four-in-Hand, and on the coaches that follow after fair women and brave men are usually to be seen. The meet is a very pretty sight. The horses are beautifully groomed, the harness is something more than merely cleaned, every vestige of metal-work shines resplendent, and the coach is as good as new. Every one is well dressed, for Englishwomen dress admirably in spite of criticisms from the Continent; and certainly in no country is a servant who has to do with horses so neatly turned out as in England. If such a whip as the Duke of Beaufort is at the head of affairs the start is a particularly interesting spectacle. Well-trained teams follow on. The whole business is creditable, because it is simple; if it were not simple, in some cases it would be all the more creditable, because good men would show how obstacles are to be overcome. But here we arrive at the fact around which we have been cautiously hovering—there are a great many men who climb on to the box of a coach nowadays, who hold their reins beautifully and their whip as a whip should be held, while the horses are standing still; but who get into serious difficulties when everything ceases to go quite smoothly. It is the simple faith of the coachman proper that a beneficent Nature supplied humanity with a left hand in order that the reins might be held therein, and with a right hand as a socket for holding the whip in repose, and as an apparatus or machine for aiding its application to the horses. Nothing could be simpler in theory; in practice the simplicity is not by any means so marked for the inexpert—which is much the same as saying for the inexperienced—driver of a team. "I am the owner, I wish I could say the *master*, of the four best hunters I ever had in my life," a horseman known to poor Whyte-Melville once wrote to a friend. To acquire four of the best coach-horses any man need desire is not so difficult a business; the driving of them when acquired is quite another thing.

The reason why men do not drive nowadays with the skill which used to characterize the gentleman dragsman is easily found. They have not the practice, and what practice they do have is rarely of the serviceable sort. Sometimes men go still to one of the two or three professional drivers who keep scratch teams as well as perfect ones, and permit their pupils to pull the animals' mouths about in Battersea Park; but the coachman of the present year of grace usually has a team "made" for him, he chooses his own road, and he goes his own pace. Our fathers learned to drive in a rougher school. They secured a seat on the box of a stage-coach by the side of a sound coachman, they took the reins—other passengers no doubt regarded the proceeding with varying sentiments—and they learned from their mentor the way they should go. Anything that could gallop a bit and could be persuaded to pull—and there were few that could not—was thought good enough for a team on many of the old roads. "Three blind 'uns and a bolter" was often the change from a confirmed kicker, a leader that pulled your arms off, a wheeler that would not start, and a fourth with an assortment of vices, any of which might come uppermost at any moment. Time had to be kept or trouble ensued; and it was behind such teams as this that the art of driving was to be mastered. The student acquired a good seat on the box, because the better the seat the more command a man has over his animals. He found out how to hold his horses together without pulling them, because the less they were interfered with when going freely and well together the faster they travelled. He did not endeavour to start the coach by the leaders, because he discovered that such a proceeding was likely to break the bars; and he found out that when he wanted to stop, a hint to that effect must be first conveyed to the wheelers. The art of hitting his horses he also picked up. "Why, bless you, sir, there's some of 'em as never could hit a horse; and as for hitting a near-side leader, why they sit a picking at 'em as if they were trying to pick a penny out of a pint pot, instead of turning their wrists under and letting their thong go." Such was the criticism of a professional coachman on amateur driving a good many years back; and since then things have certainly not improved. Courage is rarely wanting in the modern coachman. That credit may be given him; but when he uses his whip he is very prone to use it at the wrong time and in the wrong place. To hit a leader above the bars is bad, particularly if the whip catch, as it is apt to do, especially if the lash be wet; but in using their whips not a few members of the two leading Clubs are at fault, always presuming that they hit their horses where they intend to hit them. Another most important piece of knowledge which the coachman of a former day acquired was how to harness his team. After driving all sorts of animals, he could not fail to note how much difference a comparatively slight change in the harness, the loosening of a curb, the alteration of a coupling rein, or some such trifle, made to the ease and comfort of driver and driven. It is a common fault at the present time to pole horses up too tightly; but this was seldom the case years ago, for when horses were poled up too severely, or in any way badly put to, their capacity for work was constrained. This is all very well when a man is taking his load to Richmond, and having allowed himself ample time, is not particular to half an hour. It was different when being a minute late meant paying a fine. Very few amateur whips could go into their stables and, with the harness taken to pieces and thrown in a heap, put their teams to; but no one is a real coachman till he can do this, or show how it should be done.

By the side of a thorough coachman, or, far better still, in command of a well-horsed coach, few pleasures are more delightful than bowling along a well-made English road. Dr. Johnson preferred to be inside a post-chaise with a pretty woman; but, then, the Doctor was not a sportsman, and would doubtless have apprehended that disturbance of the centre of gravity which would not impossibly have led to the overturning of the vehicle. The railway is well enough. One sees delightfully rustic landscapes from the carriage-window, but they are not immediately around one. The blossoming boughs do not brush against one's shoulder in the train as they do on the box, the odour of the cottage gardens is not wafted into the railway-carriage windows. In the train there is no greeting to be

exchanged with the passing rustic, no cheery word with the farmer jogging along on his cob; and between the hospitality of the way-side tavern where the coach stops and the untempting display at the railway refreshment-room there is no comparison, or, to put it otherwise, there is a very marked comparison of the sort which is odious. The stroke of the horses' feet on the road has a cheery sound, and for music let any one say which is preferable, the shriek of the whistle or the coach-horn, the alternation of tonic and dominant in the key of C major, which, simple as it is, has a significance of its own, telling as it does—if the suggestion be not overcharged with sentimentality—of a day when Englishmen were kindlier and heartier; when better feeling prevailed between different classes; when, if elections were keenly fought and hardly won, the sturdy foes of one day would be ready to shake hands and be friends the next, or, at any rate, did not lose all respect for each other in the course of the contest.

There was doubtless another side to the matter. The traveller by train who can pull up the window against which the rain dashes and down which it streams, who is safe and snug in the corner of his carriage with a rug round his knees and a good light thrown upon his book or paper, may have his doubts as to the infinite superiority of a coach over a railway-train; and as the guard opens the carriage-door with his "Tickets, if you please, sir!" and the cold wind whistles in, these doubts may be momentarily confirmed. Artists who illustrate books on coaching never fail to represent one team up to their hocks in snow, with perhaps some sturdy animals from a farmer's cart harnessed on more or less adroitly to pull the coach out of some stiff place from which its own horses are unable to move it. But these are the exceptions. If the coach in the snow-storm is to be emphasized, so must the railway-train in the dog days. We pity the man on the box down whose neck a stream of melted snow is trickling; he would be better in the train. On the other hand, the railway traveller who vainly seeks to exclude the burning rays of the sun by drawing the curtains over the window of a stuffy carriage that very little imagination would convert into an oven, would be far more comfortably placed on the box-seat of a coach, passing rapidly over the breezy downs, into a tunnel beneath which the train is about to rush with a horrible screech.

It is by no means our object to deter fairly good coachmen from pursuing the sport, and it is for the most part only fairly good men that criticism will touch; because the good drivers know that they are at home on the box, and the bad drivers persuade themselves that they are. Modern coaching has its uses. It gives interest, amusement, and exercise to gentlemen, much employment to servants, and benefits many trades. But—a few noteworthy exceptions apart—the standard of amateur coachmanship is far from high. A man often likes to keep a drag, but does not like to devote the necessary time to learning to drive it, not believing that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. If such a man would consent to be driven, we will not say by his own coachman, but by a friend who is a master of the art, there would remain little to be said. The owner, however, thinks that this would not look well, and so he tries to do what is beyond his skill; which looks worse. What he should do is to engage the services of one of the first-class professional drivers who may be seen any day at Hatchett's Hotel, and with his assistance put together and drive as many scratch teams as he can obtain the use of. Nothing but practice can give a man an even feel on his team; and as few things are more delightful than to see four good horses going within themselves under their driver's command, few things are more distressing than to see one leader pulling, one boring, one wheeler hanging away from the pole, and the other hugging it, while the driver does not know how to hit any of them, and would not dare to do so, if he could keep his temper, were his knowledge more extended. At last by a sort of fluke he catches the off-side leader a cut on the inside of the thigh; the response is a kick which results in a leg over the trace, and the apprehensions of the men on the coach who have been nervously watching their host's proceedings—we will hope that there are no ladies on that dangerous eminence—are in danger of being verified.

THE AGE OF *BLAGUE*.

AT the end of a month the beginning of which was flattered by the excitement arising from the now historical "G." article, it is not ill timed to sing of *blague*. The article in question is the smartest thing yet done by any English journalist in the quality of *blagueur*; and the fact that it did not take in the wiser of that journalist's fellows does not detract from its smartness. But it is not of "G." that we propose to touch the lyre—an appropriate instrument enough. It is of the tendency of the day which made "G." possible—as an actual fact, instead of as an unborn letter waiting in limbo for the hour and the man. Of course *blague* is no new thing. Man is an *animal blaguabile blaguis rite blaguatis* at least as much as he is *animal rationale*. But every age has its particular form of *blague*, and the particular form of the present day appears to be the *blague* personal. The beauty of "G." consisted not in his matter, which was very vile matter, or in his style, which was *almost* bad enough from the literary point to be the work—but it is not necessary to finish that sentence. It consisted in the really brilliant note of personal suggestion conveyed in the use of the single letter imposing no responsibilities whatever on the suggester, who may have got a housemaid named Georgina or a literary friend who is a grocer. Personality, and personality only, was the bait, as it is the bait nearly always now. Not the least agreeable result of this is the delightful audacity which has come to characterize the *blagueur*. Not very long ago a person of mature age and respectable appearance was heard in a crowded club dining-room to inform his neighbour that he, the person of mature age and respectable appearance, was a constant contributor to a certain periodical and that a certain well-known man of letters was the editor thereof. The second statement proved the falsity of the first, for the person named had not, and never had, anything to do with the said editorship. But the agreeable audacity of the person of mature age consisted in the facts—first, that the man of letters he spoke of was a member of the club, and known to most of its other members, in any gathering of whom it was also all but certain that some actual contributors to the said periodical would be found. In a country-house smoking-room, a railway carriage, or elsewhere, the *blague* would have been very ordinary *blague*; in the place and circumstances it was nearly sublime. It was, though on a smaller scale, almost better *blague* than "G." Yet to "G." shall due commendation not be wanting, and, it may be said in the words of the parrot when the conjurer happened to blow up the ship's magazine, "That's first rate! What'll he do next?" These were the last words of the sagacious bird as with the rest of the crew it conjugated the verb *ire ad astra*. In less trying circumstances, now that his month of brief but lively fame has expired, the same words may be pronounced on "G."

It is, however, as has been pointed out, rather of "G.'s" victims than of "G" that we proposed to speak, rather of Bertrand (taken in his character of victim rather than in that of accomplice) than of Robert Macaire. The race of Bertrand is numerous in the land nowadays, and appears in innumerable varieties. Now he is gulled by theories of the Georgian and Hyndmanic kind, in which case it is observed that the mention of a gallows is very painful to his ears, and causes him to exhibit even more emotion than that congregation of birds to whom our dear Alice innocently unfolded the merits of her cat Dinah. Now (and very often) he believes in Mr. Gladstone, and is quite certain that, if Mr. Gladstone were turned out, the stars would mingle with the ocean and a general cataclysm would result. Now he is found listening to a political Dissenter, and quite convinced that the political Dissenter's one burning idea is to do good to the Church of England, and to free her from the disabilities and inconveniences inflicted by her unworthy sons. Bertrand believes that Mr. Gladstone did not ever mention the connexion between Clerkenwell and the clumsiness of Sergeant Brett in, as Mr. McCarthy has it, "getting in the way of a bullet" on the one hand, and the Disestablishment of the Irish Church on the other. He is sure that, if Lord Salisbury were in Downing Street, the butchers' shops would positively swarm with large blue flies. But it is chiefly in one particular aspect that we look at Bertrand to-day, the weakness which made him swallow "G."—great "G."—and which continually makes him swallow little G.'s, and indeed little letters all through the alphabet from A to Z.

There is—Bertrand may be surprised to hear—no more colossal *blague* in the world than the affectation of personal and private information which in politics, as in far minor matters, distinguishes certain newspapers at the present day. To begin with, the information is nearly always inaccurate; and, in the second place, if it were ever accurate, it would be nearly always unimportant. There was a time not so very long ago when private information was important in all things, and especially important in politics. There were no telegraphs—at least, none in general use—there was a comparatively limited and a very slow check of popular opinion, wise or foolish, on persons who were directly responsible for the conduct of events, and the number of those persons was small and confined in its constituents to a strictly defined class. Therefore political "tips" were then really valuable; at the present time they are nearly valueless. Every one who has any connexion with the press, and at the same time with political life, knows this perfectly well; but the public does not know it, and so paragraph-mongering journalism succeeds. Until very recently this journalism was chiefly confined to the provincial papers, but it has now spread to London, and though its results are an amusing spectacle to those who know the ropes, they are misleading and mischievous, because they interfere with any attempt on Bertrand's part to form his own opinion. The old tyranny of the leading article was bad enough, and every one who can remember dinner-tables even ten or fifteen years back can remember the man (he is rare now, and that is the only good of the paragraph system) who solemnly discoursed to the hapless guest nearest him at dinner the contents of a newspaper article which the said guest had read, and very likely seen to be rubbish, eight or nine hours before. The paragraph-mongers and the evening papers have killed this good man, but they have put a worse in his stead. The new bore "has reason to think" (that is, he has seen, as every one else has, a statement by the London Correspondent of the *Bungay Blazer*, or a paragraph at the end of the leaders of the *Daily Flagpost*) that such and such is the case about such and such a matter. The old bore pretended to reason, though he reasoned with another man's logic; the new bore pretends to have heard, and listens with another man's trumpet. And what he hears is mostly, if not wholly, *blague*. Let any man call to mind recent anticipations of recent important decisions or plans. Either they have been widely wrong, or they have been such as any shrewd person might guess, or they have been deliberate

ballons d'essai, thrown up more or less in collusion with the persons concerned to see how much the public would stand. In the very few cases in which of late years really important information has been published exclusively by any newspaper, it has been a case of corruption or other misbehaviour—cases which naturally may be left out of account.

Therefore Bertrand, if he is an intelligent Bertrand (and he has occasionally some glimmerings of intelligence, though "on the whole he is Not intelligent"), may be very strongly advised not to put his trust in paragraphs, or in newspapers that deal in paragraphs, or in newspapers that deal in personal information of any kind whatever. It is *blague*, good Bertrand, and it is *blague* by which, whatever your friend Robert may represent to you, you, and not anybody else, are to be taken in. Space and time would fail to tell of the ways in which this *blague* is manufactured. Much of it comes from hangers about the House of Commons who put leading questions to long-suffering members, and whom the said members pay in their own coin on the model of "Thou sayest it." A good deal more is sheer invention—having no foundation in fact, stronger than the "flimsy" (very greasy and nasty tissue paper for manifolding, if Bertrand wants to know what "flimsy" is) on which it is often written. Other items come from what somebody says who has met somebody who dined last night with somebody else. Others from some obliging person who sends to his particular friend as a particular favour intelligence which he also sends at the same time to five hundred other particular friends, with a discreet insinuation that no one but the particular receiver has it at all. But whatever it is, and whatever its origin, it is *blague*, Bertrand, *blague*.

The enormous supply of persons nowadays who would like to be knowing, and who don't know, alone keeps up this profitable business. They don't know, for instance, that when a man calls a silver-grey goat coal-black, it argues a slight want of acquaintance with the agreeable original. It is quite safe to put off on them almost any bit of personal *blague*, for the fact of the personality tickles them, and they have not the means of checking its correctness. Very often they do not read a great number of newspapers (an infallible though a laborious corrective of *blague*), and take what their favourite print says for gospel. Of such is the kingdom of *blague*, and, it may be added, the premiership of certain Prime Ministers who need not be more particularly mentioned. Probably the most colossal piece of *blague* ever put off on a country of dupes was the assertion now to be met in every Radical newspaper that the time of the last Government was a time of rebuke [illegible] abolished, and of shuddering not to be thought of without madness. The time of the last Government, that is to say, the last four years, was a time of remarkable commercial and atmospheric misfortune, of gross political faction on the part of the Opposition, of some unnecessary and discreditable blunders on the part of the Government, but on the whole the most prosperous and honourable time that England as a nation (not as a congeries of traders) has known for a full quarter of a century. That is the fact: the other account is *blague*. Our friend Bertrand, good soul, swallows the *blague* in this as in other matters, and never troubles himself about the fact. And he helps his friend Robert to perpetuate the reign of *blague*, and shudders at the idea of its being over, and at the wicked men who want him to put an end to it and to think for himself, and see for himself, and take nothing on trust, and not ask himself (like an incomparable and *impayable* parson of the name of Banks the other day), "How it came that the best of Governments had any difficulties at all?" but "How it came that a Government which had such a remarkable amount of difficulties came to be considered the best of Governments?" But the contemplation of the Rev. Bertrand Banks (they called him "E. G." in the reports, but that is clearly mistaken) would lead us too far. *Explicit de blagueis* for the time.

EMMANUEL COLLEGE.

THE tercentenary of Emmanuel College has been a great success. Former members of the College testified their affection to the old House by coming up in large numbers; and America showed that she had not forgotten the place of Harvard's education by the presence of her Minister and of Professor Norton, who had come over as a special envoy from the Transatlantic Emmanuel. It is a commonplace that after-dinner speeches must be criticized with gentleness; but on this occasion there was little room for anything but cordial praise. The speakers had evidently prepared their utterances with much thoughtfulness, and said what they had to say in appropriate sentences, which had the rare merit of hearty sincerity. We could have wished to have heard a little more about Emmanuel, and a little less about Harvard; for we were assembled to celebrate the tercentenary of the mother, not that of the child. But, in the presence of such distinguished guests, it was natural that the speeches should take the turn they did; and to have altered a word of Professor Norton's oration would have been to have altered it for the worse. Still, we venture to assert, Emmanuel has a past of her own, a past which may not be one of great academic brilliancy, but is of very distinctive character, of which not only all Emmanuel men, but the University at large, may well be proud. As the Master happily pointed out, it was at one time a force and an influence in itself, a centre of the University, compelling all those who were students within it, not to uniformity of action, but to activity, intelligence, and thought. We are glad to be able to say now, what we hoped to have heard said by some of the speakers who followed him, that these traditions have been by no means forgotten by the present Society, and that the Emmanuel of to-day, though its studies have been widened, and keep pace with the intellectual development of the University, does no discredit to the Puritan founder who, portrayed by a contemporary of no mean skill, looks down upon visitors from one end of the long gallery, with a stern and somewhat forbidding expression, as though wondering why they come there to disturb his pious meditations.

The cause of the original distinctiveness of Emmanuel will be readily understood when it is remembered that it is really the first post-Reformation College in either Oxford or Cambridge; for Jesus College, Oxford, founded in 1571, was a special institution, restricted to natives of Wales; and Trinity College, Cambridge, founded in 1546, was, after all, only an expansion of King's Hall; and the traditions of that College, and of the other foundations which Henry VIII. united to it, would naturally be carried on in the new institution which he endowed so liberally, and whose statutes he or his advisers framed on such a remarkably broad basis. Sir Walter Mildmay had very different intentions in founding Emmanuel College. King Henry directed his students to make themselves familiar with literature, languages, and science; Sir Walter declares that he has proposed to himself one sole object, the training up of the largest possible number of persons in such a way that they may be made fit for the sacred ministry of the Divine Word and Sacraments. A new College will at all times be greatly influenced by the Master who presides over it at its birth; but this was still more the case three centuries ago, when the Master frequently held a number of offices in addition to the Mastership, and associated with the Fellows in far closer intercourse than is at present either customary or possible. Mildmay selected as his first Master a man who had been his intimate friend when they were both students at Christ's College, Laurence Chaderton. He had deliberately renounced the old faith, and, as we are told in an interesting Latin Life of him by Dr. Dillingham, one of his successors in the Mastership, of which an excellent and timely translation has just been published by a late Fellow of Emmanuel College, Mr. Shuckburgh, had suffered severely in consequence. His father, on learning his meditated change of creed, is said to have written him the following brutal letter:—

DEAR LAURENCE,

If you will renounce the new sect which you have joined, you may expect all the happiness which the care of an indulgent father can secure you; otherwise I enclose in this letter a shilling to buy a wallet with. Go and beg for your living. Farewell!

A lad of spirit was not likely to be changed by such a missive as this; he persevered, struggling successfully against great pecuniary difficulties, and achieved considerable academic distinction. His firmness and sincerity may have been the qualities which determined Mildmay to entrust his College to his guidance, for he is reported to have said, when Chaderton was offered a valuable benefice at the very time when he was asking him to accept a poor Mastership:—"If you won't be Master, I certainly am not going to be founder of a College." Whereupon Chaderton refused the living and entered upon his new duties. His strong Protestantism had become notorious in the University, and it is not unlikely that the choice of him as Master may have prompted Queen Elizabeth's remark to Sir Walter, when he next appeared at Court:—"Sir Walter, I hear you have erected a Puritan foundation." "No, Madam," he replied, "far be it from me to countenance anything contrary to your established laws, but I have set an acorn, which, when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof." Thus far the conversation has been often repeated, but the sequel is, we believe, not known beyond the traditions of the Mildmay family. The Queen made inquiries into the objects of the new foundation, and, finding them satisfactory, gave Sir Walter a ring, still preserved by his descendants, to signify her approval. The charter is dated January 11, 1584; the statutes were given in October of the following year; and on the last day of May, 1589, the founder died. He had therefore but little opportunity of developing his College, and the eminence to which it rose almost immediately must have been wholly due to the energy and devotion of the Master. Puritan doctrines were at that time beginning to be popular at Cambridge; and a new College, unfettered by tradition, would be likely to adopt them. The statutes, however, did not render such adoption imperative, and the strong Puritan tone which distinguished the College must unquestionably have been set by Chaderton. Rumours of the peculiar observances in fashion at Emmanuel reached the ears of Archbishop Laud, and he seems to have made fruitless efforts to reform them. They are said to have received the Holy Communion in a sitting posture; to have refused to observe Fridays and other fasting days; to have used a form of prayer of their own; and generally to have permitted "disorders," as they are termed, of all sorts. The reputation of the College in these matters has been preserved in a contemporary ballad, called *The Distracted Puritan*, by Richard Corbett, Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards of Norwich. This very un-episcopal ditty has supplied an epithet to the College which Chaderton, if he ever read it, was probably not loth to accept. The Puritan is made to sing:—

In the house of pure Emanuel
I had my education,
Where my friends surmise
I dazzl'd my eyes
With the sight of revelation.

Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rochets;
Come hear me pray nine times a day
And fill your heads with crotchets!

When Chaderton had held the Mastership for thirty-eight years, he gave an additional proof of the wisdom of Mildmay's choice of him by bravely determining to resign it in favour of a younger man. His reasons are stated as follows by Dr. Dillingham:—

He was unwilling that the Mastership should fall into contempt in his person. He knew that one generation presses hard on the heels of the other, and, as it were, tries to shoulder it out. It was wisest, then, he thought, to resign his office in good time. A younger man might perhaps govern the younger men, and restrain them better by his authority and example as being nearer their own time of life, and having more sympathy in their pursuits, while his own experience would not cease to be of service to the College, though he were separated from it. Perhaps he wished to see his own character surviving in the persons of his successors. If so, his prescience did not deceive him. He found immense pleasure in observing his College flourishing and triumphant under the rule of his successors—Preston, Sancroft, and Holdsworth, men of wide acquaintance, high honour and industry, and of liberal and munificent disposition.

Chaderton lived for eighteen years after his resignation, dying in November 1640. When his age was spoken of, he was fond of telling people that he was eight years old when Boulogne was taken by King Henry, September 14, 1544. According to his computation he would have been 104 years old when he died. His biographer, however, gives good reasons for assigning his birthday to 1539, which would make him two years younger. He retained his faculties to the last, and beheld his College prosperous in a way which may well be called triumphant. The admissions were at one time greater than those of any College in the University except Trinity College, rising in the ten years between 1627 and 1637 to an average of 65 in each year; and when the Commonwealth came, and twelve Masters of Colleges were dispossessed for their refusal to accept the new state of things, as many as eleven headships were filled by Emmanuel men. Their theological views may be gathered from the fact that eight of them sat in the Westminster Assembly; where it is pleasant to be able to record that some at least were on the side of toleration. By this time, however, the College had become, what Elizabeth feared it would become, a Puritan foundation; and not a few of the first settlers in New England were educated there. One of these was John Harvard. He is known to have been at Emmanuel in 1627 and 1628; in 1635 he proceeded to the degree of Master of Arts, directly after which he must have gone abroad, for in 1637 he was admitted a freeman of the Colony of Massachusetts, and in 1638 he died. Beyond this nothing is known about him, save that in *New England's First Fruits*, a brief tract published in London in 1643, we are told that "it pleased God to stir up the heart of one Mr. Harvard (a godly gentleman, and a lover of learning, there living amongst us), to give one-half of his estate (it being in all about 1,700*l.*) towards the erecting of a College, and all his library. The College was, by common consent, appointed to be at Cambridge (a place very pleasant and accommodate), and is called (according to the name of the first founder) Harvard College."

The sudden rise of Emmanuel College was, however, succeeded at no distant date by almost as sudden a collapse. The toleration which had guided the advisers of Elizabeth at the Reformation was remarkable for its absence in those who were in power during the Commonwealth and at the Restoration. The Engagement of 1649 and the Act of Uniformity of 1662 were equally fatal to the prosperity of the University. At Emmanuel Dr. Dillingham was ejected from the Mastership, and Sancroft, afterwards the non-juring Archbishop of Canterbury, was brought back to Cambridge to fill his place. Instead of the united College of former days, we find discord and divisions. "Half the Society," we are told, "were for the Liturgy and half against it, so it is read one week and the directory another"; and Sancroft himself, though he spoke complacently of the "general outward conformity to what is established by law, and I hope true principles of duty and obedience laid within, and a cheerful readiness to take off all the instances of that former singularity which rendered us heretofore so unhappily remarkable," was compelled to admit that the number of students had become wofully small, and that it was difficult to fill the vacant Fellowships even by importation from other Colleges. Yet such was the force of theological prejudice that he could bring himself to write to his former Tutor in a tone of exultation, June 17, 1663:—

I complain not that the throng is not so great about us as it was (especially reflecting what it was that drew the many hither). Blessed is the barren and miscarrying womb rather than she that is always teeming and drawing forth her breasts to the children of disobedience. May we be desert and wilderness all over, rather than send forth such unhappy swarms and colonies as we did in this age of sorrow; which were so many and so numerous that the stock is decayed at home, and we have none in the College capable of succeeding to our vacant Fellowships.

The gloom of this dismal picture is deepened in a subsequent passage, where he deplores the decay of Greek and Hebrew learning, not merely in Emmanuel, but in other Colleges also. Nor would it be difficult to show that the University had to wait for many a long year before the evil effects of the theological dissensions of the seventeenth century were overcome. The task was easier in the large Colleges, where competition for Fellowships must be always keen; but in the smaller, where such inducements to intellectual activity are wanting, it is only at rare intervals that the personal influence of some more than usually energetic Master or Tutor attracts brilliant men, and raises the reputation of the House to a foremost place. This happy result it has not, as yet, been the fortune of Emmanuel to achieve. The College can boast of having been the cradle of the Cambridge Platonists—Whichcote, Smith, Cudworth, More, and Culverwell, were all originally educated there; and during the 1.st century the names of many persons eminent in politics, theology, and literature might be cited; but it has never been able again to establish for itself a distinctive character, a special stamp of individuality. It is curious to note that it gradually became what Mr. Shuckburgh calls "the acknowledged home of Tory orthodoxy." Such it certainly was during the jovial Mastership of Richard Farmer (1775-97), whose essay *On the Learning of Shakespeare*, now probably but little read, marks a new departure in Shakspearian criticism, and might, had it fallen on an age when such studies were appreciated in the University, have inaugurated a new period of intellectual activity in the College. A few years later the prevailing political tone is amusingly illustrated in a letter from Dr. Samuel Parr (also an Emmanuel man), written to the Master, Dr. Cory, in 1819. He was giving to the College a copy of the *editio princeps* of Aristophanes which had belonged to Sir Samuel Romilly. "I cannot help smiling," he says, "when I recollect that your Tory-Rory College is to have a Present tainted in its progress to you by the Politics of two such naughty Whigs as Sir Samuel Romilly and Samuel Parr."

The original arrangement of the College buildings, notwithstanding a more than usual amount of alteration, can still be traced without much difficulty. Sir Walter Mildmay had got possession of the site of a Dominican convent before the buildings had been wholly destroyed. The church and the refectory, at least, were still complete, and he is said to have intentionally made manifest his contempt for ancient tradition by turning the former into the Hall and the latter into the Chapel. Loggan's view, taken in 1688, shows distinctly the outline of the great west window in the gable of the Hall, and in 1762 the ruins of the high altar were discovered near the fire-place of the Combination Room, which then, as now, was placed at the east end of the Hall. The necessary alterations in the conventual buildings, with the construction of a range of chambers, called The Founder's Range, on the south side of the court, were carried out by Ralph Symonds, an architect of talent, who afterwards built Sidney Sussex College, the Second Court of St. John's College and the Great Court of Trinity College. These buildings were ranged round the north, west, and south sides of the quadrangle, which then had no entrance from the principal street. The College was entered from a side street, through a picturesque archway, which opened into a small subsidiary court, on the north side of the former. These arrangements, with the exception of the construction of a range of chambers called "The Brick Building," at the south-east corner of the south range of the principal court, subsisted until 1662, when Dr. Sancroft determined to do away with "that great Mark of Singularity," the Chapel. His removal to the Deanery of St. Paul's prevented him from carrying out this change in person; but his successors, Dr. Breton and Dr. Holbech, consulted him on all points connected with it so regularly that it may be regarded as his work, and Sir Christopher Wren was probably induced to become the architect by his influence. The Chapel, evidently copied from that of Peterhouse, is skilfully placed on the east side of the quadrangle, and connected with the previously existing ranges of building by an open cloister with a gallery above. This work having been completed, the old Chapel was fitted up as a library; and had the alterations proceeded no further the ancient aspect of the College would not have been greatly impaired. At the beginning of the last century, however, the buildings began to show signs of decay, and in 1719 the Founder's Range was pulled down and rebuilt in the classical style then fashionable. The Hall underwent a similar treatment in 1760, when "the ingenious Mr. Essex" cased its walls in stone, and concealed the fine open roof by a flat plaster ceiling. Lastly, in 1769, the same architect pulled down the old west building, and constructed a new classical façade with an entrance from the main street into the principal quadrangle. But though the picturesque gabled buildings, the aspect of which Loggan has preserved for us, have all disappeared, the more modern structures occupy nearly the same site, and may possibly contain some part of the old walls. The gardens, however, surrounded by old clunch walls which go back to the days of the Dominicans, are still much as Loggan drew them. The tennis-court, it is true, has been taken away, but the old fishpond still exists, and so does the bath, surrounded by beautiful trees, of which the rarest are said to have been planted by John Martyn, Professor of Botany from 1733 to 1761. Among all the delightful gardens of Cambridge there is none so delightful as this.

We have been led to reflect on the past history of Emmanuel College by the very sober and decorous entertainment of last week. We cannot refrain from quoting, by way of contrast, Mr. Gunning's description of the bicentenary festival:—

On the 29th of September, 1784, Emmanuel College celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of its foundation. Its entertainment was of the most superb description. Several lively turtles were to be seen in tubs of water at the Master's Lodge, where the people were allowed for some days to gratify their curiosity with a sight so novel in Cambridge. One old lady, who had been looking at them very attentively, inquired, "Pray, sir, are them real turtles or mock turtles?" Upon this occasion (and which was ordinarily the custom in those days) there were many amateur singers among the members of the University. Dr. Randall, Professor of

Music, who shone as much in convivial as in musical talent, was called upon for his celebrated song in the character of a drunken man. The representation was so faithfully given that Mr. Pitt—himself the life and soul of the party—was completely deceived, and, thinking him to be actually the "Great Sublime" he drew, expressed much anxiety lest the worthy Professor should meet with some accident when leaving the College.

ART SALES.

THE best known picture that found its way into the sale-rooms this spring was Sir Edwin Landseer's "Monarch of the Glen." There was much speculation as to the price that would be given for this work, which, after being "returned with thanks" by the Committee appointed to choose pictures to decorate the panels of the House of Lords, had been sold to Lord Londesborough for 350 guineas. Three works by Landseer had, at different times, been sold for more than 5,000*l.* a-piece, two had fetched more than 6,000*l.*, and it was understood that one had been privately disposed of for 7,000*l.* The "Monarch of the Glen" now went for 6,510*l.* Another Landseer, in the Skipper sale, that sold for 1,312*l.* 10*s.*, had been purchased for 1,680*l.* eleven years ago, and a small river scene, by the same artist, that had cost 173*l.* 5*s.* ten years ago, dropped to 110*l.* 5*s.* in the Potter sale. But the works of other great masters besides Landseer met with rebuffs. Turner's famous "Dunstanborough Castle—Morning after a Storm," which had realized 2,200*l.* the last time it had appeared at Christie's, was knocked down the other day at 945*l.*, a price at which it was supposed to have been bought in; and in the Skipper sale, the "Rosenau," by Turner, which had fetched 1,850 guineas in the great Gillott sale, went for only 830 guineas. Where and oh where was Mr. Ruskin? Turning to David Cox, we find "The Skirts of the Wood," that had brought 2,315*l.* 5*s.* in the Gillott sale, only producing 1,417*l.* 10*s.*, while "Changing Pastures," which had fetched 1,470*l.* a couple of years ago in the Hermon sale, was sold the other day for 1,260*l.*, and "Going to the Hayfield," which had cost 2,425*l.* 10*s.* so lately as last year, now brought in but 2,047*l.* 10*s.* A picture by Sir Charles Eastlake met with a worse fate still, for after selling in the Bicknell sale for 619*l.* 10*s.*, it only brought in 99*l.* 10*s.* this season. A Ruysdael which had fetched 1,470*l.* in the Novar sale, only realized 793*l.* in a sale at Christie's this summer. A couple of works by John Philip, which had cost 315*l.* 5*s.* and 215*l.* 5*s.*, only made 84*l.* and 91*l.* 7*s.* this year; and an Ary Scheffer which had been purchased at Baron Grant's sale for 1,458*l.* 10*s.*, was lately sold at auction for 556*l.* 10*s.* Nor has the depreciation been entirely among the works of deceased artists. There is no need to mention names; but two pictures, for each of which the artist who painted them declined to take 1,200 guineas five years ago, were knocked down at Christie's the other day at 304*l.* 10*s.* A picture by another well-known artist which was said to have been sold for 840 guineas four years ago, now went for 147*l.* But while some pictures have fallen very seriously in value, it must not be supposed that the depreciation has been universal. For instance, David Cox's "The Church at Bettws y Coed" realized 2,550 guineas, or nearly five hundred pounds more than it had fetched at Mr. Levy's sale a few years ago; and a Briton Rivière, which has been sold several times within the last few years, has been parted with at a profit on each occasion, the last price being 2,625*l.* Still, we fear there can be no doubt that upon the whole pictures have been selling this season at a depreciation.

Admirers of old prints had a treat this spring in the sale of the Dent collection at Sotheby & Wilkinson's, which far surpassed that of the Griffith collection last year in the total realized; but there was nothing in the Dent collection to equal the Van Thol, by Rembrandt, in the Griffith collection, which was sold for 1,510*l.* The best Dent print was Botticelli's "Assumption of the Virgin," which brought in 860*l.*, and went to the splendid collection of Mr. Malcolm, of Poltalloch. This print only fetched 22*l.* at the Ottley sale, 33*l.* 10*s.* in the Lloyd sale, and 42*l.* in Sir Martin Sykes's sale. A tiny print, by Franz von Bocholt, only 8 inches by 6, went for 350*l.* in the Dent sale. It was interesting to observe the difference between the value of a good and a poor impression from the same plate, when a print of the "Hundred Guilder" piece was put up; for last year a fine impression of this very print had reached 305*l.*, whereas only 16*l.* 10*s.* could now be obtained for the Dent impression. The Dent collection brought in altogether more than nine thousand pounds, and it is said to have cost only a third of that amount.

The Cesnola collection of antiquities from Cyprus, which was sold at Sotheby & Wilkinson's, contained a number of graceful glass vessels, many of them some two thousand years old; yet they did not "take" among British connoisseurs, who only gave from a few shillings to a few pounds for each lot. Indeed, when the beauty, the curiosity, and the antiquity of many of the objects is considered, the sale may be said to have been a failure.

Old Sèvres has been keeping its value. At the sale of the late Lady Sandwich's porcelain, at Christie's, a pair of gros-bleu vases, 16½ inches high, went for 850 guineas; and a pair of rose Du Barri jardinières, with painted medallions, from another collection, realized 1,627*l.* 10*s.* Other pieces, having gros-bleu or rose Du Barri grounds, also fetched high prices. But by far the most interesting sale of decorative objects was that of the Narford Hall or Fountaine collection. The *Times* goes so far as to say that this collection surpassed "all to be seen in the Hôtel Cluny, the Dresden Green Vaults, and our own British Museum and South Kensington," a statement which should, perhaps, be accepted with a certain amount of reserve. Messrs. Christie, Manson, & Woods brought out one of their beautiful illustrated catalogues in honour of the occasion, and although half the price, less than half the size of, and far more plainly bound than, the catalogue of the Blenheim enamels which appeared last year, it is a much more interesting book, and the objects represented in the photographs are infinitely more beautiful. To our taste, again, the modest grey binding was much to be preferred to the flaming scarlet covers of the former catalogues, especially when one had to carry the volume under one's arm about Piccadilly and St. James's Street. The private "Syndicate," which was formed in order to give the Government a sort of second chance of making purchases from this great collection, was a worthy successor of the voluntary association which was at one time proposed for the relief of Gordon, and we may add that it was far more effective. The Government has doubtless done much to make itself ridiculous this year, but that, after it had had the whole Fountaine Collection to pick and choose from, there should be any necessity for private people to purchase some of the principal lots in order that the Government should have a second opportunity of making up its mind, seems simply disgraceful. At the same time the greatest credit is due to the gentlemen who formed the Syndicate, and so handsomely joined in subscribing the large guarantee fund, and if it had not been for this Syndicate a larger number of beautiful works of art would unquestionably have been taken from this country. Most people know the prices of the chief objects sold at the Fountaine sale by heart, and to recapitulate them would be weary work, but it is impossible to notice a sale without making some mention of the prices. The first lots sold were pieces of majolica, and a plate less than eleven inches in diameter going for 920*l.* showed the sort of prices that were to be expected. The Syndicate was soon at work, and early in the sale it picked up a couple of Urbino plates at 252*l.* and 378*l.*, which were worth the money; but when the Palissy ware came on, it plunged more heavily, giving 1,510*l.* for a pair of candlesticks, each a foot high, and it got something of a bargain in a magnificent cistern, rather more than a yard long, at 1,102*l.* 10*s.* A finer though smaller cistern was knocked down to another purchaser at 1,911*l.* Nor did the Syndicate purchase the famous Briot ewer (about 12 inches high) at 1,300 guineas. Some Limoges enamels came next, and the beautiful ewer by Susanne de Court (10⅜ inches) was not considered dear at 1,312*l.* 10*s.* A ewer of somewhat similar design, by the same artist, went for 945*l.* at the Blenheim sale last year. The Syndicate secured a grand dish, over 17 inches in diameter, supposed to be by one of the Penicauds, at 776*l.* 10*s.* A dish, by another artist, painted with a representation of the same subject—the Supper of the Gods—was sold for 1,207*l.* 10*s.* at the Hamilton sale; but this dish was rather larger, and its arabesques were richer.

The return of the first day was more than 24,000*l.*, and the proceeds of the second day's sale were the same. Pieces of majolica which had been been purchased in the Bernal sale were now sold at a profit of seven, ten, and in one case twelve, hundred per cent. A magnificent oval Urbino dish, 26½ inches by 20¾ inches, painted with the finest arabesque work on a white ground with medallions, and a Scriptural subject in the centre, was fortunately obtained by the Syndicate, but 1,333*l.* 10*s.* had to be paid for it. The great event of the day was the sale of three pieces of the extremely rare Henri II., or Oiron, ware, which, by the way, is made of pipeclay. This ware was made between the years 1520 and 1550. A little candlestick, 12⅜ inches high, was bought by M. Clément, of Paris, for 3,500 guineas. There is said to be an even finer specimen than this of Henri II. ware in the collection of Mr. Magniac, which only cost 96*l.* at the Odiot sale in 1842. A mortier à cire (or perhaps a tazza), 5¾ inches high by 8 inches in diameter, was purchased by M. Manheim, of Paris, at 1,500 guineas. A smaller tazza, 4 inches high by 5½ inches in diameter, at the Hamilton sale fetched 1,218*l.* A Biberon, 9 inches high, was now sold to M. Clément for 1,060*l.* 10*s.* Some twenty years ago at the Pourtalès sale in Paris Mr. Malcolm, of Poltalloch, purchased a very similar Biberon for 1,100*l.* In Chaffers's book, published in 1874, the three Fountaine pieces of Henri II. ware, which fetched 3,500 guineas, 1,500 guineas, and 1,218*l.*, were respectively valued at 1,000*l.*, 800*l.*, and 500*l.*

The great day of the sale was the third, and the return was about 31,000*l.* The celebrated Limoges dish by Leonard Limousin, painted after Raphael's "Supper of the Gods," was sold for an enormous price. This is probably the finest specimen of enamel painting in existence. The Hamilton tazza, by Jean Penicaud, painted with the "Story of Samson," was considered its nearest rival, at any rate in this country. That piece went for 2,100*l.* at the Hamilton sale. The Leonard Limousin, 19¼ inches by 16⅜ inches, was now put up at 2,000 guineas, and sold at 7,000 guineas. We fear that in future this exquisite enamel will be degraded in the eyes of the public from a great work of art to a mere money token. It used to be the great Leonard Limousin; it has now become the seven-thousand-guinea plate. A ewer, 10½ inches high, by Jean Courtois, of very brilliant colouring, reached 2,300 guineas. At the sale of the famous Blenheim enamels last year, the highest price obtained was 1,040 guineas. This was for a piece by Jean Court; and at the Hamilton sale, the 2,100*l.* for the Jean Penicaud already mentioned, was the highest sum made by an enamel. The Syndicate was outbidden for the best lots, but it got a very good ewer by Jean Courtois for 378*l.*, as well as two dishes at 336*l.*

and 798*l.* by the same artist. It was outbidden for a very rich dish, also by Jean Courtois, which went for 2,940*l.* In the earlier part of the afternoon, a dish of Gubbio ware, which had cost 142*l.* at the Bernal sale, now brought in 819*l.* A fine piece of Della Robbia ware, a yard and a half in diameter, fetched 425*l.* It is but seldom that any of this workmanship comes into the English market. A few fine specimens of Nevers ware were sold on the same day.

The fourth day of the Fountaine sale was devoted to what may be termed artistic odds and ends, and the great prize of the occasion was a carved ivory horn, something under 30 inches long, which was bought by a foreign dealer for 4,240 guineas. There are several fine ivory horns in the South Kensington Museum. One, that was considered unequalled, is carved with a sort of pattern work, whereas the Fountaine horn was decorated with cherubs' heads, masks, and birds. There are, or have been, many historical ivory horns, such as St. Oswald's horn, the horn of St. Ulphus in the Treasury at York, the horn given by Henry I. to the cathedral at Carlisle, the horn of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, and the horn of Roland in the cathedral at Toulouse. Most of these were what are termed "tenare horns." They used to be called "olyphauntes," because they were made out of the tusks of the "olyphaunte whyche ys a grete beest," as Caxton says. A carved rock-crystal cup went for 860 guineas. At the Hamilton sale a very beautiful cup of the same material and workmanship reached 1,150 guineas. Very many of the finest objects in the Fountaine sale were bought to be taken abroad; and, if it had not been for the foreign competition, there would have been a great reduction in the 91,112*l.* 12*s.* realized by the collection. This was more than double the amount returned by the Strawberry Hill sale, which lasted twenty-four days, and half as much again as the proceeds of the Bernal sale. The Fountaine sale lasted but four days, and produced almost a quarter of the sum made by the seventeen days of the Hamilton sale, more than a third of that of the long sale of the San Donato collection, and about 15,000*l.* more than that of the Stowe sale, which went on for forty days.

This week connoisseurs and others have been enjoying the splendid collection of pictures by old masters from Leigh Court, which are to be sold to-day. The pictures by Rubens, Claude, Murillo, and Raphael are generally considered the gems of the collection; but criticism of works of art before a sale is to be deprecated. The principal pictures are reviewed in Dr. Waagen's *Art Treasures*, Smith's *Catalogue Raisonné*, Crowe and Cavalcaselle's great work, and Kugler's *Handbooks*. A critic in a leading journal, when writing of one of the most famous works in the Leigh Court collection, said, "Before this amazing picture" "all beholders must tremble." We went to King Street in order to witness the quakings of the great picture-dealers; but, strange to say, they bore the ordeal with so little apparent suffering that we almost began to think the picture sent to Christie's must have been a copy. To people of even moderate taste the exhibitions at Messrs. Christie, Manson, & Woods' of the Fountaine and Leigh Court collections have been by far the greatest pleasures of a rather dull London season.

SCOUTS AND THEIR CRITICS.

A CURIOUS correspondence which has appeared, or at least partly appeared, in the *Oxford and Cambridge Journal*, was reprinted the other day in the *Daily News*. It deals with that useful, if not very illustrious, class of persons known at Oxford as "Scouts"; whether indeed the corresponding class designated "Gyps" at Cambridge are intended to be brought under the same condemnation is not explained, though it may be feared that whatever holds good of the one is likely *mutatis mutandis* to hold good of the other also. However, as this is not expressly stated, our remarks shall be directed to the case of the Oxford scout. But first a word must be said about the question of name, for those immediately interested do not appear at all to accept the proverbial view—which does certainly often look like a popular fallacy—that "there is nothing in a name." There can be no doubt that scouts were always called scouts, and nothing else, "among men"—that is, undergraduates—whatever might be the usage "among the gods" who quaffed their nectar in Common Room. Nor are we aware that they made any objection to the name. But according to the testimony of "an Old College Servant," who addresses the *Oxford and Cambridge Journal*, and whose letter shows some signs that the schoolmaster has been abroad among the scouts—we beg their pardons, the college servants—also, it is very different now. They indignantly repudiate the name, as they "scorn the action" imputed to them by "Fair Play"—"which name," as the "Old College Servant" puts it, "is not generally appreciated by college servants." The *Daily News*, which might have been expected on democratic grounds to sympathize with this noble protest, is unkind enough to put it aside as unreasonable. It "cannot see why the word 'scout,' which has a military and rather dashing sound, should be so much disliked." But supposing there is any measure of truth in the charges brought against the scouts, and supposing also—what is perhaps a bold assumption, even in these enlightened days—that they are in the habit of studying Johnson's *Dictionary*, their dislike to the name becomes sufficiently intelligible. The only definition of the term provided by the great lexicographer has nothing very dashing or military about it, while it has a connotation unpleasantly suggestive, as will presently appear, of the indictment. "Fair Play" has preferred against "this man, whom he calls a 'scout.'" For Johnson defines him—the italics are ours—"one who is sent *privily* to observe the motions of the *enemy*." Now the very point of the indictment is this. "Fair Play" writes to call the attention of "leading Dons and undergraduates to the fact that every day, and frequently two and three times a day, men I believe to be scouts are to be seen coming from certain Colleges, and making their way homeward, with heavily-laden baskets, huge parcels, and crammed pockets." He adds a graphic touch:—"A few days ago I saw one of these men so heavily laden that he had to stop a tram car, and had great difficulty in getting in. Whilst I am writing, the very same man is going along towards his home bowed down with the weight of what I suppose may be called his 'spoils.'" To this challenge "an Old College Servant" replies, not by denying the alleged facts, at least so far as they are visible to the naked eye, but by a counter-challenge:—"Let 'Fair Play' call one of the City police to examine the heavily-laden basket, &c., and what will he see? In most cases his spoils"—our College Servant gets a little mixed here in his pronouns in spite of the schoolmaster—"will consist of the few crusts and pieces of bread which his masters have not had time to eat, and in all probability a few bones for the favourite cat or dog." There is an exquisite pathos in that artistic allusion to the despised "scout's" tender regard for his four-footed favourites. Who can suspect evil of "this man"—though he be called or miscalled "a scout"—whose daily thought is for the comfort of "the favourite cat or dog"? To be sure Schopenhauer was devoted to his pet spaniel, though he kicked his landlady downstairs and crippled her for life. But then Schopenhauer was a philosopher, and such little eccentricities are pardonable in a philosopher, but incredible in "the man called a scout."

It strikes us as a pity that "an Old College Servant" did not finish his letter with this masterly appeal to all lovers of cats and dogs. For his closing argument, if it is meant for such, is not very lucid, and may to some fastidious readers appear a little profane. "'Fair Play' has not made up his mind yet for the Church"—*i.e.* we presume to take orders—"*because* he could never use the text, 'Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.'" There is, so far as we are aware, no rule of "the Church" binding all preachers to make use of that text, nor is it very obvious on the surface why "Fair Play" should be precluded from doing so. To interpret the text as a sanction or command to scouts to pilfer odds and ends from their masters—especially for "the favourite cat or dog"—may be within the lawful liberty of private judgment, but it may be asserted safely that no such authoritative interpretation has yet been affixed to it by any "Church." Meanwhile the controversy throws a new light on the question hotly debated two or three years ago about Oxford tram cars. Our readers may recollect that the proposal to introduce these useful but very unornamental innovations into the High Street, which moreover involved the widening, and therefore desecration, of the time-honoured Magdalen Bridge, was met by an influential and emphatic protest from a considerable body of old Oxonians. Among the signatories was Mr. Shairp of St. Andrews, the Professor of Poetry, who also wrote to the *Times* on the subject, partly in order to combat what he said was the only serious argument he had heard propounded in favour of this piece of Vandalism. It was urged that many of the scouts lived at Cowley, and the tram cars would be very convenient for bringing them in to their colleges in the early morning. To this plea Professor Shairp made a very effective reply, prompted possibly by his own recollections of a Balliol scout of former days, to be mentioned presently, for he was himself a Balliol Scholar. The scouts, he observed, were apt to be remarkable for obesity rather than the reverse, and a two-mile walk every morning would much benefit their digestion. It may not have occurred to him, or he may have left it to be inferred, that another objection to the proposed facilities for the locomotion of obese scouts might be found in the increased facilities thereby afforded for the simultaneous locomotion of "heavily laden baskets, huge parcels, and crammed pockets." But it is obvious that from this point of view masters who, like Mrs. Gilpin, have "a frugal mind," might find practical as well as æsthetic objections to the new tram cars. For it is equally clear that, if scouts in the Oxford sense of the term are rightly defined as persons who "privily observe the motions of the enemy," their masters are "the enemy," whose privity they naturally desire to escape in the purloining of their superfluous goods.

As to the question of collegiate discipline thus raised, it may well be left to the authorities on the spot *tantas componere lites*. To an outsider the first criticism likely to occur will be that there are scouts and scouts, and we may note in passing that "Fair Play" confines his impeachment to "scouts from certain colleges." There have certainly in former days been college servants, even in the proud position of college cooks, who were greatly maligned if no such sins could be justly laid to their charge. We seem to recollect a Christ Church tradition, how at the end of one long vacation Dean Gaisford addressed the Canons, then forming the governing body of the college, in reference to a certain peccant cook, who had been admonished in vain to mend his ways, and had unexpectedly deceased, in these words, "It has pleased Providence during the vacation to remove old ——, and if it had not, I intended to do so myself." On the other hand a vision floats before our memory

of a Balliol scout, long since gathered to his fathers, honest but obese exceedingly, who had the singular privilege of serving successively two distinguished divines of very diverse type. His earliest master was Mr. Ward, then Fellow and Tutor of Balliol, and the much admired and much hated author of the *Ideal*. This scout was probably the only man in Oxford at the time who could have worn—as in fact he did wear—his master's cast-off clothes, for great as was the intellectual gulf between them, there was a close physical resemblance. And it used to be rumoured how, while commending his generosity, his scout would speak with bated breath of "Mr. Ward's great theological work." Mr. Ward married and departed—there were no married Fellows in those days—and by a strange irony of fate no less a personage than the present Master of Balliol succeeded to his rooms, and of course therefore to his scout, who transferred his devotion from the old master to the new, not indeed that he could have endued his ample limbs with Mr. Jowett's garments, but he used to talk thenceforth of "Mr. Jowett's forthcoming great work"—the *Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles*—perhaps with a dim sense of some mysterious flavour of suspected heresy attaching to both, though with a difference he was hardly enough of a theologian exactly to apprehend. There was another story told about his comments on his new master from which ill-natured people were apt to point a moral he certainly did not himself intend. A guest of Mr. Jowett's was going on Sunday evening to New College Chapel, and wanted a prayer-book. His host was out; so he appealed to the scout, "Has Mr. Jowett a prayer-book anywhere?" "Well, Sir," was the sententious reply, "he *has* got a prayer-book somewheres, but it would be very hard to find it." Another story, which we believe to be perfectly authentic, is told in connexion with the late Professor Conington, and it may be variously interpreted as favourable or unfavourable to the general character of scouts, according to the political prepossessions of the hearer. Between thirty and forty years ago a series of Tracts, containing both prose and verse, were started by the extreme Liberal party at Oxford, to which Mr. Conington then belonged—his opinions on these and other matters became considerably modified afterwards—under the title of *Politics for the People*. There was *inter alia* a poem of his addressed to "the priests of England, who at the altar stand," exhorting them to "cast aside their rosaries," and attend to more practical concerns, on which a distinguished fellow and tutor, who is now a dean, remarked that they might find it difficult to follow the admonition for this reason, if for no other, that they had no rosaries to throw away. But there was also an elaborate paper of Conington's on "the Condition of the People," and another tutor, famous in his day for logic and ethics, and of strong Conservative views, was asked by a friend, "What does Conington know about the people?" "Oh," was the prompt reply, "his knowledge of the people is a hasty generalization from his scout." We are afraid the tutor had not formed a very flattering estimate of "the residuum," and therefore presumably did not think very highly of the typical scout; but a closer study of the Tract, which is probably now out of print, might throw some light on the matter. Meanwhile if the speciality of a scout is "privily to observe the motions of the enemy," the lesson intended to be conveyed to "the enemy" by "Fair Play's" letter is evidently that he in turn should privily observe the motions of the scout, who, being "heavily laden," is sure—till he falls in with a friendly tram car—to move slowly. Some years ago there was a fierce war of pamphlets between Dean Burgon, then Fellow of Oriel, and a Censor of Christ Church as to the surreptitious smuggling of hot breakfasts into the latter establishment on Sunday mornings. The Censor declared that no such iniquity was permissible or possible. "But I see them, Sandford," replied Mr. Burgon in his next *brochure*, and a photograph soon appeared, which had a great run at Oxford, entitled "Mr. Burgon's back hair," where the indignant tutor was seen gazing from his bedroom window, which looked into Oriel Lane, while shaving, at the contraband convoy of forbidden delicacies through Canterbury Gate for the illegitimate delectation of the gilded youth of Christ Church. Cannot "Fair Play" onlist the services of some equally resolute *censor morum* among "the leading Dons or undergraduates," to whom his letter is addressed, "to observe privily" the contraband conveyance out of college of heavily-laden baskets, bundles, and stuffed pockets? And then, as "an Old College Servant" happily suggests, "one of the City police" may be trusted to do the rest.

THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

THE victory of Drumclog did little more than expose the fatal weakness of the Covenant. On the morning of Sunday, June 1st, Claverhouse was flying for his life before the pikes and pitchforks of the "wild Western Whigs." Three weeks later, on another Sunday morning, June 22nd, they saw him again, and this time it was their turn to fly. But it was in those three short weeks that the cause of the Covenant was really broken, and not on Bothwell Bridge. The Solemn League was doomed before the English cannon were heard on the banks of the Clyde. When men begin to dispute among themselves the reason of their quarrel with the enemy, the end is not far off. Even such partisans as Wodrow and Laing cannot hide the fact that the English Government was far more surely and lastingly served by the dissensions and jealousies of the Covenanters than by the swords of its dragoons.

The morning after Drumclog Hamilton found himself at the head of a considerable body of men. The news of the victory had spread fast. From all parts of the country the roused peasants flocked to their revenge. Many of the petty lairds and gentry of the West came riding in at the head of their mounted tenants. Many even of those who had hitherto preferred liberty of person to liberty of conscience hesitated no longer to throw in their lot with a leader who seemed able to secure both. No one then was inclined to dispute that leader's title to command. He had shown himself on the previous day both brave and skilful, and stern enough to satisfy even those savage and uncompromising spirits whose favourite passage in the Bible they professed to teach was that which records the doom of the Amalekites. It was resolved to march on Glasgow. Had that resolve been taken twelve hours sooner, it is probable that the town would have fallen, and Claverhouse himself, perhaps, have never lived to write his famous despatch. But the delay gave him breathing time. The citizens were called to arms; barricades were hastily erected in the principal thoroughfares; his own soldiers, finding themselves safe among their fellows again, plucked up their spirits. When Hamilton arrived before the town he knew enough of his business to see it would be no case of Drumclog over again. Nevertheless he did not dare to refuse battle. His men advanced bravely, but the steady fire from the barricades was too much for them. After losing several of their number, while not a man on the other side had fallen, they withdrew into the open, whither Claverhouse did not care to follow them, and after a short halt, they continued their retreat to the village of Hamilton, where they bivouacked in the Duke's park. In this affair their leader by no means maintained the reputation he had won at Drumclog. It was said, indeed, that he would not face the barricades, but kept out of fire in a house at the head of the Gallowgate till his men withdrew.

On the following day the Council met at Edinburgh. Their first proceeding was to proclaim the rising an "open, manifest, and horrid rebellion." All the insurgents were summoned to surrender at discretion as "desperate and incorrigible traitors." After having thus satisfied their diplomatic consciences, they proceeded to more practical measures. The Militia was called out, horse and foot, in all the Lowlands, save in the disaffected shires. Those north of the Forth were to meet at Stirling, those on the south on the links of Leith. All were to bring provisions with them for ten days. The magistrates were ordered to remove all the powder and other munitions of war they could find in the city to the Castle. An armed guard was stationed night and day in the Canongate, and another in the Abbey. Finally, a post was sent to London on Linlithgow's advice to urge the instant despatch of more troops, and two shillings and sixpence a day of extra pay was promised to every foot soldier.

Meanwhile, Ross and Claverhouse had evacuated Glasgow, and marched east to join Linlithgow at Falkirk, while Lord Mar was sent with some horse to secure the passages of the Forth. The Covenanters were too busy with their own affairs to take much heed what their enemies were doing. They did, indeed, march into Glasgow, but beyond collecting the heads of the poor wretches who had been executed for the Pentland rising, and hanging one of the citizens on a prodigious gallows set up with much parade in their camp for the benefit of all prisoners they might take, they did nothing. They did not stay long in the town. Plans they seem to have had none, nor any settled organization or discipline. Moving restlessly about the neighbourhood from village to village and moor to moor, their preachers preached, as much against each other as against Pope or prelate, and their leaders quarrelled as though there were not a King's soldier in all Scotland, or Claverhouse himself were not within a dozen miles of them waiting for the moment to strike. There was no lack of arms among them, and their whole force at this time seems too have been not far short of eight thousand men. But no men of any influence or position in the country had joined them. With the exception of Hamilton, whose authority, since his cowardice at Glasgow, had sunk to a very low ebb, the preachers seem to have exercised the only control over the rabble, and such control, as was natural, seems rarely to have lasted beyond the length of their sermons, which, to be sure, were not commonly short. The two parties into which the Covenanters had ever since "the Mauchlin Testimony" been divided had now become more firmly marked and more bitter against the other than ever. The chiefs of the more moderate section, or Erastians as their opponents scornfully termed them, were John Welsh, a noted preacher, and David Hume. Hamilton himself, Donald Cargill, and Thomas Douglas were the most conspicuous on the other side. The demands of the former were temperate and reasonable. They asked for no more than they were willing to give. Against the King, his Government, and his bishops they had no quarrel they averred, if only they were suffered to worship God after their own fashion. Though they themselves had not accepted the indulgence, they were not disposed to be unduly severe with those who had. In a word, they were willing to extend to all men the liberty they demanded for themselves. On the other side all was confused, extravagant, fierce, unreasoning. What they wanted, what they were fighting to get, from whom they expected to get it, even their own historians are unable to explain, and probably they themselves had no very clear notions. They talked of liberty, by which they seem to have meant no more than liberty to kill all who on any point thought otherwise than they did; of freedom, which meant freedom from all laws save their own passions; of

the God of their fathers, and every day they violated alike His precepts and their practice. To slay and spare not was their watchword; but whom they were to slay, or what was to be gained or done when the slaying was accomplished, no two men among them were agreed. For the moment the current of their fury seems to have set most strongly against the Indulgence and those who had accepted its terms, and Wodrow relates an anecdote which shows pretty plainly the desperate state of insubordination into which those unhappy men had fallen. It was announced that one Rae, a favourite expounder on the moderate side, was about to preach on a certain day in camp. Hamilton, who still retained the nominal command, accordingly sent him an arrogant letter bidding him not to spare the Indulgence. To this Rae, who does not himself seem to have been in any position of authority, made answer that Hamilton "had better mind what belonged to him and not go beyond his sphere or station." It would not be difficult to draw a parallel between the condition of the Covenanting camp at that time and "the Irish Party" of our own day. Indeed, if anybody will be at the trouble to examine the contemporary accounts of the conduct of Hamilton and his followers, and particularly their language, much of which has been faithfully reported by admirers, they will be surprised to find how closely the parallel may be pushed.

On the other side preparations went briskly forward. A strong detachment of the Royal Guards was at once despatched from London, with the young Duke of Monmouth himself in command. Most of the writers of that time, including Burnet and Dalrymple, have been at great pains to explain the intrigues which inspired this appointment. It does not strike us, however, as very difficult of explanation. Monmouth was the King's favourite son. He had served his apprenticeship to the trade of war in the Low Countries, and under no less a master than William of Orange himself. He was popular with the people for his personal courage, his good looks, his pleasant manners, and, above all, for his Protestantism—a matter with him, no doubt, more of policy than principle, but which served among the common people to gain him the affectionate nickname of "the Protestant Duke," and to distinguish him in their eyes as the natural antagonist to the unpopular and Popish James. With all his faults Monmouth was no tyrant, and Charles himself was rather careless than cruel. This appointment, therefore, was taken in Scotland to signify a disposition on the King's part to employ gentle means if possible with the insurgents, and as such was not altogether approved of. Gentle means were not much to the taste of the presiding spirits of the Council Board at Edinburgh, whose native ferocity had certainly not been softened by the fright and confusion of the last few days. It was particularly requested, therefore, that Dalzell might be named second in command, who they felt could well be trusted to counteract any unseasonable leniency on Monmouth's part. Fortunately for the Insurgents the old savage did not receive his commission till the day after the battle.

Monmouth left London on June 15th and reached Edinburgh on the 18th. He at once took the field. Montrose commanded the cavalry, Linlithgow the foot, Claverhouse rode at the head of his troop under his kinsman, and the Earls of Home and Airlie were in charge of their respective regiments of horse; Mar held a command of foot. Many other Scotch noblemen and gentlemen of position followed the army as volunteers.

The near approach of the Royal troops only increased the quarrelling and confusion in the insurgent camp, which was pitched now at Hamilton. Some friends at Edinburgh had sent word to them that Monmouth might be found not indisposed to treat, and that it would be best for them to stand off for a while, and not on any account be drawn into fighting. But the idea of treating only inflamed the more violent. On the 21st a council was called, which began in mutual recrimination and abuse and ended in a furious quarrel. Hamilton drew his sword, vociferating that it was drawn as much against the King's curates and the minions of the Indulgence as against the English dragoons, and left the meeting followed by Cargill, Douglas, and the more violent of his party. Disgusted with the scene, and convinced of the hopelessness of a cause supported by such men, many left the camp and returned to their own homes. Welsh and the moderate leaders resolved to take matters into their own hands. On the morning of the 22nd Monmouth had reached Bothwell. His advanced guard held the little town about a quarter of a mile distant from the river; his main body was encamped on the moor. Shortly after daybreak he was surprised by a visit from Welsh, Hume, and another of their party, Fergusson of Caitloch. They were in disguise; but Claverhouse, who never forgot a face he had once seen, knew them immediately, and took them to the Duke's tent. Monmouth received them courteously, and heard them with patience while they read to him a paper they had drawn up detailing their grievances and their demands. The first were indisputable; the second were, as we have said, moderate. Monmouth was, however, forced to answer that he could not treat with armed rebels. If they would lay down their arms and surrender at discretion, he promised to do all he could to gain them not only present pardon, but tolerance in the future. Meanwhile, he said, they had best return to their camp, report his message, and bring him back an answer within half an hour's time. They returned, only to find confusion worse confounded, and their own lives even in some danger from the furious Hamilton.

The half-hour passed, and no further sign of submission was made. Monmouth bid the advance be sounded, and the foot-guards, commanded by young Livingston, Linlithgow's eldest son, moved down to the bridge. Just at that spot the Clyde is deep and narrow, running swiftly between steep banks, fringed on the western side with bushes of alder and hazel. The bridge itself was only twelve feet wide, and guarded in the centre with a gate-house. The post was a strong one for defence, and had there been any military skill, or even unity of purpose among the defendants, Monmouth would have had to buy his passage dear. Hackston of Rathillet had thrown himself with a small body of determined men into the gate-house, while Burley with a few men who could hold their muskets straight took up his post among the alder bushes. The rest stood idly by while their comrades fought. For about an hour Hackston held the gate till his powder was spent. He sent to Hamilton for more, or for fresh troops, but the only answer he received was an order to retire. He had no choice but to fall back on the main body, which he found at that supreme moment busily engaged in cashiering their officers, and quarrelling over the choice of new ones! The English foot then crossed the bridge; Monmouth followed leisurely at the head of the horse, while his cannon played from the eastern bank on the disordered masses of the Covenanters. A few Galloway men, better mounted and officered than the rest of their fellows, spurred out against the horse-guards as they were filing off the narrow bridge, but were at once ordered back by Hamilton. The rest of the horse in taking up fresh ground to avoid the English cannon completed the disorder of the foot — if, indeed, anything were wanted to complete the disorder of a rabble which had never known the meaning of the word order—and a general forward movement of the Royal troops, who had now all passed the bridge, gave the signal for flight. Hamilton was the first to obey it, thus, in the words of an eye-witness, "leaving the world to debate whether he acted most like a traitor, a coward, or a fool." Twelve hundred of the poor wretches surrendered at discretion; the rest fled in all directions. Monmouth ordered quarter to be given to all who asked it, and there is no doubt that he was able considerably to diminish the slaughter. Very few fell at the bridge, but the English Dragoons, and particularly those who had shared in the rout at Drumclog, played sad havoc among the fugitives, and the Highland broadswords were not idle. Four or five hundred are said to have fallen, "murdered up and down the fields," says Wodrow, "wherever the soldiers met them, without mercy." Where Monmouth's personal authority could not reach, and the pursuit travelled fast and far, it is not likely that much mercy was shown. Mercy was not a prominent quality of the soldiery of those days; and the discovery of a huge gallows in the insurgent camp, with a cartload of new ropes at the foot, was not likely to stay the hands of men who know well enough that, had the fortune of war been different, those ropes would have been round their necks without any mercy. There is, however, no reason to attribute to Claverhouse himself any particular or unseasonable cruelty. The "fiery and vindictive Grahame," whom Sir Walter represents as so terribly avenging his kinsman's death on that day, was too good a soldier to disobey his chief's commands, besides having the death of no kinsman to avenge. We may be pretty sure, moreover, that the Whig chroniclers of the affair would have been only too glad to cast another stone at their favourite scapegoat could they have found one to their hand; but, as of matter of fact, in no contemporary account is his name mentioned further than having been present with his troop in Monmouth's army. Dalzell, who is also mentioned in *Old Mortality* as rebuking Monmouth for his unseasonable humanity, was not even present at the battle. As he, however, shortly after superseded Monmouth in his command, and as there is no doubt the latter's moderation was not approved of in Edinburgh, Sir Walter has, perhaps, on this point not exceeded the novelist's privileges. How far he has done so in the matter of Claverhouse, either at Bothwell Bridge, or elsewhere during those miserable times, we are not now concerned to inquire, and it is indeed difficult to determine. No contemporary historian could be trusted to write of such a man, either for or against him, without bias. Even in our own times his memory has been no better served. He has suffered alike from the bitter hatred of the Whigs, and the blind idolatry of the Jacobites. Midway between the two his fame must rest; but it is certain that no authority can be got from history for imputing to him an unnecessary share of blood-guiltiness at Bothwell Bridge.

GROSLEY.

FOR a Frenchman he was above the middle height, but slight, thin, and dried up. The small round head, for all its wealth of hair, was out of proportion to his height, but the forehead was large and it overshadowed with bushy brows a pair of small green eyes which, though sunken, were full of fire. The lips were thin and close, but the mouth was not by any means on a small scale. Add to these a pointed chin, sloping cheeks, a craning neck, and a deathlike pallor—a "last-sacraments" visage, as he himself used to say—and we by no means get what about his time our forebears used to call a "pretty fellow." He was born at Troyes in Champagne in 1718. His dress was remarkable. He wore thick

woollen-stockings at all seasons. Beneath the coloured kerchief which he wound about his long neck there appeared on high days and holidays a small collar of corded muslin. In summer, when he was "dressed," his old and old-fashioned coats were grey, gold-laced, and gold-buttoned; but then he never donned such gala costume but on Sundays and great feasts, and would take his walks abroad in Troyes and pass the evenings with his neighbours and friends, just as he sat in his study, in slippers, dressing-gown, and nightcap. In his visits to Paris indeed, and it may be supposed in London too, he was driven to putting his hair in a bag which he would buy on the Pont-Neuf for twelve sous, and was obliged to wear a sword which sadly exercised him. In his later years he adopted for overcoating in winter a sort of gaberdine of red camlet which came down to his ankles and was lined with white catskins. This he had had copied from an old painting of St. Pantaleon in one of the churches of his native town. If we then imagine that this queer figure is all vivacity, that he illustrates his witty and copious conversation with all the changeable gestures of an admirable pantomime, that his laugh is full of quick drollery, and that his wan, nay ghastly, parchment-face is instinct with expression, we may conjure up before us Pierre-Jean Grosley as we lately left him, at the age of forty-seven, in the lodging of his fellow-countryman in "La Place de Leicester Fields."

Troyes is perhaps chiefly allied in our minds with weights; the old proverb has gone round the world that "Quatre-vingt-dix-neuf moutons et un Champenois font cent bêtes"; and *The Heptameron* mentions the natives either as *sots, balourds*, or *lourdiers*; but here was a Champenois who was neither heavy nor stupid, but instinct with intelligence, and as *pétillant* as the wine of his country. Oddly enough, he could claim to be of English descent, pointing out that Troyes, where the fairs were for twelve centuries the centre of European commerce, was also the [illegible] of the astonishing treaty of 1420 between England, [illegible] of theatre Burgundy, by which Henry V. married the Princess [illegible] France, and was named Regent of France, and after the death [illegible] Katherine, was to inherit the French crown— [illegible] crown of Charles VI.

> that the contending [illegible]
> Of France and England, whose [illegible] very shores looked pale
> With envy of each other's [illegible]
> Might cease their hateful [illegible]

and there in fact the second [illegible] laid. English resort to [illegible] and scene of the fifth act of *Henry V.* is and families with "and influence all around was naturally great, in Grosley's day it [illegible] purely English names" still continued to exist Barton, Gilbert, [illegible], or had just become extinct, such as Allen, and his own [illegible]on, De Gray, Husson [Howson?], Mussey, Walton, [illegible] of the [illegible]wn, the suffix of which, at all events, is clearly the Sa[illegible]ley (A.-S. leáh, leá), an open forest glade or pasture, of which there are nigh seventy instances in place-names in the Weald; a word which is also, by the way, to be found in such names as Hohen*lohe* and Water*loo*, and even, spite of the *lucendo* and *non lucendo* theories, in the Latin *lucus*, as Professor Skeat points out.

Grosley figured as by no means an insignificant personality in his time. His more important works fill about twenty octavo volumes—leaving out of the reckoning an immense number of papers on all sorts of subjects, communicated to Societies and periodicals of all kinds. He was a member of the Académie des Inscriptions, and even once ran second to Rousseau at the Dijon Academy for the prize essay on the "Origin of the Inequality of Mankind." Voltaire, too, mentioned him in the phrase stereotyped in the English of the century as "le savant et ingénieux M. Grosley"; and nowadays French antiquarians refer to "le savant troyen" with respect. His best-known books were his *Italie* and his *Londres*. We say "were," for he is but one among a multitude whose writings have long been well buried, and who might exclaim with Job:—"Ecce nunc in pulvere dormiam, et si me quæsieris non subsistam."

His life was with difficulty preserved at his birth; he had four nurses, and his constitution was poor and his health always dilapidated. He did not hunt or shoot or even fish, and could not conceive the taste for sport existing in others. At an early age he was mastered by a love for books and reflection, and his life was almost wholly given up to literature. "Tout savant est un peu cadavre," says M. Victor Hugo in *L'homme qui rit*. To qualify himself for his father's profession and become an *avocat* Grosley went to Paris at the age of eighteen; and there, although an anti-Jesuit all his life (he was educated by the Oratorians), was taken up by the celebrated Jesuit Tournemine who gave him the run of the libraries left by Huet and Menage—a wonderful advantage for a studious youngster in those days, contributing no little to his literary outfit later on, when his penetration, judgment, excellent critical faculty and prodigious memory had developed. He collected a vast quantity of books, filling all their fly-leaves fore and aft with notes and observations—a habit inherited from his father. Thus notable public events found their place, as indicated by himself, in "a parchment folio containing fragments of Bayle's *Dictionary*"; and trifling occurrences, chiefly humorous, were collected as a *farrago* "at the end of a quarto MS. entitled *Recueil d'Arrêts*, and bound in calf." Heredity also showed itself in what was, for a Frenchman, an extraordinary delight in travelling which offered scope for his inexhaustible curiosity and energy. In such circumstances he was almost literally ubiquitous; it seemed physically impossible to do and see all he did and saw. He says that his two months in London were one continuous rush, and still the acute and active mind was ever fresh and industrious. But though he only took two months to see London he gave two years to the writing of his book on it, which did not eventually appear until 1770 at Lausanne. There was a second edition in 1774, while Dr. Nugent's English translation appeared in 1772.

He spent the greater number of his mornings in London questioning and cross-questioning "le chevalier Mac Donald who was as well known at Versailles as at St. James's, and as dear to the gay world of Paris as he was welcome in the learned society of London." He was also intimate with James, Earl of Morton, then President of the Royal Society, of which he was made a foreign Fellow, and knew Lord Chesterfield almost of course, whom he pronounced to have been somewhat disgusted with many things which the English generally *ad cœlum tollunt rumore secundo*. Numerous letters of introduction from Paris opened to him many "coteries," ministerial, medical, and legal. Great personages called at his Leicester Fields lodging and asked him to dinner in town or to their houses down in the country. "Pure courtesy on their part," he writes, "to a tramp of my state and condition." But he was not unprovided; he lived in modest ease, and some wealthy friends had forced on him a letter of credit for 80,000 livres or 3,500*l*.—perhaps one of the ciphers is due to the printer—which however he took back intact. Earl Temple, whose position was then of much importance if only as Pitt's brother-in-law and inseparable aid—for it was [illegible] before the "fall upstairs"—crowned his attentions by taking Grosley for some time down to Stowe, of which he put a long and enthusiastic description in an appendix to [illegible] book. He saw the Spitalfields weavers' riots, as they got to be called, in May 1765, when a mob of twenty thousand (including numbers of French refugees) marched on Westminster with black flags and drums, pillaged City warehouses which held French goods, and laid siege to the Duke of Bedford's house in Bloomsbury Square under the noses of the Household troops. These were the riots which led Rockingham to restrain the import of foreign silk and take off the unpopular cider-tax. He was present at the trial, on the 16th and 17th of April 1765, of Byron's grand-uncle in Westminster Hall, and gave a minute account of it, noting among more weighty matter how the Eton boys on the steps of the throne munched apples and chucked the peels into the curls of the Lord Steward's great wig. And when he went from Windsor to Eton by boat these boys did even worse; for three of them saluted him, Grosley, from behind a bank with small-shot from fowling-pieces, while their companions were engaged in the neighbouring mead perspiring in their shirt-sleeves at a "kind of tennis which calls for much skill and rapidity of motion." A nephew of Lord Chesterfield's left the group and joined him, and from him he learned "with astonishment that they took this recreation every day at the same hour and in the same place." He was scarcely less surprised to see that the crowd of about sixty of them had no supervision but that of "some man who, far out of hearing, was seated reading at the riverside." Later on, in the town, a dozen of the boys filed into a shop where he waited for a friend, to eat tarts, comfits, and other dainties; the older of them joking with the fat shop-wench, and the more enterprising perhaps rather those most in debt—absolutely hugging her "before our very eyes."

Grosley's utter ignorance of English was from one point of view an advantage. He heard with his eyes, he says, and he jokes against himself about Panurge who by wearing spectacles in his hat "oyoit des oreilles beaucoup plus clair que de coustume." But almost everywhere he found people to converse with who spoke French perfectly or passably and who were ready even to act the interpreter. Indeed once Lord Chesterfield, seeing him affected at the byplay in a tragedy, told him he was indebted for his emotions to his inability to understand the bald platitudes that were spoken by the actors. But this want of English led him into making the most amusing statements. The vehicle of Wilkes's once notorious *No.* 45, for instance, was the "Lord Britton"; the bloods of the day beat the "ouach-men"; the mob shouted "Ourey! a rallying cry in rows of all kinds." Blackfriars meant "moines blancs," and Parliament sat at Vestminster. He passed Withéal going to the House of Commons, where the "Spik" took his seat in a simple deal chair and every member conversed audibly with his neighbour, taking no notice whatever of the speeches except for a moment now and then when those in favour of the motion "asked for silence and attention in a chorus of *ya! ya!*" which after all is not phonetically too bad a shot. He had almost always a good word for the English—was there something of heredity here too?—praising them for the affability with which they bore all his insatiable curiosity. In all ranks, professions, and conditions he met with the same indulgence, the same amiability, the same kindness. The education of boys he thought wonderful as a preservative against effeminacy, vanity, and frivolity; the very opposite of that *mollis educatio* of Quintilian which *nervos omnes mentis et corporis frangit*. But the true Frenchman came out in his abuse of the national phlegm and melancholy; and he averred, as Plutarch's Sybarite said of the Lacedemonians, that it was no wonder Englishman had so great a thirst for fighting, for death in battle rid them of their cheerless and depressing form of existence.

If the occupation of travelling was exactly suited to Grosley's temperament, a book of travels was a mode of expression which precisely hit off his literary faculty. The novelty, the wide range, and the medley of subjects were just suited to bring out his learning, his cultivation, and his powers of memory. Objects of interest, striking aspects of common things, and the minute and

the extraordinary were all picked up by his nimble apprehension, and so he produced in his *Londres* one of the most various and attractive epitomes of its kind. And we have not touched on a tenth of the interesting small chronicle of his life.

THE PLETHORA OF MONEY.

THE reduction last week of their rate of discount by the Directors of the Bank of England illustrates the extreme dulness of trade all over the world just now. For nearly seven months in the summer of 1879, when, it will be recollected, there was extreme commercial and agricultural depression, the Bank rate was 2 per cent., but it has not been so low since until now; and that it has now been again reduced to 2 per cent. affords evidence, as we have said, of the total absence of enterprise in the business community. The immediate cause of the fall in the value of money is the distrust occasioned by the panics in Paris and New York, and by the dishonesty of the managers of credit institutions that has been brought to light in New York. The wild speculation in France that ended with the collapse of the Union Générale led to the failure of a large number of the members of the Paris and Lyons Bourses, and ruined very many speculators, more especially amongst the wealthy and aristocratic classes. The panic that resulted in Paris was stopped by the action of the great credit institutions; but a suspicion was left behind that several, both in Paris and Lyons, who were really bankrupt were saved from suspension only by the support of the great capitalists and credit institutions, and consequently there was a disinclination to engage in business with Paris. Nobody knew who was really solvent, and there was therefore a very general distrust generated which has never been quite dispelled. Furthermore, it was known that the great capitalists and credit institutions of Paris had bought immense quantities of the stocks which the speculators were obliged to sell, and that they bought not for the sake of holding, but with the intention of selling as soon as they could do so with a profit. It has been felt, therefore, by the Stock Exchanges of the rest of Europe ever since that, as soon as a rise occurred, immense quantities of these stocks would be thrown upon the several markets; and for this reason, again, there has been a disinclination to deal much in the stocks quoted on the Paris Bourse. Probably the feeling of uneasiness thus occasioned would have passed away before now were it not for the train of adverse political events that have followed one another since. The disquieting colonial policy in which France has engaged, the maladministration of our own Government in Egypt, the financial difficulties of France, and the growth of Socialism all over the Continent—these, with every now and then a dread that war might break out amongst the great military nations, have kept alive a feeling of apprehension, which has been intensified by the recent panic in New York. The over-building of railways in the United States everybody foresaw would lead to difficulties; but it was hoped that the difficulties might be got over without a crash, that there would be a long and slow liquidation of the bank business done between 1879 and 1882, but that there would be no serious panic. Now, however, it is found that this was too favourable a view. Unfortunately the panic in New York was checked by the action of the Associated Banks, just as the panic in Paris was checked by the action of the great credit institutions there; and the result has been similar. There is a feeling of uncertainty as to who is solvent and who is not, and consequently a very general distrust exists. The New York panic, too, has revealed so much dishonesty on the part of managers of banks throughout the United States as has very greatly added to the distrust. And here in London, also, the Blakeway frauds, and some other events of the kind, prove that the dishonesty was not confined to the United States. These disclosures in New York have given a shock to credit which will not be soon recovered.

There is another and a more potent cause of the general depression in business than even the shock to credit to which we have been referring. For about eight years now Europe has been tried by a succession of bad seasons. The crops have sometimes been extremely deficient and at no time good. Farmers have suffered heavily; farms in many instances cannot be let; rents have fallen, and the prices of agricultural produce have fallen still more. The result is that all over Europe the classes dependent upon the land are in distress. Even here in England agriculture is the greatest single industry in the country. Upon the Continent it is greater than all other industries put together. When therefore landowners, farmers, and agricultural labourers are depressed by a long-continued series of unfavourable harvests, it is inevitable that there should be a general depression in trade. The landed classes have smaller incomes than they used to have, and therefore have less money to expend upon manufactures; they are able also to save less, and consequently are able to invest to a smaller extent. The falling off in the investments of the landed classes is perhaps the real cause of the depreciation of Stock Exchange securities to which we referred above. If the landed classes of Europe were as prosperous as formerly, they would have invested largely in Stock Exchange securities, and consequently would have kept up prices. But, owing to the long-continued series of bad seasons, the investments of the landed classes are much smaller than they used to be, and, therefore, prices have fallen. The bad harvests likewise explain the low prices of commodities, for the agricultural classes generally are obliged to diminish their consumption, and diminished consumption means a smaller demand for commodities, and therefore lower prices. The depression of agriculture is not entirely due to the long-continued series of bad harvests; it is aggravated by the competition of America, Russia, Australia, India, and generally of the countries with small populations compared with the extent of land under cultivation or capable of cultivation. Quite recently, in fact, the production has grown more rapidly than the consumption, and consequently prices would have fallen independently of the bad seasons of so many successive years. The result of this combination of unfavourable circumstances—bad seasons, low prices, over-speculation, dishonesty of management, panic, and depreciation—is that there is a general distrust throughout the trading communities of the world. Everybody knows that great losses have been suffered in both trade and speculation, and nobody knows, therefore, who is really solvent and who in consequence may be trusted. Capitalists, therefore, are disinclined to lend freely, while speculators are unwilling to speculate. They see no probability of an early rise in prices; and, as they speculate only in the hope that prices will rise, and that they will be able to sell with a profit to themselves, they refrain from speculating, and consequently do not need to borrow largely. It is this state of things which is described by bankers as a "plethora of money." Capital, in fact, accumulates at the great banking centres of the world, and is unemployed there, because its owners are afraid to use it freely, and borrowers are afraid on their part to venture on new enterprises.

How long this state of things will last depends upon the course of events. If there should be further serious failures in New York, attended by further disclosures of dishonesty, the distrust will be intensified, and possibly the value of money may, after the first squeeze is over, fall even lower. So again, if the cholera epidemic, which has appeared in Toulon, should become serious, and should spread, there would be a further check given to enterprise, and money would sink in value. On the other hand, if the rumours that are now circulating of impending great failures in the United States should prove to be groundless, and if there should be a recovery in prices, confidence might probably revive rapidly, and there might be a sudden springing up of a demand for money. All depends thus upon events which cannot be foreseen. In the meantime, it appears not improbable that there may be a demand for gold in New York. If this should arise, it will check, for a while at least, the fall in the value of money here. The Associated Banks of New York ever since the panic have been rigorously insisting upon repayment of the loans made by them to their customers. They had lent recklessly while the speculative mania lasted; and, now that they see the consequences, they have become alarmed, and they are risking a renewal of the panic by forcing their customers to sell the stocks on which they borrowed at a ruinous loss. Even the best dividend-paying stocks in the United States have fallen from 30 to 50 per cent. within the last three years. It is evident that this could not happen if many of the holders of those stocks had not been compelled to sell, and they have been compelled to sell by the banks, alarmed for their own safety by the run on deposits that has occurred here and there. This action of the banks has caused the rate of interest in New York to rise very considerably. This week it is reported to be about 8 per cent., and naturally there is an eagerness on the part of capitalists abroad to send capital to New York while it can be employed at such high rates. More particularly the Canadian banks are employing large sums in New York, and these banks, in order to do so, are drawing upon London for gold. They are enabled to do this all the better because they keep a large part of their reserves in notes issued by the Canadian Government, and the Canadian Government having just borrowed five millions sterling has gold here at its command which the banks can draw upon. There has already been such a fall in the New York Sterling Exchange as makes it probable that shipments of gold may take place before long. Whether these shipments will be so large as seriously to affect the London money market it is, of course, impossible to say at present. That will depend chiefly upon the course of events in New York itself. If the value of money there should rise so high as to make it worth the while of London capitalists to send out gold for employment in New York, then undoubtedly there will be considerable sums remitted, and remittances of considerable sums would at once raise the value of money here. But, even if this should occur, the effect would be short-lived. Money cannot continue long to be of high value while trade is so depressed as it is at present, and while speculation is in collapse.

REVIEWS.

THE STORY OF THE *COUP D'ÉTAT*.*

MR. VANDAM informs us on his title-page that he has "freely translated" M. de Maupas's *Mémoires sur le Second Empire*. It would have been sufficient to translate it accurately; but if he had given a readable version of his original, had said nothing more than M. "Maupas or De Maupas," and had omitted

* *The Story of the Coup d'Etat.* By M. de Maupas (formerly Minister). Freely translated, with Notes, by Albert D. Vandam. London: Virtue & Co. 1884.

nothing essential, he might innocently have allowed himself some liberties. It will not surprise the experienced reader of translations to learn that Mr. Vandam's freedom is generally shown in the bold defiance of English grammar which is born of a slavish deference to French idioms. "L'Assemblée ressentait un secret dépit de n'être pour rien dans ses origines," becomes, "The Assembly felt a secret spite at being for nothing in its origin." The French infinitive is always translated by the same mood in English. We are told that the French nation "believed to have returned to a monarchical régime." Twenty times or more Mr. Vandam commits the blunder of using "ignore" as if it was the proper translation of *ignorer*. Generals ignore orders, the police ignore the presence of armed men in their neighbourhood, the people ignore the details of "the principal and fundamental dispositions of the Constitution," which is possibly what they did, but it is not what M. de Maupas meant to say. Not content with reiterating this cherished mistake of half-educated foreigners who try to speak or write English, Mr. Vandam considers himself free to make ludicrous mistranslations from time to time. In his account of the fighting on the 4th of December, M. de Maupas says that "les blousiers se dirigèrent sur le quartier Saint-Martin." With the omnipotence of a translator Mr. Vandam turns all these heroes into heroines, and astonishes the modest reader by telling him that "the smocks took the road" to that part of Paris. Such are the sorrowful chances of the hasty translator who makes a superficial use of his dictionary. Mr. Vandam has yet to learn that a smock and a smock-frock are not the same thing. Considering the general character of his work, it would be hypercritical to point out that under the circumstances even the latter word is not the proper equivalent of "blouse." Mr. Vandam's translation is, in fact, a hurried piece of hackwork meant for immediate consumption. Five or six times over he makes notes correcting or commenting on something in the text, and then a little further on finds that it has been duly annotated by M. de Maupas. Then he puts in another note ingenuously confessing that he had not got so far as this when he made his former observation. He has, in short, hurried through the job, working from hand to mouth, and without giving himself the trouble to read his author through before he began. As regards Mr. Vandam's fitness to annotate, as shown by his knowledge of the literature of the subject, it will be enough to say that he gravely refers his readers to the *Times* of some day in December for Captain Jesse's letter describing the massacre on the Boulevard on the afternoon of the 4th, in obvious ignorance of the fact that it is given at length in Mr. Kinglake's *History of the Invasion of the Crimea*. It may seem that this kind of work is treated with an excess of honour when it is criticized at any length, but it is really time to give up considering slovenliness as a matter of course in translation from the French.

To be sure, if some respect were not due to the English language and the English reader, M. de Maupas's book might plausibly be said to have received the treatment it deserved. The narrative of an eye-witness of any considerable event has always some value. If one of the commissaries of police sent to arrest the foremost men in France during the night of the 2nd December had published a plain account of his experiences there would have been something to learn from him. So much value there no doubt is in these *Mémoires sur le Second Empire*. The head policeman comes, and tells us all about what was mainly a piece of police work. But more than that is required to give the book permanent worth. A volume of memoirs must either interest us in the writer or tell us something new about the events he saw. Now the biographical side of these memoirs is singularly barren. M. de Maupas appears in official capacity, and, moreover, he writes a colourless official style. There is a considerable personal element of a kind in the book. The author was accused, as we know, of having lost his nerve during the attack on the Prefecture of Police on the 4th of December, and his fears, real or imaginary, were made the subject of one of the many ignoble wrangles among the founders of the Second Empire. Whenever these gentlemen fell out, as they frequently did, they seldom failed to indulge in mutual accusations of cowardice, intrigue, or corruption. M. de Maupas assures us that the fears were imaginary. So far was he from losing his head, and sending terrified messages to M. de Morny, that it was he who had to keep up the fainting heart of his fellow-conspirator. M. de Morny came far too late to the Ministry of the Interior, and when there kept pestering the Prefecture of Police with nervous telegrams. Reminiscences of Peachum and Lockitt revive in our minds on reading these passages. To show how cool he was and how brave, M. de Maupas tells us of the excellent example he set to his employés. When the mob was pressing on the Prefecture, a hurried commissary rushed breathless in his room with the key of a back door, and implored the Prefect to save himself and family. With heroic and withal French valour, M. de Maupas made a scene. He collected his subordinates on the steps regardless of the raging foe, and his aged mother (when was ma mère absent from a French melodrama?), his faithful spouse and tender infant being conspicuous in the background, he then and there dismissed the subordinate who thought of his master's safety before his honour. In the course of his complacent account of how he organized the *guet-apens* of the 2nd December, M. de Maupas talks a good deal of his honour. He passes very lightly over his early career as Prefect of the Haute Garonne, and treats in general terms of the series of events which led up to the historic interview with M. Léon Faucher.

The reader who brings with him some slight knowledge of modern literature and history will find very little that is absolutely new in these "Mémoires." M. de Maupas revenges himself fairly enough on Victor Hugo by making some rather wooden fun out of the difference between the magnificence of the poet's language and the modest scale of his deeds during the street-fighting after the *coup d'état*. But then who ever took the *Histoire d'un Crime* at the foot of the letter?—to adopt M. Vandam's method of translating. At times the logic of the former Prefect of the Seine is defective. He stoutly denies the stories of massacres of prisoners after the fighting, and, to prove their absurdity, boldly asks why the deaths were not recorded in the usual registers. To his critics it will scarcely seem to require demonstration that men capable of organizing the *coup d'état* were also capable of falsifying the register of births and deaths. From an historical point of view, the most important thing in his volume is the statement that the delay to attack the barricades was not due either to fear or bungling. After the publication of the letters given here General Magnan must at least be fully acquitted of any such weakness. We have it under his own hand that he deliberately delayed to act, with the intention of getting a crowd together to shoot. M. de Maupas is naturally anxious to clear himself of the charge of having shed blood unnecessarily; but his party have little reason to thank him for proving the truth of an old-standing accusation just at this moment. M. de Maupas is at great pains to show the falsity of one statement in the Memoirs of M. Claude. He did not, as that book says he did, call all the commissaries together before sending them off on their kidnapping expeditions. On the contrary, he spoke to them one by one, as for the rest Mr. Kinglake said he did more than twenty years ago. People who love malignant tittle-tattle as retailed by critics from below stairs may gather a good handful of it from these memoirs. They will learn how Colonel de Charras drank a glass of absinthe when suddenly called upon to turn out in the middle of the night, which to the superior taste of M. de Maupas seems unbecoming. It also appears that the Commissary saw M. Thiers orate from his bedstead, and make an indecent gesture. Further, it seemed to this officer that M. Thiers was very frightened. Of this and of the like there is a good deal, and allowing for the personal equation, it is doubtless true enough. A good deal of this sort of thing comes under the scrutinizing eye of the flunkey and the lady's-maid. The purely political part of the book tells nothing new to anybody who has read his Kinglake with the necessary grains of salt. M. de Maupas, like the inferior kind of French political writers, dearly loves the jingling of formulas. He profoundly observes that nations do not change their character in a day. "Tant il est vrai," he says in one place (we quote the original, and not the translation, as we wish to show what M. de Maupas really said), "qu'une législation permanente ne saurait s'appliquer à une société où la mobilité des esprits, encouragée par le principe même du gouvernement, transforme incessamment la situation du pays." He abounds in just and original observations of this sort. To judge from certain passages in his book, particularly from one in which he asks us gushingly to take our hats off to Louis Napoleon, M. de Maupas has a pardonable desire to persuade us that his party was wise, disinterested, and patriotic. He cannot be congratulated on having succeeded. We need not suppose, and we are very far from thinking, that the political virtue and vice of France were divided in the lump between Bonapartists and not-Bonapartists. All the black was not on one side and the white on the other. The Assembly was divided and weak. There were faddists and intriguers for mere pedantic dreams in plenty on its benches. In it and out of it there was a busy and dangerous anarchist party. The Republic was founded by a surprise and had proved vacillating. Neither is the use of force the chief charge against the Bonapartists. In that respect no French party can afford to throw stones at any other; for, with the single exception of the monarchy of Charles X., no Government in France, not even M. Grévy's, has been established without the actual or threatened use of violence since 1792. It is perfectly open to the Bonapartists to taunt their opponents, whether Republicans or Orleanists, with their readiness to use the mob, which is a far more dangerous political instrument than the army. They were entitled to fight for themselves in the general scramble. If everybody draws a distinction at once between them and their rivals, it is because of the character of their leaders and the methods of their warfare. All M. de Maupas's gush and all his platitudes will do nothing to alter the received opinion on that point. After reading his apology—for, in spite of its swaggering tone, it is an apology—Louis Napoleon appears as he did before—a dreamer of showy dreams and a contriver of mean stratagems. His followers continue to be military bravos, impudent Parisian speculators, or superior policemen—and that, to call things by their right names, is the case of M. de Maupas—who looked on all government as an affair of the Rue de Jérusalem. It is, no doubt, true that because Legitimists, Orleanists, and Republicans all loved their several formulas better than their country, and were generally so clever that they had no common sense, and because the mass of Frenchmen look upon the raking together of sous as the end of existence, that therefore the set of persons described above ruled France for years. In view of these facts, we are quite prepared to accept the Empire as a natural development, and as the sort of government which comes to countries given over to the attorney species by revolutions and the worship of the goddess of lubricity. It is no reason, however, why we should accept M. de Maupas's invitation, and take our hats off to Louis Napoleon and his "little knot of middle-aged men who were pushing their fortunes in Paris" about the early fifties.

BOUND TOGETHER.*

THE sudden and deserved success achieved by the author of *Called Back* ought not to prejudice the critic in his judgment of a series of less striking stories by the same hand. The tales included in *Bound Together* are, in fact, the record of Mr. Conway's period of apprenticeship in the art. They are clever, amusing, thrilling, packed full of interest, but they want polish. There is matter in two or three of them, at least, worthy of more patient study and, patient elaboration; matter that would, we think, amply have rewarded the author for the trouble of weaving it into ampler and more complete form.

Of the twelve tales included in the volumes before us three at least might have been easily developed into separate volumes. The pretty sketch of character in "Fleurette," the sprightly, tender, loyal, and brave girl who renounces the love of a true and honest man rather than betray the weakness of an inebriate mother, certainly suggests deeper things than it fulfils, and would really be the better of a more analytical treatment in the charming character of the heroine, as in that of the helplessly blunt, good doctor whom she loves, for the plot in this tale is of less account than in most of Mr. Conway's writings, and rather serves to show that he might succeed as well had he a mind in comedy character-drawing as he has done in the more mysterious aspects of psychological romance. "Miss Rivers's Revenge" shows the author's lighter mood once more, and is a spirited sketch of a young lady who in her schoolgirl days overhears a patronizingly cool opinion passed upon herself by a literary young gentleman, and who, two years afterwards, coquettes with the same gentleman, now blossomed into an author of note, and punishes herself as well as him by choosing the questionably sweet revenge of refusing his offer of marriage. We are glad to be able to add that Mr. Conway is too kind to leave a bad taste in the mouth of his readers, and ingeniously contrives that the outraged lover should return unaware to find his proud mistress in tears, which he immediately takes the best means of drying for ever. In "A Cabinet Secret" Mr. Conway's humour plays around the china collector's mania until he gets a very graceful little story out of a young man's passion for Old Chelsea leading him even the lengths of proposing to an old lady because she possesses, and flatly refuses to sell to him, the half of a fine set, the other portion of which had previously found its way into his cabinet; that the old lady had no designs on the handsome hero, excepting for a pretty niece, whose *beaux yeux* even on the first introduction drive Old Chelsea to the winds, is the pretty sequel to a daring little comedy. In speaking of Mr. Conway's humour we must not forget a delightfully cynical little tale called "A Speculative Spirit," wherein a stolid old stockbroker, with a twinkle in his eye, having been reproved by two foppish young artists for daring to aspire to imagination, tells them a most circumstantial but utterly false ghost story, and is found afterwards laughing immoderately behind the door at the recollection of their scared and puzzled faces. But this is the reverse of the medal, and the face of it is as strong and bright as we have a right to expect from the man who could write *Called Back*. Perhaps for cleverness of sustained interest and for force of situation, "In one Short Year"—a tale which does not meddle with psychology at all—is as good as any other story in the book; but it is notably one of those open to the objection previously stated—it has too much matter for its space. Possibly the author does not yet feel himself equal to the heavy task of dealing with such deep problems of human character as are opened out in these twenty-five pages of large octavo print.

It is, perhaps, in the tales relying for the development of their plots upon supernatural elements that Mr. Conway is at his best and strongest. The direct and simple manner in which he tells the facts, or what he chooses to allege are the facts, of his case, the deprecatory preface before the wonderful relations begin, the circumstantial evidence brought to bear upon them, are all points that inevitably help to carry conviction; and conviction he certainly does carry, sufficient, at all events, to interest the reader so profoundly, while he has a mind to do so, that we should doubt whether any one who has taken up one of the successful among these tales has ever laid it down before finishing it. Of this engrossing sort is certainly "The Secret of the Stradivarius," the first story in these new volumes. The tale is more purely fantastic than any other we have as yet seen from Mr. Conway's pen; it mixes up no every-day, commonplace incidents with the marvellous; it is supernatural throughout; and yet so weirdly and forcibly is it told, that the lengthened recital of grim things as called up before the mind by strains of music never wearies or grows feeble, but remains entrancing to the end. The story is the story of a violin, or rather the story of a violin's owner; the pathetic tragedy of a man's love and death, acted in a phantasmagoria evolved by the music of the strange instrument itself. The writing in this tale is of a higher literary merit than we have always found in Mr. Conway's style, although there are passages in "Our Last Walk Together" which aim higher as poetical prose. This tale, though not perhaps one of the strongest, is in some ways one of the most weird in the book. The same thing may be said of "The Bandsman's Story," which is also more powerful and interesting in plot, and here it is music again that plays the subtle phantom part. "The Daughter of the Stars," called a psychological romance, is not nearly so effective in carrying the conviction [illegible] other less ambitious attempts where the [illegible] woven deftly into everyday surroun[illegible], on the other hand, in "My First Client" the ef[illegible] blend conflicting elements is almost too bold, and the supernatural becomes for a moment almost absurd. "The Truth of It" and "The Blatchford Request" neither of them deal with the spirit world. They are both clever tales, the former reminding us of the beginning of Belot's *Crime de la Rue de la Paix*, but the latter has a plot so neatly constructed that we feel sorry it did not receive more attention from its author in the matter of writing and characterization.

* *Bound Together: Tales.* By Hugh Conway (F. J. Fargus), Author of "Called Back." London: Remington & Co

MEXICAN RUINS.*

THE ruined cities of Central America exercise a strange fascination from the number of interesting problems which they suggest, as well as from the intrinsic merit of their architecture. By what race were they built, and at what epoch? Whence was derived the civilization of their builders? How came it to be restricted to so small an area of the American Continent? By what mechanical appliances were the ponderous masses of stone raised? Is it possible to find a key to the hieroglyphs which ornament the walls of some of them? These and many other questions of interest to the traveller, the antiquary, and the ethnologist present themselves to any one who examines these mysterious relics. Considering how long it is since attention has been drawn to the existence of these ruins, it is surprising that they have never been visited or described by any one familiar with the rules of architectural criticism. They are all contained in a somewhat limited geographical area, bounded on the north by the mountains forming the southern barrier of the valley of Mexico, while southwards none are known to exist below Copan, in Honduras. It is impossible, however, to say that none remain to be discovered within the half-explored tropical forests of Central America. The ruins first known in this country were those of Mitla, which were described by Humboldt, though never actually seen by him; he acquired his information from two Mexican gentlemen, who visited and sketched the buildings in 1802. Mitla, as well as Palenque, was fully described by Lord Kingsborough, whose magnificently illustrated volumes, published between 1830 and 1848, were written to prove that the Temple of Palenque was built on the model of that of King Solomon, and, consequently, that the builders were Jews. The still more extensive ruins of Yucatan were explored by the American traveller, J. L. Stephens, in 1841-2. His volumes contain the account of visits to forty-four ruined cities, or places in which remains or vestiges of ancient population were found; and he justly claims that his work, aided by that of his artist-companion, Mr. Catherwood, has interposed to snatch from oblivion these perishing but still gigantic memorials. Photographs of Palenque, Mitla, Uxmal, Izamal, and Chichen-Itza, were taken about twenty years ago by the French archæologist, M. Charnay, and were published in the city of Mexico by Michaud, in 1860, together with some notes on them by M. Viollet-le-Duc. These photographs would appear to be the most recent ones taken, as they have evidently been made use of by Mr. F. A. Ober for illustrating the work now under review. Mr. Ober's book is by no means confined to antiquities; but he alone of recent travellers has devoted special attention to the ancient remains. His work in Yucatan possesses a special value, as showing the progress of decay during the forty years since the visit of Stephens, thereby in some degree confirming the views of the latter as to the not very remote antiquity of the buildings. Mr. Ober tells us in his preface that, at the time of his visit to Yucatan and Central and Southern Mexico, he devoted more attention to the natural features and historic surroundings of his journey than to the material wealth of the country; but, after reaching home, and getting his narrative nearly ready for the press, the progress of the railways, which had entered the country from the north at several points, seemed to call for fuller information as to the resources of Mexico and descriptions of the border region. Mr. Ober therefore laid aside his manuscript and took another journey southwards, along the entire boundary line from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of California. The result has been a well illustrated and more comprehensive account than has yet appeared of the present condition and resources of the whole country, in addition to the above-mentioned valuable contribution to our knowledge of its archæological remains.

Mr. Ober began his investigations in Yucatan; he landed at a new port, connected by a railway twenty-five miles in length with Merida, the capital, and aptly named "Progreso." Sisal, the old port of entry, which gives its name to the hemp which is the staple product of the country, has been abandoned. In Merida Mr. Ober mentions a curious custom, which is surely a survival of the old picture-writing; most of the Indians till recently were unable to read, so the names of the streets were designated by a painted figure at each corner or by an image perched on the wall. Few now remain, but there may yet be seen the Elephant, the Flamingo, and the Street of the Two Faces. Yucatan was one of the earliest provinces of the New World colonized by the Spaniards; its inhabitants at first offered a desperate resistance, but ultimately settled down quietly and cultivated the arts of peace. Its history has since been un-

* *Travels in Mexico, and Life among the Mexicans.* By Frederick A. Ober, Author of "Camps in the Caribbees" &c. Boston, U.S.: Estes & Lauriat. 1884.

eventful, probably becau[illegible] country contained not a single mine of gold or silver to [illegible] the invaders for their conquest. The interior of the country, however, is occupied even to-day by a race of untamed Indians, pr[illegible]y akin to the fierce Caribs who once possessed the southern W[illegible] Indies and the Spanish Main. These aborigines have revolted at different times, and have so completely terrorized the whole country, that towns have been abandoned, and their territory is actually increasing in extent at the expense of that occupied by the white and the agricultural Indians. These latter, who form the bulk of the population, are the Mayas; they still keep up the language, and to a certain extent the customs, of their sun-worshipping ancestors. Mr. Ober instances a native dance which he witnessed, at which they spread in the centre of the room a banner, painted with a figure of the sun and two people kneeling in adoration of it. They used a log-drum beaten with a deer's antler, and a turtle-shell rattle, exactly as described by the old chroniclers. A wise ordinance at Merida, which might be copied with advantage in other tropical cities, prohibits the painting of the houses white, in order to diminish the glare as much as possible. There are no rivers in Yucatan that run above-ground, so the people are dependent upon the clouds for their supply of water, or upon a curious system of underground rivers. The province is a vast table of coral rock, beneath which flow large streams, which break out at intervals into water-caves, called "cenotes." The ancient cities were always built near these caves, and the Indians, centuries ago, marked the course of these subterranean streams by heaps of stones. Some of the "cenotes" are made use of as bathing-places—most refreshing resorts in the heat of day. Some have fish, said to be blind, like those in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. With many of them are connected all kinds of Indian legend or tradition. Within a radius of one hundred miles from Merida are scores of ruined cities: the most accessible is Uxmal, some sixty miles from the capital. As at Pompeii, fanciful names have been assigned to the principal buildings — the House of the Governor, of the Nuns, of the Dwarf. The builders were unacquainted with the principle of the true arch; the rooms are consequently narrow, as the vaulting is formed by the "Maya arch." This was made by bringing the courses of stone nearer together till they meet in the centre, precisely as the Etruscans did in Europe at the dawn of civilization. Another peculiarity is the so-called "elephant trunk" ornament, used at the corners and along the façade of buildings. The illustration of this in Mr. Ober's book is not a good one, but a detailed drawing will be found in Stephens's work, vol. i. p. 171. It is so pronounced that it was probably more than an ornament, and may have been used for holding the poles of awnings, or for suspending decorations or sacrificial objects. Mr. Ober's suggestion that the builders took the idea from the trunk of the Mastodon can hardly be serious. Very interesting are the drawings from photographs taken by the author of the "Katunes" of Aké, Cyclopean columns composed of eight or ten rude stones. The early chroniclers averred that they were intended to serve as a record of the age of the race, each stone representing a period of twenty years. As there are thirty-six columns of ten stones each, this would give them an antiquity of seven thousand two hundred years! Of Mayapan, the seat of the ancient Maya empire, Mr. Ober gives details of recent explorations by Dr. Le Plongeon, as reported to the American Antiquarian Society. The Doctor has studied the hieroglyphs of Yucatan for seven years, and, in addition to his archæological qualifications, possesses a knowledge of the Maya tongue. Among his discoveries are a statue of Chaacmol, "the Tiger King," now removed to the city of Mexico. The United States Consul, Mr. Aymé, has brought to light at Kabah a rude painting of a man on horseback, which would certainly seem to confirm the theory that these buildings were occupied, at all events, down to the period of the arrival of the Spaniards. Mr. Ober concluded his visit to Yucatan with a ride through the logwood forests and a trip to the lagoons on the north coast. He bears emphatic testimony to the honesty of the Yucatecans; he travelled unarmed, and could leave his portable property exposed wherever he stopped without a thought for its safety. Assuredly he could not have done either of these things in Mexico proper. On quitting Yucatan, Mr. Ober coasted round the Bay of Campeche, and describes, though apparently he did not visit, the ruins of Palenque, in the province of Tabasco. These buildings, elevated, like those of Yucatan, on artificial mounds or pyramids, are characterized by stucco bas-reliefs and large hieroglyphical tablets, the most important of which is the well-known one of the Cross. A fascinating subject of speculation is the mysterious city said to exist in the neighbourhood of Lake Peten, inhabited by an aboriginal race still preserving all the rites and customs of their progenitors. Stephens, Squier, Morelet, and other travellers all believed in its existence; but all attempts to penetrate these unexplored wilds have hitherto failed. Yet it is the author's firm conviction that in an exploration of this region lies the only way to obtain a clue to the hieroglyphs of Central America.

Unable for lack of funds to try to solve this mystery, Mr. Ober landed at Vera Cruz and proceeded in the usual way by railroad to the city of Mexico. The city of Mexico, the Mexicans at home, the museums, markets, and floating gardens, all have separate chapters assigned to them, and Mr. Ober successfully accomplished the ascent of Popocatepetl. He goes fully into the recent expansion of railways towards what he regards as their ultimate destination, the continent of South America. These features of Mexico as it is to-day may be found in the works of other writers; but Mr. Ober, while giving ample details as to the present state of the country, lingers lovingly over the vestiges of the ancient civilization of the earlier inhabitants. Among these remains was the little-visited ruin of Xochicalco, standing apart from every other group in Mexico, and unique in its structure and carvings. It is surprising that it should be so little known, as it is only two hours' ride from Cuernavaca, which is but a day's journey from the capital. Tula, to the north of the valley of Mexico, contains an interesting group of ruins of the Toltecs; little is known of these people except that they gave to the country an advanced civilization, and were ultimately driven out by the Aztecs. Another race, the Zapotecs, were the builders of the palaces of Mitla, near Oaxaca, in Southern Mexico. These are perhaps better known than any other group, as they have been described by every traveller from Humboldt downwards. They possess peculiarities belonging neither to those of Yucatan to the north-east nor those of Central Mexico to the north-west. Among them may be mentioned a hall, the roof of which was supported by gigantic monolithic pillars of circular form. The elaborate ornamentation is carried out, not by sculpture or stucco, but by panels of mosaic of pieces of stone each about seven inches in length, forming grecques or arabesques of extraordinary intricacy. The façades of the Yucatan ruins are deeply carved in stone; Palenque is noted for its sculptures and bas-reliefs of stucco; Copan for the number of its idols and altars; while Mitla owes the magnificence of its whole effect to the careful execution of detail in mosaic-work, arranged, not on a flat surface, but with the pattern now projecting, now receding, so as to give the necessary variety of light and shade.

Mr. Ober's work may advantageously be consulted for information as to the present condition and resources of the country; but its special merit is that he is entitled to the credit which he claims—of being the first to enumerate and particularly describe all the principal ruins of interest to the student of American archæology.

TWO BOOKS OF LITERARY HISTORY.*

THERE are some books the most immediate and direct result of reading which is a sense of disappointment—a sense of seeing a good thing badly done, or, at any rate, not nearly so well done as it might have been. Among those books, we are sorry to say, G. S. B.'s Study of the English Prologue and Epilogue must rank. The subject is a really excellent one for a critical monograph. It is just big enough to be substantive, and not big enough to be out of the critic's power to handle except at very great length. It is full of interest of the most diverse kind, and it admits (properly and without illegitimate digression) of that admixture of gossip which the reading public of to-day so dearly loves. It has not, to our knowledge at least, or apparently to G. S. B.'s, been attempted before; it is not very likely (or at least would not have been very likely if it had been well handled) to be treated soon again. In such cases an author has a considerable chance of securing himself, without superhuman pains or extraordinary genius, something of a permanent place in literature—at any rate a place held on a good long lease. "G. S. B. on Prologues" might, if he and Minerva had pleased, have been quoted as certain legal writers are quoted.

This, we fear, is not, as things go, likely to be the case, and there is more than an opening for somebody else on Prologues. In the first place, G. S. B. has unnecessarily and inartistically curtailed his subject. For though it is quite true, as he says, that the prologue came to a climax with Dryden, it by no means ceased to be of importance with the seventeenth century or even with the eighteenth. It is only within the present age that it became practically insignificant. In the second place, though facilitating his own work by thus unceremoniously abridging it, he has not dealt anything like completely with what he has left, and he has dealt with it still less methodically. Historical order is set at nought here, and prologues and epilogues of the Revolution are quoted side by side and discussed side by side with prologues of Peele and Dekker. Again, this mingle-mangle stuff is not mingle-mangled in anything like equal proportion. Practically more than half—more than two-thirds we should say—of the book is given to Dryden, who is introduced at every turn, and the citations from whom vastly exceed those from all other dramatists put together. Certainly we have no intention of saying that a very readable and pleasant book might not be made exclusively on glorious John's prologues and epilogues. But then such a book would not be a Study of the English Prologue and Epilogue from Shakspeare to Dryden. Lastly, G. S. B.'s treatment, putting aside the questions of its method and completeness, is by no means distinguished by rigorous accuracy. Thus, on p. 33 he tells the story of Dryden's raising the price of prologues without mentioning the very important and still unsettled variants in it, according to which the O.P. and N.P. respectively were not only five guineas and ten (the only figures he gives), but four and six, and two and three. We do not know what he can possibly mean by quoting an epilogue of 1686 and then saying, "In plays of a later date, such as Wycherley's *Country Wife*." The chronology of Wycherley's plays has always been something of a crux; but nobody has put even the latest of

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* *A Study of the Prologue and Epilogue in English Literature from Shakespeare to Dryden.* By G. S. B. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

Poetry: its Origin, Nature, and History; to which is added a Compendium. By Frederick A. Hoffmann. 2 vols. London: Thurgate. 1884.

them after 1686. He assumes the truth of the story about Dryden's prologue for *Calisto*, of which there is literally no evidence. He repeats the old but inexcusable blunder of supposing that the whole of the character of Bayes in *The Rehearsal* is a direct satire on Dryden. He thinks that the grumble at "vast expenses" in the prologue to *The Prophetess* was due to the fact of the poet's having a regular share in the profits of the theatre, whereas that share had ceased years before *The Prophetess* was revived. He speaks of "the Puritans, and first and foremost Jeremy Collier." That Jeremy and the Puritans sympathized on this particular point may be granted. But what guileless reader will not go off with the notion that Collier, the highest and hottest of Jacobites and High Churchmen, was a Puritan?

It may be said that these are matters of no very great importance; but they show a certain looseness of handling which is undesirable on such matters. Nevertheless, it would hardly have been possible to write an uninteresting book on the subject, and uninteresting G. S. B.'s tractate certainly is not. The reader who does not know much about the subject (and probably most readers are in this case) will go away without the clear and precise notion of it which might without much difficulty have been given to him; but he will have read some capital verse, have been told some curious stories, and have had many glimpses of quaint and forgotten manners. Such is the notice of the extraordinary and not very intelligible contest which went on between the two houses at one time, each actor or actress who prologized appearing with an immense broad-brimmed carter's hat several inches wider than his or her rival had dared. There is, too (long earlier, but a critic is surely entitled to copy the *sans gêne* of his author), the story of George Peele, who collected much money at Bristol by means of a prologue, and levanted while it was being spoken. There is an abstract, at least (G. S. B. would have done well to give the text), of the curious prologue in which three actors take part, and one who was actually known for a somewhat undue devotion to the original god of stage representations comes in "half mellow" and delivers a supplementary address. All these and many other oddities of the stage—the "bevy of children," the occasion when in Charles's reign the actresses had the stage to themselves, and many others—give the writer on this subject admirable handles of which, if G. S. B. has not always availed himself successfully (and he certainly has not), yet he could not fail to avail himself somehow. We wish very much that he had done what he has done better; but it is a very hopeful sign of grace that he thought of doing it at all, and this being the case, we do not care to part from him otherwise than in charity.

If G. S. B. has chosen a small subject, Mr. Hoffmann has unquestionably chosen a big one enough. It is nearly as oddly treated as it is large, and the oddity extends to the outward and visible form of the book as well as to its matter. In the first place, it is issued half-bound in calf, an old (though not a bad) practice which has almost entirely died out. In the second place, the second volume, containing more than three hundred pages, is entirely filled with elaborate tables and indices of poets of all ages and countries annotated in close small type. The first, which has some seven hundred pages, contains a continuous account of the progress of poetry, including some of the most startling statements, and arranged on quite the most remarkable principles that we remember to have noticed in a book of the kind. We begin with fifteen pages on "The Nature of Poetry in General," which may be not unfairly sampled by the extraordinary remark that "it was Plato's opinion that if a man could see virtue he would be strangely enamoured on her person; *which is the reason why Horace and Virgil have continued so long in reputation, because they have drawn her in all the charms of poetry.*" Then comes "The Progress of Poetry in the Middle Ages" (of which we are sorry to say that Mr. Hoffmann knows absolutely nothing) with ten pages, and next we find ourselves somehow or other transported to "The Early Poets of Greece" and "The Early Poets of Rome." Chapter V. jumps to Dante, and Chapter VI. turns to Chaucer, with examples taken from Dryden's version. After this an elaborate but most eccentrically marshalled procession of English poets begins, and fills the rest of the book. It may be observed by way of convenient and luminous illustration that Langhorne has eighteen pages and Gray eight, that Kirke White has fourteen and Keats eight, that Southey has thirty and Scott nine, that Miss Mitford has a page and Mrs. Browning (except in the index) not a line. As Mr. Hoffmann has judiciously and quite openly conveyed many passages from the older authorities, such as Lamb, Hazlitt, and Coleridge, there is much that is worth reading in his prose, and as his quotations from his authors proper are lavish, one can turn over his pages with pleasure. But whether for critical power or for accuracy of information, we can give his original matter very little praise. What is to be said for a man who calls Clémence Isaure (we put aside the parallel with Mrs. Harris) "Countess of Thoulouse," the spelling being of itself instructive? We have no doubt that Mr. Hoffmann has some meaning when he says that in *Hamlet* "the passages are not exhibited as in his other plays," but we entertain not the remotest idea of what that meaning may be. A poem "of an obstruse and elevated kind" would doubtless commend itself to Mr. C. J. Yellowplush; but the oddity is probably not intentional as such forms as "Lander" (who may, it seems, be quoted as a critic, but is only allowed his line of index as a poet) and "Iphigema" occur. These *coquilles d'imprimerie* add not a little to the interest of Mr. Hoffmann's curious book. "In classing Charles Lamb among these poetical essays" is a very agreeable phrase; and we can only say that if Lamb was a poetical essay, we are uncommonly grateful to the poetical essayist who wrote him. In the following the grammar is the most attractive element:—"The Vision of Judgment is a most severe attack upon Southey, in which Byron very warmly repels the charges brought by Southey against the alleged immorality of his poems, and shows up with unmerciful bitterness the contrast between Southey's former Liberal opinions and his then mad devotion to the principles of the Court; *and parodying* the poor and pretentious verses which," &c. &c. There is a delightful muddlement of thought in the phrase "heroic verse, a powerful species of writing of which he was scarcely master." So again, "The former well-known song is stately and noble, and *possesses at the same time* the genuine structure and melody of verse which constitutes the truly patriotic." From this many things can be gathered; among them that it is impossible to be truly patriotic except in verse. To find a florid description of Garth's quoted as "a remarkable passage of *wit*" might startle one elsewhere, but the reader who has accompanied Mr. Hoffmann thus far is past surprises.

He is, however, a writer with whom it is difficult to be seriously wrath, because he is evidently a very industrious and well-intentioned person, who likes poetry, who has in a groping sort of way some feeling of its goodness, absolute and relative, and who desires to introduce other people to his own favourite countries. Unfortunately (though we may seem to magnify our office here) it is no more given to everybody to be a critic and historian of poetry than it is given to every one to be a poet. In the first place the critical historian must know how to write English, which we fear Mr. Hoffmann cannot be said to know. In the second, he must have considerably more accurate knowledge of his subject than Mr. Hoffmann (who except as to English poetry seems to speak almost always at second-hand) possesses; and in the third, he must have some notion of method, of the planning and circumscribing of a subject, the proportioning of its parts, and the selection of points of treatment. As to all of these Mr. Hoffmann is lamentably defective. We feel sure that he would have written a good book if he could; but unluckily that is not quite enough.

NEW PRINTS.

THE various photographic processes which are now in use both add largely to the number of prints published and also to the critic's difficulties. It is not always possible for any but an expert to pronounce whether a print has been engraved in the old mezzotint manner or in the new "photogravure." Messrs. Tooth will forgive us if we say that the engraving after M. de Blaas's "Venetian Courtship," of which they have sent us a proof impression, is so like the picture that we doubt if any engraver could attain such fidelity, and, on the other hand, is so like a mezzotint that we do not like to call it anything else. However it is produced, it is a charming work. The earnest look of the youth, and the coquettish and more than doubtful expression of the girl, seem to come out even better than in the picture now that there is no colour to divert the eye from M. de Blaas's admirable powers of drawing and composition.

From Messrs. Goupil we have received a fine landscape etched by M. Brunet Debaines after Constable. A waggon crosses a farm pond; a pretty gabled farmhouse is on the left, and fine old trees in the middle distance; beyond, a sunlit meadow stretches away to the low wooded hills. Heavy summer clouds partly obscure the sky, and throw half the foreground into shadow. Altogether, in spite of the simplicity of the subject, this is a charming landscape, and a wonderful example of what a capable artist can do in rendering the impression of brilliant colouring in black and white. M. Brunet Debaines has brought to England all his countrymen's appreciation of the importance of relative tone and "values."

Mr. Lefevre, of King Street, St. James's, has published two very pretty "processions," by M. A. Gilbert, after Munkacsy. The first is the "Triumph of Agriculture," and has nothing in it but what may any autumn be seen in Styria or Bohemia, when the villagers assemble with music and march through the market-place. The English peasant's Harvest Home is a very poor imitation of one of these festivals. There is a sound artistic tradition in South Germany, and even the great Durer employed the resources of his genius in arranging triumphal processions. The second piece represents "The Chase." A car decked with boughs brings home the deer, and the hero of the hunt rides before, his hawk fluttering hooded on his hand. Falconers carry dead herons at the head of the procession, followed by a "cadger" with two couple of peregrines on his "cadge." Hawker and cadger have come down in the world of late. These are highly decorative plates, and the impressions before us are very delicately printed.

A portrait of Mr. Samuel Cousins, the engraver, after Mr. Long, comes from the Fine Art Society. It is brilliantly engraved in mezzotint by himself, and is understood to signalize his retirement from the active duties of his profession. If so, it shows that he is determined to "carry out" his burin before any sign of deterioration can be detected in his work. Either this is an exceptionally good impression or the print is one of rare vividness and freshness. The aged artist sits at his table, his plate before him, and the shade in his left hand. The print will be welcomed by all

admirers of the art of one of our most conscientious and able engravers.

It may be convenient to notice here a little volume which comes to us from New York. This is the *National Academy Notes*. It includes the complete catalogue of the Fifty-ninth Spring Exhibition of the National Academy of Design. It is profusely illustrated with drawings by the artists reproduced by photo-engraving, and the illustrations are supplemented by a description and by a personal notice of each artist, inserted to show "where and with whom" he studied. It would be interesting to see such a list of exhibitors at one of our exhibitions. There is not much evidence of study anywhere in a majority of the pictures at the Royal Academy, for example, this year. The National Academy of Design does not appear to be very much junior to the English Academy, as it is "the real successor of the American Academy of the Fine Arts which was originally established in 1802." Prizes are given by the vote of all the exhibitors, so it is evident that, though the Society has Academicians and Associates, it is not managed precisely like ours, although it is described as "a private institution devoted to the public service." There are at present ninety-four Academicians and sixty Associates. The art prevalent in New York, if we may judge by the illustrated Catalogue, is of a very high order. We observe the names of three ladies in the list of Associates.

THE RENT QUESTION IN BENGAL.*

THAT the agitation in Bengal and Behar, which has now lasted for ten years, should result in literature more varied and more ponderous than the outturn of the Crofters' Commission is not surprising. Palliatives have been tried during the above period. A Commission on Rent has followed on a Commission on Famines. No less than two Draft Acts have been prepared. Officials of all grades have reported in detail on the provisions to facilitate the recovery of rent on the one hand and the rights of the rent-payers on the other. At meetings of landlords, native Zemindars and English merchants lately divided by the Ilbert Bill, have joined hands in defence of their manorial privileges. In one province under the Government of Bengal it is roundly asserted that the agriculturists are being gradually reduced to a state of villainage without any of its compensations. In another it is broadly stated that the Zemindar cannot collect his due rents, and that he bears a strong resemblance to an unfortunate Irish landlord. This is clearly not a case for putting down an agrarian disturbance by an extra battalion of police, or for clearing files of rent suits by the appointment of two or three extra judges. Neither will it do for Government to look placidly on with its hands folded, and comfort foes and friends by the assurance that these inevitable disputes can be best settled by the operation of "natural and economic causes." A healthy system of revenue and rent, it cannot be too often repeated, is the foundation of all good government anywhere in India. In no province, from Peshawar to Tinnevelly, from Tripura to Khandeish, can the various customs under which land is held, cultivated, and assessed, be made to work without some control or interference on the part of the Collector and Magistrate. The legislation now attempted does not meddle with something denounced by one class as a shameful exemption and cherished by another as a reasonable privilege. The character of the British Government for equity, strength, and fair dealing is involved in the settlement of a harassing dispute, and in such an adjustment of the relations between Zemindar and Ryot as is possible where custom and not contract has for centuries determined the clearance of jungles, the induction of tenants into their holdings, the processes of agriculture, the realization of rents, and eventually the security of the Government revenue.

One of the latest contributions to the common stock comes from a native gentleman who tells us that he is a B.A.—it must be presumed of the Calcutta University—a Deputy Collector, and a Zemindar. He writes good English, like many of his contemporaries; he is fairly familiar with Revenue legislation, past and present; and he has doubtless some share in an ancestral estate which justifies his assumption of the title of landholder. It is very clear, however, that his criticisms do not err on the side of modesty, and he complacently disposes of his superiors, the Covenanted Civil Service, by saying that "the same desire for the easy solution of a complex question and the same aversion to details which generally make Englishmen indifferent revenue officers at the present time, also interfered with their efficiency a hundred years ago." This is an exquisite specimen of Young Bengal. His own book carries in every page a refutation of the above audacious but sublime sentence. His production, in fact, is little more than a selection from the Reports and Minutes of these indifferent and inefficient English Collectors, Commissioners, Judges, and Lieutenant-Governors who have massed facts, compared opinions, discussed amendments, propounded remedies, and have enabled this confident B.A. to compile his little work. To native contributors he makes but few allusions. The native memorial on which he depends is the work of an English barrister; and he nowhere himself attempts any dispassionate summing up of the whole case. That he should incline to the weaker or Ryot's side of the question is no doubt creditable. The Zemindars have their own organs, associations, and means of making known their complaints. The Ryot, with plenty of sympathizers, needs those who can speak and write for him. How far the writer's opposition to the Zemindars and his adherence to most of the reforms suggested in the Draft Act, may be coloured by his own position and hopes of promotion as a servant of Government, it is needless to inquire. Nor again is it necessary to dissect the reasoning which tries to make out that the condition of the peasantry under the Mohammedan Nawabs of Dacca and Moorshedabad of the last century was by no means so bad as supposed. History has settled this point as far as it can settle anything. A province half swamp and jungle, the prey of tigers and hogs, Mahratta raiders and Mohammedan tyrants, where population was stationary and famine and epidemics were allowed to spread unchecked, is something very different from the same country with roads and railroads, marts and factories, schools and dispensaries, and a population of 500 or 600 to the square mile. It is quite true, as many officials have proved, that in that land of hectors, *Lattials* and thieves, tenant-right was maintained and transmitted in spite of grinding exactions and summary modes of realizing revenue. Its vitality was inexhaustible; or rather, perhaps, villagers were left to cultivate their fields and to stick to their homesteads for generations, while one usurper dethroned or expelled another at Moorshedabad, and Zemindars and Rajas were compelled to pay tributes and taxes under the lash or at the cannon's mouth. But the real point now for discussion is not whether the English Collector's finger is worse than the heavy hand of Murshed Kuli Khan or Aliverdi, whether Mussulman lawyers have rightly defined the division of the produce between the Treasury and the cultivator, or whether the five years' Settlements made by Warren Hastings and Verelst were judicious or not; but whether the new Bengal Rent Bill is just all round in its main provisions, and whether it correctly interprets and stereotypes the common law of the country in regard to occupancy, transfers, manorial privileges, the patrimony of the Ryot, the social position and the political bearing of the Zemindar.

One new feature in this familiar controversy is the contrast between the agriculturists of Behar and those of Lower Bengal. If, a generation ago, the question had been put, "which of the two were the most calculated to resist oppression and to hold their own against an encroaching landlord," most officials would have reckoned on the Behar Ryot. The tract of country which gave birth to Koer Sing and his adherents, which sent recruits to the Sepoy ranks and contingents to the military police, which had deprived the cultivation of indigo in the hands of Englishmen of the objectionable features which imperilled its manufacture in Bengal, was, it would have been argued, the home of stalwart peasants accustomed to wield the club and the spear as easily as the spade and the mattock. The Bengali cultivator, Englishmen would have gone on to say, is spiritless, ignorant, the bondsman of the Mahajan, the worm under the iron heel of the Zemindar. It now turns out that the above picture, believed to be true before and after the Mutiny, is exactly reversed. The Bengali Ryot in the metropolitan districts has learnt to know his rights and to combine for their assertion. He is not to be deluded or coerced. In Eastern Bengal he is master of the situation, stands up to the agent of the Zemindar, and even refuses to pay as he ought. The Behar Ryot is the object of pity. For him the protection of the law is urgently required. In this backward province rents are still paid in kind. The legitimate growth of tenant-right contemplated by the Rent Act of 1859 has here been prevented, or, if it existed, it has yielded to intimidation or force. Ryots in Behar are shifted—so it is said—from one plot to another, just at the very time when a twelve years' residence would give them a title to hold on. Tracts of Ryotty land are appropriated by the superior landlord, and attached to indigo factories in order to gratify the English planter. In short, the Behar Ryot is a miserable serf whom neither magistrates nor judges can protect, and whom education has failed to impress with the idea that he can call anything his own. To remedy this state of things it is not proposed to strengthen the established tribunals, to impress on magistrates the necessity of protecting the weak against the strong, to give any one Ryot arbitrarily ejected or shifted from his holding in the eleventh month of his twelfth year of occupancy a cheap and summary redress, or by proclamation or example to show whole classes what to do. It is seriously proposed to make a registration of the existing *Khamar* lands, or those held and cultivated by the Zemindar through his own servants, and not to allow this stock of land ever to be increased. Hitherto by the common law of the country not only do all waste lands, whether of the swamp or the forest, belong to the Zemindar as part of his estate, but all Ryots' lands vacated by death or desertion, or other cause, revert *ipso facto* to the superior landlord. It was always thought that he could deal with such vacated plots as he liked, induct new Ryots, or reserve the land as a garden, a *Runna* or chase, or cultivate it by his own bullocks and ploughs. Now the Legislature steps in and gravely rules that the "existing stock of Khamar land cannot be hereafter increased," and that when land falls in, or even when a Zemindar purchases a Ryot's tenure, as he constantly does, he must re-let it to a fresh tenant. No wonder that the landholders denounce this provision as arbitrary and unjust. Whether it amounts to a deliberate breach of the covenant entered into by Lord Cornwallis in 1793 may be a question. But it is quite certain that it is admirably contrived to irritate and annoy a very important class, without conferring any large benefits on

* *The Rent Question in Bengal.* By Parvati Churn Roy, B.A., Deputy Collector, Superintendent of Alluvial Surveys and Settlements in Bengal, and a Zemindar. Reprinted from *Bengal Public Opinion*. Calcutta: Sadharan Brahmo Samáj Press.

the community or increasing the area available for scientific agriculture. Moreover, a proposal of this kind, interfering with a privilege of long continuance though occasionally abused, is a practical confession of administrative weakness. Surely a Government which has at its beck judges, magistrates, sub-divisional joint-magistrates, police inspectors and constables, ought to be able with the laws and tribunals in existence to check any wholesale appropriation of this kind. After all, there must be a good tract of country yet available for the Ryots, as it is admitted that they still hold as Ryotty three-fourths of the land in Behar. A Zemindar may not be the ideal of either Lord Cornwallis or Lord Tennyson. He may not correspond to the sketch of the former in the Proclamation of 1793, exerting himself "in the cultivation of his lands"; nor may he bear even a remote resemblance to the broad-shouldered genial Englishman of the latter in the *Princess*, who bred prize oxen and sheep, patronized some thirty charities, and wrote pamphlets on guano and on grain. But there are laws which annoy and vex one party far more than they can ever benefit another; and this provision, though it has, to our surprise, the endorsement of the present able Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, is just one which will present the Zemindars with a perpetual grievance, while it will not perceptibly increase the food or absorb the surplus of the cultivating castes.

The above is an instance of legislation ill advised in scope rather than extensive in effect. On the question of improvements the writer says little or nothing. The chapter in the Bill dealing with this question is not very long; but it is difficult to compress into a page or two more ignorance of the parts respectively played by Zemindar and Ryot in what we call "improvements." Legislation on this head was needless. If there is one thing on which the native community in populous districts is agreed more than another, it is as to those operations which concern any one plot and its occupants and those which concern the population at large. It is well understood that each Ryot may stick to the ordinary crops of rice and pulse as he pleases, or embark in the more profitable but more expensive cultivation of jute, sugar-cane, tobacco, *pan*, date-trees, and the like. It is the Zemindar or Talukdar who undertakes or promotes works in which the residents of ten villages or of a crowded *gunje* or mart have a pious or social interest—a fine reservoir, a temple to Shiva, a bathing ghaut of stone or brick, a canal draining a swamp, a road connecting a large bazaar with the river and the villages by which it is kept constantly supplied. These several and distinct improvements have hitherto, as a rule, been performed without clashing of interests, social misunderstandings, or costly litigation. The Indian Government has now cunningly devised clauses which can only have the effect of setting every one by the ears. A Ryot will be expected to ask his landlord's permission to clear jungle, to erect his own dwelling-house, to make an embankment against a flood, or to dig a well in his own garden. And a landlord who may have a fancy for meddling with his tenantry may call on them, in writing, to make "improvements" within a reasonable time. On the Ryot's neglect or refusal the landlord may make them himself. There is a touch of humour in the application of these sections to a country where the Ryot is often of one creed and the Zemindar of another, or where, if both are Hindus, one may be a Sudra and the other a high-caste Brahmin. Who is to define what a Hindu Zemindar may decree to be an "improvement" on the tenancy of a solitary Mussulman? May the former call on the latter to build a temple to Kali, or to provide a burning ghaut for his own co-religionists? Would not a Mussulman Ryot think a private burial-ground, at the end of his own garden, such as we have often seen, more of an improvement? The whole of this mischievous chapter, with its ridiculous compensation clauses dragged in from the Irish Land Act, is simply calculated to sow distrust and defiance, and should be mercilessly expunged. A powerful Government ought to be ashamed of an unacquaintance with rustic life hardly permissible in a junior civilian of three years' standing.

The occupancy-right is a more perplexing and imperative question, and it is closely connected with the legal sale and transfer of such a right. All these Minutes and Reports have only made clearer what was quite clear before to a good many District Officers, that the tenant-right, with its occupancy and customary rental, had a distinct market value; that, like the kingdoms in the *Talking Oak*, it "overset or passed from hand to hand"; and that it was often as eagerly competed for by the Zemindar himself as by the Ryot. Nothing is more common than for the Zemindar to purchase these rights on his own estate and on those of his rivals and neighbours. Very possibly this custom, though fully recognized by the courts of law, has not been acknowledged by any statute, and it may often cause excitement, distrust, and litigation. A Ryot, unable to cope with A, his own landlord, sells his tenancy privately to B, a neighbouring Zemindar; or C, a third Zemindar, wishing to get a *locus standi* on the estate of D, his rival, purchases at a sale in execution the tenure of one of D's Ryots. Or, again, if a Zemindar is a vigorous manager, and has vigorous agents, the new tenant at a private sale pays down a fine on entrance. But these sorts of transfers, dictated by pique, anger, inability to resist oppression, love of annoyance, or mere legitimate speculation, are so thoroughly understood that they require nothing but a broad announcement in any new Act, that henceforth their free sale and transfer is a part of the statute law of the land. Not content with this, the Government has involved itself in a maze of contradictions and inconsistencies about the landlord's right of pre-emption, and tenants, and the sub-tenants of tenants, and other complicated matters, and has lost sight of the main object, which the writer says truly should have been the fostering "of a *substantial* class of cultivators who have direct interest in the agriculture of the country."

This is the more to be regretted as the Draft contains divers unexceptionable provisions about the ascertainment of the Pergunnah rates by a Special Commission so as to serve as a guide to the Courts, the payment of rent by four instalments in the year, accuracy and punctuality in receipts and accounts, simplification of legal procedure, and the prohibition when rent has been once fixed judicially, of any new suit for the next ten years. But the Draft entirely fails to deal properly with the evil practice of *abwabs* or extra and illegal cesses, nor does it discredit that of purchasing all sorts of tenures in fictitious or sham or shadowy names. The Bill, however, is in suspense till next November, and we may hope that by that time the Government may abandon the idea that difficulties will cease in proportion as sections and clauses bristle and multiply, and that they may devise some more moderate project which, while it secures and improves the position of the countless tenantry, may not be unjust to a higher class of men who in the time of famine have been useful, and in the time of mutiny, loyal and well-affected to the British Power.

TWO SUMMER STORIES.[a]

THOSE wandering Englishmen who have found themselves on the lofty piazzas of a Saratoga hotel in the height of the torrid season, or who have sat in cool comfort on the hospitable verandahs of a Newport cottage, where lawns of an almost English richness of verdure slope away to the pleasant waters of Narragansett Bay, cannot but have made the acquaintance of a variety of fiction known in the United States as the "summer novel." The wandering Englishman will, no doubt, have seen many of the pretty girls of America reading the flat quarto pamphlets into one of which the pirate-publisher reprints the solid three volumes of the English novel; but he must also have noticed by the side of these thin piratical octaves certain stouter octavo volumes stitched into paper covers. These latter were Summer Novels, and they are generally of American authorship. Their chief characteristics are brevity and liveliness; for the Summer Novel is the reverse of the Convalescent Novel. As we understand the matter, the convalescent desires a novel of gentle interest, of exciting episode, and of interminable length; while the general reader in summer seeks rather for a short tale which will keep him quietly awake during a sultry afternoon. The ideal Convalescent Novel is the great epic of the great Dumas, with its many sequels, wherein all the daring deeds are duly set down of the Three Musketeers. The ideal Summer Novel is Mr. Howells's *If Chance Acquaintance*, or Mr. James's *Siege of London*, truly books for an idle hour—bright and brief. It is as Summer Novels that we must describe the two books before us; one of them is American in authorship, and the other is English; one of them is by an experienced teller of tales, and the other is plainly enough a first attempt; one of them is by a man, and the other, in spite of a masculine *nom de guerre*, is obviously the handiwork of a woman; one covers almost the whole of the heroine's life, and the other confines itself to the setting forth of the events of six weeks; but the one and the other are Summer Novels in their brevity, their simplicity of plot, and their liveliness of narration.

Mr. Edward Everett Hale is known to all Americans as a born story-teller, as a dozen ingenious and original tales have fully proved. That Mr. Hale has written many stories not equal to his best does not detract from the merit of that best. And those who know *My Double and How He Undid Me* and *The Skeletons in the Closet*, and, above all, the admirable *Man Without a Country*—one of the very finest short stories ever written—will acknowledge that this best is good indeed. Among his longer stories, *Back to Back*, excellent in its concision, vigour, and relief, is perhaps the foremost. In the *Fortunes of Rachel* the chief quality is simplicity and straightforwardness. What Mr. Hale offers us is a series of scenes—a panorama, in fact, of the life of a young English girl, who is rescued from a wreck and taken to the United States at the age of fourteen. We are shown how she fell in with a very pleasant and humorous old lady; how she was educated; how she lost her "Aunt Lois"; how she was thrown on her own resources; how she began to earn her living; how the wrong man fell in love with her; how she does not marry him; how she does marry the right man; how she makes him a good wife in prosperity and in adversity; and how her husband is at last made a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States toward the beginning of the next century; for Mr. Hale has boldly projected his story into the future, without however wasting any space on the minor effects to be derived from this anticipation of what is yet in store for us. The story is interesting, which is the great thing in a story. The reader is carried on with a rush, and he moves from the East to the West, and again from the mines of the Rocky Mountains to the society of Washington, before he

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[a] *The Fortunes of Rachel.* By Edward Everett Hale. London: F. Bordon Hunt. 1884.

In Sunny Switzerland: a Story of Six Weeks. By Roland Grey. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

has time to take breath. The characters are all honest folk, brave men and fair women; there are no villains in the tale and there are no midnight plottings and secret murders. The story is honest, and healthy, and helpful: and it gives a far more accurate idea of life as it is in the United States than can be derived from the more elaborate studies of society along the sea-coast, where the American has been more or less contaminated by the European. Mr. Hale is sufficiently American to let one of his characters refer to "a grand English lady whom we had here; her husband is professor of applied bad manners in Oxford, I believe" (p. 105), and to set forth the application of one of the young ladies who was in process of education with Rachel, for permission to go driving with a gentleman (p. 75). Now the rules of the school allowed the young ladies to go out only with the father, the brother, or the fortunate young man to whom she might be engaged. So when Rachel's friend, Maria Kent, went to ask permission to drive with Mr. Wilcox, the principal asked:—

"And who is Mr. Wilcox, Miss Maria?"
"He is a friend of mine."
"You know the rules, Miss Maria; he is certainly not your father."
"No," said Maria, demurely.
"You have no half-brother named Wilcox?"
"No," said poor Maria.
"Are you engaged to the gentleman?"
"No," said Maria, "but I shall be before we come home."

In Sunny Switzerland is a simple little story; which it would be easy to damn with faint praise. But it is unpretending, and it is not uninteresting; and it is the work of an educated lady. It is a book which can be taken up with pleasure and laid down without great regret. The sentiment is wholesome, and it does not sink into sentimentality. The character of Mr. Folliot is very neatly hit off, and suggests that the writer may develop a stronger power of character-drawing; and the two sisters Eleanor and Verna are painted with sympathetic touches.

WITH LORD STRATFORD IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.*

IF there is not much information, there is a good deal of amusement to be got out of this volume. The writer never makes the mistake of dwelling too long on any subject; rather is he apt to arouse curiosity and then go off at a tangent without guaranteeing the authenticity of his anecdotes or giving chapter and verse for his facts. Mr. Skene has been, we learn, alternately soldier, diplomatist, and author. He appears to have lived on remarkably intimate and privileged terms with the "Great Elchi," Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; but in what capacity he served him, whether as attaché, aide-de-camp, secretary, counsellor, interpreter, or *chef*, we are left to imagine. All we know is that Mr. Skene was privileged to hold many conversations with the ambassador on the most important political events, to give counsel to the great man, and, indeed, to argue with him. It is amusing to meet with such phrases as "I tried to calm Lord Stratford's irritation"; "The Ambassador's way of putting the case seemed to me so unanswerable *that I let him have the last word*"; "I explained to Lord Stratford the accepted maxim of military science, that a besieging force ought to be twice as numerous as the defending garrison"; "Lord Stratford was horrified by the number of men placed *hors de combat* [in the assault of the Malakof and Great Redan]; but I explained to him that it was the unprepared advances against those works that so sadly augmented the lists of killed and wounded"; and more to the same effect. It is probably from an excess of modesty that Mr. Skene forbears to inform us in what relation he and the poor Ambassador so dependent upon him for an appreciation of the A B C of military matters stood to each other. It would have been satisfactory, also, to be told what military exploits Mr. Skene had performed to make of him so great an authority, and to know where he picked up his "accepted maxim of military science." If it is a maxim, it is one contradicted by the experience of a vast number of notable sieges; the fact being that the case of no two sieges can be precisely similar, so many circumstances combining to often make the relative number of opposing forces an inferior factor in bringing about the result.

Lord Stratford's character was curiously compounded. A man of genius, far-seeing views, wide sympathies, generous disposition, he had also *le défaut de ses qualités*; for he could be prejudiced, overbearing, and vehemently passionate in his too frequent exhibitions of indignation and anger. No one was more fitted for the position he held at Constantinople before the outbreak of the Crimean War, when it was necessary for England to have a strong man at the Turkish capital who should be at once able to *déjouer* Russian intrigues, to alternately cajole and terrify the Sultan, and to make matters go smoothly with France. Mr. Skene has an amusing anecdote in connexion with the Ambassador's proneness to lose his temper, but which illustrates also the facility with which he regained his self-control. He had been finding fault with a young attaché for making mistakes in copying a despatch. "Mistakes may be made," said Lord Stratford, "by the most careful attaché; how much more by the most careless!" The young diplomatist got exceedingly incensed, and told his chief that, although he was his Ambassador, he had no right to reprimand him for what was untrue, as he was not habitually careless. "You accuse me of untruthfulness! D—— your eyes!" exclaimed Lord Stratford. "D—— your Excellency's eyes!" retorted the youth. "The Elchi burst out laughing. Holding out his hand to him, he begged the attaché to excuse the infirmity of his temper, and they shook hands most cordially." One of Lord Stratford's characteristics was his veneration for royalty. We mean this in its best sense. He had scant veneration for royalty when it took the form of an Emperor Nicholas, or a Napoleon III., or a Sultan Abdul Medjid, although he was a sincere believer in divine right; but every member of our own Royal family was to him an object of unbounded deference. "I went," writes Mr. Skene, "one afternoon with Lord Stratford to dine with Admiral Sir James Dundas on board the *Britannia*. On reaching the ship we heard one of the officers call out, in a tone of no great respect, 'Come, come, Prince! this will never do; you must have that deck better swabbed.' 'The words *Prince* and *swabbed* do not seem to go well together,' said Lord Stratford to the Admiral who advanced to receive him; 'who is the Prince?' 'The Prince of Leiningen, the Queen's nephew, whom I do myself the honour of presenting to your Excellency,' replied Sir J. Dundas." On which the Ambassador told the young middy he was delighted to see him, and hoped to have the honour of his company at dinner next day at the Embassy. "He said this in a loud voice, so as to be heard by the officer who had dared to address a near relative of Her Majesty with so little ceremony; and then he turned round and scowled at the presumptuous culprit." We can easily imagine our democrats of to-day sneering at this deference to a near relative of Majesty as savouring of rankest toadyism; but Lord Stratford was anything but a toady to rank and power, and he would probably have been about the last person whom our Government at this moment would wish to have as their representative either at Cairo or Constantinople. But there is a more amusing anecdote in connexion with royalty. The Duke of Cambridge was expected as a guest at the Embassy, and on the morning of the day of his arrival the Ambassador went in his dressing-gown and slippers to see that the rooms were ready for his reception. He found the Duke's valet arranging the trunks and portmanteaus which had arrived, and began to give him directions how they should be placed. "The man left off working, and stared at Lord Stratford. 'I will tell you what it is,' he said at last. 'I know how His Royal Highness likes to have his things arranged better than you do. So you just shut up—and be off, will you, old feller?' Lord Stratford left the room in a towering passion, and, calling one of the attachés, ordered him to go and tell that man who it was he had ventured to address such language to. The attaché soon returned with sparkling eyes. 'Well, what did you say to him?' asked the Ambassador. 'I said to him, my lord, that the person to whom he had ventured to address such language was Her Majesty's representative in Turkey.' 'Ah, quite right. And what was his answer?' 'He answered, my lord, that he had never said you warn't.' It was a singular feature in Lord Stratford's hasty disposition that his anger would suddenly be appeased by anything which seemed to him ludicrous. It was so in this case, and he enjoyed a hearty laugh with his attaché."

Mr. Skene's version of the charge of the Light Brigade differs from the generally accepted one in a material point. He would have us believe that Lord Lucan, not seeing anything else to charge but a single Russian battery, ordered Lord Cardigan to charge it; that Lord Cardigan (apparently seeing nothing more) advanced on this one battery, but that Captain Nolan, perceiving the Brigade was going in the wrong direction, was, when killed by a shell, shouting and waving his sword to make it incline to the right. According to this, either Lord Cardigan was advancing, *unknown to himself*, against the Russian army in position, and then what becomes of his exclamation, "Here goes the last of the Cardigans!" or Nolan, not content with a charge upon a single battery, wished it to be delivered on the Russian army itself.

We are glad to note that Mr. Skene has no sympathy with the unjust and, we may add, stupid efforts of some few English writers on the war (and notably the historian *par excellence* of the war) to minimize in every imaginable way the extent of French co-operation during the campaign. That the French are undesirable as allies may be true. As a rule they have few principles and fewer scruples. But when we inveigh against their intense eagerness to shine, we are apt to forget that in a less demonstrative way we are equally determined to hold our own. And it is too often lost sight of that in the Crimea at one time, and that for a long period, our numbers were so insignificant, as compared with the French, that it was pardonable in the latter to imagine their *rôle* was the more important. To a one-sided Englishman or a one-sided Frenchman there can be no more edifying study than a perusal of Todleben's Crimean story. The one fresh from Kinglake and the other from Bazancourt will there find materials sufficient to enable them to form a juster estimate of the share of credit due to each. There is no more useless task than the writing of a one-sided history. It rarely convinces entirely even the actual generation, while the fallacies are invariably detected later on. In proof of this, we may cite the fact that among well-informed Frenchmen at the present day the Waterloo story of Thiers is regarded as an eloquent and patriotic romance. Colonel de la Tour d'Auvergne in his work on Waterloo observes that Thiers is "unsatisfactory." There can be no possible doubt that at Inkerman we were saved

* *With Lord Stratford in the Crimean War.* By James Henry Skene. London: Bentley & Son. 1884.

by the arrival of the French. As a Russian general remarked on the field to his staff:—"The French are saving the English at Inkerman, as the Prussians did at Waterloo." Of course there was no merit whatever in the mere fact that the French came up to assist us, and they are not entitled to the smallest shred of credit in having so come. But as a matter of fact their arrival did turn defeat into victory; and when we know, as we do know, that their co-operation, which might have been given grudgingly, was accorded in the most chivalrous and cordial manner, by all from the General-in-Chief downwards, it is as silly as it is unjust to endeavour to make light of and minimize the extent and efficacy of such co-operation. It is all the more strange and more silly that historians should write in a partial spirit when the actors in the drama were animated by the most generous sentiments.

Lord Raglan rode up to General Bosquet after the battle, and dropping his bridle on his charger's neck (it will be remembered Lord Raglan had lost an arm at Waterloo), took the Frenchman's hand, and thanked him in the name of England for the part he had taken in the battle. He added that he regretted not being able to press both his hands in cordial acknowledgment of the signal service which he had thus rendered. "I regret it more than you can," answered Bosquet, "for it was our fault that you should only have one." "All old scores have long since been wiped out," said Lord Raglan, "but even if they had not been already forgotten, the powerful support given by the French to the English this day would efface every painful remembrance between the two nations."

Mr. Skene has a "deliciously French" story anent the reason for the opposition shown by Marshal St. Arnaud to agree to Lord Raglan's wish to attack Sebastopol from the north, and so in all probability terminate the business by one *grand coup*. "Nous ne voulons pas," said one of St. Arnaud's staff to the author, "que les Russes cèdent trop vite—nous voulons beaucoup de tapage—nous aimons le tambour—nous aimons la gloire—nous aimons tout ce qui est creux—tout ce qui fait du bruit—nous autres de la Gr-r-rande Nation." It is one of the most paradoxical points in French character—one that makes it so little comprehensible to ordinary Englishmen—that while they delight in *tapage* and *gloire*, and in sounding hollownesses generally, their extreme acuteness prevents their being blind to the emptiness of such; and, if rallied thereupon, they will at one moment defend their position with every show of pride attacked, and the next—honour once satisfied—they will be the first to turn round and raise a laugh at their own expense.

We look upon it as pretty certain that in some future war we shall come to very serious grief if newspaper correspondents are permitted to circulate everywhere, pick the brains of those in authority, and telegraph right and left their information and impressions. General Todleben himself told Mr. Skene that in the Crimean War little information was to be got out of the French papers; but that it did not matter, as he received the English papers regularly, and that these supplied him with valuable data as to not only the English but the French proceedings. He said that from a London newspaper he learned that the salient angle of the Redan was being mined by the English, and accordingly he promptly set to work to countermine. "I went into it myself, and heard the English sappers and miners above me laughing and talking as they worked. When I left the countermine for the train to be fired, I felt how painful was the duty I had to fulfil. I saw the poor English sappers and miners blown into the air with heads, legs, and arms torn off."

We will conclude our notice of this volume of anecdotes—all more or less amusing, and all, we presume, more or less authentic—with one more citation. A certain field officer in the Crimea was the perfection of a commanding officer in every respect, but with one sad defect—he took more brandy and soda than was good for him.

I asked him one day how he liked Constantinople. He said it would be a charming place were it not for its abominably unhealthy climate. I remarked that I had never heard of the unhealthiness of Constantinople. "Well," he remarked, "all I can say is that I was not there a week before I had delirium tremens. I ought to have stayed at the Scutari hospital, where Miss Nightingale *assured me that neither she nor any of her lady-nurses had ever had it.* But I thought I had got so strong under their care that I should be proof against the infection of the delirium tremens which is raging on the other side of the Bosphorus. The Greek Patriarch and several of the Ambassadors are suffering dreadfully from it. Constantinople has a bad climate, believe me."

We have not touched upon the author's exposition of Lord Stratford's political views and diplomatic conduct, as there is nothing in the book under these heads with which the public is not already familiar. The treaty of peace, after a war the results of which were in no way advantageous to Turkey, in whose interests it was nominally begun, was expected to settle the Eastern Question for ever. Yet Lord Stratford lived to see another war between Turkey and Russia, and on this occasion his voice was raised to oppose England's participation in it. By this time he had given up Turkey as being in an irreclaimably bad political and social condition. Indeed, before then "he had remarked to me, with evident mortification," says Mr. Skene, "'There is no more prosperity in store for Turkey than there was for Rome when Horace bewailed the decline of his country's vigour and virtues; and no long time elapsed before an irruption of barbarians overthrew it.' He frowned as he emphatically pronounced the word 'barbarians,' pointing northwards from the open window of his study at Therapia, where he sat enjoying a cool breeze and an uninterrupted view of the Black Sea."

MANUSCRIPTS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.*

THERE are few literary tasks apparently so simple, yet practically so difficult, as the compilation of a really serviceable catalogue of a large and important collection; and there is hardly any work which, if satisfactorily executed, evidences such close attention and such long and patient labour, and yet, with the generality of students, meets with so little approval or is more ruthlessly criticized. And when the collection is extensive and varied, as is that of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, the probabilities of producing a catalogue which is neither too elaborate or too much condensed are by no means to be under-estimated. "Logic," it has been said, "has not yet succeeded in laying down a formula for the production of a title-page which shall be both concise and exhaustive, and constitute an infallible finger-post to the nature of a book." A catalogue of manuscripts is a long series of title-pages; and while one student will complain that the several entries are frequently insufficient to direct his researches, another will groan under the weight of seemingly interminable repetitions, and wish the editor had resorted to some sterner system of compression. The golden mean would surely seem to have been attained in these recently-issued catalogues. They may not be perfect, for all human pens are fallible; but it is not easy to suggest in what direction they could be improved; and, having tested them somewhat severely, the critic is more inclined to acknowledge the success that has been attained than search for possible errors, or question the system upon which they are devised, or the ability which has guided their arrangement. They do not form a complete catalogue of the MSS. in the custody of the department, since they commence only with the Addition made since 1854, and, with the exception of the selection from the Stowe MSS., are brought down only to the end of the year 1882. The MSS. previously acquired are less satisfactorily indexed. Possibly the Trustees may be induced to reprint, or rather recast and publish, these earlier volumes, that the whole series may be attainable in more convenient form, and so find their proper place on the shelves of every reference and public library.

The manuscript collection in the Museum is a singularly rich one. Few even of the more intelligent visitors who are attracted by the cases in "the King's Library" and the anteroom by which it is approached have any clear idea of the extent and value of a collection of which comparatively few selected examples can at any time be exhibited. That the greater part of these treasures should remain unseen by the general public is inevitable. Complaints from time to time are uttered, even in those august Houses which are supposed to represent the united wisdom of the nation, that the collections in the British Museum are not more popularized; and suggestions have even been made that not only should every nook and corner of the Museum be thrown open, but that important parts of the collections should periodically visit the provincial museums, as do certain selections from the galleries at South Kensington. But, if these national treasures are not better known, it is from no fault of the department. Consistently with their safe custody, there is no museum in the world where everything the student can reasonably desire is so completely at his command, and where more courteous assistance is always at hand to further his researches. The production of these recently-issued catalogues is evidence sufficient of the anxiety of those who, under the Trustees, have the custody of the collection to make its contents more widely known and more generally available. Had a greater measure of success in times past attended their endeavours, the country would not now have to regret the dispersal of collections which can never be recovered. The Hamilton MSS. would not have gone to Berlin, or the larger portion of the Ashburnhams have been refused.

It is not easy to account for the extraordinary indifference with which the English people have, until very recent years, regarded the possession and the safe custody of manuscripts and charters, without which history degenerates into tradition. Mr. Ewald, of the Record Office, in his *Stories from the State Papers*, has graphically told what dangers many of our most valuable public papers have escaped. At one time an important section were described by Prynne, *temp.* Charles II., as "buried together in a confused chaos, under corroding, putrefying cobwebs, dust, and filth, in the dark corners of Cæsar's Chapel in the White Tower." The "Records of the Queen's Remembrancer" were for many years deposited in sheds near the King's Mews at Charing Cross, subject to untold injuries from damp and rats; and, when the Mews were pulled down to make way for that supreme effort of English architecture, the National Gallery, the papers that sur-

* *Catalogue of Additions to the Manuscripts in the British Museum in the years* 1854–1860. Vol. I., pp. 938. Printed by Order of the Trustees, 1875.

Catalogue of Additions to the Manuscripts in the British Museum in the years 1854–1875. Vol. II., pp. 1,050. Printed by Order of the Trustees, 1877.

Index to the Catalogue of Additions to the Manuscripts in the British Museum in the years 1854–1875. Pp. 1,575. Printed by Order of the Trustees, 1880.

Catalogue of Additions to the Manuscripts in the British Museum in the years 1876–1881. Pp. 616. Printed by Order of the Trustees, 1882.

Catalogue of a Selection from the Stowe Manuscripts exhibited in the King's Library in the British Museum. Pp. 83. Printed by Order of the Trustees, 1883. With fifteen autotype reproductions.

Catalogue of Romances in the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum. Vol. I., pp. 955. Printed by Order of the Trustees, 1883.

vived were removed to the stables at Carlton House, to a building which the late Mr. Braidwood reported would not resist a fire for twenty minutes.

The venerable Domesday Book, the most priceless record in Europe, was preserved in the Chapter-house of Westminster Abbey, behind which were a brewhouse and a washhouse "reported as dangerous, and endangering the safety of the Chapter-house by fire," while the number of papers, royal, political, and private, which have entirely disappeared can never probably be known. A Treaty concluded with Holland in 1654 has been bought at an auction, and an original Treaty with Portugal of the same year was discovered at an old bookstall. It was not until 1851 that any serious attempt was made to provide for the safe custody of deeds and papers which, from their historical importance and antiquity, are absolutely invaluable. "They stand unrivalled," writes Mr. Ewald, "and cast the archives of Rome, Paris, Vienna, the Hague, and Madrid completely into the shade." To these papers a large proportion of the collections in the British Museum are actually supplementary; "divers books, treaties, papers, and records of State," which in the earlier careless days were liable to loss or theft, have in numerous instances found their way into the Manuscript Department, which also lovingly shelters treasures rescued from a still more cruel fate; such are the Service Books, the Hours, and Manuals of Devotion in which England was at one time extraordinarily rich. The Reformation and the Commonwealth, whatever blessings they may have brought in their train, were not favourable to art, nor were the iron-helmeted troopers who, whether serving under Henry VIII., or some hundred or more years later under Cromwell, took a pious delight in looting an abbey or a cathedral library, accustomed to show more reverence to Books of Hours or MSS., illuminated or "in camaieu gris," than to sacred images or painted windows; and the artist and the bibliophile may record in unison of horror how the glovers of a Midland town long supplied themselves with vellum from the plunder of a single library.

The 4,100 MSS., collected by Sir Hugh Sloane in the early part of the eighteenth century, and acquired by the nation on the establishment of the British Museum at Montague House, in 1753, forms the nucleus of the present collection. At the same time were added the 1029 Cottonian MSS., mostly of extreme value and rarity, brought together by Sir Robert Cotton in the seventeenth century; the MSS. 7,644, from the library of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford; and the "Old Royal Collection," formerly belonging to James I., and incorporated with the rest in 1757, 1,950 volumes. Fifty years later, in 1807, the Lansdowne MSS., in 1,245 volumes, were purchased. The next important addition was of 514 MSS. from Mr. Francis Hargrave, in 1813. Four years afterwards 524 volumes were purchased from the executors of the Rev. Charles Burney. The Royal collection, formed by George III., now called "The King's," of 446 volumes, was added in 1823, in the reign of George IV. This was followed, in 1831, by 550 volumes from the collection of Thomas Howard, fourteenth Earl of Arundel; while the Egerton collection, continually augmented by funds bequeathed for the purpose by its generous donor, Francis Henry Egerton, eighth Earl of Bridgewater, and by Charles Long, Lord Farnborough, in 1825, at the end of the year 1882 numbered 2,610 volumes. The series called "The Additional MSS.," in which the above-named collections are not included, are numbered in continuation of the Sloane collection; beginning with 4,101, and increased from time to time by bequest or purchase, the final entry recorded in these catalogues is No. 31,896. Last year were added MSS. from the Stowe collection, formed by the Marquis of Buckingham at the beginning of the present century, a part—an important one, certainly, but only a part—of what has acquired a greater celebrity as "The Ashburnham MSS." It may be remarked that the Government, in sanctioning the purchase, to which they had been so strongly urged, were not unmindful of "Irish ideas," but, impelled by some inscrutable influence, caused to be transferred all Irish MSS. and all volumes relating to the sister isle to the library of the Royal Academy at Dublin. It is to be hoped in the interests of art, literature, and science, that this singular decision will not establish a precedent, or be allowed a retrospective action, since it might somewhat seriously interfere with the chief objects of the Museum if its contents generally were relegated to their parental soil.

"The Catalogue of Romances" deserves a fuller notice. It is at present sufficient to remark that it is a good example of what is called in the department a "Class Catalogue." The Oriental MSS., numbering more than 8,500, and described in twelve volumes; and the Spanish MSS., in three, are also "Class Catalogues." The Papyri, and a very varied and extensive collection of Bullæ and detached seals, are indexed in these volumes. To these, in estimating the richness of the entire department, must be added the collection of Deeds, Rolls, and Charters, only partially included in these recently-issued volumes. The Harleian charters, not a few of which date before the Norman conquest, are indexed in seven folios. The "Additional Charters" are numbered up to 27,000; the "Egerton," 485. Probably the whole number, when the catalogues are complete, will be found to exceed 100,000. It may be mentioned as showing the extent of these collections that the catalogues required for use in the department fill no less than 110 thick folio volumes. A class catalogue might with advantage be made of the collection of music in score. It would include a most interesting and valuable series of works once in the possession of Mr. Julian Marshall, and dating forwards from the sixteenth century, partially in holograph, of the greatest and most renowned composers.

It can never, of course, be suggested that "A Catalogue of Additional MSS." of "the Stowe Collection," or even of "Romances," still less a ponderous "Index" of 1,500 closely-printed pages in double column, are titles which will prove particularly attractive to the general reader; nor would the volumes themselves meet the wishes of those light-hearted students who never wander beyond the fugitive literature of the day. We should not look for these books at a railway-station, or expect them in our box from Mudie's; yet there are entries even in the "Index" which by their suggestiveness will imperiously arrest the attention of that happiest of all students, the "desultory reader"—as the eye of the Ancient Mariner fascinated the wedding guest—and compel his swift attendance in the MSS. room. What bibliophile could resist in vellum folio a fifteenth-century translation into "Englysshe" of a work by Bonaventura, suggestive from initial letter to colophon of the vigorous polemics of those early days, the cadences of which have not yet entirely ceased, entitled "A short tretis written to confusion of al fals lollardes and heretykes"? How painful his regret that a volume of poems and short treatises should be labelled "imperfect" when among its contents are Gospel stories, hymns, religious songs, and "disputacions"—a veritable page from some Christian Knowledge Society catalogue of the day. We should all be the better, if the chapter were only complete, for "A ful good meditacion for on to seye bi him self al on"; we could not fail to benefit by "the fourme of parfyt liuinge the whuche holi Richard the hermit of hampalle wrot to a recluse that was jcleped Margate"; and there must be many a volume in a churchman's library less edifying than "a luytel Boke that was writen to a worldly lord to teche hym hou he schuld haue hym in his state in ordeynyng loue to god and to his euen cristene." That the spelling in these old manuscripts is sometimes quaint and irregular, and that "monkish Latin" should have become proverbial, is perhaps accounted for by the occasional discovery of one of the rarest of literary treasures, a school-book of those days. The most rigid examiner would be merciful with a class whose only English-Latin dictionary had no earlier entry than "Bovntcovsnesse," and which abruptly ends with "Tryin a truthe be doom Discerno nis." The "Aduertisements of a loyall subiect to his gratious Souereigne drawne from the observations of the peoples speeches" might, while the House is in Committee, be studied with some advantage by the Speaker; and, impatient as are certain legislators of what they contemptuously term "ancient history," the time of the House itself would not be entirely wasted if a Government evening were devoted to "Certayne speciall Proiects to discouer from the Tyme past, and to preuent for the Tyme too come sundrye greate Abuses." Of volumes of a still graver character the Society for Psychical Research might fitly take cognisance. No modern tale of Spiritualism in which the intervention of a "medium" is necessary could surely be so instructive as a direct and animated "disputacion" between a good man and an evil spirit, the more interesting since the mysterious stranger stigmatized by the author as "a wikked gost" attempts to conceal his real nature, or possibly the want of it, by speaking of himself merely as a "ferrene mon an a wai feeringe." Equally suited to their purposes should be an account of an apparition at Alexti, near Avignon, and his, or its, conversation with the Prior of a house of "Frere prechoures," the slightly incomprehensible title would present no difficulty, "A good tretis that men clepeth spiritu Gwydonis." If wit is rightly defined as "an incongruity which excites surprise," a MS. of much more recent days is infinitely pleasing. Who would have supposed "the little Corporal" was a theologian, or expect "Notes on the Books of the Old Testament" by Napoleon Buonaparte. But for exquisite humour, the purest because most unconscious, commend us to a Poet Laureate's birthday ode; a holograph in the Stowe collection, and now exhibited in the King's Library. It is by Nahum Tate, addressed to that "Best of Kings," George I., of whom Macaulay writes so unlovingly, and is alone worth a pilgrimage to Bloomsbury. One stanza may be quoted. The poet adjures "the harmonious Powers,"

> In the transport of your joys,
> Beware the sacrilegious crime
> Of trespassing upon the monarch's time,
> Which since for common welfare he employs
> The Muses' tribe would wrong
> The public int'rest to detain him long.

DAY'S COLLACON.*

WE should have been inclined to look upon this book as a joke, did it not contain 1,216 pages, in double columns, and weigh over eight pounds avoirdupois. Whether for a *Collacon* it is long and heavy or short and light we cannot say, as it is the first specimen of that species that we have as yet come across. A man who had seen only one hippopotamus could not tell whether, among hippopotamuses, it was anything out of the common. For

* *Day's Collacon: an Encyclopædia of Prose Quotations.* Consisting of Beautiful Thoughts, Choice Extracts, and Sayings, of the most Eminent Writers of all Nations, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time; together with a Comprehensive Biographical Index of Authors, and an Alphabetical List of Subjects quoted. Compiled and arranged by Edward Parsons Day. London: Sampson Low & Co.

all he could know, it might be a mere baby. Should our readers ask what kind of a thing a Collacon is, we must refer them to the title-page. There they will learn that it is an Encyclopædia of Prose Quotations. How, by the way, a work that is limited not only to quotations, but to quotations of one kind, can be an encyclopædia is not worth inquiring. Mr. Day, no doubt, is as ignorant of the true meaning of an encyclopædia as the rest of the world is of that of Collacon. For a long time we puzzled ourselves over the derivation of this strange term. At last we were able to hit on an explanation that seems satisfactory. In the Preface the author tells us that "some years ago it was his good fortune to meet Mr. James Ellis, who had prepared a volume for publication under the title of *Laconia; or, Gems of Literature, Original and Selected.*" "This production," he continues, "contained so many quotations that were adapted to this work, that an arrangement was at once entered into by which the manuscript was secured, and the author himself engaged to assist in completing the *Collacon.*" The title, then, we infer, is meant to imply either a collection of laconic sayings at which one man has worked with another, or else a collection which every one can carry with him. Against this latter signification we must set the eight pounds avoirdupois. A rich man, no doubt, might always be followed by his page, who should carry his *Collacon* ready for him. In that way, should even two thousand subjects be discussed, he would have almost at his finger's end forty thousand quotations from the eight thousand most eminent writers of all nations. To a member of Parliament this collection should be invaluable. No matter to what party he may belong, or what hobby-horse he may ride, let him keep his *Collacon* on the bench by him, he will always have ready an appropriate laconic saying.

The *Collacon* is still further enriched by portraits of the most illustrious among the eight thousand of the most eminent writers, and by a biographical index, in which we have a brief account of them all. Thereby we become acquainted not only with the lives, but also with the features, of Zoroaster and Mr. Edward Parsons Day, and of Confucius and Mr. James Ellis. People are certainly jumbled together in the strangest manner. Thus in the index we come across such an assemblage of names as the following:—

> Thomas A Kempis. See Kempis, Thomas A.
> Thomas, Annie (Mrs. Pender Cudlip, q. v.)
> Thomas Aquinas, Saint. See Aquinas, Saint Thomas.

Among the portraits, on the same sheet and all in a line, we find Goethe, Cicero, Demosthenes, and Noah Webster. George Lippard, of Chester County, Pennsylvania, is given just above John Locke, and Henry Ward Beecher above Edmund Burke. Fanny Fern, otherwise Sarah Payson Willis Parton, "who gained a widespread reputation as a writer of spicy articles," is joined with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Sir Philip Sidney is matched with W. G. Simms, and Dean Swift with Henry W. Shaw, better known as Josh. Billings. Queen Victoria, Mrs. Emma Hart Willard, of Berlin, Connecticut, and Lydia Huntley Sigourney (the American Hemans) seem each pleased with the society of the other two. Still more comical is the effect that is produced by the way in which the quotations are arranged. Should we turn, for instance, to the heading "Drinking," the first of the eight thousand most eminent writers that is allowed to speak is P. T. Barnum, who briefly says:—"Use no intoxicating drinks." He is at once followed by Demosthenes. Lower down on the same page, between the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* and Dr. Johnson, we have Elisha L. Magoon, of Lebanon, New Hampshire, who says:—

> The votaries of distilled drinks and voluptuous dishes, saturated with alcohol, bloated with gluttony, and filthy with tobacco, inflame their debauchery to the greatest degree until nature is exhausted, and then, down the gloomy gulf of suicide or the fiery one of delirium tremens, they plunge to eternal death.

Burton, by the way, is made to describe men in a tavern as "drinking *venenum (sic) pro vino.*" Dr. Johnson is followed by Mr. James Ellis, who, as one of his "original gems of literature," declares that "Drunkenness is the devil's agent." He in his turn is followed by the author of the *Collacon* himself, who, not to be outdone in sententious originality by his partner, maintains that "A drunkard is his own tormentor." Mr. Martin F. Tupper, coming between Krishna and Plato, asserts that "Work done may claim its wages." In one line Mrs. Abigail G. Whittlesey writes, "Mothers, endeavour to educate your daughters"; and in the next line Aristotle asserts that "Mothers are more fond of their children than fathers are." Just between Goethe and Raleigh we find Louisa Caroline Huggins Tuthill, who has discovered that "Self-government is a much more difficult task for the irritable, the passionate, the sanguine, than for the naturally amiable." On the same page Mrs. Emma Tuttle, an American Spiritualist, supported on one side by Macrobius and on the other by Seneca, maintains that "Self-esteem is not vanity; it is consciousness of having lived right." Mr. E. P. Day and his partner, perhaps, are *Tuttleites.* They certainly have self-esteem, for they not only give their own portraits, but they quote themselves more largely by far than almost any other of the eight thousand most eminent writers. Bismarck, Cobden, Darwin, Grote, John Stuart Mill, they quote twice; Mr. Huxley, seven times; Mr. Tupper, 59 times; and Dr. Elisha L. Magoon, 110 times; while from Mr. Day we have 230 quotations, and from Mr. Ellis 400 at least. Mr. Day is the discoverer of such truths as the following:—"Arithmetic is an aid to every science," and "Duelling is a relic of barbarism." Among Mr. Ellis's "original gems" we read:—"They who favour the eating of suppers overlook the wisdom of the salutary and restricting laws of nature." He is not so fond of brevity as his partner. The following is a fair specimen of his 400 gems:—

> It is a deplorable state of things when a fair and upright conduct avails less in the success of an undertaking, than the employment of duplicity and artifice, and would be most likely to defeat it, when the other would be almost certain to accomplish the end in view.

It is a little puzzling to find among the writers in prose—who alone, according to the editor, are quoted in the *Collacon*—Homer and Æschylus, Virgil and Horace. Perhaps Mr. Day has become acquainted with these writers in the translations published by Mr. Bohn, and may not have discovered that in the original they had written in verse. It is scarcely less puzzling to be told that Sallust asserted that "Every man is born a pauper." In the Biographical Index we come across some strange statements. John Sterling is described as a Scottish divine, and Mr. Leslie Stephen as an English theologian. After Mrs. Browning has been introduced as "one of England's most gifted female poets," in the next paragraph we come upon "Browning, Robert, husband of the preceding, born in Camberwell." We hope that the Browning Societies will not pass over this slight cast on their favourite author by an American editor, even though his *Collacon* does weigh over eight pounds. By the way, the quotations from both husband and wife are verse, printed to look like prose—not, perhaps, a very difficult matter, in the case of one of them at least. Lord George Gordon is entered only as "Gordon, George, the leader of the Gordon Riots"; but, to make up for this, we find "Trevelyan, Lord, K.C.B. (Sir Charles Edward)." The last Earl of Derby is described as "Stanley, Lord, Edward Geoffroy Smith (Earl of Derby)." The Duchess of Marlborough, we read, was "a lady celebrated for her beauty, ambition, and political influence." She should be still more celebrated for her length of years; for, if we may trust the Biographical Index, while she was born in 1660, she did not die till 1774. When we turned to the *Collacon* to see what it was she had said that found her a place in this Encyclopædia, we read that she is the author of that "beautiful thought, choice extract, or saying, *Let us do all in our power for the relief of those in distress.*" Surely Pope did so good a woman grievous wrong when he described her as

> Sick of herself through very selfishness.

Some of the characters are not wanting in a kind of comicality. Thus we are briefly told that Edward IV. was "a brave prince, possessing many amiable qualities." Edward VI. was "an amiable and humane monarch, and author of several works." Elizabeth was merely "a highly accomplished woman." Charles II. "lacked the virtues of his father, being noted for his immoralities," while "James II. was a brave, determined, and energetic monarch." Of Arthur we are told nothing more than that he was a king of a tribe of ancient Britons and author of the saying "Deny not to woman the proper use of her tongue." King Alfred—just as if his death were recorded in the columns of the *Times*—"died universally lamented." Among the sayings none perhaps is more extraordinary than one which is put in the mouth of the late Sir Rowland Hill. He not only, it should seem, discovered penny-postage, but also the following profound truth:—"Birth is a shadow, courage, self-sustained, out-lords succession's phlegm, and needs no ancestors." Such a saying surely must belong to one of the celebrated American writers who are found in these pages in swarms. One of the three Dodges, for instance, might have uttered it—Dodge, Mary A., or Dodge, Mary M., or Dodge, R. J. Or was it not spoken by George W. Shinn, or Dr. Joel Shew—Shinn, who maintains that "Hope is the expectation of good," and Shew, who boldly asserts that "Idiocy is characterized by a more or less complete obliteration of the moral and intellectual faculties." In these eight pounds weight of pages let not a single man be defrauded. Though England should suffer by seeing one of her sons struck out from the list of the eight thousand most eminent writers of the world, nevertheless let justice be done. With his one quotation gone, Sir Rowland Hill will no longer figure in the *Collacon*, but his place will be worthily supplied by one who no doubt "out-lords succession's phlegm, and needs no ancestors."

TWO BOOKS ON ANCIENT SCULPTURE.*

WE are afraid that we shall give offence to both the authors whose works we have here under review by linking them together in a single notice. We can imagine that to Mr. Murray Mrs. Mitchell seems superficial, second-rate, and sentimental, and that to Mrs. Mitchell Mr. Murray seems pedantic, crotchety, and wrongheaded. We, however, hold a higher opinion of each of them than perhaps they hold of one another, and in this season of the year, if two archæologists will insist on bringing out books together, they must expect simultaneous review. Besides it really is not necessary that the two authors should interfere with one another. Mrs. Mitchell's field is wide enough to take in sculpture from the beginning of the world. She discusses Egyptian, Assyrian, Phœnician, and Archaic Greek art, and has covered three hundred pages before she reaches the point where Mr. Murray takes up his parable, at the commencement of the age of Pheidias. Mr. Murray again is much more minute and positive than Mrs.

* *A History of Greek Sculpture.* Vol. II. Under Pheidias and his Successors. By A. S. Murray. With Illustrations. London: John Murray.

A History of Ancient Sculpture. By Lucy M. Mitchell. With numerous Illustrations. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Mitchell in his mode of approaching the subject. He throws himself into controversy, and stands up with the enemy in the gate upon points of technical detail. He aims at being himself a *Forscher*, while Mrs. Mitchell merely performs the part of the wren seated between the wings of the soaring eagle of archæology. She makes no pretension to original research, but like a celebrated Oxford character, "what there is to know, she knows it."

We are sorry to be obliged to say that we do not like this second and final volume of Mr. Murray's quite so much as the first, which was published in 1880. In dealing with the archaic art of Greek, and following with scrupulous care the phenomena of its evolution, Mr. Murray showed himself not always, we think, a safe, but always an ingenious and pleasing, guide. It appears to us that the comparative poverty of the ground which he had to traverse was a preservative to him, and that in considering the fuller and more complex monuments of a later age, he has found himself painfully embarrassed by the mass of documents at his disposal. His style, which was at no time easy or eloquent, has become more harsh than it was, and some of his pages are downright hard to read. He has felt it desirable to open his discussion by a preliminary chapter on idealism, in which he has said a great deal that is ingenious and worthy of consideration, but in which he is too uneasily conscious of the prestige of foreign opinion. On the very first page, and at the very opening mention of idealism, we are delayed by a note in which the view of M. Eugène Véron is stated. We should have been satisfied on such a point as the definition of a philosophical term to have known Mr. Murray's view. We turn the page, and find that it is reduced to half its dimensions to make room for a very wordy passage from Hartmann's *Philosophie des Unbewussten*, and so the chapter proceeds, page by page. The quotations are often curious and obscure; those, for instance, from the *Quid Phidiæ Plato debuerit* of M. Lévêque lie outside the path of most people's reading. But the unhappy student, torn this way and that, is likely to cry at last—Let M. Lévêque and Herr Hartmann and all the other learned gentlemen write their own books. What we at present want to know is, what does Mr. Murray think?

There is perhaps no English archæologist who has made himself familiar with the conjectures of so many German and French scholars as Mr. Murray. His references to these authorities are copious and bewildering, and we cannot but feel that they would command a greater respect if they were more consistent. At the present moment the immense impetus which has been given to archæology by the recent discoveries at Olympia, Pergamus, and elsewhere, has tended to throw the development of theoretical research into chaos. The old views, the old standards of opinion, have to be abandoned, and who is to decide what the new ones are to be? The position of Alcamenes in the history of art is a case in point. Until the excavations at Olympia were made it was not possible for us to form any definite conception of the work of this man further than was implied by the facts that Pliny seems to speak of him as the pupil of Pheidias, and Pausanias as only second to that master in the cunning of sculpture. These statements left but little room for discussion, and Alcamenes took his conjectural place in history with little dispute. But now the whole state of the case is altered. Considerable fragments of the west pediment of the temple at Olympia, which we have the direct testimony of Pausanias was carved by Alcamenes, have come under our notice. It must be simply by an oversight, by the way, that Mrs. Mitchell in her plates attributes this pediment to Pæonius, and the eastern one to Alcamenes. But without any such rude reversal as this, we have ground enough for various conjecture. Brunn begins by entirely rejecting the supposition that Alcamenes was a pupil of Pheidias, since these newly-discovered works conform in no degree to the sculptures of the Parthenon, and he asserts that Alcamenes and Pæonius came together from some place in the north of Greece, and so were almost unaffected by the style of Pheidias. Furtwængler has gone further still, and has started the theory that Alcamenes was working on the pediments of Olympia a dozen years before the Parthenon was begun, and that Pheidias deigned to be indebted to him for ideas. Mr. Murray will none of this, and thinks that it was an Ionic tradition hanging about Alcamenes and Pæonius that makes their work seem in some respects more archaic than that of Pheidias. But now there comes in an odd story which has always been told to the credit of Pheidias—namely, that in a competition with Alcamenes the latter was about to win the prize, when the statue of the former was raised to the height for which it was intended, and was found to be by far the more skilful of the two. As an old Greek author puts it, Pheidias was found to be "optically and geometrically" the better sculptor. But Mr. Murray, with reference to the skill shown at Olympia, thinks that this story may be reversed; and, if we understand him rightly, believes that it was the youthful Pheidias who was beaten by Alcamenes. But now there arises Professor Boetticher, who concludes that Pausanias made a mistake in supposing that Alcamenes had anything to do with the sculptures at Olympia at all, and we are at sea again. It certainly is a terrible thing to reflect that our evidence of authorship rests entirely on a note in a journal as lax as a traveller's letter which should accidentally attribute to Salvator Rosa a group of paintings in a palace which were really painted by Domenichino.

Mrs. Mitchell does not trouble herself to go into these niceties of criticism. She sails more cheerfully than Mr. Murray over the hidden reefs of the subject, conscious that her bark is a lighter one than his. Yet it would be unfair to her not to point out that she has taken pains to ensure accuracy on all points that are not purely conjectural. Her proof-sheets have been revised by Professor von Duhn, of Heidelberg, and the principal authorities of the British Museum and of the Berlin National Museum appear as sponsors for her acquaintance with the results of the latest investigations. It has been at Heidelberg, and with daily recourse to the excellent Archæological Institute of that town, that she has spent the last year during which the composition of this volume occupied her. We may say that no woman has done so much to aid the popularization of sound archæological science. Mrs. Mitchell, moreover, writes in a flowing and agreeable style, without affectation, and without any of those peculiarities of diction which more original scholars have allowed to deform their descriptions. We are sometimes conscious that she has a German authority before her; but when she is free to write from memory or observation she puts her facts before us in a remarkably pleasing form. We are not sorry in a work of this scope to find the imaginative and decorative sides of ancient art dwelt upon in their due proportion. It is singular that such beautiful creations as a poem, or a picture, or a statue by a great master can so often, in the present day, appeal to the learned only as objects upon which to expend the dry labours of the scholiast. We are told what this professor and what that has fancied about them, we are furnished with statistical calculations of the number of feet in the one, the condition of the glazes in another, the peculiarities of the undercutting in the third. These things are not in themselves unessential, and indeed must not be omitted in any detailed examination of the work. But it is desirable to remind ourselves that, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has boldly said, "the aorists were made for man, not man for the aorists," and to set an appreciation of the glory and loveliness of a work of art, and of its spiritual significance, above the mere technology or grammar of it.

The illustration of a book on art is so large an element in its usefulness, that we cannot admit that it is an unimportant subject for criticism. In this respect Mrs. Mitchell has very greatly the advantage over Mr. Murray. Her book is illustrated copiously, irregularly, and from a great variety of sources, but some of her plates are among the least inadequate which we have seen. The phototype of the tragic head from the Villa Ludovisi, usually called "The Dying Medusa," opposite p. 618, is a charming reproduction of what evidently has been a good cast, untampered with. It is noticeable that this plate is clear, yet uniformly light in tone. It is better than that of a fragment of the Amazon Frieze, opposite p. 470, which is sculptor-like and free, but smudged or clouded in appearance. The colossal head of Aphrodite, from Berlin, which some critics attribute to the hand of Alcamenes himself, is excellently reproduced at p. 320, apparently from the original marble. On the whole we have seen no illustration to a work on antique sculpture more useful than this, which conceals nothing and corrects nothing in the condition of the work as it has come down to us. Of these phototypes, however, there are but a few in Mrs. Mitchell's book, although that volume is accompanied by a portfolio containing thirty-six such plates; an appendix which we can warmly recommend. Nearly three hundred woodcuts are scattered through the book, and these are of unequal value. Some are mere outlines; inoffensive indications of the general design of sculptures. Some are very refined and skilful pieces of engraving, transferred to the volume from the pages of the *Century Magazine*, in which a large portion of Mrs. Mitchell's work originally appeared. They have not the advantage of being so carefully printed here as they were in the magazine, but such engravings as the head of the "Hermes" of Praxiteles, facing p. 438, or the "Peiraian Tombstone," on p. 503, are welcome in any condition. Unhappily, side by side with these, we find illustrations so incompetent as the restorations of "The Olympia Pediments," to face p. 264, which seem to be reductions of poor lithographs, or so coarse as the "Tyche and Orontes," on p. 553. It will probably be some time before the public is presented with a manual of sculpture in which all the illustrations are uniformly excellent.

In the meantime Mr. Murray's book may serve as a dreadful example of all that publishers should avoid in the way of illustration. It is only fair, however, to mention one or two exceptions. The phototype of a slab from the frieze of the Parthenon, opposite p. 40, though needlessly clouded, is not unsatisfactory. The restoration of the West Pediment at Olympia for p. 146 is exceedingly good. The outline woodcuts, of which a great number are given, are, like those used in Mrs. Mitchell's book, fairly inoffensive. But what are we to say of the hideous lithograph of the Apollo Sauroktonos which faces p. 260? What of the still more ridiculous Hermes of p. 256, the face of which is distorted into a comic grin? If the newly-invented processes are destined to fill our books with plates so feeble and meaningless as those which are supposed to reproduce the fragments from the Nike Temple, we do not desire that they should be encouraged. Of these lovely forms scarcely an intelligible shadow is preserved. Another kind of horror is presented to us in the plate of bronze statuettes for p. 114, where an attempt to reproduce the appearance of the original patina has had the result of making the figures look as though they were badly modelled in clay, and smeared over with Brunswick black. They have a fine swarthy polish, but it is that sort of polish which housemaids give to grates. The palm of badness must be shared between these little figures and a frightful species of black ghost on p. 396 which does duty for a marble statuette of Aphrodite from Antaradus. We fear that the

practical value of this book, into which so much careful scholarship has been cast, will be seriously diminished by the badness of the illustrations, and we are very sorry to see an eminent publishing firm like that of Mr. John Murray persistently indifferent to this matter. A time will surely come when it shall be impossible to send out to the world learned and standard volumes of art-criticism the illustrations of which are positively degrading to the eye.

ROCKSTRO'S MENDELSSOHN.*

MR. ROCKSTRO'S *Life of Handel* was vastly eloquent, prodigiously critical, uncommonly imaginative and ambitious. His *Mendelssohn*, in the unhappy "Great Musicians" series, is merely amiable and anecdotic and a little futile. That this is so is matter for astonishment not less than regret. Mr. Rockstro knew his hero intimately; he has for him the enthusiasm of the pupil for the master; he is deeply read in Mendelssohn's music, in Mendelssohn's innumerable letters, in Mendelssohn's many biographies; he has the Mendelssohnian tradition and the Mendelssohnian literature at his fingers' ends. But he has little or nothing to tell of Mendelssohn that is not commonplace and dull. Of the vast mass of material at his disposal he has forgotten nearly all that is personal and significant, and remembered only what is valueless and ineffective. He is prodigal of Mendelssohn's programmes and the dates of Mendelssohn's most trifling works; he is careful to note that Mendelssohn played the organ here, and the viola there, and the piano elsewhere; he delights to narrate how Mendelssohn presented him with a woollen muffler and Ferdinand David with a packet of cigars, how Mendelssohn was an adept in the compounding of *Maitrank*, how to please Mendelssohn one of Mendelssohn's pupils cut his hair, and how "there was not a student then present who would not gladly have had his head shaved could he thereby have purchased the smile" with which the well-barbered one was "rewarded for his devotion." The best chapter in his book is one containing an account of Mendelssohn's method of instruction, and exceedingly useful and interesting it is. But of Mendelssohn's place in art, of the artistic development of Mendelssohn's mind, of Mendelssohn's influence on his contemporaries and on posterity, of the peculiar quality and capacity of Mendelssohn's genius, of the difference even between Mendelssohn's style of playing and the styles of Liszt and Chopin, he has not much to say. On these points he is either inadequate or mute. To know about them we must inquire elsewhere.

This is the more to be regretted as Mendelssohn was a great artist, and one whose achievement in music, in spite of the change of fashion and ideal, will not soon be forgotten, and can never, even by the most ardent Wagnerite, be ignored or overlooked. Since he flourished and wrought the world has lived many lives, and suffered and delighted in many changes. It has learned to glory in the genius of Berlioz; it has accepted Brahms; it has taken Wagner very seriously indeed; the example and influence of Weber and Beethoven are everywhere triumphant. But the music of Mendelssohn is still popular, is still moving. His mantle, it is true, has fallen on nobody's shoulders; his theory of instrumentation has profited but few; and in the practice of those composers who have the ear of time and the world there is little or nothing to be discerned of that "method of phrasing" which Mr. Rockstro accounts his peculiar excellence. But, for all that, his name is still a name to conjure with, and his work, like the Laureate's, is still found incomparable after its kind. In his life he was fortunate from first to last; in his art from first to last he stood forth admirably conspicuous. Mr. Rockstro, arguing from a purely Mendelssohnian point of view, pretends that, "feeling the Divine Fire within him," he "stood forth as the Champion of the Art he loved, and did battle bravely against the partisans who, pretending to advance it, were in reality its bitterest enemies;" but Mr. Rockstro, who recognizes among his hero's contemporaries only Auber and Spohr, is careful not to tell us who these partisans were, and with equal discretion refrains from describing the object of those assaults which Mendelssohn is supposed to have withstood.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. JOHN NINET'S (1) account of the Arabi rebellion (which of course he maintains to have been no rebellion at all) and of his own woes at its suppression is very much what was to be expected. M. Ninet may be thought to have made something of a commercial, if not of a political, mistake in waiting two years to bring out his book. Things go quickly now, and the Egyptian affairs of which men are thinking have advanced a long way from the "Nilotic Nationalism" which M. Ninet upholds and mourns. The book is not unamusing, though the author frequently forgets himself, as when he charges Lieutenant Smith Dorrien with not having seen what Lieutenant Smith Dorrien officially reported himself as seeing. As probably the chief account of the Alexandrian business from the rebels' side to which historians will have to look, the volume deserves some notice, and we at least are not concerned to deny that M. Ninet makes some points against the mismanagement which blundered into a bombardment without having force to occupy. The fault, however, was of course not Lord Alcester's, with whom M. Ninet is very funnily angry. As for M. Ninet himself, we are not sorry that he was not hanged or shot, vast as is the harm which he and men like him do in the world. But we really think he might be less vociferous about his sufferings, considering how very easily he got off. We do not know the Swiss equivalent for "if you play at bowls you must expect to meet with rubbers." But when people choose to take part with those who raise an armed insurrection against the Government of their country, and employ the resources of that country in making war on foreigners, they may think themselves rather lucky after the collapse of the rebellion if they escape with a short sojourn in an uncomfortable prison and the loss of some personal property.

The French schools of Rome and Athens in the persons of two ex-members have just produced a couple of very creditable monographs (2, 3). The larger of the two, which belongs to the official series published by the two schools, is a book of considerable detail and erudition. The smaller "Study of Cypriot Greek" is a doctoral thesis, and a good specimen of a class of essay which might be revived in England with advantage.

We certainly shall not commit ourselves to the sweeping and heterodox proposition that all books on æsthetics are rubbish. But we own to a great suspicion of general discussions on a subject which is, as a whole, too vague, and in parts too complicated and diverse, to lend itself to anything like general and yet compendious treatment. M. Guyau's book (4) has not, we confess, inclined us to look more favourably on its class. Alternately discussing such vast questions as whether art is going to perish altogether, and correcting M. Théodore de Banville (on whose side, by the way, we bet *our* little pile) about the proper division of nine-syllable lines, M. Guyau seems to us to have produced what may be called a few remarks rather than a book.

There are several good articles in the *Revue suisse* (5) this month, among which may be pointed out a paper on General Gordon and a lively story entitled "Joyeuse Vadion," which is not yet finished.

M. Ohnet has shown his gratitude to the public which has received his dramas, as well as his novels, with favour by making the subject of *Lise Fleuron* (6) almost wholly theatrical. Lise is a virtuous and amiable actress who is plotted against successfully by an unvirtuous and unamiable rival. The fortunes of the Théâtre Moderne, its enterprising director, its company, and the successful play which is written for it by one of the characters, fill the book for the most part. We have never pretended to admire M. Ohnet's novels greatly, and their immense vogue is no doubt due in part to a reaction against the incredible brutality of the later naturalist performances, in part to the fact that such merit as they have is obvious to the meanest capacity. What M. Ohnet can do is to bustle a story along in a fairly dramatic fashion, and this is always popular. M. Durny's *Andrée* (7) is a clever book; but its merit is not perhaps quite equal to its cleverness. The heroine is the daughter of a rich nobody, who is anxious to marry genius or rank, or both; who, in common phrase, outstays her market; and who marries a semi-Bohemian viscount, a dabbler in *coteris* literature and art, under the impression that he is a great man and that she loves him. This impression she is not long in finding out to be mistaken in both points. There are some good studies of contemporary phases of thought and life in France; but the book is a little overdone with them and with the author's talk about his characters. Except in very rare cases, this kind of treatment always produces a certain heaviness. M. Ricard's *Magdon* (8) is really a better book than either *Lise Fleuron* or *Andrée*, but it is much slighter. It is a pity that this very promising writer does not give himself more time to elaborate his work. *Magdon*, however, the history, or historiette, of a country girl who marries a rich and brutal farmer, and dies partly of regret for an earlier love, partly of her husband's cruelty and indifference, both aggravating the weakness of her constitution, is simple enough, and to some readers may lack interest; but it is very well written and very well told, while it is much less repulsive in subject and detail than *Pitchoun* or *La voix d'or*. M. Ricard is certainly capable of better work than any of the three. *Asunta* (9) is a story of Corsican life, very inoffensive, and not without pathos. If Mérimée had only not written *Colomba!*

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE long-delayed publication of Heine's Memoirs makes a good opportunity for translating or reprinting everything of any value which has been written about him, and so the appearance of "Camille Selden's" *Last Days of Heinrich Heine* (Remington & Co.) in English is at least opportune. As usual with works

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* *Mendelssohn.* By William Rockstro. The "Great Musicians" Series. Edited by Francis Hueffer. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

(1) *Arabi Pacha.* Par John Ninet. Berne: chez l'auteur. Paris: chez tous les Libraires.

(2) *Étude du dialecte chypriote.* Par Mondry Beaudouin. Paris: Thorin.

(3) *Les origines du sénat romain.* Par G. Bloch. Paris: Thorin.

(4) *Les problèmes de l'esthétique contemporaine.* Par M. Guyau. Paris: Alcan.

(5) *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue suisse.* London: Stanford.

(6) *Lise Fleuron.* Par Georges Ohnet. Paris: Ollendorff.

(7) *Andrée.* Par George Duruy. Paris: Hachette.

(8) *Magdon.* Par J. Ricard. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(9) *Asunta.* Par Louis d'Ambalogues. Paris: Plon.

written in French, it does not gain by translation. Clare Brune (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) does not, as far as we can see, make downright mistakes, but he or she does contrive to be exceedingly wooden, and to steer very near mere French idioms. The picture of the poet's last days given by Camille Selden is already well known. It has the merit of being obviously truthful, and therefore it is very painful. The author, who was Heine's pet in his latter days, shirks nothing. Her intense sympathy and admiration for him do not lead her to conceal what was hideous, and even at times ignoble, in the last stage of his life.

The "American Men of Letters Series" (Boston: Mifflin & Co.; London: Trübner & Co.) was in duty bound to contain a Life of Margaret Fuller. The author, Mr. F. W. Higginson, has succeeded in making a decidedly readable book out of a terribly overwritten subject. Concerning that lady herself we incline to think that everything has been said which needs to be said. They think otherwise in the United States, and very naturally. After reading Mr. Higginson, we remain as usual utterly puzzled as to what it was that caused Margaret Fuller to be such a burning and a shining light. She appears, as before, to have been a painfully well-informed person, of oppressive fluency—and not much more. Something more she must have been; but then that "something" is just what only a biographer who is a man of genius can make intelligible. Margaret Fuller should have found a Johnson or a Carlyle to write her life; but it is not many persons in a century who have the luck of Savage or John Sterling.

Mr. Henry B. Wheatley has reprinted in neat pamphlet form (Elliot Stock) his articles on the late Mr. Payne Collier, published in the *Bibliographer*. They contain a short sketch of his life, and a complete list of his works. At the end Mr. Wheatley gives an account of "Collier's Shakespeare Documents," of contentious memory.

What Shall We Do with Our Daughters? (Boston: Lee & Shepard; London: Trübner & Co.) is the great question propounded by Miss Mary A. Livermore. Her answer to her own question is that we ought to set them to work. In the course of explaining how this is to be done, Miss Livermore talks a great deal of the nonsense usually found among people who will write about the great woman question, but she contrives to dilute it with not a little sense. There is one part of the little book which we can conscientiously recommend as funny, and that is Miss Livermore's indignant chapter on the phrase "superfluous women." She tears it to pieces with dire wrath.

Those persons who are disturbed by the wickedness of the great Ingersoll have found a champion in the Rev. L. A. Lambert, of Waterloo, N.Y. Mr. Lambert, in his *Notes on Ingersoll* (John Hodges), reprinted, according to the title-page, from the fifth American edition, pursues his enemy from pillar to post, quoting him and confuting him in good scholastic style, not without showing him that he is a very ignorant, vulgar scribbler, and by no means so original as he supposes himself to be.

Suggestions to China Painters, by M. Louise McLaughlin (Cincinnati: Clarke & Co.), makes at least a very pretty little book. We will not undertake to decide as to the value of the instruction given on technical points; but the general artistic rules are sound on the great questions of drawing and the necessity of attending to values. The illustrations are less praiseworthy. Some of the woodcuts of flowers are blurred, and the head on p. 67 is simply coarse.

As Mrs. Haweis justly observes, birthday books are now so fashionable that there is no need to apologize for a new one. Consequently her *Chaucer's Beads* (Allen & Co.) has as good a right to exist as another birthday book. Touching its merits, we may point out that it is larger than usual, is printed on hand-made paper, and is much infested with æsthetic red-ink.

Mr. G. Holden Pike publishes a Life of the Earl of Shaftesbury (Partridge & Co.), illustrated by some of the most painful cuts ever seen. *For Their Sakes* (Chapman & Hall) is the title of a collection of stories and verse by various popular writers, made for the use of the deaf and dumb in charitable institutions. The promoters of the Manchester Ship Canal publish the Reply of Mr. Pember, Q.C., delivered before the House of Lords on behalf of the Bill (Mackie & Co.) Mr. Frank Banfield, M.A. Oxon, has added a thin book of notices of military and naval officers of various nations to his series of "Biographies of Celebrities for the People" (John & Robert Maxwell). The portraits are as hideous as usual. We have to notice a pretty, new edition of *Alice Learmont: a Fairy Tale*, by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman* (Macmillan & Co.); and also a new edition of Dr. J. E. Taylor's *Half Hours at the Seaside* (Allen & Co.) *A Selection of Milton's Prose Writings*, made by Mr. E. Myers, has been added to the Parchment Library (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) *The Royal University Calendar for* 1884 is published (Dublin: Thom & Co.); and a *Scottish School Board Directory and Teachers' Guide*, 1882-84, is published by Alexander Gardner, Paisley. We have also received *The Bicycles of the Year* 1884, and Part IX. of a *Guide to the Identification and Valuation of British Coins*, both published by L. Upcott Gill, London.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any tender.

Parties sending in proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at half-past Twelve o'clock on the said day, and be then prepared (if their tender be accepted) to pay the required deposit of 10 per cent. on the purchase-money, and to execute an agreement for the completion of the purchase agreeably to the Conditions of Sale.

HENRY BLAKE, *Principal Clerk.*

Sewers' Office, Guildhall:
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Deputy Chairman—ROBERT FEW, Esq.

FINANCIAL INFORMATION, JUNE 1, 1883:

Total Funds	£3,002,005
Total Annual Income	£333,188
Total Amount of Claims upon Death	£2,257,381
Amount of Profits divided at the last Quinquennial Bonus	£437,347

NO AGENTS EMPLOYED AND NO COMMISSION PAID.

BONUS.—£437,347 was distributed amongst 7,882 Policies at the Tenth Quinquennial Division of Profits. Of these 1,070 are now, by means of Bonus, not only altogether free from the payment of Annual Premiums, but have, in almost every case, additions made to the sums originally assured by them.

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MANAGEMENT.—The total expenses on all accounts were, in the past financial year, £3 15s. per cent. of the total income.

QUALIFICATION.—The Clergy and such of the Laity as are connected with them by kindred or marriage.

MATTHEW HODGSON, *Secretary.*

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The Right Hon. Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England.	James Parker Deane, Esq., Q.C., D.C.L.
	Sir John P. De Gex, Q.C.
The Right Hon. the Lord Justice Baggallay.	Frederick John Blake, Esq.
	William Williams, Esq.

The Invested Assets exceed Two Millions. The Policy-reserves are determined upon data yielding the highest known security. The Policies are indisputable.

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THE COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRE, LIFE, MARINE.

Capital fully subscribed	£2,500,000
Capital paid up	£750,000
Life Fund in Special Trust for Life Policy Holders exceeds	£819,000
Other Funds	£1,000,000
TOTAL INVESTED FUNDS UPWARDS OF TWO MILLIONS.	
Total Annual Premium Income exceeds	£1,050,000

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INCOME and FUNDS (1883).

Fire Premiums	£320,000
Life Premiums	181,000
Interest	134,000
Accumulated Funds	£2,890,000

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Established 1803.—1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C.; and 22 PALL MALL, S.W.
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John Hunter, Esq.	

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Actuary and Secretary—T. G. C. BROWNE.

Share Capital at present paid up and invested	£1,000,000
Total Funds upwards of	£3,961,000
Total Annual Income over	£716,000

N.B.—Fire Policies which expired at Midsummer should be renewed at the Head Office, or with the Agents, on or before July 9.

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The Total Claims paid by this Corporation have exceeded THIRTY-TWO MILLIONS STERLING.

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NOTICE—The usual Fifteen Days allowed for payment of FIRE PREMIUMS falling due at Midsummer will expire on July 9.

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Royal Exchange, London. E. R. HANDCOCK, *Secretary.*

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE OFFICE,

Royal Exchange, London. June 25, 1884.

The Court of Directors of the Corporation of the ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE do Hereby give Notice, that a GENERAL COURT of the said Corporation will be holden at their Office at the Royal Exchange, on Wednesday, the 2nd of July next, for determining by Ballot the following question, proposed and agreed to at a General Court held this day (namely),

"That a Dividend be made of Sixteen Pounds per cent. on the Capital Stock of the Corporation, for the Half-year ending at Midsummer, 1884."

The said Ballot will commence at One o'clock, and close at Two o'clock in the afternoon precisely.

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